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THE
BIBLIOTHECA SACRA.

ARTICLE I.

THE MIND BACK OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

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THERE is a class of facts that trouble every school of philosophy seeking to explain the phenomena of mind.

They are the workings of the mind in mysterious methods and regions outside of its ordinary activity, breaking in upon consciousness in an imperial way. They are of different kinds and functions; as, the assumptions and conditions of thought which the mind has not worked out but finds furnished at hand; the inspirations that come unexpectedly into the realm of thought to enrich and ennoble it; and the intellectual processes that go on in the dark, when we not only give no conscious force to secure them, but seem to devote elsewhere all our available energy, while they spring into finished form from their unknown retreat.

their theory is completed and they feel secure in their position so far, they construct an annex for these obtrusive, neglected wanderers. But, as in the case of other annexes, the spirit, genius, and purpose of the principal establishment go over into the annex. The philosophy that rules in perception and cognition is the philosophy that colors the interpretation of the more subtle phenomena. The consequence is, these most subtle and kingly forces are often treated as if they had no substantial reality, no claims,—as if they were merely a play of color, a phosphorescent sheen, arising from the other powers and workings of the mind, and no other account need be made of them, than to point to them and state their insignificance and marvellousness. Instead of being approached reverently and docilely as material of prime importance,—to issue commands and to mould theories,—they are generally regarded as something to play with, or for conjurors to turn into any shape they please for amusement.

But why may not these phenomena be accepted as central and fundamental in psychological inquiry? Why may not they stand out in all their naked force, requiring other facts to be explained in harmony with them, and not that they should be explained under other facts? If we begin our psychological discussion with sensation, why need we work along that line exclusively, giving us only a sense-philosophy? Why may we not, when we come to facts that naturally report themselves in consciousness and the workings of the mind as of another order and issuing from another realm, recognize them as such and entitled to separate and

any such system, but the far more modest and humble one of enumerating some of these mysterious phenomena, and making an hypothesis for their explanation.

The hypothesis is, that the *spiritual principle in man—the mind, or the soul—is only imperfectly in possession of the organs*, and is able to report only a small part of its own activity in consciousness; that it has reserves of power and intelligence which it has no adequate physical means of using, or even of conveying to our knowledge; and that here, in the irruptions of this, is the source of those gleams and surprises of intelligence which come so strangely at times within the horizon of thought.

This hypothesis will be assumed, as the phenomena in question are discussed, as an easy way for their presentation, to give them perhaps an added interest, and to save a separate adjustment and application of theory to the facts. It will not be my aim to give a complete or logical analysis and presentation of the phenomena of this curious department of mind, but only such portions of them, and in such a form and order, as bear on the hypothesis. This method must be borne in mind, or our psychological study will seem unnecessarily ill-digested and crude.

Let us begin with instances in which this unknown power uses the *physical organs*. In the case of organs that are highly and exquisitely trained, we sometimes witness, back of them, the workings of an energy and an intelligence that comes from a region beyond consciousness, springing noiselessly and invisibly across it without planting a recognizable footstep, and wielding the facile organs, now a sympathetic and semi-spiritual instrument, according to its own will. The fingers of the musician may be so trained that they can be

sense of touch may become so exquisite that through it the hidden observer—the mind above the conscious mind, locked up in secret chambers of the brain—will clearly receive a score of distinct impressions before consciousness has detected the elements of sensation entering into them. A trained eye may pass by a show-window filled with toys and goods, give them a single glance, and the invisible one behind the brain will take them in, and hold them fast on his camera; and it will take the conscious intellect a long time subsequently to travel over the details of this one swoop of vision and bring them separately into cognition.

There are many ways of explaining these phenomena. That is not the point here. No matter now what the explanation is. I refer to these curious facts because what is true of these experts and those with specially trained physical organs may indicate latent possibilities in all men. There is no reason to believe that there is anything radically exceptional in these men, anything in the structure of their minds. The difference between them and others is this, that in their case the latent possibility is brought out; with others it is not.

When the absorbed artist sweeps the instrument with a storm of forces which his slow intellect does not individually summon and guide, and he himself, in his conscious being, is swept by it as by a power back of himself, to which he gives himself up in a general surrender, not in conscious particulars, this hints that this reserve of power, this something, exists as a possibility within all men, and that all would have the benefit of it, were its possibilities within them brought out by having their organs trained according to its needs.

Take the case of the *orator*. He uses a high grade of organs. There are impassioned, rapt moods, when, through the quickened senses and reason, he takes in, without any conscious volitional process, a dozen different things almost at the same moment; as, the general condition of the audience, the expression of individual faces, the thought uttered,

the thought to be uttered, its suitable expression, the choice between synonyms, the pronunciation of words, the emphasis and tone, with back glances at the ground gone over, and forward glances at the ground to be traversed, and the end to be carried. At such times something in him, with ubiquitous insight and sovereign power, seems to have possession of him, rather than he of himself, and to be working through him, now a facile medium, its own lordly purpose. A prominent pulpit orator in New York once said, that in his highest moods it seemed to him "as if a little fellow in the top of his head did the work for him, and he had only to allow himself to be used, and the torrent of oratory came forth." In a sketch of the life of Henry Ward Beecher is this account, given by himself: "There are times when it is not I that is talking, when I am caught up and carried away so that I know not whether I am in the body or out of the body, when I think things in the pulpit that I never could think in the study and when I have feelings that are so different from any that belong to me in the lower or normal condition that I neither regulate them nor understand them. I see things and hear sounds, and seem, if not in the seventh heaven, yet in a condition that leads me to understand what Paul said—that he heard things which it was not possible for man to utter." It would appear that when the conditions are favorable, when the mind is thoroughly disciplined, the vocabulary mastered, the whole body in sympathy and responsive, gesticulation natural and spontaneous, the subject well thought out, the purpose noble, inviting the reserves of help, and the speaker well assured of the urgency of the interests at stake,—when, in short, all the *impedimenta* are

the rapid current of oratory, before the speaker has detected what he is about. He feels himself an instrument, not the master. Another presides at the organ, pulls out the stops, and touches the keys, while he merely hands over the overture. May not this hint what marvellous powers may be locked up behind other brains, having no opportunity to disclose themselves?

Poets, also, have had a kindred experience. It is said of some that, when the afflatus was on them, the conceptions came pouring in with such rapidity that a hundred pens could not have transcribed them; and these conceptions came not in vague, nebulous visions, but in definite verbal imagery and rhythm. Coleridge declared that the fragment "Kubla Khan" burst upon his vision in a dream, burning its impress on his memory so that he was able to write it down, on waking, word for word, till he was unfortunately interrupted by a call, when he was never able to recover the remainder.

Frances R. Havergal writes: "I have a curious vivid sense, not merely of my verse faculty in general being given me, but also of every separate poem or hymn, nay, every line, being given. . . . I have not had a single poem come to me for some time, till last night, when one shot into my mind. All my best have come in that way, Minerva-fashion, full grown. It is so curious, one minute I have not an idea of writing anything, the next I *have* a poem; it is *mine*. I see it all, except laying out rhymes and metre, which is then easy work."¹

Indeed, the whole process of *true creative art* is interesting in its bearing on this subject. Most creative *ideals*, in

ment by another till he finds something that suits him. The vision is golden, enrapturing, transcendent, from the start. Something has given it to him. A remarkable illustration of this is given by Miss Havergal: "In the train," she writes in a letter to a friend, "I had one of those curious musical visions, which only very rarely visit me. . . . I seemed to hear depths and heights of sound beyond the scale which human ears can receive, keen, far-up octaves, like vividly twinkling *starlight* of music, and mighty, slow vibrations of gigantic strings going down into grand thunders of depths, octaves below anything otherwise appreciable as musical notes. Then, all at once, it seemed as if my soul had got a new sense, and I could see this inner music as well as hear it; and then it was like gazing down into marvellous *abysses* of *sound*, and up into dazzling regions of what, to the eye, would have been light and color, but to this new sense was *sound*."¹

After the original creative vision, comes the real artistic struggle, the test of genius, the work down on the plane of volitional effort. It is to find the means, in marble, or color, or sound, to capture the ideal, and fix it, not bind it as a chained slave, but, retain it in sweet joyous liberty, for the admiration of mankind. Here all the resources of culture and art come in. The aim is to embody the ideal in the fitting material; and to this end the ideal, which came at first as a whole, must be carefully studied in the details, and settled to the artist's eye; solidified to his imagination, like the fixed outlines of a temple. Sometimes, while occupied with the minutiae, in this way, he becomes confused, and the ideal eludes the attempts to chase it down. In that case he generally desists from work for a time; thinks of something else, in a totally different region; gives the imagination rest, and thus quickening; and waits in sympathetic, expectant state over against the object of his desire. Suddenly a light shoots through the confusion. The difficulty has been

¹ Memorials, p. 152.

cleared up. The discovery has been made for him. An intelligence he did not know of has been at work, and given him the advantage of its insight. In a similar way, when, after this travail, he comes to put the ideal in form, if he is embarrassed by the prominence and glare of the details in hand and does not know how to proceed, a similar respite and turning away to other things, for a time, not unfrequently brings the aid of the unknown artist. He sees now, without having himself thought it out, what to do to produce the desired effect. The knowledge is brought to him.

There is often a similar experience, also, in connection with *literary* composition of the common sort. Who has not carefully treated a subject, finished his paper, laid it aside, and given himself to other studies, and then, when his thought was far away in another realm, had an inward reviewer appear abruptly before him, and tell him of serious *lacunæ* in his treatment of the theme, or of wrong positions taken?

Practical *moral questions* present many illustrations. We are often placed in circumstances that give us great moral bewilderment. The motives from without that press upon us are likely, at first, to present their unmoral end to us,—appealing to convenience, interest, enjoyment, ambition, honor, pride, reputation,—and turn away from us or conceal their moral end; and, in deciding the course of duty in this medley of motives, we are perplexed. If at such times we stop, step out of this atmosphere into another, soon a right moral judgment dawns upon us, through all the sophistries, as clear as daylight. It will need no coaxing, only a knowledge of all the facts, and a state of moral equilibrium in which it can be brought to us.

and wrong may seem questionable, or opposing motives in themselves good may be so balanced that it is difficult to see where our duty lies; and again there are cases in which it is difficult to say *what* is prudent;—and I believe that in all such cases, where we are not hurried and pressed for a decision, our best plan is to let the question *settle itself* by unconscious cerebration; having first brought before our minds, as fully as possible, everything that can be fairly urged on both sides.”¹ This is quoted for the fact stated, not for the explanation, which we shall see is unsatisfactory.

Intellectual processes on profound *scientific* subjects, also, sometimes go on in the dark. Dr. Carpenter relates several instances. He mentions the case of an eminent mathematician who, when a boy, had tried his skill at a difficult problem, in vain. It was put aside and almost forgotten. Many years after, in the small hours of the night, a solution occurred to him. He jumped out of bed and solved the problem. “The effect,” he said in giving an account of it, “was strange. I trembled, as if in the presence of another being who had communicated the secret to me.”²

In a way equally remarkable was the method of Quaternions discovered by Sir William Rowan Hamilton, as he himself afterward stated in a letter to a friend: “To-morrow,” says he, “will be the fifteenth birthday of the Quaternions. They started into life, or light, full-grown, on the 16th of October, 1843, as I was walking with Lady Hamilton to Dublin, and came up to Brougham bridge. That is to say, I then and there felt the galvanic current of thought *close*; and the sparks which fell from it were *the fundamental equations* between i, j, k ; *exactly such* as I have used them ever since. I pulled out, on the spot, a pocket-book, which still exists, and made an entry, on which, *at the very moment*, I felt that it might be worth my while to expend the labor of at least ten (or it might be fifteen) years to come. I felt a

¹ Mental Physiology, p. 532.

² *Ibid.*, p. 536.

problem to have been at that moment *solved*—an intellectual *want relieved*—which had *haunted* me for at least *fifteen years before*.¹

Indeed, it is one of the commonplaces in scientific discovery, that elect minds, having mastered the literature of a subject and investigated all the accessible phenomena bearing on it, often have the glad vision of the law running through and explaining all, come suddenly upon them from an unexpected quarter and in an unexplained manner. The sight of the new vision coming grandly into view thrills and awes, and they tremble in the presence of the august helper, whose presence they feel but cannot see. To give the instances would be to write the history of science.

Memory, also, presents another great psychological mystery. Familiarity with it, alone keeps it from seeming quite as wonderful as the unknown help in solving the dark problems of science. *Memory* is very different from *recollection*. *Recollection* is subject to the will; *memory* is not. In *recollection* we do the work; in *memory* it is done for us. *Recollection* is an open library; the contents in alcoves, accessible, free; and we go round where we please, and know where to go, and we take down of our store what we choose, and make use of it, and then put it back: *memory*, which we never consult till we have ransacked *recollection*, is a mysterious apartment; never open, inaccessible, served by a masked and muffled custodian, whom we never hear or see, and who delivers his treasures at our bidding, and only at his own uncertain pleasure. We have learned by experience that the best thing to do, when we cannot find in *recollection* what we want, is to go to the door of this mysterious apartment, ring the bell, slip our message into the drop box

is no signal, no warning, but the first we know the desired information is flashed out on the bulletin-board. It is done with such celerity and subtlety that we never catch him in the act or see the machinery.

Oliver Wendell Holmes' words are worth quoting: "We wish to remember something in conversation. No effort of the will can reach it. Presently, perhaps some minutes later, the idea we are in search of comes all at once into the mind, delivered like a prepaid bundle, laid at the door of consciousness like a foundling in a basket. How it came there we know not. The mind must have been at work, groping and feeling for it in the dark: it cannot have come of itself. Yet, all the while our consciousness, so far *as we are conscious of our consciousness*, was busy with other thoughts."¹

Further, there are certain fundamental *philosophic* questions that bring us to another curious chapter of this subject. I refer to those general truths that are assumed as the condition and the atmosphere of thought, and are not deduced from thought. They are not so patent as the axioms of science, but quite as pervasive and influential in thinking. They are such ideas as Cause, Time, Space, Substance, even *Mind* itself.

It does not lie in the purpose of this paper to discuss these ideas, but only to refer to the way in which they are delivered to us. It may be true, as Lotze holds, that few of these universal and legislative truths, by which acquaintance with the particulars of knowledge is to be gained, are "innate in their detailed completeness." He says of them, "We only possess a single germ of higher insight which, according to the varying favor of circumstances, may be

much pushed up from beneath, elaborated and constituted out of elements of experience, as mysteriously produced from above, growing downwards on the occasions of experience and according to experience; for it involves, in its higher forms, elements and reaches which the human reason, shut up to experience for its data, cannot give. If it is a growth, it is the growth of a supernatural germ from a region of pure reason. If not a growth, might it not be regarded as the whisperings, the best possible in dull human ears, which open only at the touch of experience, whisperings of the higher mind within,—the mysterious mind,—the mind back of the mind,—that can only here and there find one to whom it can utter the full, ringing, transcendent message?

So we come at length to the question of the origin of the conception of the *mind* itself as an entity. For, as Lotze says, “we cannot make *mind* equivalent to the infinitive *to think*, but feel it must be that which thinks; the essence of things cannot be either existence or activity, it must be that which exists and that which acts.” “Thinking *means* nothing, if it is not the thinking of a thinker: acting and working *mean* nothing, if in endeavoring to conceive them we leave out the conception of a subject distinguishable from them from which they proceed.”¹ In accordance with this, we perceive our thoughts, but the mind, the thinker, keeps out of sight. This does not even show itself as a hooded and cloaked monk. It hides behind the walls of its cell, keeping its own secrets, never betraying itself, never showing a flash of the eye or a motion of the finger: and yet we know it is there. It is a revelation from the unknown realm. There is something strange, also, in the way in which this thinker thinks for us. He gives us no idea how he does it. When we are interested or excited on any great theme and thinking on that subject, we do not consciously gather the downy fibres and wisps, the raw material of thought, and delib-

¹ *Microcosmos*, Vol. i. pp. 548, 549.

erately spin and weave them into the desired fabric: but out leap the thoughts from his cell in rounded periods, as a magician throws out of his empty hat bolts of ribbon and yards of silk, of unknown origin. This sudden appearance of thoughts on the field, like ghosts from an unknown world, with no perceptible sound or motion or gleam of the thinker, and no clinking or appearance of the machinery by which it is brought about, would be a perpetual marvel to us, were we not so familiar with it.

Thus all the higher philosophic truths involved in the substance of our thinking, and more or less also in the very background and texture of consciousness itself, are not the outcome of a drilled intellect, or an uplift of intelligence from the senses, or deduction from materialistic conceptions, but the raying down of supersensible light—light coming from afar through rifts into consciousness—from a nature veiled; not an emanation from physiological psychology—the mirage of an earthly scene cast on the sky,—but gleams of the descent of supersensuous psychology—the dip of a celestial city on the mountain-top in full view.

If we go further, to the origin of *moral* distinctions and imperatives in the human mind, we shall come again upon the borders of this secret domain. The moral world is one of the distinguishing possessions of man. None of the lower orders of being have it; and none of the powers or faculties which man has in common with the lower orders, or analogous to those of the lower orders, can eliminate it and give it to him. It comes to him as an inflow from an unknown source, but a source obstructed and thwarted, in part, in delivering it. "Human nature," writes Lotze, "everywhere carries about with it the thought of duty and obligation; but what it is that corresponds to these notions, and what kind of action they require, it has to find out by degrees in the course of development. I need not insist on the twofold character of that which we here affirm:

on the one hand, the power of experience to develop; but, on the other hand, and just as important, the original presence of the germ on which this power operates. Satisfactory results will never be reached by attempts to show that a consciousness of obligation can be produced in a soul which is wholly blank, by the mere impressions of experience." ¹

Not only is this original germ in the mind, but a marvellous power to reach down and introduce moral distinctions to conscious thought and enforce their claims. Though concealed, this power works authoritatively, with the emphasis of destiny often, making the whole being cower and tremble before its mandates. Out of sight itself, it flashes light, sometimes lurid and appalling, like lightning, out of other worlds into the soul. These effects are not produced by causes that lie in the range of consciousness. They are the scintillations and gleams from a power in the higher ranges of the soul, that can only imperfectly express itself here, and which we cannot measure or fully interpret.

Another department of this peculiar kind of facts may be found in the way in which we reach belief in *God and the supernatural*. There are many different kinds of argument to prove the existence of God; as, the argument from design, the ontological argument, the moral argument. I have no need to discuss these separately; one is more convincing to one person, another to another. But their relative value is not the point. In the case of each, there is a great distance, even with those to whom it is most satisfactory, between its real logical worth and its practical effectiveness. The irreducible difficulty, the radical vice with each, is, it is a net of *finites* to catch the infinite. Our premises have to do with the finite, and we cannot pile up finites into a conclusion that shall give us, logically, the infinite; as, the being of God and the realities of the supernatural world. Not, I say logically: but practically, morally, we can do it again and

¹ *Microcosmos*, Vol. i. pp. 686, 687.

again. For with all our arguments there are higher reserves and forces of mind—the unrecognized being hidden away in the depths of the soul, that tugs away at our convictions all the while to bring us up to the belief and the discernment of the reality of God. The argument may fail, tested by hard logic; but this succeeds with its flashes and revelations and sidelights. Often, long before the logical argument has been completed, when few of the evidences have been stated, merely by having God suggestively *pointed at*, the conscious mind, thus helped and led on by the unconscious mind back of it, leaps to the belief, and rests in it in joyous trust. The magic wand of this unseen charmer makes the suggested argument—the instruction given a child at the knee of its mother, or to a Sabbath-school class by its teacher, or the story of a missionary to the heathen—all that is necessary, a line of golden light up to the Supreme Object, the existence of which the heart may never after doubt. Without waiting for completed intellectual proofs, the working mind is caught up by the higher mind back of it to glad and victorious faith, and there abides. If, later, in some mistaken after-experience, it cuts itself adrift from its unseen helper, and falls down to the cold, lifeless, logical method, and attempts to deal with God and the supernatural only in an intellectual, logical way, reasoning on finite data, it plunges into doubt, cheerless and trackless; but this can be only by falling from its own higher selfhood.

There is another class of phenomena which ought perhaps to be referred to. It is a class connected with abnormal operations of the mind, and does not run its roots down into the common experience of mankind. It is a class, consequently, which is regarded with suspicion, and is not of very high repute, as a basis of induction. I refer to *trances, inspirations, elevations, visions*, transcending the ordinary or natural activity of the mind. These witnesses cannot altogether be put out of court simply because they are not of

our speech and race. We may not feel the stirring of like powers; yet there are so many instances, that seem to be well authenticated, of persons in health and persons diseased, of persons having this state come on them mysteriously and of persons brought to it by manipulation, of persons who are honest and have no motive for deception, and persons who are simple and could not carry out deception, who assert that they have risen to these extraordinary heights, that we cannot, with any generous faith in testimony, pay no attention to them. It does not concern us now whether the genuine cases of this transcendancy are many or few; but, whatever the number and whatever truth there be in them, they betray, back in the secret chambers of the soul, freer, it may be wilder, powers than any of which the individual is conscious at other times. Powers, usually bound, then slip their leashes and assert their freedom. Energies, kept in secret chambers, come upon the stage and act their strange part. Buried knowledge, stored away in the dark, is spirited from its retreat and brought forth into the light of the sun, to the marvel of astonished eyes. Reaches of insight bordering on supernatural discernment, extending over into untraversed realms of truth, betray possibilities of mind that had never been suspected, and which, in fact, could not find the means of expressing themselves in ordinary conditions. The abnormal state betrays the secret power.

Such are some of the strange phenomena we are considering, with the involved hypothesis for their explanation. The facts are the main things: the hypothesis, which I have used as a string on which to present them and make them intelligible, is of less importance.

Other explanations may be proposed. "*Unconscious cerebration*" is the hypothesis of Dr. Carpenter for the solution of a portion of the facts. But "unconscious cerebration" explains nothing. It is only another name for mys-

terious hidden activity of mind. And it does not touch the essential point, that the hidden activity we are considering, far transcends, both in quality and degree, the conscious purposed activity, and stands off in a sphere by itself. Nor does he show how *such* cerebration—cerebration of this unique, transcendent kind—is possible or even conceivable. Nor indeed is it, unless we concede that the mind has hidden reserves of power, which is our hypothesis.

Still less satisfactory is the supposition of A. L. Wiggen, in his treatise on "Duality of Mind," that "each hemisphere of the cerebrum has a separate mind," and that, on certain occasions, "the two hemispheres may be considered as carrying on a conversation with each other, or working separately in some cases."¹

There is also the *pantheistic* hypothesis: "We float in God." No, not that, "God floats in us." No, not that, "Our floating is a part of God, and God's floating gives us being." According to this, these unusual uplifts and revelations crossing the ordinary horizon of consciousness are merely larger pulses of the All-throbbing where we perceive them, a fuller and richer determination of the self-evolving current, on its rounds of universal circulation, for the moment in our thought. But this theory is not available; as, in addition to all the other objections to pantheism itself, it conflicts with our sense of the integrity and completeness of our personality, and with the conviction that these higher moods and activities come within the range of our own selfhood, and are properly our own moods and activities, though springing from a source deeper than the ken of consciousness.

Then there is the hypothesis of a mysterious *race-connection* between the individual and the rest of mankind. In virtue of this, it has been thought that, what the race has gained, of wisdom, knowledge, skill, insight, may be transmitted by heredity and transfused by the solidarity of the

¹ Quoted by Sir B. C. Brodie, p. 21.

species and mysteriously buried in individuals, as secret latencies and potencies, ready at any unexpected moment to burst forth and surprise us; or, instead of propagating itself in this way, the higher knowledge may, by some occult influence, leap from the person endowed with it, light with muffled foot in another mind, and there proclaim itself. But this last theory in both its forms goes a great way to find an explanation of the facts. In reference to the first, the secret endowment of individuals by heredity, there is no evidence that there is any such umbilical cord between the individual and the race, or, if there were such a cord, that it is a medium for the secret transmission of intelligence; and, in reference to the latter, the mind-reading supposition,—it is admitted by its advocates that it is no part of the normal experience of mankind, is an irregular and unnatural function, and does not explain the origin of any of the grand, healthy, transcendent acts we are considering.

There remains, in addition to our own, the theory of *inspiration*. I do not deny that there may be divine inspiration in our day; that men are often directly helped up to great thoughts, discoveries, works, by the warm girdings and inspirations of God. In this way, there may be gleams of knowledge, flashes of insight, breaking in on human vision directly from him "in whom we live, and move, and have our being." But we are investigating a class of facts most of which more or less characterize all men, or have their roots in all men; facts which belong to the orderly, regular development of mankind, though on a unique and extraordinary side of that development; facts which seem to come under a **law of that development**,—a higher law of its own,—and do

venient string on which to hang the facts, *the mind is only in part in conscious possession of the body.* It has reserves and reaches of power which only under favorable conditions it can find the means, in its clumsy physical environment and organs, of hinting to us or others. At such times, the mind above the mind acts, and flashes its higher and surprising light, out of our own hidden personality, within the reach of consciousness. Lotze's words are significant. "The finite being always works with powers with which it did not endow itself, and according to laws it did not establish; i. e. it works by means of a mental organization which is realized not only in it, but also in innumerable other similar beings." This excludes the theory of inspiration for the explanation of our phenomena. "Hence in reflecting on self, it may easily seem to it as though there were in it some obscure and unknown substance, something which is in the Ego though it is not the Ego itself, and to which, as to its subject, the whole personal development is attached. And hence there arise the questions, never to be quite silenced, What are we ourselves? What is our soul? What is ourself—that obscure being, incomprehensible to ourselves, that stirs in our feelings and our passions and never rises into complete self-consciousness? The fact that these questions can arise shows how far personality is from being developed in us to the extent which its notion admits and requires."¹

It may be interesting to note that our hypothesis is quite in the line of the scriptural doctrine, that man was made in the *image of God.* The greatness and the royalty of this image may well be supposed to be unable to express itself fully in its corporeal investment and organs. Ovid, in his "Metamorphoses," represents certain persons as turned into trees, and only with difficulty and at intervals able to make their presence known by sighings. In all souls may there not be a hidden spirit, the better part of ourselves, sighing again

¹Microcosmos, Vol. ii. p. 686.

and again, waiting for opportunities to attract attention, and now and then uttering a tone of touching divineness? This hypothesis, also, agrees with the intimations of *immortality* which we find in our nature. The sighings and voices in that part of our pent-up personality which we are considering are, so to speak, the reverberations and echoes of immortality on the earthly side,—or rather, the advance-couriers, come to sound in our dull ears, as they can, the waiting fact of immortality. The outlying soul, the undeveloped soul, the imprisoned soul, knocking at the earthly gates, and now and then finding an opportunity to drop a ringing message down into the earthly courts where it is found, shows that there is something in us worthy of immortality.

Further, this hypothesis justifies our feelings of the *greatness of human nature*. This feeling is generally rather an unintelligent one. It rests on piling up earthly qualities and achievements, rather than on discovering in us grand spiritual insights and powers. Our man is great because he is cyclopean, encyclopedic, pyrotechnic, volcanic. But when we see that there are grand reserves of soul—powers, higher, more imperial, more divine, in us,—and that it is the unconscious play and sheen of these, around and in our conscious thought-world, that stirs this feeling and gives it its finest quality, we perceive that the estimate of the greatness of man is justified, and he rises, rationally, to colossal grandeur. And when he shall have come out of his prison, and spread his folded wings, and taken an investment and organs suited to his disenthralled power, he may really be great next to God, as it is said of him: “Thou hast made him a little lower than God.”¹

But we must give up the pursuit of this mysterious activity of mind. We have seen it does more than come out from behind the screens and cut capers, to amuse and astonish. It is the master actor. It dwells in the holy of holies of our being. It handles first, and then hands over to us, the reali-

¹Ps. viii. 5 (Heb. and Revision).

ties of supreme interest. It is this that looks out into the eternities, and thrusts its head into the other world, and talks with God, and then comes down to us, as it is able, and gives us the echoes. It is this that, rapt and seraphic with such communings, gives us insight and impulse in the direction of things supremely pure and beautiful, ideal and divine. And it is this that, ever sitting at its enduring loom, weaves for us the web of conscious unchanging personality and conscious unchanging identity, not out of the floating disconnected gossamer flecks of our swift vanishing states of consciousness, but, using these as woof and the objects of his own eagle-eyed changeless insight as warp, it weaves the web, and hangs it where we can see it or feel it. This is the centre and head of the regnant personality, the support and bond of the transient experiences and untrustworthy powers: surviving all catastrophes, continuing through all changes, seeing the corporeal, intellectual, moral stages come and go, but itself always the imperturbable, regal, inscrutable, immortal, rational Ego.