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are now seen to be due to the compiler, who was apt to put into close proximity passages which showed certain similarities. Many unintelligible half-sentences and phrases, especially at the beginning or end of the separate revelations, are to be put down primarily to mutilation, not to textual corruption; if we had the full text we should see how the meaningless words would fit into the general whole. We are able to take a much broader view of questions regarding authorship, and are far less inclined to ascribe to later hands passages which are not in harmony with their immediate context. We may hope that fuller study along these lines will give us in days to come yet more complete understanding of the prophets and of their message to mankind.

Problems of To-day.

V. The Non-Christian East in the 'Christian' West.

By the Reverend Nicol Macnicol, D.D., Edinburgh.

For two thousand years we can see waves of invasion sweeping at irregular intervals from the regions of the East into Europe, bearing with them influences that have deeply affected Western thought and aspiration. That was the case notably about the beginning of the Christian era when the most powerful invader was Christianity and its most notable captain St. Paul. The general character of what was happening then may be variously described —as an intensification of 'asthenic emotion,' perhaps, or as 'a failure of nerve,' or as 'the death of the Great Pan.' With the Renaissance we come to a second cultural invasion or rather upsurgence in a Europe reckoned as Christian. The return of Pan now creates a conflict between what Berdyaev calls the old Adam of the pre-Christian world and the redeemed man of Christianity. The earlier invasion had been, in part at least, caused by the gusts of religious emotion—Christian or other—beating upon the *vacua sedes et inania templa* where the Olympians had once ruled. The later one was due to a clash that is likely to recur again and again as long as man is both from beneath and from above. Another hostile power that came from the East was Islam, seeking conquest by the sword and resisted by the 'Christian' West by the same weapon. Here two powerful forces met and clashed, but in the struggle that ensued the permeation of ideas had little part.

To-day a renewal of the old conflict is taking place under new conditions. This time the fashion in which the rivals meet and wrestle with each other is not certainly that of the Crusades. The question at issue requires that a Christianity that is a revelation and a redemption be weighed against a world-view according to which man's thought climbs unaided to a region both beyond God and beyond good and evil.

That contrast may at all events be said to represent one main aspect of the contending opposites, which may also be described geographically as the West and the East, or as Christianity and the Oriental religions. But before we consider the alternatives between which a choice has to be made we may review the circumstances that have caused this battle to be joined. In the age of the Crusades a great tide of religious passion and of the lust of conquest was sweeping up from Arabia and threatening to engulf the West. It was met by another passion, no less strong and no less earthly. The parallel to what is happening to-day is not to be found there but rather in the inundation that swept over southern Europe at the beginning of the Christian era. It is not now the Olympians whose hold is loosening upon their worshippers; it is the Christian Church that is weakening in the strength and courage of its faith. The Western world that has hitherto called itself Christian is in many quarters abandoning that pretence, and even where the name is still retained, its former glory has grown dim. The unquestioned moral authority that the West had claimed and the East had passively accepted was being gradually undermined until with the events of the World War the walls of this spiritual Jericho came crashing to the ground. The East, too, had been rediscovering its spiritual significance and awaking to self-respect and courage. The result is that to-day, in the striking phrase of

Dr. Kraemer, 'the East rides again the horses of its own destiny.' If that be so, it need not surprise us if the trampling of their hoofs should be heard in our own streets.

It is true that the Eastern invader does not sweep down upon the West with the élan with which the horsemen of Saladin once charged the infidel. The same influences—the 'acids of modernity,' as it is the custom to call them—that have done so much to weaken the faith of many in the West in the Christianity that they inherited, has corroded much more deeply the ancient traditions of Hinduism and Buddhism and Islam. There is no quarter of the world that has not become subjected to the dominion of material forces, and the leaders of Japan and China instead of counting their beads are constrained in these evil days to count their aeroplanes. The spirituality of the East, of which India at least until yesterday was so proud, is losing its significance and value under the shadow of the tyrannies and brutalities of to-day. Thus both in Europe and in Asia there has arisen a divided and uncertain mind. The peoples of the East and of the West look across the chasm that threatens to engulf them both and are afraid. In a symposium that was held in Paris some years ago on the subject of 'Les Appels de l'Orient,' it was maintained by some of those taking part that Europe was inclining to turn away from 'American' materialism towards the gifts that the East was supposed to be able to provide. 'Europe,' they said, 'is as a result of her almost mortal sufferings of recent years ready to bow her head and humble herself. An immense continent will remain the refuge and the fortress of the Occidental spirit; the whole of America will harden herself and proudly close her mind whereas Europe will heed the lesson of the Orient.' [1]

This conclusion would seem, however, to be both too unkind in its view of America and too confident that Europe would seek a spiritual haven in the East. Europe does not display so much timidity, nor America so much hardness of heart. A few months ago, indeed, the President of the American Oriental Society in his inaugural address accepted responsibility on behalf of the West for the problem caused by 'the present threatening turmoil of the world,' and called upon his countrymen to turn to the East as possessing the key that can open to men 'the highest spiritual contribution of the race.' It seems as if neither America nor Asia is wholly confident in the possession of a satisfying clue to the mystery of the universe. As at the beginning of the Christian era there was in the Europe of that day a failure of nerve, so it seems to be also in a great part of the world at the present time. In the words that Matthew Arnold uses to describe what Europe felt then we may say now of each of three continents and not of Europe alone that she 'feels the void that mines her breast.' But these descriptions, while applicable ten or twelve years ago to the post-war world, cannot be said to give a complete account of the prevailing attitude everywhere in the three continents to-day. There is little sign of an inclination to 'bow the head and humble themselves' on the part of some of the nations of Europe, and if they send envoys to Japan it is not to 'take the dust' of Buddha's feet.

If Germany is not betaking herself in that chastened spirit to the East, it is nevertheless true that she is looking elsewhere than to Christianity, and India has at least some relation to her quest. The new faith Germany is proclaiming is, in the words of its apostle, Alfred Rosenberg, 'the Mythus of the blood.' To it, race is 'the ultimate value,' and purity of race a supreme demand. 'When the first great wave of Nordic blood flooded the high mountains of India . . . the Indians, unconsciously, as it were, kept apart from the alien, the dark element which they found there. . . . After this blood separation the Aryans created for themselves a conception of the world deeper and loftier than any other philosophy up to the present day.' [2] Again, this prophet announces the basis of all right in these words: 'An old Indian proverb from the Nordic period says, "Right and wrong do not go about and say: Here we are! Right is what Aryan men consider to be right." This saying indicates a primitive wisdom forgotten to-day. Law as well as religion and art are no bloodless phantoms but are definitely linked up with special races with which they appear and vanish again.'

These words do not suggest the kind of spiritual truths that are usually brought forth for our acceptance from the Indian treasure-house. Rather we expect from that quarter qualities of pity, humility, and love on which Rosenberg is never weary of pouring scorn as qualities which, when they appear in any race, are evidence of cultural decay. We see here, it is evident, an attempt being made by the architects of a new religion to claim kinship with an ancient system which, both in its characteristics and in the fruits it seeks to create in its followers, is poles apart from it. They

[1] See Irving Babbitt's essay on 'Buddha and the Occident' in his translation of the *Dhammapada*.

[2] See Rosenberg's *Myth of the Twentieth Century* for the quotations that follow.

would fain have the support of the ancient prestige of Hinduism and Buddhism. The affinity that unites the new German faith and the old Indian one actually consists in the fact that both are in essence religions of self-deification; but the self of the modern Teuton seeking to rebuild the dynamism of 'the Nordic racial soul' is far different from that of the sages of the Upanishads or of Buddha giving his last charge to Ananda, 'Be thou a refuge unto thyself; betake thyself to no external refuge.' It is true that one Indian Scripture, the *Bhagavadgita*, was promulgated on a battlefield and is a call in one aspect of it to heroic action. That, no doubt, is why Rosenberg's chief disciple, J. W. Hauer, considers the Gita the Bible of the Indo-Germanic race. He accords to it this place because it issues a summons—not to reflection as most Indian Scriptures do—but to 'the Deed demanded of us, that by action we may master the riddle of life.' [1]

We must not tarry too long on this strange collocation of two temperaments, racially akin indeed, but in their history and in the fruits in character that their history has produced, so widely diverse. This modest share that ancient Indian culture may be having in the revival of the German spirit is interesting chiefly as emphasizing the fact that the deities that a single race may create in its own image at different times and in different circumstances may be widely different from each other. It may, however, be of more profit to us to consider how and why another branch of the same Indo-European family, the Anglo-Saxons, is to-day in the person of some of its distinguished children turning towards the East and hoping to find there the guidance that it needs. In the case of Germany, the circumstances that have created the worship of race need not be discussed here. It is enough to quote Rosenberg's own account of its genesis. 'Those fallen in the War,' he says, 'are the victims of the catastrophic end of an epoch . . . but the martyrs of a new faith.' In Great Britain and America the same catastrophe had, as was natural, different consequences, though consequences no less tragic. Their effect was not in this case political, nor was the attempt made to recreate a nation. Rather the catastrophe of the War had the effect, for many who experienced its anguish, of destroying the façade of the religious and moral values of the past. That being so, there were those who heard the challenge—'In thine own soul build it up again,' and it is not surprising that not a few turned for help to such impressive efforts of the human spirit to save itself as are to be found in the Indian philosophy of the Vedanta as well as in the Buddha's resolute endeavour to solve in very different fashion the mystery of life and its sorrows.

One group in Great Britain that found themselves in that case was gathered round a man whom they recognized as possessing some of the qualities of genius—D. H. Lawrence. In this man we see the unhappiness of this period writ large, and the spectacle, it is evident, deeply affected his friends. Many of those who watched his struggles would, no doubt, agree with one of the clearest sighted of them, Katherine Mansfield, that Lawrence's clue to the mystery of life, 'his tortured, satanic, demon love,' was 'all wrong.' He does not admit, as far as I am aware, any affinity in his outlook with Oriental thought; he seems, indeed, to have deliberately passed India by on a voyage to Australia because he feared to find there displayed those consequences from his doctrine that he was aware of within himself. His friend, Middleton Murry, indeed, declares that he avoided India because India might have understood him too well. If what Lawrence sought was to submerge himself, as one of his interpreters, Mr. Fausset, says, 'in the dark tides of primordial instinct,' [1] then it is true that such primitivism is exhibited in all its appalling consequences across the plains of India.

But the failure of Lawrence has its relation to the subject of our present study because of its revelation of the tragic frustration which in him was all the more tragic because 'the forces' (to quote again the same interpreter) 'that met in conflict in him were abnormally intense.' Perhaps it was because Lawrence was manifestly 'a disintegrated man' that so many in his circle have sought—and in more than one instance have sought in Eastern religions—some way by which to recover wholeness, to reach, at least, what one of them, Aldous Huxley, calls 'the fragmentary outlines of a synthesis.' 'I do think,' (to call Katherine Mansfield again as a witness to the deep sense of this need) 'one must (we must) have some big thing to live by, and one reason for the great poverty of Art is that artists have got no religion, and they are, in the words of the Bible, sheep without a shepherd. . . . One can't drift, and everybody nearly is drifting nowadays.' Where, then, were they to drop anchor?

[1] See J. W. Hauer's study of the *Bhagavadgita* entitled *Eine Indo-arische Metaphysik des Kampfes und der Tat*.

[1] This quotation from H. I'A. Fausset, and others that follow, are from his book, *A Modern Prelude*, and those from Katherine Mansfield are from the second volume of her *Letters*.

Two of those who felt this need and who in such straits betook themselves to the Oriental teachers are H. I'A. Fausset and Aldous Huxley. The former tells us in his spiritual autobiography—*A Modern Prelude*—how the influence of Lawrence 'forced the issue' and enabled him to pass beyond him and to hope to reach 'creative harmony with all and everything.' Mr. Fausset describes what the East gave him in these words: 'At the heart of the Vedanta I discovered the reconciliation of the One and the Many, the absolute and the relative, for which I had been seeking. . . . It was a guide-book to true liberation, not from life, but from the partial self. It provided a practical itinerary for those who would tread the right path through the vale of soul-making.' Similarly, Mr. Aldous Huxley seems to have been drawn to the Vedantic system because he desired to find a meaning for the universe and could not live without some kind of metaphysic. He believes that 'a philosophy of meaninglessness is accepted only at the suggestion of the passions,' and he finds that the 'metaphysical theories' of Sankara are trees that bear better fruit than 'the metaphysical theories' of Luther and Augustine.[1]

It is not my aim to criticise, or even to examine closely, the views of those who have betaken themselves to the wisdom of the East as these two men of letters have. Mr. Aldous Huxley's views have already been ably examined in a recent article in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. What we are here considering is the fact of such a resort to Eastern thought and the reasons for it. Mr. Fausset and Mr. Huxley are agreed that one advantage of the Vedantic ideology is that it does not direct its worship to a personal deity. Mr. Fausset claims that the Eastern sages have the advantage of being 'disinterested artists,' not 'interested theologians' like their Western counterparts. It would be truer to describe the Christian 'sage' as primarily a worshipper than as either an artist or a philosopher. This difference may explain why Mr. Fausset does not feel the need of such a personal centre to his universe as the Christian gospel reveals. He is looking for something else. Mr. Huxley is willing to recognize the value of theism for those of weaker capacity, but he himself prefers the company, not of those of 'viscerotonic habit' but of such a philosopher as Sankara. As a matter of fact, however, Sankara combined in his person 'the rational idealist' and the devout theist, contemplating Brahman on the one hand as the sole reality, and bowing in the temple of Siva on the other, as a concession to the world of māyā. As regards the fruits from the metaphysical theories of this architect of Vedantic monism, one can see them in India as Mr. Huxley himself saw them in Benares, of which he was moved to write in his *Jesting Pilate*, 'If I were an Indian millionaire I would leave all my money for the endowment of an Atheist Mission.'

What really attracts Mr. Huxley to Hinduism is the doctrine of non-attachment, but he does not seem to have realized the fact that for the Hindu philosopher this means non-attachment no less to the good than to the evil. Neither belongs to his world of reality, and to live in that world is, in consequence, to be outside the whole life of moral effort. 'Virtue,' Mr. Huxley writes, 'is the essential preliminary to the mystical experience.' If he is referring to the experience of Vedantic mysticism then virtue is of value to it only in the sense that to mistake a rope for a snake is of value as leading one to walk with caution. The 'neti, neti' of Yajnavalkya cannot be equated with the 'Nescio, nescio' of St. Bernard. The one gazes into nothingness; the other stands before the revelation of the divine love, crying, 'O altitudo.'

No doubt one thing that attracts the disintegrated man of the West is the imposing synthesis that the Indian philosopher provides. That designation does not, of course, apply to Buddha, for he, as far as we can discern his personality, was no philosopher. He found peace only when he ceased troubling about the universe and set himself with extraordinary strength of heart and will to cultivate his garden. But the synthesis of the Indian philosophers gives no one an 'end' to live for. Katherine Mansfield was surely right. 'One can't drift.' It is not a map but a pilot that we need most of all. D. H. Lawrence wanted apparently a meaningless world ('cosmic pointlessness') and he got it with its consequence in the rootlessness and dissatisfaction of his life. The meaning of the universe must convey at the same time a purpose and imply accordingly a supreme Purposer.

What has been said may suggest some ways in which the East draws restless and drifting men of the West into its net. There are other and less exalted reasons that draw others. One such is the lure of another kind of 'mysticism,' the kind that is occult and mysterious and sometimes disgusting. Vachell Lindsay, who sums this kind up as 'Mumbo-Jumbo' and sees it emerging from the jungles of the Congo, bids us beware of it for—he says—'Mumbo-Jumbo will hoodoo you.' No thoughtful Oriental will desire that his religion should be the

[1] The quotations from Aldous Huxley are mainly from his *Ends and Means*.

source of supply of 'these creepy things,' as Vivekananda scornfully describes them. To many that is what the word Yoga suggests, whereas it really is an elaborate discipline by means of which a man may endeavour to lift himself to some region more real than that of illusion. The labours of India in self-deification have been unequalled surely by any other race. If any people could have scaled Olympus it would have been they. No wonder they have drawn men's eyes and still draw them when men give serious thought to the problem of how they can extricate themselves from the slough of human sorrow and human ignorance. As we have seen in the case of the two whose views of the wisdom of the East we have been considering, men of the finest quality and the utmost sincerity have experienced this attraction. A third who could certainly be so described is the Irish poet 'A. E.', a man who drank deeply at the springs of Oriental wisdom, but who, to his own deep disappointment, failed to attain by its help the happiness he sought and remained to the end a figure of pathetic wistfulness.

Three outstanding personalities of America have also felt in greater or less degree the fascination of Oriental speculations, but of the three, two escaped with no more than the smell of the fire upon their garments. These two are T. S. Eliot, whose *Waste Land* bears distinct traces of its author having passed through an Indian period, and Paul Elmer More, that gracious scholar, student both of Greek and of Sanscrit, who, as he tells us in the beautiful narrative of his spiritual pilgrimage published after his death, 'never quite succumbed to the insidious spell' of the Vedanta. He and Professor Irving Babbitt, loyal comrades and friends, differed in this that while Babbitt remained outside the Christian Church, a follower rather of the Buddha than of the Christ, his friend walked, though with many questionings, in humble faith in Christ 'to the end that is no end,' 'assured,' as he adds, 'that I shall meet the great Lord of life, and, falling before Him, tell my gratitude for all He has done, and implore pardon for all I have left undone.'

What 'the poor earth's dying race' needs, and has always known that it needs, is what may be called in a single word salvation. The East and the West, in the aspect in which we have been viewing them, are seen offering to us one or other of two widely different schemes of deliverance. That which the East exhibits to us is in its various forms—if we leave Islam out of account—a pattern woven of human dreams and desires and deep and subtle insights, always, however sublimated, the product of man's own thinking. As Mr. Fausset says of the Vedanta, so we can say of them all, that they are webs 'which a God-intoxicated spirit has spun, like some inspired spider out of itself.' The message of the West, if we may thus designate what claims so high an ultimate origin, is affirmed to be 'not after man but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.' Between these a choice has to be made and is being made. From the days at least of Plato the wise have felt that the perilous seas of human life can be crossed in safety by no coracle of man's building, but only if there should come down for him from above, as it were, a divine argosy, a Word of God and that not merely a Word of revelation, but also (since we men are what we are) a Word of redemption.

Literature.

THE PHARISEES.

The twentieth century has witnessed striking developments in many sides of Biblical studies, and not least in the interpretation of Israel's history. It is now recognized that the nation was at no time a homogeneous whole, but that from first to last it contained elements which could always be contrasted with one another, and were sometimes in bitter conflict. For a number of years it has been realized in this country that we have to consider the interaction of two orders of society, that of the nomad Aramæan and that of the settled Palestinian. More recently, American scholars have adopted the same line of approach, and we now have a fresh account of the history from the pen of a distinguished American Jew, Dr. Louis Finkelstein, under the title *The Pharisees: The Sociological Background of their Faith* (Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia; 2 vols., $2.50 per vol.).

The book, however, is far more than an account