Life, emotion, and intellect / by Cyril Bruyn Andrews.

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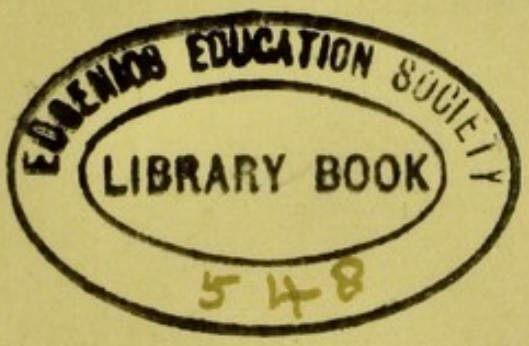

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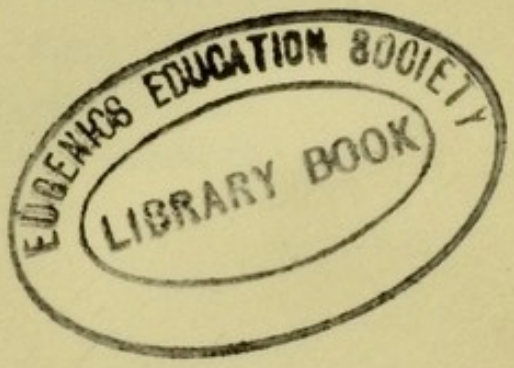

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"Life is real; intellect is artificial; emotion, although it is obliged to express itself in intellectual formulæ, is our nearest approach to the essence of life."

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

LIFE AND PSYCHOLOGY

PSYCHOLOGY is a young science, but it has already reached the age of semi-maturity that delights in names rather as names than as new centres of thought ; it is at present in the position of the youthful undergraduate, so delighted at finding himself somebody that he is in grave danger of becoming nobody. The growing quantity of books on psychology, with their ever increasing number of new words, seem to do little more than substitute a new nomenclature for phenomena well-known and deeply studied in the past. The psychologist, under whatever leader he happens to be marching, is already eagerly engaged in seizing hold of experiences, classifying them by a Freudian or some other method, and placing them, with a sigh of complacent

self-satisfaction, in some psychological pigeon-hole. Yet, praiseworthy as these neat arrangements may seem, they seldom further the real advance of psychology, and it is only when some fresh theory has scattered them to the winds that any great progress is made. It is, of course, the tragedy of every scientific explorer that he can only make important discoveries by ignoring or greatly modifying both his predecessors' theories and often his own as well; but for the psychologist this is especially true. He, more than any other, must learn to fall and rise again, to take pride both in his fall and his recovery; for him especially are theories good servants but bad masters.

The duly qualified professor of psychology is in an especially dangerous position; he almost inevitably establishes in his mind a narrow learning which he fondly imagines differs fundamentally from the general knowledge and experience of man. The danger of such an attitude in the case of a science like psychology is obvious; pro-

fessors of sciences more purely objective may maintain with some show of reason that they possess certain keys of knowledge without whose help learning is difficult, if not impossible, but the professor of a science so obviously subjective as psychology is in a different position. Although the astronomer may suggest that he enjoys a comprehensive knowledge of the stars, the professor of psychology can hardly pretend that he possesses a monopoly, or even a partial monopoly, of human experience.

The modern psychologist often flatters himself that he is perfectly tolerant and entirely free from all ethical bias, but this is an ideal rather than a practical possibility; it behoves the wary student to carefully ascertain the morals of any psychologist who pretends to have none. "Universal tolerance" is a good catch-word for the shallow-minded, but it too often expresses a complete want of appreciation, not only of the virtue, but of the absolute necessity of intolerance in life. The more

honest student of life sometimes candidly admits that though his ideal is impartiality and tolerance, he has really only substituted a new standard for an old one, and has in no sense done away with prejudice, or moral purpose and feeling. There is a fine sound about the words of Madame de Staël, "Tout savoir c'est tout pardonner," and McEwen in his "Thoughts in Music" repeats the sentiment, when he says, "The ear can tolerate if it can only understand;" but it is clear that there is another side to the question, that the world is only tolerable, only thinkable, as a place half understood; and that music devoid of mystery, surprise, approbation, and resentment, ceases to be music.

To understand ourselves no doubt requires an almost superhuman amount of honesty; but to allow that the feelings that we consider an almost sacred part of ourselves exist also in others, is perhaps even more difficult. Few things repel us more than the recognition in others of feelings

almost identical with our own ; we admire the Italian peasants because they are so different from ourselves ; we turn our faces from the crowds on Hampstead Heath ; our fellow countrymen resemble us too closely, their dress and their emotions appear like an intolerable parody of our own. Yet although we must always remain intolerant to those who differ from us, and often even more intolerant to those who resemble us, and although we shall always retain that wholesome pride that each of us feels in his own morals and in his own individuality, still a growing knowledge of life, an ever increasing social consciousness, may police our practices while it leaves our feelings unaltered ; while acknowledging the blameworthy and the meritorious, we may divide the one from the other a little less arbitrarily, and with a little less absolute conviction.

Many consider that a universal knowledge of psychology will produce a kind of earthly Nirvana, and in a strikingly elo-

quent passage in " The Souls of Black Folk," Du Bois writes, " The tragedy of the age is not that men are poor, all men know something of poverty ; not that men are wicked, who are good? Not that men are ignorant, what is truth? Nay, but that men know so little of men." We must not forget, however, that life is real and that psychology is to a great extent artificial, that every new discovery, in whatever guise of social utility it may appear, has also another side. On the one hand, man may use a new knowledge as a factor in favour of peace and unity, but on the other hand it must be remembered that man is an ever struggling, an ever ascending animal. The spirit which pushes forward and produces what scientists call evolution and the survival of the fittest, is of the very essence of life, and must always be present, if man is to continue in the future, as he has done in the past, to aspire to higher and nobler things.

The few chapters that follow are studies

of emotion, that condition of the human mind in which past experiences seem to come back with unusual vividness and meaning, but in which the intellectual chain which used to bind them together seems to become misty and unreal, in which remembrances of the past and feelings of the present rush violently, yet apparently unsummoned, into consciousness—that condition of the mind in which a being foreign to ourselves in some ways, and absolutely ourselves in others, seems to have command over our actions, in which a feeling of supernatural control is combined with an intimate self-realization and self-consciousness—when we find ourselves sometimes startled, sometimes pleased, in a state where willing and unwilling, pleasure and pain, seem to lose much of their meaning and to be empty words belonging to another and a different world.

The academic psychologist, who desires at the outset a formal and detailed definition of emotion as opposed to intellect,

must remain unsatisfied; emotions are better studied in a spirit of wonder and admiration than of strict classification. My Stout, my McDougall, my Münsterberg, my Wundt and Ribot, even my William James, are, with many others to whom I owe an incalculable debt of gratitude, placed back on their shelves, and I turn to write rather about the life around me than the theories I have studied. Should a reader find traces of any of the great psychologists, or possibly of such philosophers as Nietzsche, Eucken, Balfour, or Bergson, he can label and pigeon-hole them if it gives him the smallest satisfaction. I prefer to leave the vital definition of emotion to the imagination and intelligence of each individual, and not run the risk of destroying each individual's appreciation of its meaning by any trite academic phrase. I will not even attempt to prove in detail the rather evident fact that all emotion savours strongly of some sort of intellectualism, and that intellectualism completely stripped of

emotion is a dead thing probably completely outside our comprehension. I merely suggest that perhaps in intellectual thought we see clearly the various links that bind our ideas together ; whereas in emotional experiences these links, though probably stronger and perhaps more numerous, are less apparent and are lost in the feeling of purpose. My reader knows, or rather feels, the difference between intellect and emotion far better than I or any learned psychologist can tell him, and therefore, as a student of life rather than of psychology, I ask him to journey with me for a while in that " untravelled world whose margin fades for ever and for ever when I move."

Life, Emotion, and Intellect

CHAPTER I

OUR ATTEMPTS TO SUPPRESS EMOTION

A SPARK of emotion enters into all our doings, but it is only when it flares up and nearly blinds us that we realize its presence.

We attempt to destroy war by peace societies, religious enthusiasm by material knowledge, and love by eugenic marriage certificates ; but our rationalism has to absorb into itself the very emotional feeling it desires to destroy before it can in any way grip the heart of man. If love is blind, then the believer in the eugenic health certificate for marriage is blinder still, and it is not without significance that peace is

often pictured with a sword. Even the commercialism of the last century owed its importance more to the feeling of exultation and power which the idea of wealth produced than to any intellectual or detailed appreciation of the actual functions which the possessor of wealth performed. To-day the vision is already fading ; other emotions are taking the place of a desire for empire or financial power ; the emotional forces which governed our feelings during last century are rapidly losing their strength, and their end is being hastened by an attempt to appreciate them intellectually, and reconstruct them on a purely rational basis.

Socialism is still an inspiring belief, but to work it out in figures is to strip it of all human interest or even possibility ; the altruism which is the very life of Socialistic theory depends for its existence on an atmosphere of social and pecuniary inequality ; the most human of social virtues can only continue while the struggle lasts

which the Socialist attempts to destroy. The hedonist once rivalled the Socialist in thinking that he had obtained the key which controlled human actions, when he said that men were guided entirely by a desire for pleasure ; but he had no definition of pleasure, and, in attempting to find one, was obliged to postulate what he set out to prove ; pleasure proved too elusive for the theorist's measuring rod. "It is disagreeable to be tortured," said the hedonist, "man therefore avoids it." "Nonsense," said the enthusiastic martyr ; "you don't know what you are talking about."

It is only a few very modern writers, like Mr. Spiller, who have once again attempted with any success to free our mental horizon from false and unreal ideas on the subject of pleasure and pain, and have suggested "pleasure-pain" as a composite word of some real significance.

In England we worship emotion as much as our continental neighbours, but the Englishman is, as a rule, appalled at the

thought that any but the most shallow emotion should be discovered in his daily life ; enthusiasm and emotion seem to him hardly decent unless they are draped in some sort of intellectual garb, however flimsy it may be. If we set out on a voyage to the North Pole, we must bring the atmosphere of the college or city office into our expedition by pretending that we are goaded on by a thirst for scientific research, or by a desire for gold. If we fight and subdue another nation, it must not be because the blood runs hotly through our veins and the fighting spirit of man will out, but because we have studied the matter calmly and unemotionally, and consider that our conquest will lead to the ultimate benefit of the world. It is possible that this intellectual covering with which we clothe our emotion may serve some useful purpose, but we must not mistake the covering for what is beneath, nor impoverish our feelings by constantly seeking to excuse them.

There has always been a tendency in man

to be ashamed of his emotion and employ others to feel for him ; our pride forbids us to express our feelings openly, so, paying others to express them, we satisfy ourselves by watching. We may be too busy or too self-conscious to bask in the sun, or wander joyfully along the lane, so we pay our actor, musician, painter, or poet to give us his version of what our joy should be. If we choose a play, we choose it according to the desires we wish to satisfy, and project our feelings into those of the actors ; but the man next us in the stalls is not supposed to know this, and outwardly we maintain the unemotional respectability of the mere onlooker. Perhaps all this emotion by proxy, all these emotional " whipping boys " whom we pay so much to experience life for us, may coarsen our feelings—the most treasured sensations of life may become banal and commonplace by being constantly represented, and we may destroy by satiety the very things we love most. Life is

wiser than the stage, for it gives us longer rests between the acts, and allows our enthusiasm, even in old age, to retain something of youth's freshness. To enjoy life's emotions ourselves as they come is better than to dissipate our feelings by constantly experiencing emotions second-hand. There are few sadder sights than the connoisseur in emotions peering about the world through his dim dejected eyes, but never finding an emotion novel or harrowing enough to satisfy his jaded appetite. Yet in spite of many instances of over indulgence, we shall find, if we follow emotional experiences in and out through society, that they are the real stuff of life, and demand both our reverence and respect; though we sometimes turn from them in disgust, it is chiefly because we know what they can and ought to be; the foulest crime is not life at its weakest and poorest, it is rather life at its fullest and best, turned, perhaps by some trifling incident, into a wrong direc-

tion. Even some of the "decadent" symptoms, that our modern social reformers are never tired of emphasizing, may have behind them a far greater ultimate force for good than the utter stagnation and mediocrity which comes from complete emotional repression and the total apathy of a weak and tired race. Legislation which attempts to deal with these symptoms is usually to a great extent a failure, because it so often attempts to suppress wrong-doing without arousing an enthusiasm for virtue ; the slowness of some of our wisest rulers to bring forward apparently promising schemes of social reform shows, perhaps, an appreciation of the fact that to inspire the spirit is better than to suppress the act, and that men desire to suffer and rejoice even more than to dwell safely.

Although there is much in our modern social schemes that seems to be about to crush finally the adventurous spirit, the attempt to turn humanity into a vast machine will no doubt fail in the future as

it has in the past. To standardize humanity is probably impossible ; yet in the attempt there is a danger of diverting the highest and best emotions of the adventurous into the worst channels. To-day in many directions a hard and fast rationalism seems to be laying too heavy a hand on human desires and feelings, the engine of life is becoming so over-burdened with machinery that the steam which drives it is in danger of losing its power. At first, State-care, with an ever increasing vista of helpfulness, seemed a satisfactory outlet for those who wished to look after others and had no one to care for at home, but as a sympathetic desire to help becomes overwhelmed by the collection of facts as to the merits of each case, so mercy and charity perish in investigation and discrimination. Both the rescuers and the rescued lose heart when they find that they are merely united by the red tape of a charity organization office, and men and women who would gladly receive help from

the most degraded criminal perish in the streets rather than ask assistance from the co-operative and soulless mind of an office.

In many professions, especially in those independent of State control, a certain amount of real feeling does escape, but as a rule we are so afraid of appearing sentimental that we will have none of it. Schoolmasters are expected to know the classics rather than to love children; lawyers and judges must be inspired by a desire to carry out the letter of the law rather than by any wish to improve humanity. Doctors and nurses have sometimes to confess that they carry on their work in a spirit of love and pity, but even they often pose as strict students of science, to whom their patient is an object of care, only because care is necessary for successful treatment. There are few men in any profession who are willing to boast that they have imagination as well as method; a vision as well as a time-table; who care to acknowledge that they love as well as

study their fellow men. Professional men are in office hours seldom on speaking terms with their own emotions; calculation rather than enthusiasm rules, and their feelings towards mankind are so blunted that possibly, like the executioners of old, they should be allowed no voice in the active management of the State.

Even soldiers are being given technical formulæ to learn by heart instead of battles to fight; the really fine emotion of battle is denied them, and they study cruel possibilities stripped of the ardour and courage which in practice make cruelty almost a virtue. Both Professor William James and more lately Canon Grane suggest that we may dream of such things as battles and content ourselves with the thought barren of action, but many will hesitate to adopt such a suggestion for their own lives, and will consider him a poor divided personality whose dreams are not his life and his life his dreams. A condition of dreaming what we dare not do seems scarcely admirable.

It suggests rather the morbid youths who watch a fire and take no part in the rescue, or whose bravery is satisfied on Saturday afternoons by watching a football match, who feel that it is good to endure in thought, but not in deed.

It is important to realize that the watchers of a game, although apparently apathetic until they mob the victors, do obtain in watching a second-hand excitement which may be better than none, and satisfy their feelings to some extent by projecting themselves into the minds of the players. The spirit of a sport spreads far beyond those who take part in it, and a whole nation can often better be judged by its sports than by anything else : bull-fights, gladiatorial games, street fights, fox-hunting, with the various customs attending each, may form the keynote of an age. A few thousand years makes a difference in the form, but little in the sentiment of a national pastime, and often both remain the same. Bull-fighting may be considered a

mark of a past state of civilization, yet an account in *The Times* of February 12, 1913, showed that thousands passed by the death-bed of a famous bull-fighter, and the telegrams of condolence were counted in hundreds. Christians are perhaps no longer eaten by lions in public places, but the crowded audiences which always attend "The Sign of the Cross" show how little our tastes have really changed.

In sport the athlete has succeeded the gladiator, but as he stands ready for his feat he still suggests the same two things—"I am going to endure," and "I am going to win." The two sentiments usually remain nicely balanced, though perhaps in sport at its best the thought of endurance loses itself to a great extent in the desire for action; the spirit of rejoicing in either victory or defeat should be there, but too much self-consciousness adds little to our hero's bravery. Mr. Ponsonby's remarks on the change in the clothes of the football team during the last century strike near the

root of the matter ; too much attention to clothes or the want of them, too much calculated display of fine muscles, may savour of conceited self-interest and take away from that fine self-forgetfulness which is of the very essence of true sport.

The love of ordeal passes through many phases and is manifest in many directions ; the war spirit may not be a necessary part of future civilization, but the love of struggle and of ordeal lies deeper and must be present even in the times of greatest peace. If we stand out of the danger for a moment, it is only to watch others facing it. We cannot always be the bride at the wedding, but we can be present at the ceremony and project ourselves into her emotions. If our country is at peace, we cannot subdue other nations ; but individually we can at least fight duels, or win a fencing match. Even if we abhor what has been termed the psycho-physiological contact of the wrestler or football player, we can take part with joy in the even

closer, though more psychical, contest of the well-fought debate. We may not want to keep slaves or subject ourselves to tyrants' orders, but we can still enjoy the reciprocal pleasure of the words "my lord," and we revel more every day in the subtle powers of what we call hypnotism, magnetism, or overwhelming temptation.

If we suffer no direct ordeal ourselves, we can exaggerate the sufferings endured by those we consider down-trodden: if no one will torture us for the cause of woman's suffrage, then we can persuade our friends to chain us to railings in public places. The rag is often enjoyed by all parties concerned, nor is its spirit confined to the nursery or the schoolroom; it develops in the barrack-room or on the political platform, it is evident in the picture postcards we call vulgar or senseless; in fact, it is everywhere the mark of struggling humanity.

We love our children because we feel that they are helpless and we are strong, and can protect them from any possible injury;

the peaceful home owes much of its sweetness to the wicked world outside. The equality of women and men may be a fine ideal, but many women enter into the struggle for women's suffrage from a love of the very struggles and ordeals which the success of their cause is supposed to obliterate. Much that is in the highest degree womanly masquerades as being sexless, the suffragette realizes herself in self-abnegation and ordeals as much as in triumph and successes, and her sacrifice for her cause contains much that is essentially womanly. The spirit of the slave bangle always lurked behind the bracelet, but in the very days of women's rights and women's votes, the slave bangle itself once more appears in our streets.

There are naturally degrees in our love of emotion, and a turning-point in our desire for adventure, for conquest, and for submission. The tickling which makes us laugh with pleasure kills us if carried to excess ; all of us do not wish to explore

Central Africa ; for many the discovery of a new country walk is sufficient. The "grand passion" which unites the two schoolgirls in what is considered by them an inseparable bond, may end in a revolting feeling of snakes on the part of the less ardent, if real friendship is absent and the personal advances of the other are carried to excess. Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," the story of Joan of Arc, or of Lady Godiva, may play with too heavy a hand on our love of emotions ; we may turn with horror from the Prisoner of Chillon's stone bed, from the murder of the Princes in the Tower, or from Rider Haggard's novels, and yet enjoy the mental conflicts of Jane Austen's lovers, or the close association of beauty and affliction in the more remote atmosphere of the fairy tale.

Art and music probably still remain the chief emotional outlets in our somewhat over-socialized and over-intellectual age. We can project ourselves into pictures and enjoy to some extent the pleasures and pains denied to us in our daily lives.

Boadicea controlling her prancing team appeals to us as a trial of strength, and the more we admire such a work of art, the more we enter in spirit into the emotions portrayed. The artist himself is also naturally to some extent an onlooker at his own work, and satisfies his emotions in portraying on canvas the various experiences he would himself enjoy, had he the opportunity. The pure desire for beauty—the non-moral, almost non-emotional tone of art—is chiefly a phantom of our imagination ; one age often attributes such feelings to another, but there is much that is false in such implications, the cloudy atmosphere which inevitably gathers round the past is responsible for many curious and unreal impressions.

In some arts emotion seems to play a very small part, and to be replaced to a great extent by a rigid technique, but we usually find that we have failed to probe deep enough into our real feelings. It may be difficult to realize the emotional roots of our admiration for architectural design and

proportion, but our delight in the pillar is ultimately a delight in well-proportioned effort, an effort not too great to make support apparently impossible, nor too slight to be devoid of all sense of strain ; the arch must also stretch in a manner which tells us that it is a real effort, but one possible and pleasant. The pyramids give us joy not from any cut-and-dry theory of proportion, but rather from a semi-pleasurable, semi-painful feeling of human toil and suffering occasioned by the colossal size of each stone.

Music has always been recognized as one of the highest forms of emotional expression, but its full value as a personal means of self-realization and self-expression for the multitude has yet to be learned ; music has in the past been often too much involved in the question of technical gymnastics and cultured appreciation, and the musical and the unmusical have been divided a little too arbitrarily. A certain amount of appreciation exists in almost every one and often extends to the most

ignorant and apparently apathetic. It requires little or no musical education to appreciate the plaintive soprano, the victorious bass, the joyful rise and sad fall of the cadences in Chopin's Funeral March. The piano in the small lodging-house adds more value to the life of its owner than we are often willing to acknowledge ; to the neighbour the melody may be hackneyed, the technical skill poor, but the feelings of the player are none the less finding a healthy realization and expression. The mind feels, the hand responds and reacts on the mind ; even by beating time to another's music we attain a fuller satisfaction. Although the attempt to bring the people to Grand Opera has failed in England, music can still be brought to the people even more than it is now by popular songs and melodies. Music will in the future be regarded less as an art for the talented few, and more as an easy and direct means of enlarging and enriching those fundamental emotions which lie at the root of each individual's life.

CHAPTER II

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Love and friendship make fine poems whether in prose or verse, but they make poor stuff for the psychological laboratory ; in our attempts to analyse and dissect the deeper phenomena of life we find ourselves before long conducting a post-mortem examination on a subject devoid of the vital qualities we set out to study. We start out to investigate a subject in which the greatest truths are expressed in the fewest words or in the simplest acts ; we complete our investigations, overwhelmed by a deluge of words which contains on the whole more false implications than true suggestions.

Platonic love, sensual love, brotherly love, parental affection, may mark tenden-

cies which exist at times in all friendships, but they do little more ; true love knows nothing of those niggardly and trite definitions, or rather, it partakes of the nature of all of them, sweeping away the imaginary barriers which divide them from each other. Psychologists in recent years have been particularly busy in attempting to analyse love, and to divide into clear-cut scientific compartments what is essentially comprehensive and indivisible. You may collect a library to-day of several hundred books dealing exclusively with love in what is called the scientific sense ; you may wander amongst those volumes for weeks or months or years, but you will learn little of value that the schoolgirl of eighteen cannot tell you, and when you come out once more into the sunshine, you will breathe a sigh of relief. You will look back on your researches as one on a higher plane who looks down, half in pity, half in wonder, on the struggles of those trying feebly to express in words what can only be felt in living.

"Modesty," says one writer, "is essentially attractive; a blush (or in the language of the scientists a psycho-physiological disturbance) is full of charm and meaning." "Modesty is not attractive," says another, "it is allied with coldness and hard feelings; it repels friendship." But this does not close the matter, for you may take a third book from your shelves, and learn that modesty, even if it is allied with coldness, is an attractive force, as it goads the lover on to greater efforts. "The nude," asserts one, "necessarily implies feelings of shame and arouses passions." "The nude alone is chaste," writes another, with equal vehemence and conviction.

Novelty is said to lie at the root of many love affairs; the young artist forms a friendship with his model because her work is one that few would undertake, and he finds something fresh and interesting in her outlook on life. Girl prisoners are said to receive many proposals, and it is asserted that our love for a woman's ordeal may be

greater than our love for the woman herself ; we may be in love with an act or a feeling rather than with an individual ; in love with love, as Ellen Key would express it. A breach of custom, the unexpected glimpse of a pretty elbow, is said to be responsible for much that follows, and those who desire to study love under a microscope may find pleasure, though probably little profit, in such suggestions.

By a frequent use of the microscope and an utter blindness to the broader and nobler feelings of humanity, the most natural acts of everyday life can often be construed as perverted, if not pathological, symptoms. The chaff of the chorus behind the scenes, the behaviour of the mannequin at fashionable milliners', of the athlete on the playing field, of the master and boys in the schoolroom—all furnish ample material for the psychological busybody, who, groping in the foggy atmosphere of his own mind, delights in attributing the most degraded and curious motives to acts as wholesome

and natural as the sun at noonday. It is possible that such expressions as a desire for psycho-physiological contact may have a real and morbid meaning to the scientist who uses them, but if he desires to really appreciate the feelings of those whose acts he is studying, he will realize that his own peculiar state of mind is responsible for much that he attributes to the minds of others.

"Man often kills the thing he loves," says a writer of no mean talent, yet the marriage service expresses our desire to love, honour, and cherish. There must always be a tyrant and a slave in friendship, say some, while others insist that perfect equality is essential between real friends. It is asserted that marriage originated in a desire for ownership, and that if it is to survive, it must retain this feeling; that the lover wanted to watch the response of the loved one to his care, and marriage was his attempt to make his pleasure permanent. To-day these ideas are again being empha-

sized, and it is agreed that the desire to watch the feelings of a companion is greater than the wish for domestic tranquillity. A wife desires pain as well as pleasure, adventure as well as happiness ; a husband likes to feel his wife start at his approach, and not treat his return with the apathy born of long habit. There is probably much truth in such sayings, and a desire for tranquillity and peace comes, no doubt, with old age rather than with marriage. The love of teasing is but a small evaporation of the ever-present desire to watch, experiment with, and care for, the sensations and feelings of another. A man marries a girl far beneath him in rank, and shows her the world, but as soon as her startled pleasure fades away, she is no longer the girl he loved, and he abandons her. Fairy tales are full of the lonely maid who becomes a princess, but we imagine her changed in appearance only ; her mind is supposed to remain unaffected and unspoilt in her new splendour.

Youth is of necessity a time for stress and ordeal ; a time in which shocks are desired and sought after. Our feeling for suffering plays an important part in our affections ; the widow appeals to a man's affection because of the ordeals she has undergone in the past, the girl marries in anticipation of the pleasant ordeals of new experiences. We cherish embarrassment and shyness even when we know it is not there, and we do not need the psychologist to tell us the attractiveness of emotional feeling in voice, gesture, or bearing. We admire innocence also, not so much because it is an attractive virtue in the abstract, but because the idea of enduring and escaping danger by a struggle, rather than by calculation and knowledge, appeals to us. We dislike the ideas of sex-instruction prevalent to-day, because they appear to substitute a cold and unemotional learning for the inspiring conflict between vice and virtue. In life as in love excitement must exist ; life must be growth, and growth must

be a struggle if it is to be growth in any real sense ; the closest friends may fight only in chaff, but some excitement must exist in their friendship, or their relations become lifeless and apathetic.

The scientific investigator of life must almost inevitably cease his own experiences in order to study those of others, and the mechanical theories he evolves seem often strangely out of tune with the true, simple and comprehensive view which is the sum of our own feelings and experiences. A germ of truth still lingers in the formal statements of the scientific student of life, but the coldness and unreality of the mere onlooker's mind has usually done much to strip his collection of facts of their vital value. Even such a writer as Ellen Key spreads an atmosphere of cold intellectualism over her statements about women. If we have never formed a deep friendship, we believe what the mental scientists tell us of love in much the same way as in childhood we believed all the romantic novelists

told us of the necessity for courage in the hero, and beauty and tenderness in the heroine. When, however, we abandon the study of love and experience it ourselves, we find that love and friendship are not of such stuff ; the statements of the academic scientists and of romantic novelists alike fade away, their false generalizations and trite conventions become unmeaning words, and disappear into the background of life, the strange and pathetic toys of childhood, the mere ghosts of reality. To our surprise, sometimes even to our perturbation, we find that we love our friend for his faults as much as for his virtues. Love watches and cares for, but if it analyses, it only analyses to love the more. The mental scientist ponders and writes, but the world feels and lives ; the game of life may be only half realized by its players, but it is still less understood by those who merely look on.

We are all born to a certain extent in love with the world, but our general affec-

tion for mankind contains only the germ of what is in store for us. One day a friend appears, not a platonic friend, nor a lover, nor any of the absurd kind of friends existing in the mind of the abstract theorist, but just a friend ; a person whose affection we cherish in a peculiarly deep and intimate sense. Our friend will probably be of the opposite sex, not because there is any necessary admiration between the characteristics which have been conventionally grouped round men and women, but rather because there is more to learn and wonder at in those who differ most from us. Schoolroom notions as to the virtues essentially good in man or woman are blown to the winds, and in their very disappearance we find a new joy and adventure. Old prejudices become swept away as if by magic, and while we are still revelling in their overthrow, new prejudices and new ideas begin to be formed.

The close friendship of two human beings is an exciting experience for both, but

problems and embarrassments are of the very essence of the adventure. The humdrum affections which were formerly dissipated over the world suddenly become centralized and assume a new strength ; in the selfishness of friendship the rest of mankind become grouped under the heading of third persons. Feelings whose existence was hardly guessed at become alive, and assume a new significance as they bear on our relations with our friend ; the most commonplace acts become of absorbing interest, and many things we have previously disliked become intelligible, if not lovable. A man and woman who have been wandering and wondering separately find that they can learn much from each other, and can see the world best when they view it side by side ; each feels an unusual response to the feelings of the other, more than a usual gap when they are alone. The wish to handle each other gently, but experimentally, the desire to dive deeper into each other's hearts without endanger-

ing the friendship, grows day by day. In our craving for intimacy, we forgive almost without feeling that forgiveness has entered into the matter ; our friend is dear to us and too necessary a part of our near environment to be placed on a pedestal.

It is said that love is a chase and a capture, but if a capture exists, it is surely mutual ; if there is a flight, then the friends flee hand in hand ; for a moment perhaps one chases, the other is caught, but the triumph alternates so quickly that they appear to be travelling together. Friendship is essentially a journey ; in spite of a desire to linger by the wayside, to perpetuate pleasant experiences, the two must continue their voyage, for a friendship can never stay still. The two travel as over the housetops, the world passes by them, yet they see it as from a distance, in a different perspective to the rest of mankind ; things important in the past become insignificant, the most trivial acts become of the greatest importance ; the dreary features

of life become full of joy, as they are connected with a past or future experience ; parting itself becomes almost a pleasure, as it calls into even greater prominence their feelings of affection, and when they meet again there is so much to say that the parting itself seemed almost worth while.

A time comes in every friendship when the period of search into each other's heart and mind seems to be nearly complete, and each begins to feel that the friendship may be drawing to a close, that boredom and indifference may follow, and the fear is to a certain extent justified, for a friendship must be constantly reborn if it is to continue. The joy of unaccustomed intimacy, of search and of discovery, can only take place once, and it must yield place to a sympathetic appreciation of what has been found. To some extent friends are always finding something new in each other, but if the basis of friendship rests only in the joy of discovery, it will die when the first

excitement of intimacy is over, at the moment when affectionate appreciation should enter in and give new life to their feelings.

Yet in spite of the necessary change and development in all friendships, memory endows each stage with something of permanence and continued existence ; it joins the past joys of friendship with the present moment and with the ever fuller and deeper intimacy which is to come. Remembrance of the past is more than a happy recollection ; it knits the friendship together with unbreakable bonds, and gives to friends an ever increasing trust and confidence in each other's affection.

CHAPTER III

RELIGION

It is customary to talk of the present time as an age with little religion, and to suggest that religion was necessary for past generations, but is unnecessary to-day. We are unable to look indifferently and without bias at the religious feelings of the age in which we live, and so we are apt to mistake the development of religious feeling for a gradual disappearance of religion itself, and to consider movement as a sign of decay rather than as a sure indication of growth and continuity. At times what one may term the objective side of religion becomes over-emphasized, and the individual finds himself confronted by something which seems strangely unsympathetic and

outside himself ; he thinks of religion as one thing and of himself as another, and in this dual conception the two seem to have little in common. At other times religion becomes too subjective—a mere vague feeling of self—a mere combination of passing emotions, with no external conception to worship and inspire. Primitive religions contain much that is purely objective ; introspection is but little developed, and the savage gazes outward rather than inward for his God. The Eastern religions as a whole present the opposite appearance ; the settled climate, the regular periods of rain and sunshine suggest a god whose mechanical regularity leaves the human mind cold and uninterested, and turns it more and more in upon itself. The conception of God at once objective and subjective lies at the root of the Christian religion, and has allowed it to grow to suit the needs of a developing and progressive civilization with little or no fundamental change. The expounders

of the Christian religion have, it is true, differed in the views they expressed, but the difference has been often more in expression than in feeling, and even to-day the unorthodox Christian's chief joy is the apparent novelty of his attitude towards life. Even the word agnostic, while expressing a tendency in all human beings, seems to have lost some of its charm as a belief and to have become of historical rather than of human interest. On the other hand, the broad principles of the Christian faith seem curiously in accord with the most modern philosophical thought; the Christian faith finds nothing very new in the emphasis of emotional rather than purely intellectual feeling; it has long felt this, and has in the past repeatedly realized that a hard and fast rationalism is the most uncompromising, the most dogmatic, and the most inhuman of creeds.

The scientific psychologist has usually taken up a rather false attitude in the study of religion; he has often conceived religion

as something outside human nature, and then tried to judge its effect on each individual's temperament. In spite of the light-hearted joy of a young science, such investigations were bound to end in failure. It was useless for the psychologist to banish his difficulties to the realm of metaphysics and philosophy, which he suggested were outside his sphere, it was useless for him to try to lend truth to his statements by constantly changing his position, and by suggesting alternatively that man makes religion and that religion makes man ; he forgot that religion was neither an objective science nor a purely subjective sensation, and the very spirit of his investigations at once robbed the word " religion " of any real meaning. When attempting to view God as a purely objective creation, Voltaire was often quoted, but the saying that " God first made man in His image, and that man has been returning the compliment ever since " contained a half-truth only, and merely emphasized the fact that a pure

ideal is as inconceivable as an "absolute," and inevitably bound up in our experience of life. Both the objective and subjective side demand our attention, and neither materialism nor idealism furnishes an adequate interpretation ; man does not worship something he considers no higher than himself, and although an ideal may be but the sum of the best we know, it is also a stretch towards something better. Man punishes man and therefore God chastens man, but God chastens justly, man imperfectly. God's acts cannot be thought of in terms beyond our mental capabilities, yet they can be thought of as the very summit of our notion of perfection, and with a desire to perceive something just beyond. God must be human to be understood, but he must be divine in order to be worshipped.

We are told by many that religion is mere voluptuousness, but the statement means little more than that we are human, and that our religious emotions must savour

of human qualities. Religion depends on human feelings, as human feelings depend on religion, but this is religion's strength, not its weakness. Religion and life are not two things, but one. Religion cannot leave life untouched, even the poorest must add or subtract something ; it must emphasize or minimize our daily experiences. Some find in their religion the finest outlets for their emotions and are unusually calm and placid in their daily life ; others practising a quieter and sterner faith are perhaps more demonstrative to their friends or acquaintances. A religion may thus absorb emotional feeling, or it may draw it out and spread it with renewed force over life, but its influence is inevitable and its power infinite. In an article in the *International Journal of Ethics*, Charles Super contrasts the callousness of the ancient Greeks when their country was at war with the effect of an impending calamity on a Christian nation. " Those can testify, who, like the writer, had the opportunity to observe the

public mind in Germany at the outbreak of the Franco-German War. The general feeling can be expressed in the distich, 'Let him who laughed, now laugh no more, let him now pray, who never prayed before ; the churches were full, the theatres empty." A real religion performs both the function of generating and of absorbing enthusiasm ; it adds enthusiasm to life, but at the same time keeps the highest for its own uses, it is at once both stimulator and guide.

A great deal has been written lately about the delight in the infliction of pain called sadism, and the joy of suffering called masochism. A belief in hell is supposed to be a continuation of these feelings, and it is suggested that the close association of love and pain emphasizes their importance. The Roman Catholic priest, the Salvation Army officer, and even recently the psychological investigator, is supposed to experience a sadistic joy in extracting confessions, while the penitent must to a certain extent be a masochist. It is contended that

martyrs are pathological examples of the love of suffering, and that the world shows its appreciation of their masochistic tendencies by honouring those who die for their religion rather than those who live for it. The rendering of one's personality into the hands of God, the Tolstoyan doctrine of non-resistance, are all ascribed to a masochistic delight in yielding ourselves to a superior power that may do with us as he thinks well. In childhood it is acknowledged that a belief in any god but a benevolent one is merely terrifying, but later our pleasure seems to assume a different aspect, and to be punished may be as great a joy as to be cherished. Sadism is also said to pervade religious feelings ; the persecutions of the past, the interest in the conversion of a sinner—even in the education and care of children, are all given as instances of the desire for power and influence over others, of the wish to take people into our charge, and for good or evil to do what we like with them. The service

during which the novice strips off her worldly dress and dons the nun's clothing is supposed by the psychologist to have originated in the sadistic tendencies of the onlookers, and the wearing of the nun's dress in a kind of masochistic self-abnegation. But when all this is granted, when all this talk is over and words have done their worst, religion finds itself in much the same position as before. You may have analysed the suffering of the martyr, you may have chosen to call what you think was the state of his mind by a new name, but his faith remains the same. The human belief in God's care is still there, and no mass of words can explain away our admiration for human endurance, or banish the meaning of faith and hope from our lives.

If we realize that religion is connected with the joy of suffering, the joy of overcoming, the love of our fellow men and women—we have made no new discovery, for religion has always been the sum and

essence of human desires and feelings. Many of the customs of religion are not so hypocritical as they seem, and contain much that is genuine ; they have developed naturally with the religion, rather than merely under the cloak of it. A religion can raise and strengthen our feelings, but it cannot take away their human nature. The very humanism which keeps our religion alive may from time to time lay it open to the charge of worldliness ; but a real and lasting religion has never been a mere abstract belief, it has always existed where human feelings for good or evil were strongest and deepest ; it has always been in the thick of the fight.

A few points, however, become clearer by our wanderings in the mazes of psychological analysis ; the classifiers of human feelings, though they obscure much that is vital, do in some respects perform a useful service. We can find from a study of the human mind that a real religion is—in fact as well as in desire—almost inevit-

ably the sum of the many complex features of our life ; it remains fundamentally unchanged whilst scientific theories succeed and overthrow one another ; it retains in its essence feelings that lose their meaning and can never be adequately studied in a spirit of purely scientific investigation. Such truths are implied rather than realized by most psychologists, but implications are often as important as direct statements, and the things comparatively ignored by one generation often become the most vital truths of the next.

At the close of the last century man thought that he had outgrown his belief in God, but he was really only enlarging and developing his conceptions, and this is not peculiar to any particular generation. As Professor Bergson would say, our religion is only lasting on account of its movement, but our limitation forbids us to see continuous movement, and our progress appears to be a succession of halts and changes. Many truths in the Christian religion were but waiting for the develop-

ment in man of a deeper and fuller realization. Scientific knowledge often leads by slow and laboured steps along the road to which our belief has long been pointing. If the most important doctrine of evolution is that man only progresses by a painful struggle, but that he glories in his strife and suffering, surely Christ's life teaches us the same lesson. If psychology has taught us that by belief and faith the impossible can become the possible, surely we were told long ago that thus could mountains be removed. Science seems in many respects to explain laboriously what our feelings and instincts have long ago taught us. Pure intellectualism may to some extent explain life, but our feelings *are* life, and perhaps in the past fifty years we have suffered from too much explanation and too little experience. We may learn more real knowledge of ourselves by living than by studying life, and what we lose in detailed and scientific accuracy we often gain in a deeper knowledge and in a wider comprehension.

CHAPTER IV

THE STAGE

It was discovered not very long ago that on any given night a fifth of the population of a large American town was to be found at some place of amusement ; the statement with some modification might be made with equal truth about many towns in England. We are told that a morbid craving for novelty takes us to places of public amusement, but on closer inspection we find little new in the performances we witness. The emotions seen on the stage reflect to a great extent our daily life and thoughts, and though they may sometimes become less intense as our life becomes quieter, this is only a change in degree, and it is even possible that a peaceful civilization may

require greater and not less emotional excitement in its public entertainments. Such modern writers as Dostoïeffsky give us plays which differ but little from the "Œdipus Tyrannus"; the intellectual struggles of Hamlet and the passionate feelings of Othello contain much that is typical of the old morality plays and also of the most modern problem play or melodrama. To analyse our enjoyment of a play is perhaps a thankless and useless task, but there is a certain fascination in attempting to catch such bubbles. If we glance for a moment at a popular and fairly representative play like "Trilby," we find much that may surprise us in our enjoyment of the ordeals which the heroine suffers.

Trilby is found sitting barefooted in regimental uniform amongst a group of conventional Englishmen; it is not long before the still more respectable ladies arrive, and for the rest of the play Trilby passes into the clutches of Svengali. In nearly every play our heroine must be out of tune with

her environment to the end ; she must be gay when others are sad, or in sombre black at the ball ; we hesitate to leave the play or close the pages of our novel until we are satisfied that there are no more emotional struggles for her to endure, that she dies, or—what is almost the same thing—lives happily ever after.

There is a tendency nowadays to watch an actress perform a part, rather than to watch the part itself, and in musical comedy this is particularly evident ; but we see it also in real drama, for when a young actress is given a difficult, perhaps a very emotional part, we often go to see what she will make of it, rather than to throw ourselves into the feelings of the character she is acting. Perhaps it is because the set emotions of the stage have become too stereotyped that we desire to penetrate beneath the emotion of the play and watch the emotions of those who are interpreting the parts ; though it may be still an open question whether we go to see Desdemona,

or to see a charming actress confronted with a difficult task, the conversation of the audience often suggests the latter. Whether this desire to witness the emotions of the actress rather than the emotions of the part she plays is essentially modern or unwholesome, it is difficult to say ; it certainly seems more obvious to-day, although history sometimes has a way of slurring over the most important characteristics of former generations. In our modern music-halls we find the performer's emotions of special interest to the audience ; the high kick must be thought a new experience even if the dancer performs it a thousand times ; the blush may be painted on her face, but it expresses more than paint to our minds, and it is only if we catch a glimpse of her as she leaves the stage that we see the slender scaffolding on which our emotional enjoyment is hung.

We have lately, perhaps, both off and on the stage, been seeing the paint a little too clearly ; we have wanted more innocence,

more real emotional feeling than the actor or actress has been able to give, and we have summoned children to dance and sing for us ; we seldom doubt the innocence and genuine feelings of the child, and our enjoyment is not likely to be spoilt by a sudden realization of the emotional apathy of the performer. There is a fascination for some in the attempt to combine the emotions of childhood with those of maturer years, and the singer and dancer dressed as a child often appeals to her audience by this curious combination of feelings.

In the daily programme of the London music halls we have a bewildering collection of emotional thrills. The curtain rises and shows us a man who is obviously feeling that at any moment he may fall from the top of a high bicycle which he is riding round and round the limited circumference of the stage ; he is succeeded by a troupe of acrobats, preferably containing some women and children, who perform feats the strain of which every one, however un-

skilled, must feel, and both audience and performers know that at any moment there may be an accident. In the next turn a man appears in a lion's cage or is perhaps shot out of a cannon, and in another a woman dives from the roof of the hall into a swimming bath, or has a horsewhip flicked round her neck as she stands bound on the stage ; a humorous ordeal perhaps follows : a helpless drunkard is tormented and made fun of, or perhaps we see a burlesque of the very turns we have delighted in, the ordeal pushed over the borderland from the sentimental into the ridiculous. Lastly, there are those curious turns whose chief attraction seems to be the dress of the actor or actress. The interest of love-making in the Christmas pantomime must be decreased by the fact that the hero and the heroine are both girls, but the crowd readily tolerates the absurd picture in order to enjoy the somewhat time-worn novelty of seeing a girl dressed as a man. Living statuary and classical

dancing owed a considerable part of their popularity to the supposed emotions of the performers who appeared so scantily clad, but the blush died almost before it was seen ; classical dancing became the order of the day, and clothes, or the want of them, became more and more a matter of indifference. It is true that for a time the emotional value of clothes was still insisted on by certain performers, who emphasized the dress they appeared in either by its absurd incongruity or by taking it off on the stage ; but although clothes may go far towards the success or failure of every performance, the turn depending for its attraction almost entirely on dress seems for the moment to have passed away.

At the root of the emotions we enjoy on the stage lie a few unmistakable tendencies which reflect the feelings of our daily life ; our hero or heroine must be struggling, whether the fight be against fate or against a villain or merely against the jokes of a pantaloon. In life we should have to help,

and the problem of what to do would spoil the enjoyment of watching the struggle, but in the theatre we can lean back and contemplate and do nothing.

Again, our heroine must suffer undeserved ordeals ; retribution has a mathematical exactness about it which bores and wearies us ; we do not wish to destroy the thing we love, but we like to know it is human and can feel and suffer. Even the very spirit of watching a performance has much of this desire ; some one is presented for our approval, and depends on our applause for success or failure. We do not want to decide the fate of the gladiator by raising our thumbs, but we like to feel that the actress depends on us for her reception. Although our young men no longer sit on the stage and criticize the play, yet our chorus girls trip lightly among the stalls of the Alhambra, and present themselves for the close admiration and approval of the audience.

We have much to learn about the emo-

tions either morbidly aroused or wholesomely evaporated by the growing number of theatres and music halls. Vague feelings about vulgarity are often misleading, and too superficial to be of much use ; our rulers must enter into the hearts of the people. Vulgarity and sincerity are often close companions, and it may be better to harden ourselves a little to the former in order to preserve the latter, rather to allow some open evaporation of feelings distasteful to us than to force a cloak of insincerity and hypocrisy over things not harmful in themselves.

CHAPTER V

LAW AND CRIME

"EVERY society has the criminals it deserves," says Lacassagne; but to suggest that the criminal is the necessary product of every society is not to say he should remain unpunished. Much is written nowadays about the evil of revenge, and it is even suggested that resentment against wrong is disappearing, and will be superseded by a spirit of careful inquiry and scientific treatment. The idea suggests an ultimate cure of all evils, or at least an obvious means of curing them, but like many other theories falls to the ground when humanity is considered as it exists in the world around us. A world no longer governed by the conflict of right and wrong,

by approbation and resentment, is a world from which humanity has departed, and suggests that complete order and stability which are imagined to exist in the lowest forms of life.

There are few crimes or insanities which do not suggest in an exaggerated degree the normal feelings of mankind ; yet there is a gulf between what we admire and what we despise, which the broadest sympathy cannot bridge ; the desire for self-surrender of the opium-eater is not that of the religious devotee ; the nymphomaniac is not the same as the passionate lover. Our very contempt for the criminal shows that we can to some extent understand and share his passion ; and we rebel at the exaggeration of feelings which we know lie at the root of life and are among our most cherished possessions. The things we admire stand perilously near those we despise ; the hero who goes forth to conquer or to die may become in a trice the foulest of murderers ; our dramas play freely with emo-

tions we admire on the stage, but often mercilessly condemn in real life. Although every human feeling spreads itself over the whole world, each individual is by no means apathetic towards the exaggerated desires and passions of his neighbour. We are not lenient with the criminal because to some extent we share his nature ; on the contrary, our punishment often suggests strongly the passionate resentment of the crime itself.

Law expresses the least common multiple of our feelings, but law only grows from the individual's fight against it. Social laws attempt, often, it must be admitted, half-heartedly, to suppress individual emotions, but it is only by the individual's constant struggle against this tendency that law itself develops and progresses. In spite of the weight of law and of social opinion, passions are still guided as much from within as from without ; and civilization would have little to boast of if it were otherwise. Society can cramp and distort

the feelings it disapproves of, but it can seldom obliterate them. In some communities life may be so humdrum, ordeals so rare, that outwardly calm and respectable citizens may hire others to torture or in turn be tortured by them—the joy of inflicting pain in no way blunted by the fact that the victim gladly suffers for the few shillings he is going to receive ; the obvious commercial element of the transaction being swept away by the strength of long suppressed emotion ; yet society seldom realizes the stunted and unsatisfying environment it has created, and looks with no kindly eye on the emotional or adventurous spirits who are its chief victims. Ragging is to a certain extent tolerated in childhood, and youthful health and spirits are an excuse for much that might otherwise be unwholesomely suppressed. In after life, however, high spirits are no longer supposed to need healthy evaporation, and the spirit of youth is seldom a recognized excuse ; often a criminal and

unreal reason has to be invented and lived up to. The very spirit of evolution, if diagnosed in a law court, might be shown to have an anti-social, if not a perverted tendency ; the most normal and necessary things of life, stripped of their hypocritical guise, seem often dangerous to our somewhat over-sensitive and over-civilized imagination.

As society favours discipline and punishment, so will the individual ; but sometimes the line between punishment and cruelty is a dim one. Men and women who wish to illtreat children advertise in the newspapers as willing to train children *severely ;* and it is said that a large part of the community know what these advertisements mean. We have many instances, however, where cruelty and kindness are even more subtly mingled ; a dancing mistress beats a little girl while she is dancing, but shows her the greatest kindness at all other times, and as we pass from generalizations to special cases, it becomes more and more

difficult to separate the act from the mental and moral feelings of the perpetrator. We may perhaps find a key to the human mind in the simple primary emotions of the insane, but deductions from such cases are usually misleading, and it becomes daily more difficult to weave the primary emotions and instincts into those subtle combinations of thought that govern the healthy, well-ordered mind. The criminal may express in deed what we express in thought, but our passing fancies become to him permanent realities ; it is not so much self-control as balance and combination that are lacking in his mind.

In an age like the present, the highest and lowest, the noblest and the vilest seem to appear side by side ; children were never more loved, watched over or cared for than they are at present ; yet the number of children associated with crime either as victims or perpetrators seems to be constantly increasing ; a writer with great experience of prisons and reformatories in

America relates how often she went to lecture and remained to play and dress dolls. The same prominence which to-day makes children an object of special care seems also to make them the victims of cruelty and crime, and it is suggested that a nation which indulges largely in offences against children has grown tired—become weary of offences against adults, and wishes to sharpen its degraded appetite with crimes against the most innocent. Yet although this factor may be at work in our present civilization, it is also probable that crimes were first committed against children because they were easier, and that the desire to imitate quickly spread the fashion amongst the insane and criminal. Crimes follow the fashion of the day like everything else, and it is possible that crimes against children are at present to the fore, either because the attention of the whole community is directed more and more to youth, than because of any specially degenerate spirit in the age.

When we say that the passion of the individual and the resulting passion of society are of the very essence of progress, we must not forget that there is also an element of self-control which keeps the clash of our emotions from deafening and numbing our sensibility. What we call self-control seems often to put a brake on our emotions before they are expressed, and even society finds a certain amount of self-control necessary when it has itself aroused the passion that it is judging. To lead an army to battle and then to punish it severely for the pillage following victory seems to many an injustice ; a soldier's life implies capabilities in more than one direction, and great passions once aroused cool slowly. The associations which our thoughts gather round a soldier's life are not those of careful mercy and restraint ; the very discipline that delights us implies a spirit temporarily curbed rather than subdued, accentuated rather than crushed by forced restraint and order, enthusiasm and

discipline reacting on each other in much the same way as crime and punishment. In a soldier's life as in the rest of the world, actions and reactions are kept in bounds by temperance and self-control, but the actions and reactions are of the very essence of existence ; the temperance and self-control merely add subtlety and complexity to what is far more fundamental, only adapting our vital instincts to the present complex state of existence.

Every one regards punishment in a different light, but those who talk to-day of its abolition and of the substitution of scientific care have little real appreciation of what punishment means. The students of criminology deal largely with abstract theories false to life, because the criminal is treated as everything and the crime as a distant and vague unreality. If the most scientific penal reformer were confronted with an offence against one he really loved, the heat of his human feeling would soon melt his theories like wax, and he would revenge

himself on the criminal, perhaps in a different manner, but in much the same spirit as of old. Although lynchings may be comparatively rare and personal vengeance is not often directly sought, yet our pleasure in the iron hand of the law is much the same thing, and a community in which resentment loses itself in scientific treatment is still a far off and inhuman vision. A desire for public safety is not the whole spirit of the law, and as long as a community contains members capable of crime, it will also contain a majority of people with the desire to punish; the spirit of crime and of resentment to crime must die together. Deterrence appeals to us as useful, but retaliation appeals to us as even more necessary; we accept and perhaps rejoice in the ordeals essential to life's struggle, yet, in some questions, society itself enters into the combat and becomes one of the keenest of fighters. We may suppress one kind of punishment to invent another and milder kind, but as long as we

love the honest and the innocent, so long shall we desire to punish as well as to deter the criminal. The law regulates but does not kill the flow of life's forces, and although it may often be old-fashioned, it is never completely aloof from the feelings of man. Laws may change and be modified, crimes may become less serious as finer ideals pervade the community, but the spirit of those who make the law will always have much in common with the spirit of those who break it ; the law is after all human, not mechanical, and emotion breeds emotion, not scientific research. It is difficult, and scarcely agreeable, to imagine any society burying its emotion in a spirit of scientific analysis, smothering its love and hate in a spirit of calculation and pure reason.

CHAPTER VI

STRUGGLE AND GROWTH

In all ages there have been men who have tried to reduce life to a state of religious or intellectual calm ; men have called upon their fellow-beings to stop experimenting, to stop risking, to cease struggling, but their voices have been drowned by the cries of those eager to push forward, and they have been unable to bring evolution to a standstill. Man is above all things an experimenter and an adventurer, and he continues his struggles whether they bring pleasure or pain to himself or to those around him. During the last century the idea of evolution and the principle of the survival of the fittest became common knowledge. Man appreciated more fully what he had before only dimly realized, and the apparent pain-

fulness of the laws that were revealed came to some as a shock and surprise. It was taken for granted that struggles were painful and were things essentially to be avoided ; to struggle, to overcome, to be in turn overthrown as a permanent condition of progress seemed too painful to contemplate ; and the student of evolution shuddered at what he had discovered. These feelings of dismay chiefly existed, however, among the students of life ; the rest of the world were too busy living, humanity as a whole refused to become self-conscious—it was too deeply engrossed with its struggles to wish to contemplate them, and feeling that the essence of life and pleasure was to struggle forward, had little time or inclination to regret the past or fear the future. The mass of the people continued to appreciate the fact that the joy of experimenting, the love of adventure and of ordeal are the roots of life itself, and that the annihilation of pleasure and pain means nothing but unconsciousness and death.

Perhaps the contemplators of life have been usually past their prime ; to study evolution when one is old, and then to call it painful, is possibly to judge the world's feelings too much by one's own. We often look back on the events of the past as far more painful than they really were, and we usually look to the future with feelings of dread or pleasurable anticipation which when the future becomes the present appear exaggerated and distorted. At the moment when a struggle is being undergone, a long anticipated pleasure or pain realized, we seldom feel as we anticipated ; a sense of being and doing absorbs us, a feeling too fundamental, too vital, and savouring too little of introspection to be directly associated with either pleasure or pain. It is only when the struggle abates for a moment and our energies are low that we begin to look round us, to regret the past, to fear for the future, and to consider life and evolution as painful.

The student of evolution often views life

in much the same way as the visitor at a fashionable seaside hotel looks down at the dense crowd on the beach below ; he looks at the life beneath him, and the apparent dirt, the discomfort and the heat seem to him unbearable ; yet the dirt, the discomfort, and heat form but a little part of the life of those crowded sands, and they exist chiefly in the mind of the beholder. So the theoretical student of evolution contemplates life's struggle, but the pain and sadness exist chiefly in his own mind. Evolution resembles more closely the unconscious gambol of the children on the sands than the hypochondriacal grumblings of the hotel visitor would allow. Play is of the very essence of evolution ; we carry more of our childhood into our grown-up lives than many suppose ; if we play at soldiers, we play with neither more nor less enthusiasm than we did as children ; if we play at love, we play it with much the same childish tenderness and affection. Life at its height is

not introspective, and when we stop to analyse and criticize our pleasure and pain, we begin to lose our appreciation of the most vital forces of life, where pleasure and pain have little meaning. The fit and the unfit often equally enjoy life's gambol; health and happiness are not as synonymous as we think; life's waves buffet us about, we rise only to fall again, yet something of the joy of existence and struggle always remains until the last wave has borne us down.

The love of excitement does not cease with childhood; it remains as long as there is a desire to grow and develop; we are never so well adapted to our environment that we do not wish to break loose from it and form a new one; revolutions do not come when the poor are oppressed, they come when a more prosperous era is dawning and the people have gathered strength for a fresh struggle. At the moment when the world is supposed to have realized the value of peace, and settled down to a

period of enjoyment, the most active and violent outbreaks occur, and no learned lectures on the futility of war are of any avail ; races apparently apathetic spring after a long rest suddenly and unaccountably into new life, and violent expressions of emotional feeling occur when the carefully planned and well-ordered care of the State was supposed to be meeting all our needs.

We may lay aside our guns and swords, but the pull or push of the universe, in whichever way we regard it, makes any far-reaching condition of peace and tranquillity impossible. The ideal of the peace societies may become a fact, and we may cease to fight with firearms, but it will not be from any real anti-military spirit, but because man has learned to fight in a different, and perhaps even a crueller, way. The dread of battle, the desire for peace, has done little to prevent war in the past ; and even to-day our desire for financial prosperity is unlikely to do as much as we

anticipate, for the spirit which desires to struggle is usually too strong to be suppressed by a logical appreciation of consequences ; reason can do much, but emotional feelings and prejudices triumph in the end. A nation, like an individual, sometimes progresses by regular rhythm, but it more often makes a series of struggles forward, and then enjoys a time of apparently apathetic repose. The rest, however, is only a preparation ; we climb not only on other nations and individuals but on our former selves, we despise the desires of others as well as many of our own past feelings, "rejoicing in the fact that what does not kill us strengthens us," we pass fighting, rather than reasoning, on our way.

There are certain aspects of life's struggle that we seem to avoid, but we shrink from them, not so much because we fear or dislike a struggle, but because the sides in some cases appear so uneven, that a struggle has really ceased to exist ; the

unstable equilibrium of life which is so dear to us has for a moment been thrown off its balance. We dislike battles, not because of the struggle that takes place, but because of the wounded who strew the field after the fight; we sorrow for those who can no longer fight rather than for those who are still struggling nobly. Against nature also the struggle is often so uneven that man takes but little interest in the contest, and the fight that must almost inevitably end in failure is no fight at all, for we have to consider man as the possible conqueror of nature before the struggle arouses our real interest; once, however, let there be a possibility of success, even if it is because a law of nature is only partially realized, and man is as ready to struggle against nature as he is to fight his fellow-men; the odds may be great, but the love of adventure is usually greater still, since no force in evolution can have a higher value than the very force which makes evolution and struggle a part of man's existence.

History is knit together by no more essential and fundamental feeling than the spirit which desires "to love, to hate, to play," for if the play or struggle seems for a time to have disappeared, it has usually only been removed to a different plane. Whether we struggle against nature among the ice-fields of the North, or against our fellow-men surrounded by the apparent comforts of a great town, the fighting spirit is still there. If it is keener in the country, then the youth goes there; if it is keener in the town, then the country is left empty. The joys and fears of each age differ in many respects, and the historian who attempts to gather round his work the atmosphere of a past generation has a difficult task to perform; yet although the scenery and manners change, human struggles remain curiously the same, and their fuller appreciation at the present time would do much towards a better understanding of the past.

A State or even a Church which is full

of vitality is seldom free from internal as well as external strife, and as in life these struggles are of the very essence of strength and development. Both State and Church are apt to throw an atmosphere of authority and protection over evils which in a more open atmosphere might have a lower survival value, but the individual convictions of each generation have a power which influences even the highest authority, and by internal dissensions—weak and dangerous only to the short-sighted—new force is generated, new growth pushed forward. Emotions govern the life both of a State and of a Church, and each individual brings his own feelings to bear on the laws of a past generation, which so quickly become cold and intellectual. As a State can only grow from internal dissensions, so the highest religious virtues can only flourish in a condition of struggling development; mercy can be only used after a capture; love is inevitably bound up with the desire to fight for, to control and to

defend, and to a certain extent to possess. Once attempt to destroy life's struggle, and the whole of morality—the whole of our virtue and vice, those subtle combinations of happiness and sadness that make life one long victory and defeat, are also obliterated, and language itself loses not only its vitality but its very meaning.

Nations rise on their half-conscious and partially realized emotions, and fall from trying to over-intellectualize and analyse their feelings ; to succeed in the struggle of life, reason and learning must be used almost unconsciously, and be so absorbed into our emotions and enthusiasms that they become part of our very selves, and we hardly know they are there. Faith in the future, love for our fellow-beings, energy and enthusiasm for life's struggle, sympathy with those who for the moment have fallen —these are things that learning can enrich, but can never give. Science may enlarge our intellects, but it is only when intellect is caught up in emotional feelings, and

forgets its own existence that it enters the real life of man. Intellect, until it is absorbed in emotion, is cramping and unproductive; life at its best feels rather than thinks, and only gains force and reality by losing its self-consciousness. Each generation has attempted to measure its progress in terms of pure intellectual development, and has even thought that it has reached the summit of all progress—that the struggle of evolution was over, and that man as he then existed was its finished product. It has remained for the wisest thinkers of each age to appreciate the moral and emotional rather than the purely intellectual values of their time, to realize that the only use of to-day's learning and satisfaction was to give us more hope and confidence for to-morrow's journey.

"All tended to mankind
And man produced; all has its ends thus far.
But in completed man begins anew
A tendency to God."

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