

The Soul and Its Goal.

~~~~~BY ARTHUR E. MASSEY.

Our relation to the world we are in is first by means of our senses, and secondly through the mind. With the loss of either of these instruments our relation becomes imperfect. First, then, what do the senses do for us? By them all experiences upon the material plane reach us. There are people, who consider that man is a purely material being, but that I am quite sure is not the view of our readers. Man is a spiritual being or soul, acquiring experience through his earthly life.

He acquires such experience by means of the two instruments previously mentioned, through the senses and the mind. But he himself is separate from both. What, then, is he? If he is neither the eye that sees, nor the ear that hears, nor the mouth that speaks, neither is he the mind that thinks, reasons or meditates. He is aware that he is doing all these things,—for he will say, I am seeing, I am hearing, I am thinking; but, in reality, what he means is, I am using the eyes and ears as well as the mind. The eyes and ears and brain will all be there just the same after he ceases to live, the corpse has them all; but the spirit or soul whose instruments they were is no longer using them. Now, what is the difference between these instruments? The senses have every one of them, their own kingdom. The eye sees, it does not hear; the ear cannot see, and we would never expect to see with the nasal organ or mouth. Every sense

then, is limited to its own objective purpose. Sometimes we find that loss of one sense makes the others more acute; the blind hear readily, the deaf rely upon the sight, and those unhappily deprived of both these servants, for such they are, are apparently often able through touch to reach the outside world. The fingers will help to supply the place of one or more of the other senses. But the senses, as a whole, are the instruments through which man is enabled to use his brain or to receive mental impressions. They are the servants of the mind. And, what is the mind? It is that which synthesizes experience gained through the senses. It is another servant and not the man himself. It is no more the man than the senses are, but we often speak as though the thinker and the brain were the same thing. If we do this, we are forced to be materialists—for the brain will be just as definite in the dead as in the living man; but it will be idle, as the senses will, because there will no longer be anyone in command of the body to use it. What, then, shall we call the one whose instruments these were? How do we know that the thought in the mind and the thinker are not the same? It is because the thinker *knows* that he is thinking; he is outside his thought; he can stand, as it were, behind or above it, and judge it. Yes, but the materialist will say, O that is no proof that he and his mind are not the same; it is both objective and subjective, and can look upon itself just as well as not.

But wisdom has foreseen this difficulty, and in a very ancient religion, it gives another name to the soul; it does not say the soul is the thinker, it goes further and calls it the FEELER, and this is a very deep and a very true definition. If we are true to our own experience and sincere about it, we shall all have to admit that there is something in us all that is not brought to us through the senses, no, nor through our thoughts, but through what we feel deep in our inmost selves. We may be looking at the most beautiful landscapes, we may be thinking of the most interesting things, and have a heartache all the time; for beyond the senses, beyond the intellect, there is within every one of us that which *feels* and, moreover, *knows* that it is feeling. This, then, is surely the soul itself, that which is feeling, suffering, learning, rejoicing, sorrowing, while living in the great school of life, by means of its instruments, the senses and the mind.

When, then, we talk of the within, or the inner life, what do we mean? We suppose the world of our thoughts to be the inner world, a world in which we make, as it were, our own happiness or misery; but this happiness and this misery are not really in the thoughts, but in that which lies behind and sums them up, *that which experiences*, that which knows and feels, that which is the soul itself. The mind has almost as many divisions as the senses; in its earliest stage, as in the child, when through association, it connects what it sees and hears with the source of seeing and hearing, and recognizes light, for instance, or its mother's voice. It synthesizes. In other words, it

deduces and combines complex ideas from simple ones. Then there is that faculty of the mind that considers any course of action, as when we say, I want to read or write, or shall I read or shall I write; but from this faculty we pass to another which compares, and asks, would I rather read or write? These are elementary processes of the mind that go on almost unconsciously. Then comes that which we call the Will. The mind recognizes that which decides, and says, I *will* read or write, and we speak of this as that in us which wills,—the Willer. Then there is that which symbolizes or makes pictures, imagines, reaches out of the actual into the possible; and we have the Thinker, who may be a logician, or a poet, or a painter, and we still speak as though the thinker were in the mind, as if the thoughts were inseparable from him. This is because the mind is the great 'I' maker, the maker of personality, and we all of us more or less confuse ourselves with our thoughts, as though they were the only reality. And yet, as a matter of fact, it is only when we leave off thinking and let our minds rest, and forget to register what our senses are doing, that we really are in touch with the Inner Life—the Life of the soul, that which feels, that which suffers and enjoys, and, above all, that which LOVES; for the soul is justly described as that which loves, just because it is that which is Feeling. It is the inmost core in us all. No one ever yet loved with his mind. He may fill his mind with thoughts of that which he does love, but the love itself, is behind and beneath and above and outside of the

mind, which can act only through its instrument, the brain. The soul does not need to use the brain. It knows without thinking; it loves because it must love—just as a child loves without thought, spontaneously, we say, and that is why to live the real inner life of the soul we must become as little children and leave off trying to love with our intellects, which work through the brain. The inner life, the soul life, is the life of the heart, and not of the mind, and those who learn this carry about the secret of Peace with them; for the soul is at home in the heart and is not troubled and concerned about many things. It loves and knows that it loves, and its life is full because it has only one way of expressing itself and that is by loving. God and the soul both love, because that is their mode of expression. As a flower gives out perfume because it is its essence, so the soul gives out love because it is itself. "He that loveth is born of God", and "Love is the fulfilling of the Lord."

Krishnamurti, who is, to my understanding, the clearest and most comprehensive living exponent of the Truth, says that "the illusion of separateness is the cause of all sorrow, that when we are aware of separation, it is a limitation, and in its wake must come suffering. That if we love but the external, which is only the manifestation of the real, there must be suffering. But if we love the *reality* in all things, there is continuity of love. One no longer asks to be united with that which is loved as a separate entity; for Love is its own eternity, its own continuity." There is nothing

clearer than these statements of facts, and, whether we are at present able to assimilate them or not, the time must come when experience will have established their accuracy in our individual lives. Krishnamurti goes on to say that individuality grows in the soil of love, hate, jealousy, greed, action, inaction, loneliness, the desire for company. But the man who depends on any of these knows separation and is in the clutches of sorrow. Wherever there is sorrow, there is the seeking for comfort, and for the persistence of individual existence. When one realizes that this craving is a delusion, then in its place is born faith—faith not in another individual, however highly evolved, however superior, but faith in that reality which exists within oneself; that is what he calls *true faith*—the realization, that within oneself lies the potentiality of the whole, and that one's task is to grasp and to realize that totality. Here, then, is pure unadulterated mysticism. "There is one God, the Eternal, the Only Being; none exists save He," or one might say 'It' to avoid the sex implication.

"There is one truth, the true knowledge of our being, within and without, which is the essence of wisdom."

"There is one path, the annihilation of the false ego in the real, which raises the mortal to immortality, in which resides all perfection."

From the realization of that totality of Being comes the certainty of individual purpose, the aim of individual existence, which is to be *united* with the totality in which there is no separation, no subject and object.

Between that life, and the understanding of it by the individual, says Krishnamurti, lies individual existence, "this scar of suffering". The purpose of the individual is to wear down this individuality, this ego of reaction, by recollectedness, by constant awareness, by concentration in all that one is doing with this purpose ever in mind. It is, then, one's own desire which is constantly urging one more and more to purify one's conduct, as the result of emotion and thought.

Conduct is the outcome of a clear understanding of the purpose of individual existence. If conduct is born out of purity of emotion and thought, out of understanding, such action will not entangle, will not act as a cage but as an instrument for realization. Conduct is the way of life, the way to that supreme, serene reality which everyone must realize.

When living it, even partially—then through our own effort we are illuminating the darkness which surrounds the life of every human being—the darkness which Krishnamurti rightly calls the "unessential". We are further told that "the liberated man is the most practical man in the world, because he has discovered the true value of all things. That discovery is illumination—a liberation which is to be found *in* the world of manifestation, and *not* away from it. Liberation is *into* manifestation rather than out of it. When we are free in the sense of knowing the true value of manifestation then we are free of manifestation. It *is* in this world that we

must find balance", so that, in the words of the Christian scriptures, we may be "in the world and yet not of it". Directly one discerns what is the *unreal*, reality is beginning to assert itself. The conduct is the translation of one's realization into activity. In this there is no longer an attempt to *become*, there is always attempt to *be*—the striving after *being*, not becoming. When we realize through experience, through continual examination, observation, impersonal analysis, that *life is one*, that we are part of that all-inclusive life, then we shall have removed the fundamental cause of fear. When that fear has been removed, there is the clear strong purposeful striving after being. The cessation of fear is the beginning of being and being is harmony, perfect balance in all its expressions. Spiritual religion is for all—because that reality exists within all. But it is only the few who are willing to concentrate, who will be continually aware, constantly watchful in their choice of the essential, and will in this way realize more and more of that effortless existence, effortless being, which is serene, supreme.

The happiness we are all seeking is hidden within our own limitations, within our own hearts, within our own minds; we must, then, seek the ultimate truth which is of no person, of no sect, of no path. In the fulfilment of our own individuality is the totality of life.

There are no intricacies about the *truth*, it is perfectly clear and

