INTUITION OF REALITY.

SIR,

Mr. Leo Stein relates in the April number of *MIND* an experience which he believes to be similar to my own experience of an ineradicable certainty of the immortality, pre-existence and bisexuality of the Self. I am afraid his vision which gave him the explanation of rest and motion was of a totally different kind. It did not refer to his own innermost Self, and did not give him a permanent absolute conviction, with many practical consequences in everyday life, as was the case with me. The fact that he could attempt later to explain it away by the very unconvincing image of a balloon which may burst and disappear, proves clearly that he did not reach absolute reality. I quite agree with him that if he had the impression that he was whatever he thought, this was not sound knowledge. I know myself to be myself, and different from everybody else. Such a knowledge remains unshaken for ever, and cannot be explained away as an illusion. I trust that some readers of *MIND* have experienced the birth of such a conviction which cannot be shaken by anything. Their testimony would confirm, but could not strengthen, my own conviction that I am a true Being, which cannot be destroyed by Death, and has not been created by conception and birth. I remember a very long conversation with William James on this subject in 1899 and learn that in his published correspondence a letter from him to Miss Frances R. Morse of 17th September, 1899, is printed in which he writes with reference to this meeting at Bad Nauheim:—

"He takes in dead seriousness what most people admit, but only half believe, viz., that we are *Souls*, that souls are immortal and agents of the world's destinies, and that the chief concern of a Soul is to get ahead by the help of other souls with whom it can establish confidential relations . . . abstractly his scheme is divine; but there is something on which I can't yet lay my defining finger that makes one feel that there is some need of the corrective and critical and arresting judgment in his manner of carrying it out. These Slavs seem to be the great radical liver-out of their theories."

William James was right in thinking that there was something wrong in my way of carrying out the consequences of my conviction. I believed that everybody can go through the same experience and I was wrong. Since then I have learnt that such an experience is rare and that it cannot be produced by the influence of one man on another. It must come unsought and not by some kind of suggestion, if it is to leave lasting results.

Yours sincerely,

W. LUTOSLAWSKI.

SIR HENRY JONES, C.H., LL.D., D.LITT., F.B.A., 1852-1922.

WITH the death of Sir Henry Jones, on 4th February, 1922, philosophy loses one of the band of brilliant men who studied philosophy under Caird in Glasgow. Sir Henry Jones, the son of a shoemaker, fought his way through poverty from shoemaking to the University, with no advantages but those due to an indomitable spirit, and the proud and loving help of the village community in which he was brought up. He occupied the Chair of Philosophy and Political Economy in Bangor, North Wales, and the Chair of Logic in St. Andrews; and in 1894 was appointed as Caird's successor to the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow. His writings include *Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher*

(1891); *The Philosophy of Lotze* (1896); *Social Responsibilities* (1906); *Idealism as a Practical Creed* (1909), delivered in the University of Sydney, New South Wales; *Social Powers* (1913); *The Principles of Citizenship* (1919); *A Faith that Enquires* (1922), Gifford Lectures delivered in the University of Glasgow, 1920-1921. With Prof. J. H. Muirhead he wrote the *Life of Edward Caird* (1922).

Philosophy in his hands was something vital. He drove it unceasingly on to the practical issues of life, and brought the practical issues back to ultimate principles of metaphysics. Plato and Aristotle, Spinoza and Kant and Hegel, and with them, Nettleship and Green, Caird and Wallace, were his favourite philosophers: for in them he felt a centrality of outlook, a rightness of spirit, which seemed to him lacking in Descartes or Leibniz, Locke or Hume. His books show how much his thought and his style owed to the Bible and to the great poets. His weightiest book is his *Lotze*, but he did not complete the promised sequel, largely, I believe, because he felt that the investigation would not be as valuable as a more direct and positive exposition of the conclusions to which a criticism of Lotze would have led.

This attitude was due to the intensity of his feeling that a true philosophy is so urgent a matter for life that you cannot afford to delay too long over positions which have already been discovered to rest on erroneous principles. To follow out in detail the consequences of principles which rest on wrong assumptions is, he felt, to fritter away energy which it is a duty to put to more fruitful uses. He taught his students to endeavour to bring to light the hidden assumptions on which any philosophy rests, and to concentrate on them, because they are the important part of the philosophy. When you have learned, he insisted, go forward and leave the mistakes behind. The task appeared to him less tortuous and complex than it appeared to some of his men; where he was sure, they were groping slowly and in uncertainty; but they could not fail to be penetrated by his spirit of the seriousness of the task undertaken by philosophy.

He was a keen fighter and a great friend. There was nothing half-hearted or moderate about him. True virtue, he insisted, can let itself go, fully and absolutely, for it is infinite and (it was a central thought) carries its own limits within it as a part of itself. And he pointed to the life of Christ.

This big-hearted outspoken optimism was, I think, the source of the great personal influence he exerted. It was the source, too, of the somewhat mixed feelings some of his students had for him. When you felt he was going rather rapidly to his conclusions, putting aside with a gesture obstacles that you felt were stronger than he would allow, he would bear down on you and the obstacle with his scorn, reducing you to silence. And then, as if he saw you felt he was bullying, he would pull himself up and try to make amends by mildness.

His Gifford Lectures were completed during a last gallant struggle against the disease which he had fought so cheerfully for many years. He lost his much loved younger son in the war. It was given to him to enact in his own person the tragedy that, in his younger and vigorous days, had always seemed to him to be the most sublime expression of humanity's faith, and to be able himself, in his own tragedy, to keep his faith undimmed. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him," he could still say.

LEONARD RUSSELL.