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love, one ascends with him to the presence of God. . . . Knowledge is quick in purifying. . . . With ease it removes the soul to what is akin to the soul, divine and holy, and by its own light conveys man through the mystic stages of advancement till it restores the pure in heart to the crowning place of rest, teaching to gaze upon God, face to face, with knowledge and comprehension. For in this consists the perfection of the gnostic soul in its being with the Lord.'

Clement's perfect Gnostic is above all envy and ambition, all fear and hope, even above virtues such as courage and qualities like cheerfulness. He is imperturbable, apathetic, impassible—like God. There is a good deal of Epictetus about this perfect man, and the love he manifests is Spinozistic love, not love of Jesus such as that of Teresa or Olier, but love of an abstraction. The description aims at mysticism, but cannot cease to be metaphysical, and ultimately becomes ethical.

The perfect man in the *Stromateis* has proved attractive to the mystically inclined with practical bent. Wesley was much drawn to it, and upon it based his *Character of a Methodist*. For the perfect man, according to Clement, lives not for himself, and thinks not of himself. Even his eternal salvation does not really interest him. If he could choose between that and the knowledge of God, it is the latter he would prefer. And equally naturally he does good deeds, 'for good works follow knowledge, as the shadow the body.' By the same logic he is further a missionary, only truly resembling God when saving.

One is reminded of Archbishop Leighton, who so deeply sympathized with Cambridge Platonism, and who writes: 'Aspire then to be intelligent Christians and to know well what you believe. Let your minds be filled with knowledge, as the Apostle speaks. But let it not stop there. It must have influence into the will. *Lux est vehiculum caloris*: true light conveys heat. . . . Saving light produces love, and by that, acts. Faith works by love, says the Apostle. That breaks forth and shines in the life in godliness, righteousness, and sobriety. Shine, then, in all these.'

Writing of Clement of Alexandria, Hort has said that in the Early Church 'there was no one whose vision of what the faith of Jesus Christ was intended to do for mankind was so full or so true.' For Clement the hope of the world, spiritual, intellectual, moral, is only in Christ. As we read his Works, we see the Chaos of that Eastern world, the low tone of heathen superstition, the excitement of the Mysteries, the scoffs and sneers of the Epicureans, the cold, calm dignity of Stoicism, the beginnings of Neoplatonism, the eccentricities of Gnostic speculation, the narrow puritanic zeal of Montanism; and in the midst of all this confusion is Clement, quivering with emotion, strong with conviction, exultant with vision, proclaiming the true Gnosis, the solution of every doubt, the satisfaction of every yearning in Christ the Word, crying, 'Let us repent and pass from ignorance to knowledge, from foolishness to wisdom, from licentiousness to self-restraint, from unrighteousness to righteousness, from godlessness to God. . . . "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."'

The Real Buddha.

BY PROFESSOR A. J. GOSSIP, D.D., GLASGOW.

THERE are few indeed in any sphere who have to their credit so staggering a record of achievement, so full and impressive a tale of work well done, as that daring little band of pioneers—the small circle of real Buddhist scholars as distinct from the mere chatterers (compare this expert's savagely cold dissection of a page of Mr. Wells, with its calm proof that every single confident phrase is absolutely wrong), who have, within a generation or so, added a whole far-spreading continent to our intellectual world.

When they began sixty or seventy years ago, Buddhism was to all intents and purposes unknown to Europe. To-day they have not only printed in the original, but have also translated most of the Pali Canon, that earliest source, produced a worthy dictionary—superseding Childer's marvellous one-man effort, and blazed a trail for us into a fascinating country through jungles that had seemed impenetrable.

It is fifty-four years since the late Rhys Davids opened the door for many in his little Manual of

Buddhism, a book still living. But much water has run underneath the bridge since then, and fuller knowledge—won, largely, by that great scholar's own tireless enthusiasm, has brought new light and other views, and differing interpretations of much, even of many central things. And now his co-worker and widow, that eminent authority Mrs. Rhys Davids, has given us another *Manual of Buddhism for Advanced Students* (Sheldon Press; 7s. 6d. net), seeking to bring our knowledge up to date, and to correct mistaken or inadequate impressions.

Between the two books there is a great gulf fixed. Much that is held to be essential in the one is denied in the other. For, while the former gave us Buddhism as stated in the Pali Canon, the latter, holding that last to be in great degree a decadence and a misinterpretation, tries to see through the records to the original teaching and practices and life of the real Gotama, where here and there these can be glimpsed through much less valuable matter that has been superimposed. The conclusions and results are startling. It is, of course, by no means new that to the author, as to others, it is clear that the Pali Scriptures are not the Buddha's teaching in its first simplicity, but rather that passed through the alembic of later more prosaic brains, a selection edited and touched up by a generation of scholars much more monkish and abstract than he, which read back much familiar to them into his mind, and saw his message through the philosophy and practices of their own day, which largely blurred and hid it from them. What scholasticism is to the Gospels, that the Pali Scriptures are to Buddha. That has always been the Mahayana point of view, and other Pali scholars feel that there is much in what they say. Mrs. Rhys Davids, for her part, agrees entirely with the seceders who were expelled at the Patna Council in their contention that what they held was not audacious heresies cutting at the roots of Gotama's faith, but primitive Buddhism as it left his lips, far nearer the original than what had come to be called orthodoxy could justly claim to be. The thing, indeed, is carried far. The criterion of authenticity employed is intensely subjective. The author starts out with a preconceived idea and ideal of what a great world teacher must be, of the kind of thing of which a message to Everyman (of whose constant reappearance one grows very weary) must consist. It must make life and its possibilities a bigger, fuller, more adventurous thing, must give him a More and not a Less—a Better leading him on to a Best. And wherever

the records seem to her to clash with her conception of what constitutes a More, there the blue pencil confidently notes that clumsy monkish fingers have been mischievously falsifying and interpolating, and crude minds blurring the splendour of the Buddha's message. This and this must be a gloss, for it is out of tune with the self-chosen postulates and axioms. There it is now: but originally it just must have been quite otherwise. There may be no actual proof, or only one or two passages amid a mass that tell the other way. Still, so it must have been, or how could Everyman have listened? That is the constant argument buttressed in many places by great learning and acuteness, yet at times left hanging precariously, a mighty structure upon almost no foundation.

Much goes, and much is changed, and much is challenged. 'When I look out on the world,' said A. B. Davidson, 'it is not the sin that strikes me first, it is the mass of suffering.' 'Do you ever without any special reason for grief fall into uncontrollable weeping? Just the other day that came upon me in great strength. I was alone; and there came such a sense of the mystery, the uncertainty, the loneliness, the pathos of life, that I was for a long time shaken with sobs that I was unable to control.' And always it has seemed clear that, because so many centuries ago another sensitive soul like that looked out on this great ailing sorrow-stricken world with just such feelings, Buddhism was born. The pain, the mystery, the decay, the unnerving impermanence of things, and the dread doctrine of transmigration, imprisoning unhappy ones in this grim prison-house of life, so that, search how they may with eager fingers groping for the smallest egress through which they might squeeze through and so escape, they can find none:—that aching, sympathetic pessimistic view of things seems certainly to have been the foundation from which Buddha spoke. But that shocks Mrs. Rhys Davids. It has, she feels, been grossly overstressed. That is largely the monk's later view. Everyman could not respond to that. Buddha has no dislike of life. All that is superimposed on his real message. He is no shirker and does not offer to men a short cut to escape. He hails life with enthusiasm as a great adventure, a marvellous opportunity, a chance of becoming what one day one will grow to be—the More, the Better, and at last the Best. So the foundational four noble truths sink almost out of sight. And with them the chain of causation, as by no means so central as men, whose psychology had smothered

their religion, came to think. Even the Eightfold Path is but a secondary thing, absurdly exaggerated in importance by prosaic minds; and Nirvana, apart from the sense of putting out one's evil passions, fades into insignificance. It was those perverse monks that stressed it later. And the Dhamma, the great Dhamma, means, essentially and in the last resort, not, as they so stupidly supposed, the Buddha's doctrine, but that inner Conscience which guides Everyman. And there were not originally two main paths—one for the laymen on a lesser height, and one for monks, with exercises carrying one high into a rarified atmosphere. The monkish scholars threw that back, in great degree, into the Teacher's mind. And Jhanā is not musing or the like, but a communion with those in the other worlds. And the Brahma-Viharas are a kind of teleolution. And Buddha is not atheistic nor agnostic. For, reared in the atmosphere in which he lived, that inner conscience is God immanent. And certainly man is no mere river of mental states. There is a self that passes on—and so on endlessly. Some of all which—that last for instance, has long grown familiar. But all this heaped together gives one the feeling of a man who, rising after a sudden earthquake, looks out from his own door upon a strange and alien land, with all the familiar landmarks gone.

What Buddha really taught was that man is a wayfarer ever becoming, with a long trail of lives and worlds before him, who by his will can, by avoiding self-indulgence and a too strict conformity

to mere rules and laws, by following the guidance of that God present in his conscience, move on to More and then to Most, to Better and at last to Best, helping his fellows on the way. For the whole idea of the Arahāt is not original Buddhism. That, too, is superimposed on it by legal, little souls, unlike the Master's.

It does not seem much of a gospel to have so impressed the world. But that, maintains the author, is what it really was.

This is a difficult book to read. 'For higher students' stands upon the title-page. It has small art or style; and, wrestling to bring home to us the meaning of Pali words, the author falls back frequently on uncouth phrases that don't greatly help. But it comes out of an immense knowledge, and an impressive humility, and an utter confidence.

One hopes, in many ways, that the reading is right. But if it is, the real face of the Buddha has been so overlaid by unwise hands, that the portrait of the Pali Canon seems a mere unauthentic daub.

There was a famous Chinese pilgrim long ago who hearing of a cave, upon the walls of which the Buddha was said to appear, sought it, and found the country jungle grown, and the cave itself forgotten. But a lad knew of it, and, guided by him, and prostrating themselves many times, some of the party saw a light, and one or two the Buddha. But the rest saw nothing. If this reading of the Canon is to be accepted, few of those of us who have struggled through the jungle are likely to see the real face of the real Buddha on the wall.

In the Study.

Virginibus Querisque.

The Crooked Man.

BY THE REVEREND C. LESLIE CRAIG, KNUTSFORD,
RUGBY.

'The crooked shall be made straight.'—Lk 3^d.

TO-DAY'S story is about a bad man. I feel sure he was a bad man because he wasn't straight, and whenever we say that about a man we usually mean that he is dishonest. Well, this man was all warped; everything about him was crooked. A little poem has been written about him, and I

dare say you all know it very well. It goes like this:

There was a crooked man
Who walked a crooked mile;
He found a crooked sixpence
Against a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat
Which caught a crooked mouse;
And they all lived together
In a little crooked house.

What a 'crook' he must have been! Suppose you were going to draw a picture of this crooked