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THE REALITY OF GOD
AND
RELIGION & AGNOSTICISM

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SELECTED LETTERS: 1896–1924

LETTERS TO A NIECE

READINGS FROM FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL

THE LIFE OF PRAYER

THE GERMAN SOUL

THE REALITY OF GOD
AND
RELIGION & AGNOSTICISM

BEING THE LITERARY REMAINS OF BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL

MEMBER OF THE CAMBRIDGE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY
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EDITED BY
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PREFACE

THE present volume contains portions of one, and all that remains of another, of two books that Baron von Hügel left unfinished at the end of his earthly life.

In June 1922 the Baron accepted the invitation of the Senate of Edinburgh University to occupy the Gifford Lectureship for the two sessions 1924–5 and 1925–6. The appointment to what, he says in a letter, "is certainly the finest Lectureship on these great subjects in the world," was a source of great gratification to him. He had already in mind a book upon the subject of Realities, the Reality of Finites and the Reality of God, and he now decided to work out this in the form of the twenty lectures that he would be called upon to deliver. Unhappily, a nervous breakdown followed, and in November he informed the University that he would not have sufficient physical strength to carry out the duties of the Lectureship. Nevertheless, in spite of failing health, he continued—with some short intervals and interruptions—to work upon the book for the little more than two years of life that remained to him. The Baron generally called it simply *The Reality of God;* but, at the head of the first part, he set the fuller title: "Concerning the Reality of Finites and the Reality of God: a Study of their Inter-relations and their Effects and Requirements within the Human Mind." It was to be "dedicated, in deep respect and with the sincerest gratitude for the encouragement derived, to the Academic Senates of the Universities of St. Andrews and of Oxford for the Honorary Degrees conferred upon the Author respectively of LL.D. and D.D. in 1914 and 1921."

The book was to be divided into three great sections, dealing with the subject from the standpoint of Epistemology,

Ethics, and Institutional Religion respectively. It has been stated that, at the time of the author's death, the work was almost completed. This, unfortunately, was far from being the case. As it came into the hands of the present editor, whom the Baron had appointed his literary executor, it was, for the most part, in a formless and tentative condition that the author would assuredly never have contemplated giving to the public.

Of the First Section, the Baron wrote: "We are here throughout going to be busy, not with ethical requirements and their implications, nor with the facts and history of great religious personalities and what these may and do mean, but simply with existences not of a directly moral or religious complexion, and with the processes, conditions, constituents and implications of our belief in such existences." It was to contain the following ten chapters:

I. Introduction; II. Realities as distinct from Moral and Religious Values; III. The Mediæval Controversy concerning Universals: the battle between certain kinds of Realism and Nominalism; IV. Descartes and Locke; V. Berkeley, Fechner, James Ward, and Hume; VI. Kant; VII. Hegel and Darwin; VIII. Intimations of the Reality of God and Nature in the Human Mind; IX. Substitutes for Theism (Spinoza and Jacobi); X. Substitutes for Theism (Gentile and Bergson).

These chapters were left in different states of completion and revision, the tenth, for instance, being little more than a rough sketch. The author was not satisfied with any portion of the section, save perhaps the Introduction, and intended to make considerable alterations. Indeed, as they stood, the chapters were little more than masses of quotations, mere matter to serve for the author's subsequent treatment of the subject, and it was only here and there that they contained anything characteristic of the Baron himself. The only possible course for the editor, after taking counsel with a scholar immeasurably better qualified to judge than himself, seemed to be to preserve the entire Introduction,

the greater part of Chapter VIII, and a few pages from other chapters that reflected the author's personality.

The Second Section of the work was to be entitled "The Intimations conveyed by Ethics." After a general introduction, "Looking back upon Part I and looking forward to Part II" (Chapter XI), it was made up as follows:

XII. On the Moral Apprehensions, as distinct from Perceptions of Facts as such and of the Beauty of Facts; XIII. The Conservation of Ethical Values: How far does this Conception adequately formulate Intimations to be found in the Ethical Life?; XIV. Morality and Happiness; XV. Moral Perfection conceived as a becoming like to God: How and in what sense this can be true.

This section, again, was nowhere in the condition in which the author would have chosen to give it to the world; but, while so dissatisfied with Chapters XI and XIII that he afterwards thought to attempt an alternative scheme for this middle section, he was not displeased with the rest. I feel, therefore, justified in here publishing in their entirety the three chapters that thus received his qualified approval, while preserving only a portion of the other two. To Chapter XV (here numbered XI) I have appended a passage that the Baron had marked as "for Section II," as it seems more or less thus to fall into place. When resuming work after his serious illness in the spring of 1924, the Baron sketched out a totally different scheme, to be made up of five chapters: "Indications of God in the Family"; "Indications of God in Economics"; "Indications of God in Politics"; "Intimations of God in Art"; "Intimations of God in Philosophy." No part of this had been seen by him after its first dictation, and it contains nothing that is possible here to publish. He intended to complete this section with three chapters that should lead up to the Third Section or, perhaps, be incorporated in it. One of these, "The Need of Body and Soul in the Emotions," is here printed in full, and a portion of another (which the author had here and there retouched), on the "Need of Institutional

Religion." He had not himself given any titles to these chapters.

The Third Section was to be composed of six long chapters, to which the author had given no titles, but which dealt with the Reality of God as evidenced by the Old and the New Testament; conceptions concerning the Reality of God in St. Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. John of the Cross, and St. Teresa; "Difficulties and complications brought to Religion by our binding it up with any historical happenings and with the critical historical questions and misgivings which such happenings arouse"; the relations between Institutional Religion and non-Christian believers. It was to conclude with a shorter chapter, "The Future of Theism." These chapters were left as a mass of formless and unrevised material, at times a repetition of what had been already said elsewhere in the book itself. They were dictated by the Baron and taken down in shorthand by his devoted secretary in the last months of his life, at a time when, in spite of increasing weakness, he was forcing himself to the task of composition. None of it ever passed under the author's eyes or received any sort of revision from him. It was the struggling utterance of a wearied man who had already given his message to the world, and it would be an injustice to the memory of this great teacher, scholar, and thinker if any of it were now to be published. But, in uttering the final sentence, his old vigour and enthusiasm suddenly for a moment returned, and I give here the words as he dictated them:

"What a happiness, what a joy it is to be *quite* sure that there is a God, not anything built up by mere human reasoning, no clever or subtle hypothesis, nothing particularly French or German or English, but something as infinitely more real than the air around us, and the pollen of the flowers, and the flight of the birds, and the trials and troubles and the needs of our little lives stimulated and enriched by the lives of creatures so different from ourselves, touching us continually all round; and the fundamental assurance is

not simply one of variety or even of richness, it is an assurance accompanying and crowning all such sense of variety, of a reality, of the Reality, one and harmonious, strong and self-sufficing, of God."

The other book left uncompleted was the study of Alfred Comyn Lyall. It was begun by the Baron in 1912, after the publication of *Eternal Life*, and was laid aside in 1915 (though retouched here and there later), when, after the outbreak of the Great War, the author's mind was inevitably turned into other channels, and he wrote his work entitled *The German Soul*. Bernard Holland tells us that the Lyall book was to be entitled: "*Agnosticism and Faith*, as exemplified in the religious opinions and writings of Sir Alfred Lyall." The corrected draft in my possession bears the somewhat different title here given, to which I have prefixed "Religion and Agnosticism," as these are the words used by the Baron at the end of the Introduction. It will be seen that this Introduction, written at the beginning of 1915, assumes the completion of the book; but only the First Part and three of the projected four sections of the Second were actually written. In the preliminary draft, the section on Euhemerism was followed by one dealing with "Lyall's delicate sympathy with, and vivid presentation of, the general Oriental—especially the Indian—attitude or temper, at their best, towards the now predominant features of our West European civilisation generally, and, in particular, towards the question as to the natural and right relations between the State and Religion." This was not included in the revised copy to which the Baron prefixed his Introduction: it was not in any way corrected or retouched with the rest, and had apparently been definitely rejected by him with the intention of substituting for it the section analysing Lyall's "attitude towards the Brahma Samaj, and the general question of the need and difficulty of contingent facts and happenings for and in religion." This promised section was never written. The work thus remains a fragment, but these extant portions

had been revised at least twice by the author himself; they represent him at the height of his powers and mental activity; and they are therefore here published in their entirety, with the sole omission of a passage in the Introduction, concerning the present editor, which would be of no interest to the reader.

I cannot conclude this preface without expressing my deep indebtedness to Miss Adrienne Tuck, who was the Baron's secretary during the last year of his life, and without whose care and assistance this volume could not have been published.

EDMUND G. GARDNER.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON,
27th December, 1930.

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE v

THE REALITY OF GOD

CONCERNING THE REALITY OF FINITES AND THE REALITY OF GOD: A STUDY OF THEIR INTER-RELATIONS AND THEIR EFFECTS AND REQUIREMENTS WITHIN THE HUMAN MIND

I. Introduction 3
II. Realities as distinct from Moral and Religious Values 37
III. Universals and Particulars 45
IV. Hegel and Darwin 50
V. Intimations of the Reality of God in Nature and in the Human Mind 53
VI. Pantheism and Evil 65
VII. Ethics and the Theory of Knowledge 69
VIII. On the Moral Apprehensions, as distinct from Perceptions of Facts as such and of the Beauty of Facts . 78
IX. Religion and the Conservation of Ethical Values . 89
X. Morality and Happiness 94
XI. Moral Perfection conceived as a becoming like to God: How and in what sense this can be true . 107
XII. The Need of Body and Soul in Emotion 127
XIII. The Need of Institutional Religion 138

RELIGION AND AGNOSTICISM

SIR ALFRED COMYN LYALL AND HIS ATTITUDE TOWARDS RELIGION: RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS CONCERNING THE LAST TWELVE YEARS OF LYALL'S LIFE

Introduction 155
Part I. Agnosticism and the Philosophy of Religion . . 165
Part II. (i–ii) Asiatic Religions 203
(iii) Euhemerism 223

INDEX 257

THE REALITY OF GOD

CONCERNING THE REALITY OF FINITES AND THE REALITY OF GOD: A STUDY OF THEIR INTER-RELATIONS AND THEIR EFFECTS AND REQUIREMENTS WITHIN THE HUMAN MIND

I

INTRODUCTION

How strange is the well-known law, so often forgotten, that what comes first in reality and existence comes last in our apprehension and clear grasp! Over fifty years have been given by me to the practice and to the analysis and theory of religion, and yet it is only within the last few years that I have attained to anything like clearness concerning the roots of such faith, and such knowledge, as I now have, of such faith, whether achieved or given or both, as I have possessed from the first or successively or have come to hold by both processes. For how long time, for instance, I *would* try to find the most adequate formulation of these deepest things in a more or less Idealistic philosophy of an Hegelian type, assumed to be baptizable and indeed baptized. By "Idealist" I mean any philosophy which is so full of the undoubted activities of the subject as largely to overlook the distinct reality and the influence of the object. Yet all along I can now see well, as I look back, my mind was never really comfortable in these, at bottom, fantastic curtailments of what we really do and achieve, of what is really given to us every time we know, and indeed think, at all: the essential, the inevitable *transcendence* present in all our knowledge, so that knowledge is never primarily simply a knowledge of our states, but a knowledge, or at least the seeking for a knowledge, of the objects which exist prior to, and after, each and every attempt on the part of myself or of all such to apprehend and to articulate.

After all, it is a sheer fact that some kind of Realism is in possession.

No astronomer worries to analyse his subjective impressions concerning the stars, except for the purpose of

eliminating them more and more in so far as he has reason to believe that they deflect, or somehow vitiate, his apprehension of these realities, felt by him to be far more interesting than all the processes of his mind elicited by them.

In my own case it was Geology which made the notion that the human mind creates reality a preposterous one. Already at eighteen I cared much for Devonian and Cretaceous rocks and their contents of plants and animals. Recently I have come back to my geology, and, instead of Lyell, I have studied Archibald Geikie—and what do I find? Well, those favourite formations of mine of fifty years before have been studied on a far larger scale and in much greater detail, and many so great minds had been engrossed on that rich subject-matter throughout the intervening half-century that at first I had some difficulty in finding my way about in what had been so familiar to me; but—and what a joy this was!—that Devonian and this Cretaceous period were there, unmistakably and substantially, as they had been half a century before. Only these subject-matters were now known with a greater articulation; fresh problems had arisen in place of the old, when those older subject-matters had been more or less definitely answered; and so I was not simply face to face with the interesting, or for the most part very uninteresting, history of my own mind, but with facts of immense length and range in space and time, distinct from my little self, yet part of that great world which has environed me from the first moment of my existence, and which from the first has awakened me to a sense of its reality and the corresponding consciousness of myself; facts loved by me precisely in their distinctness. A sceptical German philosopher of the greatest distinction as a philosophical commentator wrote that, after all, it did not really much matter, at least as regards our enjoyment, whether religion were or were not just simply the projection of our minds; since there would always remain the pleasure of our being able to produce

such constructions. How strangely unperceptive! Why, not only religion but geology, but astronomy, depend for our enjoyment of them primarily upon our sense, upon our feeling, of the real distinction of the real objects from ourselves and yet of our genuine apprehension of them! Try and prove, if you will, that religion is untrue; but do not mislead yourself and others as to what constitutes its power and its worth.

If we look down the list of the Gifford Lectures during these last thirty-odd years of their existence, we shall find a series devoted to the facts and conceptions of Personality, and, pushing far back, there is also another upon the Individual and the Organism; but, with the exception of Professor Laurie's beautiful *Synthetica*, there does not exist there, I think, any series devoted to the systematic exploration of Reality, of the reactions within our minds in face of the various realities, apprehended by us on the assumption of realities distinct from our own minds inevitably and irreplaceably operative wherever we keep up our research for long with enthusiasm and with fruitfulness, or, again, of the conditions and the criteria for a right assumption and conviction that we really do hold, that we really are touched, that we definitely are grasped by reality genuinely distinct from ourselves and from our knowledge of it.

As we look back upon the history of science and of religion, we can very easily mistake, through over-absorption in an obvious surface fact, an underlying fact of quite fundamental importance. It is not necessary to read such a book as Andrew White's *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology*, to be aware of the apparently constant friction and the not infrequent deadlocks between the several natural and mental sciences and theology, official or otherwise. And yet part of the keenness of the conflict most certainly arose because of a great fundamental similarity of outlook. In both cases the men engaged thought—and, surely, they were right in thinking—that they were after realities—indeed that they actually held, that they actually were held

by, realities, which were impressing, stimulating, depressing them in their search. And now we have minds of a high order who bid us have the courage to recognize that, in both cases, we are after sheer illusion, that, in both cases, the mere search after more than subjective impressions and working hypotheses of a purely human application is in itself the arch-illusion.

Of course I do not for a moment claim that the religious certitudes are just neither more nor less than those in geology or psychology or history. I only maintain that it makes an enormous difference whether we come to religion with the habit of admitting and rejoicing in realities distinct from ourselves in all the other subject-matters which we love, or if we come to the study of religion with subjectivist habits of mind. Thus, for instance, nothing is more common now than to inquire how we, who do not really know any reality whatsoever, how such blind beetles can know God.

The certitudes of religion, as a matter of fact, spring up in our minds together with, and on occasion of, our certitude of external objects, of the various realities which surround us at our very birth and indeed before. And these convictions of the ordinary man in his ordinary tasks, concerning a real, the real, world which surrounds him on all sides, convictions without which those tasks would never be attempted, and certainly would never be achieved, spring from the same objects not himself and the same powers within himself as do the ambition and the thirst of the scientific genius—a Newton or a Darwin.

I have come to think that it will help us on our long way if, before entering upon the details of the three great sections of our inquiry, I here attempt a preliminary and anticipating set of short answers to two points of immediately practical import—two big sops to our impatience, two encouragements to our costly aliveness. The first question is: Can you trace any actual increase in light in this entire great matter? In what way do we see deeper and better than, say, St. Thomas Aquinas who died in March 1274? And, again, why?

What is it that keeps us so tentative, so fragmentary, so little scientific? Is it not, after all, that we will tackle what is simply beyond our tackling? It is, of course, plain that, even if our subject-matter were one of those reputed to be well within the human competence, anything like a clear, crisp, and *biting* answer to the two similar questions that in each case could be raised, could in sound sense be expected not before, but only after our inquiry; could not, in good logic or even in good experience, be constituted the reason and justification of our inquiry—as well could a man ask to be allowed to taste the grapes he hopes to grow, or to hear the violin performance which is to result from the sorry scrapings he can at present manage.

As regards then the question, Do we know more or better than was known some six hundred and fifty years ago, and how can any such increase or improvement be possible where the subject-matter is so greatly beyond our full embrace?—the answer, as to how this can be, had better precede the details as to the actual growth ready to be registered.

We have, as is well known, two great reservoirs built up by St. Thomas himself of his conviction and doctrines: the earlier and shorter, but the complete one, in the *Summa* against the Gentiles, representing especially his earlier teaching in Paris; and his other incomplete, but most mature treatment of the same questions in the Theological *Summa.* For my present general rough purposes a few quotations taken from the *Summa* against the Gentiles will, I think, be the best, seeing that my direct aim is in no wise a study of St. Thomas, but a short adumbration of how and why it has come to be that we can, in all due modesty, feel ourselves on this or that point to be able to see more fully and more precisely.

St. Thomas himself in his Proëm, i.e. the first nine chapters of his *Summa contra Gentiles,* possesses as clearly and considerably more steadily one answer as to how any progress can take place in our subject-matter, where he says: "Sensible

things" (the realities falling under the cognizance of our senses) "from which human reason derives the origin of its knowledge hold within themselves a certain vestige of the imitation of God" (of similitude to Him); and, further on, he speaks of "the true similitude to God that man can collect from within His works," similitudes which are subjectively there.[1] True these genuine likenesses to God, present in God's works because they are His works, do not take us a long way, leave us with but fragments of what we are very sure is a fuller and full truth, and hence he warns us against "the presumption of comprehension or of demonstration." [2] Nevertheless he can dwell with warmth and cutting edge upon the unwisdom, the error of those who write or speak as if the investigation referred to were simply useless and should be discouraged. He gives a number of reasons which make it "apparent that any knowledge, however imperfect, concerning the noblest of subject-matters confers a supreme perfection upon the soul." [3]

If we go through St. Thomas's attitude towards the main reasons for belief in God's existence dominant in his time, and his attitude towards the main difficulties in accepting these evidences as conclusive, as not rebutted by other facts and experiences of our lives, and then compare, however roughly, these main convictions and contentions with what has now become articulated largely with such astonishing and restful minuteness, we get, I think, the following outlines.

The Saint is admirably clear and steady, he never loses hold of the great fact that the rationality of the visible universe is not a fancy of ours conferred upon it, but a real quality characteristic of itself. True, it required for the human mind first to get through the various plausibilities of

[1] Res sensibiles, ex quibus humana ratio cognitionis principium sumit, aliquale vestigium in se divinae imitationis retinent. Humana igitur ratio, ad cognoscendum fidei veritatem, quae solum videntibus divinam substantiam potest esse notissima, ita se habet quod ad eam potest aliquis veras similitudines colligere.—*S. c. G.*, I, viii.

[2] Comprehendendi vel demonstrandi praessumptio.—I, viii.

[3] Ex quibus omnibus apparet quod de rebus nobilissimis quantumcumque imperfecta cognitio maximam perfectionem animae confert.—I, v.

the supposed mere human projection, mere hypothetical construction of a rational universe, for the same human minds to be able, I think, to find the fullest possible refreshment in the real knowledge of real existence distinct from the human mind itself. It will, I believe, be eventually quite the commonly accepted historical belief that it was Darwin more than any one else who upon the whole, little knowing to what he was leading, gave us this renewed, this profoundly enlarged and re-articulated sense and conviction of this wonderful world of sense all around us, answering indefinitely to our desire to penetrate and to know it. Here, in the lifelong observation and endless ingenuity of research into the given facts in the life of a plant or of an insect or of a bird, the whole dominated by the question as to the appropriateness, the utility of the colour and the scent, of the movements and of the special form of the various organs —all this is well within the line of St. Thomas; it has only got beyond him in the variety and persistence of its application. We shall, I think, in this way find half of the double inquiry which fills our first section to go right back to the golden age of Mediaeval Christian thinking, but to have received an immense accession of precise application and detailed insight within no more than the last seventy years or so.

The second of the inquiries which is to be kept as a twin to that concerning the rationality of the visible universe, and which is busy with the bare equality of the human reason in this its employment, has in part, as little deliberately as in the other case of Darwin, been restated and refashioned under the pressure of the facts and reasonings brought home to thinkers at large by Kant. As with Darwin the whole of the scepticism which so often and so largely also obsessed him has to go, if we would benefit from the genuine nature and application of what he was seeking and only incidentally finding; so with Kant we have got to push through and beyond him, we have got to get well out of the entanglement of the frequent downright scepticism, and the

phenomenalism which even at his best never quite forsakes him, in order genuinely to profit by and to feed, instead of starving or stunting our souls, upon that negative side of his teaching. As recently as with Darwin we have been shown the way to the overcoming of the scepticism in Kant. The immense labour and commentator's genius of Dr. Hans Vaihinger, who himself unfortunately has never attained to the self-extrication from Kant the Phenomenalist and even the Sceptic, and then quite recently Professor Norman Kemp Smith of Edinburgh, who, I hope, will live to build up a fully sound and entirely self-consistent Theory of Knowledge such as this poor book longs and prays for, have between them given us the materials largely so depressing and bewildering, but which at their best throw the most vivid light upon the great solid bases of human certitude. It will, I think, be found that, when we come to compare what we have here acquired with the corresponding sections in St. Thomas, the difference in articulation, in the clarity and precision of the stating of the facts and problems concerned, has grown at least as much as in the case concerning the outer world. I say at least, because, the more I have studied St. Thomas upon St. Anselm, the more I have felt that St. Anselm as he stands, that his ontology will never do, and yet that St. Thomas himself seems in this case curiously without any sense as to certain facts and truths St. Anselm may very well have been after without succeeding in putting them into their genuinely appropriate forms and dresses. But, indeed, the question as to the need of sense stimulation for the full and average life of the human mind and even its most spiritual certainties, a point on which St. Thomas is so particularly great, demands, I think, certain discriminations not yet directly findable in Aquinas: he has striven to bring them into the full light, fully aware of how much he would have supported anything solidly provable in this direction.

When we get to our second great section, the Ethical world and its problems turn out, I think, to owe great

services to Kant, and yet, here again, services as mixed up with aberration from the alone fruitful way as we found in matters of epistemology; for here we find that very unhappy, profoundly impoverishing refusal of the great doctrine, of the great fact of the Supreme Good. True, the little old Königsberg bachelor's persistent fear of the introduction of any principle like pleasure into the moral scheme is no mere fad, is no subjective necessity, but points to a most real difficulty, a most persistent danger. What we really require is something as heroic as what Kant requires, but something infinitely more wide and more difficult even as a theory, let alone a practice and a life. Kant somehow could never get rid of the notion, or rather of the sheer physical instinct, that all Platonism (and by this, in such moods, he meant precisely the joys of his devoted life) was something not merely feminine but womanish, something fit only for the uneducated, for rhetoricians, for hairdressers. The hairdresser is not to be found in Kant's writings, but something of the kind, some word or image of the kind, is necessary, I think, to describe with sufficient vigour the antipathy of Kant; yet, after all, let us be just, look at the greatest of the chapters in the *Imitation of Christ*, read the deepest of the warnings of St. John of the Cross, and you will be face to face with the fear of pleasure, however refined, as real and awake as Kant himself. And yet as efficacious will be Mrs. Partington and her broom in sweeping back the rising ocean as any and every attempt to eliminate joy, the hunger after joy, from the religious life. The way is deeply significant in which the specifically religious, the historical and institutional, life and tradition knows no such thing as ethic free from joy, even less than an ethic free from fear; the ethic here is always an attempt to become less unlike the Divine.

If we cannot other than greatly esteem and attempt to keep up St. Thomas's classing of ethics as the deepest and most strenuous attempt to achieve the *summum bonum*, there is another doctrine in no wise special to itself yet which he

accepted and elaborated, which only in Art has any satisfactory results; I mean the doctrine of the negative character of evil. It is in the ethical section that we shall have to face this matter especially, since the question as to the specific nature of evil presses man most in the subject-matters of moral good and moral evil, although we must note carefully that the question does occur in a lesser degree and somewhat different form also in the subject-matters of knowledge and of the social activities. We have, also, not to forget how and why minds so great as Plato, the great articulator of the doctrine, have come to love it; they implied protest against any aboriginal evil, against any extant reality, evil by the very necessity of its nature, and evil to the same degree as God is good. This must be most carefully retained.

It is, however, in the third and last great section, when we come to religion as a specific conviction and life handed down to us by great historical institutions, that we have to take most vigilant care not to lose the great realities perceived and offered to us in and by the past for the sake of shadows. There are many symptoms, however, that the days of all attempts at boundless individualism in religion are passed, at least for a time, and not the utility, indeed the necessity of a Church are in question, but how to manage a sufficient, a genuine appurtenance to the idea and practice of a religious institution with other virtues and achievements, the several autonomies and liberties of the human spirit and form. If we look up and down St. Thomas in connection with this question, we shall find that his intentions and his ethical temper are excellent, since he is no rigorist. Any notion of turning the whole of human life, or simply its ethical side, into so much hair shirt never arises in his mind; and since a great joy runs through his ethics, a mighty hunger after the living God as the supreme Commandment and the supreme Reward, there is already deeply embedded in his temper of mind a seeking for reality, for realities and a joy in finding them, irreplaceable by any other principle or activity. Where he is weak, he is weak

with the weakness of the Middle Ages, which again, after all, is now seen to be the weakness of that rhetorical spirit ending by dominating the ancient world and its education, a fact which, at bottom, is a persistent danger and limitation in every classical education not seeing this complication clearly and not providing for it with sufficient vigilance and system. Further back in classical times before Corinth fell and that magnificent thing, independent Greece, came to an end, we find in Thucydides and, indeed, still later on in Polybius, at least the faint beginning of what we want—something of that genuinely historical spirit which, ever since the Christian Renaissance, the most awake minds have craved to possess and to grow in.

Any strong conviction and strenuous practice of search brings two dangers with it as concerns such awakeness to historical happenings; it necessarily inclines men to conceive of the past, not as it is, but as it ought to be, and perhaps even more, as here it can more readily be checked, it inclines men to an excessive glorification of whatever may be new or special in their outlook, and an insensibility towards or zealous reluctance to recognize the truth and goodness, sometimes of a specially valuable character, to be found in what has been superseded. In the whole of St. Thomas's very voluminous writings there is but one passage somewhat harsh towards the Jews; that odious anti-semitism cannot claim him as one of its masters, and his attitude towards the pagan Aristotle, "the Philosopher" as he always calls him, shows his bracing, fruitful liberality towards the Gentile mind. It was not, then, because of any principle of animus that even St. Thomas did not give us as yet all the appreciation and recognition with regard to the non-Christian religions which are due to-day, but simply that, with the partial exception of Judaism, he knew so little about them, and, indeed, because his whole temper of mind was so naturally and yet, to our minds, strangely unawake to the subtle differences at work within the world of history in every direction.

Yet, here also, we must not forget the impressive strength, the deep element of truth underlying even the excesses of the older position; it most rightly saw that the different religions were different not only in matter of no moment, but that they were different in their several places within a great scale of worth and power. This is very certainly true of Judaism as a whole compared with Christianity as a whole, and still more of Mohammedanism as a whole compared with Judaism and Christianity as a whole, these three great religious worlds which the Angelic Doctor knew by so far the best. To hold that all religions are equally good, are simply interchangeable, is to make a teaching Church an impossibility for anything but what is chiefly evil; but, then, such interchangeableness is almost as little true as is the interchangeableness in worth between individuals.

A great advantage offered us by Aquinas as compared with most of the Christian Theology which followed him, especially in its Protestant current, is the way in which the life and character of Jesus Christ appeared not simply in their suffering and redemptive aspect—not simply in their Pauline, intense concentration and antithesis to Judaism—but in His life generally, a life possessing joyous and active as well as its suffering and glorious mysteries.

Let us now attempt the more detailed presentation of the evidences, so different according to their three sections, pointing to the Reality of God, to the presence within our lives, as in the great world of realities around us, of God, a Reality, *the* Reality, never exhaustible, never scientifically definable by us, yet a Reality, the non-recognition of which leaves our best experiences unutilized, unexplained even to the degree in which they are most genuinely explicable.

The second of our general introductory considerations may, I hope, pacify our minds even more than the first, may pacify them not so as to put them to sleep, but, on the contrary, so as to possess sufficient quiet and confidence of mind to labour in the midst of much darkness and of great

costingness of such light as may occur.—I mean here in general reasons, why if God be real, if He is influencing us in and through the world around us as truly as in and through the world within us, why it should be so desperately difficult to give a simple, straightforward account of the matter. The general answer to this ought, surely, not to be very far to seek—indeed, I am perhaps underestimating the intelligence of my average reader in supposing him to be in any need of an answer to such questions. Yet a good deal of the apologetic and much of the polemical literature that I have read leads me to think that all of us, oneself most certainly included, would be the better for a steady hold upon the facts concerned. Now these facts surely all spell one conclusion: that, if God be indeed extant and active as here supposed, He can only be apprehended by us piecemeal, imperfectly, never with complete satisfaction to our own minds, still less to those of others. The alarming thing would be that what is supposed to be so genuine should fit in so completely with what is certainly more or less subjective; this, of course, is the great objection to national religions; it is surely not necessary to be a Papist to be uncomfortable when men will recommend their religious wares to us because they so completely suit the English or the German temper of mind. Nothing would be more alarming in reality than to find that religion, when pressed, could give us nothing but just what we want; we, you and I, at any one date within our human lives, so incomplete, so very little, so very short. Now this most alarming of facts, if it were a fact, is assuredly not a fact at all, so little is it a fact that no religion worth having has ever disdained the need of faith; on the contrary, Judaism and Christianity and, indeed, also Mohammedanism and all the nobler Greek, Persian, and Indian religions have insisted upon the need of faith to strengthen and supplement, to bind together and steady, what reason at its best can bring us.

There is only one great abiding doctrine which seems to go beyond what our reason would expect to find to be the

case in these deepest of regions where the facts cannot thus simply be what at any moment we would have them—I mean the problem of Evil. For the peculiarity of this fact is that, unlike the other difficulties, it does not, in proportion as we dwell upon it, appear to our own minds as something which indeed perplexes or even contradicts them and yet may well be compatible, in ways inexplicable by us, with what we mean by God. But it persists in remaining a thing, opaque, even in the sense of our being unable to imagine how it could possibly be in any way true, if He be Real. As to this, I believe, much the most final difficulty this presents, one, indeed, seeming to put an end to our quest, I have but two things to say, yet two things which together are, I have found, sufficient, not to build up, indeed, a complete life's creed upon the mystery here in question howsoever considered, but sufficient to make us bear it, to render it tolerable, to keep us from throwing our good money after our bad. After all, what we have already got in hand, what has surrounded us, what has moulded us, alas, in one way so little—and yet, thank God, so incalculably much—we are not going to throw it away if we can help it, and very certainly we can help it.

The first answer, then, of a practical limiting kind is that there never was a need, and that there seems to be now less need than ever, for any men, theologians or not, to claim omniscience. Why should we undertake to explain evil? Is this not very fussy and officious? It is quite possible to go on believing something we are quite aware we only partially understand and can only partially check. If this were not so, a man could certainly not believe in his own wife's virtue. Let it be clearly understood that I am not here reproaching the insistence upon facts as facts, but only of facts as demonstrative explanations of the how and why of evil. It is, for instance, a most sad truth that much of the ill-health of the world comes from sinful lives, and so far the existence of sin cannot and does not upset us: yes; but how does this answer the objection of suffering appearing

in lives of transparent innocence? Here we get pulled up by the reminder that all this fine transparency may well be but apparent, and that this poor innocent may be really guilty (fortunately the existence of the reality of Our Lord's case will sometimes stop a man from urging this point). Yes; but original sin, what about that? Well, this also doubtless represents a most genuine though very mysterious fact—I am not by any means all that I should be even where I have tried my best, even where, more mysterious still, I have not tried, nor had the chance of trying either way. But, here again, I am but widening the range and character of mystery, I am in no sense explaining it.

No, let us quietly and deliberately admit that no man has yet explained the reality of evil—I mean, of course, the fact of genuine evil, especially moral evil, in a world created and sustained by an all-powerful, all-wise, all-good Spirit, by God.

My second, not refutation but quieting consideration, springs from the way in which Judaism first a little and then Christianity considerably more has, not intellectually explained how evil can exist, but has somehow made men capable of bearing and transfiguring this evil. Here I do not doubt that we are on the safest ground. We dare not urge even this point as something of mathematical, demonstrable power, since I have known myself and you, reader, have doubtless known also cases where much suffering had thoroughly soured the soul, and this, as far as one could judge, without any serious fault on the part of the poor soul thus soured. Yet this does not prevent the reality of those cases where the nettle has been grasped and where evil has in itself remained evil, where suffering and trouble of all sorts have never ceased to be recognized as things evil in themselves, but where somehow they really have become, not of course mechanical, necessary causes of transformation, but the occasion, the part means of such change.

Christianity stands towards the problem of evil very certainly in a uniquely satisfactory way; for it is Christianity

which has undoubtedly most deepened and widened our sense of the reality of evil and of the special repulsiveness of moral evil, and, on the other hand, it is Christianity alone, literally alone, which has known what to do with suffering, with suffering, I mean, as a concrete fact in the lives of us all and which, quite apart from any satisfactory explanation, we have to locate in our several existences to prevent its crushing us, and to succeed, if at all possible, in turning it into the occasion of virtues undreamt of or, at least, quite unexercised before. And it is precisely in this practical grappling with suffering, in its utilization and acceptance as an instrument for the widening, deepening, and purifying of the soul, that Christianity has achieved truly amazing results; and there is nothing to show that, though men be civilized and educated and washed and physicked by the State as much as is ever remotely conceivable, there would not be suffering and apparently an increase of suffering, at least in the mental and spiritual regions of man's many-levelled life.

And then, in the third and last great section and inquiry, our gain and our loss compared with the circumstances and positions of St. Thomas are especially large and striking. The ceaseless contention and implication of this long book is, in its degree and character, that it is in the contact, as close and penetrating as possible, with the concrete, with history, with institutions, with social groups, that men are most fully awakened to and steadied in the sense of the Unconditioned, the Abiding, the Prevenient, the Beginning and the End and Crown of light and life and love. If this is so, historical and institutional forms of religion, or rather the historical and institutional element which always appears promptly in religion, must be a most important constituent of the whole; and St. Thomas and his age, living so largely in the historical and institutional, have so far a very great advantage over us. And yet, it can hardly be a sheer disadvantage that we should now be so much more aware of the fact; I mean that our sense of what is the specifically

historical temper of mind has grown so keen that it has very certainly complicated our lives; it has brought the difficulties, the problems, of any and every historical frame of mind home to those who are busy intellectually with such matters, and now and then affects with a painful uncertainty the average uneducated mortal, who then seems to see simply everything in a state of flux, mere approximation, endless dispute, and a spirit of precarious certainty. It is, indeed, striking, as one goes down into the otherwise finest of Aquinas's questions, to note how little he knows about, how free he is from all care and occupation with, the finer differences of position even within the same author, or, again, with what was later on fully recognized to be different authorships, such as the well-known passage as to man's mind and similarity to the bat, whose eyes cannot stand the glare of the light of day—a very certain Neo-Platonist piece inserted at some time into Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, so markedly different in its ceaseless trust in the bearing power of the human mind. Now and then he discovers himself most interestingly as far as the mooring alongside of which he intended to remain. Aristotle, the fine Greek gentleman, with the fine contempt for manual labour, the homely physical contacts of the majority of mankind, the slaves, has thus for some moments misled him to maintain that the mind of God is directly busy always, only with universals, never with particulars, when he is suddenly confronted with the very different saying of the young Carpenter, the lover of the individual lilies and sparrows, Who insists that God knows and cares for every hair on every head of every one of us; and then, of course, he gets alarmed and drops this stifling aristocratic finery, yet without this experience awakening him, Aquinas, to the fact of the very difficult and precarious task he has so cheerfully taken upon himself, of discovering the Christian in the great tutor of Alexander.

There can be no doubt surely that, if we will, we have a substantially new, magnificent opportunity for the exercise of the *creaturely mind* unknown to the Middle Ages, even to

the Golden Ones; for what is the consciousness of history and of its often perplexing influences but the sense that we are still at school, still in training, and still requiring patient discriminations until the perfect day break for us in the Beyond?

And another complexity more or less equally known to St. Thomas, but where the generosity of his mind and heart already turn him in the right direction, appears within this third and last section. I mean that not only is the difficulty of discovery and discrimination between downright happenednesses and symbolic picturings a difficulty in the way of acquiring and keeping any very rapid or universal certainty as to the *details* of the very history we so rightly, so substantially hold, but this matter of appurtenance to historical institutions brings with it a difficulty with regard to what we do not accept. I mean that we can see plainly enough, if we but use our eyes in the matter, how promptly and how actively the human mind, not only concentrates upon what it has discovered as its special help and light in these deepest religious things, but how it must, or at least does, find additional comfort in the full confirmation of its choice in discovering a maximum of difference between what it now holds and what it then held. So, with St. Paul, it is not merely that Christianity becomes more true, more helpful, a greater power from God, than was Judaism; no, he must have, in his more vehement moments, a full emphatic theory according to which the old law brought no strength spiritual or moral *whatsoever* to any of the poor things that toiled and moiled at it day and night; it merely made them see more plainly than they otherwise could have seen how incapable they were of finding any peace and joy of heart except in what they did not yet have at all. A more ugly form of this same strange requirement of the soul is the terrifying accounts brought by Jewish Rabbis, converted to Christianity, to their now joyously trembling fellow-Christians as to the appalling wickedness rife in the religion this Rabbi has abandoned. And the difficulty in steering a wise course

in this matter arises doubtless from the fact that even such painful exaggerations spring from a certain dim sense of a great and mysterious truth, namely that these different religions are not of equal worth, since, for example, Christianity at its deepest and fullest is more comprehensive and more supernatural again than is Rabbinism even at its best. It will be with special joy that I shall find myself able at the end of the book to dwell upon certain Catholic theologians and, indeed, certain simple men and women living the lives of ordinary laymen in the world, quite free from the weakness now dwelt upon, and who managed somehow to combine the deepest sense of the non-interchangeableness, of the uniqueness of the Christian and Catholic values at their best, with the hospitable, grateful sense of how dear and true and good can be and are the lesser lights, the lesser helps God nowhere forgets to give His children.

Before plunging into the direct study of our subject, I want here to meet, as well as I can, two apparently fatal obstacles to my attaining any conclusions of more or less abiding worth.

The first objection deals with the apparently boundless changes and non-finalities of each and every philosophy, and especially of every attempt at theorizing religion. Look at philosophy, it can most plausibly be said, and see how mind after mind, surely, every one of them, greater than your own, has put forward theories with the greatest confidence as finally true, and yet these theories have been succeeded, sometimes within less than a generation, by other theories as confident and yet more or less completely contradictory of their forerunners. Are you deeper in mind, it may be asked, than Plato, or more comprehensive in knowledge than Aristotle? Was not Plotinus more sensitively spiritual than yourself? And can you dream of rivalling an Augustine or an Aquinas? How can you dare to criticize a Descartes or a Kant? And why should you be right against a Hegel or the other Immanentists? Does

there really exist such a thing as progress in such thinkings? Is it not all an ever inconclusive warfare between barren abstractions? Why, then, worry us with one more elaborate construction? Has not life a sufficiency of tasks far more practical and profitable than all this speculation?

I believe that the first discrimination we require here will distinguish emphatically between the attempt at analysing and theorizing our full human experience and its implications, in so far as these admit an attempt to penetrate realities distinct from themselves, and the systems which entangle themselves in vicious circles of purely subjective certainties. It is simply not true that the psychology involved in Plato's great presentation of the human soul in the form of the ideal State has simply been superseded, or that Aristotle's *Ethics* and *Metaphysics* can safely be ignored. It is not the fact that Plotinus has really ceased to teach us, or that St. Augustine's *Confessions* or Aquinas's two *Summae* cannot still teach us very much. Indeed, Hegel and his school or competitors can teach us much concerning the procedure of the mind and the emotions, and this without any necessary damage to the critical Realism which would here be maintained.

Nor does the undoubted fact that these minds are presumably, all of them, deeper and wider than the mind which alone I can, alas! call my own prevent that, standing upon their shoulders, I may be able to see still further than they did, although, if I stood on my own feet alone, I should certainly see much less far than any of them saw. Realism, properly and critically understood, assuredly does not mean that the apprehensions, however certain they may seem, of any one of us, straight away, and without modification or addition, adequately render reality of any kind. It only means that, in spite of the usual presence of error and illusion, there is some real, dim knowledge of reality, more or less rightly, or at least instructively formulated—the presence of that dim knowledge in the propounder of the system, and again in the student of it, possessing a strange power of

inhibiting or promptly destroying the inadequacies of its presentation. The thirst for the abiding and perfect, for the reality and the present existence of the ideal, these facts existed before and exist since Plato, although it was he who first most adequately formulated them for us. The vegetable, the animal, and the human realities and lives were facts before and are facts since Aristotle first clearly discriminated them for us. The non-spatial character of all spiritual experience was true before Plotinus and is true for us still, and the religious convictions and affinities were previous, and are subsequent, to Augustine's and Aquinas's still unsurpassed articulations. In a word, so long as I compare my little possibilities with the great achievements of the great minds of the past, it seems a sheer impertinence for me to attempt anything worth adding or subtracting. But, as soon as I concentrate primarily upon the realities which they attempted to express, the case becomes different. It has often been pointed out that the equality of men preached by the Gospels is not necessarily, indeed it is not actually, a sheer equality, an interchangeableness, as between man and man. In this sense men are and remain essentially unequal. It is only that in religion God is necessarily the measure and the end of all things, and, measured by God, in Himself and as our end, our differences shrink into nothingness—we are " equal " before God. So a little also with regard to myself and previous thinkers. Were there not the realities still subsisting, still utterly unexhausted, which confronted them and allured them, I should certainly have to abstain from impertinent endeavours after them. But this is not so. The needs of the human mind and of the human spirit, the qualities of the daisy, the butterfly, lizard, swallow, and sheep, and, above all, the intimations of the thus otherwise awakened religious sense are still with us and still quite unexhausted.

It is especially in Psychology, and in the Theory of Knowledge, that we find a certain very real continuity and growth across all the largely inevitable actions and reactions of the

students devoted to these great subjects. It is especially the Theory of Knowledge, Epistemology, which will occupy us in the first section of this work, and certainly, for my own part, I have failed to find anything less accurate or less scientific in this study than in any and every astronomical, geological, or chemical investigation. And it is a sheer fact that even the last fifty years have seen a marked revival of earnest interest in the questions as to whether we know, how we know, and to what extent we know or can hope to know. And surely no wonder! If this is not a fundamental matter, what is?

The second question is as plausible, and, I think, more difficult to unravel in what it has of truth and falsehood. It is argued that any abiding or systematic commitment in religion necessarily ties or atrophies the mind; that it is therefore useless or dangerous to listen to any man committed to a particular religion—indeed to any man originally trained and hence moulded by any one of the countless religions that have existed or that still exist upon this our earth. What is the good, it may be said, of listening to this man—a Papist? Do we accept Popery—or, even if we think it not altogether false, do we accept it as altogether true? Will not his mind be continually deflected by his incorporation in that gigantic system—that same system which figures so largely in Dr. White's account of the sins and follies of theologians? The man may mean well, but he cannot look facts in the face.

Here I would first draw attention to Renan's repeated insistence that, for a man to know religion, he must know one religion from within, and that, to know this religion impartially, he must have ceased to be inside it. He gains in experience from being within; he acquires impartiality from being without. Thus, if only I could have added to the advantage of being within Popery the corrective of being now outside it, all would be excellently well! Now, it is very interesting to note here again what is a most honourable characteristic in Renan, that he does not allow himself

to be driven into the extremist positions so congenial to the natural man, almost incapable of not reeling from one side of the road to the extreme limits of the other. For I do not think that Renan anywhere says, or even implies, what many a man nowadays implies or, perhaps, even says—that the only entirely adequate way of knowing religion is never to have known it. He also, surely most wisely, points out that, to know religion in general, we require in the first instance to know religion in particular, to have lived it, to have been trained by it, to retain the most vivid, the most detailed, the most sympathetic understanding of its workings, of its temper, of its fruits. After all, there is nothing very recondite in such assertions. Do we trust a man in astronomy who knows not how to handle a telescope? Do we turn for information about coral reefs to a man who has never been farther than Margate? It is a little like the difficulty of whom to trust in our study of the character of King Charles I. Is Clarendon to be our authority or Cromwell? Is it those who died for him, or those who saw to his dying, that are to decide? After all, it would be easy, would it not, to reach a stage where the impartiality would fade into neutrality, and we would care too little for Charles I to take the trouble to decide at all.

Nevertheless it is quite true, and true for practice even more than for theory, that the question as to the fully fruitful relation between tied practice and free inquiry raises a round dozen distinct problems and more or less abiding obscurities; yet I take the by far most useful, as, indeed, also the theoretically most penetrating and illuminating fact, requiring here our vivid apprehension and most faithful docility and practice, to consist in this apparently intolerable paradox. This attritement in order to be free appears literally at every point of any and every fruitful human insight, inquiry, and growth. So it is with history; only a long training and faithful handling of precise documents and their precise teachings and implications can train a man into ever increasing superiority to his native prejudices and individual limitations.

So with Botany and its precise world of facts, with their precise laws; so with Astronomy, so with Psychology. No doubt each of these several worlds requires to be investigated according to its *own* specific character and laws, and improvements in the methods of their study become at times more important than the acquisition of any number of further facts; yet, there always remains the mixture and the mutual deed of boundness and freedom; revolution is nowhere normally and generally a means of genuine enrichment.

It is, of course, very certain that the more we insist upon traditions, institutions, and groups of human teachers and trainers as, in various degrees, abiding and necessary parts of full religion, the more we shall be exposed to the difficulties so forcibly illustrated and brought home to us by Mr. White's book; since the human beings we shall thus trust will primarily be busy, not with scholarship, but with discipline and with such means and methods as will most promptly ensure the effectual working of such discipline. We shall have repeated occasions for further considering this delicate and difficult matter.

Let us, then, here conclude to the following, after all not really paradoxical, position. A man must, first of all, care deeply for the subject of his study. He must get into it, he must live it, he must be identified with it, or he will be too abstract and sketchy, or, more probably, he will be a narrow-minded, jeering, *superior* person, knowing nothing worth knowing, and who merely *thinks* he thinks and *thinks* he knows. But the man who so lives as we find he ought to live will have greatly to purify even these his noble and fruitful affections. He seeks, and sooner or later finds that he seeks, God and His reality and fruitfulness as present and operative within this life which he tries to live. He will increasingly keep himself open to learn more, and to learn better, the deepest substance of his faith; and, since God is but One, and His truth is but one, and since God assuredly leaves no soul and no group of souls entirely without some of this His light, he

will feel sure beforehand that he can never study any at all permanent and moral religion without finding there many a more or less large fragment of that light and life.

Here, again, the last fifty years or so have not passed without great profit. The day of sheer individualism in religion has passed. It will come again when the representatives of institutionalism have, as we poor little men are wont to do, mixed many an excess with the truth for which they stand. But meanwhile we can breathe in a large and generous historical atmosphere which sees men grouped in religion, as in all other great human endeavours and quests, in visible, traditional institutions. We shall now, I hope, cease to assume that men do not frequent any Church because of the sheer fervour of their inner religion. All those who are likely to read me at all must have been trained in whatever they may happen to know well in some great tradition, in some visible institution. Well—they read in me a writer who owes the best of what he knows, in the subject we both admit to be the deepest, to similar traditions and similar institutions. We are all only mortals—even the most anti-clerical of men is such. We can all only use what we have got, clinging to the best we can find, praying for more light to see what is better and best, and guarding ourselves against all vehemence, all lack of generosity, all putting a limit to our ever vigilant docility.

It will, I think, help us in the following detailed discussions if I try here to put clearly and simply what are for me the leading assumptions and conditions for fruitful work on the points concerned.

First, then, the method will throughout be analytic and not genetic. Especially since the coming of evolutionary doctrines, many scholars, who undoubtedly have also helped on our further insight, write and speak as though we could and ought to gain our explanations from a sure and detailed history of the *origins* of whatsoever fact or insight we may be busy with. Thus the key is sought in anthropology, and here in zoology, and in zoology it is sought in botany, and

in botany we reach back to mineralogy and inorganic chemistry: the more elementary the reality is, the more it is supposed to furnish a sure basis and secure test for the later ranges of life and reality. Now it has been said that, if any one race *could* rule the entire world thoroughly well, it would *ipso facto* have a right to rule it; and similarly I do not see why, if the method described were really possible to us, it would not be the best. But is it? Father Tyrrell used to say very strikingly that we poor mortals always only know the middle of things—both their first beginnings and their ultimate ends are and remain unknown to us. Now surely the right method is from the known to the unknown, and not from the unknown to the known. However helpful as hypotheses, however fruitful even in more or less isolated facts, evolutionism of a wise and critical kind has proved and will prove itself to be, it nevertheless remains a leading fact that there is no making our knowledge of beginnings as certain in its details as can be our knowledge of what we actually now hold in our hands and what surrounds us on all sides. A man who wished to help me wrote that he could but advise me to take to evolution thoroughly, all round, finally, and I should find all my perplexities to vanish. I would say to this that it reminds me of what was said to a friend of mine by the brilliant French Protestant wife of a prominent French Protestant writer. She said: "I have been told again and again that my salvation depends upon a right conception of the Atonement, but what am I to do? Among my French Protestant contemporaries I find seventy-eight competing theories of the Atonement!" So it is notorious that Evolutionism is by now represented by a good dozen varieties tending to produce other variations. This certainly does not in itself prove it to be false, but it certainly does not show it to be easy, to be the ready clue to the tidying-up and explaining away of all the riddles of our life so rich and difficult. Besides, there is a disastrous pitfall ever close to the footsteps of any and every evolutionist, a pitfall which has been repeatedly analysed with

the most penetrating finality by Dr. A. S. Pringle Pattison. What is it, as he points out so well, that at bottom attracts us all so much to *genetic* explanations? It is obviously that, the further back we reach with anything, the simpler it seems to grow. Certainly the egg I had just now for breakfast is a simpler affair than a full-grown cock or hen. Again, the savant who so brilliantly discovered that the true origin of religion was the scratching by a cow of the itch on her back undoubtedly reached something very simple; but, as Dr. Pringle-Pattison shows us well, these earlier stages are genuine explanations of the later ones only to one who knows these later stages. The embryo of a human being is not first a plant and then a fish and then a bird and then an ape and only at the last a man, but it is from the first a man in his earlier and earliest visible existence. Hence, even if we could get back with the fullest certainty and the amplest detail to the rudiments of the reality of the world that surrounds man and of the world that is within him, and especially of man's conceptions regarding God, we should have rudiments so pregnant and so obscure in their contents that we could only make sense of them by their later developments.

We shall, then, everywhere be busy primarily not with what seems to have been, but with what *is*, with what we now hold in our hands and hearts, with what the best, most cautious and most sympathetic analysis will enable us to find in what we now hold, in what now holds us.

A second principle that shall never leave us is the fact that the starting-point for us, the arsenal of materials, the test and final tribunal of our knowledge, is not any theory, however brilliant and captivating, but that tough, bewildering, yet immensely inspiring and truthfully testing thing, life as it is and as it surrounds us from the first. We thus cannot follow Dr. Bosanquet in working from the whole to the parts. This again, no doubt, is the ideal procedure, and assuredly God thinks and knows in this wise, but, as simple men, we shall have to move from the parts to the

whole—a whole which we shall never exhaust, a whole which we can never adequately comprehend.

And the third principle which, I hope, will never desert us is the strange but very certain, in the long run delightful, interaction of any one thing with everything else. If there is a proof of the rationality of the universe, and of the part of it we can know well because it is right within and around our lives, it is this strange fruitfulness of, say, mathematics for a knowledge of the stars, of little, contingent, historical happenings, as they seem, for the awakening of convictions which have little indeed to do with time or space at all, and, in a word, literally of anything for any other thing however apparently remote. There is no doubt that the specific genius of Christianity is full of such bending down to the little in full confidence that it will turn out great. I have been told by a scholar of great distinction that the speeches of Our Lord are childish. No, they are not; they are child-like—a very different thing. And Jakob Grimm, that great founder of the science of language, glows with sympathy when he perceives this warm, genial outlook, this power and tenderness, this movement and uplifting, which remind one of the way in which the eager fern will, with its tender baby fronds, push through the hardest clay in springtime. To be hard is, indeed, to be stupid, so we will try to remain open, and will smile in welcome towards all the winds that blow in God's great heaven. This among other things implies, perhaps first of all, that our piety will never be pietistic.

Christianity is indeed childlike and obscure—it really begins in the manger and ends upon the cross, but it is no hole-and-corner principle; it is no little obscurantist sect; it is no fantastic Gnosticism. The salvation of a man's own soul has sometimes been preached so incautiously as to make it appear that that salvation will be best secured by his never waking up to any of the larger issues, at least unless they be directly labellable as religious. But one of the most reassuring features of institutional Christianity is

precisely this: that it will never put up with pietism. It has committed many a fault, even many a sin, but it has never accepted this contraction. But this means that, among the philosophies of the past and present, we shall not accept any of the type so dear to thinkers from William of Occam up to Auguste Sabatier not many years dead—the philosophy of the insoluble conflict of head and heart. There have undoubtedly been geniuses who more or less belonged to this school. Tertullian largely writes as if he so belonged, and Pascal has given immortal utterance to some of its convictions. It is indeed impossible that, sooner or later, it should not for a time prevail. Yet it is not in that direction that the healthiest outlook will be turned. Applied to Greek philosophy this means that it is not in the smaller Socratic sects, nor again among the Stoics and Epicureans and Sceptics that we shall look for our models, but in Plato and in Aristotle. The former bodies are all directly busy with the saving of the individual soul; the latter great schools never lose sight of the large bodies and of the many-sided lives within the Family, the Guild, the State, as well as of Philosophy, conceived as a great, world-embracing Church. Pythagoreanism, and still more Plotinus, I believe to belong on the surface to the sects we will not follow; but then Plotinus especially is so touchingly full of the noblest religious instinct, and of deep and delicate apprehensions concerning its nature and needs, that, with Plato and Aristotle (with these in very various degrees), we shall also open ourselves to the influence of the very great Plotinus.

If we apply this principle to Christian thinkers, we shall find that Augustine, apart from his excessive fear of human nature, and Aquinas, in spite of the unattractiveness of his usual form, will be more helpful and normative to our thinking than Tertullian, in spite of his genius, or than the Protestant reformers, in spite of their great gifts. Indeed, even such a tender and permanently helpful spirit as that of à Kempis will have to be taken rather as a purification and continual recalling to the initial simplicities of the inner life

than as the final and complete and balanced statement of the Christian outlook upon the world.

A further peculiarity which, I believe, we ought to cultivate, is a true and ever present reverence for the body. Materialism readily appears as the arch-enemy of the spirit; yet, erroneous as materialism is, it very certainly is not the most dangerous of the spirit's enemies. Never to lose the sense that we human beings are body as well as soul, not only here but, in some way and degree difficult or impossible to picture, also in the hereafter, is to keep ourselves sane and balanced. What was it, for instance, that won so many deeply religious minds here in England and in Scotland to Hegelism as the true philosophical auxiliary of Christianity? Plainly that materialism was then rampant; materialism had to be defeated, and what more obvious aid towards this defeat than a philosophy which despises matter and declares all that is real to be Spirit and Spirit only? Again, Agnosticism was rampant at that time—man could not know the reality of anything—what greater help, again, than a philosophy which taught that man not only knows God but *is* God, at least is part of God, and constitutes Him with the aid of other spirits? Hegel himself was a good church-going, sacrament-receiving, Lutheran Christian. This certainly proves how careful we should be not to judge the private man from his philosophy; but it very certainly does not prove that that philosophy is congenial to such church-going. As a matter of fact, I do not doubt at all that Dr. McTaggart is right when he points out to us the thorough-going pantheism, not of Hegel indeed, but of Hegelism. There is no room in this system for humility, for contrition, for adoration, because no room for sin or for God. And in the following studies we shall not only find such identification of thought and reality to be destructive of religion, but, quite as really and as thoroughly, of the processes and conditions essential to all human knowledge and science.

A final conviction will be found to run through all this work. It is as follows: Each particular range and level of

our rich life is held to be subject to conditions and methods more or less exclusively its own, and yet none of these special ranges and levels but in part depends upon, and in part contributes to, the vigour and the health—indeed largely to the very activity of the others. Thus religion has to be studied both in connection with all the rest and in abstraction from all the rest.

The deeper we get into any reality, the more numerous will be the questions we cannot answer. For myself I cannot conceive truth, or rather reality, as a geometrical figure of luminous lines, within which is sheer truth, and outside of which is sheer error; but I have to conceive such reality as light, in its centre blindingly luminous, having rings around it of lesser and lesser light, growing dimmer and dimmer until we are left in utter darkness. I cannot answer the endless questions naturally provoked by my positions; but this incapacity need not prove more than that I am a finite mind, and that, although other finite minds can and will correct its weaknesses and errors, and although the realm of light can and will be indefinitely enlarged, yet its borders will continue fringed—they will never be clear-cut frontiers. For reality is more than any and all our imaginings of it. It is more than truth; it overwhelms whilst it supports us; and it will have produced one of its chief functions and effects if it keeps us thoroughly humbled in its presence—from the presence of the daisy to the presence and reality of God.

Two more general points to conclude this introduction. Who are my audience, the audience I seek and desire? I assume throughout that my readers are actually religious believers of some kind, or, at least, that they have a simple desire to be so. This book is not intended to be a demonstration of God. It is simply intended to show to those who believe in Him, or who long to do so, how striking is the affinity between the habits of mind which man in the long run is always obliged to cultivate, and our belief in God. The reader will thus come with faith to this book,

and I hope he will leave it with that faith strengthened and clarified by the explanation of those parallel and preliminary facts and laws. But, whilst the writer thus seeks readers of faith, such religious faith may be of any degree or form compatible with religious conviction at all. The first and second sections especially will, I hope, mean something not only to all kinds of Christians, but also to Jewish scholars and indeed to Mohammedans and Hindus, if any such should ever come across these pages.

And then, as a little vivid finish to all this introduction, let us dwell for a moment upon the outlook and emotion of a great Renaissance man of thought and science, of action and religion. Nicolaus of Cues, the son of a Moselle fisherman, became a Cardinal of the Roman Church, and lived an amazingly active life as jurist and mathematician and astronomer, traveller and linguist, Church politician and Church reformer, and as a bishop involved in imprisonment and exile. Yet not all this activity prevented Nicolaus from earnestly seeking his soul's true centre and abode. About the time of the fall of Constantinople in 1453 Nicolaus, in his book, *The Plain Man and Wisdom*, muses as follows:

"As the fragrance which is multiplied from a great fragrant object, and which now adheres to other similar objects, draws us to run after it, so that, whilst pursuing the fragrance of the ointment, we may run to the One Ointment Itself, so does the Eternal and Infinite Wisdom by its refulgence in all things draw us on by certain foretastes of its effects, so that we are carried on to this Wisdom Itself by a marvellous desire. It is owing to this foretaste that the spirit seeks with so great an assiduity after the fountain of its life, a fountain which it would not seek without such a foretaste, and which, without such a foretaste, it would not know it had found when actually it has found this fountain. Thus the spirit is moved to this fountain, and it is sweet to every spirit continually to ascend to the Fountain-Head of its life; for such ascent to life means continually to live more blissfully, and, when the spirit is led in this its quest after its own

life to the point where it sees this life to be infinite, it then rejoices in proportion to its perception that its life is thus immortal." [1]

This passage, like all that proceeds from Nicolaus in his most characteristic moments, is coloured and environed by much Proclean, Pseudo-Dionysian thought, and, if pressed, is not free from all pantheism. Yet its insistence upon the great Platonic affirmation that knowledge, however obscure, is present in the soul whensoever it seeks deeply and fruitfully, and upon its thirst for and relish of its Ultimate Source, remains true for ever. We are readily reminded here of St. Augustine's prayer, in which he begs for admission into the secret places of God's law, since He, God, cannot have willed without an object that so many pages should have been written full of dense secrets: "So, is it not the fact that those forests hold their deer, their harts—harts which withdraw themselves thither and there regain their vigour, which wander there at large, and there find their nourishment, which there recline and ruminate?" [2] Nicolaus, in this respect already modern, thinks primarily of the perceiving mind; Augustine here thinks of the mind's richest storehouse of religious incitement and example — Holy Scripture. But, indeed, both Augustine and Nicolaus derive their images and much of their religious afflatus from the Psalms in their Latin Vulgate form—from Psalm lxxxiii, 6: "Ascensiones in corde suo disposuit" ("In his heart he is disposed to ascend by steps"), and from Psalm xli, 1, where the hart pants, stretches forth its neck, and bellows "after the fountains of waters," and where the soul likewise stretches forward and cries aloud after God. The Psalmist there sees Palestine in the summer-time. The runnels, which had been so full of water from autumn until spring-tide, are

[1] *Idiotae de Sapientia*, liber I, *Opera*, Basileae, 1565, vol. i, p. 139. This simile and most of these words come, of course, from the Latin Vulgate version of the Canticle of Canticles, i, 3: "Trahe me, post te curremus in odorem unguentorum tuorum." The English Revised Version (Song of Songs, i, 3 and 4) has: "Thine ointments have a goodly fragrance. . . . Draw me; we will run after Thee."

[2] *Confessions*, xi, 3.

now dried up; hence the stag stretches forward its neck, moves away and bellows, towards such runnels as remain full all the year round, as is the case (for instance) in the valley at the foot of Mount Hermon.

And we ourselves in this book will move somewhat similarly from the examination of our minds with Nicolaus on and back to the study of the great religious literatures with Augustine—back to the earliest cries after God such as these immortal utterances of the Psalmist. We shall have to be more on our guard against pantheism than was the Cusan in those earlier Renaissance days; we shall have to enlarge Augustine's literary storehouse, and to bear in mind Indian and Persian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman sighings after God; yet the main pre-requisite for the fruitful issue of our quest has been formulated with unsurpassable power and pathos by the great souls whom we have just overheard. The thirst after, the longing for, the reaching out and the crying aloud for God, for the Reality which underlies, environs, protects, and perfects all the lesser realities and all our apprehensions of them—this will have to impel and sustain our long search after a more explicit grasp of what we already dimly hold, of what, in strictness, already holds us from without and from within.

The last reality for us men to reach with any full analysis is always the first, not only in worth, but in existence and in operation. It is only because God is so really within us, only because of His prevenience and incarnation, that we find His traces in our need and our perception of Him variously everywhere. These traces are thus not of our own making, but they proceed from His action and His Being—they are real evidences of the reality of God.

II

REALITIES AS DISTINCT FROM MORAL AND RELIGIOUS VALUES

I THINK myself back in Florence, from my birth there over seventy years ago up to seven and a half years of age, and I still see the big-headed, black crickets I used to lure with long straws out of their holes in the light green Cascine in spring; or, again, the black and red leaf-lice so frequent in the Boboli Gardens. Now I cannot remember the first lesson, which itself can have been but very informal and very meagre, which my nurse gave me concerning these little animals; yet I am certain that this teaching only cleared up, and rendered in some respects more precise, the largely confused yet very real and more vivid knowledge I already possessed. And this knowledge, though it was achieved by myself, a rational creature, as I saw, heard, touched, smelt these insects, did not require for its perpetuation such a continuous stimulation of my senses. I possessed, I still possess, a vivid picture of these creatures, in spite of the at first fairly long breaks and, later on, the lapses of many years in my ocular and other sensible apprehensions of them. And my first formal lesson concerning them very possibly occurred, not in the presence of the creatures at all, but merely by appeals to, and by my own analysis of, my recollection of them. I must have semi-consciously noticed, and have known, mostly dimly yet I dare say also in part vividly, these crickets and these leaf-lice at six or seven months of age, perhaps considerably sooner—perhaps as soon as ever I was in the presence of them—whilst the lessons, however informal, can hardly have begun until some months later.

It may be objected here that I am thus merely forcing an already open door. Who is there, I may be asked, who does not acknowledge the difference between confused, even

if vivid, knowledge, and clear, even though cold, science? And who does not admit that such knowledge precedes science? But my answer is that we all of us, and particularly those of us who are specialists, live amongst countless details which make the close observer of them in constant danger of forgetting the homely conditions, the warm memories, which are necessary, which precede and give force and substance, to all our science. I have been able to live for seventy years, stimulated and enriched by those spontaneous, informal, delightful experiences, which indeed required and contained thought, feeling, and will, as really as they contained sense stimulation, but which were not preceded but followed by clear analysis, formal classification, and deliberate theory. Some such analyses, classifications, and theories were doubtless soon awakened within me by the teaching of my elders; yet such teaching, at its best, only articulated more fully the obscurer processes and results of my own previous life, and such results of this teaching then coalesced with my own previous experience, so that this whole now became the starting-point for further apprehensions, which were now in part plainer than before, yet which were still, for the greater part, dim, sometimes vivid, but never entirely clear. Throughout such a long life it remains true that my convictions and certainties were affected, and continue to be affected, more by homely knowledge than by haughty science—more by the self-revelation of other realities to my own reality than by the systematic elucidation of it all conveyed to me by expert reasoners.

And let us here note two very important facts. For one thing, what is here maintained is not Pragmatism. Pragmatism maintains that, throughout man's mental and spiritual life, he is, whether aware of it or not, determined by practical motives alone, or at least predominantly; so that even the sciences which appear the most objective, instead of being seekers after pure truth and affirmers of sheer fact, are at bottom constituted by such hypotheses as are found by us to work for our practical benefit, and which in no degree or

way authorize us to affirm aught concerning the other than human, or more than human, nature of the realities or facts we thus turn to our own uses. Thus with a magnifying-glass I can capture enough heat from the rays of the sun to boil an egg in a few seconds, but I shall not be so foolish as to conclude from this that the sun's nature and end is to be my egg-boiler. The position here meant and involved maintains, on the contrary, that there exists from the first a revelation of the nature of objects to the subject, the human personality. It is a position which expresses a moderate "gnosticism," whereas Pragmatism springs from definite "agnosticism."

And there is this second great fact: that the degree in which a man's work of any kind possesses and retains to the last this sensible contact and this vivid intuitive perception of reality as self-revealing will, everything else being equal, class that work and mind and life as of the first order. It is such intimacy of touch, such careful accordance, such childlike delight and wonderment, which give such special power and persuasiveness and pathos to Charles Darwin amongst naturalists, to Jakob Grimm amongst philologists, or to Louis Pasteur amongst biologists.

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Now let us take various vivid examples and applications, with a view to locating what I believe to be a delusion partly fostered by the discriminations of Aristotle,[1] which in themselves had aimed largely or entirely at genuinely different positions. I want us, then, to distinguish very clearly between what helps us to understand a thing, whether this some thing is really extant in the thing or not, and what *is*

[1] "For our knowledge, those things are prior and more knowable which are nearer to sense perception, whereas in themselves those things are the prior and the more knowable which are further from sense perception. Universals are furthest removed from sense perception, whilst individuals are nearest to it" (*Physics*, Bk. I, ch. vi); and again (*Physics*, Bk. I, ch. i): "The way goes naturally for us from what is more knowable and clearer to ourselves to what is clearer and more knowable in itself. For to be knowable to us and to be knowable in itself are not one and the same."

really extant within it. There has been, of course, ever since, and indeed before, the mediaeval Nominalists and all similar positions, an attitude which takes, or attempts to take, all that any individual has in common with any other individuals as simply hypotheses, helpful constructions, imaginative projections of our minds for the purpose of understanding this one thing. For how absurd to think that there can exist such a thing as an ox-in-general, or a butterfly-in-general, or even swallow-tailed-butterflies-in-general. Of course they do not exist. Yet, equally of course, they somehow help us to seize and to analyse the individual ox, the individual butterfly, the individual swallow-tail. Yet this is one of the frequent cases where the plausible and very clear is the thoroughly untrue. For it is true enough that the butterfly-in-general, or the swallow-tail-in-general, with the characteristics common to all swallow-tails, does not exist independently or alongside of any one individual swallow-tail which never manifests completely all these qualities, and which, on the other hand, has a certain relatively small number of characteristics special to itself, or to a very restricted group alone. Yet it is very certain that the element common to that individual swallow-tail and the other individuals of its species, and, indeed, the genus to which that species belongs —that this, where accurately apprehended, is in no wise, in no degree, a creation of our minds. It is there; it is as truly there as what is most individual in that swallow-tail. In a very true sense it is more there. For, after all, what is the interest, indeed what is the reality, of any individual except in proportion as it carries within it qualities common to it and other lower or higher kinds of fellow-beings? We may disport ourselves as much as we please as though the world which environs us were a chaos, requiring our tidying-up to make it habitable for a rational mind. As a matter of fact it is already a cosmos, but one so largely unapparent as to require all the energies, all the docilities, all the sacrifices of our self-centredness, for the purpose of fathoming it and presenting it clearly even to ourselves.

I believe this distinction between concepts which are indeed the work of our minds, and simply instruments towards our knowledge, and apprehensions of realities independent of our apprehensions of them, to be of profound importance; and therefore I will now give, as familiarly and vividly as I can, numerous examples of what I mean, derived from the several great realms of natural objects, as they have come home to me during the growth of my own mind. Look at an apple and a lemon. Every time I see them, or think of them together, they give me a vivid delight. For it is all nonsense to maintain that the individual apple before me is real, but only if I subtract from it what is common to it and to the lemon. Take again an ass and a horse. What nonsense to find in either of them only that to be real which it has not in common with the other! And here, especially, we can see that the mere fact that they can be crossed, and that you can have a jennet or a mule, makes Nominalism finally ridiculous.

How delightful it was to find tiny wild pansies on a particular strip of the Malvern Hills—clearly the cousins, or uncles and aunts, of the grand pansies that I saw flaunting themselves in the gardens round about! How expanding a vision for the imagination, dwelling after all upon simple facts, it was to find a scrubby little alpenrose up on the Tyrolian mountains, and to know it was the relative of the huge rhododendrons flaming red and pink along the gorges of the Himalayas! What is the good of saying that what the canary and the goldfinch have got in common is the work of my mind, and that this should make me happy? Why, canaries and goldfinches breed together, and you can easily get a cross from them. Especially, too, have I always found my delight in the splendid variety in unity in the wide-stretching family grouping in the world of butterflies. True, when, at eighteen, I caught a dozen splendid Clouded Yellows on the cliffs above Freshwater Bay, an old yokel came up to me and asked me what I was doing there, and, when I showed him one of my specimens, he said: "Bless me!

I have lived here, boy and man, sixty years, and never have I seen the like!" He must have seen, on an average, at least two hundred of these insects every year of that long life—and here is the element of truth in the exaggerations so common as to what is effected by the human mind. It is true that we must not only see but look, that we must watch, that we must care, that we must get out of our animal self-centredness. Yet, certainly, I had not projected those Clouded Yellows from my mind or any other part of my wondrous self. They were there, and precisely the charm and the reward found in the exercise of my faculties was this wideawake receptivity to what was already existing distinct from and independent of myself. And, again, I loved to catch Orange Tips and Brimstones in England—they were so graceful and so rich in pattern and in colouring—but it was only when I got back to Florence that my appreciation of the English Orange Tip and the English Brimstone was deepened by my finding there an Orange Tip with a light yellow ground instead of the white ground as in England, and a Brimstone with splashes of orange upon his brimstone ground.

Whether or not real objects themselves possess the properties we apprehend as we apprehend them, those objects must assuredly possess real qualities, which, whether or not they are different from these our apprehensions, occasion these differences in us.

Then there was the interest, after having caught and bred the Common Swallow-Tail in England, of finding the Scarce Swallow-Tail, most common throughout the Tyrol, and of comparing the two, and this without a moment's doubt that what I then found they had in common was as real, as little the work of my own mind, as what differentiated them. It was also a keen delight to find in the valleys of the Dolomites, as it were a glorified White in the gorgeous Apollo butterfly, with its largely transparent wings and the rich circles of red and black upon them. And, when I was given large collections of unmounted butterflies from Brazil,

I found there relatives near and distant to our Red Admiral, Peacock, and especially to our Purple Emperor. And, in regard to all these natural groupings, I could not doubt that I was in face, not of constructions of my mind, but of facts objectively existent. I found that the characteristics of the groups varied within themselves and ended with the ending of the group, not only as regarded the appearance of the complete insect, but also as regarded the characteristics of the caterpillars and of the eggs, and even of the scales which covered the wings of the animal in its final stage. It is possible roughly to construct a system of the various genera of butterflies from the shape of their respective scales alone. This assuredly cannot be a conception or hypothesis of our minds, but has simply to be taken as a fact quite distinct from these apprehending minds of ours.

I trust the reader sees what I am driving at—a universal law of existence. True, there exist realities which can be termed *individual*, as compared with the realities of the characteristics they have in common with others of the same species; but, after all, the individual nowhere exists, among finite beings at least, as individual pure and simple. Such a pure individual finite being would be too utterly repulsive, if it did exist, for us to succeed in giving it that attention and affection without which there is no accurate knowledge of anything whatsoever. The higher a real being is in the scale of existence, the more numerous, the more active and powerful, are its relations with other realities. The crystal has its special number of facets, and a special grouping of these, and the like. This is part of its reality, but not this alone, nor does this of itself determine its position in the realm of crystals. It is equally composed of chemical properties and relations which it has more or less in common with crystals of other shapes and the like—somewhat as numbers in arithmetic can rightly be held to be higher in proportion as they include a larger variety of multiples of other kinds of numbers. The reality and significance of the common element appears more strikingly among anemones

than among crystals, and among butterflies than among anemones, and so on through the realm of fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals, and at last of men.

It is still often maintained that science is concerned with universals—that particulars are either unknowable or are not worth knowing; but, as a matter of fact, the more science acknowledges and wrestles with what is real, distinct, and subsistent apart from the occupation of science with it, in the same degree does it attempt more and more to grasp the particular. Yet it is true that this particular is worth knowing, either because it is itself significant and interesting, owing to its being the bearer of realities common to itself and wider and wider groups of other individuals, or because, as men get to know better, and with a more and more docile spirit, they discover that there is nothing existent but may turn out to be the key to many an obscurity elsewhere. It is this spirit, which in part proceeds from, in part forms, such noble characters as a life-long devotion to the sciences not infrequently reveals. And the particular qualities, indeed, the kind of discoveries here meant, spring from a vivid sense of the distinction between the objects studied and the mind of the explorer who studies them.

III

UNIVERSALS AND PARTICULARS

THE scholastic controversy, whether we should recognize Being in the universals or in the particulars, is clearly only an insufficient expression of the question whether *truth* is to be found in universals or in particulars. Men were still far removed from the insight that it is not things as they are in themselves which fall under the predicate of truth (i.e. things, if we abstract from the necessary manner of their apprehension in consciousness), but only things as objects (i.e. objects of cognition—appearances) necessary for consciousness and according to the measure of such consciousness.

Now it is always well, even if we are speaking the language of philosophy, quietly but persistently to appeal to the true facts of human life and to what keeps it going. It is a sheer fact that all the sciences are so kept going, not by the hope of acquiring admittedly merely human conceptions for admittedly human convenience. They do not seek to evolve the concept "goose" for the purpose of avoiding the endless and admittedly hopeless task of seizing the difference between each individual goose and all the other geese; but science, wherever it is unadulterated and moved by its own thirst and needs, is a search for the respective realities as they are in themselves, liberated as far as may be from any and all deflections occasioned by our apprehending minds. Of course this is an ideal which can never be exhausted, but, not only can ideals be true if they can never be exhaustively received, but no ideal can conceivably be true if it is other than thus inexhaustible. And that astronomy and geology, a study of crystals, of plants, of insects, of ourselves and of the history of man—that all these have arisen at all, and have

indeed achieved very much, is due to this stimulus and to this stimulus alone.

I much enjoyed watching the sea-gulls by the Round Pond here in Kensington yesterday afternoon, as, the day being very wet, they had, I know not why, forsaken the water of this pond, and were happily squatting or browsing like so many small winged sheep on the soaking greensward before me. Now I was, of course, well aware that no two of these gulls were strictly alike, and it is true that I should not now be able to speak about them if my reason had not helped me to discover much that they had in common, as against all other groups of common qualities in other birds, or indeed in other species of gulls. But what stimulated my enjoyment of these gulls—and what has undoubtedly occasioned the detailed systematizing which has taken place ever since Aristotle or before in the world of organic nature—was not an appreciation of any intellectual process in ourselves; it was not an admiration of the human mind, any more than it was the wonder of his telescope which absorbed Galileo. In all these cases it was the thirst for reality, and the very deliberate and tenacious certainty that, not only what differentiated each of these individual gulls from all his fellows, but also the far larger elements of what made up each gull, were real—the elements which each individual had in common with each other individual gull, the elements it had in common with the genus gull, and again with the larger division of water birds, and then of birds in general, and then of warm-blooded animals, and still further of organic beings. It is all this in its interconnection and interaction, in its place, again, in our earth's general existence, and of this again in the universe of worlds, it is this reality —reality at every step and within every ring—it is this that is worth living for, and not the other. I know, of course, quite well that logical puzzles and apparent logical deadlocks await us here too. Are not the elements in each of these gulls, which are peculiar to that particular gull, qualities, and are not qualities predicates, and can predicates be things,

and can what is not a thing possibly be real? All these questions are interesting, and require answers as far as we can manage to give them. But let us not, dear reader, I pray you, lose our meat for its shadow, or fail to see our wood for the trees. Nor let us for a moment think that this is mere Intuitionism, mere sentimentality, like that which was at least imputed to Friedrich Wilhelm Jacobi in his brilliant attacks upon, or refusals of, Spinoza and Kant. For, if there is one general thing for which we should be grateful to the natural sciences, and especially to evolution, it is precisely the demonstration of how little those constituents of the individual plant or animal which are common to it and the species, or the genus, or the general range of organic life or even of inorganic existence, are mere concepts of the mind.

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What strikes us very forcibly nowadays in this outlook is the way in which the entire, rich, manifold, and continually re-stimulating facts—the realities around us and within us—are stretched and racked upon this Procrustean bed of pure mathematics. Mathematical points and lines and numbers, the distinct interrelations and interchangeablenesses extant in geometry, are, as ideal objects, distinct from the moods and vicissitudes of our minds. Yet these same ideal objects are also distinct from the real objects, even where these real objects bear the actual traces of such principles and figures, and where they are most clearly constituted by such mathematics and geometry. Dr. Külpe, in his *Realisierung*, strikingly compares such ideal objects, in face of the corresponding real objects, to the difference between stuffed animals and the corresponding live animals. The stuffed animals are genuinely related to, and they are far more easily studied—they more readily support us through thick and thin—than the living animals with their baffling individualities and their unpredictable behaviour. Yet it is face to face with the living animals in the mountains, the woods,

the rivers, the seas—it is in watching them thus alive within a changing, moving world, and not in the museum, where they remain so comfortably self-identical and empty, dead and fixed, that we can receive the full and forceful stimulation and correction which continually proceeds from the living contact with living realities. But a still deeper-lying set of epistemological facts and laws is involved in this question of mathematics as the sole direct means and measure of human knowledge, at least as concerns astronomy and cosmic questions. The facts and laws I have here in mind, when they are carefully traced and impartially handled, bring us down to the rock condition of real human knowledge concerning real, finite things. This rock condition is made up of two processes, each so strikingly different from the other as readily to suggest to ever impatient man the attempt to eliminate one or other of them in favour of the contrary one, or, at least, to explain the one or the other of them as at bottom not distinct from the contrary one. For man, where he is, or thinks himself, very learned and unusually penetrating, remains terribly prone to simplify even where simplicity means a mangling of reality. What we really require here is a most careful attention to our sense impressions, to *experience*, in the limited sense of the word, and to thinking, to the application of reason in its uniformity to this material so seemingly chaotic. This double attention is what we require without the possibility of escape; but what we generally effect is either a concentration upon thought alone or upon sense alone, and this one-sided concentration then furnishes us, on the one hand, with the Objective Idealists who, having inevitably started from sense impressions, promptly scorn all further recourse to such vulgar processes, and more or less arbitrarily construct all that they admit as certain by means of the speculative, chiefly the mathematical, intellect alone. So already Nicolaus of Cues in his pantheistic moods, and especially Giordano Bruno in all his most characteristic work, but also the later Descartes and Malebranche, and above all that great soul, Spinoza, in his

Ethics (so great in their afflatus, so intolerable in their mathematical form and their would-be mathematical, i.e. geometrical tests). And, on the other hand, we find "sensualists," or "conscientialists," as Külpe calls the empiricists —those who attempt to restrict themselves to sense impressions, to the immediate appearance, or "feel" of consciousness alone, as the sole absolutely certain facts we possess, and who strive herewith alone to construct an absolutely certain science of purely immanental happenings—of these sheer facts, lacking all significance and all reality. Epicurus and Democritus represent this movement in Greek Philosophy, but we shall study it most fruitfully, in a moderate form and in a man largely unconscious of its logical implications, in Locke, and drawn out to its full conclusions by the prince of "sensualists," David Hume. How far easier, if only they were true, is either of these presentations of reality than the method which alone, in the long run, yields solid standing-ground and abiding fruit! For in this, the true procedure, there is friction, failure, new beginning, renunciation, almost at every turn. A man has to be humble, or to humiliate himself, here, before even the smallest reality, which is always recognized to exceed his knowledge of it. And he has to humble himself over even his most seemingly assured systems; he has to renounce Ptolemaism for Copernicanism, and who knows, perhaps not long hence Copernicanism for Einstein. Robert Browning has a magnificent image, at the end of his *Two Poets of Croisic*, of the great poet as a charioteer who, serene and triumphant, keeps together, reins in, and drives on the wild steeds of the passions: fear, hate, despair, hope, trust, and love. Well, in some such way the mind grows to a full, all-round awareness, to a humble docility and ever patient utilization of friction and partial darkness, to joy in the ever growing conviction of realities as existent around him and within him, and to delight in them as he sees and touches them, in ever incomplete yet very real knowledge of them.

IV

HEGEL AND DARWIN

I WANT to try to derive some useful encouragement and warning from two men on the surface about as different as two men could be. We have in Hegel an intensely professional man; we could not think of him as other than a professor, and a German professor; Darwin intensely private, with all the practicality and anti-metaphysical outlook of the English country gentleman; Hegel, again, so remote from all natural history investigations, indeed even from observation, and most unfortunate, by the admission even of his admirers, whenever he touches upon any such subject; and Darwin so engrossed in these same subjects as to lose, in course of time, one after the other of his other interests; Hegel, a brain; Darwin, a character; Hegel the representative of some of the great qualities of the Germans, but still more of the grave defects of the German temperament, in his lack of humour, his want of measure, in that something Asiatic that permeates this supposedly most western of westerns; Darwin, on the contrary, representing certain specially English characteristics in a high perfection: gentle humour, great observational gifts, and love of open-air life. Indeed, Darwin is not in strictness a philosopher at all; Hegel is, in a sense excessively so—the very caricature of a philosopher. And yet there are certain striking likenesses between them. Both are absorbed in watching motion, change. Hegel, indeed, watches it in those strangely universal treble collapses, or transmutations, of the concept, which cover the whole wide extent of his thinking, somewhat as, in the triangulation of fields, there are triangles everywhere; whilst Darwin partly watches, but still more assumes, numerous changes in living organisms everywhere. And both, in spite of what

I have said of the practicality and observational bent of Darwin, are intensely theoretical—obsessed by outlooks reaching immensely beyond all empirical demonstration. This peculiarity is, indeed, not striking in Hegel, the man early devoured by abstract thought and by a strict monism which abolishes all real distinction between subject and object, and between thinking and being, and, again, between the finite and the Infinite. But it is very strange in Darwin, who retained to the last the most active and yet most patient observational gifts, ends, and achievements. And finally both, though largely in very different circles, have had the widest and the deepest influence, and this, upon the whole, of a profoundly unsettling kind.

As to Hegel's two general peculiarities in the history of philosophy, or at least of European philosophy, I should like to concentrate for a moment upon the fact that he was the last of four profound revolutions, of veritable thunderstorms or earthquakes, in the history of the German, indeed of the European, philosophical mind. All these four upheavals took place well within a single generation. There is Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* (1781); Fichte's *Foundation of the Entire Doctrine of Science* (1794); Schelling's *Concerning the Ego as Principle of Philosophy, or Concerning the Unconditioned in Human Knowledge* (1795); and, finally, Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit* (1806). These are four profoundly differing proclamations, each nevertheless holding itself to be final, and valid to the end of time. The first insists that we are undeniably aware of things other than ourselves, and yet that we remain abidingly ignorant of what these things are in themselves. The second insists that the world which we recognize as real around us and within us is, in proportion to its value, the creation of our heroic wills. The third proclaims the identity everywhere of Subject and Object as the two forms of the one Absolute, which is itself without consciousness or personality of any kind. And, finally, comes the full and detailed articulation of that identity outlook into a huge system, inclusive of all science, ethics, politics,

religion, and stressing the self-movement, the self-alienation, and then the return to itself of the Spirit, everywhere in the three stages of position, opposition, and composition. No changes as profound as this have ever occurred, at least in European philosophy, so close together, and so entirely amongst the same people; hence there is no wonder that these four huge oscillations have produced, I feel very sure, one effect more far-reaching and regrettable than any one of them has produced within its own range. This effect has been the production of a contempt and fear of all that calls itself philosophy amongst the average educated men throughout the world. I say this with a full consciousness of what I mean. There was Döllinger, who had this precise feeling towards all philosophy; he handed on this feeling to Lord Acton, and Lord Acton handed it on to spiritual sons of his well known to myself, and they again to their disciples. All these men had, and have, nothing but an impatient, amused, superior smile for that frothy, shifting, arrogant, over-self-confident, overweening thing men will call philosophy.

V

INTIMATIONS OF THE REALITY OF GOD IN NATURE AND IN THE HUMAN MIND

Now, as to exterior nature, we have already found how Darwin himself and all the Evolutionists of any count are penetrated through and through with the objectivity and the importance of the operations of the causal principle; precisely what much scepticism, in proportion as it is sceptical, as in Hume, has always described as but an illusive interpretation of mere accidental juxtaposition has most rightly become the very basis, the prime factor to test, and the very ground of all knowledge and interpretation of nature as it energizes in the plant, in the animal, and in man. And here I would add, what most Evolutionists and Darwin in part are strangely unconscious of, or have as strangely lost, that, whenever we thus discover a real cause productive of a real fact, we have found Mind, an Intelligence at least as real as the intelligence which perceives it, and an Intelligence sufficiently like our own to be thus cognized, penetrated, understood, and beckoned on and on by our own.

True, I used myself for years to be obsessed with the apparent ruin of all external evidence for such Mind by supposing that Darwin was right in holding that the reason why we see order and beauty all around us was due to the simple fact that only what was really adapted to its environment, only what could actually survive, surrounded us, and that thus all the blunders and unfits of life were naturally not to be found, and that what thus remained over spoke of intelligence when it ought to speak only of previous mistakes and their inexorable mechanical elimination. Thus, when once I was staying at Edgbaston with John Henry Newman, a good many years before he attained to the Cardinalate, he

took me to the Botanical Gardens all gloriously abloom with rhododendrons and azaleas, and as he dived in and out behind and around the plants, full of ecstasies of admiration, he exclaimed: "But what argument could the Evolutionists bring against this as evidence of the work of Mind?" I said sadly that they would reply, that the sceptics among them would reply, that those were but the sorry survivors of a long process of elimination, and that the blunders stood in proportion to the successes, probably like a hundred failures to a single success.

But I found ever increasingly that this entire attitude, taken as a serious argument, would simply not stand the test of careful analysis. For one thing, it confounds the question of method with the question of the forms produced. What Darwin and the greatest of his successors, Weismann, Wallace, Mendel, and some others, have loved to follow has really been the growth in articulation, significance, value, position in the hierarchy of life to be found in plants from the lichen to the orchid, and in animals from the anemone to the most intelligent of the mammals, and in man from the savage cave-man up to the greatest geniuses that have yet appeared among men. Now this scale of worth, truth, and beauty cannot possibly be a result primarily, and in the first instance, of the struggle for existence. On the contrary, each step in complication, richness, and in delicacy of response to new claims and necessities, is in defiance of any law of material survival in the rough and tumble of actual existence. The lichen would remain the lichen for evermore were this the primary cause and law, and so would the anemone and so would the cave-man. We see it all around us. The very greatness and pathos of life consists precisely in the opposite. Every step I take forward in knowledge, in insight, in wisdom, and in goodness is also a sure denial to the merely physical, mechanical conception of life.

True, there undoubtedly exists a struggle for existence; if man does not live by bread alone, he has to live by bread also. My dog, who is dear to me precisely because of his

qualities of head and heart, must have his daily ration, common light and air and exercise. And the most glorious rose and the most exquisite orchid depend for their existence upon these banal things, so much special soil and heat and height upon the tree. But all this is secondary, it does not come into operation at all until these richer and richer qualities are in actual existence; it in no sense produces them; it in no sense tests them as such. It only acts as would an acid upon a noble picture; the picture to survive would have to be immune against that acid, a quality quite distinct from its pathetic, unique beauty and significance.

But, if it is not any mechanical elimination which can possibly account for the worth of what is there, what is it that produces it? To this there is very certainly only one answer, so long as we keep our minds alertly free from any and all subjectivism or mythology. We so certainly find intelligence all around us that, if sceptically inclined, we do not deny the intelligence, but merely insist that we ourselves have put it there. Of course, if it is I who put their significance into the rose, the lizard, the bird of paradise, and into the human body at its best, there is no argument to be derived from the presence of such intelligence as we find there. We have found no more religious significance than we had at the beginning of our quest. But we have surely by now done with all this ejection and injection, with all this throwing out of a fishing-tackle and drawing it back and declaring it is a fish.

Especially during these last two generations and more has not only the evidence for the power of observation by the human mind increased, but, *pari passu*, and, indeed, far more rapidly, has increased our perception of the rationality of nature at all its levels. For it has not been merely in botany and zoology and anthropology that this has occurred, but also in mineralogy, in chemistry, in physics generally, but especially in astronomy, and it has all occurred parallel with the amazing resuscitation of the human past and has been achieved by the same faith and the same method.

What is it that has given its impetus and has steadied and articulated all the researches into Assyria, its language and its civilization, and into ancient Egypt and its picture-writing, but the instinctive faith that those long-dead men of races, civilizations, beliefs, outlooks so strangely different from our own, were, at bottom, minds ruled by the same laws, certainties, and methods as our own? It is not *my* reason that I project among those tombs and brick tablets and fragile papyri; it is minds quite distinct from my own, yet sufficiently like my own for my mind to penetrate, to understand, to realize them. And so it has been with nature around us even more strikingly. It is especially the case in astronomy. What was the discovery of Neptune in its successive stages other than a sallying forth of mind certain of being met by mind? And now we have, but within a few years, a practically unparalleled series of discoveries, one after the other, concerning this reign of mind: a Mind distinctly not our own, and yet a Mind sufficiently like our own for us to believe It present everywhere, and for us, in various degrees, to be able to work into and with Its laws.

It was and is not any of the distinguished human discoverers of these stellar activities and distances who have made them. These minds, however noble, have but penetrated into the facts and into the laws of a Mind immeasurably greater than their own. It is Mind, and nothing but Mind, which can possibly explain what they have found, and that they should have been able to find it.

Now that Mind which we thus find in organic nature is both within any one of the parts of this nature, and outside any, or all, of these parts. The same Mind which works as an *idée force* within the primrose and, if evolution be correct, pushes this primrose or some of its fellows up to greater richness of development, is also at work in the realities and the laws of the light, the warmth, the moisture all around it, of the ooze and water which it draws into itself from the soil in which it grows, and, when the plant is of a certain kind, of the insects which fertilize it.

It surely can be taken now for granted that there is simply no such thing as empty space or empty time; and, if so, the huge distances we have been hearing about are simply the distances of an ether which possesses as truly certain qualities and activities as does our atmosphere, our water, or our earth. There undoubtedly exists a strange tendency in the human mind to find something directly divine in extension if only it be infinite, and in duration if only it have no beginning and no end. Thus Giordano Bruno at the Renaissance, and Laplace in French Revolutionary times, felt they had all they wanted, and more than all they wanted, when they had made sure of a spatially and temporarily infinite universe, and had thrown themselves upon it as their God—a God far more admirable and compelling than were the Gods of any of the specifically religious creeds.

But against this there is one sufficiently conclusive answer, and there is one apparently rapidly approaching. The old and quite certain answer is that space remains space, however much you may have of it, and time remains time, whether it be long or short or infinite. There is nothing essentially divine in these things, even though it may well be that only God can possess them, were God not doubtless superior to them. Suppose space to be infinite, and time to be infinite also, and grant at the same time that even so much space and so much time are mere creatures, then these infinitudes could not possibly be God. The theistic reasons and facts go far beyond anything that such space or such time could possibly offer.

But, in addition, here now is Professor Albert Einstein, who has already given us three most cogent facts which point to the finitude of the universe. In this case, space and time will have been definitely demonstrated to be finite, and, although I do not see how this would really add to our reasons for belief in God, yet it would, I do not doubt, deprive the human imagination of a curious support for scepticism—a curious substitute for God.

Now we have found a Mind which must, at least, be as

great as its effects, as great as is necessary not only to be the immanent ultimate cause of life and intelligent behaviour, but which must be at least equal to the production of the marvellous interchange and interdependence of each part with practically every other part, for the universe is not a chaos but a cosmos. And here, again, this order is not our making, but our finding; it is there whether we perceive it and admit it or not.

It may be argued that this is all very fine, but that we could rapidly discover how huge have been the changes and oscillations in every science and knowledge of which man is so proud. The follies of early astronomy, geology, chemistry, geography, and the rest are ready to our hands, just as the childishness of early history and, indeed, of early ethics and religion. What was may be again, may be happening at this moment. Why should not Einstein in his turn be shown to be as mistaken, indeed more mistaken, than was Ptolemy or Copernicus? Is there not always a large element of hypothesis in every discovery? Is not fact hopelessly mixed up with fiction, and are we not thus once more driven back upon subjectivism and a sceptical mind?

No. The very fact that we take to one hypothesis after the other, all of them based upon intimations of our own reason, and applied with ineradicable confidence to the subject-matters not ourselves, springs undoubtedly from the fact that hypotheses do *pay*, that they spring from ascertained facts and lead to ascertainable facts, a trifle more or a trifle less, all the way from the ground of fact and, again, from the ground of some other fact or group of facts. True, there always is an element of hypothesis which remains hypothesis to the end, or, rather, which turns out to be mere hypothesis and is thus discarded, either for a fact ascertained through it, or through some other channel, or for another hypothesis; and, thus again, we cannot, at the time, be sure whether our hypothesis will correspond to and reveal further facts; also what appeared to be facts for centuries may turn out to be more or less a mistake on our part. Yet any and every

human science needs, for its own greatest possible fullness, the push and pressure of our entire human life—needs, in various degrees, all the other kinds of life we know. All are based upon, all are rendered possible at all only by, this experience of reality, this faith in reality, and further discoveries on and on of more or of other reality. The vitality of the whole system of hypotheses extends and persists far beyond what pragmatism is able to explain; for, if an hypothesis is indeed only a practical shift taken in its immediate conscious nature, yet it is a shift not for the purpose of reaching some working arrangement which may be ultimately false, but springs from the stimulation of reality other than ourselves and from our ceaseless thirst to know the truth about such reality within ourselves, and attempts to reach, and often does reach, some further reality and further truth.

In our present astronomy, present geology, present botany, and our present zoology and anthropology, and again in our archæology and science of languages, and the like, there undoubtedly lurk errors of which we are unaware, and some more certainly are, after all, but fragments of what we may still hope to know, and still more, to the end, but fragments of what is. Yet they very certainly convey to us something more of the corresponding realities than did those sciences some centuries, or, in certain cases, even some decades ago. And the entire movement of them all, from the very first, through delusions and errors manifold, has sprung from man's attempt to reach apprehension of the realities not himself which environ him from the first, and from the conviction that this knowledge can be, and needs to be, clarified.

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Professor Eucken at his best, that is, to my mind, as the sympathetic penetrator and interpreter of the great past systems of thought, says somewhere that immediately after Jesus and Paul comes Plato in the evocation and startling

articulation of the essential realities, needs, and certainties. I am thinking of where Plato tells us, with such exquisite vision and diction, how we possess the dim knowledge of the very things we are seeking since, otherwise, we could not be seeking them. And then, for myself, I was doubly helped in this same matter by the admirable papers of Professor Ernst Troeltsch, published in the years 1895, 1896, and 1898 in the *Zeitschrift für Theologie und Kirche*, which I much wish he had reproduced in the second volume of his collected writings. Troeltsch there insists with admirable force and vividness upon how, not only religion, but all the deeper strivings and attainments of man are ultimately explicable with any adequacy only by the dim but most real knowledge by our mind of the very realities which we seek to express with clear analysis and clear synthesis; an attempt which is not a striving to see in the transferable lucidity, mere clouds and vapours of our own projections, our own vain and foolish wishes, but what, on the contrary, is so real as to force us to renew the quest which is indeed inexhaustible, and which never succeeds at any one of its endeavours in escaping from some error, or at least unavoidable inadequacies.

Yet it has been the multiform experience of half a century of my own attempts at religion and deeper life in general which has proved, with quiet finality, at least for my own mind, that here is a sheet-anchor indeed. And then, in my late forties up till his death in 1911, my confidence was still further deepened by my close knowledge of the movements of a mind and soul of the rarest faculties of observation and of a sceptical turn as deep-seated and as universally operative as was his moral elevation and his faultless good taste. I mean the late Sir Alfred C. Lyall, the observer of Indian religion and superstition, whose mind was not simply full of book-lore upon these subjects, but teeming with the closest and most sympathetic first-hand observation out at a lonely post in the North-West Provinces. There and elsewhere in India he observed the subtlest movements of the native mind for thirty-two years, with an unmatched passing out

of himself and into the minds and souls of his Indian fellow-creatures. And yet, the whole was strongly tinctured with his sceptical proclivities, especially with the influence of Hume, whose *Inquiry* he, a lad of twenty, devoured, up in that far-distant hill station, with a very certain touch of contrariness against his clergyman father, a wise and tactful man nevertheless, and indeed a contrariness, certainly as against this fine and devoted father, which Lyall himself came to regard as such, and to regret. Yet I am sure that he read Hume at least twelve years too soon, and that it was not so much he who devoured Hume, as that Hume (what wonder?) devoured that young and eager, and, in some respects, credulously sceptical mind. Indeed, in some respects, he was haunted to the end by certain fears, in excess even of the suspicions of Hume himself, since his own nephew, Mr. Bernard Holland, tells us how largely he was pursued by the fear that all the religions, that all the gods and God Himself, were nothing but the apotheosis by impulsive, credulous, uneducated minds, lacking all knowledge of the operations of these their own intelligences, of various remarkable men, in part of their own time and environment. He had seen such a movement massively in operation all around him in India, and, later on, Herbert Spencer had himself put forward the notion that religion primarily springs from the projection of mere human creatures into the clouds above us.

Let me say here that I do not intend to bring this Euhemerism up later on as one of the arguments against religion. I do not intend doing so, because I am entirely convinced that I should thereby gravely understate the real objections to religion. Nothing could be more certain than that, though such a movement has no doubt played its part, it is in no wise the ultimate, the prime cause of religion. Far nearer the truth would it be to hold that it springs from a simple attribution of human qualities to the elemental forces and forms of nature; and, indeed, Lyall himself was far too readily impressed by the various forces operating upon those creeds

all around him not to be well aware of these forces also. But he, somehow, never allowed them to become the chief explanation of religion in his sceptical moods and at his sceptical level.

I dwell upon all this here, now, in order that the reader may have some idea of how unusually impressive and precious was Lyall's testimony when it broke forth, in spite of all this scepticism, on the side of affirmation and of faith. At our last interview, three weeks before his death, after his usual speaking with mournful irritation against clerics and churches of every kind and degree, and after showing clearly how much he was still held by Hume and by Spencer in their most agnostic, or even sceptical moods, he once more melted into a deeply moved assent and union with me as to the unanswerableness of the position we had so often and so happily drawn out to each other.

The position, then, is this. Man, according to the sceptics, and this in the precise degree that they are sceptics, is hopelessly cut off from all reality, if there indeed here exists such reality; thus he is but a mere phantasmagoria of rootless fancies, of vain desires for foolish self-delusions. If in the outer world he sees any beauty, truth, or goodness at all, these things have been projected thither from out of himself, and, at best, he only fishes back what he or his fellows have put there. But indeed, if he is honest with himself, he will soon see and acknowledge that, in reality, he sees there nothing but ceaseless flux and unreasonable change. Flux without and flux within. He himself, and all things with him, are nothing and nothing but that.

Well, as against all this, Lyall could not but see most clearly that we, poor humans, supposed thus to be mere shadows amongst shadows, do know and feel most keenly the horror of mere subjectivity. Indeed, the sceptic himself is full of this feeling, but merely hides it from himself and others by bitter cynicism, which really springs in part from it. What mind, not in a lunatic asylum, but feels itself engaged and compressed on every side the very minute it even suspects

that it is surrounded only by its own fancies? What is it that keeps all science going? What is it that makes even bad government tolerable and better than none at all? What is it that makes men cling to academies and churches looking to the past in reverence and to the future in unconquerable hope? What, but just this pressure of reality, really impinging upon our own mind, this dim but most operative knowledge which we have of the very things we seek? Only so is it at all explicable how on earth we ever come by the very notions of the subjective. A man imprisoned in a railway carriage with the blinds all down, provided only there be no vibration, would be quite unaware of the train's movement, even if it ran through the country-side at sixty miles an hour or more. Only if, and because, he sees things fixed out of the windows, or, at least, things if they have any movement moving appreciably slower than himself, does he know he is moving at all. And so with subjectivity; it is a sheer impossibility in fact and an absurdity in thought that we could ever have known of subjectivity at all, still less could have felt, or can feel its intolerableness, if we do not, somehow, know objectivity as well; and, indeed, objectivity more clearly, far more clearly, than all the subjectivities, not only an objectivity at the back of subjectivities we may find or fancy in our knowledge of minerals, plants, animals, and also of man and of the starry heights above us, but also with regard to the forces or force behind all these. Also, we must somehow possess some knowledge of, some contact with, the objective, the distinctly existent real. For it is not merely that we are driven sooner or later, willy-nilly, to have some notions about these ultimate things. No, once given, once admitted that our very sense of subjectivity in our knowledge of these lesser things involves some dim knowledge of these things as distinct objects and existent realities, we are driven to demand and to hold ultimate causes or an ultimate cause of them all, or of them as constituting a whole—and the marvellous interrelation of these several finite realities, between fixed stars we can only know

of in their effects and ourselves on this our little planet, and, again, between chemical elements and organic substances, between our physical frame and our spiritual thought and soul. There can at bottom be no real hesitation; the ultimate, original reality, the cause of all things that are, is somehow dimly known to us, on occasion of any and all our knowledge of other things, and this cause thus known must be one.

Who knew better than Lyall, certainly not myself, how great and genuine are the difficulties arising for our minds the very minute we fully demand anything not as a working hypothesis, not as a mere possibility, not even as a probability, but as a fact, and one not a fact among facts, but the ultimate cause of all facts, as the sheer truth, as the certainty on which all our other certainties depend? John Henry Newman has said, very strikingly, that not one hundred difficulties make one doubt; and, indeed, they lead us away from doubt, if only we will be reasonable and can succeed in restraining our impatience prone to treating them as more than they are or claim to be, since, if we but act in this manner, we very generally discover that the very difficulties we have thus to encounter lead us to further and further insights of which otherwise we should not have even dreamed. It is a delusion, second only to seeing no traces of mind in the world about us, not to find there brutal seeming facts which apparently give the lie to any such rationality. And for those who, like myself, can find no direct and adequate answer to the existence of evil, it is a great and abiding help to recognize a set of facts as fully extant at so deep down a position within our life's experience as to make these our ignorance and admission tolerable, and to prevent that ever outweighing or even equalling our perception of rationality elsewhere, and, indeed, throughout all the wider reaches of existence.

VI

PANTHEISM AND EVIL

ARISTOTLE'S penetrating distinction between the concepts which, in proportion to their poverty of content, are extended more and more widely, and the concepts which, in the precise measure of their richness, have a narrower and narrower range, is illuminating. The sands and earths and various other mineral forms stretch far beyond the grasses and mosses, and these again range further than do the roses, and these than the orchids; and the range of the animal world is smaller than that of the vegetable, and the range of man is smaller still. And all this contraction proceeds in exact proportion to the richness of content of the realities concerned, and, at the end of the widest range, we can, of course, push further back still, we can feel that mere empty number is possessed of but the qualities of identity and the like. Now the human mind thirsts almost as much, indeed sometimes considerably more, for clarity as it does for reality; and doubtless the way to be clear beyond any possibility of doubt is to push back and back till you arrive at mere numbers; the passion for clearness will sometimes not stop even here, it will push still further into an utter collapse and an illusion that it can live on mere nothingness.

And again, in proportion as the realities are rich in the finite world which directly occupies us, the more they are compound; and yet, quite apart from that thirst for clearness, we cannot bear to think of God as compound. And these two passions join together and produce an all but inevitable impoverishment of our ideas of God.

There is, however, another line of experience directly opposite to the impoverishing one. We know quite well of cases where the richness is on the side of the earlier link in

the chain. The father is certainly richer, at least as he stands, than his infant as it actually is. And here we have at once a deep reason for clinging to the conception of the paternity of God. However non-compound we may rightly think God to be, we require to think of Him as dazzling in His riches; and I love now to dwell upon what used to be one of my difficulties, upon the fact that any and every belief in the Holy Trinity gives us a God Whom we cannot call more than personalist, the term "personal" God being, in strictness, heretical; and I there find this doctrine to keep well before us that God, however mysteriously, contains within a Unity an immense richness of life. And, indeed, the doctrine presses home an even more important fact, that every pantheism persistently denies, that the inner life of God is something far fuller and richer than is the whole of His creative and providential activity.

Yes, but what about Spinoza? Jacobi considers the most vulnerable point of Spinoza's philosophy to be the denial of all free will, so that man's actions and responsibilities become mere delusions. However true the objection may be, we can only consider it when we come to our ethical stage, and here, if we are to object, we require another point of objection, and, indeed, I think that already here appears, although nowise in its fullness, another and even graver weakness, characteristic, more or less, of every pantheism. Spinoza indeed has, as usual, been nobly clear and uncompromising on the point; all error, all imperfection, all holding that any single thing, in its special place and time, is anything but perfect, all this for him is sheer delusion, is sickly and sickening sentimentality.

Now here we have a pronounced artificiality, a determination to see only one side when there are two sides, and when the one side is actually seen by us largely because of the other. Plato had the matter right; I see a particular plant, a particular bird, even a particular crystal, which are such only in so far as they suggest to me both what they are and what they are not, and in each case, in each of these seemingly

contradictory cases, the same great fact is at work. They are real through their ideals, and yet their ideals are never fully expressed in their realities. Now, if this be true, we need not have reached the question of moral evil and sin at all, to see that pantheism will never do. It is not true that all—all—in inanimate nature is really beautiful, is really significant. The hundreds of thousands of square miles of stagnant water in Africa, which generate malarial mosquitoes at a rate beyond at least my mathematics, are not beautiful, are not significant in any possible direction whatsoever. Those huge stretches of all-sterilizing salt in India are not beautiful, are not significant. The milky-white corruption of one otherwise lovely oak sapling after the other which I mournfully watched this last summer, they were not beautiful, they were not significant. Even if we take the animals most noxious to the higher animals and to man as beautiful and significant in themselves, here also we come across the same fact. The very large proportion of cripples and deformed individuals among these plants and animals and men is again not beautiful, not significant. What in all these cases is significant is something quite other. It is that we cannot even apprehend any of them, even having their ideal more or less before us, and which involves always both rejoicing in its achievement and mourning over its non-realization.

It is very strange, and yet, I feel sure, quite sure, most true, that all this evil, in each of its several degrees and ways, is most real, is most baffling; and yet that only by thus recognizing all this evil as genuinely extant, and yet as inexplicable by us even as regards such existence, do we reach a depth at which a deliberate and final theism is fully possible and entirely assured. And the reason for this is obvious. We cannot give up the ideal, since our very knowledge of anything and everything depends upon our apprehension of the ideal; we ought not for a moment to play fast and loose with the reality of evil, but, if so, there is no help for it, we must push further back than the visibilities

around us. No merely Immanent God, restricted to some of the world, will do. That is the crowning lie of lies which will not admit evil and its reality, the reality which somehow touches and penetrates us so that we are amazed and revolted at the apparent blind cruelties in nature and the brutalities of human life. Where on earth should we get this dismay, this disgust, these temptations to unbelief, except through our being touched by the ultimate Reality, Itself good and purely good?

VII

ETHICS AND THE THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE

CONTRARY to the majority of thinkers, we chose *not* to attempt nor to accept any derivation of Ethics from the peculiarities of thought or knowledge, or from the external world penetrated by such thought to the uttermost, or even from the total joint results of that thought and this world. Hence we have not studied human knowledge and the natural world which faces it and which it penetrates, discovering there, the more it observes and analyses, an Intelligence revealed by this very success to be akin to itself, for the purpose of deriving directly from this result the ethical perceptions and their theistic application, to which we are now turning. Our ultimate outlook, indeed our underlying plan from first to last, has been, is, and will be, picturable not by a structure, or a tower rising tier upon tier, but by a wheel, the spokes of which are all necessary to its construction, yet no one of which depends upon the others. We hold that there is no quality or law intrinsic to anything finite which requires or evolves the transition from its Existence to its Goodness. Matters of fact never, of themselves, issue in the ethical imperative.

We will here first emphasize the fact that it is the *same single subject* (*I* or *you* and *other men*) who is driven to start, to continue, and to fulfil, as far as possible, both these entirely disparate-seeming movements of the mind and will. The first movement derives its power and happiness from the ever increasing verification of the strangely minute interconnection of my little self and of the great visible world outside which my seeming insignificant and inept mental capacities penetrate more and more through and through; and the second movement (however much of a break in,

and contradiction of, this interconnection it may seem to offer) will never leave the mind sufficiently unaware of the former verifications to rest content with a simply subjective or agnostic conclusion as regards this second quest. It is important to discriminate (in both quests) between the obscurely given (which environs us before any formal inquiry on our part into the character of this external nature, and again into the character of the moral sense, of the moral obligation and ideal as felt and practised by us previous to all systematic theory concerning it) and our more or less complete articulations of these givennesses. And, secondly, it is of equal importance to distinguish the rough working penetration of the "given," which is achieved for the directly practical purposes of our physical existence or other short and still semi-animal satisfaction; and the ultimate hungers of the mind and spirit which (as the soul grows fully alive to its own long-latent depths) stand more or less revealed to it and to its similars. These two sets of contrasts—the dim and given in contrast with the clear and acquired, and again the two successive stages of knowledge acquired by ourselves —the knowledge sought and used for immediately practical purposes, and knowledge which penetrates to the roots and does so because of the delights of its subject-matter intrinsic to such knowledge: both appear in man's relation to the external world and in its relation to the demands of his moral sense. In both cases, again, the knowledge which appears clear at the beginning turns out towards the end to leave more depths unfathomed than it has been able to explore.

At no stage of man's at all self-conscious life do we find him entirely without the moral sense; but equally, at no stage of self-consciousness can we without violence or subterfuge derive this his sense of *what ought to be* from his sense of *what is*. Hence it is chiefly for purpose of the clearest possible exposition, and of the greatest possible clearness in our analysis, of these several distinct senses, that we have so long remained busy with the theory of knowledge and the

evidence of an Intelligence other than the human, traceable by human intelligence in the natural world; and that now we are about to dwell at considerable length upon the nature of Ethics and its implications. We thus examine separately, at length, first one spoke of our wheel—*what is*—then another spoke of the same wheel—*what ought to be.* We cannot in such a scheme avoid beginning with one or other of the spokes; but whichever we choose, it was not chosen because it was in reality, or could profitably be taken as being, the foundation or superstructure of the other spoke.

I chose the perceptions and facts concerned with *what is* for our first study, because of a reason, the keen apprehension of which may well turn out to constitute the chief worth of this book, so rare and so dim does this apprehension seem to be in the other investigators known to me. I think, then, that the natural, external world (especially in so far as it is organic) and our knowledge of it possess certain characteristics which bring them *nearer* to the central characteristics of religion than do the ethical world and our apprehension of it. This because religion, at least among the mystics (and I believe that, on this point at least, the mystics merely dive deeper into and bring out more explicitly the sap or the central core of the religious passion), consists centrally in the sense of Presence—the sense of an overflowing Existence distinct from our own and in the Adoration of the same. True, this Presence, this Existence, is apprehended as All Good, as Beatific because All Good. The mystic is indeed repelled by anything, however much it be existent and present, which is evil. Yet it is equally true that even sheer Perfection leaves him cold so long as it claims to exist, or may possibly, after all, exist, only as an idea within our own mind, or even within the mind of mankind at large. Now it is of course true, according to any outlook, and especially according to our own, that, in the apprehension by our mind of Mind in the external world, we are primarily restricted to intimations of a Reality that thinks, that wills things according, indeed, to a profound intelligence, but without

specifically ethical preferences or ends. Yet the objects we thus find are not things that *ought to be*, but things that definitely *are*. This already suffices to show that the mind can, and does, rest upon realities distinct from its own reality. It has not simply projected itself into things and then drawn back into itself these same things plus itself amongst them. If this had been what it really did, it would straightway proceed to call its own creation good; but this it does not do straightway, it remains content for long in the happiness derived from the sense of genuine contact with lives not its own. True, there have been thinkers after thinkers who have tried to resolve the whole of natural existence, as it confronts our mind, into mere projections of our own mind. But as soon as the natural reality is found to be true in this sense only, the result, and indeed the process also, lose all affinity with the operations, discoveries, and joys of the specifically religious sense. It is true also that in Ethics we are in so far nearer to the central Quest and Object of religion, God, the Supreme Good, as in Ethics our sole inquiry centres in Goodness and the Good. Yet unless, and until, we attain to a very firm conviction that these attributes, this need, this necessary search for and delight in the good within us, are but effects of the overflowingly existent Supreme Good, Ethics are more exposed to be taken as projections of our individual, or at least of our general human fancies, than are the intimations of an Intelligence distinct and immeasurably superior to our own which we find in external nature.

For myself, I do not doubt, in spite of the all but ceaseless friction between physics and theology, and again in spite of the larger number of popular apologetics, in their attempts to get away from the external world to our interior world as the sole home and satisfying support for the religious convictions, that it is the external world and our apprehension of it which furnish the religious sense with certain uniquely valuable supports. For every healthy and at all complete human being possesses a ready love and finds a prompt

rest and refreshment in external nature, in the plants and animals especially, in their interrelation and in their position within the organic and the inorganic worlds; and these delights spring primarily from the need of, and the hunger for Reality, Presence, Existence, something to lean upon, to lean upon because it resists, because it is not our own mind, nor this our mind's projection, but because our mind can, and does, apprehend it as rational, as increasingly penetrable, yet always as distinct from this mind which penetrates it. And, in this quite embryonic form and degree, Adoration appears to be essential to man. Without any clear analysis of what he is doing, without any ready recognition of what he has done, his mind turns, as to its congenial hunting-ground and rest and home, to realities other than itself, realities endowed, he finds, in various degrees and ways, with intelligence, instincts, consciousnesses outside of himself, yet reached and penetrated by himself.

Man thus possesses a continually accumulating experimental knowledge of his not being alone, in the great world in which he finds himself. He is not alone because he finds innumerable creatures, possessing various degrees and forms of intelligence and consciousness, distinct from his own, yet sufficiently like himself for him to penetrate with spontaneous delight; and, still more, he finds them as evidences and degrees of a unitary and unifying supreme Intelligence, which again he finds, from ceaseless experience, to be indeed distinct from and immeasurably higher than his own, yet sufficiently like his own intelligence for him to be able thus to penetrate and rejoice in its effects. Where is the wisdom of laughing at every kind of anthropomorphism as if it had no other roots than our foolish self-centredness? If some kind of anthropomorphism were not true, natural science would be an impossibility, could offer no effectual resistance to corrosion at the root by an incurable scepticism. The natural orders of plants exist among plants, and not only within the human mind; so with the natural orders of animals, so with the numberless interdependencies of all organic

creatures, and of these as a whole with the inorganic world and with ourselves. We have not created these connections, but we have found them, and we have been able to find them because they are not created by our own intelligence; they are intelligent, with an intelligence once again of a sort to be penetrated more and more by our own human minds.

It has been well pointed out by Professor W. R. Sorley in his fine, courageous book, *Moral Values and the Idea of God*,[1] which is based throughout upon the simultaneity, as against the succession, of the moral sense, in the manner maintained here also, that not one of the philosophers who are determined to derive Ethics from Noetics or Physics, or the two together, or, indeed, from anything that is not ethical, has succeeded; one and all really fail in their attempt. Thus Herbert Spencer, indeed, solemnly announces that he will in this way derive his Ethics, and, later on, declares emphatically that he has so derived them; but we look in vain, throughout his most voluminous works, for a detailed, clear, and convincing derivation. Now I take it that we ought not to find great difficulty in admitting such a non-derivable origin for the moral sense, since we have already found, with regard to subject and object, an equally certain, and still more clear, impossibility of deriving either the subject from the object or the object from the subject. But, if subject and object are simply given together from the first, and we have nothing to do but simply to analyse their several characteristics and interactions, and to develop and describe the implications of their mutual independence yet mutual need and mutual interaction, why must it be different with regard to Knowledge and Ethics? In the latter case, also, we have a duality which refuses to be resolved into a relation of cause and effect. Very certainly no awake and sane human being, who has got beyond an all-enveloping barbarism, has ever been found who did not possess the moral instincts as truly as the intellectual apprehensions, however dim one or the other, or both, may be; and, as certainly,

[1] Second edition, 1921.

neither those instincts have ever been successfully derived from these apprehensions, nor these apprehensions from those instincts.

I hope soon to bring out clearly how, in Ethics also, there is involved a Reality different from our own lesser reality—in this case a Reality apprehended primarily not as Intelligence, but as Goodness.

But here I want to add the following which we can find, and indeed have already found, interwoven with the sense of *what is*, as a sort of analogy of, and preparation for, the sense of *what ought to be*. We have seen that the external world, especially in so far as organic, not only responds to our need of Existence, but brings evidence, in the Existence thus offered to us, of Intelligence, of a Mind of immense knowledge and efficiency, and, at the same time, satisfies our æsthetic sense—our need and search for beauty, proportion, harmony. We found that this need for, attraction to, and apprehension of, beauty is like the need for, and attraction to, existence, not a quality exclusively possessed by man, since we find the animals, and indeed the plants, beautiful, and indeed, in some cases, exquisitely lovely, and this, not primarily to please us, but, in the first instance, for the male animal or plant to please and to attract the corresponding female. We have here one of the many strong reasons for believing in a dim consciousness of the plants, since only so can it make any difference to the female plant if the male plant, or flower, or part of a flower, is decked out in gorgeous colouring, or delicious scent, or not. And in the animals, even amongst the inferior animals, we note that their consciousness is thoroughly aware of these pleasures of sight and of smell. We have then, in the æsthetic sense, apart from all question of the moral sense, a sense distinct from the sense of Existence—and this æsthetic sense, together with the æsthetic qualities in the objects corresponding to it, is at work within the world, certainly of man and of the animals, and very probably in the world of plants also, so that men and animals and plants possess certain objectively

beautiful qualities, and apprehend and enjoy these qualities in their fellow-men and fellow-animals and fellow-plants as beautiful.

True, the æsthetic sense is directly awakened and satisfied by certain æsthetic objects—by certain æsthetic qualities in man, or in the animal, or in the plant. We have here still *what is*, not *what ought to be*. Yet we can also find an analogy for the *oughtness* of morals in a certain *Oughtness* everywhere largely constitutive of the objects we see and know in the external, organic world through our intellects alone. For we found that, in so far as evolution is true and operative, it is not so from any struggle for existence of the fittest, alone or even primarily. The lichen resists the wear and tear of life, as regards any struggle for bare existence going on, far better than the orchid, indeed better even than the rose; and so with animals and so especially with man. For every step taken by my body or my mind, especially every step I take myself, upwards in rich articulation and accurate response to existence and to truth, renders me more vulnerable to external nature around me, and, at every change in time and space, less easily adapted to it. What alone can explain evolution (if, and in so far as, it really exists) is a principle such as M. Fouillée's *idées forces*, ideals of the different plants and animals and man (and doubtless also of such other races of beings as inhabit the other planets and stars) which press, as so many forces, these various beings up and out into higher and wider ranges of beauty and significance. It is, doubtless, through such ideals of the several individual reals, seen by us in these reals, that we attain to a genuine knowledge of significant reality at all. All this has already, and above all other thinkers, been magnificently taught us by Plato.

Well, but such ideals at work within the reals, what are they but so many *oughtnesses*, so much of *what ought to be*? It is only that here we have an *oughtness* already present and efficient within existence, and, indeed, apprehended by us as the significant part of the individual existence before us;

whereas the *ought* of Ethics is, or seems to be, outside of, or behind all existences as apprehended by our minds—to be, at best, a law which these existences ought to observe and which, if observed, would have such and such specific good results.

But we shall find that if, in Ethics, we are not immediately given, as in knowledge and its corresponding external world, certain objects, distinct from our thinking of them, yet that the ultimate analysis of the moral sense gives us intuitions of God, the Supreme Good, as real as does that knowledge, at work within the external world, bring us solid intimations of God as the Supreme Intelligence. The chief reason why the parallel here is obscure proceeds doubtless from the fact that the ethical life is, at first, very generally so busy with rules and laws and with largely painful attempts to carry them out, as but vaguely to apprehend the Good to which they are the way; and that only later on does it come, more and more preponderantly, to seek directly and to find clearly the end of Ethics, the Good and the Supreme Good.

VIII

ON THE MORAL APPREHENSIONS, AS DISTINCT FROM PERCEPTIONS OF FACTS AS SUCH AND OF THE BEAUTY OF FACTS

WE have stood committed all along to Ethics being as *sui generis*, as possessed of its special functions and range, method, necessity, justification, and fruitfulness as I hope we have by now conclusively found to exist in our knowledge of the external, especially of the organic, world, in our perception of its beauty. But the position is so all-important in our quest, and it is still so exceptional amongst even modern, or indeed living, philosophers, that it will be worth our while to devote this entire chapter to the matter; especially since, in so doing, we shall have to define, with fresh, clearer precision, the exact meaning and extent of our, so far, very general statement.

Let us then, first of all, look back for a little at our own earlier, and earliest, life, in so far as we can recall it with some sense of, at least a rough, adequacy. We shall promptly have to supplement and correct this by the general history of philosophy, and then by pressing carefully all we have thus reached; yet it will give, I hope, some vividness and pleasing relief to our labours if we thus pull ourselves up short before what we were, or what we now think we were then. We shall be fully safeguarded against any odious pushing forward of our own little experiences as bringing much special light, or as the measure of what the reader may have himself experienced, by keeping aware throughout that the justification for the introduction here of any such autobiographical piece resides essentially in its power to evoke, with whatever little individual differences, similar memories and experiences within the reader of at all the same earnest type of mind.

I think myself back, then, to before thirteen and a half,

the time when the moral struggle sprang up with painful vividness in my life. I go back to the times, in my own feeling incomparably the more happy, when conscience was all but entirely unobtrusive, even in its approvals, and when I looked out upon the beautiful world of the stars, the plants, and the animals—the splendours of the heavens on an August night up at Quato, with Florence, vast and loved, as it lay in the plain below, with the cicale and their shrill calls to each other, alone breaking the stillness of all around. Or again, I look back to the earlier time of year, to the entrancing Aprils, with the silvery green first leaves in the Cascine, and the crickets we ended by drawing out of their holes to take home with us in their little basket-like cages. So, too, with the early morning drives up to Fiesole, with its entrancing outlooks all around, the little Isabella-coloured ponies, carrying us three children so happily up the hills and back.

I find it, indeed, difficult to recall any specifically moral sense. The religious sense, of a certain kind, was already strongly awake. I already felt all here told, and very much more, that was delightfully different and yet promised at bottom similar delight, bringing repose and expansive power for my young mind, to be penetrated and saturated by a Spirit distinct from what I saw, distinct from myself the seer, a Reality in no sense my own projection, or the continuation of what I saw, or a name for the totality of what I perceived. This Reality was felt by me as underlying all the lesser realities, as the joy in which all the lesser joys were rooted and were based, as the Ultimate which held them all together, which gave them, not only their existence, or even their delight, but their significance for my mind, in its spontaneous response to them in this its correspondence. All this was very certainly its awakening to delightful activity through this its response to the Mind behind and within all.

Of course, practically nothing of what I have now said about religion could, at that time (say from three to seven), have been as fully articulated as it appears here; but is it

necessary for Realities to be quite clear to us to give joy to our being by their own nature as presence? After all, it is not botany nor astronomy that gives delight to nine-tenths or more of the human intelligences which grow and expand in their living intercourse with plants and flowers, and the great starry worlds around them. It is these plants and these stars, in their own full, rich, inexhaustible richness of content and life and apprehensibleness by our own living minds, which thus refresh us: experience comes first, and theory much later on, even if it ever comes at all in any very great degree.

Now this absence of the moral sense admits of the presence of the sense for the external world, and of the sense of God. Was it a real absence, or have I clean forgotten the moral apprehensions of these years? The general view is that morals spring up for man through his social relations; was it that thus surrounded by loving care, by the loving care of my seniors, I was insensible on my part to this care? One thing, at least, remains certain in my mind, that a religious sense, so strong that I can remember it still across some sixty years, sprang up in me on occasion of, or simultaneously with, not a correspondingly strong moral sense, but a vivid sense of the beauties, harmonies, and delights of external nature, of external nature my mind's overagainstness, my *contrada*, my country, of external nature as environing me, to be known and loved by me.

And I can remember quite plainly that already then, at five and six years of age, I possessed a sense, not only of God in the external, especially the organic, world, but of a mysterious divine Presence in the churches of Florence. Thus historical religion was with me, together with metaphysical (and natural) religion, from the first.

I cannot, however, doubt that there was really much, at least latent, social affection; for, when my dear old English nurse left us when I was eight, I remember well the utter heartbreak that it was. And, after all, certain moral qualities, however difficult they may be to see, however

little I was aware of them as such, were very certainly interwoven with these loves of nature and of God.

But there were, I think, two peculiarities which, doubtless, I shared with many another child at that time and throughout the ages. The moral element could hardly show itself whilst still unmixed with any grave reproaches of conscience, whilst it remained an order of behaviour, very limited and childish, and, upon the whole, easily observed within the limits of the little world that I thus perceived. And then there was, I think, a positive reason, working even more strongly towards such an apparent slightness of the ethical awakeness. The religion which was already so strong was of the mystical type, in so far, at least, that its thirst and support were not drawn from Ethics, at least of the elementary kind, but from existence, and the sense of existence, in the sense of various realities penetrated and supported by the Supreme Reality, God. Such an outlook is necessarily out after *what is*, rather than *what ought to be*; yet I am deeply grateful that the very frequent affinity of mysticism with pantheism, already then, was, I think, unoperative within my mind. I do not see how it could have been at all, since I remember very vividly how my delight was precisely in the fact that, beautiful as the external nature was, God did not consist even in its full totality, but was a Life, an Intelligence, a Love distinct from it all, in spite of His close penetration of it all. Thus Otherness was as part of the outlook as was Reality.

Very certainly this outlook, even for my own mind and soul, was incomplete in its range. The moral sense required a strong and sustained awakening to full vigour and aimfulness; and a large part correspondingly, the historical element in religion, above all the detailed earthly life of Our Lord, had to come as a Convention of God, as the power to lift us from the dust. Yet certain general peculiarities remain with me still, and they are, I take it, the peculiarities of the Moderate, Theistic, Christian Mystic.

If we turn next to the sequences in the subjects seized

upon successively by Greek Philosophy, we seem to find a direct denial of the primitive character, claimed here for the moral sense. For it is undeniable that, before Socrates and his orientation of Philosophic inquiry to moral problems in the widest acceptation of the term, there flourished in Greek Asia Minor, and later in European Greece, those strangely infantile hylozoic systems, which plunged straight away into the question as to the physical composition of the universe, and, equally childishly, assumed that it could only be composed of one single physical substance, although they vehemently disagreed as to which of the elements this substance was. Even when Anaxagoras took the important step of introducing mind as one of the constituents of the universe, mind was considered in its relations to that exterior world, and not as it stands with regard to man's moral strivings and ideals. Thus here again, and more plainly and definitely than with our own personal experience, Ethics seem to spring up, not simultaneously with Noetics and its apprehension of the natural world, but long after the latter, and built upon this apprehension.

But here some further important general facts and considerations require close attention, and will, if duly pressed, furnish us with a deeper and different understanding of the sequence which confronts us.

There is, for one thing, the general priority of the interest felt by the human mind in what it is not, as compared with its interest in what it is. Such priority is very certain in cases where there can be no question that the priority does not reside in the subject-matters, but in the order of our inquiry. Thus I certainly possessed a definite, a both clear and vivid apprehension of my nurse, my cot, my perambulator, long before I possessed an apprehension anything like as definite, clear, and vivid of my own individuality, as distinct from these persons and things. Yet I certainly existed, really existed, from the first moment of my birth, and indeed further back; and I very certainly possessed a dim but real sense of my existence, a sense which corre-

sponded to, underlay and supported, my occasionally more vivid and somewhat definite apprehensions of this my own self. Moral problems could not, indeed, awake within my experience until this consciousness of myself had emerged from the dimness here referred to. Yet genuine moral problems (however simple, clumsy, and partial may have been their first apprehension by me) were doubtless more or less apprehended by me long before any attempt at their at all clear and complete analysis or theory.

There is doubtless an element of abiding truth in claiming for the experience of an external world, and of the *what is*, a priority over the moral experience, and the *what ought to be*. For unless the external world, and indeed individuals distinct from ourselves, exist, and are apprehended by us as existing, there can be no ethical experience for us. But, then, the claim that the ethical instincts are original and *sui generis* does not mean that they have become awake within us, and have been apprehended by ourselves, in the same moment as we became awake to and aware of the external world. The originality claimed for Ethics can only mean that, given whatever circumstances may be essential for the awakening of the moral sense, this sense will spontaneously wake up, accompanied with more or less awareness within ourselves of its presence and awakeness; it will not be deduced by the reason from the reason's previous experience; it will wake up as spontaneously, under the conditions required for its awakening, as the sense of an external world woke up within our minds as soon as the conditions necessary for that apprehension were present to our sense.

And let it not be objected that, as a matter of fact, we attain to our ethical convictions by means of the teaching, however informal, given us in these matters by our nurses and our mothers. For the same objections can be urged against our apprehension of the external world as arising spontaneously within ourselves. In both cases we are, to an extent we cannot precisely determine, because it is so vast and indefinite in extent, dependent upon our elders,

contemporaries, and indeed juniors also, for much of such ease, massiveness, and precision as may distinguish our apprehensions of the world outside and of the world within. Nothing can be more certain, and nothing can well be more important for us continually to remember. Yet it is obvious that not ten thousand fellow-humans can teach me anything unless there is within me the corresponding capacity to learn. And this capacity, it is here argued, is not (as is still usually taught) an original and congenital one in the case of our apprehension of external nature, but a derivative one, one derived from that capacity, in the case of moral problems, principles, and ends. The sense of the external world and the moral sense are, we contend, equally original and *sui generis*.

Thirdly, it is now held with practical unanimity by all careful observers, that Ethics arise in connection with society, that the entirely isolated human being would be without any moral sense. This now general view of Ethics, as essentially social in its origins, doubtless helps to give the ethical life an appearance of marked inferiority to the experiences and convictions concerning the external world, which latter, it is assumed in such comparisons, spring entirely from a single human mind, however solitary we may assume it to be. And this difference seems again to appear in the fact that, with regard to external nature, we have a great *Givenness* confronting us, realities actually extant apart from any of our social needs, and all this as beyond the imputation of subjectivity, whether individual or even racial; whereas, for the moral sense, we require the crowd, and this surely means, or at least may mean, that Ethics are but so many empirical rules, or so many idols of the market-place—parts of the psychology of the crowd, something which neither springs from objective knowledge, nor leads to any such certainty. Here we can at once point, as demurrers against all prompt acquiescence in such a conclusion, to the many centuries and the immeasurable labour which had to pass and which were spent before man's apprehension of an external world

reached beyond the most extravagantly childish conceptions of what the world really was; and the sense of realities distinct from ourselves in the sense that they possess certain laws of their own being, variously different from our own, this, also, though dimly present, no doubt from the first, has only in the last three or four centuries, or even much less, attained to such a sensitiveness and momentum as to render the evidences that we really do know, that we increasingly really do master these realities not ourselves, impressive in a quite conclusive manner and degree.

Another point that cannot be sufficiently pressed is the following.

We have already noted that awareness of realities not ourselves precedes, as an at all vivid and precise awareness, our awareness of our own selves, where this is similarly vivid and precise. We certainly ourselves exist all the time, during which we are thus only dimly aware of ourselves; and, conversely, there is no reason to doubt that, from the first, we do possess some awareness of ourselves; but it is an awareness so dim that, in a sense, we are not aware of it. Now, even traced back to the very earliest moment at which we possessed any definite, clear, self-awareness, the self of which we were thus aware was not (it never is) the consciousness of a thinker only. What we are thus aware of is a thinking and striving, a feeling and willing, a peaceful or tempestuous, satisfied or dissatisfied, a happy or painful, self. Indeed, the self we then discover clearly and the self we thenceforward are clearly, and indeed increasingly, aware of, in our lives, is never a self aware simply as thinker of the outside world, of this outside world simply as an object of thought. We cannot, watch as we will, find any difference in originality between the several activities, aims, and achievements of this self, as it thinks, feels, wills, and the rest.

And what is true of the several activities of the normal self, is true also of the corresponding objects of these activities, in all cases of a normal and healthy mind. In such normal instances I am as really surrounded from the first

by fellow human beings as I am surrounded from the first by things, and, between things and men, by lowlier organic beings, from the simplest plant up to the most nearly human animal. Thus, from the first moment when I can seize my self as clearly self-conscious, I find the several awarenesses constituting this my self-consciousness at work parallel with each other, and I similarly find the several objects of these distinct and parallel activities existing distinct and parallel in the world without.

At first sight all this appears to rule out the inquiry of this chapter as altogether otiose; but this is not so as regards the precise point, whether we should consider the moral sense as derived from the sense of existences and of their beauties, or whether we should consider it to be as original as are they. For traces of an elementary moral sense might be observable as far back as we can observe at all; and yet this sense might, at a stage earlier in the mind's life than we can observe it at all, have been derived from the sense of existents or of their beauty, or from both these senses. I do not doubt that the course of this second part will bring cumulative reasons in favour of the importance of our inquiry, and, indeed, of our having chosen rightly between the possible alternatives.

One last point from the history of Ethics is instructive in quite a number of ways: it is the strangely complex influence exercised upon the entire ethical problem by Kant. If we ask what was the result of Kant's influence upon our questions, we have, I think, to take three currents and positions of his mind into definitely separate account. There is, for one thing, his *sceptical* current, his position that we do not really know the reality of anything; that all existents possess a kernel of reality utterly inaccessible to our knowledge, and quite distinct from, possibly entirely contradictory of, the shell which alone we know. Throughout this current the question whether this or that power of our mind, or this or that apprehension of it, is original or not, must be a matter of, at most, barely academic interest, for, in any case, original

or derived, our reason never reaches the reality of things. Fortunately for all his students, this current is not the only one present and operative within the mind and the writings of Kant. The very *Critique of Pure Reason*, which contains the most sceptical and destructive examples of this current, contains also, in a much smaller amount, his other current, the *phenomenalist* current, which (in spite of Kant's inability, even there, to shake off the haunting ghost of the thing-in-itself as somehow always different from the thing as it appears to us) is replete, for the patient investigator, with uniquely rich suggestions towards a quite specially constructive position.

It would seem, then, that, at least throughout this second current, Kant, with his perfectly awake moral sense, would take the side of those who insist upon the non-derivative character of the moral life. But, unfortunately, a further peculiarity of his (not, I believe, springing from either of the two currents just described, but cutting across them in the most bewildering, yet very influential manner) leaves himself and us in a state of contradiction between his unshakable belief in the objectivity of the ethical intimation and his general theory of knowledge. According to the theory of knowledge, we know nothing of the reality of anything. We know, at best, only that the things which affect us through our senses really exist, and we know the appearances of this reality, in their normal workings upon the human mind at large; but even such knowledge is carefully restricted to such realities as thus affect us through our senses. The theory is devastating in its results both for thought and practice, as soon as ever we take it as complete; yet only taken as complete is it logically impressive, for only so do we have a closely knit and logical system. Kant's moral sense, however, is too strong for him to allow himself, as a moral being, to remain debarred from all real knowledge of the real nature of the moral life; yet, when thus pressed, he does not, unfortunately, revise his entire theory of knowledge, but he merely adds on to the Theoretical,

or Pure Reason, another sort and department of reason, the Practical Reason, which does, in a sort of a kind of a way, really know moral Reality. Indeed, this Practical Reason alone knows the only realities entirely worth knowing; it knows the ethical life, not only in its specific nature, but knows the implications of this life, it knows moral liberty, it knows the immortality of the soul, it knows God. Yet all this knowledge is only for practical purposes, within the Pure Reason. The Reason that alone could be quite conclusive constructively, did it strictly know at these depths at all, can only be shown not to know thus at all; whilst the Reason which is capable of strict knowledge is found to be, in the moral realm, without the sense impressions necessary to its conclusive operation.

It is assuredly useless, with such a system, or rather in such a conglomerate of various systems, as is the doctrine of Kant, to ask whether, for Kant, the moral sense is original in the sense of being a source of information parallel with the other sources of correspondingly other objects of knowledge. For to this question we must answer both "Yes" and "No," and must leave the "Yes" and "No" incapable of reconciliation within any ultimate scheme whatsoever.

Yet Kant, if taken at his best, and in the richest of his effects, brought this great contribution to our present inquiry, that he brings home to us, more than did any preceding philosopher, the intrinsic difference between the sense of simple existence, and the sense of the moral worth of realities. And in this way he helped to press men's minds onwards to our solution; for the moral sense henceforth was seen in its delicate recalcitrancy to all treatment as a derivative from any knowledge of bare existents.

IX

RELIGION AND THE CONSERVATION OF ETHICAL VALUES

I DO not doubt that, with regard to any systematic and emphatic mysticism, Professor Troeltsch has presented us with a most valuable fact, when he finds such mysticism to come historically always second and never first, as compared with historical and institutional religion which always comes first. But assuredly it does not follow, from the fact that the mystical interpretation always follows after the simple-looking facts and figures of religious history, that this mystical interpretation is a mere addition or spurious substitute, or that, at least, it does not really reach a deeper level or constituent of the facts so interpreted. After all, in every branch of human apprehension and experience we find successive stages of such apprehension, without taking the simple fact, that the one always follows the other, as proof that the stage which follows has got away from the truth attained by the stage which preceded. Mr. Ruskin advised those who would develop the colour sense within them, daily to stare at and to absorb themselves in the colours of an opal, placing the stone in different lights, at different distances, and alongside of various other, contrastedly coloured, objects. In this way the observers would attain successive stages of perception. But who would say that the later stage had got away from the opal's reality and revealed less of the opal's real colours? There can, of course, be no doubt that mysticism easily lends itself to castle-building, to erections outside of the reality started from, yet which are subsequently taken as so much penetration into this reality. We thus attain to proud would-be triumphal arches, instead of tunnels demanding so much humility and

very much labour. But this is not inevitably so, for let us consider one moment in how late a period in the history of Jewish religion the greatest of the Psalms are admitted to have sprung up. Also these Psalms come thus after the full organization of the Jewish Church, and are immortal literary presentations of the religious life as deepened and purified, steadied and enriched, by many generations of prophetic teaching and of public worship. However deeply individual these Psalms may appear to be, they reveal themselves to patient, long investigation as possessing a centuries-old background of ordered public worship—of religious practices bound to particular places and to particular times.

Now who will dare to hold "Create a clean heart within me, O God" as a rootless addition to the original meaning of the great religious facts of Israel's history? And so with one grand utterance after the other, from amongst the twenty or thirty most original and most penetrating of the Psalms. We have here, then, something that came long after such naïve, relatively unreflective religion as we find, say, in the Book of Judges. And these great Psalms not only come as a matter of fact long after such experiences and happenings as we find, say, in the Book of Judges, but, at least for the most part, a considerable time even after the great events and spiritual growth recorded in the Books of Samuel and of Kings; but they require for their achievement such earlier facts, happenings, graces, and experiences, nor is it at all too difficult for the delicately sympathetic historical and religious sense still to trace the main outlines of this past great history in these immortal Psalms which, precisely through these particular occasions of time and space, succeeded in uttering the deepest and most universal aspirations of the heart towards God.

And, as regards the Gospels, we cannot fairly avoid, I believe, the maintaining of two positions. For one thing, we find in the Synoptic Gospels, alongside of the predominantly naïve, upon the whole unreflective, type, examples of what we could hardly class otherwise than as mystical.

What is the great "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden," and again, what is the great rejoicing, "I thank Thee, Father of heaven and earth," but mystical? And yet we are surely driven to remain within the alternative that either these words were actually pronounced substantially as we have them, by the very lips of the historic Jesus, or that they constitute the deepest reflection of the Early Church upon the character and spirit of Jesus, which thus really penetrated to the very heart of what He was and is. And the second thing I believe we cannot in sincerity avoid holding is that, however little the Fourth Gospel may reproduce primitive documents other than those already given in the three previous Gospels, yet that the interpretation and development here given of these earlier narratives is not only mystical in character, but that it penetrates to the very heart of the meaning of the happenings thus treated.

If all this be so, it appears that both the primitive, naïve narratives require their eventual penetration by the later reflective texts, and that these later reflective passages require the precedence of the naïve, primitive happenings with their, as yet unpenetrated, literary presentation. Thus mysticism would never be the whole of religion; it would become a dangerous error the very moment it claimed to be this whole; but, at the same time, it would be an element essential to religion in the long run and upon the whole, although it would, as already said, possess its own dangers, its own besetting sins, as indeed also the primitive, naïve type of religion possesses its own different dangers and different besetting sins.

Now as to the application of the doctrine of the Conservation, or even of the Growth of Values to religion, conceived as constituted by these two elements, the historical-institutional and the mystical, it is plain, I think, that the following difficulties in applying any such conception to these several elements may, indeed, appear as far-fetched to the inexperienced reader, but that they spring, in reality, from the very nature of the subject-matters. The religion of Primitive

Man is not mystical, at least not in any marked or distinct way, because it is not reflective, and, if it is not reflective, then it cannot have any clear awareness, still less any definite system of the Conservation or Increase of Values as the force which is really setting and keeping it in motion. Primitive religion has thus no room for the Conservation or Increase of Values, because of its very *form*. Mystical, reflective religion, on the other hand, would indeed have ample room for the Conservation or Increase of Values as regards form, since it is itself so deeply reflective and the conception in question is, of course, so much the fruit of reflection. But the mystical form or stage of religion is in conflict with the conception on the ground of the *content*; for nothing is more characteristic of mystical religion than its refusal to recognize reasons and "wherefores." No mystic has ever possessed "wherefore" in his vocabulary, and the Conservation or Increase of Values is an unusually extensive "wherefore." The mystic sense flies straight to God, and thinks it finds all its delight in Him alone. It needs, as a matter of fact, to possess the experience of other, lesser, delights, or of delights in peril of disillusionment, or of perversion, if and when it thus finds God its great delight. But it is no use breaking a butterfly on the wheel for the purpose of observing its flight, and still less is there any use in thinking of the mystical *élan* as the result of a process, as pushed, so to speak, by something behind it. It is essentially a plunge right away from all the other and lesser experience—an act of abandonment into the *drawing*, the attraction of God, and God, reached thus by this severance and by this plunge, then gives the soul a starting-point for such loves of earthly things and persons as may be there to love. The historical-institutional instinct and conception moves from man to God, the mystical attitude moves from God to man.

Doubtless there are passages in various books of the Bible, and in St. Augustine's *Confessions*, which seem actually to express the Conservation of Values. "Tu mihi bona mea

serves," and "Omnia bona mea tu es," express the very thought.

And yet, somehow, the conception persists for my own mind in being interesting and thoughtful and helpful for the defence of religion, rather than as genuinely part and parcel of the living forces and passion which produce religion in religion's most characteristic form. Perhaps the final conclusion would be that, as all religion, however mystical, requires happenedness in time and space, and institutions, as binding man to man, so also all religion involves the sensitiveness to the Values in their several sorts and preciousnesses, present and operative in human experience; but that the sense of the connection between all religion and historical facts and institutions, is far more part and parcel of the religious consciousness itself, than is the sense of the connection between the Conservation or Increase of the various human Values and religion.

X

MORALITY AND HAPPINESS

IT is abundantly possible for men to become so obsessed by some one practically important truth as thereby to obscure for themselves other still deeper facts and connections. Perhaps the most rich and ceaseless instance of such obscuration and of the consequent need for us to apply as it were the method of the manuscript expert who, by various chemical and other processes, recovers a now obscure early text from under the clear later one of a palimpsest, is precisely the set of facts and problems which here and now confront us. On the one hand, it is quite certain (if only we take a sufficiently wide and accurate survey of the facts) that religion cannot thrive without Ethics any more than Ethics can thrive without religion: they are each intrinsically and most closely connected with the other; and, furthermore, every single human soul as it is born into the world requires a long process of bringing to reason, to moderation, to order, to unselfishness; and, at each step, Ethics are already presupposed as at work and more and more evocable, even more in the teacher and trainer than in the learner and trained. From these two latter facts it follows very naturally that religion, in the world at large, is looked upon as primarily the sanction of Ethics—as the chief means of bringing home to men's wayward minds that morality of which we, poor humans, have so claimant a need. All this is permanently true; and yet, on the other hand, it is impossible not to notice that a soul need only reach a certain depth of delicacy in the specifically religious sense for it to appear busy, not directly with duties but with happiness, or rather with the Presence, a Presence which brings indeed obligations of an ever increasing kind, but which, once His Presence Itself is

strongly felt, are not apprehended as obligations, but as accessions of a peace and a power which mean glimpses and reaches of joy triumphant. And yet, to make the complication of the situation as it occurs in actual life more complicated still, the religious sense is most emphatically not the æsthetic sense—the religious sense is still less the æsthetic sense than it is the moral sense. Indeed, the acuteness of the difference between the moral sense and the æsthetic sense is truly mysterious, since God is assuredly the Source and Measure of all genuine Beauty as really as He is the Source and Measure of all genuine Goodness and blissful Holiness, and as He is the Source and Measure of all genuine Existence and Intelligence. We can also see that Beauty and the sense of Beauty come from God, by noting how narrow and hard, or vague and empty, remains the specifically religious sense in souls greatly lacking in the æsthetic capacity. Strange then, that, whilst a one-sidedness of the Ethical kind in a soul possessed of little or no specifically religious sense, can still produce something noble in its own kind; and whilst, again, a life devoted to the search after the truth and reality of things, even when these things are limited to the structure of a plant or to the movement of a star, can achieve a mind and character full of dignity: a similarly strong predominance of the æsthetic sense over these other senses will not produce a correspondingly deep and dignified personality.

But, if this be true of the æsthetic sense, we have an additional, practical, indeed pressing reason why predominantly religious-minded men are mostly so reluctant to admit, in their more guarded and quite final utterances, that the end of religion is not ultimately the observance of a set of commandments or rules, however necessary in and to religion, but a habit of mind and soul which has not yet reached its apogee unless it be transfused and crowned by a special spiritual joy.

In order that we may get these points more clearly before us and indeed, as it were, into our hand, so that we may be

able clearly and quickly to compare and contrast them and more safely to conclude from them, I want just here, even at the risk of considerable repetition, to emphasize shortly and vividly certain positions especially characteristic of five great minds—of Plato and Plotinus, of Aquinas, of Spinoza, and of Kant. There is no intention to make a detailed study here of any of these five variously deep souls and minds which have already occupied us repeatedly. They are to appear here only for the purpose of more vividly waking us up and more definitely fixing our questions and our answers. In the case of Plato, then, we find, as indeed our first section has already drawn out, the most delicate apprehension of Reality present within our lives previously to any detailed, analysed knowledge of it in our minds; we really know it, though, without such analysis, we do not yet know it with such a clearness transferable to other minds as analysis, when it comes to operate within our minds, can, to a certain extent, give to this our knowledge. And we found, also, that, more even than Plato himself is aware, there is an immense joy at the back of this, his and our possession of reality, and still more of this our quest of it: for we are not seeking simply the sheer unknown, still less the strange and odd and accidental—we are seeking simply the deeper penetration and the clearer articulation, the theory and analysis of what we find ourselves to be holding and to have held from the first. All this and more we could find in Plato's writings, especially in his *Meno*; and already there the joy proceeds not merely from the already greatly joy-bringing circumstances just described, not only from the fact that we know and from the conditions under which we know, but from the nature of the things at bottom of the Reality known to us.

Now Plato in the *Philebus* brings out great and important points concerning Love (Eros). He there distinguishes between Eros as an actual or, at least, possible habit of the human soul (the activity or condition of loving), and Eros as a distinct Reality, as Love self-conscious and self-com-

municative, as an Existence distinct from our human activities. He does not get very far with regard to the latter possibility, because he is obstructed by the long spade-work and clearing away that lie before him of the various kinds and degrees of more or less merely animal impulsions and physical affinities: he requires purity everywhere and here especially, and Eros seems perpetually rather to bring fresh impurities than to give us new powers against the various, often very subtle, animalisms all about us and within us. Indeed, we can add at once that there remains, more clearly before us than could have been before Plato, the difficulty that all the emotions known to us, the highest as well as the lowest, appear to require a physical body for their possessor to feel them at all. Still, as regards this general theoretical difficulty, we have already in our first section had to face a closely similar difficulty in our holding God, Pure Spirit, to be immense Intelligence—indeed to be the Author and perpetual Sustainer of the rationality found by us men in His several works; for already in the case of Intelligence, as far as our experience extends, there is need of a body for the Intelligent. If, in that former case, we, nevertheless, concluded with the immense Intelligence of God in spite of His pure spirituality, there is no logical reason why we should here refuse to admit, because of the absence of a body, an immense emotional life in God. Nevertheless, just as there we had constantly to remind ourselves of the difference in likeness between the intelligence of God and our own, so here, too, we have to distinguish between the likeness in unlikeness of the emotional life of God and of our own selves.

In Plotinus we reach certain very distinct advances beyond Plato's position; not, I think, as regards the richness and elasticity of the two systems, taking each in all its parts and all its implications, but as regards the specifically religious life of the soul. Here, in Plotinus, there can be no doubt for a moment that the deepest life somehow is joy, and is joy not simply as the result of the exercise of our own

faculties even the highest, or even of our apprehension of the Reality as already present within us, when we articulate this Reality and Presence somewhat more plainly to ourselves than we, or than men at large, usually articulate it: but a joy which springs essentially from the object which we thus perceive. We here attain, or we here become aware of, a joy within ourselves which is essentially a Gift, and essentially recognized as a Gift, as a fountain of living joy. It is not we ourselves whom we discover to be sources of joy; but a Reality distinct from all we are, yet to which we are sufficiently alike for us to be able to undergo its own penetration of us, its widening and deepening and elevating of us beyond anything we are or become, or think of becoming, apart from its benign, prevenient Presence. Plotinus, most assuredly, suffers from certain deep limitations. He does not perceive the essentially social character of religion, a character as real and as general as the individual character can ever be; nor does he see how much, how humiliatingly much, the man of culture, if he would be deeply religious, owes to the unlettered and the poor in their apprehension of religion and their contributions to it; but, as regards the apprehension of the ultimate character of religion as Joy, as living, self-communicating Joy, in so far as Gift, I do not well see where else to find notes more thrillingly fresh and tender, more utterly genuine and more fully expressive. And what is particularly great here is the way in which Plotinus is indeed, and rightly, full also of the æsthetic requirements of religion, yet how he is penetrated throughout by a Presence, a Reality essentially other than and more than any and all Beauty. Doubtless his formulations which push God up beyond even all Truth, all Goodness, even beyond Oneness, are mistaken formulations, but these hardly affect his descriptions of the experiences on which the formulations are built; and it is these descriptions, his amazing depth of experience and fineness of description of it, which constitute the greatness of Plotinus.

No doubt the noblest fruit resulting from Plotinus in

minds other than his own appears in St. Augustine, especially in his *Confessions*, where the note of Joy triumphs so grandly amidst the necessary contritions which otherwise would but lead to despair. Here, in this short, most great book, Plotinus appears completed and corrected as regards his exclusive individualism; the great fact, practice, and doctrine of the Christian Church, of the mystical Body of all believers, replaces the flight of the alone to the Alone. But I pass on to Aquinas, because it is in him that the questions as to the emotions and the body, and especially as to which of the emotions should be recognized by us as extant in God, attain their clearest and most systematic expression. Whatever may be the difficulties in admitting any emotions in any Spirit unpossessed of a body, the emotions chosen by St. Thomas as profoundly present and operative in God very certainly correspond to what the religious sense requires and finds in Him. Aquinas divides the emotions into the primary and the secondary, and holds special forms of the primary emotions to be essential to God, whilst refusing the secondary emotions to Him. The supreme primary emotion is Love, a Love which, in God, has, of course, to be taken neither as our family love, nor as our sex love, nor as identical with any other loves before their purification, yet which manifests itself in various degrees and ways throughout our affections in proportion to their nobility and spirituality. And closely conjoined with this love he finds beatitude, joy of the supreme and most spiritual kind. This Joy also he attributes to the very nature of God; God could not be God without love or without joy; He is God especially in being Love and Joy unutterable—in being these two great emotions and whatever may be objectively essential to them. The religious sense most certainly finds these emotions in God. And thus here, at last, we find the distinction in Plato's *Philebus* recognized as actually extant in the Reality of things, for there exists thus, not only love as a quality and activity of the most varied kind and degree amongst conscious and self-conscious creatures; and, again, we have here not only

such self-conscious creatures recognized as at their best so many lovers: but, beyond such qualities and activities, we now recognize the Subject of all subjects, the origin and measure of all Reality, not only as Love, as loving, but as Lover, *the* Lover.

How strangely truth and error can intertwine within the mind of one and the same man! We have agreed upon holding Pantheism to be the born and arch-enemy of religion. Well, the most theistent of the Pantheists is, I take it, Spinoza. And yet this same Spinoza, how much he has to teach us apart from, and really in contradiction to, all his Pantheism! I am thinking here of that most touching and most noble note which runs especially through his last, his greatest work, the *Ethics*, a combination as wonderful, in its lesser degree, as the similar paradox we have found in Plotinus: throughout there is a great self-renunciation, the most searching asceticism, but throughout it all, as result and end, is a triumphant joy. There never was, and I cannot think there ever will be again, a more detestably inappropriate form for what Spinoza meant to say, indeed for what at its best he really says, than all that mathematical, indeed geometrical, form and procedure which masks the actual facts for all concerned. This perverse choice of his is, nevertheless, most natural, and most legitimate if clear chains of reasoning are held to be our only means of knowledge: and this is, of course, his fundamental assumption—the outlook intends to be strictly Cartesian from beginning to end, and suffers from all the incompleteness and lopsidedness of Descartes' own outlook as we found this outlook to be in our first section. Yet, when Spinoza speaks of the delight which accompanies the *amor intellectualis* of God, he is doubtless impelled, not only by Descartes, but also and indeed much more by the deeply religious temper of his own soul: in the *intellectualis* he expresses his fear of all that train of erotic and, indeed, even immoral feeling and thinking which has soiled and discredited so much of mysticism. There exists, however, no sound reason for throwing suspi-

cion upon the ethical character of love at its best, or upon the possibility of such love, even among us poor human creatures, and how much less, then, in God the all-perfect.

In the case of Kant, it is often difficult to remain fully aware of how charged with the deepest feeling is his Ethical outlook. He renders this perception difficult in many places by his ceaseless vigilance against what he will have is but a Platonizing sentimentality of an intolerably unreal and "superior" order—a temper of mind which dares to cross his path in the writings of Moses Mendelssohn and of Friedrich Jacobi and other emotionally vibrating Jews and Christians of his day. He thus obscures the fact, even from himself, that there is really at bottom identity of attitude between himself and these other thinkers, on the point of the legitimacy of emotion as part and parcel of our means to perceive, to accept, and to carry out the moral life. *His* emotions are more austere and less tender than are theirs; and *his* emotions appear, at all fully, only now and then; but his emotions are as really emotions as ever theirs can be. Kant's irritation against the Platonizers springs from at least three clearly distinguishable roots. There is, first, the large fact that, though by his own discovery, the critical philosophy, he is in part getting away from the Enlightenment and starting another era in Philosophy, he remains, nevertheless, still largely a child of the eighteenth century, and hence even ready to think himself not on the path to truth, indeed not in a truthful attitude of mind, except when he is deliberately electing the clearest possible thinking as against any and all emotion as, of necessity, confused and confusing. The eighteenth century produced, of course, also the intense sentimentalism of Rousseau, and Kant, for a time, was in some respects affected by this contrary movement. Yet the dryness and the fear of feeling—of "enthusiasm" (a word never used by Kant except in dispraise)—was the more characteristic movement of the eighteenth century, and was certainly more prominent at the ordinary levels of Kant's clear intentions and self-knowledge. Then there came the

religious influences. We found, further back with Volkelt, how strongly Kant was influenced not by the Lutheranism of his father, but by the Calvinism of his mother and her stoically tempered Scottish ancestors. We saw how the instinctive Calvinism of Kant drove him into maintaining, as regards *the thing-in-itself*, a position different from, and more dualistic than, his philosophy sought or warranted. Had Kant remained at this point untouched by Calvinism, he would, even in his more negative moods, have been strictly what we now call an Agnostic—he would, that is, have declared that he knew nothing about the real nature of anything as it is in itself, and he would have abided simply in this condition of suspended judgment. But Kant *qua* religious soul, that is *qua* calvinistic soul, was too suspicious of his own nature—of the first spontaneous reactions of his own mind in general, not here also to decide against his first impressions: things *must* be totally different from what they seemed to him to be.

Now it is plain that, if this analysis is correct with regard to his attitude towards the thing-in-itself, the same intense rigorism and excessive dualism would work even more directly in Kant against leaving or finding any legitimate place within his soul for anything that could by any one be taken as more or less mere pleasure. Ἡδονή would be the enemy everywhere, and pleasure of every kind; indeed, the absence of all pleasure anywhere and his active hostility to it everywhere would, in all cases, be for his mind direct and sufficient measure of his being on the way of truth. And a third great cause at work in him against any recognition, not only of Pleasure but of Joy or Beatitude, was the way in which, during the periods filled with the production of his first two *Critiques* (1781–7), Kant attempted to exclude from Ethics the consideration of their *end*. He felt during these years that he was simply weakening the evidences for the need of God for explanation and support of the ethical, the categorical Imperative, if he allowed anything else (even God Himself, if considered as Joy and Happiness) to appear

in the inquiry at all. Ethics would fail to require and to reach a belief in God, unless it first stood before him and us as without an end beyond itself, as absolute and unconditioned. It is very certain that Kant well before the end even of his published writings, e.g. in his last *Critique*, the *Critique of Judgment* (1790), admitted the idea of the end as legitimate in Ethics, and, in so doing, he showed how amenable to facts was, after all, his mind. This comes out, perhaps still more strikingly, in that huge manuscript of many partly divergent layers, the so-called *Opus Posthumum*, as it is now admirably described and printed in extracts by Dr. Adickes (1921).

It would be easy to add several other reasons as operating within Kant's mind in the same direction, but these three causes, especially in their mutual interstrengthening, are already amply sufficient to explain his attitude towards the emotions as proceeding from causes other than the objective and rational. We shall find pretty soon how slight, somehow, is Kant's religious perception as compared with his moral; and here I would only say that this excessive fear of the emotions, and especially of the expansively happy and joyous ones, springs in Kant from the same causes as those which make him so much greater as a moralist than as a man of religion.

If we want to see how the thirst for joy pricks on the soul and finds its full assuagement in God alone, we have to turn, not to the primarily moral, but to the primarily spiritual figures amongst mankind. A most impressive chain of witnesses could be easily collected from St. Paul and the Fourth Gospel in the New Testament, on through St. Ignatius of Antioch to St. Justin Martyr; then through the bitter-sweet Tertullian on to the great ocean soul of St. Augustine; and from thence on to St. Bernard of Clairvaux in his midnight sermons to his monks, and, again, to Aquinas in the pages, so full of deepest emotion, where he describes the soul's hunger for God and for His vision and this its thirst's assuagement in and through that vision only.

And this tradition of joy, of course, is not restricted to these giants of the Christian faith, or to the souls great or little of the past: before them in the Old Testament we can find in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and especially in the great hymn of the *Servant of the Lord*, preserved for us in the later chapters of that manifold collection now entitled Isaiah, a similar note of joy; and this thirst for, and its assuagement in, a more than earthly joy has persisted right down to our own time. Happy he who has come across some large and undeniable instances of this wondrous thirst and still more wonderful satisfaction in some contemporary, seen and heard alive in the flesh!

The peculiarity of the situation here considered, a peculiarity we must never overlook, consists in the fact that the satisfaction here referred to does not follow from a search of it as such. On the contrary, the deeply dramatic character of the spiritual life consists largely in the way in which even the most spiritual consolations flee from the soul which seeks them directly as such, and the manner in which the deepest consolations will, on the contrary, come to the soul that seeks directly only God and His will, whether sweet or bitter, or even God and only suffering for His sake.

Only the pure of heart shall see God; only the contrite and broken heart will not be despised by God. Yet it remains true that, although we must not directly seek joy out of relation to God, yet joy follows upon our thus seeking God first and our seeking all in Him; joy and God at bottom are essentially interconnected, indeed the ultimate, alone sufficing joy is God Himself and the touch of His closer union with our souls; and it is only because of our weakness and cowardice, which so readily shrinks from the times when we have to pay for such joy and sinks to pleasures in themselves, that persistent precaution is necessary for the soul against inverting, in its practice, the objective order and proportion as we find them in the lives of the Saints. It is indeed so not easy to see and to will, in these matters, with sufficient depth and detachment; but such complica-

tions and anxieties, as may occur in a man's soul without fault, are but part of our largely probational state here below; they in no degree or way proceed from any intrinsic disconnection between joy and God, and do not exist in Heaven.

Before we proceed to any further distinct group of facts, it will be worth while, I think, here to meet an objection which easily arises when we are long placed before such questions of our own interior dispositions. "Is the ultimate end of our existence really to be found in these our own dispositions or even, at bottom, in the dispositions of God Himself? Do we not require something already effected and not merely a capacity for such effectuation? Is not the outlook decidedly thin which is so busy with attitudes, tempers of mind, and the like?" The answer, no doubt, is that dispositions and the acts determined upon or involved by them are not, in the essential constitution of things, separable entities; we cannot within this constitution have the soul full of generous self-giving dispositions and, at the same time, empty of all desire to put them into execution. And the opposite is not as equally true; for the soul might have a sufficient amount or kind of humility or patience or the like to produce this or that act which actually exists before us, and yet might not have enough of such qualities to produce another similar act or a still deeper and more difficult act; whereas the dispositions, according to their own depth and purity, do involve their actuation with a corresponding quality and amount. Also, by concentration upon a disposition, we absorb ourselves in what is often all that God demands of us, seeing that the opportunities for the actuation of these dispositions are, of course, very largely not in our hands at all. A book I have found, in part, of great help here, and which has recently reached its very well deserved second edition, is A. F. S. Shand's *The Foundations of Character*.[1] This book is busy throughout with dispositions, states of mind, emotions, feelings alone, and

[1] Second edition, 1920.

rightly points out how a character is ripe and rich in proportion to its possession of such dispositions and ready motives. It is a pity that the author has weighted his excellent descriptions and discriminations with "laws," certain rules which he thinks he has discovered for the functioning and the combinations of these various habits of mind. The book would be indefinitely more impressive and more pleasant to read, if these "laws" were one and all bundled unceremoniously out of what is otherwise a very noble and most richly suggestive work.

XI

MORAL PERFECTION CONCEIVED AS A BECOMING LIKE TO GOD: HOW AND IN WHAT SENSE THIS CAN BE TRUE

IN the first section I strove hard to establish a certain very real likeness between God, as a mind and a producer of all distinct existents, on the one hand, and ourselves as minds and apprehenders of such existents, on the other hand. I also strove to trace a similar relation between God, as a Spirit possessed of a sense of beauty and leaving traces of such beauty in all His works on the one hand, and the mind of man as apprehensive of such beauty on the other. I want in this chapter to try to do a similar piece of thinking with regard to God, as an All-holy Will and as leaving in His works, not only traces of the power which has made them to exist and of a sense of beauty which has given them delightful qualities of various kinds, but also as a good, a perfect, a just and yet also merciful Will and Character.

Let us begin with two great declarations, the one by Plato, the other by Jesus in the Synoptic Gospels. In the *Theaetetus*, Socrates declares that we should strive to become "like unto the Divine," and, in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, Our Lord sums up various high ethical demands upon us by the general requirement: "Be ye therefore perfect as your heavenly Father also is perfect." This same declaration appears in St. Luke's Gospel, at the end of various exhortations to kindliness and forgiveness, in the form: "Be ye therefore merciful as your heavenly Father also is merciful." There is no more reverent mind among the non-Christian thinkers than is that of Plato, none which so little treats God as simply comprehensible by man; and, as to Our Lord's teaching, it is magnificently free from any and every touch of any sheer immanence of God or of

dragging down the Creator to the level of the creature. And yet we see how, in both cases, there must have been the strongest sense that there exists, nevertheless, a certain real objective likeness between God and man also in the field of morals and of goodness.

What exactly did Plato mean? He evidently was thinking here of the Divine, of God, in contrast with the sorry caricatures of Him presented, as he himself has told us was the case, by so much of the popular mythology all around him; and we know how, with regard to this Divine, to this God, he insisted upon His freedom from all envy, from all that jealousy which is so prominent a feature precisely in that mythology. Plato loves to insist upon the exact contrary in God: that God is generosity itself, that He loves to give and to give again and always beyond the desert of the recipient; that God is no exacting reckoner against us, no lier-in-wait for our poor defections; that this goodness is operative everywhere. For these great facts Plato finds a ready symbol in the sun and its shining upon all, the rich and the poor, the good and the bad alike. Thus the sun with its essential activity of universal shining is made to stand for the outward movement, the self-donation, the ecstasy of God towards and into His creatures. Thus, whatever else Plato may mean by the term "to become like unto God," he cannot fail to intend it to mean the human soul's growth in generosity, in self-oblivion, in uncounting self-donation.

What does Jesus mean when He bids us be perfect or be merciful as our heavenly Father also is perfect or merciful? But, first, which of these two declarations are we to take as the very words of Our Lord, or can we take both as spoken by Him word for word? We shall find, if we carefully study the two Gospels concerned, that the difference here is only one instance out of many which make up the difference between these two Gospels generally: for practically everywhere where a ready opportunity occurs the Third Gospel selects, or specially emphasizes, or limits, Our Lord's words and

acts to some condescension of mercy or forgiveness, where, in the corresponding place, the First Gospel will insist upon some quality or action more complete in its motives and applications. I take it that the actual words will have been the words, or more like the words, of the First Gospel, and that in the Third Gospel they are, for the most part, produced or reproduced in a more limited and more directly emotional form. But, in either case, both Gospels show us plainly that Our Lord meant something quite practicable by us men, something that could and would stand in a most fruitful relation to our ordinary moral acts and motives, for, in both cases, the words we are considering simply constitute the full, ultimate motive for the carrying out of the several recommendations just made: in the first case, to generosity of heart towards all men; in the second case, to mercy and loving-kindness towards our lonely and forgotten fellow-men.

Both in the case of Plato and in the case of Jesus the noble generosity and tenderness of heart of the speakers finds God as Himself overflowingly possessed of these dispositions; and they both were full of the kindness and mercy of God as a sheer fact evident to them all around. Especially is this the case with Our Lord, for Whom the birds of the air and the very flowers of the field manifest the tender love of God; but what is difficult, of course, is not the fixing of what it was that Plato and Jesus believed, but to show that they were right in so believing. Is life, as we look out at it in as great directness and impartiality as we can, penetrated with mercy, with care for the world-forgotten, the small and the weak? And, even if we find traces of such an order, what about the evils of all sorts of which surely life, from mere physical life to the highest and richest moral and spiritual life, is so appallingly full? Are we not in reality here dealing with two noble, deeply touching enthusiasts who are belied right and left in this their touching optimism?

Now I would here beg the reader, if he would be fair to the real situation, to recall with all possible completeness and vividness what it is we have already admitted. For we

have not denied and taunted the belief in the existence and cogency of the evidences all around and within us for the existence, power, and intelligence of the single ultimate Reality—God. For us, life all around us and within us is no mere flux, mere chance, or sheer mystery; on the contrary, though nowhere can we exhaust the significance of anything, yet nowhere, if we be taking a fairly large range in time and space, is existence insignificant. Does it not correspond to the expectations of reason, such as our own reason makes to it? And, further, not only are there these endless and for the most part delightfully surprising evidences of power and intelligence, but there runs throughout the whole, also corresponding though distinct, evidence of the sense of beauty possessed by the originating and sustaining Force. And it is with regard to this world, to this life thus in all evidence for a power intelligent in endless ways and possessed of a sense of beauty marking its works in all directions: it is with regard to this world and life that we inquire whether they bear evidence also for an ethical character in the originating Reality.

We have, by taking the matter thus in two quite distinct stages of inquiry, got rid, at this second stage, of all the questions as to whether or not the traces of power and intelligence are no more than projections of our own ordering mind, are not good live fish but sorry fishing-tackle. For we have deliberately decided that these appearances of power, intelligence, and sense of beauty, are genuine and substantially correct apprehensions by our minds of what exists really outside them, the products of a mind not our own.

And, if we have so decided, it is not because there do not exist at that stage obscurities and difficulties—things we cannot deny and yet things which appear themselves to negate this our optimistic faith. The great earthquake in Japan; the mysterious carrying of malaria and sleeping-sickness by various insects specially provided with delicate organs for producing these ravaging effects; all the saddening array of disease in plants, in animals, in man; the small

percentage of individuals in all the kinds which ever attain to maturity at all: all this must be and is quite clearly against us, and yet we held, I believe quite rightly, that the evidence for, very certainly, outweighed the evidence against.

Now it is true that the evidences for the moral character of God possess certain differences and complications from which the evidences for His power, intelligence, and sense of beauty are free. For in the case of the power, the intelligence, and the æsthetic sense, the evidences *are there*; we have not got to produce them, or to analyse our own emotions concerning them. They exist independently with a comfortable capacity for resisting the decomposing forces of our minds; whereas, in the case of the moral evidences, these, often, at least seem to be conspicuous by their absence. I hope, however, to be able to show that, if the evidences for the moral character of God are less immediately obvious, and if the objections against such a character appear more penetrating than in the other cases, we find compensations, and in different ways we discover solid ground beneath our feet.

Before I proceed to study in detail what are the religious contributions to our moral life which can be traced with certainty, I want here, for the rest of this chapter, to dwell upon a point on which it would be well for us to become quite clear before we embark on that inquiry. The point is one which for years was vividly before me, and which, I believe, I was somehow forced to face and to solve with the greatest possible benefit to my own genuine spiritual growth. Had my moral development passed in peaceful or at least in well-directed growth, I rather doubt whether I should be seeing what I am now after even at this moment; yet the perception I now mean was surely a great grace which Saints indeed may hold, but of which even they are not worthy. The point then was and is as follows. God intends us to be strong, each with our own degree of strength, to possess our own individuality, our genuine autonomy, the more the better, everything else being satisfactory and equal;

yet nothing can be more certain than that, in proportion as we insist upon growing simply from within, upon attempting to be ourselves simply through ourselves, or rather in our failing through this, the more we remain thin and small, the more our being ourselves means really to be something thoroughly insignificant. We have to *grow*, to grow not only in sincerity to our actual best light and sincere outlook, but we have to gain in light and to be ready to exchange one outlook for another in proportion as God gives us the opportunity. What matters, then, is more what we contrive to get than what we have, and more in our awareness that what we have has somehow been given. Certainly every soul requires a certain distance, a certain space within which to become itself, but it never becomes itself by the aid of itself alone. And, again, a man's foes are primarily those of his own household, that is, the passions and insensibilities of his own soul, so that to long and to work to become free from self is the primary work of self-liberation for every soul. We shall see, I think, as we go along that in each of the three kinds of help, with their corresponding difficulties and problems, we shall be working on the assumption that we do not stand alone, that we cannot so stand whether we will or not, that it is by our constant contact with realities not ourselves that we live and move even physically at all; and that, as to the upbuilding of our moral characters, we achieve it solidly only in the service of our fellows and in the grateful acceptance of their teachings, lights, and misconceptions. We shall see, I hope, that, in proportion as we realize all the various helps we need to become truly ourselves, in the same proportion we shall find God at work within our lives, not only as power to make us be, not only as intelligence to awaken and to fill our mind, not again only as beauty and the sense of beauty to humanize and sweeten us, but also and indeed above all as ethical, as good, as holy.

To take the matter quite generally, we will also say that our three kinds of enjoyment differ each from the other in accordance with the difference of what they enjoy or seek to

relish. We can attempt to find our joy in *things*, in what very certainly we cannot take away with us when we go; or we can strive to find our joy in our own self-cultivation, in what, as we think, each makes of him or her self, and nothing is more fitted to feed arrogance and self-complaisance—to fill us with what the French so delightfully call "Narcissims," self-mirrorings, such as Narcissus delighted in finding as he lay with his face looking down into the reflection of the water. Or, finally, we can find our joy neither in what we have, nor in what we do, but in what we get; in the doings not of ourselves, but of God. True, even in this latter case, we could so contrive matters as to harden ourselves up into something small indeed compared with what we might be and ought to be, for the universe of God consists of countless souls, not fortunately of our little selves alone. We have soon reached the limit of what we ourselves can ever become: it is the joy for the others, for the countless constellations of the spiritual heavens, it is only there; but even there, at bottom, because of God, the Sustainer and Fulfiller of all that splendour, that our poor hearts and wills find their peace.

I do not doubt that we have reached the precise meaning attached by Plato and by Our Lord to the conception of our becoming like to God. Plato's mind and, above all, the heart of Our Lord were full of the sense of the generosity, the magnanimity of God, and it was also these great moral qualities that they prized and sought above all things amongst men. And we can also add, perhaps, that, by their reverence to God and seeking in God the motive of our attaining such generosity, they were moved by the sense of how rare, how intermittent, how difficult such generosity is for man, except he keep continually alive within himself the sense of God so near to him, and so ready to help him, and yet so far away in the perfection of what we cannot but feel to be the measure of our perfection also. Yet it would be well, I think, if we here push further afield as regards our likeness unto God, so as to make it include, or at least lead on to, the two great

differences which we know to exist between His nature and our own; differences which, nevertheless, do not stand to each other as simply contradictions and exclusions, but as two conditions of which the lesser requires the larger, and finds in this larger its enveloping harbour, help, and peace. But conceptions as applied to the nature of God are being more than ignored, they are being explained away in the interests of what is conceived to be much more clear and simple, and to put the life of God into a position where we can feel our own to be more like to Him, and where we can achieve apparently ready and luminous solutions of certain great mysteries or difficulties. Hence we shall do well, I think, in bringing out into the fullest possible clearness exactly what we mean and what we want.

The first of the two great peculiarities in the nature of God here meant is the non-successiveness of His character and actions. Philosophy since Kant, and again now, has more and more brought into the fullest light the primary position occupied by Time in the development and conformation of man's entire character. There is, indeed, nothing that is specifically characteristic of myself as a human being which is not penetrated through and through by that mysterious quality of succession or Time. Space also, the quality of extension, plays a very important part in the establishment of the human personality. Still I have not reached myself such a position as that of Professor Alexander, which finds Space to be as primary and necessary for man as Time; but, if we cover all rationally possible positions in the matter, we conceive man's nature and development to be essentially temporal-spatial. We shall never, I feel very confident, reach a sufficiently deep and delicate sense of the distinctness and Otherness of God unless we admit that in Him there is ultimately no succession and no extension.

It is one of the many deeply interesting of the less obvious lessons of the conversion of St. Augustine to note how that it was the supposed *extension* of God, His infinite spatiality, which in its Manichæan form kept him away for so many

years from the Christian, indeed from any possible theistic faith, and the non-spatiality of God, though not just absence of extension but the absence of succession, the non-temporality of God, took the central position in his mind. Thus his *Confessions* give us a little everywhere, but especially in their magnificent Books XI and XII, descriptions, analyses, and defences of the character of Time, of how it penetrates all we mortals are and do, and again in contrast the non-successiveness, the All Together, the *totum simul* of God.

Now, it is true that in any specifically Christian conception of God the Incarnation, the Condescension of God, to an indwelling of man, to a becoming man, is essential; and it is difficult to see, if God became man, how He can have failed, however simultaneous by nature in Himself, to have become by His adopted second nature successive, since He was and is now also truly man. Yes: but we will assuredly do well not to press this point, since we can see, especially if we face the question of suffering, how much we lose and how little we gain by insisting upon suffering, not only in the human nature adopted by God, but in God Himself, as if He Who adopted this human nature were essentially open to suffering as it is. Deeply to apprehend the universal presence within all things human of succession and of suffering, and to understand how, this being so, succession and suffering have come very near to God Himself in His Incarnation; and yet to retain vividly the sense that, even as Incarnate God, He in Himself remains simultaneous and Joy utter and unmixed; these two convictions, each kept clear and distinct from the other, yet each calling for the other: this I believe to be by far the richest and most fruitful conception, the truest to the facts, that can be found.

All through this book, while rejecting any and all genuine Pragmatism, so that we will never say that a doctrine becomes true upon turning out to be useful, we have, nevertheless, everywhere assumed the truth of the principle that nothing can be deeply true without, as a matter of fact, proving fruitful and light-bringing in the most unexpected ways and quarters.

Hence we remain entirely self-consistent by asking here: Well, but what possible practical difference does it make to our thinking and acting whether God thinks and acts and is, not in succession, but in the pure simultaneity? We ourselves are in any case successive through and through; why, then, worry ourselves with the possibility that God is entirely otherwise? By such insistence the image of God becomes inevitably obscured: Our Lord continuously calls Him our Father, or My Father, that beautiful and readily understandable term, and here we come and mix it up with metaphysics, presumably Greek.

The deepest answer to this and similar objections which readily occur so soon as ever we move away from characteristically human images and designations of God is, I believe, most variously and profoundly grounded in the nature of things. As a matter of fact, the human mind requires truth, reality as it is, as much as is compatible with the human mind at all. And it soon comes to find that, though it can understand nothing which is utterly different from itself, yet it can and does understand many things which are not itself, which are in no sense identical with itself, and which, after it has passed beyond the childish impetuousness of youth, enlarge, support, and stimulate it by their very difference in likeness. This is certainly true of the plant world. What a delight it yields to the mind's attempt to penetrate into a world so markedly unlike and yet distinctly cognate to its own. The plant world thus turns out neither a queer conundrum nor something so like our own mind that it might really be this mind's projection, but we have a world really distinct from our own, apprehended everywhere as thus distinct and different, and yet different only as representing a different part and parcel, a different step in a scale of organic beings of the ordered universe. In the case of the plant world we have found joys resulting from a certain contraction of our mind, but assuredly we find joys at least as real, though contrary, in the case where the mind has to expand and is forced to stretch. What

generous soul but finds delight in the company of souls and insights greater, far greater than its own insights, so much greater that its own smaller size can but be measured by the degree to which, for short moments, it reaches to a perception of the truth of that wider outlook. And is there to be nothing comparable to this latter joy in the soul's intercourse with God? Of course there is this joy. God, His nature, the special characters of this nature, are never quite within nor quite without what we can know, what we actually do know and love; we can think of it as Tennyson thought of the garden that he loved, which bloomed not quite within nor quite without the busy city. The human mind and heart thus very certainly require an Otherness, a contrastingness in God, these as within an identity, a sameness. The Mediaeval Mystics and those of the Renaissance loved to compare the mind and soul of man in its relation with God to a faithful dog in his prompt affection, perception, and attendance upon his master, and surely they were right and were so by thus drawing out a likeness in unlikeness and an unlikeness in likeness between God and ourselves.

And, as to this matter of succession and simultaneity in particular, it is certainly true that man in his deeper and deepest moments is less and less conscious of the lapse of time. Browning has repeatedly given us magnificent descriptions of this fact, and Von Ranke, the great German historian, comes back to this matter again and again.

For Von Ranke shows how man necessarily always lives, or at least always can live, two lives; in the one which is the ordinary surface life he lives in this act, this enjoyment, this suffering, this hope, as one link in an endless chain, one revolution of the wheel in a ceaseless travel. But, if this were all, man, if we but left him his present heart, would be a distracted, feverish, or mechanically moving creature. It is the other movement which saves him from this, for each of these successive acts and experiences has not only its place in an endless series of successions, but it possesses its direct relation to God, to that Divine All Together in which our poor

little one thing after another moves and exists. Perhaps the simile of the wheel brings out most clearly the difference between these two actions and dispositions. The successive acts practised as links in a chain are like the circumference of the wheel, where one point presses upon the earth immediately after the previous point, and where we have a movement of a perpetual chain with really no beginning and no end; and the action, not between the successive acts, but between the single action and God, is like to any one of the spokes of that wheel which move not one after another in an endless series, but each direct to its centre, its centre which in the Reality is God.

Now I submit that it is simply moonshine to insist that such a view is of no practical effect. Such a view on the contrary, if it become the flesh and blood of a man's living and dying, will produce human beings as different in size and fruitfulness as it is possible to find; and yet, for such a view to correspond genuinely with reality, we must conceive of God not as essentially successive, but essentially simultaneous.

And, indeed, only by such sensitive clinging to the simultaneity of God do we free ourselves from the superstition of thinking and acting as though there were anything intrinsically sacred in our successiveness. On the contrary, in proportion as we could effect and be the same amount of truth, of beauty, of goodness without the delay and scattering of succession, the more nearly we should be to the full requirements or ideals of the perfect life; for, if everything rational and good calls for everything else, and finds its true place and explanation only within an ordered totality of things, the more will our apprehension of a single thing grow in richness, vividness, and accuracy according to the amount of all this life and interaction which we can take in at one and the same time. How small is the span of our simultaneous attention, like unto the span of our vision which takes in so small a reach of landscape or of other beauty at one and the same moment, and yet it is because we

possess such spans, because the fleeting moment never is a sheer point without a magnitude, but a ribbon of some breadth, that we are human beings who can think and get round things too big for us to apprehend complete at one and the same moment. A creature without a span is not yet human, a being with a span co-equal to the Reality apprehended is God.

Thus we have, in the case of succession and simultaneity, a likeness in unlikeness and an unlikeness in likeness between man and God, and the point especially to insist upon here is, I feel sure, that the unlikeness in God is part, a large part, of our joy in Him, of the homely feeling there is in Him, of the support and supplementation, the restfulness which the Psalmist found and we all still can find in Him.

There is a second still deeper and directly ethical matter which I believe to be often nowadays misunderstood, to the great impoverishment and diminished adequacy of our ethico-religious outlook. The very fact of this overlooking and misstatement springs, I do not doubt, from a very natural and excusable, indeed, from a laudable motive, to which all those who are primarily anxious to help their neighbours will always be exposed: to find positions or explanations which possess a clarity sufficient even for the man in the street, and which he is sure readily to believe true because they are thus clear without even a little cloud on their horizon. This cannot but be the thirst of every ardent believer, bent upon helping the crowd straight away and just as he finds it. Now the greatest obscurity and difficulty extant in religion is the existence of evil—of evil in a world which the believer claims to be the direct work of an All-powerful, All-wise, and All-good God. He is here in immense want of some quite simple, quite obvious, unanswerable explanation, and this he finds in insisting upon three things, each crystal-clear and each involved in the other. The most evil of all evils is moral evil, is the evil of a perverse will. Again, such a perverse willing can only arise where the willing subject possesses the liberty of choice; and, finally,

liberty *is* choice, is the capacity for choosing good or evil, and without such capacity there is no true liberty, no genuine merit, and no serious goodness. God, then, in creating man with the full dignity of a free creature, could not but create him capable of evil, and, indeed, the degree of his goodness, where and when he chooses to be good, is measurable by the degree of badness he can attain if he so chooses; and thus we get a world springing out of God's hand not actually evil, but capable of evil, and this because in the very nature of things God Himself does not and cannot contravene, since this nature is but a reflection of His own. Possible evil dogs all actual good, and actual evil is the price God's creatures have to pay for being free.

This position has, owing to its ready appeal for the average mind, become very popular especially among the younger critically trained Anglican clergy: the volume of essays, *Foundations*, is full of it, especially in the contributions of Dr. William Temple, now Bishop of Manchester. But, indeed, also moral philosophers of Presbyterian origin and training, such as Professor Sorley in his very fine book, *Moral Values and the Idea of God*, take up this position with most complete assurance and with apparent success.

And yet I do not doubt that, here also, the more difficult course will persist in turning out to be the more adequate, in the long run the best assured; and there are so many points in which the old ordinary apologetic requires more or less restatement that, surely, it ought to be a satisfaction to the worker in these difficult fields when he comes across one such position richer, and more adequate by far to the complex mass of facts, than are these its impoverished substitutes and simplifications.

Cardinal Newman used to be fond, both in his writings and in his conversations, of insisting that the text, "By their fruits ye shall know them," lends itself quite unforcedly to interpretation in a deeply true yet not readily obvious sense. He took the words not simply to mean that you need but look at a man's behaviour to be able to judge thence as to

the good or evil of his moral theory, but as meaning that the inconsistency or other error of some moral or metaphysical position does not show itself at once, but has to be found, if found at all, in the process of true thought or system as it passes on from mind to mind. Now, as regards this particular position, "its fruits" are certainly sufficient, one would think, to warn any sober thinker that somehow here things have moved in a mistaken direction; for the position quite logically leads, e.g., to a young and zealous Anglican cleric exhorting a relative of mine to realize that God Himself is good, in fact very good, but this whilst being and, indeed, in part because He is, capable of a similar amount of evil. God is good through His persistent refusal of the evil that is potentially within Himself, and, really, how could this be different if true liberty involves choice? For no one of us who knows the value of the term would dream of denying to God the supremest moral liberty.

If we will but look at the whole question, as I submit we should do in all perplexing matters, in two stages: first, as to what is the truth, however difficult and obscure this may turn out to be; and, then, how to bring home this truth to the average man, and to put it as clearly and completely as it is possible of being put to him, we shall find that the old positions were magnificently penetrating and wise.

Already St. Augustine puts the matter with grand lucidity when he says (in the *City of God*): "To be able not to sin is already a great liberty, to be unable to sin is the greatest liberty" [1]; and this same position was later worked out with noble tenacity and care by Aquinas, especially in his Theological *Summa*. What we thus do here is simply to insist that a spirit is free who is able to will fully what he himself sees, and loves, and wills without any exterior impediment whatever; he is free because he is not determined by anything or any one except himself, this self being well understood to be entirely reasonable and right; for reason and right are the expressions of God's very nature, to do

[1] Cf. *De Civitate Dei*, xxii, 30.

violence to this His nature could not possibly be an act of liberty.

It is true, of course, as we shall see in a minute, that to take liberty in this way does not diminish but really adds to the problem of evil; and it does also something else which the apologist, with his eye upon the crowd, will readily discern. This second disadvantage is as follows: if you want to gain a man for military service, you must describe the situation at its worst; you must appeal not to your hearers' sense of decency, but to their heroic instincts, to their love of risk, of danger, of sacrifice. We all could see it during the late Great War; all the appeals to great dangers, great hardships, never went unheard. Now it is correspondingly difficult to get the average man to rise to the conception of a goodness which cannot help being good, which cannot be otherwise than good, without his human love or human ways, his provincialism, his innate and generally not self-perceived determination to measure all things by the way in which they are and behave in man. In its most obvious form this feeling shows itself in the difficulty which even the best preachers have in making the elder brother of the Prodigal attractive, and again the bad thief is so popular that I have been told, I believe correctly, that it is difficult to get many an old Irishwoman away from paying her devotions to him rather than to the good one at one of the Calvaries. But the feeling shows itself in a milder and far more insidious form when books of devotion, with a view to helping poor struggling humanity, concentrate too much upon the cost that virtue has entailed; upon, say, the toil and moil of St. Teresa during the long early times of climbing up to the great table-land of full balance and overflowing peace; and yet, as Matthew Arnold put it with fine insight, it has not been these years of toil before which humanity stands delighted and absorbed, but it turns instinctively to the years of the uplands, to the years of joy and of apparent ease in heroism.

I take it that we can hardly hear too much of the specifically

human degree and kind of liberty which is an inferior kind, inferior precisely because it is the liberty of choice, because it is busy with the creature, or with at least a potentially divided organism, a creature which even when good might be bad, a creature which rarely indeed for any length of time reaches beyond the solicitations of many a meanness, of much self-mirroring, of jealousy, of envy, of impurity, of vanity and pride. No novel, no tragedy, no moral dissertation, no biography but will quickly pall on even fully trained readers which has not much of these possibilities of evil and these difficulties of good.

And yet I have found from the teaching of children how amenable they are to the further expansion of the soul when it comes to realize vividly another kind, another depth, another range of goodness. After all, to look up is as human as to look in desolation all around, to look up means that there are realities that can and do mercifully look down and see. We come to see that the life of every soul, that is a little adequate at all, consists, as Dionysius describes in the account of the hierarchy of angels, in three movements of the soul and the will. The angels are described by him as in their several hierarchies each looking around to his fellows of that hierarchy in fraternal love, looking up to the angels of the higher hierarchies in filial love, and looking down to the angels of the lower hierarchies in paternal love: and only these three loves conjointly are sufficient to the at all awake, the at all noble soul.

But, if this be right, then it is impossible for the soul once awake to stop at the admiring of what, though good, might indeed be bad, to establish itself in the comfort of a world in which all of us you know are not much at bottom. Thus I came to see with my own children that, as they all grew up, they understood what I meant by a certain pang being necessary for the soul which would really grow—a pang, or a very real jealousy, when it has for the first time clearly to recognize not simply its inferiority to this or that soul here and now, with the possibility of after all catching

up that soul or even doing better than that soul, but to recognize, and that with joy and gratitude to God, that it never will, that it never can be the equal, still less the superior of that soul in God's heaven, the home of many mansions. And I came to see how for oneself this pang would come again and again, and yet how good it was for one to be made thus to see one's meanness, how good to be made to feel that there was something within one like even to God and especially to God His goodness, His kind of goodness, a goodness which could not be other than it is, a goodness which is essentially Joy and Beatitude throughout.

The reader will assuredly have noticed, as we went along, that we have thus distinctly added to the difficulties of evil; for, if this be true, the possibilities of evil have simply nothing to do with full liberty, with liberty as such; they have to do with the imperfection of liberty, with that in our liberty which is not purely free. If God had created all His creatures with full liberty, there would not only be no actual moral evil, there would be no possible moral evil, and, if God is supreme Goodness and perfect liberty and desires all His creatures to partake in such liberty and goodness, why did He not so create them, why did He create them of a sort exposing them to evil and leaving them in any case in an imperfect moral condition?

I do not see, I have never seen, why any man should be called upon to answer everything, or why a position may not be profoundly true though it involves at once difficulties beyond solution by the wit of man. Not only do we see here in a glass darkly, but often and at many points we do not see at all; would it not be better simply to admit this where it is really necessary, and, nevertheless, go on insisting upon our light where it is light?

But I take it that there is an answer here, although really, after this has been given, the reader had better stop asking questions, and instead spend his time in understanding more and more the great lights which he now possesses. It is Aquinas especially who has marked out very finely the

conception of God's omnipotence *not* meaning that He can literally do all things, for that He cannot violate His nature, nor any of those conditions of being which are but the reflections of His unalterable nature; thus God cannot make two times two into five, He cannot make what has happened not to have happened, and so on. Now it does not seem unreasonable to hold that among the things, according to Aquinas's term outside the object of omnipotence, lies the power, even for God, of creating a finite being so absolutely unified within itself and so absolutely strong in willing just this, its utterly adequate insight, and entirely to love only in proportion to the worthiness of the object loved. It would seem that to be able to create a finite being of such a character, would really, even for God, be impossible, for it would be to create a finite infinite, a limited God, an intrinsic contradiction; and thus God would indeed be able not to create at all, and able to create beings more perfect and stronger than we are, but in no case would He be able to create a being of itself incapable of not falling away. And let us at this point never forget the very noble doctrine of the Fall of the Angels, for those angels are assumed to be indefinitely nobler and stronger than the human sort, to be without bodies, supposed by the ancient philosophers fairly unanimously to be the occasion of all sin, and yet some of these angels did sin, did fall away.

I can only finish up by adding that I take God, in foreseeing the consequences of His creation thus necessarily of beings with imperfect liberty, to have found that, sad as such defections are, they are greatly exceeded by the adhesions; that, even so, there is more goodness and happiness in the universe by far than there is unhappiness and evil; and let the man who sees further kindly give us a big conclusive book about it.

. . . . . .

In the faith in the Reality of God we find certainly not the logical, or indeed any other clear explanation of evil, but we do get saved from the very plausible and yet intolerably

imprisoning conception of evil as essentially necessary to good; for with God I escape at once from thinking my kind of liberty and of goodness as the only kinds, just as I have already escaped from my thinking and reasoning as the only kind of thinking and of rational life. For with us, very certainly as we find ourselves, goodness is largely limited by that evil. Our goodness grows in battle, our poor little goodness seems to require the file of badness to look anything which it ought. But the same experience, and dim but presented apprehensions of the deeper kind of goodness and of its implications, drive us to believe in another kind of goodness and of liberty, of which our poor little liberty of choice is only a dim reflection, and a reflection only in one of its constituents. Liberty as such means simply the capacity for the full expression of my nature, apart from any and all compulsion from without; the more perfect my nature, the more perfect my liberty, and yet the less of choice in its exercise. "To be able not to sin," says St. Augustine, "is already a great liberty, to be unable to sin is the greatest liberty." And so it is we cease to believe in God as God the moment we find anything in Him which He has to combat and overcome, for God is not Becoming but sheer Being, and yet a Being which in no wise prevents our Becoming, but a Being which alone fully warrants, maintains, and effects our Becoming; but this is not because Becoming, in itself, is final perfection, but only because we are so little and we have to Become.

XII

THE NEED OF BODY AND SOUL IN EMOTION

PERHAPS the most perplexing and difficult of all the subject-matters concerning human behaviour, ideals, happiness, and worth, especially if we are busy not with regard to the subject-matter itself, but with its actual and ideal relations with the other great subject-matters of such human doings, gettings, and values, lies in the whole range of æsthetics. That, in some sense or other, everything that is at all complete and perfect in its kind and degree is beautiful, as well as true and good, appears to be incontestable. Else what possible reason and object could we find for the varyingly rich, but hardly ever entirely absent, sense of beauty such as we find it in man throughout the various stages of civilization? Indeed, we have found in our first section indications of a somewhat similar sense of beauty in the animal world and also in the world of plants, and, again, it will do no more here than anywhere else to be superfine, since the sense of beauty in physical objects, of the beauty of crystal forms and of the delicate richness and subtlety in the colouring of opals, meets us already in the mineral world; and the beauty and the exquisite freshness and delicacy in the shape, colour, and combinations offered to us by flowers, insects, and birds, not to speak of the larger splendours to be found in the higher animals, become richer and more significant in proportion as we absorb ourselves in them in the determination not to leave our human selves behind; and all these beauties from crystal up to tiger and lion, stag and antelope, do not stand alone, they lead us up to an appreciation of the beauties of the human form penetrated through and through with reason and call of the ethical life.

True, we cannot and do not in seriousness conceive God

as a bodily reality, however beautiful; we even find it difficult not to admit a great range of intermediate realities between the finite bodily realities and the infinite Spirit God; hence sound thinkers are generally found without sympathy towards those who find but laughing matter in the angelic world of an Aquinas. Yet the physical beauties we perceive in bodily objects appertain, so we find from all sorts of convergent evidence, to the *ideal*, to the perfection of these objects; they are no less than the bodily nature of these objects; we can say, in a way, they are more, at least that they are the upper fringe and not the lower of their worth and existence.

True again, our delight in these physical colours, shapes, interdependencies, movements, growths, adaptations, and the like, are all variously dependent upon bodies, upon the bodies of these minerals, plants, and animals as well as upon my own body apprehending them; and yet it is my mind working in and through my body, and in and upon these other bodies, that finds delight here, a delight in the gradations to be found; one beauty anticipating and suggesting another beauty in a reality somewhat higher in the scale of being, and all of them together indicating a natural gradation between my enjoying mind and these other beauties and the lesser enjoyments of these beauties to be found in these several creatures lesser than myself. There is no room here for the hard and fast, the cruel and unnatural distinction of physical beauties and appreciation of these beauties, on the one hand, and the mind and the appreciation of purely mental things on the other. It is not we men who by some perverse childishness or by some strange perversity will keep body and mind together, it is God Who has put them into mutual relations which we can then only study, enjoy, and mount up by more and more into the regions of God Himself, Whose nature we can and do know by the manifestations and in the upward pressure present always in our minds and spirits when they are not essentially unworthy of themselves.

There is one quite infallible means of spoiling all this outlook, and it is strange to see how prone many a human mind, rich and wise in other ways, has been to take this way—to find in man the gradation of all his predominantly unsocial pleasures in the social, and of his social pleasures in the variety within unity offered, supposedly supremely, by the life of sex, and not only find mentally enriching pleasures in the varieties furnished by this sex instinct, taken in its length and breadth of father and daughter, mother and son, brother and sister, and so on in all but innumerable differences, but insist upon these instincts being really all only so many cloaked shapes of the one really extant relation—that of man and woman in the married state and activity. It is sad to note how far Coventry Patmore took himself and his readers along this, at bottom, really doctrinaire path; and now we have the psycho-analytic mania which everywhere sees nothing but this. This deviation is deplorable for still more serious reasons than the immense impoverishment of the human outlook that it brings in its train; it is deplorable still more because, instead of a wholesome outlook, that is to say, an outlook that expands man's powers and calms and moderates his heats, we are given an outlook that contracts and dries him up in the fever of passion.

It is well known how dangerously near to such things even the otherwise sound and helpful Christian mystics come in their illustrations, picturings, and moods. What makes the matter, no doubt, especially complicated and difficult is that Christianity remains unchangeably a relation between person and person, between the single human soul and Christ, and that it is difficult indeed to secure a sufficiently touching and tender symbol and imagery for this relation, if all suggestions derived from the married state are to be excluded; and then there is, of course, already in the Old Testament, the Song of Songs and the huge development already in Jewish hands of the whole and of every part of the whole as a direct allegory of the relations between the soul and God.

And yet the instinct that here is a point on which a watchful

sobriety is in place is surely wholesome, and must not be allowed to die out. As regards the Song of Songs, it seems to be clearly recognized now amongst the most competent scholars that the original meaning of this short poem, in the form of lyrics and counter-lyrics, was neither divine love for man nor man's love for God, but was simply a vivid picture of the normal and divinely blessed relations of two human lovers who attained to marriage and who remained faithful to each other in spite of all temptations: all this, however, conceived by an oriental mind for eastern readers, and hence with a glow and vehemence which so early startled even Jewish readers of the piece, when it had somehow become part of the Jewish Scriptures, that the symbolic interpretation of its very simple realistic descriptions was promptly sought with eagerness as a relief and protection from scandal. Since we now see so plainly that nothing but what is right and normal is intended by the work, and since we are not, or should not be, Gnostics, we should be glad to welcome a piece in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures frankly portraying the married life as something innocent and right. The old pressure upon the reader to escape at any tolerable price from the apparent meaning of what meets his eyes has gone; true, he will naturally find here also many a suggestion of facts and truths belonging to higher levels of human souls' needs, but, if he is wise and sufficiently sensitive towards what respectively helps and hinders souls all around him, he will not press and systematize and will not transport bodily into the spiritual region these erotic details.

And then, as to the figure of Christ and the Christian's life as bound up in that figure, there is a wise and fruitful distinction fully at work in various Roman Catholic convents that has taught me much; there is a persistent stress upon the distinction between Christ's relation to the Church and Christ's relation to the individual soul; He is conceived as in a very real sense the Bridegroom of the Church, but individual souls cannot look upon themselves as more than

a fragment of that Bride, and here at once we obtain a most salutary check upon anything unwholesome.

There is, of course, the still more general question as to God and emotion. Our human life very certainly exhibits the degree and kind of its nobility and fruitfulness especially in its emotions; these grow and grow in range and depth, in purity and power, in clearness and freshness, in proportion to the growth of the soul. All attempts at construing the perfection of man as something dryly mental, as something merely intellectual, or intellectual and dryly ethical, is but a caricature of the reality and does not deserve to arrest our attention.

But, if emotion enters as an integral part and as the most probing of our tests of all the higher development of man's personality, how about God? After all, fear is an emotion as truly as joy, contrition is an emotion as truly as peace, desire, longing, rapture, despondency, despair are all emotions, and clearly we cannot straightway attribute one and all of these things to God, and, if not, where is the dividing line?

Now Aquinas, with fine circumspection, is quite determined to keep a rich and large emotion in the life of God: God must somehow be more full of peace and joy than any man, than any angel, can be or can even conceive. What he does is to disclose a difference extant among the various human emotions: how some of them are directly positive and independent of others, and how certain other emotions are primarily negative or otherwise dependent upon such primary emotions; and he shows how delectation, peace, and joy are positive and primary, and how anger and hatred, envy and jealousy and lusts of all kinds are secondary and variously negative. It is the first class that appears overwhelmingly in God, and the second class is not represented there, although certain effects of God's government of the world, or of permissions of His, produce the appearance of jealousy, envy, anger, and the like. In this way Aquinas is able to retain the depth and richness of emotion at its best in and for God, and yet to eliminate those lower and all

too human emotions which in most of the Old Testament appear with painful emphasis, yet which stand for very certain truths fully covered by later more adequate discriminations.

Especially in that deeper and deepest education which lasts or should last throughout a man's life, we thus secure a priceless boon of fighting the heats of low or at least short-sighted passion with the expansive warmth of genuine life. One wishes, indeed, that all writers and thinkers on this subject had realized plainly the weakness on this particular point of Aristotle, who never gets sufficiently beyond fighting those several fevers with cold reason instead of with the warmth of the larger enthusiasms. It is especially at this point, surely, that Plato remains to this hour our quite unrivalled master, and there is something in all normal, generous youth that rises spontaneously to this conception and practice of the fuller and fullest life as large and warm, as represented by flame and not by snow or ice. This image only requires to be accompanied by the other of growing pains, of the very noble and most penetratingly true perception that suffering of some sort and kind should and does accompany and characterize all the nobler joys. Man thus cannot escape suffering, but he can escape the suffering of contraction and of slow spiritual death, and can instead help and accept the suffering of expansion equivalent in the spiritual life to the growing pains of boyhood.

I suppose that intellectually the greatest difficulty in all this question of emotion in man, and especially in God, lies in the fact that we seem to know, more and more conclusively and unescapably, that the emotions, whether low and lowest, or higher and highest, all require, at least in man and in man as he lives during this his earthly life, the instrument and vehicle of *body*. Also thinking, even thinking of the most abstract and mathematical type, requires, at least in us men and for us here below, a physical organ of brain and nervous system, but the entire system of emotions seems to require the body even more: we are finding it more and more difficult

(as a question of sheer fact and of the actual arrangement of things) to think of a man possessed of an emotion unless he be possessed at the same time of a body, and of a body in a thoroughly awake and sensitive condition.

Now we can see how, at once, two deep difficulties beset us here: the first concerns the position in the scale of worth of the body, the second concerns the actuality and, indeed, the very possibility of the spiritual life precisely in the highest ranges as we know it within our own experience.

As to the body and its position in the scale of values, we rightly come away from all despising of it, from all under-estimating of its influence and range so great in reality, and yet we have got no nearer to placing it amongst our highest possessions; these, we feel, are constituted by the mind at its best, and still more by the noblest of the emotions and the noblest systems of each. And as regards the emotions and God, however we may conceive His nature, one point surely remains unshaken: He does not and cannot possess a body. St. Augustine was also intellectually profoundly right in breaking away from Manichæism and surrendering on this point to Plotinus and the Jewish-Christian outlook; but then we have, indeed, moved God away from all body, but at the same time apparently from all emotions, and yet the richest of the elements of our faith in Him, and of the life that strives to come nearer to Him, consists precisely in the vivid apprehension of His life as primarily a life of richest and noblest and most harmonious emotion.

As to ourselves and the relation between body and emotion, we shall do well to remember the deep, yet often very delicate, difference between things in themselves and our apprehension of these things: I mean here especially the difference not so much in the two respective outlooks, but the difference necessarily introduced by the character and peculiar process of our knowing the things concerned. I go through life with a pair of ears as my instrument of hearing and a pair of eyes as my instrument of seeing, yet my ears permit me to apprehend much more than merely certain vibrations of

my ear-drums, and my eyes to perceive much more than the stimulation of my optic nerves. Certain facts and characteristics of the realities not myself are thus conveyed to me, but these realities remain what they are, whether conveyed to me or not. And, as we move on into the various levels and ranges of emotion, the same principle holds good in degrees and ways varying, indeed, considerably; we find here also that the mechanism and process, by which we achieve certain emotional penetration and estimates of the realities not ourselves, are distinct from these realities and from these characteristics apprehended by us. Unless I possessed a body, and unless that body had attained a certain degree of maturity, experience, and refinement, my own child might die before me and yet the tragic fact would fail to be apprehended by me in its tragedy; and yet, none the less, my child thus dying and dying before me its parent, and the fact that these happenings together do constitute a tragedy, are more and other than a condition of the nervous system and entire complicated emotional apprehensiveness of me, a particular parent, in the presence of the death of this my particular child. This, of course, leaves the entire question as to how I can or shall apprehend anything emotionally, if and for so long as I am deprived of a body, quite untouched; but it does prevent this question being confounded with the quite other inquiry, as to whether or not there remains in such a case a world of realities not myself whether apprehended or not by myself or any other mind.

We are also thus helped to remain on our guard against a more or less Berkeleian misconception as to the conditions of existence. For it is, of course, quite true that anything can exist as perceived only if there be a perceiving subject, but the object can exist without being perceived and, when taken thus, does not require any perceiving subject for the purpose of its own existence. Of course, all this is said with reference to finite intelligences, since the matter stands differently with regard to the Infinite Intelligence, God;

We cannot, therefore, in this case attribute emotion to what we essentially perceive; yet emotion does, in various degrees a . ways, stretch very wide and deep all around us, since we know well that it is part and parcel of the life of the higher animals and, doubtless, in lesser degrees and ways of the lower even down to the anemone and the microscopic animals within the rivers and the seas; and, indeed, we have found that everything warned us against drawing any hard-and-fast line against the great plant world in this matter, since also plants, again in various degrees and ways, remain unexplained enigmas and conceptions, until we render ourselves up with docility to the indications of their consciousness however dim, with likes and dislikes however little articulate.

We really reach the curious kind of deadlock which, on the one hand, places body below mind and yet, on the other hand, places noble emotion even above noble thoughts, only by an excess of abstract thinking which maintains thought and emotion and the rest as so many faculties existing and energizing each within us distinct from the other, whereas they each require the other and attain to their fuller articulation only within each other.

We shall then attempt to follow Plato's advice, and seek and pursue the beautiful, the true, and the good with all we are, in all we experience and know and can end by knowing and experiencing.

XIII

THE NEED OF INSTITUTIONAL RELIGION

As a matter of sheer historical fact, Religion derives all its chief power and passion from tradition and institution, in which we invariably find a most strong insistence upon the here and now, upon a particular place and a particular time. Moses, Elijah, Jeremiah, the Maccabean Martyrs, the Precursor, Jesus of Nazareth, Saul of Tarsus: all sorts of things have been and are said about these great figures, but no one denies for a moment that they present themselves, at least in the first instance, as figures, realities, operating in this place and not in that, at this time and not at that, and yet very certainly the fundamental reality apprehended by Religion is God, and in proportion to the purity of its apprehension does it apprehend Him as in every place and in all time, and yet the vehicle, the form of this conviction, seems surely, superfluously at least, to insist most strongly upon the when and the where.

If we look back on History, we shall see with regard to this matter, not one thing but two, and the two things in their several ways spell the same most definite tale. There is the actual constructive original Religion, this in its most characteristic means and form always full of the here and now; and there is the attempt to rationalize Religion and get it well within the limits of the human mind, to have it something which we hold rather than something which holds us; here the fear is lest we should be run away with it, lest it should master us, lest it should be beyond our managing of it. And the result of all this process, in proportion to its relentlessness, is something devoid of religious passion, something thin and abstract, something devoid of dependence, of *creatureliness*, of *givenness*. If we look at the various con-

structions and, indeed, the at all characteristic constructions of the eighteenth century, and also off and on since then, we find this strange, abstract, man-made religion, a thing made to measure, strangely empty of those endless concrete decisions which in the historical religions do no doubt, sooner or later, raise up grave difficulties, but which do not do this alone, but, at their best, give life and movement and practical application to what otherwise remains thin and abstract.

It is not only the intellectual difficulties which spring up around the details of the histories furnished by the traditional and institutional religions which hamper them in various ways, but they suffer still more from the drawbacks, in part real and still more imaginary, springing from their bringing with them the institutional expert and official. Neither of the two great groups we have so far considered has brought us the Pharisee or the Jesuit, the Spanish Inquisition or the days of terror under Calvin in Geneva. If our primary requirement be a religion incapable of doing any harm, we must certainly restrict ourselves to one or to both of the two groups we have considered. And yet nothing is more certain than that the deepest trend of all that moves upwards in man and in the history of man takes up, one after another, the most terribly dangerous positions and enthusiasms, full of the possibility of the most dangerous excess. Not the maximum of harmlessness, but the maximum of fruitfulness, together with whatever may be its unavoidable dangers, this is what we want.

The Introduction to this book attempted to reach thoroughly sound and sober facts and methods in the matter of knowledge, of how we gain, increase, and maintain it. Perhaps its chief position was the importance it laid upon the concrete and experience of the concrete, and by concrete was meant especially the finite, contingent, temporal, and spatial concrete. There was there an insistence that, although man can and does experience the infinite, the timeless and spaceless, God; although, indeed, he attains to his full spiritual and moral manhood only in

and through this experience and conviction: yet that he never does, that he never can experience them, at least in this life, whilst possessed of a body, except on occasion of the experience through the senses of the visible and audible, the resistant and the heavy, and the various combinations that constitute his experience of the external world distinct from himself. There is no such thing as pure self-knowledge; we never know, we never can know our individual selves alone, we do not begin with a knowledge of our individual selves and then, by analysing or theorizing this knowledge, somehow attain to a knowledge of other things; but from the first we possess a knowledge of other things, and thus this knowledge awakens simultaneously within us a sense of what is not contingent, not temporal and spatial and the rest. The infant experiences its mother's breast, its rattle, the dog or cat that plays about it, with some kind of distinction long before the sense of itself as a permanent unity becomes clear and steady within it, and this latter conviction would never arise if this child could be cut off from all the experience of its senses.

Now the reason why I go back for a moment to what, I hope, is quite clear within our minds, is that here we have the simplest and deepest of all the reasons for historical and institutional religion. If man's mind were so made that he apprehended God, or at least that he apprehended himself independently of his other fellow-beings and without the operation of his senses on and through the sensible world around us, there would have to be a very special inquiry into why and how sensible vehicles should have any place or part in the spiritual life.

Among the questions primarily of an historical interest raised by the mystics, always at least by implication and in some cases with a very challenging completeness of statement, is precisely the superfluity at bottom or, at least, the more occasional significance of any such vehicles. So great a mystic, and so profoundly devout in his practice and in his will to a visible and institutional Church as was St. John

of the Cross, is highly instructive in this matter; for chapter after chapter of *The Ascent of Mount Carmel*, of the *Spiritual Canticles*, and, indeed, of all his works as they issued from his own pen, are full of the principle, strongly conclusive of the controversy in his own mind, that God is a pure Spirit and that only what is purely spiritual can consequently be the adequate means of union with Him. The principle is thus enunciated and illustrated at first without any limitation of misgiving; and yet, alongside of these chapters, we have the other strain of the *Incarnational* outlook, where the concrete sensible as well as the spiritual existent and life of Jesus is a great incentive, means and measure of holiness: and, again, there are other places in which he feels himself pulled up by this or that Church ordinance and practice, as that of the veneration of holy images, and then he makes his peace with this ordinance as quickly as he can, so as to get back to what he really understands and what he spontaneously loves, the purely spiritual means of union, the purely spiritual God. Thus in his practice and, indeed, in his temper of mind the great Spaniard remains, taken as a whole, deeply Christian and entirely Catholic, and yet I do not see how these epithets could be claimed for the *purely spiritual* current in his teaching. The fact, of course, is that, in the question of the human soul's union with God, we readily fall short of any adequate apprehension of the problem if we insist upon regulating all according to the nature of God.

Another mind of a still wider influence, but very generally wanting in proper measure and balance, that of Luther, is also fond of insisting upon the pure spirituality of God as the measure and test of all true spirituality among men. But it is easy by now to show from the earliest Christian documents, and especially from the very earliest, how little like the attitude and procedure of Jesus is such a purely spiritual spirituality; and not only has all the more sober and circumspect study of those documents shown with renewed clearness the mixed sense-and-spirit outlook and practice of

Jesus, but, on the other hand, psychology and especially the theory of knowledge have, even within the last thirty years or so, made clearer and more unanswerable than ever the constituents within our knowledge furnished by the sensible world and our apprehension of it all around us. What is the good of saying that Baptism is a superstition since God's grace is not water nor any possible formula of words, or, again, to object to Confirmation and Extreme Unction on the ground that God's Spirit is one thing and that ointment of any kind whatever is quite another thing? I might as well refuse any aid from the stimulation of my senses towards my apprehension of spiritual Reality on the ground that God is not a bluebell, that His grace is not a fern.

Now concrete, temporal, and spatial religion brings to our spiritual apprehensions something of the feeling of objectivity, of ease, of rest which our apprehension of the external world brings to us, and which we have not felt within the group of facts and reasons derived from the needs of our moral and social life, so far as we have considered these. The human mind, requiring at every turn the support of temporal and spatial conditions, finds itself here also supported by time and space. Lessing uttered the view that has become a standard one with so many ever since, that no contingent facts, nothing that happens here and not there, and now and not then, can possibly be adequate evidence for something true and valuable in every place and in every time, and certainly the bare occurrence of anything, however much in time and in space, will not of itself give us evidence for something of general worth, such evidence can only come from the content of the message: and, again, it is true that there is an apparent paradox in insisting upon truths of general and abiding value finding their fullest communication to and amongst men in contingent here-and-now forms; but the question here, after all, is not whether this looks or even is paradoxical, but whether, whatever it may look like, it is *true*. We shall have, later on, to consider the kind of difficulty brought to Religion by

this contingent form; it is plain that we cannot both appeal to history and yet evade its standards, and that here we at least seem to invoke and to admit to our constructive work an ally liable at any time, with the accumulation of new evidence, to turn against us; but here it must suffice for us to emphasize that, by accepting the deepest of the temporal historical forms of Religion as the most adequate, we are but following the general principles of the human mind, principles which do not cease to be the truest and most fruitful we can find because of their bringing with them their own special difficulties and complications.

We have thus indicated the manner in which concrete historical and institutional religion brings to our spirituality something of the *givenness* and repose of our apprehension of the external world; but how do these same religions help us in the matter of the moral and social requirements we have been studying? I think it is particularly here that the great help of these religions comes in, for what has been wanting to us in that second group of considerations was a religion that gives itself, that brings home to us the sense of being more than human, of meeting, indeed, our human requirements, but meeting them by overflowing them, by offering us much more than we individually can ever possibly elaborate. Now it has been precisely in the historical, institutional religions, in those which frankly find God here more than there and now more than then, it is in these religions that this sense of more than humanness, of more than we want, has flourished. It is truly saddening to notice how much of the modern mind has become flabby and feeble, has lost the sense of proportion in these matters. If one may allow oneself a little play upon words, which nevertheless conveys a very serious truth, one might say that religious history, as far as it has moved in the light of day, has passed through the four stages of the "p's": first the priest, then the prophet, then the parson, then the professor: and of the four, if we must take any one of them quite alone, quite pure, the professor surely is the most

intolerable; he is so in so far as he has been responsible for getting people to lose sight of the wood over all the many trees, and has helped them to see—under the word "priest"—inquisitors and superstition-mongers, interfering old women, and ignorant dogmatizers. There is no such thing in the world, no doubt, as any group of men without special faults and sins; doctors of medicine, composers of music, discoverers of new countries, analysers of human speech and of human thought, they all of them have their special weaknesses, their peculiar tiresomenesses; but it does not follow that these weaknesses exhaust the description of them, or that their action in the world has been or is merely these, and the fact remains that similarly painting and music, where geniuses such as Raphael and Beethoven seem to render all academies of such art superfluous, yet do in the long run and upon the whole require them, and they produce in due course such geniuses more fully than the wild man and the workers in isolation manage to produce. So also in religion, we shall find the richest and deepest figures to proceed from out of tradition, prophet having prophet behind him and saint having saint.

And, again, there is this that we should not forget. The evidences for religion are, in the long run, abundantly sufficient, but the individual mind cannot always take them in with sufficient clarity and completeness to have evidence sufficient for a quite peaceful and triumphant affirmation. What happens in the normal, that is in the historical and institutional religious life, is that, during the periods of obscurity, the soul lives in a very true sense in the faith of its fellows until fresh light makes it in its turn support the others. No man is sufficient to himself, not in shoemaking, not in printing, not in advertising: it is only in the deepest of all things, in religion, that we hear men talk and write, more often than is pleasant, as though it were sufficient for them to cut themselves off from all others to think and to write good sense.

If only even the large lines of what we have hitherto put

forward be true, it follows that many things enter into religion, and that religion in return is busy with many things—that simplicity is, indeed, desirable for the motives of the human soul, but that, as to the realities it attempts to grasp, a maximum of harmony is its wiser ideal; the very certain fact is that we do not start with a clear apprehension of the whole, but with the confused experience of the parts; doubtless from the first there is a dim sense of the ultimate, of God, but this sense is confused and complicated as are the corresponding senses of the contingent realities around us and within us. A growing articulation, a slowly conquered clearness of the parts, with a whole present and operative upon us from the first, this is the scheme, no doubt, which corresponds to the rich reality of the facts. Perhaps the most abiding and the most intractable source of difficulty in the appraising of the religions of the world lies in the fact of universal experience that, only with great difficulty and with a very precarious persistence, can any man come to a vivid sense of the reality of religion, which in practice means this or that particular religion, without his being at the same time convinced that this religion is all true and that the other religions are all false. This conviction of the all-trueness and of the all-falseness of respectively one and of the other religions can, indeed, be modified, but the modification generally means the loss of fervour and approaches to indifference, or, again, a transition to an equally strong affirmation and violent negation in connection with some particular religion and all the other religions. It looks as though the world were divided between fervent practising religionists, and these would recognize only one spot, their own religion, within which the truth can really be found, and philosophical theorists, speculators about religion, who, indeed, find some truth everywhere, but practise any one truth nowhere. This absoluteness of discrimination seems to grow also in proportion to the concreteness of the religion; it appears easier frankly to recognize some apprehension of God everywhere, so long as faith in God is the one and

only article and measure of our creed, than if we require some historical figure, Moses or Mohammed, or the Lord Jesus Christ. In these latter cases the controversy seems narrowed to the simple taking or leaving of certain facts as actual and historically significant or not; there seems to be as little room for gradations as among people who dispute as to the historical reality or not of King Arthur.

Especially nowadays, when the astonishing increase of our historic knowledge, of the multiplicity of degrees and forms in which life is seen by its recipients to be divine, comes up before us with its claims, does any harshness or absoluteness here repel men as it never repelled them before; and yet what on earth is a simply relatively true religion, how can I live and die for what I admit is but one of many sincere yet not utterly unauthenticated rivals for a similar acceptance?

It will, I think, be best, before we examine further into the great group of the historical and institutional religions, to consider the general truth or falsehood of this general position, and what is the fuller and wiser method of our choice and practice.

It has been, I take it, one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to the Christian religion that it should have sprung historically from another historical religion, that it should be constrained by its very origins both deeply to respect and to admire another religion, and yet to consider itself, at its best, as bringing further light and help to the deepest places of the soul. The alternative came early before the Christian Church, when the Montanists claimed that the New Testament was from God and the Old Testament from the devil, and defied the Christian Church to recognize the Old Testament as divine, and let us not forget how exceedingly plausible was and remains this position. I have myself met with cultured Christian clerics who deeply regretted the decision of the Church in favour of the Old Testament, and who refused to see what there is for Christians to learn in the saint of many wives such as Abraham or Jacob, or in Psalm upon Psalm redolent with hatred of our fellow-men:

and yet how plain it is, if only we allow ourselves first to think and then to feel in accordance with right reason, that that decision was the only wise one and committed Christianity for good and all to a large and not a narrow position. The sect spirit is, indeed, possible to man, but what is not possible is really to combine it, in the long run and among men at large, with the Church spirit, and the latter we thus see involves, of necessity, the recognition of phases and of growth, of more and of less light. It is not difficult to find close parallels to such a position in what happens within the several human sciences: Astronomy and Geology have been busy from the first not with fancies but with realities, and these realities cannot, for themselves, be other than this or that, and not this *and* that: true, but the human minds that peer out at these realities can and do, indeed, apprehend these realities largely, after all, as they are in themselves, and yet with certain incompletenesses and imperfections which only they could remove. These several removals do not alter the object perceived, the object remains in itself precisely what it was from the very first, nor do men lose faith in human reason: they only experience the very simple fact that it is an instrument requiring adaptation and readaptation to the object of which it is in search.

It may be said to this, yes; but such a position is precisely what the theologians refuse within the limits of Theology; here God has spoken from the first, and man has had simply to take or to leave what God Himself thus puts before him. We can, indeed, have growth in the human sciences, we can have nothing but sheer identity in the science of Theology. Still there is Abraham, he had a wife Hagar, had he not, as well as a wife Sarah? There is Jacob, father of the twelve Patriarchs, who had four wives, were they all simply successive? There are the Psalms with their magnificent sense of God and of our littleness, yet with their astonishing non-apprehension of the soul's heightened consciousness beyond the grave; by insisting here upon sheer identities, you merely explain away the growth in the light of God, and

you dim that sense of difference, that apprehension of things as they are, without which Theology also can only grow weak and colourless.

What, doubtless, makes the position here striven for particularly difficult is not the sacramental system essentially and necessarily, but the sacramental system or practice conceived and insisted upon in a particular manner; for, upon reflection, we find it is possible to conceive and to practise such a system in one of two ways. Thus, Baptism and the Holy Eucharist either stand for us as the most fruit-bringing, the most authenticated, the more rich parts of a rich whole than any other visible acts and helps used by men of good faith in connection with such elements within the system they have grown up in as are true and as such from God; or we insist—as a matter of fact we never get beyond attempting to insist—upon Baptism and the Holy Eucharist especially being so literally and exclusively the vehicles of all light and grace that those who do not literally and correctly believe in them, and receive them, remain without any kind or degree of supernatural grace at all. Now this latter position, it can safely be affirmed, has never been held by any educated Christian who allows himself to look around him and to weigh his words; for, since the soul's salvation is of necessity attached to grace, and since such a belief in and practice of these sacraments is a physical impossibility still to four-fifths of the human race, this four-fifths has been created and put into the world under conditions rendering but one conclusion possible to all spiritual worth and happiness. The consequence is that even the strictest Roman Catholics will speak of a Baptism of Desire which, where sincere and deep and where the full sacrament is impossible, can and does take its place; and let us specially note that Baptism of Desire does not mean a deliberate desire for the Sacrament of Baptism, understood in its concrete particulars as an effusion of water accompanied by certain traditional words: no, the Baptism of Desire means quite generally the deep and sincere longing for purification

from all sin and sinful inclinations by God. The matter stands in parallel with the corresponding conceptions of the Church and necessary appurtenances to it. Nothing can be more deep and beautiful and necessary than the doctrine that no soul is saved alone and by its own efforts. Everywhere there is the Church, the body of faithful believers, and a body which is somehow not merely spiritual, but which is visible as well; and yet already St. Augustine, the least liberalizing of all the orthodox Fathers, has taught us solemnly that there are many human spirits belonging to the body of the Church who do not belong to its soul, and many human spirits belonging to the soul of the Church who do not belong to its body. And this cannot but be, if Our Lord was right in His deep appreciation of the Centurion of Capernaum and again of the faith of the Woman with the Issue of Blood.

True there has always existed a form of Apologetic which attempted to combine the strictest and fullest sacramentalism with the largest possible operation of God's grace. This has consisted in devout stories of some holy Jesuit out in India being called away hundreds of miles to the deathbed of some devout Hindu woman longing for Baptism, who thus receives it at the hands of this missionary; and so on; but it was the Spanish Jesuit Cardinal de Lugo, under the eyes of Pope Urban VIII who had conferred the Cardinal's purple upon him especially as Professor of Theology at the Roman University: it was Juan de Lugo who, surely most wisely, felt that such an Apologetic luxuriated in the simply possible or, at least, the rarely actual, and made this the ordinary instrument of God's ordinary Providence; for, as he pointed out, it is simply of faith that every soul born into the world with normal intellectual faculties, and reaching the age for their exercise, is furnished by God with grace sufficient to escape perdition. So that the question is narrowed down to what these means are, and he finds, surely rightly, that the stories of the devout Jesuit, however true, cannot possibly cover the whole case. He then proceeds to another doctrine which is universal and, again too, of obligation among believers,

the doctrine that there is some light and some help everywhere, and that this light and help so various in its amount proceeds from the one God, the one Source of the one truth. Now, he suggests, may it not be that what is very simple is also very actual, that this fragment of light and truth, however little it may be, is God's ordinary means of salvation for the souls who have never heard the Name of Christ? There is here, as the Cardinal points out, not a touch of interference or of levelling down—there is no pretence that to have been a Jew during the times of the ancient Dispensation was not a very great advantage towards salvation over and above the help to be found in the ancient Greek and Roman Pagan religions, and again, similarly, he would maintain the very great surplusage of light and help to be found in the Christian Church as compared with the Jewish community; nor would he shrink from finding greater helps, the only complete set of helps, in the Church under the Pope rather than in the different Christian religious bodies outside of submission to him. There is no question of levelling down; the question is whether there do not exist everywhere means, though lesser means, helps, though smaller helps, towards what Christianity, above all in its great saints and heroes, sees and loves and practises at its fullest and in its most precise and fruitful way. The Cardinal, may I admit it, to my increasing delight, points out that the other manner of taking the position smacks too much of individualism; that the truly Catholic mind everywhere delights in finding the operation and fruitfulness of the *institution*; and, with the devout Jesuit outlook, what is the possible use of those huge institutions, the Hindu temple and the Buddhist monastery? Whereas, with his manner of taking things, there is indeed a most real use both in the Hindu temple and in the Buddhist monastery; this use consists in the bringing home to many a simple, unsophisticated soul certain truths which are not the less truth because they are mixed with many an error, nor which again are less truths because, compared with the full orb of Christian verity, they do indeed seem small.

I have now and then come across thoughtful, scholarly Christians who seem to shrink from the universality of the claim of Christianity, and who incline to think that the way out of the intolerable hardness and exclusion is to look upon all the larger religions as of direct divine institution, to last unto the end of time each for its own category and degree of followers; but I do not doubt for a moment that such views are mistaken. So little is it true that the claim to universality of itself produces intolerance that we can show, without all too great difficulty, that, where this claim ceases to be taken seriously, there the religion, whatever its past claims, shrinks up into a sacristy; for it is precisely because I hold Christianity in general, and Catholicism in particular, to have a message for all men that my conception of them remains large and many-sided, since "all men" includes an astonishing variety of aptitudes and needs; whilst the very moment I treat Christianity in general, or Catholicism in particular, as just one variety of belief established by God to run concurrently with the others to the end of time, I cease to have any logical reason why I should strive to keep my outlook larger than the particular group which now adheres to it presses for or readily allows. Why, for instance, was it a misfortune that there should ever have been that complication over Galileo? If the Catholic Church is but an affair of sacristans, there cannot possibly be anything to regard in those happenings, since sacristans do not worry about the movement of the sun and earth, and since a man can well say his "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" without wishing more from Astronomy than the system of Ptolemy. It is here, as everywhere else, only the conviction that there is but one God and innumerable variety of sides to life, every one of which, in so far as it is true and good, springs from Him and requires Him, it is only thus that we can keep or require a unity in variety and a sunlight that pierces all, and this is Catholicism and the other is not.

RELIGION AND AGNOSTICISM

SIR ALFRED COMYN LYALL AND HIS ATTITUDE TOWARDS RELIGION: RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS CONCERNING THE LAST TWELVE YEARS OF LYALL'S LIFE

INTRODUCTION

THE book here given to the world has been the subject of much thought—not only in the writing of it, but also on the question as to whether it should be written at all.

For the subject here attempted is, of necessity, largely a private one, and would seem readily to lend itself to indiscretion and to the production of displeasure amongst such of Sir Alfred's friends and relatives as knew him longer and better than I did myself or who, at least, approached him, and were approached by himself, from other sides of his various, subtle, largely elusive personality, and with respect to other elements and requirements of life, the many-sided.

Again, India was the most vivid if not the deepest of the influences and interests of Lyall's thought, action, and writing—India, not as read about in books, but as lived directly in its teeming life. And I have never been there myself. I shall thus be forced to give some judgment upon first-hand experiences, although equipped myself only with general principles or, at least, only with experiences derived from widely different fields of human life and history.

Also, Lyall's nephew, Mr. Bernard Holland, is undoubtedly right when he finds (in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1913) that his uncle's greatness resided essentially in his combination of action, thought, ideas, whereas I myself have never been an administrator or a statesman, nor, again, a poet. Only in thought can I claim common ground with Lyall; and thus two-thirds of the man seem, of necessity, to escape me.

And then, within this our common ground of thought—especially of religious thought, I was and I remain deliberately dissatisfied with two prominent characteristics of Lyall's

thinking—his Agnosticism and his hostility to Rome, indeed to all ecclesiasticism.

And, finally, for what is at all new in my materials and testimony, I have mainly to rely upon our quite private conversations, eked out by some not copious further material to be described presently. Hence my data and illustrations, precisely where they are most fresh and instructive, are few and in part challengeable as to the accuracy of their transmission.

Nevertheless, the impulsion to write has persisted in spite of all these objections—objections which, upon maturer reflection, have, none of them, proved decisive.

My subject-matters, my materials, and my treatment of them, are not, after all, more private than are several of the letters, and a good many of the reflections, to be found in Sir Mortimer Durand's Life of Sir Alfred, a work beyond the reach of cavil as regards its discretion and the cordiality of its reception by Lyall's friends. And what I have to use and to say is in general less private than are most of the letters of Mary Sibylla Holland, his sister, admitted by all readers to be a most tactful publication by her own devoted son.

I have indeed, alas, never been in India, nor do I know any of the Indian languages, past or present. But my father's careful travels there, with his elaborate, still esteemed, exploration of Cashmir, and the long and numerous Indian traditions of my mother's family—her father, the old General Francis Farquharson, with his forty years of service in India, and her uncle, Sir James Outram, of Mutiny fame—have, from childhood upwards, fed my imagination and musings with Indian scenes and Indian problems. Besides, the very object of my writing precludes any addition to, or challenge of, the facts and experiences collected by Lyall in India concerning India; and is concentrated upon the presuppositions and the method actually operative in Lyall's interpretation of his facts, and upon the psychology, history, meaning, and worth of other stages and kinds of religion

known to myself (I believe I can say it without lack of modesty) as well as the Indian stages and kinds were known to Sir Alfred. Especially the Old Testament and the Christian origins have constituted my life-work to a degree that could not reasonably be expected of one so largely a man of action, an administrator and a statesman, as was Lyall. If I am at all right that Lyall was even over-impressed, or at least over-influenced, by India as he also physically saw and lived it, I may possess some advantages, contrary to his own, through my having been saved the very possibility of those excesses. Nor can I forget that Hermann Oldenberg and Edvard Lehmann never were in India at all; and yet they have, in the opinion of all competent authorities, succeeded in penetrating and in presenting the special subtleties and implications of the Indian spirit to a degree and extent entirely beyond the requirements of my own, far more general, object.

True, Lyall's greatness resided essentially in his many-sidedness, a characteristic of his which continuously refreshed me anew in our personal intercourse. Yet his mind, even if taken on his religious and philosophical side alone, was so sensitive and acute, his opportunities for observation (as to the time, the place, and the circumstances of his life in which he made them) were so large and rare, and his writings upon Indian religions are so clearly destined to remain classics, probably for good and all, certainly for many a day: that a restriction to his religious positions and affinities will still leave us abundant material for fruitful consideration. Indeed, the quasi-congenital limitations, defects, and prejudices of Lyall in these subjects were so typical of many of the finer minds amongst his contemporaries; they remain so elusive, plausible, paralysing, and yet so almost unlimited in their benumbing influence: that a careful, fair, and generous study of his religious mind ought to prove of solid service in these greatest of subjects.

I certainly must admit that Sir Alfred was predominantly an agnostic, with a great suspicion and irritation against

clerics of all kinds, and with a certain specially volcanic antipathy to Rome in particular; whereas I myself believe, with all my heart, in Theism and its abiding truth and fundamental importance, in historical and institutional Christianity, and, especially, in the great Roman Catholic Church. Yet I do not find this apparently hopeless antagonism a barrier to a fruitful study and understanding of one who, if he was not adequate fully to analyse and to answer, was yet too sensitive, experienced, honest, and courageous not to present a most stimulating statement of the situation in question. The man himself, all the more vividly because so largely unconsciously, exemplified, over and above all the antinomies and obscurities which he so abundantly felt, or thought to find, in religious belief of every kind, the difficulties and insufficiencies of his own ordinary intellectual positions; and this same man would, in certain moments, which I had the privilege immediately to share during his last years, manifest intuitions and instincts ranging distinctly beyond, and rooted persistently beneath, the comparatively narrow scope and shallow depth of his more usual, largely controversial, declarations. No man, upon the whole, could well be found, less really satisfied with the usual formulations of would-be final, quite explicit unbelief; none more awake to the abiding real help, and indeed need, at least for the large majority of mankind, of religion, and in religion, of history, institutions, doctrine, even dogma; none, too, who, whilst predominantly Agnostic, was less content with Atheism, even for himself. Walter Bagehot somewhere classes thinkers as gropers—so Kant and Butler, and seers—so Plato. I continue to perceive in Lyall the pathetic figure of a most sensitive and thoughtful mind perhaps really unable, once his early imprisonment by Hume was achieved, to be usually anything but a groper, yet who never lost, underneath these his complications and irritations, the keen need, hence the real sense, of vision, and who indeed, in rare moments of his soul's sabbath, saw and knew he saw.

And, finally, it remains a fact that my material, where at all new, is scanty and mostly incapable of quite literal quotation or of being directly checked. For our intercourse was almost wholly by word of mouth, and precisely the things, thus thought and expressed by himself, which I want especially to insist upon here, as the deepest, the most primary, and the most far-reaching of his convictions or aspirations, have to stand, in this their fullness, with little or no direct and complete attestation except that of my own memory alone. Yet I cannot ever seriously doubt the accuracy, always at least substantial and often extending to the very words and the tone of voice and the look, of what so greatly impressed me at the time. I cannot doubt, because, on such occasions, there was, if a short, yet a deliberate, indeed a lapidary clearness and emphasis, positive and constructive for these moments; because this massive, peaceful, triumphant affirmativeness was not expected by me; and because, if these utterances went in part beyond, or in part even corrected, anything to be found in his published writings, we can nevertheless find parallels to such thoughts and feelings in the reminiscences of somewhat similar self-expressions of Lyall to the Rev. C. J. Shebbeare—reminiscences which the latter has kindly placed at my disposal and of which I here publish the most important. And preludes to, and supports of the kind of communications that remain so vividly in my own memory, and again precious, most authentic aids to the understanding of the psychology, individual and hereditary, of the soul that thus revealed itself, are to be found in three sets of writings. There are Lyall's own letters. I still possess nine, somewhat long ones, which thus, in part, lead up to, or echo, those conversational outbursts; and, here and there, in Sir Mortimer Durand's rich and vigorous biography of Sir Alfred, occur some further items or fragments of his correspondence that are of somewhat similar help, although there the letters date mostly from his more polemical period or are addressed to men, and are busy with subjects, that drew out rather his

(always more readily awakened) negative or irritated moods. There are, again, those two highly characteristic and richly pregnant writings of his, written at a quarter of a century's distance from each other: "Christianity and the Brahma Samaj," published in the *Calcutta Review*, 1873, of which I owe the valuable loan to the kindness of Lady Miller, Sir Alfred's eldest daughter; and the three "Letters from Vamadeo Shastri," reprinted, soon after their first appearance, in *Asiatic Studies*, ii, 1899. And, lastly, there are the wonderfully alive, sincere, and delicately self-revealing letters of his sister—the nearest to himself in age, and the closest to himself in intimate affection and a certain unmistakable likeness in unlikeness of gifts and affinities—Mary Sibylla Holland, which I have been helped to understand, in their various references and implications, by their editor, Mrs. Holland's eldest son, Mr. Bernard Holland, C.B.

Thus far I have only given pros and cons that have merely balanced and neutralized each other in my mind. But the most ultimate misgiving and hesitation turned eventually so fully into the reason that decided me to attempt the present book, that the doubt and the conviction had better be articulated here together.

I promptly admitted, then, to myself, that I was being impelled by a motive other, and in my own eyes greatly wider and deeper, than any and all study of a single man's idiosyncrasies, however rich and rare that individual and his qualities might be. I cared and care here supremely for the elucidation, and the concrete illustration and enforcement, of certain great facts, forces, and laws of the human soul, and for the evidences furnished by them for the existence and nature of the great Realities sought and revealed by religion. And to take the honoured name of Lyall, thus soon after his death and with the aid of precisely our confidential intercourse, "to point a moral and adorn a tale," *my* moral, *my* tale, is not this, at the least, an impertinent utilization of what he actually was, simply to inculcate what

I merely believe and think? And will it not, at best, make my picture of Sir Alfred simply a selection of traits utilizable for this my argument—a pale paradigm to my pretentious grammar of things unutterable?

I found, however, that in putting the case, as it were, directly to Sir Alfred at his best and deepest, and on the supposition that the person to be thus studied was not himself, he himself joined with my own self in disallowing any such demurrer—given certain facts which were as visible to himself as they are to me. We both saw, I think, that man can work and effect his best only in the clearest apprehension and enunciation, possible to himself, of his own "prejudice." Let him himself continually strive to know clearly what he wants, and let him declare and apply this his want as clearly as he can. This will give him his best chances of constant self-correction and of a growing grasp of things as they really are. Modesty thus does not, of necessity, spring from or breed intellectual fog; nor is indefiniteness of form the true means of union between souls in what they may possess of individual strength and of capacity for mutual stimulation.

Again, we both felt, I am sure, that man cannot penetrate deeply or delicately into the organism and the life even of a crocus, an earth-worm, or a one-day fly, unless driven to such study by convictions so deep, as to be, in reality, a true kind of faith and a most operative love—a love, not of self, nor even simply of those other realities which, taken in their mere individuality and fleetingness, can hardly deserve such *ecstasy*. Especially do man's most delicate penetrations of his fellow-men's beliefs of any kind, always, when fully analysed, disclose the wide influence, at work within them, of some such faith and love. Thus Sir Alfred himself could study Indian facts and needs and myths so carefully, because (in spite of all his, as I believe, even excessive suspense of judgment) he *did* possess certain positive convictions, or, at least, a real groping after and a search for such convictions, and some constructive, or at least conservative principles, or at least desires, with which to apprehend, interpret, and

proclaim them. Sir Mortimer Durand, in his *Sir Alfred Lyall*, points out with emphasis the need of some such motives for any at all fruitful historical or biographical study and presentation, and the nature of his own motive in writing Sir Alfred's life appears very clearly as, in the most solid sense of the word, patriotic—to help on the formation of British civil servants as thorough and conscientious, as sympathetic, cautious, and just as was Lyall. The only difference, then, as to their causation, between this book of mine, and Sir Alfred's own compositions and Sir Mortimer's biography, lies in the difference of range, or of depth or of selection, to be traced between the motives that moved these two distinguished Anglo-Indian administrators and observers and the motive that impels me, a stay-at-home student of religious history and religious philosophy. Their motives are, inevitably, more varied and more immediately statable; mine are more concentrated upon certain few facts and problems, these the deepest and widest that exist at all. But Lord Cromer and Mr. Bernard Holland, in their valuable personal sketches of Lyall in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1913, approximately divide up Sir Alfred's life and interests between them, Mr. Holland coming nearest, in those few but rich and pregnant pages, to achieving what I am here attempting to do on a considerably larger scale.

I propose to communicate my materials and reflections in three groups, each group to be studied in a separate Part, of from four to eight sections each. The groups really, indeed inevitably, shade off one into the other; nor can even the first be completely elucidated and understood until the last line of the book has been written and read. And the order in which I take these groups refuses to be either entirely the order of the time and the place in which their general subject-matters and convictions arose in Sir Alfred's own life, or entirely an order of increasing depth and range in the problems thus presented. There is, however, something of both these principles operative in the order here followed. And, indeed, I shall be fully satisfied if this

grouping and succession does no more than render the probings and appraisements of these manifold thoughts and experiences somewhat more searching, serene, and sympathetic than they would otherwise tend to be.

The First Part treats of predominantly pre-Indian, non-Indian affinities and positions of Lyall, even though these may have been awakened, in their more concrete and systematic form, only after Lyall had reached India. We have here to do predominantly with the philosophy of religion, and with Agnosticism in particular. Hume is here the outstanding influence—an influence which remained clearly traceable, indeed very powerful, in Sir Alfred to the very last. The question here is so fundamental and decisive, and still dominates so many minds, that I have found eight sections here to be not too long.

The Second Part treats of Indian affinities and positions—of the impressions and experiences predominantly special to India, gained by Lyall in that great world itself, and of the effect induced or developed by them, in his fundamental outlook, feeling, conviction. Here four sections appear to be enough. The first two concern the presuppositions and principles of research, as now and thus awakened or confirmed in Lyall's mind. The third section studies his strong, apparently universal, trend to Euhemerism. And the fourth section analyses his attitude towards the Brahma Samaj, and the general question of the need and difficulty of contingent facts and happenings for and in religion. This entire Part is thus busy chiefly with the history of religion.

And the Third Part studies Lyall's aspirations, gropings, and intuitions, the living man, as these grew in force, or as they articulated themselves more plainly, after his return from India and with less of reference to, and dependence upon, Indian conditions. It was these later and latest pressures and pushes of his spirit that I myself had the privilege to watch and see, as they showed themselves, mostly vaguely and shyly, but at times with explosive vigour and simplicity, in his confidential talk. I will attempt their

description and elucidation in five sections, in the order, roughly, of the greater and greater universality, depth, and ultimacy of the subject-matters thus involved and of the seekings or findings thus indicated. The sections thus treat successively of: Gnosticism, old and new, and the certain past, and the future possible, services of the Catholic Church with regard to such Gnosticism; the frankly and fully rationalistic school amongst the students of the history and origins of religion; the needs of the vast majority of men, always and everywhere, of religious light and leading; the prospects of a renewal in the world at large of strongly metaphysical convictions; and the existence and the meaning of the restlessness and the suffering which, in the long run, always accompanies all attempts of men to hold all sense of reality as purely subjective, or as but the sheer projection of the human mind.

I have already incidentally thanked Lady Miller and the Rev. C. J. Shebbeare for their kind loans. Here is the place to add the expression of my gratitude to Mr. Bernard Holland, the much prized nephew of Sir Alfred Lyall, who as the eldest, dearly loved son of Sir Alfred's favourite sister Mary Sibylla, possesses all but unique advantages as a critic of my difficult undertaking. Mr. Holland and his wife have both been so good as to read all this book, when still only a typewritten manuscript: I have carefully considered, and I have mostly embodied, their strictures.

And, as with my *Mystical Element of Religion* and my *Eternal Life*, I herewith submit also this my study in Religion and Agnosticism to the judgment of my spiritual Mother, the Catholic and Roman Church.

KENSINGTON,
January 1915.

PART I

AGNOSTICISM AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION

I TAKE it that Lyall did not begin to read Hume at all till he had been two years in India, although, even so, he was only twenty-two years of age when he first fell under this powerful destructive influence. The natural bent of his mind and, in some respects, of his character stood, even thus early, unusually open, and indeed friendly, to the milder forms of Hume's suasions; but that bent of mind and character can hardly, as yet, have been greatly reinforced by his Indian impressions—at least as regards the main questions so confidently assumed, and so clearly answered, by Hume's *Inquiry*. And yet Hume's central temper and contentions were doubtless afforded an unusual, a practically unlimited and unbroken influence at this time with Lyall, owing to the young man's isolation and leisure, his freedom from European distractions (except as these came to him distilled through books, papers, and letters), and the absence (in far-away Bulandshahr, his North-Western Indian station) of that continuous, largely informal, and hence all the more effective, check, criticism, and complement which conversation and discussion with his intellectual equals and superiors could, and doubtless would, have furnished to this keen and confident lad in England.

I take the following facts and considerations to be the most important in this fundamental matter.

I

In February 1857—the Mutiny was near at hand—Lyall writes to his father, in his Kentish rectory:

"I have lately been indulging in all sorts of desultory

reading, although the law examination is impending, and I hardly know an Act. I was still striving to comprehend and appreciate the metaphysical parts of the *Agonistes*, when a native pedlar brought some old books to my door, and, on condition that I bought some volumes of the *Sporting Review*, he threw in Hume's *Essays* as a make-weight. This was just what I required, and I was soon deep in the essays on Necessary Connexion and the like. I think Hume's reasoning wonderfully clear and ingenious, and am bound to say that I incline to his side even on many of the points where you are his adversary." [1]

We have here a strangely rough reference, for none of Hume's *Essays* discusses this or the like subjects; it is only in the *Treatise of Human Nature*, Book I, Part III, sect. xiv, and again in the *Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding*, sect. vii, that he studies, and under the precise heading given by Lyall, "The Idea of Necessary Connexion."

Lyall will, perhaps, have bought, on this occasion, an odd volume—the fourth—of *The Philosophical Works of David Hume, including all the Essays*, as published in Edinburgh in 1826. This volume contains (first) the *Inquiry*, and (last) certain *Additional Essays*, and (in between) the *Natural History of Religion*. I take Lyall to refer here to the *Inquiry*, and not to the *Treatise*, because, in this letter to his father, after telling him that he has been "deep in the essays on Necessary Connexion and the like," he straightway proceeds to controvert an opinion of this same father concerning the intelligence of animals, a question which is discussed by Hume in the *Inquiry*, some five pages after his examination (here in this same *Inquiry*) of "Necessary Connexion," but which is nowhere discussed in the *Treatise*. And, again, I think Lyall refers to the *Inquiry*, because it is in this later, much shorter, work, and nowhere in the earlier, lengthy *Treatise*, that appears, as section x, the celebrated discussion on Miracles—the deep impression of which upon Lyall's mind must have begun very early, and which certainly

[1] *Life of Sir Alfred Comyn Lyall*, by Sir Mortimer Durand (1913), p. 50.

remained readily traceable within it up to the last utterances of his life. Also, in this way, he would promptly encounter the *Natural History of Religion* which, indeed, I nowhere ever found him to quote directly, or to name, yet which, in its main positions and prejudices, insights and limitations, we shall also readily trace in his mind to the end, and this in spite of his own far greater richness of experience, outlook, and aspiration.

This point—as to whether it was the *Inquiry* or the *Treatise* that thus early captivated and coloured his mind—may well have been of very real importance for the whole of Lyall's life. Hume planned his *Treatise* before he was twenty-one, he composed it before he was twenty-five, and he published it at twenty-eight, in 1739. This remained by far his most powerful, and his most unhesitating, vigorously destructive work. And it was this relentless exposition of the full results of the Immanentism implied or proclaimed, with variously halting applications, by Descartes and especially by Locke, which aroused Thomas Reid, first to the sceptical consequences, and then to the profoundly misleading inadequacy of the premises, of this entire line of philosophy. Reid's *Inquiry into the Human Mind, on the Principles of Common Sense* was published when he was fifty-four, in 1764, and deals throughout with the *Treatise* only.

Hume's *Inquiry*, on the other hand, was published in 1748, when he was thirty-seven, and is a much less fresh and vigorous, a significantly incomplete, and a more indirectly destructive work. It was this more conciliatory and more popularly written, considerably shorter book, that "awakened" Kant from his "dogmatic slumbers." It alone, and never the *Treatise*, was known to, and combated by, Kant, especially in his *Critique of Pure Reason* which first appeared in his fifty-seventh year, in 1781.

Now Professor Andrew Seth (Pringle Pattison) has shown, in his *Scottish Philosophy*,[1] with vivid detail and a rare, refreshing balance of mind, that Kant, on certain central

[1] Third edition, 1899.

points, when at his best, is indeed far more clear, consistent, and far-ranging than Reid, and, again, Kant, in his great doctrine and demonstration of the Synthetic Unity of Apperception, has greatly surpassed Reid, who never attains to more than incidental apprehensions of, and gropings after, this same fact and law; yet that Reid is greatly superior to Kant in his starting-point, in his grasp of the full *status quaestionis*, and that Reid is so, because he was led to question, more radically and extensively than ever was Kant, the presuppositions of the entire school and succession of Descartes—Locke—Berkeley—Hume. For Kant, who as a rule is so infinitely cautious and hesitating in his reasonings and final admissions, most incautiously, and without examination or hesitation, granted, to this Immanentist succession, two out of the three immense assumptious usually at work within its representatives. Kant thus admitted that the simply given element in knowledge is sensation, and sensation alone; and, again, that sensation is a mere contingent manifold, and can furnish no necessity. Reid, on the contrary, with a wise circumspection and an exhaustive justice towards the facts of experience, held, and gave solid grounds for holding, that the given element in knowledge, its unit, is never raw sensation alone, but that it is a perception largely composed of certain practically irresistible mental suggestions of extension, duration, existence, etc., without which there would be simply no knowledge, indeed without which the impressions received would certainly sink below those of an animal or of a madman. Thus the given is never sensation alone, and it never appears, in the actual experience of the human mind, as sheer contingency and wild flux.

This difference in the beginnings and occasions of the answers furnished by Reid and by Kant—the fact that Reid was shocked into full-aliveness by the very vivid, quite directly and fully destructive *Treatise*, and the contrary fact that Kant was awakened by the already somewhat weary, more indirect sapping of the *Inquiry*—had certainly their

share in producing the difference actually manifest in the answers themselves—in the more radical, and more complete and consistent, questioning of Hume's assumptions presented by Reid as compared with that of Kant. And we can well ask ourselves whether, in a lesser degree perhaps though somewhat similarly, Lyall might not, in 1857 or at least later on, have been shocked into a careful examination of the premises of Hume, the sceptic, if he had first fallen upon the acutely destructive conclusions of the *Treatise*, and had not, throughout his life, known only the politely *blasé*, evaporative processes of the *Inquiry*.

2

However, even Hume's *Inquiry* is, assuredly, sceptical enough; and it also, if carefully studied, is clear in the scepticism of its conclusions and in its demonstration that this scepticism follows necessarily from the sensationalism of Locke, as soon as this is divested of certain illogical conservatisms, of quite other provenance, still operative in Locke himself. Thus Hume tells us, also in the *Inquiry*: "We may divide all the perceptions of the mind into two classes or species, which are distinguished by their different degrees of force and vivacity"—by these alone. "The less forcible and lively are commonly denominated Thoughts or Ideas. The other species want a name in our language. Let us call them Impressions. By the term *impression* I mean all our more lively perceptions, when we hear, or see, or feel, or love, or hate, or desire, or will. And impressions are distinguished from ideas, which are the less lively perceptions, of which we are conscious, when we reflect on any of those sensations or movements above mentioned." [1]

And everything is made to turn by Hume upon this analysis. "When we entertain any suspicion that a philosophical term is employed without any meaning or idea, we need but inquire, *from what impression is that supposed idea*

[1] *Works*, Edinburgh edition, 1826, vol. iv, p. 18.

derived?" [1] For "it is impossible for us to *think* of anything which we have not anteriorly *felt*, either by our external or internal senses." "Produce," then, he triumphantly urges the reader, "produce the impressions or original sentiments from which the ideas are copied. These impressions are all strong and sensible. They admit not of ambiguity. They are not only placed in a full light by themselves, but may throw light on their correspondent ideas, which lie in obscurity." [2] Or, more generally: "The sentiment of belief is nothing but a conception more intense and steady than what attends the mere fictions of the imagination; and this manner of conception arises from a customary conjunction of the object with something present to the memory or senses." [3]

Thus "all inferences from experience are effects of custom, not of reasoning"—not of reason.[4] All the impressions, "all events seem entirely loose and separate. One event follows another, but we never observe any tie between them. They seem *conjoined* but never *connected*." "The customary transition of the imagination from one object to its usual attendant, is the sentiment or impression, from which we form the idea of power or necessary connexion. Nothing farther is in the case." "When we say, therefore, that one object is connected with another, we mean only that they have acquired a connexion in our thought, and gave rise to this inference, by which they become proofs of each other's existence." [5]

All this clear and confident assertion evidently fascinated and won young Lyall, as he pored over his pedlar's copy of the young Scotch sceptic, in his far-away Indian station. I do not think that Lyall ever subsequently withdrew his assent, or even seriously re-examined the question.

Yet already in 1764 another Scotchman, by twenty and thirty years the senior of Hume and of Lyall, Thomas Reid, had most thoroughly sifted, and had very lucidly tracked down, the inadequacy of this sensualist, atomistic psychology

[1] *Works*, Edinburgh edition, 1826, vol. iv, p. 22. [2] Ibid., p. 74.
[3] Ibid., p. 60. [4] Ibid., p. 53. [5] Ibid., pp. 87, 88, 89.

of Hume. And in spite of some prolixity, and of a few lapses into the subjectivism which, as a rule, he so sensitively dislodges, Reid more fully perceived, and more adequately attacked, even than did Kant later on, the central ground and stronghold of Hume. "This," the following point, Reid declares, "I would humbly propose as an *experimentum crucis*, by which the ideal system must stand or fall. Extension, figure, motion may, any one, or all of them, be taken for the subject of this experiment. Either they are ideas," impressions, "of sensations, or they are not. If any one of them can be shown to be an idea," an impression, "of sensation, or to have the least resemblance to any sensation, I must suffer the ideal scepticism to triumph. But if, on the other hand, they are not ideas of sensation, nor like to any sensation, then the ideal system is a rope of sand." [1]

Reid, indeed, never loses sight of the tradition and filiation of "the ideal philosophy," and persists throughout that, in this fundamental question of the nature and possibility of all knowledge, it inevitably leads to scepticism. "Descartes and Locke take the road that leads to scepticism, without knowing the end of it; but they stop short for want of light to carry them farther. Berkeley, frighted at the appearance of the dreadful abyss, starts aside and avoids it. But the author of the *Treatise of Human Nature* [Hume], more daring and intrepid, without turning aside to the right hand or to the left, shoots directly into the gulf." [2]

The conclusions of Hume, once we grant the premises of Descartes and Locke, are thus held by Reid to be irresistibly conclusive. And it is not with Hume's conclusions, or with any supposed or real inconclusiveness of these conclusions, that Reid is busy; but his entire penetrating analysis is given to Hume's premises, as assumed throughout by Hume himself as indiscutably adequate and final. Thus it is really the sensualist psychology and epistemology of Descartes and

[1] *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, in *Works*, ed. Hamilton, Edinburgh, 1863 p. 128.

[2] Ibid., pp. 207, 208.

Locke which Reid calls to account. Reid simply shows, by a most penetrating analysis of the process and evidence of the senses, from smelling up to seeing, that this sensualism is false, or, at least, radically incomplete—that thought is never simply a less vivid sensation. "Sensation, memory, and imagination, even where they have the same object, are operations of a quite different nature, and perfectly distinguishable by those who are sound and sober. The evidence of sense, the evidence of memory, and the evidence of the necessary relations of things, are all distinct and original kinds of evidence, equally grounded on our constitution: none of them depends upon, or can be resolved into, another. To reason against any of these kinds of evidence, is absurd; nay, to reason for them is absurd. They are first principles; and such fall not within the province of" discursive "reason" —or reasoning.[1]

And, pushing still further, Reid insists: "The faculty of smelling is something very different from the actual sensation of smelling; for the faculty may remain when we have no sensation. And the mind is no less different from the faculty; for it continues the same individual being when that faculty is lost. Yet this sensation" of smelling "suggests to us both a faculty and a mind; and not only suggests the notion of them, but creates a belief of their existence." [2] Thus, "it is not," as the ideal philosophy of Descartes and Locke maintains, "by having first the notions of mind and sensation, and then comparing them together, that we perceive the mind to have the relation of a subject or substratum, and the sensation that of an act or operation; on the contrary, one of the related things—to wit, sensation—suggests to us both the correlate," mind, "and the relation" between mind and sensation.[3]

And, with fine discrimination, he declares:

"Hardness and softness, figure and motion: all these,

[1] *Inquiry into the Human Mind,* in *Works,* ed. Hamilton, Edinburgh, 1863, p. 108.

[2] Ibid., p. 110. [3] Ibid., p. 111.

by means of certain corresponding sensations of touch, are presented," suggested, "to the mind as real external qualities; the conception and the belief in them" as real and external "are invariably connected with the corresponding sensations, by an original principle of human nature. When I grasp a ball in my hand, I perceive it at once hard, figured and extended. The feeling is very simple, and hath not the least resemblance to any quality of body. Yet it suggests to us three primary qualities perfectly distinct from one another, as well as from the sensation which indicates them." Thus "it is true that we have feelings of touch, which every moment present," suggest, "extension to the mind; but how they come to do so, is the question; for those feelings do no more resemble extension than they resemble justice or courage." [1]

Nothing of all this has, in any degree or way, become less true, less fresh, less urgent, than when it was penned by Reid some hundred and fifty years ago.

3

Indeed, there is one criticism in Reid's *Inquiry* which would strongly have appealed to Lyall—at least to the later Lyall known to myself, had he, thus mature, come across it in application to some proposition or scheme not so long endorsed by himself as to have become part and parcel of the unquestioned constituents and instruments of his mind and mood.

"The mathematicians glory, very justly"—so reasons Reid—"in having raised so noble and magnificent a system of science upon the foundation of a few axioms and definitions." Nevertheless, "this love of simplicity, and of reducing things to few principles, hath produced many a false system; but there never was any system in which it appears so remarkably as that of Descartes. His whole system concerning matter and spirit is built upon one axiom, expressed in one word, *cogito*." And yet, as Reid proceeds to show, "the structure" even "of the material world is not so simple as

[1] Ibid., pp. 123, 124.

the great Descartes determined it to be; nay, it is not so simple as the greater Newton modestly conjectured it to be." [1] Is not this, then, presumably still more the case with the world of the mind? "Is the mechanism of the mind so easily comprehended, when that of the body is so difficult? Yet by this system" of "three laws of association, joined to a few original feelings," themselves only sensations, Hume and his friends "explain the whole mechanism of sense, imagination, memory, belief, and of all the actions and passions of the mind." [2]

But, indeed, Hume himself never succeeded in building up his system without the assumption of principles which his own formal positions and declarations had excluded as even possibly true; nor did he achieve, even by means of these surreptitious inconsistencies, any satisfaction even for his own mind, and this precisely at the points admitted by himself as of crucial importance.

Thus, as to his inconsistency, Hume, in his *Treatise*, takes for granted four relations of ideas (sensations) as intuitively perceived — resemblance, contrariety, degrees in quality, and proportions in quantity (or number).[3] In the *Inquiry*, these four relations of ideas have, indeed, shrunk to "three principles of connection among ideas, namely Resemblance, Contiguity in time or place, and Cause or Effect." [4] Yet, in either case, he is evidently not entitled, by his own principles —proclaimed by himself as absolutely central and crucial— to more than just simply the sensations themselves with their varying intensity.

The same very real surreptitious importation—doubtless unperceived by Hume himself—occurs again in his study of Time and Space, as has been admirably brought out by T. H. Green in his great critique of Hume's *Treatise*, Part II, sects. iii and iv. But, above all, does such a tell-tale subreption occur in Hume's account of the Self. And note

[1] *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, in *Works*, ed. Hamilton, Edinburgh, 1863, pp. 206, 207.

[2] Ibid., p. 103. [3] Everyman edition, vol. i, pp. 74, 75.

[4] *Works*, Edinburgh edition, 1826, vol. iv, p. 25.

carefully that Lyall, studying his Hume in the *Inquiry* only, would, there, not find any such subreption, but only (if indeed the young man noticed the omission at all) the absence of any tackling of this fundamental matter. In the *Treatise*, Hume *had* considered the Self; but there—most wisely, if he would give his system a chance—he had postponed the consideration of it to the end of that long work. True, he had, pretty early in the *Treatise*, insisted, as upon the most certain of his facts and principles, that "all our perceptions are different from each other and from everything else in the universe"; and hence that "they are also distinct and separable, and may be considered as separately existent, and may exist separately, and have no need of anything else to support their existence." [1] And he had there applied his fundamental test as to the real existence of anything to the idea of a Self: "From what" sense-impression "could this idea be derived?" And he there found that there *was* no sense-impression corresponding to such an idea of the Self —no impression constant and invariable throughout our lives, "and," that, "consequently there is no such idea"— no reality corresponding to the notion of a Self.[2] He thus finds here, in this notion of a real subject and persistent personality, the supreme illusion; and he straight away proceeds to explain it—to explain it away—as such.

And yet he never succeeded—not even in this his time and mood of greatest confidence in his destructions—in satisfying his own mind on this quite central matter. In his Appendix to the *Treatise*, of only a year later than the *Treatise* itself (1740),[3] he admits that especially the question of personal identity remains unsolved by himself. "All my hopes vanish when I come to explain the principles that unite our successive perceptions in our thought or consciousness." "Others, perhaps, or myself, upon more mature reflections, may discover some hypothesis that will reconcile those contradictions." "For my part, I must plead the privilege

[1] *Treatise*, Everyman edition, vol. i, p. 223.
[2] Ibid., vol. i, pp. 238, 239. [3] Ibid., vol. ii, pp. 313–20.

of a sceptic, and confess that this difficulty is too hard for my understanding." [1]

Thus the very basis, the fundamental fact and problem of our mind and life, is here treated at the end, as though it were only a speculation, a quite adjournable question on the horizon of our existence, and it is here left utterly unexplained, on the plea of a scepticism which began by undertaking to explain everything, but which reveals, perhaps more strikingly than anywhere else, its profoundly *a priori* and artificial character.

4

In my many years' intercourse with Sir Alfred, and in my all but unbroken reflection, since his going, upon his life, character, and mind, I was, and indeed I continue to be, much impressed, in part surprised, by the following points in connection with his agnostic attitude.

There was the fact, already indicated in part, that this very sensitive and active, indeed restless and suspicious, mind never formally doubted the milder variety of Hume's scepticism—not, at least, as such—from the day when he, a bright young fellow of twenty-two, fell under the fascination of the Scotch destructive. I hope to show, further on, how little the regretful admission of this fact exhausts any just estimate of Lyall—how large and noble were the strivings, hopes, insights, indeed convictions, which Lyall nourished, and even expressed, all of a degree and kind distinctly different from, and utterly beyond, the atomistic sensualism and scepticism of Hume, even at Hume's mildest. But, at this stage, I want simply to emphasize and to drive home the fact—which I believe to be true in spite of these noble, deeply enriching inconsistencies of his practice and inspirations—that theoretically Hume's system was never revised, still less explicitly and finally renounced, by Lyall.

And yet even if we take Lyall not to have had the time, or perhaps the gifts, or the delusion that he did possess the

[1] *Treatise*, Everyman edition, vol. ii, p. 319.

capacity, for such a systematic criticism of Hume, if he was to derive it more or less exclusively from his own spontaneous thinking: how prominent and ready to his hand were not, all in English, works of the very first order to help him in this task!

Thus, even in 1857, when Lyall first read his Hume, Reid's most careful analysis of sense-impression, and his consequent exposure of the intolerably inadequate account of it furnished by Hume, had existed in print for over ninety years. Here Lyall would have found, throughout long stretches of the argument, very real clearness of expression, a solid good sense, a humour which, at times, is not unworthy of himself at his very best, and, above all, a slow, dogged, soberly subtle penetration and delicately rich result and exposition, which had a genuine right to measure themselves against the generally more brilliant and more immediately persuasive, but markedly narrower and thinner, less cautious, less natural temper and method of Hume himself. Lyall, at his best, loved, not only clearness, but richness also; and Reid is, at times, as clear as Hume, and always richer.

Again, in 1874, when, it is true, Lyall was beginning his arduous five years of diplomatic work in Rajputana, there appeared another English work, Thomas Hill Green's *Introduction to Hume's Treatise of Human Nature*—an investigation as massive in its instincts and general argument as were those of Reid, but of far finer literary and humorous texture, and of a closeness of analysis and reasoning, and of a delicacy of psychology and epistemology and of moral and religious sense, for the most part greatly surpassing Hume—as, indeed, the five generations of thinkers lying between Hume and Green would, in any case, render probable. Lyall, certainly, might have found Green provokingly obscure; at all events, I never found a trace of Lyall having studied any part of this great work, during the thirty-seven years in which he lived alongside of it.

In 1885 Professor Andrew Seth published his Balfour

Lectures on *Scottish Philosophy; a Comparison of the Scottish and German Answers to Hume.* Here was a short book written throughout in an English as lucid and fastidious, and with as great an urbanity and readiness to appreciate, as ever Lyall could wield and require. And the little work guards continuously against claiming too much knowledge for the human mind, and, at the same time, against every doctrinaire fixation of a precise limit where invincible ignorance inevitably begins; and does both these things in a manner likely, one would think, to commend itself to Lyall. Yet I doubt whether he ever looked at these Lectures, though he considerably survived all their three editions.

And, finally, he could have found in the *Philosophy and Theology* of James Hutchison Stirling, published in 1890, when he, Lyall, had been a full two years permanently re-established in England, and when he was still only fifty-five years of age, three Lectures on "The Negative and Hume," full of quite extraordinary brilliancy and hard-headed competence. Yet this book, again, passed, I think, simply unnoticed by Lyall.

And, of course, this short list of mine is not exhaustive; especially would the works of Professor A. Campbell Frazer have a full right to figure with the last three authors given; and there, again, Lyall could have found admirable clearness, richness, and distinction.

But no: the daring youth of twenty-two is, on this question of Hume and of Hume's adequacy, simply endorsed by the contemplative, ageing man of fifty-nine. For, in 1894, Lyall writes to his sister Mrs. Webb: "All philosophical writing (except Berkeley's) seems to me diffuse and confused after this," of Hume, "—any one can understand his arguments on the most profound subject, and he reasons so closely that I doubt if he has ever been fairly met and beaten *on his own ground.* This does not mean that he was always right, far less that he settled everything." [1]

[1] *Life*, pp. 361, 362.

5

There was the further fact, in reinforcement of the first, that Lyall continued, practically throughout his life, to welcome, indeed to choose, if not as his inspirers at least largely as his fellow-workers and nominal chiefs, at this deep-down level of general philosophical conviction or negation, men who, all variously richer in actual experience and output than this their largely polemical and passing cry, stood forth, nevertheless, for an Agnosticism more or less as inadequate and devastating as was that of Hume himself.

Thus we find Lyall at work, evidently without a shadow of misgiving, for the *Fortnightly Review*, during the years in which that periodical could boast of a perfect galaxy of brilliant talent copiously active within its pages, years however—those fifties to the seventies—in which the austerely high character and strong if narrow intelligence of the editor, John, now Lord, Morley, stood rock-firm as the leader, the chief mouthpiece and the rallying-ground in England, of an almost undiluted French Jacobinism and contemptuous Anti-Theism. Here, in the mid-nineteenth century, we find brought back to England the largely bookish passion and doctrinaire insistence upon clearness at any cost, now bereft of the last shreds of Deistic belief, which, in the eighteenth century, had begun in Hume, Gibbon, and Bolingbroke, and which France continued in Diderot, d'Alembert, Voltaire, and Condorcet to its fiery world-shaking check—its check but not its close. True, Lyall, especially Lyall still so young, might well be proud, *qua* littérateur, to be welcomed here as a writer alongside of a George Meredith; and, again, Lyall did explode, with vehemence, to John Morley against his political affinities, under the stress of the Phœnix Park Murders (1882), in the correspondence given in the *Life*.[1] But I always looked in vain in Lyall for any approach to the horror and dismay with which

[1] pp. 257-61.

another Indian official, of administrative distinction even greater than his own, first read—I remember it well—Morley's *Diderot* and *Voltaire*.

And, again, there was Lyall's persistent gratitude and docility towards Herbert Spencer. Spencer, indeed, could and did teach Lyall much as to methods of observation, and as to the hospitable objectivity of the true student, where rude and primitive races and customs were concerned. And, later on, I hope to show how truly a remnant of the religious need and attestation persists in the Spencerian position and temper. Yet Spencer was, for some quarter of a century, the international high priest of an Agnosticism drearily monotonous and sterilizing in its content and effect, and, for the most part, shoddy and unhumorous in its form. But I never found this *bourgeois* mind to repel, and not, somehow, even to attract, the dainty stylist and aristocratic critic so unmistakably presented by Lyall himself. Indeed, as recently as April 1904, I sat alongside of Lyall at a meeting of the "Synthetic Society," to which both of us belonged. Some sixteen of us had assembled to hear a paper, on occasion of the recent death of Herbert Spencer, upon that writer's religious philosophy, and to discuss his position and rank as a thinker upon religious subjects. The reader of the paper was a young, highly distinguished, and competent Oxford thinker, and the audience consisted, for much the greater part, of men of the new generation, drawn from the most various philosophical schools, and of religious or of more or less agnostic convictions. And I remember vividly how keen was Lyall's disappointment that only one man besides himself from amongst us all was not irritated or bored by Spencer, did not refuse him any first-class position or importance as a thinker on religion. For all but those two amongst us sixteen, Spencer was—in such questions at least—dead, and had been dead for many a year, if indeed he had ever been alive. I received a pathetic little note, expressive of his feeling of disappointment and isolation, from Lyall the next day; but I cannot, unfortunately,

recover it. At any rate, Spencer never succeeded in damaging the humour or the style of Lyall, as he certainly succeeded in hampering the outlook and form of George Eliot—witness some of her portentous mottoes to chapters of *Daniel Deronda*. And, as to religion, Spencer himself, in his Autobiography, reveals a touching, highly honourable sense of its permanence and power in contrast with the evanescence and weakness of the various philosophies, inclusive of his own.

And there was Lyall's admiration for Professor Huxley and Dr. Tyndall, not only for Huxley's character, conduct, and style; or for the ample courage and clearness of both these scientists; or for Tyndall's powers of popular exposition: but also, perhaps primarily, for these men *qua* Agnostics. And as, in the case of Hume, those great analyses of Hume by Reid, Green, Seth, Stirling somehow passed without turning a hair of Lyall's, in other cases intensely ruffleable, head: so also Professor James Ward's deep-probing, most *distingué* study of Spencer, in his *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, and Andrew Seth's and James Martineau's searching examination of Huxley and of Tyndall respectively never occupied his mind—a mind usually so open to criticism. Huxley, indeed, himself led the way to such criticism in the noble warning and discriminations of his Romanes Lecture of 1893. But Tyndall, with all his careful research in, and brilliant popularization of, Natural Science, remained, I think to the last, untrained and overconfident in the deeper matters of mental philosophy and of history, the distinctly Orange truculence of his Belfast Address of 1874 showing, assuredly, far more heat than light.

6

Let us attempt a short account and vivid illustration of what has been precisely meant here by Agnosticism, before concluding this whole chapter with an endeavour to indicate

the causes and the effects of this Agnosticism in the case of Lyall's mind and character.

Bossuet summed up, with French felicity of phrase, the entire Christian tradition, and indeed the universal elementary experience of the human race, in the words, "Nous ne connaissons le tout de rien." And, especially as to God, already the Council of the Lateran of the year 649 solemnly condemned any one who denied the incomprehensibility of God.[1] Thus from a drop of water or a grain of sand on to a blade of grass or the pollen of a daisy; and on again, through the various stages of animal life, insect, fish, bird, and mammal, to man, in his strangely various depth of content, and finally on to God, the literally inexhaustible in richness and reality: we are confronted everywhere, without us and within us, by realities all known to us, evidently, only in part, and doubtless, in general, only in much the lesser part. If this were Agnosticism, we ought all to be, or to become, very thorough Agnostics. And, indeed, we all are such Agnostics in our better moments, when we are not inflated or screwed up out of our common sense, and of a creature's true disposition and perception, by some preposterous Gnosticism, ancient or modern. Such an Agnosticism is but the sense of mystery—the consciousness of how much greater is the world of reality—even of that reality which directly affects us—than is, or can be, our clear, definable, transferable analysis and theory of it. Lyall, too, possessed this Agnosticism, and indeed he was, as we shall find, never so much his truest self, never so attractive, never so great, as when he was specially moved by it and when expressing it most forcibly.

And there is a further Agnosticism—if we care to label the attitude with this name which is now mostly, and more wisely I think, used only to designate a still other conviction —the attitude of mind and character which keenly sees and frankly admits the facts which, in life, appear to give the lie to the belief in the existence and operation of any Providence,

[1] Denzinger's *Enchiridion Symbolorum*, twelfth edition, 1913, No. 254.

of any all-powerful, all-wise, and all-good First Cause and continuous Sustainer whatsoever. The very certain fact is that Evil—physical, mental, moral—is real, is prevalent, is apparently triumphant—at least throughout wide areas and long periods of life. No theory has ever explained it; no denial of it, no attempt at its evaporation by means of some Neo-Platonist discovery that it is essentially only negative—the absence, or the lesser presence, of good: no such tricks and evasions could fail most rightly to irritate through and through so sincere, and mostly so unsophisticated, a mind as was that of Lyall, Here again, if this be Agnosticism, we ought all to be agnostics. Indeed, here again, we all, in our better moments, are such agnostics; the explaining away of evil as non-real, or even as in itself a good, will always remain ineffective, even for the explainers themselves—provided they fortunately retain their human normality and sensitiveness—in times of lonely suffering and interior defeat.

Certainly Christianity, at its best, has not attempted such unreal and presumptuous explanations or denials. It has done two very different, much greater, things. Christianity has indefinitely deepened our perception of evil, in making us note the most poignant sufferings in precisely the most God-united souls, and, still more, in making us see and admit the worst evil in the possibility, in the actual existence, of the voluntary perversion of the will and character, as furnished by more or less deliberate sin. And Christianity has thereupon, not theoretically explained this problem, thus greatly deepened by itself, but it has practically overcome it in its various actual manifestations. Our Lord's agony of fear and of desolation in Gethsemane and on the Cross become the very instruments, occasions, and expressions of the fullest, tenderest love of God and by God; and a Magdalene and an Augustine stand forth, as penitent saints, as true moral miracles of spiritual re-creation.

Lyall would, on occasion of some great catastrophe, burst forth, in conversation more even than in strictly private writing, into profane-sounding bitterness as to the brutality

of Nature—as to the boundless anarchy apparent in the lives of the many and of the few. Thus when, after the Messina earthquake, with its thousands of victims, I exclaimed to him: "Surely, this looks like the Russian Government at its worst": he added, with a smile: "Poor Russian Government!" I hope to show, later on, where and how his moods were even excessive in this direction; yet, I submit that such pessimism, at least in some of its forms and degrees, is in nowise Agnosticism in the technical sense. Certainly this pessimism as to Nature is in marked contradiction, as we shall find, to the temper and teaching of Hume, who never wearies in praises of beneficent Nature and its irresistible witness to an Intelligent First Cause, praises explicitly pointed against the debasing superstition and bigotry of all belief—of all hankering after a belief—in a special Providence, in any kind or degree of exemption from, or elevation above, that beautiful, all-good, irresistible mechanism. Indeed, Mill's vehement indictment of Nature was specially impressive when, and because, it appeared from out of a camp which, till then, had, for much the most part, disdained to learn from Christianity, which, some seventeen centuries before this tardy admission, had been so legitimately victorious against all such childishly untempered glorifications of Nature. And the same impressiveness, and for the same reason, attaches to Huxley's virile, reality-facing, Romanes Lecture.

Thus neither the continuous sense of the actual, and indeed unescapable, incompleteness of all our knowledge concerning reality of every kind, nor the poignant consciousness of the positive contradictions offered by life to our fundamental faith in our reason, in our conscience, and in God: neither of these most normal, necessary, important, and right dispositions is Agnosticism, with the big, big A. Both these agnosticisms are strongly operative within all the more complete and characteristic Christian characters and outlooks, and are fostered by them as truly as they themselves stimulate such Christianity. Both were powerfully at work

in Lyall, and both became him well: they it was that largely caused, and certainly added to, the richness and appealing delicacy, reality, and pathos of his mind and soul. What, then, *is* Agnosticism?

I take Agnosticism to be most clearly formulated, not by Hume, its most powerful propagator and mouthpiece; nor by Huxley, who gave the doctrine here concerned its (incorrect) Greek name; nor by Spencer, who, more than any one before or since, or probably more than any one in times to be, made it into the international philosophy of the non-philosophical majority of the professional middle classes of Europe and America, for some thirty years or more. I believe it to be most precisely defined by Sir William Hamilton, more learned in philosophy than any one of these three, and from whom indeed certainly Spencer, and I believe Huxley, originally derived their own formulations. "Our whole knowledge of mind and of matter," then, says Hamilton, "is relative—conditioned—relatively conditioned. Of things absolutely or in themselves, be they external, be they internal, we know nothing, or know them only as incognizable; and we become aware of their incomprehensible existence, only as this is indirectly and accidentally revealed to us through certain qualities related to our faculties of knowledge. All that we know is, therefore, phenomenal of the unknown." A learned ignorance—a *docta ignorantia* such as (in this very term, though in a somewhat different sense) figures in the works of Cardinal Nicolaus of Cues—is thus the consummation of knowledge. For we can only know two things: we can know phenomena, and we can know that they do not take us one inch towards really knowing the reality which underlies them. And then Hamilton declares, in an allusion to St. Paul's discourse before the Areopagus which was rendered famous, later on, by Huxley: "The last and highest consecration of all true religion must be an altar 'To the unknown and unknowable God.'" [1] Here Hamilton draws out for us, with a strangely persuasive

[1] *Discussions*, 1852, pp. 608, 36, 15.

clearness, the very certain contradiction involved in Kant's main position and discovery—a contradiction nowhere perceived to be contradictory by that mind usually so alert in discovering antinomies in every kind of traditional proof.

Thus in the *Critique of Pure Reason,* which first appeared in 1701, Kant tells us with lapidary finality: "things-in-themselves, *Noumena,* are to be thought of only under the name of an unknown something"; and "the conception of a *Noumenon* is thus simply a limiting conception (*Grenzbegriff*), a conception fitted to keep within bounds the pretensions of the senses"; "my understanding cannot be used assertively with regard to any objects outside the field of sense." [1] Well, we can all understand such a contention. Nevertheless, all the time, Kant knows, most assertively, what reality is *not*—that reality is entirely heterogeneous to our conception of it. Thus already, in 1772, he decides that the view "according to which God has implanted in the human mind categories and concepts of a kind spontaneously to harmonize with things" is "the most preposterous solution that we could possibly choose." [2] "Decided," indeed, is not the right word here for the expression of Kant's position; for one feels throughout such passages that a prejudice is at work within Kant, too penetrating and all-pervading to allow of Kant himself to be aware of it: he rejects without examination, without any vision, any inkling of the full facts and problem. For how intolerably self-contradictory, artificial, violently doctrinaire appears such a position when contrasted with the implications and testimonies of life as we actually live it, and of knowledge as we actually gain and find it! What a sheer figment of the brain is that substance without qualities, and are those qualities without substance; that knowledge which ever stops dead short precisely at the frontier of qualities, and which everywhere only masks and travesties everything it "knows," and which so confidently knows that it thus universally caricatures reality! My little

[1] Second edition, 1787, p. 310.
[2] *Briefe,* Berlin Academy edition, 1900, vol. i, p. 126.

dog may live alongside of me for years, he may love me and I may love him, he may die of grief when I die, and, if he dies, I may miss him as long as I live. But all this is a pure illusion; I have not really known him at all, in any of his endearments or of my affections! It is not that I have known him only partially, but that nothing that I have seen or heard of him has, in any degree, expressed, it has most effectively shut out, it has thoroughly travestied, his reality and nature! That reality and nature may, in fact, be identical with what we think are those of a cat or of a toadstool.

And it is well to become vividly aware of how finally such a conviction, if (as is happily not the case) any sane mind could be exclusively dominated by it, would blot out all the deeper incentives to observation and discovery, all the fuller affections and loyalties, all the ultimate faith in God. For every one of these our deepest acts and affirmations implies and is built upon the contrary conviction: that Darwin was truly penetrating into the real nature of the orchid and the worm; that Monica was truly apprehending the wayward son whom she brought back to his better self; that Plato and St. Paul were truly moved by that Ultimate Reason and Love after which they groped, and on which they built, as both within and above our entire world of sense and of spirit. And only through such a consciousness of reality everywhere do we retain the feeling of mystery. For a sheer conundrum is not mysterious, nor is a blank wall; but forests are mysterious, in which at first you observe but little, yet in which, with time, you see more and more, although never the whole; and the starry heavens are thus mysterious, and the spirit of man, and, above all, God, our origin and home.

7

What, then, are the chief causes of this, still most prevalent, error; and why, especially, did Lyall think thus?

The chief causes of Agnosticism I take to be three; and

they all three, I believe, were at work within the mind of Lyall.

For one thing, modern philosophy started with a strong emphasis upon the subject, and this starting-point was first impressively articulated in Descartes' famous (but, alas, dangerously inadequate) fundamental formula — his one axiom—"cogito, ergo sum." We thus take for granted, as rock-certain, what is demonstrably non-existent; "I think,' instead of "I think such and such realities," or, at least, "I think such and such objects." The subject and object, always interconnected in man's actual experience and hence to be assumed in this their interconnection, were thus severed from each other, in the very starting-point of philosophy; and then this severance and quite artificial separateness could hardly any more be bridged over—the object could hardly be recovered, since man (after all) is in fact restricted, and is here rightly recognized as restricted, to the analysis of what actually exists, and to what he really experiences. The appeal here to experience and to its analysis was, then, right; what was wrong was the exclusion, before any and all investigation and without any justification, of one entire third of every living experience. For all experience is always threefold: it is always simultaneously experience of the subject, of the object, and of the overbridging thought; indeed, clear consciousness always first concerns the object, and only much later on the subject. And thus, through that artificial abstraction, there promptly arose such sheer figments of the brain as knowledge, not of objects at all, but of subjective states alone; and (stranger still) knowledge that objects exist, and that they all have an inside, but an inside which is never actually revealed to us by the qualities of those objects; and (culminating miracle of strangeness) that this inside abides ever essentially unknowable by us, and yet, all the same, we absolutely know that it contradicts all these appearances. Man thus, though well within the universe, isolates himself from it; he imprisons himself in his own faculties, and, as to anything further, knows only that objects exist

as to which these faculties essentially and inevitably mislead him.

Here no criticism of the logic of the position is sufficient; indeed, such criticisms mostly end by bearing unwilling, or even unwitting, testimony to the general self-consistency of this subjectivism. Only a criticism, not of the conclusions as consistent or not with their premises, but of these premises as adequate or not to real experience, is sufficient. And such a criticism requires, not cleverness, clear-headedness, and confidence, but wisdom, wide experience, and humble docility at the hands of facts and of life. In a word, the criticism here required is, upon the whole, capable of being furnished by mature minds alone.

Now Lyall encountered his Hume, not as a mature man—say as a man of thirty-five or forty—but as a lad of twenty-two. Even to the end of his life, half a century later, he was, I think (as, indeed, by far the most of us are), not only quicker but abler at discovering flaws in an argument than inadequacy in its premises, mistakes in the logic than incompleteness in the experience. But, in any case, he, as practically all young men, was when a young man thus more quick and able at reasoning, than rich and adequate in experience, or than patient at analysis of even such experience as he already possessed. And I have long felt his case strikingly to confirm the wisdom of the advice given, in 1793, by that fine scholar, and deep expert in the operations of the human mind and soul, the Abbé J. N. Grou, to his pupil, the twenty-years-old Thomas Weld of Lulworth (afterwards Cardinal), concerning the importance, not only of what he reads but, even more, of *when* he reads it. Thus Grou emphasizes to Weld the advantage of a daily reading in the great Greek and Roman classics, and also recommends the careful study of Lucretius, not only for the splendour of his poetry, but also for the importance and virility of his thought; "but wait to study him till you are thirty; you will then be no more carried away by what there is of injustice and of sophistry in his attitude towards the popular religions." How wise and true! For

Lucretius, read Hume (men curiously alike, in their strength and in their weakness); and for Weld, read Lyall: and the advice remains strikingly apt. Thus, if (as is clear they did) Lyall's parents feared the influence of such writers upon this their son, when thus still a lad, alone in India, this son was not, in his answers, really meeting (as he very plainly thought he was meeting) the core of truth in their complaint. He tells his mother, a year later (1858): "I consider that I have the right to read whatever I choose, and that it is not such an awful matter to possess Voltaire as you seem to think. I am ready to lay any wager that . . . and my father himself have both read every word of Voltaire. Just ask them." [1] Whether these his seniors had, or had not, "read every word of Voltaire" (Voltaire's works, in the edition of 1817–20, occupy forty-two volumes), I do not know; even whether they, and still more their youthful son, had "the right" to read them all, simply because they chose, I will not inquire; but that, if these seniors did read the directly "religious" works of Voltaire, away from criticism, alone, at twenty-two, they could hardly have simply gained thereby, of this I am very sure.

Then, for another thing, this highly doctrinaire subjectivism, which technical Agnosticism really is, was expected to prove, and as a matter of fact turned out to be, exceedingly useful in the conflict with theologians and their claims. For, by such point-blank and unconquerable nescience as to everything beyond the narrow confines of appearances, you neatly cut short all and each of the ten thousand questions and positions mooted or upheld by Scholasticism, especially during its decline; and you empty of all importance and meaning the various metaphysical affirmations and distinctions which theologians, Popes, and Councils had invested with a religious obligation, and which the secular arm had enforced, with little or no regard to the claims and needs of scientific method and scientific results, struggling for some freedom of movement in their difficult beginnings. Indeed, such an Agnos-

[1] *Life*, p. 81.

ticism might appear—it actually did, and still appears—to many men as, in reality, favourable to all the solid claims of religious Revelation and of Church Authority. For the human reason thus turns out weaker even than theologians have, for the most part, thought it to be; humility and the sense of the mysteriousness of life are, then, the chief virtues, a light from above is our chief mental need, a corporate religious tradition is our most pressing social requirement. Descartes often writes in such a strain; and Hume himself grows quite unctuous where, having shattered reason, he proclaims the pressing necessity of revelation. And, in recent times, Sir William Hamilton and Dean Mansel have been sincere believers who honestly believed Agnosticism to be the true helpmeet of faith; whilst Albrecht Ritschl and his school in Germany actually found, in this general philosophical position, fresh motives in favour of a social, churchly Christianity.

It would doubtless be impossible to delimit, and to weigh against each other, these two contrary incentives to Agnosticism—the fear and hatred of theologians and their influence (an antipathy leading to, or at least helping on, a fundamental scepticism), and a certain kind and degree of love and need of religion, as these grow up within, and are much influenced by, such an Agnosticism when it has become a prevalent creed. But, roughly speaking, the anti-religious, or the non-religious, or (at least) the anti-theological, Agnosticism prevailed chiefly, I take it, from the Renaissance to the French Revolution; and the Agnosticism supported by, and influencing, truly religious men, has prevailed chiefly since that upheaval.

Lyall himself, I think, was very certainly much moved towards Agnosticism, when a lad thus in India, by a certain irritation against theologians if not theology. Even before he first left England for India, he took away with him, from the cathedral city of Canterbury, a curiously strong anti-clerical bias and irritation, which certainly remained with him, substantially unmodified, up to at least the last seven

or eight years of his life. "Curiously" has here been very deliberately used, since it is plain that he was not tried at home by any unreasonable religion or any excessive authority. Everything points to his father having been a cleric of quite unusual thoughtfulness, cultivation, strength of character, and tactful reserve; and to his mother as a woman of the most gentle and most gracious, deeply humane, piety. And, as to his sisters, his chief confidante and all but contemporary, Mary Sibylla, has left, in her deep, delicate, and touching letters, and in the memories of all those privileged to know her well, an unforgettably vivid picture of a rare richness of character, sensitive to all the finer realities—from the natural and noble sensuous influences around her, right on, through the sufferings and serenities of the God-dedicated soul, to the great spiritual Reality of God Himself. As to Alfred Lyall himself, I have, for the years in which his habits were still in process of formation, failed to discover any living person known to him then whom we could reasonably hold responsible for the first arousing of this irritation so obviously prevalent in his mind to the very end. Hence I have come to think—and this appears to be borne out by other facts—that it was rather a certain congenital tendency to contradiction, criticism, irritation—to a certain kind and degree of scepticism—and the quite general opposition furnished by his first, conservative surroundings and then the early assuagement and fortification of these tendencies by Hume which, for the most part, caused his anti-clerical irritation, and not that such an anti-clerical irritation chiefly determined his Humism and scepticism.

In writing thus, I do not forget the pregnant information and reflections furnished by Sir Mortimer Durand. We are told that Lyall himself always "looked back upon his last three years in England," 1853 to 1855, when a lad of from eighteen to twenty, "as the least satisfactory part of his life." "He was throughout an affectionate son and brother, and there are no signs of his having got into any sort of trouble. But, being young, he was bored by the society of a cathedral

town; and perhaps the discipline of the Rectory, though by no means hard, had become a little irksome to him. Some of his views and doings undoubtedly vexed his father. There was in the younger generation of Lyalls, and markedly in him, a strain of restlessness with which the grave, contemplative student was hardly fitted to sympathize. The younger and quicker-witted mother probably understood her children better; but she also was strict in her views of duty, and before Alfred Lyall left England there had been a certain amount of friction, which troubled him afterwards," but which "never impaired the deep affection existing on both sides." [1] Indeed, I take it to be proved that the parents, high and interesting characters and devoted to their children as they very certainly were, nevertheless somewhat failed to give, because they did not perceive the need for giving, the quite unusual depth and tenderness of demonstrative affection required for the full and normal growth of their keenly impressionable, readily irritated children—natures difficult, probably impossible, to lead by method or reasoning, but readily melted and won by abundant and persistent tenderness. This appears clearly enough in certain touchingly frank, and even vehemently loving, letters of his sister Mary Sibylla, written to a schoolgirl friend at fifteen. And this same sister writes at forty-three, when already twenty-four years married, to her brother James: "The older I grow, the more I perceive the store of happiness people lay up for themselves by taking trouble about their younger fellow-creatures. I think that we were rather unlucky in this respect—it would have done us a great deal of good to be rather more cherished." [2] What was so clearly felt to apply to her own case by this, the nearest to himself of his sisters, and what was by this same sister considered to apply to the brother most nearly his own contemporary, can hardly have failed to apply in full also to Alfred Lyall himself. Indeed,

[1] *Life*, p. 27.
[2] *Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland*, selected and edited by her son Bernard Holland (1907 edition), pp. 60, 61.

it will have concerned Alfred even more than Mary Sibylla; for her own ardour and tenderness of nature was so eager and active from the first, and so greatly exceeded her irritability and fastidiousness, as to make such *prevenience*, such an anticipation and awakening by the parents of tenderness through tenderness, less necessary to Mary Sibylla than to Alfred.

I take it, then, that what probably happened in Alfred Lyall's case was readily understandable; that it was not, at any one moment, anything transparently or very gravely culpable in this young man, thus more alert and even irritated in his reasoning faculties than nourished and awakened in his conscience and emotions; but that there was *some* want of that ever costly thing—loyalty to his best incentives and traditions, and that the effects of this, relatively slight, obstinacy and self-will, thus when so young and mouldable, were considerable and regrettable during, and within, his entire long life. For this, surely, is precisely the most solemn and pathetic amongst the fundamental and continuously operative laws of life, that we indeed possess the power to obey or to flout these laws; but that the effects of this our obedience or our flouting are truly beyond our direct control: and that these effects can be highly cumulative, widespread, abiding, whilst the causes may have been comparatively single, small in extent, and short of duration—they may hardly be traceable later on. The irritation against the home discipline must have enforced, and was probably enforced by, such contrariness to Theism as lay in himself; and this joint irritation and contrariness then found an insidiously strong encouragement in Hume. If, then, the former initial irritation was, by the testimony of his own conscience, not altogether blameless in Lyall, his self-abandonment to Hume's encouragement of it will also not have been quite innocent. Matters, I take it, really stood thus, even though he himself realized only his blameworthiness in irritation against the parents, but did not realize it in the welcome to the principles; for the parents were visible

and tangible, and could and did largely undo, by their appealing sensible presence, this early irritation; the principles were invisible and far more difficult for him to trace, to understand, to check, or to reform.

And the last cause of Agnosticism, both general and specifically Lyallian, is to be sought in the opposite excesses of the other philosophical schools. There have always been, there still are, thinkers whose excess of *Gnosis* irritates men back into Agnosticism. Thus that always powerful, and often most sober and persuasive thinker, James Hutchison Stirling, could affirm of Hegel's philosophy: "No position could be put which speculative philosophy could not answer, as, for instance, why there was a God—anything at all—how did God make Himself—how did it occur to God to make the creation—and how was that accomplished." [1] Such wild oblivion of our human limitations very understandably provokes men to seek refuge, not in the rich middle position, of an admittedly ever unfinished movement, tension, twilight, and mixture of knowledge and ignorance—of a knowledge truly of reality, yet ever inadequate to such reality—a knowledge ever partial, yet increasable. But that excessive Knowledge provokes them to seek refuge in an excessive Ignorance—in the thin, oppositely doctrinaire scheme of a Reality really known to be extant, but otherwise entirely Unknown and Unknowable, a Reality which always lurks behind, and is always travestied by, a mass and flux of appearances, sheer will-o'-the-wisps of things-in-themselves. Lyall was too humorous and restless, too critical and imaginative, not to have been continually on the alert against, and readily angered by, any such Hegelian omniscience as that described above. And thus his irritation against *this* "Gnostic" finality doubtless greatly helped to drive him into, and so largely to keep him imprisoned within, the contrary finality of Agnosticism.

Indeed, it is only fair by Lyall to remember, with regard to the operation of all these three influences which conjointly

[1] *James Hutchison Stirling*, by A. H. Stirling, 1912, pp. 159, 160.

worked for Agnosticism, that the years of his early manhood, i.e. of his fuller formation, were marked (in the eyes of the impatient many, and even in the minds of the less spiritual among the fastidious few) by one long, practically unbroken, series of defeats, not only for the churches and their traditional theologies, but also for Theism generally and every affirmation of a spiritual soul. Darwin and Wallace communicated their joint observations and conclusions in 1858, and Darwin issued his great *Origin of Species* in 1859: and the whole conception of Creation seemed, to many, to be going. Lyell published his *Antiquity of Man* in 1863, and Darwin his *Descent of Man* in 1871: and man appeared, indeed, to be incalculably ancient, but to have been, all the more surely and smoothly, evolved from some ape, and, through it, from a long succession of regressively ever lower animal forms. And, meanwhile, Professor Huxley was pouring cheerful scorn upon the anti-Darwinian Anglican bishops, and canonizing Descartes and Hume, especially in their agnostic constituents. And then, in 1874, Professor Tyndall produced his highly polemical, contemptuously triumphant *Eirenicon*, in which he offered to religion the shells of the oyster—as much fancy and poetry as ever it liked—and complacently retained for Mathematical and Natural Science and for Agnosticism—for this strangely assorted couple—all the succulent food of truth and reality which, throughout the dark past times, had ever been transmitted within those now utterly empty envelopes. And parallel with these real discoveries, uncertain hypotheses, and often wild affirmations in Natural Science, ran historico-critical work of similarly various worth and, at first, gravely unsettling influence. At the beginning of these years, already much of the work of Kuenen on the Hexateuch was being wrought out in Holland; at the end of these same years came the trial in Scotland of Professor William Robertson Smith in connection with similar views; and, in between, appeared the greater part (1862–5, 1871) of Bishop Colenso's book—the first six instalments of his critical resolution of the Books of

Moses into documents reaching down, as to dates of composition, to a thousand years after their supposed author. And, just before the bishop began his publication, there appeared, in 1860, *Essays and Reviews*, in which a group of young Anglican clerics seemed, for the most part, greatly influenced by an unquestioning belief in the philosophical solidity and spiritual fruitfulness of a kind of religiously tempered Agnosticism.

Certainly those years, where so much that was really true and new was being discovered, and where so much more was mistakenly assumed to stand now revealed as both new and true, were, with strange inconsistency, full—in precisely those circles, and (through them) in the general literary atmosphere—of a quite unctuously proverbial, axiomatic certainty that we never do or can know the fundamental reality of anything whatsoever. That was the time of the fullest flourishing of "the idea that underlies all varieties of Agnosticism"—"the idea of an existence in each thing, beyond the existence which we know and name; a substance in itself that shall not be known through its qualities; a cause that has no necessary reference to its effect; a man that shall not be known by his thoughts and actions; a God that shall be concealed by his own manifestation," as Professor Pringle Pattison most truly describes Agnosticism.[1] Yet even during those times it ought, surely, to have remained evident, at least to all the more thoughtful minds and experienced souls, that "the synthesis of philosophy and the clear confidence of religion may" indeed "both, in a sense, transcend the actual data before us, and may both, therefore, have a certain affinity with poetry"; but that "the synthesis is valueless, and the confidence ill based, if they do not express our deepest insight into facts, and our deepest belief as to the ultimate nature of things." [2]

Lyall indeed, as we shall find, was too deep a nature and too sincere a man not, at his best, greatly to exceed the limits and permissions of that dreary and shallow creed;

[1] *Scottish Philosophy*, 1885 edition, p. 171. [2] Ibid., pp. 178, 179.

indeed, his very weaknesses generally helped to arm him, in ready irritation, against all prompt acceptance of any fashionable and self-complacently triumphant doctrine. Yet it would have been asking very much of Lyall—of Lyall when still an eager young mind—not to believe the men most in evidence at the time as discoverers of a very real kind, and not to enjoy their cheerful tilting against all who obstructed them at all. It would have been so hard not to believe them when they maintained or assumed that Agnosticism was a made-out thing, and a pleasantly handy stone for throwing at that intrusive dog, orthodox theology, and yet that this same Agnosticism did not—as the facts were showing—prevent them, the deniers of all access to reality, from knowing and discovering delightfully much about a reality so precious as to merit all this turmoil and hostility. In such a very general, indirect way, I believe Lyall to have been, here again, considerably influenced towards Agnosticism. And here, again, I cannot discover any instance of his having had himself to suffer from the hostility of theologians. Thus, once more, very general and subtle causes without him were stimulating and nourishing certain very general and subtle dispositions within him.

8

In my last Part, I hope sufficiently to indicate how often and largely even vividly religious souls have been inadequate, in their philosophy, even to this their own deep spiritual insight and experience, because of a confusion, similar to that of the Agnostic, between partial knowledge and no knowledge, between mystery and "much ado about nothing." And, in any case, we shall find how large, profound, and tenacious were Lyall's own intuitions, and still more his seekings, in a positive, affirmative direction, or (at least) in arrest of any final and pure negation, all through his life. Especially, too, will we have to note the religious and quasi-religious instincts and habits which, within himself, as

doubtless within so many others, lurked beneath, and gave colour and dignity to, his own Agnosticism. Here I would only ask what harmful influence we can, and indeed must, attribute to Agnosticism over his mind and character, and over his writings on religious topics. Up to my last interview with Lyall—not three weeks before his death—I used to wonder what it was that brought an element of (to my feeling, undeniable) dreariness into the influence of a man so sensitive, so many-sided in gifts, knowledge, and interests, and, above all, so truly possessed, whatever his theories, by a sacred hunger after, hence by a sense of, the Infinite, of God. Humour, wit, swiftness of perception, a rarely fine taste, an historical imagination which quickened and indefinitely extended the countless pictures of the splendid Orient that had passed before his eyes and that lay permanently burnt into his brain: a man never prosy, quite incapable of being a bore; why, oh why, was it that, in spite of all this, there *was* that element, not of sadness, not even of depression, but just precisely of dreariness? Certainly, when I first knew him (I think in 1890), he was not more than fifty years of age; and even at his death he was not beyond seventy-six. Yet Aubrey de Vere, the Roman Catholic poet, was eighty-seven when he went, and I saw him repeatedly every year till close upon his end; and James Martineau, the Unitarian preacher and philosopher, was ninety-two when I conferred with him for the first and last time. And both these, otherwise very different, men exhaled a freshness which refused to fade; and they thus carried with them, to twenty and twenty-five years beyond Lyall's span, a steadily tonic influence upon every mind they touched—an influence which now, some twenty years since they last braced me, is with me still.

True, India, its climate, its problems, notably the terrible Mutiny—these things, pressing for so many decades upon a mind and will as sensitive as Lyall's—upon Lyall, not simply as an observer, but as a responsible administrator all but alone amidst that deeply interesting, yet profoundly different and enigmatic, multitude—cannot have failed to

contribute towards a condition and temper of mind at first sight not unlike what I have here in view. Already in 1888, when he came permanently home, his sister Mary Sibylla Holland writes: "My brother Alfred was such a bright, merry youth thirty-three years ago, when he left Harbledown for India, and now he is quite white, nothing young about him but his dear blue eyes. He has always been almost my greatest friend." [1] But the impression which he produced, and which I here mean, was not one simply of physical wornness, or of the troubles and trials, or even of the anguish, of life: the latter impression must have been vividly conveyed to every one by this his sister, at least ever since she was but half-way through her thirty-sixth year [2]; whereas the impression I am recalling, as produced by the brother, was rather that no escape from, or triumph over, or transfiguration of, such troubles and trials existed, at least for any mind bravely determined to be sincere. Again, it might be urged that, deep down within Alfred Lyall's temperament (as probably in the entire Lyall family of at least his own generation, and certainly in Mary Sibylla), lay a peculiar, a somewhat drifting and dreamy, element. Thus Mary Sibylla, certainly neither then nor later an Agnostic or sceptic, could write already in 1861, at twenty-five, whilst a happy wife and mother, eight years before her first great sorrow struck her: "I think I could make my body submit to any discomfort, if only that *something* which is neither my mind nor my heart nor my soul, but which is *me myself*, could be left in peace, to dream and to sleep, and at last to die, nothing attempted and nothing done." [3] But then this sister, thus temperamentally like her brother Alfred, and possessed of an element which, in itself, could not but be dreary in herself also, did not, largely or finally, ever diffuse an atmosphere of dreariness; on the contrary, in her own case a power of peace and of joy pierces and upholds the weakness and the pain. And, lastly, Lyall also, at times—certainly during the last seven years of his life, and in our own quite private intercourse—ceased to

[1] *Letters of M. S. Holland*, p. 185. [2] Ibid., pp. 13 *et seq.* [3] Ibid., p. 7.

produce this dreary impression. I shall try to describe these times and intuitions later on. Here I can only note that, on these occasions, Lyall ceased to be agnostic or sceptical, and was able to be just simply and directly his own deepest self and truest witness.

If we take all these things together, we cannot well, I think, resist the conclusion that it was that Agnosticism of his, so early acquired, so congenial to his more imperfect, more superficial self, and hence so generally present when he was not fully aroused and alive in his very depths, which caused, or at least accentuated, this touch of dreariness within himself. If so, this dreariness was the dreariness of a captive too noble ever really to cease feeling his captivity; it constituted one more witness to the delicate nobility of his nature and the inextinguishableness of its evidences and requirements.

And as to the deleterious effects of his Agnosticism upon his writings in matters of religion, these are, I think, clearer in his *Verses* than in his prose *Studies*, although, when we come later on to examine these latter, we shall find some traces of such damage also there. I know well, of course, that I am no authority on the value of verse as such; and, again, that such a first-rate authority as Lord Tennyson, himself so exquisite a poet, considered that Lyall's *Verses* only just failed to attain the rank of abiding classics through their never achieving an unbrokenly perfect form. And I know also how great and rare is the distinction of tone in these *Verses*; how astonishingly delicate is their sense of the deep difference between East and West, and of the concrete idiosyncrasies of Indian thought and feeling; and how these qualities readily seem, at the first reading, to be actually strengthened, or at least to be set free to act, by precisely the Agnosticism of the writer.

Nevertheless I must give my opinion for what it is worth, here also, especially since it is in full harmony with the verdict of those authorities as to the ultimate rank to be assigned to these *Verses*, and only differs from them (and here also merely by addition) as to the causes of this relative

failure. I believe, then, that what they lack, to make them entirely haunting and of abiding, truly classic influence, is, not only, nor even chiefly, an entire perfection of form, but the note of an however inarticulate, however indirect, however general, faith. It is true that even an apparently quite hopeless pessimism, when uttered in such perfect poetic form as is that of Leopardi, attains to a certain, more or less, classic range and permanence of influence. Such poetry comes then to rank high in the literature of the deepest demands and restlessnesses. Yet, upon the whole and in the long run, poems which, by raising the most ultimate problems, cannot but raise simultaneously the most exacting requirements in their reader, will fail fully to satisfy the expectations they themselves have awakened, unless they somehow suggest or end upon a positive note. Such poetry cannot—everything else being equal—have too much of the most vivid sense and portrayal of all the darkness, difficulty, and trouble of life, of its mystery and costliness. But right through this sense, contrasting with and heightening it, will run, or be involved, or will at the end break forth, or be wistfully suggested, a note of affirmation, of faith, of joy. It is chiefly the absence of this implied or final positive note, and not only any defect of form, which prevents, to my mind, even the powerful "Theology in Extremis" of Lyall from attaining to quite the first rank; whereas such a poem as Browning's "Fears and Scruples," more directly destructive in its actual enunciations, retains or suggests the positive note, and hence succeeds better than do Lyall's more picturesque verses. And the same Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Karshish," and, perhaps, above all, "The Pope" will live on indestructibly, because of the joyous energy of their strained and storm-tossed, yet strong and ultimately serene, security of faith.

PART II

I–II. ASIATIC RELIGIONS

ALFRED COMYN LYALL will ultimately live as a writer, not, I think, even by the daintiest and most perfect of his *Verses*, but by his prose *Asiatic Studies*, especially by those he wrote whilst still out in India, and surrounded by its teeming life. That life, which there so deeply impressed and so fully awakened, by its richness and its strangeness, by its suddenness and yet, as it were, by its sullen sameness, the correspondingly rich, strange, sudden, and yet also sullen sameness within the soul of this rare young official: it is somehow truly present within these essays; not only the single things which composed it and which he saw; but, still more, the atmosphere in which they were steeped, and which he felt. It was certainly India which directly taught him, and which became the occasion of his vividly realizing, certain profoundly important religious facts, laws, and necessities, two of which ranged deep and far beyond anything he had learnt from, or had responded to, in that impoverishing sceptic Hume. But first I want to insist upon one quite general methodic point, and then upon a matter where Lyall was still, I think, the unconscious captive of a Hume-like scepticism.

I

When, in 1906, I pressed Lyall to write an analysis and estimate of the first volume, then quite recent, of Professor Westermarck's astonishingly erudite *Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, he answered me by a letter lost or mislaid, alas—in which he spoke (once more, for he often did so to me) of the school of workers to which that scholar belongs,

in a manner which we shall have to consider in the last chapter of this study. But he also made there a remark which is in place precisely at the point now reached by us. Lyall noted, then, that he had never felt happy and efficient when writing about religions—even about the Indian religions—except when able to do so, and when actually doing so, *in situ*, surrounded by the living facts, movements, growth, atmosphere which there and then—and only there and then—awakened, fed, and corrected within him impressions sufficiently numerous, precise, vivid, many-sided, and sympathetic to be fully trustworthy even to his own mind, and capable, he considered, of furnishing sufficiently ample and reliable material for tactful induction and wisely sober theory.

It was in words to this precise effect that he thus himself, nearly at the last of his earthly life, expressed to me what I had long felt, even before I had met him in person, to be his peculiar humility, strength, and fruitfulness. I suppose it was in 1888, or thereabouts, that I first became absorbed in his *Asiatic Studies*, the first, one-volume edition published in 1882, as I found it amongst the books of our friend Sir Richard Temple in his Hampstead house. I began there with the "Relations between the State and Religion in China," already a deeply instructive piece of writing. But I soon moved on to such entirely first-hand work, such *plein-air* landscape and direct portraiture, as his truly wonderful, because entirely alive, "Religion of an Indian Province"; and to such utterly fresh, delicate, and wistful musings as "Our Religious Policy in India" and "The Religious Situation in India."

I take it that India will, in course of time, become largely westernized, although probably more slowly than has happened with Japan, or than is happening with China—an outlook of very limited attraction to Lyall, or to myself, when I was thus gratefully learning from him. And, by that time, these astonishingly vivid and richly detailed pictures, so free from cleverness or preciousness, so full of that homely depth which springs only from a humble docility to, and a

long loving contact with, living realities, will be even more valuable than they are already to ourselves. Yet certainly, even for us, they are rivalled by at most some three or four authors and books sprung from any race or time.

It is impossible, for instance, not to feel, when we become immersed in these *Studies*, how superior, in such qualities of first-hand observation, freshness of impression, long local saturation with all that teeming life, and continuous, costly awareness of that life's well-nigh universal, delicate difference from our own, is Lyall to Professor Max Müller. Lyall's studies indeed furnished, from the first, a serious complement, and not rarely a conclusive criticism, to the more viewy and doctrinaire pronouncements of that very learned Anglo-German. And yet Lyall is as readable as is Colonel Meadows Taylor, who knew India so long and so well; or even as is Victor Jacquemont, whose four years of travel in India furnished those strikingly vivid letters of that brilliant Frenchman. Lyall is as picturesque as can be a writer whom he did not over-much admire—Mrs. Flora Annie Steele, in her wondrously living tales *On the Face of the Waters* and *The Potter's Thumb*. And yet, in the wealth and authenticity of his communications, and in the special penetration and sagacity of their presentation, I take Lyall to be fully matched by three observers only. His studies on the Rajput states and castes remind one of the very great Sir Henry Sumner Maine in his *Village Communities* (1871), where Maine treats of the Eastern Indian groups. And Lyall's specifically religious studies recall two, truly classic, names. His method and manner of observation and portrayal, with its minute accuracy and splendid absorption away from self in the things around it, is not unlike to the Abbé Dubois's ways in his great repertory of most careful, sympathetic observations —his *Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonials*, which, though completed in its final French form already in 1815, was not given to the world, thus in English, until 1897. And in their atmospheric and temperamental sense and suggestion Lyall's *Studies* have been equalled, I believe, only by Hermann

Oldenberg's works—by his monumental *Buddha* (1881), and, still more, by his short, but delicately vivid, sketch—"Die indische Religion" in *Die Kultur der Gegenwart* (1906). True, Dubois resided in India, without a break, for thirty-one years, and his observations necessarily far exceed Lyall's in mass and elaboration; and Oldenberg brings to his task, and permeates it with, a more perfect understanding (owing to his more steadily religious instincts and tests) of the ultimate origin, place, and worth of the facts and appearances of Indian religious history and life. Nevertheless, both Dubois and Lyall write on the spot, and are deeply absorbed in what, at the very time of their writing, they are actually seeing, hearing, smelling, touching in the Indian temples, cities, woods, and crowds; and they both have something of the temper and genius of the Pre-Raphaelite masters amongst the painters. And both Lyall and Oldenberg write in a leisurely, open-air spirit, busy far more with the actual bodies and souls and environment of the Indians, than with any literature about them; and they both have, in consequence, something of the quality and gift which the Fontainebleau school—which Corot and Rousseau—possess amongst the landscape painters.

Certain family peculiarities, doubtless, greatly aided Lyall in this his admirably accurate apprehension, and impressive rendering of all that there, in India, played around his senses and awakened his imaginative sympathy—of all that, for a time, he so largely himself became. Thus the nearest to him of his sisters, Mary Sibylla, could still at thirty-five (in 1871) write of her own self to a woman friend, during a Surrey August, as possessing "a sensuous nature"—meaning thereby a great and continuous openness and aliveness to all the sense-impressions and to all outward things: "In no conceivable circumstances of life could I fail to be influenced by the weather." [1] So, at twenty-five, she had written on a May day, to her sister Catherine Petre, from outside Canterbury: "As I sit and write in this open window, the rich

[1] *Letters*, p. 41.

odour of the lilacs and sweet briars in the neighbouring gardens and the *growing* smell, that indescribable odour, rather essence, of life and spring, are almost oppressive." [1] At forty-four she will note in Switzerland, at Montreux, in mid-April 1880, "the trembling of the fine air above the fir-clad steeps, behind which the granite rises and glitters in the sun." [2] At forty-seven she will write, during a September, from Surrey, to her brother James Lyall in India: "There is just the slight smell of burning in the air, and light level lines of smoke along the bottoms of the commons, that bring such a vivid sense of change of season." [3] At fifty-one, from the midst of Canterbury, she observes, in August 1887, how "the firwood balcony sent forth an astonishing aromatic perfume." [4] And, as to the sense of sight, she remarks, at fifty-two, on an August day at Harbledown, that "the satin of the sweet-pea in the morning sun is so lovely." [5] And, as to a corresponding, rarely vivid, sense of touch and a physical perception of infinitesimal human physical individualities, she tells her sister Catherine, at twenty-five, "your hands, how well I know their feel and shape, and the look of each finger and nail!" [6] Indeed, I have seen letters of Mary Sibylla to a schoolgirl friend, when she, Sibylla, was but fifteen, full of this same vivid individualization, keen alertness along all the avenues of sense, and astonishing power of throwing all this, unbroken, undimmed, upon paper. And in the later of her wonderful letters we can trace, and I propose later on to return to, the deeper and deepest uses which all this many-sided, delicate, sensuous aliveness subserved and occasioned in Lyall's sister. We find there penetration of individual human minds and characters; perception of racial strengths, weaknesses, peculiarities; a keen consciousness of the fleetingness of our own little lives, and of the utter abidingness and peace of the contrasting other, of God; and an instinct, ever on the increase, as to the continual need of self-renouncement, of

[1] *Letters*, p. 8. [2] Ibid, p. 64. [3] Ibid., p. 90.
[4] Ibid., p. 156. [5] Ibid., p. 183. [6] Ibid., p. 4.

suffering, and of its ever renewed, ever increased acceptation, as the one royal way to God and to souls for Him. All this was doubtless dimly present from the first, but it assuredly greatly grew, in Mary Sibylla's mind, as truly as were present from the first, and were thus operative and utilized, those more superficial sense-apprehensions. But here I would only attempt to drive home a fact and law often strangely, dangerously overlooked, or even hidden away and denied, by a mistaken, at first sight plausible, and (as with all plausibilities) restfully simple, theory.

This fact and law are more vividly, because quite fully, exhibited by Mary Sibylla, than by her brother Alfred, in whom (chiefly, I believe, because of his early agnostic habits) there was a considerable inhibition of the full and consistent utilization of such rich sense-intimation. Yet Alfred Lyall also certainly possessed this all-round wideawake sensitiveness to all the levels and kinds of impression: his *Verses* and his *Studies* show, in almost every line and every paragraph, how richly impregnated he had thus become with all the scents and sounds and sights, and how, on occasion of these sense-impressions, he had vividly realized the sameness and the suddenness, the sufferings, even the sensualities, yet also the spiritual searchings and serenities, of Indian life and of Indian souls.

Never did there exist a brother and a sister who, conjointly, were more richly instructive as to the fact and law that, though a full, vivid sense-life does not, of course, of itself involve or determine spiritual insight, still less spiritual faith and devotedness—left to itself indeed, it leads at best to dilettantism, at worst to sensuality—yet that such large range, variety, and delicacy of sense-stimulation is the normal condition, occasion, vehicle, and material for any deep apprehension and vivid understanding of the profounder, spiritual levels, energies, and facts found by or given to the soul. A great declaration of a very deep spirit is continually with me, when I am occupied with Mary Sibylla and Alfred Lyall: "The nature of man is not two things, but one thing.

We have not one set of affections, hopes, sensibilities, to be affected by the present world, and another and a different to be affected by the invisible world: we are moved by grandeur, or we are not; we are stirred by sublimity, or we are not; we hunger after righteousness, or we do not; we hate vice, or we do not; we are passionate, or not passionate; loving, or not loving; cold, or not cold; our heart is dull, or it is wakeful; our soul is alive, or it is dead. Deep under the surface of the intellect lies the *stratum* of the passions, of the intense, peculiar, simple impulses which constitute the heart of man; there is the eager essence, the primitive desiring being. What stirs this latent being we know. In general it is stirred by everything. Sluggish natures are stirred little, wild natures are stirred much; but all are stirred somewhat. It is not important whether the object be in the visible or invisible world: whoso loves what he has seen, will love what he has not seen; whoso hates what he has seen, will hate what he has not seen. Creation is, as it were, but the garment of the Creator: whoever is blind to the beauty on its surface, will be insensible to the beauty beneath; whoso is dead to the sublimity before his senses, will be dull to that which he imagines; whoso is untouched by the visible man, will be unmoved by the invisible God." These rousing words of Walter Bagehot [1] paint Mary Sibylla to the life; and they also locate, I think, with precision, the great gifts and capabilities, and also the relative arrest in the development of these gifts, in the case of her brother Alfred and of his religious instincts and musings.

2

As regards the more precise influences of India, in religious matters, upon Lyall's mind, and the more precise reactions of this mind under these influences, let us first take the group of influences which was doubtless specially encouraged by his Agnosticism, and which, in return, certainly strengthened

[1] *Literary Studies*, Everyman edition, vol. ii, pp. 211–12.

this Agnosticism. By proceeding in this order we can finish first with a point predominantly of weakness, and can then pass on to two points where, I felt and feel so happily, he showed most admirable, far-reaching discrimination.

The situation in which young Lyall found himself in North-Western India, the panorama, almost the phantasmagoria, of a life so all but entirely different from, even the reverse of, what he had known at home—a life so strikingly friendly, indeed similar, to what his own nature and mind, in their strength, and in their closely related weakness, sought and saw: all this not only found ready within him these his natural aptitudes and affinities, but it all encouraged and strengthened these his native gifts and idiosyncrasies, both in what they had of strength and intuition, especially in the sense of mystery, and in what they had favourable to that stunting and deformation of this sense of mystery, which we have already studied as his Agnosticism. And here also, like unto the case of Kant, the Agnosticism curiously included a very strong conviction as to what is the reality concerned here—namely—that it is entirely different from what, to the not agnostically tutored mind, it appears to be. Mr. Bernard Holland sums up the point with great accuracy and authority. "The Hindu religion, he thought, arose from the deification of striking personalities of the popular imagination, and from their supposed ascent after death to a lower or higher grade in the divine hierarchy, combined at certain points with the metaphysical speculations of brooding intellects. His writings suggest that he deemed these processes to be universal, not Indian alone." [1]

Now, with regard to Lyall's general attitude towards, and conclusions concerning, Indian religion, I was always struck with two settled habits of his, which I could not, and cannot, regard otherwise than as most natural and plausible in and for his own mind, but as demonstrably inadequate and misleading, all the same.

I was, then, always anew surprised at the manner and

[1] *Quarterly Review*, July 1913, p. 202.

degree in which this rarely distinguished mind, in intention cautious and non-self-committing to the extreme, illustrated, all unbeknown to himself, the general psychic law, that what has specially impressed and taught our own selves, particularly what has been discovered by ourselves (at least for and by our own minds), is sooner or later, but almost necessarily, taken by us as *the* thread in the labyrinth of the general subject-matter concerned, and as *the* type, centre, and standard of the real nature, the secret history, and the ultimate causes, of this subject-matter. Thus—to take examples from more or less religious studies and recent times—Constantin Tischendorf, after discovering the (doubtless very valuable) Sinaitic manuscript of the Greek New Testament, spent a large part of the rest of his life in the constitution of a New Testament text, which claimed to give us as nearly as possible the original form of these writings, and which was based throughout upon the manuscript discovered by himself—now held by Tischendorf to be the norm and measure of all the other manuscripts. His predilection and his attempt were, of course, most natural; but he very certainly was mistaken. So also Sir William M. Ramsay has given us many interesting, valuable facts concerning the topography, chronology, social and religious life of Asia Minor at the beginning of the Christian Era, culled from his long ocular inspection of those countries and from numerous discoveries made by him on the spot, and has raised various questions, difficulties, and warnings, more or less new and useful, or even necessary, to serious workers in New Testament history. Yet it is impossible not to feel that, when he writes as though only a man who, like himself, has spent weeks and months of many a year in the saddle, exploring those ancient provinces and city-sites, can be a safe guide as to the probable dates of the New Testament writings, as to their constituents and sources, and as to the strictly historical or the legendary character of this or that narrative, he is the subject of a most natural and amiable delusion—yet, still, a delusion.

So also would Lyall not rarely speak and write to me about India, as though a man must have actually sojourned there, if his awareness as to the actual, or at least as to the probable or possible, origins and laws of growth of religion generally, and of Judaism and Christianity in particular, is to be sufficiently penetrating and many-sided. That Asia had been the seed-plot of all the great religions of mankind, and that India in particular had been the original home of two of these—Hinduism and Buddhism—and the adopted home of an illustrious offshoot of a third—Mohammedanism. And hence that the Asiatic mind in general, as illustrated by the Indian mind in particular—that these mentalities, and what *they* can readily dream, project, recapture, and fall down before as objective, heaven-descended fact—what *they* can thus weave out of their luxuriant imagination and can then will and affirm, as though it were the everlasting hills—what *they*, these Easterns, Indians, can thus create, and not we Westerns: these things were to be taken as our preliminary facts and presumptions in our speculations as to the origin and content of religion generally, and of Christianity in particular.

Yet, for myself, two contrary facts, at least as large in their range, and, I think, of much more certain and precise interpretation, always checked and stopped me short of this conclusion of Lyall—the conclusion, pray mark, not as to the profound instructiveness and manifold warnings afforded by the Indian mind, but as to this Indian mind constituting the true norm and final touchstone for our judgment concerning the origin of religion.

The first fact is derived from the peculiar nature of primitive Buddhism. For only such Buddhism as appears in the earliest Buddhist documents and constituents can, of course, be treated as specifically Indian; and this Buddhism alone has any marked originality and significance.

Now Lyall's mind was too sensitively realistic, and too much alive to history, ever to succumb to any European "Esoteric Buddhism"; he did not, and could not, insist

upon only one of the elements of primitive Buddhism, or accept, as really Buddhist and Indian, some Western modification of all these elements. Lyall was incapable, e.g. of such a strange historical feat as that performed by Mr. Edmund Holmes, in his brilliant educational critique and pleading *What Is and What Might Be* (1911), where Buddhism appears throughout as a religion of life—of an unbroken trust in man's native instincts and an harmonious, joyous expansion of them all—and this in contrast with Judaism, and with Christianity (in so far as Christianity has been warped and misinterpreted by a persistence or return of Judaism), which stand throughout for the religions of original sin, of the repression and starvation of the soul within the artificial prison walls of a universal self-distrust and of a broken, divided will. Whatever may be the element of truth in Mr. Holmes's educational criticisms and demands, his religious history and classification is, here, certainly fantastic.

The historical misconception operative here is already clear even as regards Judaism and Christianity, since Judaism (in spite of certain deep, and even terrifying passages in the Prophets and the Psalms, and in such a deep and touching but exceptional book as the Fourth Ezra, written shortly after A.D. 70) has ever been—it very certainly is now—a religion possessed of all the strength, yet also of the very real limitations, of the *once-born* type. A sense of sin that could be reckoned excessive, a delicacy of conscience that could be considered morbid with regard to the dispositions of the will, is undoubtedly not to be found here as the usual and characteristic note; although it is easy for Christian, especially for Protestant, scholars to imagine these things to be prevalent here, when they count up the endless ritual prohibitions and penalties of the Canonical, Apocryphal, and Rabbinical Jewish writings, and when they muse upon St. Paul's picture of what he had actually suffered (or what, when he had become a Christian, he thought that he had suffered when a Jew), and what he conceived that the average

Jew, in his average moments, suffered under this Jewish regime. No: the acutely twice-born type is not to be found in Judaism generally; nor in the first, the Synoptic temper of Christianity; nor even in such secondary, modified Paulism as colours the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistle to the Hebrews. This intensely dualistic outlook is in the New Testament represented by St. Paul, the most keenly, consciously anti-Jewish of all the early Christian leaders; and thenceforward, in the Christian Churches, it is carried on, not by the common Catholic stream, which in the long run is obstinately "semi-Pelagian," but largely by St. Augustine, and more emphatically still by Luther and Calvin, the Jansenists, and the Puritans.

However, Mr. Holmes is certainly even more mistaken concerning Buddhism. His error springs, I think, from an excessive concentration of attention upon one only of the two, closely interconnected, elements of Buddhism—upon the "Wheel of Generation," the countless, endless-seeming reincarnations. In such a curtailment of its doctrine Buddhism can, indeed, be made to appear as an affirmation of super-abundant life: the Ephesian Artemis, with her innumerable breasts, would seem the fitting type for such a teeming maternity. Yet it is very certain that never did Gautama, or his early followers, teach such a doctrine, as thus separate and complete. The "Wheel of Generation" is, with these true Buddhists, always in the strictest correlation with the *Nirvana*: Nirvana was longed for, as an end to, an escape from, the sickening horror of that dizzying Wheel. Thus neither the Wheel alone, nor Nirvana alone, is Buddhism; neither indeed, if taken alone, is even intelligible in the true, original system. Only the two together, and indeed only each understood by and in the other, are the real system, and the two together and each only as part of one whole furnish any accurate apprehension of the inner meaning of Buddhism. And let us note that this position holds good, even if Max Müller be right, and Nirvana does not ultimately signify or imply total annihilation. For whether Nirvana does or does

not signify or imply such annihilation, Nirvana itself, as a substantive state, or (so to say) a substantive nothing, is not what those primitive Buddhist souls are engrossed in, any more than they are engrossed in the Wheel alone; but they are busy with Nirvana simply as the great contrast to, escape from, cessation of, life—of life, at least, as we know it in our actual experience.

But, if this is the real attitude of the original, genuine Buddhism, then this Buddhism is not—*pace* Edmund Holmes and many another eloquent recent Western—an optimistic outlook, but, on the contrary, a pessimism so profound and engrossing as not to retain the strength for rising to anything positive. This is the conception of primitive Buddhism attained, through devoted historical research and the most delicate sympathy with such states of soul which are so alien, or at least so difficult of apprehension, to our impatient modern Western minds, by those admirable authorities Hermann Oldenberg and Edvard Lehmann—a conception sought and found by these scholars simply for the sake of attaining to the greatest accuracy and insight, and not for any apologetic or controversial purpose whatsoever. And yet it is only when we have attained to this conception of primitive Buddhism, that (as always happens, sooner or later, with all disinterested, patient research) we reach something of abiding and universal instructiveness and worth. For what is this intensely close-knit, this both world-wide and yet narrowly self-absorbed state of soul, this strictest coupling together, and concentration upon, two emotions and convictions alone—the keen sense of sheer succession, and the need and conviction of an escape from it—of (at all events) an end to *that*, and as, thus already, a bliss unspeakable—what is it but a most impressive formulation of a fundamental fact of our universally human experience and need—a fact so strangely forgotten or denied by so many of the feverish utterances and thoughtless revolts of our day? This strict interconnection, and this absorption in the twin facts and needs thus interconnected, proclaim most

impressively, that *if* life is sheer becoming, pure flux, ceaseless complete change; if unadulterated Humism is right, and nothing is connected; if life, as we actually see it around us and experience it within us, is just one long flux of utterly disparate and unmeaning impressions and sensations, and, at its deepest, is but a succession of lives each without any memory of the others, or any consciousness of a self-identical personality underlying them all: then man's soul, in its fundamental constitution, cries aloud, with an utter spontaneity and irrepressibleness, for a sheer cessation of such a life, and of the consciousness of such a life. The apprehensions, the impressions of the soul as to what life really is, are here doubtless not normal; the sensitiveness is so excessive that it ceases to do its proper work, of faithful indicator of reality, and does part of its reporting too vehemently and too exclusively. For life is not all flux and sheer change, although life certainly appears so during certain moods more or less frequent with us all. We can readily discover that life cannot really be thus nothing but flux and change, since there must be something within us that does not all flow and change, or, at least, that is in touch with, that is penetrated with, something that abides and *is*, to explain how it comes that we have a consciousness of change and flux at all, and, above all, how it is that we so keenly suffer under, are so driven to desperation by, the impression or opinion that everything is entirely changeful, is completely flowing. We are, then, presented in this primitive Buddhism with a deeply instructive type of mind, feeling, and will, which, in its very excesses, illuminates the constituents and laws of the normal human mentality. This type is doubtless in part produced by, and in turn produces, already in the neural, psychic organism of the Indian, an immensely delicate and deep impressionableness and keen suffering under all the elements and indications of change and flux within us and without us. And, so far, the type is excessive. But the sensitiveness is here, surely, not excessive, but is deep and noble, in its instinctive appraisement as to the worth,

or the worthlessness, of such a life. In a word, the judgment as to the facts is here too hasty, direct, one-sided, and superficial; the judgment as to the values, given these "facts," is, though doubtless as instantaneous as is that other judgment, deep, circumspect, and thoroughly wholesome.

Now if this analysis of the precise meaning and worth of primitive Buddhism is right, then Lyall is wrong—wrong, I mean, not in his conviction that Indian religious beliefs and their growth are instructive—for they are profoundly so, but in his assumption that they can and ought to be taken (just as they stand, or without much discrimination and limitations) as norms and measures of religion generally, and of the origin, truth, and worth of religion in general. This conclusion appears to be inevitable—at least as regards primitive Buddhism; and this Buddhism is so characteristically Indian, in the character, degree, and causes of its very reaction against the then prevalent Indian religions, that we, already thus, attain to a strong presumption against the setting up of the Indian religious phenomena, even as these exist outside of Buddhism, as the paradigms for a universal grammar of fundamental religion.

I am well aware how hotly good Hindus—or, at least, the strict Brahmanists—still contest that the Indian spirit is represented by Buddhism at all. Certainly this objection was poured out to me, with intense fervour, some eight years ago, by a pure Indian of especially fine, strong mind, a Swami who had become a Roman Catholic Christian, but had remained a Swami still; and who, thus still pledged to the severe Hindu asceticism, retained a strong admiration for much in the Vedas and the Vedantic literature, as deeply spiritual and as ready for wide utilization by skilful Christian hands. Thus this Indian was far from the non-discrimination usual in converts with regard to the religion which they have left. But this geniality towards the long and varied Vedantic tradition in no degree softened, indeed it evidently intensified, this Swami's animus against all and every Buddhism. Thus he insisted that the Vedantic tradition is

Indian, Aryan; whilst Buddhism is essentially Mongolian; that Buddhism has been overwhelmingly non-Indian and Mongolian ever since its expulsion from India. Indeed, he showed a disposition to suspect Mongol blood in Gautama himself, or (at least) amongst his immediate, or early followers. Buddhism, even present-day Buddhism, was sheer Atheism for this Swami; indeed, his heat against it was too great for him to express, perhaps for himself to have reached, much fixity of outline or clearness of insight in this his angry, contemptuous rejection of it.

In any case, the purely Indian blood, the Indian environment and education, and the Indian spirit and affinities of Gautama (about 560–477 B.C.), and of his immediate and early followers, remain very certain history. Indeed, the intense vivacity of the animus amongst the great majority of Indians, now during so many centuries, against Buddhism, already of itself betrays a certain congenital weakness of the Indian soul, a certain instinctive apprehension, felt by this soul, as to its exposure to the excesses of the Buddhist outlook.

As a matter of fact, the peculiar over-impressionableness to the elements or appearances in the world of change, fleetingness, blind power, cruel destructiveness, and vague vastness, which is so marked a feature of primitive, i.e. of still purely Indian, Buddhism, is also more or less operative throughout all the other Indian cults and sects, particularly also in Brahmanism, the still dominant Indian religion. And these or analogous idiosyncrasies reappear, quite unmistakably, throughout the various other levels and ranges of Indian achievement. Is not, e.g., all their, at all indigenous, philosophy, is not also their epic and dramatic poetry and their sculptural art, similarly full of a certain greatness of search, aspiration, need, conviction; yet also similarly excessive, one-sided, inexact, or vague, in the previous apprehension of the facts, and in the subsequent attempts at their systematic formulation? Thus all these Indian gifts and achievements are, indeed, full of lessons, new or supplementary or critical, for all men, us Westerns included; but they turn out

(the more we study them—with sympathy, indeed, yet within the larger whole of the laws, facts, and achievements manifested, discovered, and realized by the other races and stages of mankind) not to be norms and touchstones, which we can safely use straight away for the apprehension of the hidden history, nature, and worth of all poetry or all sculpture, or (still less) of all philosophy.

My second astonishment with regard to Lyall's attitude in these matters concerned his insistence upon the great religions as all Asiatic in origin, and upon such a fact as, somehow, ominous to the claims of each and all. These great religions do, indeed, appear to be Asiatic, so long as we concentrate our minds exclusively upon the first manifestations, in time and space, of these great facts and forces. But the development, the subsequent evidences, of these religions—especially of Judaism and Christianity—precisely in what mankind ever recurs to discover as their deepest and clearest religious truth —takes place in conjunction with, or by means of, and within, European thought, souls, territories. So already in the Old Testament, taken in its wider range, do we get that noble, touching Book of Wisdom, which admittedly owes so much to Plato—to Western (not Eastern) apprehensions and conceptions. And, as to the New Testament, it remains a fact (whatever may be this fact's precise extent and significance) that the delicate twice-bornness of Our Lord's own direct teaching, as we find it in the Synoptic records, has but few and only late forerunners amongst the Jewish writers, and was understood and accepted, from His time until now, by but few Jews, indeed by but few Semites of any kind, so largely still at the stage of *once-born* religion. This teaching was accepted, by at all large numbers of souls, only by Westerns—Greeks, Romans, Slavs, Teutons, Anglo-Saxons, and was brought to the fuller articulation, and application of its own specific genius, chiefly by these non-Asiatic races. Indeed, upon a full review of the various strains and stages of the Christian religion itself, it does not appear to be simply a West European prejudice, if we conclude that,

even within this great Christian complex, it is the Western Churches and minds rather than the Eastern which, ever since St. Augustine or even before, have, upon the whole, furnished the most living, fruitful, and costly penetrations and blossomings of the Christian implications and demands.

But, indeed, also within the religions admittedly Asiatic, or during their Asiatic period, we would have to discriminate between the Near Asian, and the Middle, and the Far Asian type. Thus Dean Church has given us an admirable study of the Vedas and Psalms compared and contrasted. Beautiful as are the finest passages of the Indian hymns, there is, in the Jewish lyrics and prayers, a poignant sense of personality, of deepest communion between the loving, penitent, receiving soul and the loving, all-holy, self-giving God, which cannot really be found in those grandiose, but vague, abstract, and pantheistic hymns.

And, finally, I used to be surprised at Lyall's assumption (which, on the frequent occasions when he made it, was, I think, always quite instinctive and unquestioned) that the quality of the historically traceable occasions and expressions of a religion, directly and necessarily decide the question as to this religion's deepest root, content, and worth. We shall see, later on, that this assumption did not, by any means, prevail always and everywhere; but, when and whilst he was engrossed in the details of the Indian religions, it did, I think, determine him to a degree truly strange in a mind generally so cautious. I take it that here again the, perhaps innate, sceptical strain of his mind, a strain articulated for him, also on this very point, by Hume (in his powerful and plausible, indeed partly true, but intensely one-sided and prejudiced, *Natural History of Religion*), straightway overshot the mark. For it is very interesting to note how ready Lyall is, not simply to suspect the operation of such processes of apotheosis, but also, and even more emphatically, to discount, as so many sheer "broodings" or the like, any and all metaphysical concomitants or complements of this movement.

True, Sir Alfred is, of course, too shrewd and sincere an

observer to take any one of these elevations of men (or of monkeys) to the rank of a God, as effected solely through the wonder or the fear called forth, in the canonizer's mind, by the individual man or monkey. For he knows well that metaphysical "broodings," "subtleties," "dreams," etc., always precede, accompany, or follow these processes. I certainly would not dispute the coarseness, the vagueness, or the wildness, either of those elevations or of these metaphysics. I would only insist that these two things, coarse or not, are always *both* there, and must both be taken, and taken *together*. And, again, that the childish inadequacies of both these movements here do not necessarily mean a sheer absence of all relation to objective truth, to every stimulation by a distinct spiritual Reality. It is, in any case, at least as easy to hold that the more refined and nobler elevations and metaphysics of other countries and times are the more adequate expressions of a Reality which *is*, and which man's soul, at its deepest, somewhat and somehow knows and requires, than to hold that these latter elevations and metaphysics are but the more subtle forms of the same sheer self-projection and self-delusion that we find more crudely furnished by those Hindus.

But indeed, in Lyall's more superficial moods, I never could trace any clear grasp of that fundamental distinction so finely articulated by Eduard Zeller, the standard historian of Greek philosophy, the father-in-law of David F. Strauss, and a soul cold and cautious almost to starvation. In his essay on *The Origin and Nature of Religion* (1877), Zeller insists, with many-fold formulations, proofs, and illustrations, upon the essential difference between the empirically apparent "Origin" and the ultimate "Nature" of religious belief.

"The value and dignity of religion do not depend upon how religion has arisen, and in what way, in the course of history, it has developed into its later forms; but they depend exclusively upon what religion is in itself, and upon what religion achieves for the spiritual life of mankind. The

question as to the origin of religion is, in this respect, similar to the question as to the origin of the human race. The need of certainty (*Erkennen*) is as deeply rooted in our nature, the contemplation of the beautiful affords us the same satisfaction, the consciousness of our human dignity, our fellow-feeling for others, the thought of our duty, act as strongly upon us, whether the first fathers of our race were sons of God or offspring of the gorilla. As little as the individual human being feels ashamed that his own organism, only a few months before his birth, was much more imperfect and much less developed than is that of any and every bird as it creeps out of its egg, so little need mankind think the less of its dignity and destiny should it appear that the human race has developed, during periods of time of indefinite duration, from analogous germinal conditions. . . . The same reasoning applies to every single domain of human life. In the case of each, the only thing that matters is what it is, not how it has become." [1]

Sir Alfred, on the contrary, for the most part, thought and wrote, or, rather, mostly allowed the haunting suspicion to hang about, and to play hide-and-seek within, this thinking and writing, as if it *did* matter, very decisively, how something had become. Those sacred monkeys, with their temple-worship in India, those divine honours so rapidly paid to the simple British officer Nicholson: these things not only interested Lyall as psychological facts, or saddened him as the aberrations of entire ages and peoples, or surprised and haunted him as strange mysteries—if Theists be right, and these happenings be permissions of a supreme Wisdom, Power, and Love, which Itself permeates and upholds the very world that thus reveals so little of Him to these, the chief of His visible creation. No, such interests, sadnesses, surprises we had in common. But these facts raised in Lyall's mind and imagination a far more direct and far-reaching suggestion—that religion, there in India, and indeed everywhere else, was and is, as so much evidence

[1] *Vorträge und Abhandlungen*, vol. ii, 1877, pp. 57, 58.

for an objective Reality, no better and no more than were and are those childish desires, confusions, projections, and solemn self-delusions, which he so undeniably found and so admirably traced amongst those Hindus.

And yet Sir Alfred, as we shall find in detail further on, would, at least in those last seven years during which I knew him well, sometimes rise sheer above such confinement within, or mournful hovering around, this rationalism, which was so truly inadequate to express his noblest self. He would break through his reflex theories and would articulate his immediate needs and direct convictions, mostly polemically and when irritated by rationalists more systematic and more sure than he was himself; but, on some rare, unforgettable occasions, he would utter his deepest apprehensions purely positively, and then with a splendid nobility and power. At such times he would be specially moved by a certain profound sense of Reality—a Reality, even the dim contrasting apprehension of which dwarfs and yet sustains and crowns us poor mortals. The fact is Sir Alfred was never, finally and cheerfully, at least whilst I knew him, a pure rationalist; more than a rationalist, he was an Agnostic; and, more than either, he was, at his best, a mystic—a mystic, as we shall find, of a kind that (at bottom) shrank from Gnosticism and Pantheism, and that can only be adequately described as personalistic and Christian.

III. EUHEMERISM

I PROPOSE, in this section, to give, in what I believe to be greater detail than has hitherto been attempted in English, the position, up to date, of Euhemerism—the finding of the origin of religion in the apotheosis of beneficent or otherwise remarkable men—a position which, as we have already seen, much fascinated the mind of Lyall, face to face, as his sensitive imagination was in India, so closely and so long, with

all that could induce to such a conviction. I do so, because such a study helps us further to appraise the strength and the weakness of Lyall's agnostic philosophy and observational powers; because the question is of general interest and instruction when taken thus in its history; and because, studied thus, it can contribute towards a more adequate philosophy of religion. Let us first take the whole matter historically, in five stages: the old Hellenistic Euhemerists; Euhemerism in Roman literature and history; the utilization of Euhemerism by the Christian Apologists; the revival of Euhemerism by Hume and by Spencer; and Lyall's own more or less Euhemerist positions. And let us then draw out the conclusions which all this, and the best present-day work and judgments concerning all these things, appear to require concerning the abiding worth and the insuperable limitations of Euhemerism, especially as directly advocated or as dimly suspected by Lyall.

1. Let us take the old Euhemerism, first of all as nearly as possible in the very words of Euhemerus. This Euhemerus, born at Messene (Messina in Sicily), was, later on, at the court of Cassander, when the latter was undisguised King of Macedon and Greece, 301–297 B.C. It was some time during these four years that Euhemerus wrote his book. Alexander the Great had died in 323, Aristotle in 322. Euhemerus's work thus fully belongs, also by date, not to Hellenic, but to Hellenistic times—not to the times of faith and creation, but to those of scepticism and of dissolution. It is in the *Bibliotheca*, the Universal History in forty books, which ranges from the beginning of the world up to Cæsar's invasions of Britain (55, 54 B.C.), written under Augustus by Diodorus of Agyrion in Sicily, that we find (as given by Eusebius of Cæsarea in his *Praeparatio Evangelica*, ii, 2–3, 53–63) a long excerpt from the *Hiera Anagraphe*, the "Sacred History" of Euhemerus. Diodorus introduces Euhemerus as follows:

"Now concerning the gods, the ancients have transmitted

two opinions to posterity. For some declare that the gods are eternal and immortal, such as the Sun and the Moon and the other Stars in the Heaven, and, in addition to these, the winds and the other beings of a nature like unto them; for that each one of these possesses an eternal generation and persistence. But others say that the gods have arisen upon Earth, and have attained to immortal honour and glory through their beneficence towards men, such as Heracles, Dionysus, Aristaeus, and the others like unto them. And concerning these gods, thus arisen upon Earth, many and various accounts are handed down, both by historians and by mythographers. Euhemerus, who wrote the *Hiera Anagraphe*—the 'Sacred History,' belongs to the former."

And then Diodorus describes or quotes the main contents of this "History." "Euhemerus then came, after a sail of many days, south of Arabia Felix, to islands in the ocean, of which one was called Panchaea. . . . There was, in this island, a temple of Zeus Triphylius, founded by himself at the time that he ruled the whole world, whilst he was still amongst men. In this temple there was a golden column, upon which were written shortly, in Panchaean characters, the deeds of Uranos and Kronos and Zeus. According to this (inscription) he (Euhemerus) declares Uranos to have been a king—a certain gentle and beneficent individual, and who understood the movement of the stars." His son was Kronos; and *his* son, Zeus. "And Zeus came to Babylon, and was there entertained by Belos; and after this, having reached the island of Panchaea, he here erected an altar to Uranos, his own grandfather."

Two highly competent scholars have, in recent years, carefully analysed and appraised this strange story, its meaning and its worth.

Erwin Rohde, the author of the exquisite *Psyche*, has, in his immensely learned *Der griechische Roman und seine Vorläufer*,[1] minutely studied all that remains to us of

[1] Second edition, 1900, pp. 236–41.

Euhemerus. Euhemerus describes the three specially favoured islands—the first, called "The Holy," immensely rich in incense and myrrh, is inhabited by the Panchaeans, and ruled by a king; the second, is the burial-place of those who have died upon the Holy Island; and the third, thirty stadia distant to the east, of considerable size, lies so near to India, that the Indian continent is visible from the eastern promontory of the island. Rohde is here reminded, by the relation between the first two of these islands, of the similar relation that existed between the little rock-island of Rhenaea and its larger neighbour, the sacred island of Delos. Strabo, x, 5, tells us: "Rhenaea is a desert islet within the distance of four stadia from Delos, where the monuments of the Delians are to be found. For it is forbidden to bury or to burn any dead in Delos itself." Rohde, again, points out how some reports concerning islands of the Indian Ocean had already reached the Greeks in the time of Euhemerus; Onesicritus, who had been chief steersman to Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander the Great, appears to have been the first to tell about Taprobane (Ceylon), in his account of the countries of Asia revealed to the Greek world by the expedition of Alexander. And this account of Onesicritus may well not have been written till, say, 300 B.C.—some twenty-five years after the events recorded by it, and only two or three years before Euhemerus's book. But Rohde finds himself constrained to add that Euhemerus's largest island, Panchaea, can hardly be Ceylon, since, from the eastward point of that island, India could be seen soaring high into the air (Diodorus, v, 42), whereas Ceylon lies to the south-east of India. Nor can Panchaea be the island Dioscorida —now Socotra, south-east of the Gulf of Aden, where, indeed, there lived Indians, Greeks, and Arabs (in place of Euhemerus's Scythians); whose very name (Dvipa Sukhatara —"the Happy Isle") fits well with Euhemerus's description; and whence India, if visible at all, would be seen from the island's eastern side. The great distance from India makes any such identification impossible. Rohde can, nevertheless,

point out numerous details in Euhemerus's account of the Panchaeans which remain specially Indian to this day, and, indeed, can insist upon the striking absence of purely fantastic details in this framework of his story—details which, in the writer's time, were luxuriating in all such literature. But this relative sobriety in the framework Rohde finds to be, in a sense, in strict keeping with the obviously central point and motive of the whole—with "the bald commonplace of the inner kernel of Euhemerus's 'History'—the pragmatic dissolution of the legends of the gods into the history of human kings and adventurers."

Rohde is assuredly very instructive in all these points of his. And he is also certainly right in finding Euhemerus's originality to consist only in his extension to the entire expanse of Greek mythology of the attempts made by earlier writers thus to explain this or that or several isolated myths. But I take Rohde to be less fully right in his very sweeping opposition to Gruppe's positions—positions which, I admit, require some modification if they are fully to meet the case.

Otto Gruppe has, since Rohde's death, restated his own very interesting, though over-simple, solution in his massive *Griechische Mythologie und Religionsgeschichte*.[1] He there, in the introductory general sketch of the changes wrought by and during Hellenistic events and times, tells us how "mythological poetry had so deeply influenced the thinking of the nation that, even when the conditions of this influence had vanished, the legend of the gods and heroes still remained, for long, the most popular subject of Greek imaginative writing. True, the times, in spite of their increasing decadence, still retained a sufficient sense of style, for the novel and the romance only very rarely to attempt any remodelling of the heroic legend. But, on the other hand, certain traits derived from the novel penetrate into the versions of the heroic legend, and this with little or no deliberateness on the part of the earlier of these newer writers. Indeed, even the

[1] 1906, pp. 9, 10, and 1514, 1515.

oldest heroic legend had borrowed certain isolated traits from the novel, such as the novel then existed. But at that time these borrowed elements themselves had a share in the development of the heroic legend as a whole, and hence they subjected themselves to the laws which dominated the style of that legend. The contrary is the case in such compositions as the *Trojan Histories* of Hegesianax (third century B.C.), the *Campaign of Dionysus and Athena* (second century B.C.), and still later books: all these works profoundly modify the general style and character of the heroic legend by the novelistic traits, as here incorporated with it. All these writers lack the feeling, common to all the narrators of the genuine heroic legend, that the events recounted actually occurred; they do not claim to be taken seriously, and hence hold themselves free to support their fantastic inventions by appeals to fictitious sources."

So far Gruppe is certainly upon safe ground. But he then proceeds: "The more respectable part of this literature pursues, in this fantastic form, at least some serious polemical aim—as probably in the case of the 'Sacred History' of Euhemerus—presumably a subtle persiflage of the apotheosis of Alexander the Great and his successors; and in the case of many of the dialogues of Lucian—attacks upon the ready faith in the marvellous of his time; or an apologetic purpose, as in the *Heroicus* of Philostratus, where this very credulity is defended." And, later on, he reinforces this point: "The Ptolemaic and Seleucid kings . . . not only adopted and transformed the extant cults in accordance with political interests—they even attempted directly to create new cults. . . . And the Greek states, whether aristocratic or democratic, instead of protecting the old faith, mostly quite spontaneously and without encountering any serious opposition, decreed divine honours to the new masters of the world. To the few who had not sunk so low, there remained thus, against this tendency of the masses, no other weapon than wit. The *Hiera Anagraphe* of Euhemerus ought, perhaps, to be understood as such a satire. . . . Surely,

in the Zeus who, born in Greece, went out in his youthful age amongst barbarians, allowed himself everywhere to be welcomed as a god, and who lies buried in the Far East, Euhemerus meant to draw Alexander almost without disguise. True, it is not entirely certain whether Euhemerus was thus attempting a clumsy justification of Alexander's apotheosis or a witty satire upon it; but the latter, in my opinion, is the more probable."

It is against this part of Gruppe's outlook that Rohde vigorously protests, as requiring us to believe that this parody on the apotheosis of those Hellenistic kings was taken seriously by all the world only through a misunderstanding, and this already by the very learned Callimachus, only some fifty years after publication. Indeed, Gruppe himself has to confess that the ancients already read Euhemerism between the lines of Euhemerus. Rohde holds these ancients were right in thus interpreting Euhemerus's real meaning, and that Gruppe is "certainly in error." I believe, however, that Gruppe has thus committed a fine scholar's fruitful mistake, and that there *is* a very real connection between the prevalence of those kingly apotheoses and, if not the object, at least the origin of Euhemerus's real view. Everything concurs to show us Euhemerus's times and environment as profoundly immoral, superstitious, and sceptical; there is thus no difficulty in holding him to be just simply one more of the unbelieving *litterati* of that corrupt age, and seriously to have meant to explain away the gods, one and all. On the other hand, the theory used by him for this destructive purpose, or, rather, the strangely doctrinaire, universal application, by him, of a theory which when, as often previously, applied only here and there, is neither unreasonable nor unbelieving; this use and application of the theory does require some explanation over and above the unbelief prevalent around him and within him. And this explanation we find—I submit—in the prevalent divinizations of the kings. These kings were, by these divinizations, treated not simply as Heroes, but as Gods, as identical with

the greatest of the gods, e.g. Zeus himself; and their apotheosis was so frequent as soon to make the numbers of these new gods more numerous than had been the greater of the ancient heroes. All this would, indeed, not insinuate Euhemerism to a believer; but it would, to an unbeliever, fairly easily suggest Euhemerism, as a means to defend and to propagate his unbelief.

And in this way, I think, we can also well understand why it should be impossible, in spite of Euhemerus's many accurate, indeed vivid, touches of Indian scenery and life, for us definitely to find in the real world the islands he puts before us. For the cause of this obscurity would thus spring from the fact that it was not in the Far East that he, a traveller, discovered beliefs and proofs of a Euhemerist kind, but that it was in Europe, at most in the Near East, that he, a resident, saw, or learnt of, the custom of the kingly apotheosis, and that it was there he found the Euhemerist form for his unbelief, projecting it, when already fully formed, upon the distant background of the still largely mysterious further Orient, and, as it were, drawing it back from thence, now endowed — this dreary doctrinaire rationalism—with some, entirely superficial, picturesqueness. We may well be uncertain as to whether he himself ever really travelled so far east; and, in any case, there is nothing to indicate that he really received from the eye-witness observations made on such a journey any suggestions or materials towards Euhemerism. Euhemerus is thus no precursor or parallel to Lyall, in what precisely constitutes the strength of Lyall. Lyall brought back from a long, close, loving study of India a mass of facts, some of which are really best explained by Euhemerism, and all of which, I believe mistakenly, he was inclined so to explain. But Euhemerus either never was in the Farther East, or, if he was, he so little found anything decisive for Euhemerism there that his golden Pillar and Inscription have to be located by him in an island made up of the Greek Delos, the Arabian Socotra, and the Indian Ceylon.

2. Euhemerism amongst the Romans has been studied of late by Professor Georg Wissowa in his largely epoch-making *Religion und Kultus der Römer* (1902),[1] and by Mr. W. Warde Fowler in his rich and mellow Gifford Lectures, *The Religious Experience of the Roman People* (1911). Especially does Mr. Fowler draw out vividly how the translation of Euhemerus's "Sacred History" by Ennius was one of the fruits of the degeneracy, the scepticism, and the love of fashionable Hellenistic unbelief, which flooded the Roman educated world after the war with Hannibal—say, from 200 to 180 B.C. onwards. And he finally points out how Greek mythology when imported, directly and wholesale, from Greece into Rome could not fail gravely to damage and weaken the best in Roman religion, since it was impossible to transplant Greek poetry to Roman soil without subordinating the old reasonable Roman idea of the Power manifesting itself in the universe to the Greek fancy for clothing that Power in the human form, and endowing it with human faults and frailties. And it was just about the same time that "Ennius' famous translation of the *Sacred History of Euhemerus* was becoming known at Rome, in which was taught the doctrine of the human origin of all deities." [2]

Some fifty years later, from the Gracchi to Cæsar (133–60 B.C.) we meet with a rapid decline of the Roman priesthood, typified, for all time, in the figure, still so vivid for us in the pages of Cicero and of St. Augustine, of the Pontifex Maximus, Quintus Mucius Scaevola (who died in 82 B.C.). True, this scepticism amongst the priests is predominantly suggested or systematized by Stoic influences, in its reduction of the gods to the various physical elements of the universe, and in its ready toleration of the crowd's religion, as so much coarse anthropomorphic picturing of these cosmic forces. Yet Euhemerism is pressed into the service also during this stage, and in these circles, of Roman scepticism. As to Euhemerism itself, Cicero tells us (*De Natura Deorum*, i, 119): "The men who hand down that valiant,

[1] pp. 62, 63. [2] pp. 152, 351.

or illustrious, or mighty individual men attained, after their death, to be gods, and that these are the very gods we are wont to worship, to invoke, and to venerate: are not these men bereft of all religion? This argument has been chiefly treated by Euhemerus, whom our Ennius has expounded and followed in preference to others. Yet Euhemerus labours to prove the deaths and sepulchres of the gods. Does, then, this man appear to have confirmed religion, or not, rather, to have abolished it altogether?"

One further point, at least, we thus attain to here, concerning Euhemerism: just as only with the setting in of the most marked and rapid moral and religious general decadence and scepticism in Greece, did Euhemerism there arise as a system at all; so also only with the setting in of the most pronounced and swift moral and religious general decadence and scepticism in Rome, did Euhemerism here gain an entry. The sudden irruption of the East into the Greek life and imagination, and the widespread wars and confusions after Alexander's death; and, again, the irruption of the Graeco-Oriental world itself now so long intermingled, corrupt, and sceptical, into the Roman life and imagination, after the strenuous, perilous war with Hannibal, and during the tumultuously rapid Eastern conquests immediately afterwards: these were the two great occasions and conditions amidst which Euhemerism arose amidst the Greeks and spread amongst the Romans. In both cases, it was, not a reverent and sympathetic understanding of live and operative religion, but a sceptical blasé persiflage of religion dead or dying amidst fierce worldly distractions, material greed and luxury, and *precious* or brutal unbelief.

3. We shall presently find that Lyall was seriously impressed by the insistences of the Christian apologists upon Euhemerism. Yet it is surely plain that Lyall has really missed the true motive and significance of the emphasis of these writers. True, Tertullian was himself a convert from Paganism, and wrote with all the temples still in full

operation throughout the Empire; but this double close conversance with Paganism only gave edge and fuel to his violent soul's horror of it, and ingenuity to his lawyer-mind in turning any and every fact or fancy into weapons of ridicule and ruin of the hated and dreaded adversary. Thus in his great, vehement *Apologeticus*, written probably in the autumn of A.D. 197, and certainly under Septimius Severus, he writes (ch. x):

"Christians, we admit, would deserve punishment, if it were to appear certain that those whom they do not worship, because they do not believe them to exist at all, really exist as true gods. 'But,' say you, 'to our own minds they *are* gods.' Well, we appeal from yourselves to your own conscience: let this your conscience judge us; let it condemn us, if it can deny that all these gods of yours were (at one time) human beings. . . . To this very day witness is borne to this fact by cities, in which they were born, and districts in which they have left traces of some great work of theirs, or in which they can be shown to have been buried. Let me go through the list of them, one by one, these gods so great and so many—new, old; barbarian, Greek, Roman; strangers, captives; adopted, indigenous, common; male, female; country folk, city folk; sailors, soldiers." . . . Tertullian then takes the case of Saturn at length, and the case of Jupiter very shortly. And in chapter xi: "For the rest, if Liber be a god because he revealed the powers of the vine, Lucullus has been treated shabbily, since the latter first introduced cherries from Pontus into Italy, and yet has never been deified as the creator of this new fruit of which he had been the popularizer. . . . Let us assume that your gods were (originally) upright and good human beings. Yet how many better human beings have you simply left amongst us here below!—a Socrates, better in wisdom; an Aristotle, in just judgment; a Themistocles, in military valour; an Alexander, in sublimity of aim; a Polycrates, in good fortune; a Crœsus, in riches; a Demosthenes, in eloquence!"

It is, surely, already plain from this, how little evidential,

as to the real grounds for the original Pagan religious beliefs, are these quite late, and intensely controversial, interpretations of the Pagan beliefs as they existed towards the end of their prevalence. Lobeck assuredly remains entirely right when he finds, in his *Aglaophamus*,[1] that "nothing could happen more according to the desires of these apologists than to find, also among the Pagan writers themselves, patrons of the contention that the gods are just simply so many men transferred from earth to heaven."

St. Augustine revels in this argument—so in the *City of God*, Book VIII, ch. xxvi; in his *Epistles*, No. XVII; and especially in his Sermon CCLXXIII, where he urges his hearers to beware of putting the altars of their dead in the place of the worship of the Living God. "We must not be such, as we deplore the Pagans are. For these Pagans worship deceased men. . . . You know Jupiter; you know Hercules, Neptune, Pluto, Mercury, Liber, and the rest; they all were men. These things are declared, not only in the fables of the poets, but even in the histories of the nations. Those who have read, know that this is so; let those who have not read, believe those who have. These mere men, then, by certain temporal benefactions, acquired for themselves human fortune, and began to be so greatly worshipped by vain men, pursuers of vain things, as to be called, to be considered, gods; to have temples built to them, to be invoked, to have altars erected, to have priests ordained for their service, to have victims immolated to them, as gods."[2]

4. We have to come down to the middle of the eighteenth and to the end of the nineteenth centuries, before we find again so emphatic an affirmation of Euhemerism; now, however, not as an argument against Paganism in favour of Christianity, but as a scientific explanation, a sceptical dissolution, of all religions. And it is very certainly Hume and Spencer, these two much more radical, more objective-

[1] 1829, p. 999.

[2] *S. Augustini Opera*, Benedictine edition, v, 2, coll. 1623, 1624.

seeming, and, on this point, more able writers who influenced the mind of Lyall far beyond those ancient Greek and Roman, Pagan and Christian authors examined by us hitherto.

In the volume of David Hume's works so gaily purchased and so jauntily defended by the young Lyall, away in his lonely Indian post, he will have read, at that time, the very powerful, indeed the (in part) rightly epoch-making, *Natural History of Religion* (1755). It stands in the 1826 edition of the works in vol. iv, pp. 435–517. He would read here: "The deities of the vulgar are so little superior to human creatures, that, where men are affected with strong sentiments of veneration or gratitude for any hero or public benefactor, nothing can be more natural than to convert him into a god, and fill the heavens, after this manner, with continual recruits from among mankind. Most of the divinities of the ancient world are supposed to have once been men, and to have been beholden for their *apotheosis* to the admiration and affection of the people. The real history of their adventures . . . became a plentiful source of fable; especially in passing through the hands of poets, allegorists, and priests, who successively improved upon the wonder and astonishment of the ignorant multitude." [1] Especially must the filling of the heavens "with continual recruits" have appeared, to the young Lyall, to be in full course of enactment all around him, and far back in the history of the teeming world that environed him, out there, in India. And then, some thirty years later, Herbert Spencer (who had already in 1855, 1862, and 1876, in his *Psychology*, his *First Principles*, and the first volume of his *Sociology*, been working up to some such naturalistic conclusions concerning the extant religions of the world) published, in 1885, his *Ecclesiastical Institutions* as Part VI of his *Principles of Sociology*.[2] This essay consists throughout of an unflinching reduction of the entire causation of religious belief in any and all personalistic non-human powers or intelligences to the Euhemerist apotheosis of mere mortals. So does Spencer

[1] p. 460. [2] pp. 671–704.

reason as to animal worship: "Thus there are several ways in which respect for, and sometimes worship of, an animal arises: all of them, however, implying identification of it with a human being." [1] So, too, as to star-worship: "When a sportsman, hearing a shot in the adjacent wood, exclaims: 'That 's Jones,' he is not supposed to mean that Jones is the sound; he is known to mean that Jones made the sound. But when a savage, pointing to a particular star, originally thought of as the camp-fire of such and such a departed man, said: 'There he is,' the children he is instructing naturally suppose him to mean that the star itself is the departed man; especially when receiving the statement through an undeveloped language." And then arises a combination of the identification of humanized animals, and of personalized stars and constellations; this combination gives us the animal constellations, "such as Callisto, who, metamorphosed into a she-bear, became the bear in heaven." We have also good evidence for the personalization of the heavens at large. "A Hawaian king bore the name Kalani-nui-Liho-Liho, meaning 'the heavens great and dark'; whence it is clear that (reversing the order alleged by the mythologists) Zeus may naturally have been at first a living person, and that his identification with the sky resulted from his metaphorical name." So, also, with the worship of the sun, the wind.

The cases of the worship of General Nicholson, and of the apotheosis of the Roman Emperors, strangely appear, in this argument, as direct parallels to the divinization of Agni, Fire, as we already find it in the Rig-Veda. The general conclusion is: "Nature-worship, then, is but an aberrant form of ghost-worship." Hence: "In their normal forms, and in their abnormal forms, all gods arise by apotheosis." [2] The final ten pages (694–704) simply attempt to trace this same process in the Jewish and Christian religions.

5. After all these other spokesmen for Euhemerism, let us have Sir Alfred Lyall's own printed positions under our

[1] pp. 684, 685. [2] p. 687.

eyes, furnishing the degree and form of Euhemerism which we have here to appraise.

The most important passage occurs in the study "On the Origin of Divine Myths in India" [1]—written in the winter 1875–6—an article which called forth an expression of warm approval from Herbert Spencer.[2]

"While it would be undoubtedly a grievous error to embrace the theory of Euhemerus as a key to all mythology, it cannot be left out altogether as an exploded notion." . . . "If one may be permitted to offer an opinion formed upon some extensive observation of the working of the mythopoeic faculty in India—perhaps the only ancient country which still keeps alive a true polytheism of the first order—I should say that, in constructing the science of religion, we might do worse than make room for the theory of Euhemerus. . . . Euhemerus is said to have been an Asiatic traveller; and if we may judge from what goes on before our eyes in Asia now, there is a great deal to say for his main theory. . . . It is probable that the loose, presumptuous way in which Euhemerus applied his method has brought his theory into unmerited disrepute, and has thrown it too much into the background nowadays." "Observation in different provinces of India has created a deep impression that in Europe there is now no adequate conception of the extent to which, and the force with which, the intense and habitual working of the primitive mind towards deification must have affected the beginning of religions. In this stage of belief the people construct for themselves Jacob's ladders between earth and heaven; the men are seen ascending until they become gods; they then descend again as embodiments of the divinities; insomuch that it may almost be doubted whether any god, except the Vedic divinities and other obvious Nature gods, comes down the ladder who had not originally gone up as a man, and an authentic man."

Much less important is the sentence in a study on China [3]:

[1] *Asiatic Studies*, 1899 edition, vol. i, pp. 44; 48, 49.
[2] *Life*, p. 190. [3] *Asiatic Studies*, ed. cit., vol. ii, p. 159.

"The theory adopted by Euhemerus was also positively affirmed by the Christian apologists who stood face to face with heathendom—that all the gods of polytheism were divinized men." What we have already found, on this point, shows, I believe, quite plainly, that this is no serious argument in favour of the objective truth of Euhemerism, or even as to the prevalence of the Euhemerist theory amongst reverent and religious Pagans, even in the times of the apologists. It will be more fair to Lyall's general position if, in our final estimate of his position, we ignore this particular argument altogether.

Such a final estimate, to be at all fair to Lyall's great and abiding services to the history of religion, will have above all, I am convinced, scrupulously to discriminate between Lyall, the most careful and competent first-hand observer and prompt recorder of Hindu life, manners, modes of thought and feeling, and the equally careful and competent inferences with regard to one entire, most important and characteristic element of the Hindu religion, probably operative more or less from that religion's beginnings, and certainly now and for many a century past; and Lyall, when brooding over, and sadly, sceptically, guessing at, the entire root-origins of all religions—of religion itself. Let us, then, first take Lyall in his direct and definite work, and afterwards the same Lyall in his indirect and vague suspicions and surmises. And let us remember that this order of proceeding—from his strength to his weakness—will not be unjust towards him, only because the exhibition of this weakness is to be followed—with little or no break up to the end of this study—by the ample description, and by attempts to bring out the full constructive value, of Lyall's own counter-intuitions, counter-reasonings, and counter-convictions.

Perhaps the finest testimony to the truth and importance of Lyall's contributions to our knowledge of Hinduism, is that borne by the great Swedish Orientalist Edvard Lehmann, towards the end of his vivid, rich, and balanced account of

the origin of Hinduism, in C. de la Saussaye's *Lehrbuch der Religionsgeschichte.*[1] Lehmann first distinguishes in Hinduism two large sources and movements—the one goes from above downwards, the other goes from below upwards. (At this point Lehmann's outlook is, I believe, richer and more balanced than is that early presentation by Lyall.) The religion of the people at large had remained untouched by the priestly activity of the Brahmans, and had persisted in the same form as that which glimmers out from the background of the Vedas and which continues up to our own times in a fairly unaltered form—a cultus of spirits or devils, which are bound to village and field, forest and mountain, or which are active in the several occurrences of life—in birth, illness, death, etc. Veneration of trees and stones, of serpents and other beasts, and all sorts of fetishism were also in operation; and this cultus has predominantly the character of sorcery, such as we know it from the Atharva. And now all this movement from below upwards becomes touched and influenced by the movement from above downwards; the ideas which had developed within the higher castes now get grafted into this wildly luxuriating tree, and are now taken over by the founders of the Hindu sects. Thus in Hinduism we can trace Vedic elements, not only in the names of the gods, but also in the legends and doctrines, and even in certain cultual customs. But clearer still is the Brahmanic influence, and that of the philosophical schools—both of the Vedanta and of the Sankhya direction, although the views of the schools as they appear in Hinduism have nowhere retained their pristine purity. "Especially do they here meet the standpoint of the people, by allowing uncontested room within the Hindu systems for the theistic conception of the Divine. True, the Pantheistic Atman idea is still considered as the highest form of religious apprehension; yet there exist here, at the same time, gradations of the conception of God, which are allowed more than a merely relative right, and amongst which the popular gods

[1] 1905 edition, vol. ii, pp. 123–7.

find their place. Thus, in the system of Ramanuja (of the twelfth century A.D.), God can reveal Himself simultaneously in forms as diverse, as the infinite, supersensible heavenly Spirit; as the active World-Creator and World-Ruler; as the Protector and Proclaimer of the Truth, who incarnates Himself for this purpose; the bodily Divinity which reveals itself by means of divine tokens; and, finally, images of stone, metal, and the like, in which He dwells and deigns to be adored by men." And salvation here is similarly reached along diverse ways. "There existed the two old ways: Karmamarga, the way of works, which especially signified the Vedic sacrificial practice, and Jnânamarga, the way of cognition, a term which meant meditation. These two ways continue to be the first also in the Hindu system. But now there is added a third way, a new way, which is highly characteristic of Hinduism. This is Bhaktimarga, which is conceived as a complete devotion to God and to His mercifulness." And thus this religion is able to adapt itself to all the religious standpoints and levels. But "whilst the philosophy of the schools, which used to be so highly aristocratic, is now obliged, in this its union with popular modes of thought, to lose much of its distinction, and is drawn for a considerable part into the immediately practical direction of the popular faith: the contrary takes place with regard to the conceptions and customs of the humbler members of the Indian people —no limits are put to these conceptions and customs, and the lay element obtains a predominant power." [1]

From hence there arises the movement from below upwards, which has been of such great importance in the formation of Hinduism. The Hindu sects were, indeed, mostly founded by men from the higher castes, and the ideas of these men become fundamental for the theory of the respective sect; but the mythical conceptions and the forms of the worship are all the more of popular origin. The great gods of Hinduism have, no doubt, here and there a name, or a trait of character, in common with the old gods of the Vedas. But

[1] pp. 123–5.

the actual precise form in which they receive adoration by the Hindu sects they have, for the most part, inherited from the spirits and minor deities of the local or occasional cults. We can still to-day observe the process by which a local god gradually takes footing in the Pantheon, and is either elevated to the rank of an independent deity or comes to be considered as a side, or a manifestation, of the already recognized gods. There is no doubt that the great gods of Hinduism, as we have them now, have attained their character by means of such a fusion. The Earth-god Bhûmiya, whose cult is quite primitive, thus becomes, as we know, identified with Vishnu. And especially Bába, a divinized spirit of the aboriginal tribes, has, in many places, become a manifestation of Siva.

And then Lehmann adduces, in testimony of this great movement from below upwards, the observations of four workers—amongst whom Lyall holds a position of particular distinction. There is William Crooke, who, in his *Introduction to the Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India* (second edition, 1896), specially traces the gradual intrusion into the great Hindu temples of the small local spirits and devils. There is Lyall, who, in his *Asiatic Studies* (second edition, 1884), "proves an entirely similar process in the cult of great men." "Such processes," so Lehmann sums up Lyall, "are easily accomplished in modern India, and, if Lyall compares the Indian Pantheon with a caravanserai, he intends therewith especially to designate the continuous birth to full divinity of the little local gods." And then Lehmann quotes the words of "the gifted observer" (*der geistreiche Berichterstatter*) as to the Jacob's ladder, which I have already given. There is Jacobi, who, in his book *Das Ramayana* (1893), insists specially upon the large role which the heroes of Indian epic poetry are allowed to play in religion, as characteristic of Hinduism: thus Râma, the hero of the great epic *Ramayana*, had already there been transformed from a tribal into a national hero and into the moral ideal of the Indian people. But this veneration promptly raised him from the human into the divine sphere,

and effected his identification with Vishnu. A similar case is Govinda, first a pastoral hero and then a half-god, who ends as amalgamated with Krishna. And, finally, there is the very careful Indian scholar, Dr. Bhandarkar, whose Report on the search for Sanskrit manuscripts (1883, 1884) is quoted in favour of some of the Hindu gods having originally been prominent founders of Hindu sects. Lehmann himself holds that: "without doubt the Euhemerist process led to such founders being considered and worshipped as gods—sufficiently clearly indicated by the erection of temples to the thinker Sankara and the poet Vyasa." But Dr. Bhandarkar suspects that even Vasudeva, the old god of the Western Hindu sects, who soon became identified with Vishnu, was originally an historical personage and the founder of the Bhagavata sect.[1]

As regards Lyall's weakness with respect to Euhemerism, this can in fairness be traced, I would here repeat, only in so far as, in spite of his own definite disclaimers, or even denunciations of such an extension, in his more intellectual and clear moods, he would, in his more emotional and obscure moods, after all, himself imply, or incline to, the reference of the entire religious process, in its original root or in its real determination, to the Euhemerist forces. At times this pure Euhemerism would get thus applied to the whole of Hinduism; at other times, to the Indian religions generally; and, in times of special sceptical depression, even to religion at large. I am fully convinced that any such pure Euhemerism, even only for the whole of Hinduism, is demonstrably false; and I do not think that Lyall ever, even in those obscure and sceptical moods, definitely committed himself to such pure Euhemerism, even for Hinduism alone. But, since pure Euhemerism did play around him and coloured his imagination at such times, I believe it will be in place here clearly to analyse the ultimate positions and peculiarities of "Pure Euhemerism."

(*a*) The reader will have noticed how far more thorough-

[1] pp. 125–7.

going is the Euhemerism of Spencer than the Euhemerism of Lyall, when Lyall is clear. According to Spencer, *all* the gods were originally men—the Vedic god Agni stands between General Nicholson and the Roman Emperors Augustus, Marcus Aurelius, Septimius Severus. According to Lyall, the Vedic divinities are obvious Nature gods—none of these have ascended Jacob's ladder as men, and have descended thence as gods. Very certainly Lyall's position here is the truer, the wiser position: Spencer's juxtaposition of Nicholson, Agni, the Roman Emperors is doctrinaire to the verge, and beyond the verge, of absurdity; and the same Spencer's explanation of how stars came to be considered living intelligences is an astounding example of childishly slipshod thinking. Yet it is undeniable that it is Spencer's, not Lyall's, view which possesses, if a disquieting, yet also an impressive character; and assuredly only Spencer's view, not Lyall's view when Lyall was direct and definite, is genuine Euhemerism. And yet Lyall himself did not, I think, completely mistake the range of his agreement with Euhemerus; for in Lyall's mind, as has already been said, there remained, throughout his long life, from that early conjunction and mutual fortification of Indian experiences and Humian influences onwards—in all except his deepest needs, instincts, intuitions, to be studied by us in the Third Part—an inclination, a fear, and yet, in a way, a wish, in the direction of such a pure, full Euhemerism as was that of Spencer. Indeed, even in the passages just given, Lyall leaves a curiously characteristic uncertainty as to in which of the two possible senses Euhemerism is not an exploded theory, meets with his approval, and must not be left altogether out of account. For such approval can mean, of course, either that we are not to refuse a hearing to, or even the definite acceptance of, the Euhemerist explanation as really giving us the partial or even the entire occasion or proximate cause, and the actual content, of *some* myths; or it can mean that we ought not, considering the mighty operation of this cause, as he had seen it out in India, to leave aside,

as hopelessly inadequate, the possibility that Euhemerism is the occasion or cause, and sole real content, of all the myths, of all the religions. True, Lyall seems here expressly to guard against all such extension of the principle; such extension "would be undoubtedly a grievous error"; all that he formally claims is that the theory has been "thrown too much into the background." And yet, even here, we are told that "it may almost be doubted whether any god, except the Vedic divinities and other obvious Nature gods, comes down" as a god "who did not originally go up as an authentic man." It is, indeed, strange that he can write "except the Vedic divinities and other obvious Nature gods," as though he were by these words admitting quite insignificant infractions of the Euhemerist process or law. Yet it is plain how gigantic, how overwhelmingly greater than that of human lives and personalities, is the range of external Nature, its forces and appearances, especially in India, with its huge mountains, rivers, and plains; its snows, rains, droughts, monsoons; its famines and pestilences; how immense must be the influence of all this upon the Indian mind. Lyall admits, indeed, that the Vedic divinities are not Euhemerist gods, but this, quite dryly, as though these divinities were a fact dead and done with—a literary curiosity handed down to Indians from the past. But how could it escape him that the same mighty forces, which appear more or less personified in the Vedas, were still as operative whilst he lived and observed at Bulandshahr as they were when hymned by those epic and lyric poets of the distant past; and that human beings, minds, and spirits similar to those poets, were, in their teeming millions, at that very moment, experiencing those forces with emotions and images assuredly not all derived from the Vedas, and yet not so very different from the more refined feelings and more noble expressions of those bards? And let us note carefully, that this criticism could not in fairness be rebutted on the plea that it somehow springs from an obstinately theistic bias; for we are not, to all appearances, brought nearer to Theism by holding that

the chief occasions and forms of early religious imagery and intuition lie less in particular historical human lives and characters, than they lie in the powers and vicissitudes of Nature which surround primitive man so directly, so oppressively, from his cradle to his grave. No doubt, in this apprehension of Nature by the human mind and personality, Nature is never apprehended simply pure, if, indeed, that feat is fully possible for man even now; Nature is more or less apprehended as endowed with a man-like mind and personality. But in these Nature myths the particular, the concrete element is this or that particular, concrete, natural force or phenomenon; the personifying element, on the contrary, is here more or less generally, abstractly human—it is not the story of a particular human individual. Inversely, it would be strange if any of the "Euhemerist" gods—gods whose original occasion really lay in some particular human life—persisted purely Euhemerist; that is, if they did not, in course of time, incorporate certain elements of external Nature.

Lyall's insensibility, in many of his speculations, to the very large, very important, very persistent operation of external Nature upon man, and especially of such a Nature as India upon populations such as the Indian, had, I believe, other and deeper causes besides his scepticism and his over-impressedness by certain facts before his eyes and by certain fantastic old theories within his mind. I believe the insensibility sprang very really also from his highly sensitive and alert humanness. Much as evolutionary theories fascinated him, he could never, I think, have, Darwin-like, devoted his life to the observation of sub-human organisms —of animals and plants; for this man's one study was, in very truth, mankind. In his deepest moments he found a short joy and peace in the conviction, indeed somehow in the experience, of more than man; but, even in his average moments, indeed even in his shallower moments, he could find no refreshment and no rest in less than man. This, I verily believe, is the explanation of the strange omission

under notice: he was too much alive as a human being not to feel physical Nature opaque, uninteresting, in a manner non-existent, however widely extended in time and space such Nature might be, and however much man might appear as only a speck upon this huge infra-human expanse.

(*b*) But, indeed, Lyall himself, later on, insisted very explicitly upon the operation of external Nature as, in reality, the most powerful of the causes or processes even in Hinduism, in those "Letters of Vamadeo Shastri," to which he himself loved to refer me, during the last years of his life, as peculiarly expressive of some of the dearest of his intuitions and convictions, especially as these shaped themselves towards the end. These letters are supposed to be written, it is true, by "an orthodox Brahman, versed in the religion and philosophy of his own people." [1] Yet they most assuredly aim at including Hinduism, for which Vamadeo speaks almost as directly as for Brahmanism. Well, Shastri is here made to write: "The real substance of my country's religion, the mainspring that moves the puppet-show of popular idolatry, is Pantheism; and it is with Pantheism, not with Polytheism, that a rising morality will have to reckon." [2] The further, very noble and deeply probing, passages concerning the strength and the weakness of such Pantheism, will be studied by us in the Third Part. But the words just given entirely suffice to relegate Euhemerism, even within the Brahman, indeed even also within the Hindu religious world, to an, after all, really secondary place. I believe Lyall to be here profoundly right.

(*c*) The history of Early Buddhism also refutes Euhemerism, if taken as a predominant cause or force in religion—even in Indian religion. For Primitive Buddhism concentrates upon all that is changing and fluid in human life, and then escapes with horror from this Wheel of Life—from Life as essentially an endlessly turning wheel—into Nirvana, the cessation from this life, this wheel. The ideal here is the very opposite to any apotheosis of the historical human

[1] *Asiatic Studies*, 1899 edition, vol. ii, p. viii. [2] p. 11.

individual, or to any beatitude to be found in the company, either in this life or in another, of such divinized individual men. And yet, had the trend to apotheosis been, in Gautama's time and place, as general and powerful as Lyall's early pleadings imply, Buddhism would have sprung from Gautama essentially different from what it actually was and is known to have been.

There is not more in the Persian, in Zarathustra's religion, to indicate Pure Euhemerism as really true. The Egyptian religion, whether popular or priestly, local or general, early or late, is revealed to us, by the great scholars who have worked, or are still working, in this apparently inexhaustible mine, as above all very complex—as not sprung from any one single root. The Assyrian and Babylonian religion has, so far, furnished us with but little that requires, or even simply tolerates, a Euhemerist explanation, and with very much that is entirely impatient of such a solution. And the Teutonic mythology is very largely for us a matter of learned inference from folk-lore—a source from which Lyall always shrank, for all such purposes. The great gods here are, nevertheless, quite clearly Nature gods, and not Divinized Historical Persons.

(*d*) It is, however, Confucianism which furnishes us with the most massively clear example of the reality and range of the Euhemerist movement, and, together with and because of this large operation of Euhemerist causes, with the most impressive elucidation of how impossible it, nevertheless, remains to explain the entire occasion, cause, or process of even this particular religion, as the apotheosis of human personages. In this religion, Ancestor-Worship is admittedly the actual origin, and the still avowed object, of a very large part of the feasts and sacrifices; and even where the origin and object appear to have been, not Human (Ancestral) but Natural (Physical), these natural objects all tend to be worshipped as the very ancient, or as the earliest, ancestors of the worshipping officials. The Emperor, indeed, according to the most ancient canonical declarations, was considered

to be the lord and proprietor of all the gods who dwell or who are influential upon earth. Only Heaven is above the Emperor, whose throne and house will infallibly perish if, by criminal conduct, he renders himself unworthy of the heavenly favour. But, even as regards Heaven, the Emperor is under it, as Son of Heaven; the old classical term for Heaven is Thien (Heaven) and Ti (Emperor), and especially Schang-ti ("Over-Emperor" or "Emperor of the first, oldest times"). Hence, as that high authority, Professor de Groot of Leyden, tells us, in his vivid monograph "The Chinese," in C. de la Saussaye's *Lehrbuch der Religionsgeschichte* [1]: "The cult of Heaven appears thus to be a kind of Ancestor-Worship, of which the object is theoretically traced back to a prehistoric aboriginal Emperor." [2]

De Groot describes the chief sacrifice to Heaven, as offered by the Emperor in the night of the winter solstice on the Round Hill or the Altar of Heaven, which stands in the south of the Chinese quarter of Pekin. The Emperor himself alone sacrificed, with great pomp, on the highest of the three marble terraces of this temple, where the soul of the God of Heaven himself stood represented by a soul-tablet of wood, put up on the north side in a tabernacle, bearing the inscription "Hwang-thien Schang-ti" (Imperial Heaven, Over-Emperor). On the east and west sides, there stood placed similar soul-tablets to the ten deceased predecessors of the reigning Emperor, beginning with Thai-tsu. And, on the second terrace, there stood tablets for the souls of the Sun, the Moon, the Pleiades, the five planets, the twenty-eight mansions of the moon, and of all the stars and constellations; also tablets of the Thien-schen or Heavenly Spirits—the Clouds, the Rain, the Wind, and the Thunder. Before each of these soul-tablets there stood placed a set of sacrificial offerings—flesh, fish, dates, rice, a goblet filled with wine, etc. In addition, the Imperial Ancestors and the Sun and the Moon are conjointly honoured by the slaughter of an entire ox; the planets and the stars conjointly, by the slaughter of

[1] Ed. cit., vol. i, pp. 57–114. [2] pp. 60, 61.

a calf, a sheep, and a pig. And, as to Heaven itself, an ox lies ready for burning upon a pyre at the south-east of the altar, and the Emperor, who has fasted and has been led by a long procession of officials to the altar, and has there washed his hands, offers, during the burning of the ox, at a special altar-table, sticks of incense to the soul-tablet of Heaven and afterwards to the tablets of his ancestors. Then he lays, kneeling, before each tablet indifferently, a piece of jasper and some silk, and presents, to each alike, a dish full of meat-broth and a libation of wine. And, after this, certain select officials offer, on the second terrace, incense, silk, and wine to the tablets of the Heavenly Spirits. In the remaining portion of the rite, the chief moment consists in the offering of a cup of the so-called "Wine of Good Fortune," and of a dish of "Flesh of Good Fortune," which the Emperor, on his knees, lifts in succession towards the tablet of Heaven.[1]

The next in importance of the Chinese State gods is the Earth, to which the Emperor sacrificed on the day of the summer solstice, upon a square altar within an extensive, walled-in square space, by the northern wall of Pekin. And here, again, the Imperial Ancestors, whose soul-tablets are placed for the purpose upon the highest terrace, receive, alongside of the Earth, the usual offerings; "they are thus considered as of almost equal standing with the Earth itself." [2] The sacrifices of the second rank (Tschung-sze) are to the gods we have noted as worshipped on the second terrace of the Temple of Heaven, and the Thi-ki, the earth gods, and Thai-sui, the planet Jupiter. But to this same second rank belong also such gods as Schen-nung, "the divine peasant," an Emperor who taught the people husbandry in the twenty-eighth century B.C.; Sientchan, the first silkworm rearer, an Empress-consort of the twenty-seventh century B.C.; and Confucius, his ancestors, and above seventy of the earlier and later heads of his doctrine and school.[3] And the third and last division of the Confucian State religion, the Kiun-sze, or "all sacrifices," concerns such gods as the Sien-i, "the

[1] pp. 61–3. [2] p. 63. [3] pp. 64, 65.

ancestral physicians"; Kwan-yu, the war god of the last Imperial dynasty (a great hero of the second and third centuries A.D.); but also such gods as Pao-schen, "the gods of the Canon (Artillery)," and Yao-schen, "the gods of the porcelain ovens"; and, finally, such gods as Wen-tschang, a star in the Great Bear, and Ma Tsu-pho, the goddess of the ocean and the water.[1]

All this, and much more of a similar kind, surely warrants De Groot's conclusion that "the present Confucian State religion is a medley of the worship of Nature and of the cult of Ancestors." Neither of these two constituents is derived from the other. And this broad fact is rightly in no wise rendered less certain, in De Groot's eyes, by the interesting further fact—the very ancient anthropomorphization of even the highest of the Nature gods. Thus in the celebrated Commentary, the *Tschun-tziu*, which may, perhaps, be really the work of Confucius himself (557–478 B.C.), we are gravely told that Heu-thu, or the Lord of the Earth, was a certain Keu-lung, son of a certain Kung-schi, the Minister of Public Buildings to the old Emperor Yao. And similarly Tsih, the god of the millet-grain, was a son of the Emperor Schen-nung, whose human, historical name was Tschuh.[2] Such "explanations" are, assuredly, quite according to the mind of Herbert Spencer, in his most austerely Pure Euhemerist position; but they very certainly only exemplify how little new, not how really true, is such a contention. Indeed, on the principle that "a miss is as good as a mile," we here can seize, with peculiar clearness, the impossibility of Pure Euhemerism as an adequate interpretation of even the surface, indeed, even the sub-soil, of a religion of so poor a kind and of so slight a degree as is here considered, let alone of that rich great reality, the spiritual life, its needs, contents, and powers, when these are more deeply awake.

(*e*) Let us also note that the great component parts of external Nature—the sun, moon, and stars, the earth, rivers, seas, winds, storms, light, and fire; that all such things and

[1] pp. 67, 68. [2] pp. 69, 70.

the various general behaviour of such things; and, again, that the general and obvious human passions, vicissitudes, and struggles have persisted, substantially the same, ever since man has, as such, existed upon the earth. Hence the materials for the first articulation of the great Nature gods have long ago been exhausted: Lyall could not expect to see arising before his eyes new gods of *this* kind; he could only see—if he was to see the beginning of new gods, of any sort, at all—the arising of new Euhemerist gods, since new historical human personalities continue to arise, now as in all human times, and since these personalities continue to awaken new wonder and awe amongst their lesser fellow-mortals. Lyall nowhere shows any consciousness of these inevitable conditions, and of the limitations which they necessarily impose upon men's means and materials for new gods; but he everywhere assumes that, because he sees, or thinks he sees, a teeming multitude of human individuals in process of transformation into gods, there must, at all times, have existed such a mass of transfers; and that, because he nowhere sees, or is unaware of seeing, any new or vivid apotheosis of Nature at work under his own eyes, there never was a time when such apotheosis was at work, with a youthful force and frequency greater than the apotheosis of individual men can ever be proved to be, or than he can declare to have witnessed himself.

So far we have only considered Euhemerism as the rival of the Nature myth, and as though one or other of these facts and theories, or as though the two facts or theories combined, gave, or could give, an adequate explanation, or (at least) a full account, of the nature and content of religion. The present book is no complete exposition of Theism, but only a study of Sir Alfred Lyall's religious outlook. But, even so, we shall, in the Third Part, have to trace the noble contribution made by Lyall to at least the apprehension, and indeed to some articulation, of the deeper and deepest facts and evidences of religion. At this point, on the contrary, it

will be enough to point out how greatly over-impressed, as witnessed by his dim, relaxed moods, Lyall had been by Hume and Spencer, by Agnostic Naturalism or Naturalistic Agnosticism; and how curiously, when in these moods, he allowed himself to be swayed by these men's strangely paradoxical hardihood in the matter of the *origins* of the very things as to which they declare man incapable of knowing the *nature*. The Analytical method, by such Agnostics, is affirmed to lead to nothing but uncertainty or unbelief; the Genetic method, by the same Agnostics, is put forward as yielding certainty and conviction (of however destructive a kind). Indeed, the paradox is even greater; for such Naturalistic Agnostics as Hume, Spencer, Leslie Stephen, soon cease even to discuss as to what is the range and degree of conclusiveness rightly attributable to this Genetic method. But, with a staggering naïveté, they, these profound disbelievers in the attainableness of *any* certain conclusions by means of the analysis of actually extant and present growths, facts, and conditions, straightway make up, for such despair over the easier task, by unhesitating confidence over a far more difficult venture. For they then set about giving us a history, a descriptive account, of how things successively grew up—a description of facts and conditions which have long ceased to be. And, since the simpler a thing is, in itself, the clearer it is to the observing mind; and since the earlier stages of anything always appear, on the surface, as more simple than the later stages, so soon as we have persuaded ourselves that the thing in those earlier stages *is* simply only what it appears: this Genetic method, to be conclusive at all, has to assume that those surface appearances of the thing exhibit that thing's full reality in proportion to their earliness. The method is constrained to take, and actually does take, each thing through a series of stages, of which each predecessor is simpler than the successor—really *is* simpler, in sheer fact, and not merely in appearance. The thing (when taken thus) does not, in its first stage, really hold more, much more, than appears at that stage—the proof of

this real surplusage being the far greater richness manifested by this same thing in its later stages. But this thing, in spite of the apparent richness of its later stages, is really nothing more, from first to last, than what it appears to be in its first stage. The first stage is not to be explained by the last, but the last is to be explained by the first. For, in the first stage, the thing's appearances are identical with its full reality; in the later stages, they more and more merely mask and travesty that reality. It is not the acorn which is in reality an oak tree in concentration, and which only appears to be something so much less; it is the oak tree which only appears to be something so much more than what the acorn appears and really is. The acorn appears to be what it is; and what it is, it appears to be; the oak sapling and the full-sized oak move further and further away from the oak's true reality—or, rather, they add more and more cloaks of mere appearance to the aboriginal kernel of the oak's reality. So, too, the chick and the chicken do not reveal the true, though as yet undeveloped, content and nature of the egg; but they obscure the egg's true nature, since, however much more they may seem to be than just the immediately and clearly traceable properties of the newly laid egg, they really are those properties and those alone. So with every animal and its embryonic stages. So with man and his pre-natal phases. So with the human race and its primitive condition. So with the State, with the Family—with Art, with Ethics, with Religion. All things and everything *is*, in reality, to the last, what it *appears* to be at the beginning—what we would hold it to be all through, were we not confused away from its pristine poverty by its apparent riches as it grew up. Hence there is nothing so static as such a "dynamic" view. And this is thoroughly artificial: the man thus convinced does not really observe, in all the vivid richness of actual life, nothing real except the clear poverty of this very life as he declares it existed at the life's first stages; the man thus convinced does not merely see, but he imagines, he acts, and he inhibits. For men in such moods can, indeed, talk

continually of "seeing"; yet the first beginnings of all the chief things they actually observe around them, can, in the very nature of things, only be imagined by any man. The really first stages of mankind, of the Family, the State, Art, Morality, Religion, cannot be directly and indubitably seen, even by the paradoxically confident sceptic—they can only be surmised by him as by any one else. The man captive to this method can talk as though it were simply a resultant of science; but, in truth, it is an action, a choice, far beyond any constraining evidence from outside the mind or from within it. And this method inhibits; for it systematically ignores, or explains away, the evidences furnished by life and growth for the nature and reality of what grows and lives. By a doctrinaire violence, it drives back, as far as lies within its power, all the thing's later evidences for the thing's reality, which spring from the thing's present, observable appearances, into that thing's past, now only guessable. It thus identifies reality, not with the observed, but with the guessed. We have, against all this, to maintain that the thing's reality is not, at any stage, simply separate from the same thing's appearances; it is that reality which manifests itself, and which demands interpretation, in and by these appearances. But the thing's reality manifests itself increasingly by its ever richer appearances and powers, and not only, not equally fully, by the first, the poorer appearances and powers.

It is deeply interesting to note how the Naturalistic Agnosticism, which expresses itself, *inter alia*, in Euhemerism, attempts to combine the eighteenth-century fanaticism for Clearness at all costs (hence for the Static) with the nineteenth-century passion for Vividness at all costs (hence for the Dynamic). And the result is to give us a mere appearance of growth, since we thus get only a growth of appearances. Indeed, we do not, in strictness, reach even such a growth. For we have, in reality, only a succession of appearances in accidental proximity each to the other; and these merely factual, quite irrational juxtapositions of appearances (not

one of which means or reveals anything beyond its own *factualness*) constitute only an inorganic heap, not an organic growth. In strictness, it is a mere assumption within such a system (and an assumption which directly violates the fundamental axiom of this entire Agnosticism) to hold that the earliest set of appearances (even if we were to have them before us) are any more identical with, or that they any more nearly indicate, the thing's reality, than are or do the later sets of appearances. In this system all the appearances, from first to last, float before us, between the unknown, unknowable real thing and our unknown real selves; strictly speaking, they—the appearances—are the realities, as far as we can still be said to *know* anything at all; and we thus know them as purely irrational, utterly uninstructive objects, which teach us nothing but the stupid, brutal fact that they somehow appear as this or that; and we know ourselves as, at bottom, purely irrational, fantastically rational-seeming subjects—stupid, brutish registrars of those stupid, brutish appearances.

We may well wonder, when we thus press this position home, how able men can ever have come to believe that this wondrously rich great world, without us and within us, is really nothing but such a brutally stupid joke, a huge, empty mystification of an unspeakably expensive kind. Yet we must never, in fairness, forget, that the thirst for strict Science is as legitimate as is any other; that such strict Science demands, above all, a maximum of clearness, a minimum of postulates, and the closest possible unification of the entire outlook; and that these conditions are assuredly best fulfilled by the reduction of all reality to a flux of impressions, whose objective constituents are essentially identical, interchangeable, and evidential of nothing but themselves—impressions which come to look as though they revealed to us real causes and real effects, real growth, real things, and real relations between such real things. All these "realities" are, according to this view, a few, highly *banal*, purely empirical habits of the living human creature, which it has itself worked into that simply fortuitous material.

These habits are as little evidential, as little rooted in any non-fortuitous reality, as are the materials—all, at bottom, merely sensuous impressions—that are thus worked up. This appallingly shrunken outlook is refuted by a whole mass of facts and considerations; but it is undeniably the simplest and clearest outlook procurable. And, as to Sir Alfred in particular, we must remember that he never completely and persistently embraced Naturalistic Agnosticism as capable of furnishing a final formulation, a demonstrative exhaustive history, of the world and of its Becoming. But we must reserve for our Third Part the final picture of his curious position, which did not stand between Agnosticism and "Gnosticism," but which oscillated, from long Agnostic periods, to short "Gnostic" moments; or, rather, which never became sufficiently Agnostic altogether to oust the instinct of Faith and the sense of its Realities, and yet never became sufficiently believing to oust for long the numbing, sterilizing influence of Agnosticism.

INDEX

I. SUBJECT MATTERS

ABSOLUTE, the, Schelling's doctrine concerning, 51
Acts of the Apostles, their modified Paulism, 214
Adoration, finds no room in Hegelism, 32; the central core of religion, 71; essential to man, 73
Æsthetic sense, nature of, 75, 76; its difference from the moral sense, 95; in God, 107, 111; in all nature, 127; its dependence upon bodies, 128
Agnosticism, as an antidote to Hegelism, 32; as represented by Hume, 169–71, 175, 176; by Morley, 179; by Herbert Spencer, 180; by Huxley and Tyndall, 181; meaning of the name, 181–5; defined by Hamilton, 185; in Kant's position, 186; its causes in general and in Lyall, 187–96; description by Pringle Pattison, 197; Lyall's qualified Agnosticism, 198–202, 209, 210; artificiality and inadequacy of Naturalistic Agnosticism, 252–6
Analytic method, contrasted with genetic, 27, 252
Angels, their hierarchies described by Dionysius, 123; the doctrine of their Fall, 125; the angelic world of Aquinas, 128
Asiatic origin of religions, 212, 219–20
Astronomy, recent discoveries in, 56

Baptism, 142; of Desire, 148–50
Beauty, God the source and measure, 95; in God's works, 107, 110, 127; appertains to the ideal, 128
Being, in Universals or Particulars, 45; finite and infinite, 125; and Becoming, 126
Body, the, reverence for, 32; connection of emotions with, 99; sense of beauty dependent upon, 128; the instrument and vehicle of emotions, 132–4; its apprehension of realities, 135–7
Brahminism, 217, 239, 246
Buddhism, 150, 212–18, 246–8
Butterflies, the author's study of, 40–4

Calvinism, 102, 139
Catholicism, its true nature, 150, 151; of St. John of the Cross, 140–1; of the author, 24, 158, 164
Certitudes of religion and realities, 6, 8
Christianity, compared with Judaism and Mohammedanism, 14, 15, 20; its treatment of the problem of Evil, 17, 18, 183; its specific genius, 30; a relation between the individual soul and Christ, 129; its historical origin in Judaism, 146–7; universality of its appeal, 151; its relation with Agnosticism, 182–4; misconception as to Asiatic origin of, 212, 213; its development western not eastern, 219, 220
Church, visible and institutional, 140, 141; its body and soul, 149–50
Clarity, thirst of human mind for, 65; eighteenth-century fanaticism for, 254
Confirmation, Sacrament of, 142
Confucianism and Chinese religion, 247–50
Conservation of Ethical Values, 89–93
Creatureliness, 19, 138

Emotions, according to Aquinas and as present in God, 99; Kant's fear of, 101–3; need of body and soul in, 127–31; in God and in man, 131–3, 134; their relations with thought, 136–7

Epistemology. See Knowledge, Theory of
Equality, as taught by the Gospels, 23
Ethics, Kant's service to, 10, 11; attempt to achieve the *summum bonum*, 11; ethical temper of Aquinas, 12; nature and implications, 69–71; the moral sense, 71–4; Spencer's erroneous derivation, 74; apprehension of Reality as Goodness, 75–7; awakening of moral sense, 78–83; *sui generis* and spontaneous, 83–6; Kant's influence on problem, 86–8; connection with Religion, 94–5; outlook of Spinoza, 100; outlook of Kant, 101–3
Eucharist, the Holy, 148
Euhemerism, 61, 223; its Hellenistic form and origin, 224–30; among the Romans, 231–2; utilized by Tertullian and St. Augustine, 232–4; revised by Hume and Spencer, 234–6; Lyall's attitude towards, 236–8, 241–6; no complete explanation of religions, 246, 250, 251
Evil, problem of, 12, 16, 17; faced by Christianity, 17, 18; its existence, 64, 67, 68, 109–11; how consistent with the all-goodness and omnipotence of God, 124–6; not explained but overcome by Christianity, 182–4
Evolution, its promotion of the genetic method, 27; its difficulties, 28, 29; its ignoring of Mind as real cause, 52, 53; explained by theory of *idées forces*, 56, 76; its effect on religious belief, 196, 221, 222
Existence, universal law of, 43; struggle for, 53–5, 76; our need of and sense of, 75, 76
Ezra, Fourth Book of, 213

Florence, the author's childhood at, 37, 42, 79, 80
French Revolution, 179, 191

Genetic method, 27–9; applied by Agnosticism, 252
Geology, the author's study of, 4
German temperament, illustrated in Hegel, 50; four revolutions in German philosophy, 51, 52
Givenness, confronting us in external nature, 70, 84; apprehension of by Plotinus, 98; in institutional religion, 138, 143
Gnosticism, opposed to Christianity, 30; to Agnosticism, 182, 195, 223, 256
God: man's knowledge of, 6, 8; hunger after, 12; *the* Reality, 14–16; equality of man before, 23; man's thirst for as Reality, 34–6; as Mind in nature, 54–8; "personalist," 66, 68; the Supreme Good, 71, 72; Supreme Intelligence and Supreme Goodness, 73–5, 77; His Otherness, 81; in the Psalms, 90; the mystical attitude towards Him, 92; the Source and Measure, 95; Intelligence and Presence, 97–9; Love and Joy, 99, 102–5; how man can become like to Him, 107–14; His non-successiveness, 114–19; His omnipotence and liberty, 119–26; the Infinite Spirit, 127, 128; emotion in His life, 131–4; the only genuine central Reality, 135–6; the fundamental Reality apprehended by Religion, 138–43, 145; His gift of Grace, 149, 150; His existence as First Cause and the problem of Evil, 183, 184; ultimate faith in Him, 187, 192; His abidingness and peace, 207, 208
Gospels: their preaching the equality of men, 23; the Synoptic interpreted and developed by the Fourth, 90, 91; thirst for joy in the Fourth, 103; relations between the First and Third, 107–9; the dualistic outlook of St. Paul not in the Synoptic, 214; Our Lord's direct teaching in, 219
Grace, means and operation of, 142, 149
Greece, beginning of historical spirit in, 13; Greek philosophy, 31, 82; changes wrought by Hellenistic events and times, 227–32

Hebrews, Epistle to, modified Paulism of, 214
Hellenistic scepticism, 227–32
Hinduism, 212, 217, 237–42, 244–6
History, training needed in, 25
Holiness, God the measure and source, 95
Hypotheses, value of, 58, 59

Idealistic philosophy, 3, 171
Idealists, Objective, 48
Ideals in the real, 23, 66, 67, 76, 128
Immanentism, 167, 168
Impressions, according to Hume, 169, 170
Incarnation of God, 36, 115, 141
India, Lyall's study of, 60, 155–66, 199–210, 237, 238, 246; Indian Mutiny, 156, 165, 199; Indian religions, 15, 217, 218, 238–42
Individual realities, 40–4, 46
Individualism in religion, 13, 27
Institutions in religion, 26, 27, 30, 31, 138, 158
Intelligence. See Mind.

Joy, essential to Ethics, 11; the deepest life according to Plotinus, 97; a gift and the ultimate character of religion, 98; God as Joy, 99; not recognized by Kant, 102; the thirst for, 103, 104; utter and unmixed in God, 115
Judaism, 13–15, 17, 20, 150, 213, 214, 219
Judges, Book of, 90

Kings, Book of, 90
Knowledge, theory of, 10, 23, 24, 45, 49, 51, 52, 69, 87, 166–76, 186; of Realities, 6, 8–10, 22–4, 37, 39–43, 48, 49, 51, 59–63, 65, 70–6, 79, 85, 88, 96, 182, 185–8, 195, 197, 252–6

Lateran Council (of 649), 182
Liberty, of man and of God, 111, 119–26
Likeness, to God in His works, 8; likeness and unlikeness between God and man, 97, 107–9, 113, 114, 117, 119
Love, Plato's distinction between love as habit and love as reality, 96; in God, 99, 100; ethical character of, 101; threefold in life of the soul, 123; social and sexual, 129; its treatment in the Song of Songs, 129, 130; its need for penetrative study, 161

Manichæism, 114, 133
Materialism, 32
Mind, or Intelligence, a real cause in the natural world, 53; apprehended by our own mind, 53, 56–8, 71, 75, 79, 107
Mohammedanism, 14, 15, 212
Montanists, their rejection of the Old Testament, 146
Morals. See Ethics
Mysticism and Mystical Religion, its sense of Presence, 71, 80; relations with historical and institutional religion, 89–92; dangers of, 129; attitude of St. John of the Cross, 140, 141

Naturalistic Agnosticism, 252–6
Nature, intimations of God in, 53–9, 70–5, 79, 84, 97, 107, 127, 128
Nature myths and Nature gods, 236, 237, 239, 243–51
Necessary Connexion, Hume's idea of, 166, 170
Nirvana and the Wheel of Generation, 214–17
Nominalism, 40, 41

Omnipotence of God, as defined by Aquinas, 124, 125
Otherness of God, 81, 207
Oughtness, of Ethics, 70–6, 81–3

Panchaea, island in Euhemerus's *History*, 225, 226
Pantheism, 32, 66, 67, 100, 246
Pessimism, its utterance in poetry, 202
Phenomenalism, 10, 51, 52, 87
Pragmatism, 38, 39
Presence, religion as sense of, 71, 73, 80, 98
Psalms, the, literary presentations of religious life, 90, 119, 213, 220

Ramayana, the, epic of Hinduism, 241
Realism, meaning of, 22, 23
Reality, 5, 6; God *the* Reality, 14, 15; apprehension of, 22, 36, 41–4, 45, 46, 49; intimations of the Reality of God in Nature, 53–9; inexhaustible quest of, 60, 63, 64; richness of, 65, 66; our being touched by the Ultimate, 68; Reality as Intelligence and as Goodness, 71, 75; the Reality underlying all lesser realities, 79, 80; man surrounded by, 85; apprehension of by Plato and Plotinus, 96, 98–100; ethical character in originating Reality, 110; faith in,

125; share of the body in the apprehension of realities, 134–6; inexhaustibleness of God's Reality, 182; basis of our deepest acts and affirmations, 187; the thin and paradoxical view of realities presented by Naturalistic Agnosticism, 185, 252–6
Religion, depends upon sense of realities, 4–6; Christian and non-Christian, 12–15; historical and institutional, 18; man's understanding of, 24–7; its sense of Presence, 71, 80; mystical and institutional, 88–91; in relation with theory of Conservation of Values, 91–3; connection with Ethics, 94, 95; the religious neither the æsthetic nor the moral sense, 95; its social character and character of joy, 98; need of tradition and institutions, 138–51; *once-born* and *twice-born* types, 213, 214

Sacraments, 148
Self, its interconnection with the visible world, 69, 70, 127; its experience, 73, 136, 188; awareness of, 82, 85, 86; Hume's inadequacy upon, 175, 176
Sensation, 168–74
Sense stimulation, the vehicle of spiritual apprehension, 206–9
Similitude to God, in *sensibilia*, 8
Simultaneousness of God, 114–19
Song of Songs, the, 35, 129, 130
Space and Time, 57, 114, 115
Subject, in Ethics and Epistemology, 69, 188, 189
Subjectivity, 62, 63

Transcendence, present in all knowledge, 3

Universals and Particulars, 19, 39, 40, 44, 45–7, 66
Universe, rationality of, 8, 9, 30; alleged finitude of, 57

Vedantic belief and literature, 217, 220, 237, 239–42, 244
Vividness, nineteenth-century passion for, 254

Wisdom, Book of, 219

II. PERSONS

Acton, Lord, his contempt for philosophy, 52
Adickes, Erich, editor of Kant's *Opus Postumum*, 103
Alexander, Samuel, on Space and Time, 114
Alexander of Macedon, 19, 224, 226; his apotheosis, 228–9; 232–3
Anaxagoras, his introduction of mind as constituent of the universe, 82
Anselm, St., his ontology, 10
Aquinas, St. Thomas, on knowledge of Reality, 6–10; on ethics and religion, 11, 12; on non-Christian religions, 13, 14; his age, 18; his limitations with respect to Aristotle, 19; his helpfulness, 20–3, 96; on emotions in God, 99, 131; on liberty, 121; on God's omnipotence, 124–5; on Angels, 128
Aristotle, attitude of Aquinas towards him, 13, 19; 21; his *Ethics* and *Metaphysics*, 22; on grades of life, 23; 31; on universals and particulars, 39, 46; on concepts, 65; on the passions, 132; death, 224
Arnold, Matthew, on St. Teresa, 122
Augustine, St., 21–3; his *Confessions*, 35–6, 92–3; influence of Plotinus here shown, 99; 103; on Time and Space, 114–15; on liberty, 121, 126; on emotions and God, 133; on the body and the soul of the Church, 149; 183, 187, 220; his dualistic outlook, 224

Bagehot, Walter, 158, 209
Beethoven, 144
Berkeley, George, 134, 168, 171; Lyall's admiration for, 178

Bernard, St., 103
Bhandarkar, Sir Ramakrishna Gopala, 242
Bosanquet, Bernard, 29
Bossuet, Jacques, on man's knowledge, 182
Browning, Robert, 49, 117; his faith, 202
Bruno, Giordano, 48, 57
Butler, Joseph, 158

Calvin, 139, 214
Chantepie de la Saussaye, D., 239, 248
Church, Dean R. W., 220
Cicero, on Euhemerism, 231–2
Colenso, Bishop J. W., 196
Condorcet, M. J. A., 179
Confucius, 249, 250
Copernicus, 58
Corot, Jean, 206
Cromer, Lord, 162
Crooke, William, on Hindu religion and folk-lore, 241

D'Alembert, Jean, 179
Darwin, Charles, his life-work and influence, 6, 9–10, 39; contrasted with Hegel, 50–1; his Evolutionary attitude, 53, 54; 87; his *Origin of Species* and *Descent of Man*, 196; contrasted with Lyall, 245
De Groot, J. J. M., on Chinese religion, 248–50
De Lugo, Cardinal Juan, on means of salvation, 149–50
Democritus, represents the "sensualist" movement in Greek philosophy, 49
Descartes, René, 21; his influence upon Spinoza, 100; his Immanentism, 167, 168, 171; Reid's criticism of his system, 172–4; his formula, "cogito, ergo sum," 188; 191, 196
De Vere, Aubrey, 199
Diderot, Denis, 179
Diodorus of Agyrion, his excerpt from Euhemerus, 224–5
Dionysius, "the Areopagite," on the Angelic Hierarchies, 123
Döllinger, J. J. I. von, his contempt for philosophy, 52
Dubois, Jean Antoine, on Hindu customs, 205–6
Durand, Sir Mortimer, his *Life* of A. C. Lyall, 156, 159, 162, 166, 178–9, 190, 192, 237

Einstein, Albert, on the finitude of the Universe, 49, 57, 58
Eliot, George, influenced by Herbert Spencer, 181
Ennius, his translation of Euhemerus, 231–2
Epicurus, represents "sensualism" in Greek philosophy, 49
Eucken, Rudolf, on Plato, 59
Euhemerus, his *Sacred History*, 224–32, 237–8
Eusebius of Caesarea, his *Praeparatio Evangelica*, 224

Farquharson, General Francis, 156
Fichte, J. G., his place in the history of philosophy, 51
Fouillée, Alfred, his *Idées forces*, 76
Fowler, W. Warde, on Euhemerism at Rome, 231
Frazer, A. Campbell, on Hume, 178

Galilei, Galileo, 46, 51
Gautama, founder of Buddhism, 214, 218, 247
Geikie, Archibald, his geology, 4
Gibbon, Edward, 179
Green, Thomas Hill, his criticism of Hume, 174, 177, 181
Grimm, Jakob, founder of science of language, 30, 39
Grou, Jean Nicholas, on study of the classics, 189
Gruppe, Otto, on Greek mythology and Euhemerism, 227–9

Hamilton, Sir William, his definition of Agnosticism, 185, 191
Hegel, G. W. F., his "Idealistic" philosophy, 3, 21, 22; his character, 32; contrasted with Darwin, 50, 51; his *Phenomenology of Spirit*, 51; J. H. Stirling's criticism of his philosophy, 195
Hegesianax, Hellenistic writer, 228
Holland, Bernard, 61, 155, 156, 160, 162, 164, 193 n., 210
Holland, Mary Sibylla, her letters and character, 156, 160, 164, 192–4, 200, 206–9
Holmes, Edmund, on Buddhism, 213–15

Hügel, Baron Carl von, father of author, 156
Hume, David, the prince of "sensualists," 49; his scepticism, 53, 61, 62; influence upon Lyall, 158, 165–9; on impressions and necessary connexion, 169, 170; his psychology criticized by Reid, 170–4; his account of the self, 174–6; his scepticism accepted by Lyall, 176–7; criticisms by T. H. Green and others, 177, 178, 181, ignored by Lyall, 181; his praises of Nature, 184; studied too early by Lyall, 189, 190, 192, 194; 196, 203, 220; his revival of Euhemerism, 224, 234, 235; his Naturalistic Agnosticism, 252
Huxley, T. H., his Agnosticism, 181, 185, 196

Ignatius of Antioch, St., 103
Isaiah, the note of joy in the Isaian prophecies, 104

Jacobi, Hermann Georg, orientalist, 241
Jacobi, Friedrich Wilhelm, vi, 66, 101
Jacquemont, Victor, 205
Jeremiah, 104, 138
Jesus Christ: His life, 14; His sinlessness, 17; lover of the individual, 19; His sayings "childlike," 30; His earthly life, 81; His words in the Gospels, 91; His bidding us become like God, 107–9, 113; as Incarnate God, 115; as Bridegroom of the Church, 130; as historical figure, 138; His "mixed sense-and-spirit" outlook and practice, 141–2; His historical figure, 146; His sanction of distinction between body and soul of Church, 149; His Passion, 183; the "twice bornness" of His teaching, 219
John Baptist, St., 138
John of the Cross, St., his mysticism, 140, 141
Justin Martyr, St., 103

Kant, Immanuel, his epistemology, 9, 10; his ethical outlook, 11; his position in the history of philosophy, 51; three currents of his mind, 86–8; his ethical outlook, 101–3; 114, 158; his questioning of Hume, 167–9, 171; on knowledge of realities, 186
Kemp Smith, Norman, on Theory of Knowledge, 10
Kuelpe, Oswald, 47, 49
Kuenen, Abraham, work on the Hexateuch, 196

Laplace, P. S. de, 57
Laurie, Prof. S. S., his *Synthetica*, 5
Lehmann, Edvard, orientalist, 157; on primitive Buddhism, 215; on the origin of Hinduism, 238–42
Leopardi, Giacomo, his poetry of pessimism, 202
Lessing, G. E., 142
Lobeck, C. A., his *Aglaophanus*, 234
Locke, John, his empiricism, 49; his Immanentism, 167–9, 171, 172
Lucian, 228
Lucretius, 189, 190
Luther, Martin, his insistence upon pure spirituality, 141; 214
Lyall, Rev. Alfred, father of Alfred Comyn, 61, 165–6, 190, 192–4
Lyall, Sir Alfred Comyn: his observations of India and scepticism, 60–4; his character, the author's relations with him and sources concerning, 155–64; his study of Hume, 165–9, 170, 173, 175–8; his relations with Morley, 179; his admiration for Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall, 180–1; impressed by question of evil, 182–4; causes of his Agnosticism, 187–98; his sense of the Infinite, 198–9; his temperament, 200–1; his *Verses*, 201–2; his *Asiatic Studies*, 203–6; his sensitiveness, 208–9; influences of India upon him, 209–12, 217, 219–23; his Euhemerist position, 223–4, 230, 232, 235, 237–8; held in high esteem by Lehmann, 241; his qualified acceptance of Euhemerism, 242–4; his interest in man rather than in nature, 245–7; never completely Agnostic, 251, 252, 256
Lyall, James, 193, 207
Lyall, Mary (Broadwood), mother of Alfred Comyn, 190–4
Lyall, Mary Sibylla. See Holland
Lyell, Charles, geologist, 4; his *Antiquity of Man*, 196

Maccabean Martyrs, the, 138
McTaggart, J. E., on the pantheism of Hegelism, 32
Magdalene, Mary, St., 183
Maine, Henry Sumner, 205
Malebranche, N., 48
Mansel, Dean H. L., 191
Martineau, James, 181, 199
Mendel, G. J., 54
Mendelssohn, Moses, 101
Meredith, George, 179
Mill, J. S., 184
Miller, Lady, 160, 164
Mohammed, historical figure, 146
Monica, St., 187
Morley, Lord, 179, 180
Moses, historical figure, 138, 146
Müller, Max, 205; on Nirvana, 214

Newman, Cardinal, on Evolution, 53, 54; on difficulties and doubt, 64; on knowing by "fruits," 120
Newton, Isaac, 6, 174
Nicholson, General John, 222, 236, 243
Nicolaus of Cues, his *Idiotae de Sapientia*, 34–6; his pantheistic tendency, 48; his *docta ignorantia*, 185

Oldenberg, Hermann, on Indian religions and Buddhism, 157, 205, 206, 215
Onescritus, 226
Outram, Sir James, 156

Pascal, Blaise, philosopher of conflict of head and heart, 31
Pasteur, Louis, 39
Patmore, Coventry, 129
Paul, St., emphasizes contrast between Christianity and Judaism, 20; 59, 103, 138, 185, 187; his anti-Jewish and dualistic outlook, 213, 214
Petre, Catherine, 206, 207
Philostratus, his *Heroicus*, 228
Plato, on the negative character of Evil, 12; 21, 22; on the present existence of the ideal, 23; 31; on knowledge of realities, 59, 60, 76; on Reality, Joy, and Love, 96, 97, 99; on striving to become like unto the Divine, 107–9, 113; on emotion, 132, 137; the Book of Wisdom indebted to him, 219
Plotinus, 21, 22; on the non-spatial character of spiritual experience, 23; 31, 96; his teaching on Reality and Joy advances beyond Plato, 97, 98; his limitations, 98; his completion and correction by St. Augustine, 99, 133
Polybius, shows beginning of historical spirit, 13
Pringle Pattison, Andrew Seth, his criticism of evolutionary theory, 29; his criticism of Hume, Kant, and Reid, 167, 168, 181; his description of Agnosticism, 197
Ptolemy, his astronomy, 58

Râma, Indian national hero and deity, 241–2
Ramsay, Sir William, on the New Testament, 211
Ranke, Leopold von, on man's two lives, 117–18
Raphael Sanzio, 144
Reid, Thomas, his criticism of Hume, Locke, and Descartes, 167–9, 170–4, 177, 181
Renan, Ernest, on knowing religion, 24, 25
Ritschl, Albrecht, 191
Rohde, Erwin, his study of Euhemerism, 225–7, 229
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, 101
Rousseau, Pierre, 206
Ruskin, John, 89

Sabatier, Auguste, 31
Sankara, Sanskrit philosopher, 242
Scaevola, Quintus Mucius, 231
Schelling, F. W. J., his position in the history of philosophy, 51
Seth, Andrew. See Pringle Pattison
Shand, A. F. S., his *Foundations of Character*, 105–6
Shebbeare, Rev. C. J., 159, 164
Smith, William Robertson, 196
Socrates, 82, 106, 233
Sorley, W. R., his *Moral Values and the Idea of God*, 74, 120
Spencer, Herbert, 61, 62; his Ethics, 74; Lyall's admiration for him, 180–1; his Agnosticism, 185; his revival of Euhemerism, 224, 234–7, 243, 252

Spinoza, Baruch, 47; his Ethics, 48–9; criticized by Jacobi, 66; 96; his pantheism and religious temper, 100
Steele, Flora Annie, 205
Stephen, Leslie, 252
Stirling, James Hutchison, his criticism of Hume, 178, 181; on Hegel, 195
Strabo, 226
Strauss, David F., 221

Taylor, Col. Meadows, 205
Temple, Sir Richard, 204
Temple, William, Archbishop of York, 120
Tennyson, Alfred, 117, 201
Teresa, St., 122
Tertullian, 31, 103; utilization of Euhemerism, 232–3
Thomas à Kempis, 11, 31
Thucydides, 13
Tischendorf, Constantin, his work on New Testament text, 211
Troeltsch, Ernst, on religion and knowledge of realities, 60; on mysticism and historical religion, 89
Tyndall, John, 181, 196
Tyrrell, George, 28

Urban VIII, Pope, 149

Vaihinger, Hans, commentator on Kant, 11
Volkelt, Johannes, on Kant's instinctive Calvinism, 102
Voltaire, 179; Lyall's early reading of his works, 190
Vyasa, Sanskrit poet, 242

Wallace, Alfred Russell, 54, 196
Ward, James, his study of Spencer, 181
Webb, Mrs., 178
Weismann, Augustus, 54
Weld, Thomas, afterwards Cardinal, 189, 190
Westermarck, Professor E. A., 203
White, Andrew, on the warfare of science with theology, 5, 24
William of Occam, 31
Wissowa, Georg, on Euhemerism among the Romans, 231

Zarathustra, founder of Persian religion, 247
Zeller, Eduard, his *Origin and Nature of Religion*, 221, 222

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