

is clearly right in holding that the creation of the light on the first day in the Biblical narrative is the monotheistic rendering of the birth of Merodach the god of light at the beginning of the creation. But I am not so sure that he is equally right in saying that the creation of light was thus made to antedate that of the sun and moon in order to "make out" the requisite number of seven days. The vegetation which was created on the third day needed light, and the very fact that the creation of light is separated from that of the heavenly luminaries shows that in the author's mind light was independent of either sun or moon. Indeed such a belief would be natural to an Oriental familiar with the afterglow.

There will doubtless be plenty of discussion over the details in Dr. Radau's volume. I do not think, for instance, that the Hebrew word *arets* is used in different senses in Gen. i. 1, 2. The verb in verse two is a pluperfect and the translation is: "Now the earth had been"—not as yet the earth of the present creation, but—" *thohû* and *bohû*," whatever these words mean. Consequently it is not certain that the Tehom or "chaos" and "the breath of Elohim" are convertible. In the words "darkness upon the face of Tehom" we have the Babylonian conception; in the addition, which is a supplement rather than a parallel clause, "the breath of Elohim ever brooding upon the face of the waters"—we must see the Hebrew gloss. The "breath of Elohim" was the vital principle which when combined with the creative voice brought life and order into the world; the darkness, on the contrary, was devoid both of light and of creative power. In the Assyro-Babylonian Epic of the creation the "word" of Merodach creates and destroys; perhaps if we knew more about Babylonian cosmologies we should find that, in some schools at least, the animate creation was believed to have received its life from the inspiration of the divine breath.

Limits of space prevent me from entering into further details, and I can only add that Dr. Radau's book should be read by the theologian as well as by the Assyriologist. Both will find in it food for thought. And to the Assyriologist the pages in it devoted to Sumerian mythology will be especially acceptable.

CAIRO, EGYPT.

A. H. SAYCE.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

Le Temple Enseveli, by Maurice Maeterlinck, contains six essays on the hidden foundations of the Temple of Life. Descending into the heart of existence, he returns to point out the deep meanings hidden in common beliefs, common phrases. Throwing the search-light of his genius on these household words, of which, to paraphrase a famous line, it may be said, "custom makes stale their infinite variety," he flashes through the fog of environment and illumines once more the jewel obscured by its dull and time-worn setting.

The first essay is on that Justice, believed in by most men, but which, apart from the law and order maintaining the equilibrium of the world, conveys to the ordinary mind at best a vague greatness—something which must exist somewhere or somehow, unless all ancient faiths are to fall on the head of the believer. But on closer examination, where can this exterior Justice be found? "Ni la terre, ni le ciel, ni la nature, ni la matière, ni l'éther, ni aucun des forces nous connaissons, hors celles qui sont en nous, ne se préoccupe de justice, n'a la moindre rapport avec notre morale, avec nos pensées, nos intentions;" there is only the relation of cause to effect. The ignorant and unthinking mind may consider the catastrophes of nature—earthquakes, eruptions, and so forth—as the judgments of a ter-

rible, yet just, God : continuing to bring down this idea of deity to its own level, it may still endeavor to see His chastisements in those calamities which touch human life still more nearly, in the mysterious workings of heredity, of disease, or suffering, where the sins of guilty parents are visited on innocent children, where the good suffer equally with the guilty. But a vaster idea of nature, and of divinity in nature, is beginning to dawn on human intelligence, as we realise more and more our own littleness with regard to the great elemental forces which surround us. Blindly—and without any thought of involved responsibility—we sweep a fly off a window, nevertheless we are blind instruments in the fate of that fly : and does the thought never occur, that we, in our turn, may suffer in the power of forces as blind to, and ignorant of, our systems of morality, as we are to that of the fly ?

We shall not therefore find the justice comprehensible to our limited intellects in the vast cycle of creation, in which we human creatures can be compared to the insects which we carelessly crush ; both insect and man may be ascending through life and through death to perfection, but neither can form any conception of the justice involved in this vast evolution. And turning from any conceivable idea of justice in the physical world, Maeterlinck points unerringly to the true centre of human equity—the soul of man.

There may be other systems of justice above and below our comprehension, but this alone concerns our individual and collective life, and it therefore behoves us to make this "Eye of Justice," this "light of the body" increasingly clear-sighted and pure, "Il est diminué de tout ce que nous n'apercevons pas, de tout ce que nous regardons incomplètement, de tout à ce que nous n'interrogeons pas assez profondément" : its point of vantage appears continually changing beneath the lens of our interior clairvoyance, "à mesure que l'intelligence élève et s'éclaire, elle parvient à dominer et éclairer, à transformer nos sentiments et nos instincts ;" and at the same time, is menaced by curious distortion and oblivion, "nous ne croyions pas être injuste—et peut-être n'apercevons-nous à notre droite ou notre gauche, une injustice sans limite, qui couvre les trois quarts de notre vie."

For Maeterlinck would assure us that, not in the world around us, either physical or moral, but at the foundations of the interior life of every soul, is to be found the image of this incorruptible, invisible justice, which we have so long vainly sought in heaven, the universe, and humanity ; and there can be no justice without punishment, as those who have sinned before the tribunal of their own conscience, can very well testify !

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In "L'Évolution du Mystère" Maeterlinck endeavors to arouse us to an increased consciousness of that vast ocean of the unknown engirdling all human existence : its desolate waters stretch out to silent horizons, the human boats rock on its surface ; when the sun shines and the winds blow softly all is forgotten but the beauty and charm of the present ; but suddenly the waves rise, the storm sweeps down on the frail vessels, and the blind unreasoning souls are flung out to battle with the mysterious forces of life, death, and fatality ; what wonder that the wrecks in those waters are many ?

But there is always less terror in realised danger, and Maeterlinck would have us explore this mysterious ocean and awake to the presence of its invisible forces before they engulf us : "C'est la conscience de l'inconnu dans lequel nous vivons, qui confère à notre vie une signification qu'elle n'aurait point, si nous renfermions dans ce que nous savons, ou si nous croyions trop facilement que ce que nous savons est de beaucoup plus important que ce que nous ignorons encore." We

must confront this immense, irresistible, unknowable mystery, which surrounds us as the air we breathe, with sincerity, for it is worthy of a "patient, minute, and calm interrogation," and again Maeterlinck suggests the workings of blind forces, unconscious according to our consciousness, as a factor in our existence and fate : " Il est probable que l'invisible et l'infini interviennent à chaque instant de notre vie, mais à titre d'éléments indifférents, énormes et aveugles, qui passent sur nous, et en nous, nous pénètrent, nous façonnent, et nous animent, sans se douter de notre existence, comme le font l'eau, l'air, le feu et la lumière." In the midst of this impalpable, imponderable mystery is set the soul of man, beset by the problems and terrors of life and of death, surrounded sometimes with shut doors, sometimes with illimitable spaces more terrifying still.

All interpreters of humanity, its philosophers, its poets, and its artists, have endeavored to discover a motive power in this chaos, a dominant idea, frequently as mysterious as the influences it desires to control : the figure of fatality haunts the Greek tragedies; a faith as undefinable as its object, illumines the poems of Dante, the dramas of Calderon. But the goddess of destiny and her attendant fates have flitted like shadows as the will-power of the individual asserts itself more and more, and the old simple faiths have also faded in the twilight of doubt. In this century we witness the "death of the old gods;" shall we see the dawn of greater spiritual light break on the horizon of the future, in the ever-increasing consciousness of the ultimate perfection and divinity of the soul of man, slow—yet attainable through the ages, and ever calling up higher like a bell sounding clear through the fog? The tide of evolution sweeps onward and upward, bearing on its current an infinity of life systems, inconceivable the one to the other, though their workings seem to be inextricably interwoven. May not the blind interventions of these incognisable forces and elements account for much of the inexplicable tragedy of human life? which is thus not alone in its ascent towards divinity.

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We live in a material age, and what Maeterlinck terms "la règne de la matière," is even more dominant in England than elsewhere. It is in the literature and art of a nation that its soul should be reflected, and if we turn to the pictures of the last Royal Academy, or review, mentally, the latest play or novel, what shall we see in the mirror? "De beaux corps. . . de l'or des pierries, un palais, un grand parc. . . des ornéments et des bijoux bizarres, qui représentent les rêves de la vanité, et formant le gros tas. . . des bons repas, des tables somptueuses, des appartements magnifiques:" but that inner mystery of things which, to the ancient Greek, was "the beautiful soul in the beautiful body," and of which Shelley sang with such ardent longing, is, alas! seldom to be found in modern English art, drama, or literature; the torch is reversed, the wings of the Psyche are broken! And if this spiritual oblivion is painfully noticeable in English art, and in the upper strata of English society, the same can be said in a greater degree of the mass of the people. As Maeterlinck clearly demonstrates, the condition of the one reacts upon that of the other, "aucune idée ne s'allume sur les sommets, si les inombrables et uniformes petites idées de la plaine n'atteignent un certain niveau." The mental attitude of the uneducated mass creates undoubtedly an atmosphere, hostile or encouraging, which only very powerful intellects can afford to dispense with.

And here Maeterlinck lays his hand on a grave and increasing problem with regard to the laboring classes, a far more difficult problem, in some ways, in Eng-

land, than on the continent, where in many countries, the climate and mode of life offer greater facilities for innocent pleasures.

In spite of the increased rush and hurry of modern life among certain sections of the community, it is nevertheless true that for the people existence is becoming more comfortable and less laborious, "grâce à une égalité moins illusoire, grâce aux machines, à la chimie agricole, à la médecine. . . le travail sera moins âpre, moins incessant, moins matériel, moins tyrannique." The discovery and control of the forces of matter have brought the human race a wider life, greater education, an increased leisure; and the powers contained in this development can be used for evil as well as for good: knowledge is power, and it is in the pleasures of a people that their mental and moral attitude can be ascertained. We approach "la première plaine des loisirs," and how to teach the people to enjoy their newly acquired leisure will be a future question with statesmen; for, as Maeterlinck rightly declares, it is the noble or ignoble use of this very leisure, "qui épuise ou récomforte, dégrade ou ennoblit."

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In "Le Passé," Maeterlinck places the present in a new and consoling attitude to the past, contending that, if the present is a consequence of the past, the past no less depends on the present in the everlasting circle of being. The past assuredly lays its heavy hand on the present, and who amongst us has not felt shamed—terror-stricken—confounded, beneath the touch of those cold ghostly fingers, pointing to that city of the dead, which we hoped lay in oblivion behind us, but which nevertheless is not dead but living! We must retrace our steps: "et selon l'esprit qui les y ramène, les uns en tirent toutes leurs richesses, les autres les y engoultissent."

According to the Eastern doctrine of Karma, the present is but a sequel to the past, "as a man sows, he must reap;" but Maeterlinck, although acquiescing to a certain extent in this inexorable law, contends that the past is in our hands to mould and to fashion as much as the present: for the importance of the past consists not in its exterior events, but in the moral reactions produced by those events. The past of every human soul contains crimes, errors, failures, the outward consequences of which it is impossible to efface, "ils ne sont pas pardonnés au dehors, car peu de choses s'oublient et se pardonnent dans le sphère extérieure," but whatever their effect on our material existence, their effect for good or for evil on our interior life depends on ourselves and our present attitude towards them: "une action malfaisante que nous regardons de plus haut que le lieu où il fut hasardée, est une action qui n'existe plus, que pour nous rendre la descente plus difficile."

For those whose past weighs heavily on their present, who, having by slow and painful degrees, risen to nobler planes of thought, are daily confronted by the consequence of errors and weaknesses, now foreign to their whole nature, this philosophy is the most consoling imaginable. Those sins and mistakes—those dead faiths and dead hatreds—those apparently wasted affections and deceived hopes—which "haunt the darkness of fate" like ghosts, may be transformed at our will from spectres into beneficent spirits, bringing to us with outstretched hands "counsels of perfection," "et au lieu des idées de révolte, de désespoir, de haine, au lieu de châtimens qui dégradent ou qui tuent, elles verseront dans notre cœur des pensées et des peines, qui ennoblissent, purifient, et consolent."

Maeterlinck declares we created our past, by ourselves, and for ourselves, in fact our past is ourselves—a spiritual garment woven in sorrow or joy, in shame or in glory, in misery or abundance, and it depends on the manner of wearing,

whether the tissue is magnificent or mean, brilliant or dull: "il n'y a point de passé vide ou pauvre, il n'y a point d'événements misérables, il n'y a que des événements misérablement accueillis." The same adventure, the same experience, which probes one soul to the depths of its being, revealing possibilities of greatness unknown before, may scarcely stir another, inferior and less sensitive: for again, it is the moral consequence, and not the event, which is of importance. From the heights of a nobler consciousness let us throw the light of the present on the gloom of the past, and thus find in that city of memories treasures of experience and wisdom for the future.

* * *

Although on closer investigation much of what people term good or bad luck, chance, destiny, fate, fortune, etc., is in a measure the result of their own moral tendencies, the sphinx of destiny still crouches at the gates of all life, as apparently inscrutable to-day as it was yesterday, as it will be to-morrow! Nevertheless it is the riddle of the sphinx that the writer of this essay on "La Chance" dares to examine, and he finds the key to the enigma in the soul of man: "il y a en nous, sous notre existence consciente, soumise à la raison et à la volonté, une existence plus profonde, qui plonge d'une part dans un passé que l'histoire n'atteint pas, et de l'autre dans un avenir, que des milliers d'années n'épuisent jamais, . . . c'est dans notre vie inconsciente—énorme—inépuisable—insondable et divine—qu'il faut chercher l'explication de nos chances heureuses, ou contraires." Maeterlinck has thus reached the point to which all the great thinkers of East and West alike attain, that behind the earthly body of man, behind the forces of his material life, behind human intelligence, exists the true individual man, the self, "cognisable only imperfectly through the intellect"; "cet être inconscient vit sur un autre plan et un autre monde que notre intelligence. Il ignore le temps et l'espace, ces deux murailles formidables et illusives. . . . Pour lui, il n'y a ni proximité, ni éloignement, ni passé, ni avenir, ni résistance de la matière. Il sait tout, il peut tout." This spiritual force in man, which Maeterlinck designates as "ce véritable moi," communicates with the intelligence in a greater or lesser degree, subject to no conceivable laws; in some men it is indeed a "buried temple," unknown, undiscovered; in others it is the dominant force of life, permeating all things with its mysterious beauty.

And when those vast inscrutable powers within man are met by equally enormous imponderable forces without, also obscure to human intelligence, and it may be blind to, and unconscious of, our human systems, what we call chance, fate, destiny, luck, may only be the working out of immutable laws above the present conception of human intellect, but with which, what Maeterlinck terms "notre inconscient," or "le véritable moi," is in harmonious unity. "Parcourons donc, sans nous lasser, tous les chemins qui mènent de notre conscience à notre inconscience, "à mesure que nous avançons, nous découvrons que beaucoup des forces qui nous dominaient, et nous émerveillaient, ne sont que des portions mal connus de notre propre puissance;" and in setting our will and our intellect steadfastly towards the development of those delicate, intangible, undefinable, yet vast spiritual forces existing within us, we are only pursuing the path followed by the initiates of the oldest religions of the world. The inscription on the Temple of Delphi was "Know thyself and thou wilt know the universe and the gods!"

* * *

In his essay on "L'Avenir," Maeterlinck reminds us that in ancient days the science of the future made part of the public and religious life of nations. We

have but to recall the Hebrew prophets, the Chaldean astrologers, the Greek pythonesses, the Roman sibyls, with their prophesies, their interpretations of dreams and of planetary influences, their divinations and auguries, to understand how intimately the future was connected with the present, in the life of ancient civilisations.

But in these days the present and the past are sufficient for most people: "absorbés par ce qui est, ou ce qui fut, nous n'avons à peu près renoncé à interroger ce qui pourrait être, ou ce qui sera." Nevertheless this venerable science still exists, though fallen into disrepute, and practised for the most part by ignorant and untrained practitioners. But, "s'il ne faut admettre aveuglément aucun miracle, il est pire d'aveuglement en rire," and M. Maeterlinck gives us an interesting account of the results of his researches among the astrologers, the palmists, the somnambulists, the clairvoyants, the mediums, who crowd the obscure quarters of Paris. He tells us that, in spite of much quackery and cheating, he yet had the opportunity of studying phenomena, at once curious and incontestable, and that these phenomena, although they do not solve the question, whether the human mind can or cannot under certain conditions probe the future, may, in their more conscious development, throw strange lights on the inner life of the soul and its mysterious spiritual forces. In fact Maeterlinck considers that clairvoyant intuition may reach, and does even now attain, a certain connection with "ce véritable Moi, l'être inconscient, le temple enseveli," translating, through a more delicate medium, the latent knowledge and comprehension of the subconscious self, which may be unable to reveal this knowledge through the coarser organisation of its own material principles.

The present writer once visited a *clairvoyante* of remarkable gifts, who was consciously endeavoring to develop her powers for the help of her fellow-men; this *clairvoyante* translated into words the highest aspirations of her visitor, pointing out a new and loftier road than that as yet traversed, and to the slow development of powers as yet dimly guessed at; according to M. Maeterlinck's hypotheses she was simply revealing, by her clairvoyant faculty, the latent knowledge of the subconscious self of the other soul, with which her greater sensitiveness had established a communication.

"En serait-il ainsi de toutes les predictions? Que chacun accepte la réponse ou l'hypothèse que lui suggère sa propre expérience."

It does not appear to make much material difference whether the clairvoyant faculty reflects or translates its own subconscious intuition or that of another soul: the fact remains that there is undoubtedly a remarkable development of these psychic powers in the present century, and it is presumable that in the future they will become a power for good or for evil, which will have to be reckoned with.

M. SYLVESTRE.

ETHICAL IDEAS OF JAPANESE GIRLS.

INTERESTING INQUIRIES IN OSAKA.

(From *The Japan Times*.)

Mr. Shimizutani, Director of the Osaka Girls' High School, has brought together some interesting facts bearing upon the trend of the ethical ideas held by schoolgirls ranging from twelve to sixteen. Certain queries were formulated to elicit replies from the girls. These were eleven in all, some of them touching the following points: (1) The most womanly virtue and its reverse; (2) the greatest