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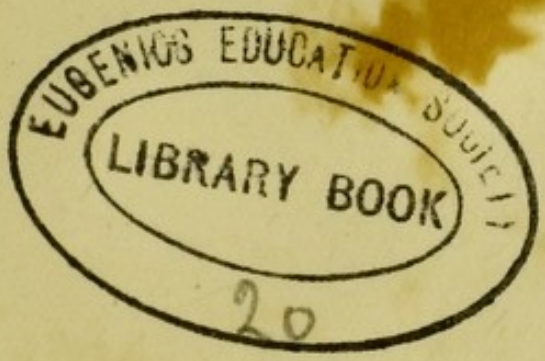

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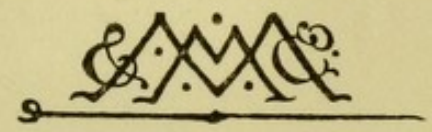

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PEACE AND HAPPINESS

BY

THE RIGHT HON. LORD AVEBURY, P.C.

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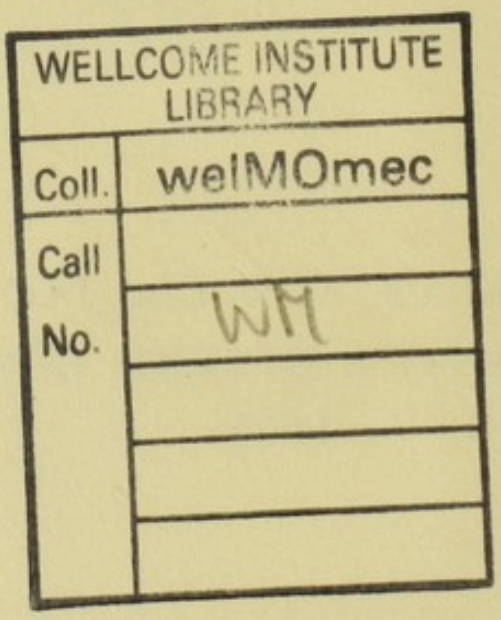

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CHAPTER I

ON HAPPINESS

CHAPTER I

ON HAPPINESS

We all wish for peace and happiness. We cannot hope for more, and we need not wish for less. It may be doubted whether it is possible to have peace without happiness, or happiness without peace. But how are either or both to be secured?

On what do they depend? Money cannot make us happy, success cannot make us happy, friends cannot make us happy, health and strength cannot make us happy. All these make for happiness, but none of them will secure it. Nature may do all she can: she may give us fame, health, money, long life, but she cannot make us happy. Every one of us must do that for himself. Our language expresses this admirably. What do we say if

we have had a happy day? We say we have enjoyed *ourselves.*

This expression of our mother-tongue seems very suggestive. Our happiness depends upon ourselves. We differ, however, so much from one another in condition, circumstance, age, duties, and acquirements, that it may seem impossible to lay down any general rules, and presumptuous even to make suggestions. Varro long ago cited 288 opinions of philosophers with reference to happiness.

Nevertheless there is no one advanced in life, however successful his or her career may have been, who does not look back with regret on some faults which need not have been committed, some temptations which might have been resisted, some mistakes which could have been avoided, if only they had known then what they know now; and some experience which, without any real sacrifice or difficulty, might have made their lives brighter, happier, and more useful.

"Theodore Parker was loaded with erudition, but exclaimed on his premature death-bed,

'Oh, that I had known the art of life, or found some book, or some man to tell me how to live, to study, to take exercise.'"[1]

It is recorded that in Athens there was a law according to which any man who had a lighted candle and refused to allow another to light his at it, was to be punished with death.

Plutarch tells us in a noble passage that "It was for the sake of others that I first undertook to write biographies; but I soon began to dwell upon and delight in them for myself, endeavouring, to the best of my ability, to regulate my own life, and to make it like those who were reflected in their history as it were in a mirror before me. . . . Thus, by our familiarity with history and the habit of writing it, we so train ourselves by constantly receiving into our minds the memorials of the great and good, that should anything base or vicious be placed in our way by the society into which we are necessarily thrown, we reject it from our thoughts by fixing them calmly and serenely on some of these great exemplars."[2]

[1] Youman's *Modern Culture.* [2] *Life of Timoleon.*

In theory we all, or at any rate a great majority, regard peace and happiness as the greatest good; but in practice many throw them away for wealth or power or fame.

It may, indeed, be said to many of us, as Christ said of Jerusalem: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!"

No doubt life is difficult. "Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importune; but custom only doth alter and subdue nature."[1]

Life is not a picture or even a page, but a book of many pages and many chapters, by no means easy to read. We speak of the world, but in fact there are many worlds, and every one creates his own world for himself.

All men desire happiness, but few know how to secure it. It is wise to seek for interests rather than pleasures. Those who are never grave when they are young, will be

[1] Bacon.

melancholy when they are old, while those "that sow in tears shall reap in joy."[1]

Solomon tells us that "he that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich."[2]

Thomas à Kempis puts it on higher ground, but went perhaps too far when he said: "Behold the truth: the two you cannot have, here in this world to pass delightful days, and afterwards to reign a king with Christ."

"It is a perfect sin," said Max Müller, "not to be happy." We must not, indeed, expect too much. "Connoissons donc notre portée; nous sommes quelque chose, et ne sommes pas tout."[3]

It is most important to form a just conception of life, not to be disconcerted by the contradictions and vicissitudes, to be prepared for all its varied phases—successes and reverses, triumphs and disappointments, hopes and fears, health and ill-health, pleasures and pains, joys and sorrows, happy memories and vain regrets.

[1] Psalm cxxvi. [2] Proverbs xxi.

[3] "We must learn our limits; we are all something, but not everything" (Pascal).

"Whilst you are upon earth," said Selden, "enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given), and be not melancholy, and wish yourself in heaven." Those who do not value life, certainly do not deserve it. In the teaching of Christ happiness was not only the reward of duty, but a duty itself.

Self-control is perhaps the first requisite of happiness:

> Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power.[1]

That is to say, true sovereign power—almost, I might say, the power best worth having—namely, the power over oneself.

Every one is ruled by somebody, and it is better to be governed by oneself than by anybody else. Caprice for caprice, another's whims are more easily borne than one's own. Moreover, one can more or less often escape from the tyranny of others, but our own is always with us. To obey no one is better than to command any one; and to control

[1] Tennyson.

oneself is better than to rule over any one else. Every one is bound to make the best of himself:

> Self-love . . . is not so vile a sin
> As self-neglecting.[1]

It has been said that all men are controlled either by reason or by passion. Passion, however, is a fitful mistress, and leads her slaves into innumerable disasters. If a man cannot control himself, how can he expect to be master of others? and on the other hand "he that is master of himself will soon be master of others,"[2] at least if he wishes; and if he cannot master himself, others will soon master him. An angry man has no chance with a cool one. Seneca well said that "anger is like rain, which breaks itself against that on which it falls." Always then keep your temper. When you are in the right you can surely keep it, and when you are in the wrong you cannot afford to lose it. "Democritus laughed," said Seneca, "and Heraclitus wept at the folly of mankind, but no one ever heard of

[1] Shakespeare. [2] Bacon.

an angry philosopher."[1] If you can master yourself and the alphabet you can master anything. Neither task, however, is very easy. Grown-up people forget the difficulty of the alphabet: it is acquired once for all and we learnt it long ago. The mastery of self requires a continual watch. Every one, however, can win the victory if he chooses. We cannot all be great statesmen, artists, or philosophers, but what is more important, at any rate for us, we can all if we choose be good men. "Être meilleurs ou pires," says Joubert, "dépend de nous; tout le reste dépend de Dieu."[2] It is not the wicked world without, but the sinful soul within, that ruins a man. We pray that we may not be led into temptation, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is we who lead ourselves into temptation. In a weird and tragic story by Calderon, the hero is constantly haunted and thwarted by a mysterious figure in a mask, and when at last the mask is lifted, his own features are disclosed.

[1] Gratian.

[2] "To be better or worse depends on ourselves, all the rest on God."

Mrs. Browning says that we spend our lives "little thinking if we work our souls as nobly as our iron." The heart is indeed often as hard as iron or stone, but the will is, or ought to be, stronger. Iron and stone can offer but a passive resistance, and if drops of water can wear away stone, surely the human will ought to be able to do so.

There is no doubt high authority for saying that

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will ;[1]

but yet no one was ever thoroughly ruined except by himself :

> We ne'er can be, but by ourselves, undone.[2]

Englishmen pride themselves on being free, but there are two sorts of freedom—"the false, where a man is free to do what he likes ; the true, where he is free to do what he ought."[3] Many think that wealth gives leisure and leisure gives pleasure. But what kind of pleasure ? There is all the difference in the world between false pleasures and true

[1] Shakespeare. [2] Savage. [3] Kingsley.

pleasures. False pleasures are fleeting; true pleasures last long. True pleasures are paid for in advance; false pleasures afterwards, with heavy and compound interest. As Thomas à Kempis says in *The Imitation of Christ*—"So every fleshly joy comes with a smiling face, but at the last it bites and kills." False pleasures come from without and are imperfect: happiness is internal and our own.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Sir Robert Peel, said that "life would be tolerable, if it were not for its amusements"; or, as Mme. de Sévigné put it, "On est au milieu des plaisirs, sans avoir un moment de joie." "Silence and stillness," says Alfred Austin, our Poet Laureate, "are the sweetest of all our joys."

But who can describe happiness? "Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much."[1] The view of Epicurus was "that man cannot live agreeably, unless he lives honourably, justly,

[1] Shakespeare.

and wisely; and, if he lives wisely, justly, and honourably, it is impossible that he should not live agreeably." [1]

There is an old legend that soon after the creation the gods announced that mankind would, on a given day, be permitted to divide the earth between them. As soon as the appointed time arrived, the agriculturists appropriated the fertile fields; merchants the roads and seas; monks the slopes suitable for vines; noblemen the woods and forests, for the sake of the game; kings the bridges and defiles, where they could raise taxes. The poet, who was in deep meditation, came when all was over and bewailed his lot. What was to be done? The gods had nothing more to give. "Come," they said, "and live with us in the eternal azure of heaven. Come as often as you like, you will find the door open." He accepted, but had no need to disturb himself; in his happy moments, free from care or anxiety, his mind, like some well-tuned instrument, could at will bring down the heaven to earth.

[1] Cicero.

We cannot all be poets, but in these happier days we have all the same gracious invitation if we will only accept it. We cannot all be great or powerful, rich or clever, but we may all be happy and good. We can all make our lives bright and beautiful if we choose. This rests with us. We can succeed if we choose, but we must do our best. We do not spring into life perfect, like Pallas. Children are innocent, but not virtuous. Even those who unfortunately inherit a tendency to evil may escape from their ancestors if they will. The result depends not on cleverness, but on character. "L'esprit," said Amiel, "sert à tout, mais il ne suffit à rien."[1] Rousseau was certainly one of the cleverest of men, but his life was far from happy; and why? It was his own egotism and pride which made him miserable.

Sorrow and pain are, of course, sure to come, but they are often exaggerated.

Many people distress themselves about matters which are of very slight importance. A proper sense of proportion would reduce

[1] "Cleverness serves for everything, but suffices for nothing."

many troubles to infinitesimal dimensions. We are apt to let our mind dwell on any source of sorrow or anxiety, and to overlook the many blessings by which we are surrounded, or to take them as a matter of course. Small troubles loom great, and great blessings seem small.

Pain is not always, or even generally, an evil. It is often a warning and safeguard. Indeed, but for pain we should soon lose our lives. This will be generally admitted; but we do not so readily acknowledge that the same is true of mental troubles—that care is a safeguard from disaster, and sorrow from despair.

It is foolish to make ourselves miserable about troubles which may never happen. According to the old saying, it is no use jumping till you come to the ditch. It is, of course, very difficult to avoid worrying ourselves if things go wrong, and yet it is foolish. Either we can change them or we cannot. If we can change them, of course we shall do so, and it is unnecessary to worry; if we cannot change them, it is clearly useless.

Many troubles in life are in reality trials or opportunities.

And if we so often exaggerate our troubles, we constantly fail to appreciate our blessings. Those that come every day pass unnoticed, whereas we ought on that very account to be all the more grateful for them. We should enjoy what we have, and not fret for what we have not.

Sin is the main source of sorrow. It is a mistake to suppose that by repentance we can escape punishment for wrong-doing. "Remorse," says Joubert, "is the punishment of crime, and repentance is the expiation." "Not that which produces happiness is good; but that only which is good produces happiness."[1]

As Ruskin said of a beautiful picture: "As I myself look at it, there is no fault nor folly in my life—and both have been many and great—that does not rise up against me, and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession, of sight, of understanding. And every past effort of my life, every gleam of rightness or good in it, is with me now, to

[1] Fichte.

help me in my grasp of this, and of all other beautiful things."

Peace and happiness do not depend upon luck. "It is," says Sir Frederick Treves, "a common plea of the faint-hearted that success depends mainly on luck. I do not believe at all in luck, and the man who is content to wait for a stroke of good fortune will probably wait until he has a stroke of paralysis." I do not say that there is no such thing as luck. We are told that Timotheus, the Athenian, after he had, in the account he gave to the state of his government, often interlaced in his speech "And in this fortune had no part," never prospered in anything he undertook afterwards.[1] But a belief in one's own star is no slight help. "Good Fortune, what a force it is! It imparts courage. It is the feeling that fortune is with us that gives us the hardihood to dare. Not to dare is to do nothing of moment, and one never dares except in the confidence that fortune will favour us."[2] Yet sooner or later, so far as fortune is concerned, things average themselves.

[1] Bacon. [2] Napoleon.

We live in a very beautiful world; but few good things are to be had in it without hard work. It is not a world in which any one can expect to be prosperous if he is easily discouraged. Perseverance—earnest, steady perseverance—is necessary to success.

> He that by the plough would thrive,
> Himself must either hold or drive.[1]

This is no drawback. Good solid work is as necessary to peace of mind as it is for the health of the body; in fact, the two are inseparable.

Sleep, we know, is one of our greatest blessings, but like others it must be used with judgment and moderation. Taken in excess it becomes a curse. "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man."[2]

But rest and leisure do not imply sloth. Sloth is quite different. The object of rest and leisure is to prepare for energy and

[1] Franklin. [2] Proverbs.

progress; the object of sloth is to avoid any exertion.

If health, or rather want of health, or any other cause shuts us out from a life of energy, and deprives us of a career of success, it opens one of resignation and heroism. Every one may make his life one of moral grandeur, and the triumph over suffering is often more noble than victory over difficulties. Any life, in fact, may be a triumph and a joy. "The body," said Cicero, "may be disordered without our fault, but the mind cannot." Two feelings should be always with us—gratitude for the past, and hope for the future. But without faith and charity there can be no hope, at least no hope that has any firm foundation. We must not, indeed, trust in our own strength; we all need, like Prometheus, fire from heaven.

It is a deadly error to suppose that idleness is a privilege and work a penalty. "Work is no disgrace," says Hesiod, "but idleness is." His countrymen did not, however, appreciate this view. Indeed, it was perhaps the very absence of this material training

which led to the ultimate fall of Greece. Art was carried to its highest development; constant wars and athletic exercises led to splendid bodily development, but the Greeks had not the inestimable advantage of the discipline of steady industry: they wanted perseverance, self-control, and patient endurance. Regular work and steady industry is a great moral power, and this they lacked. They were no doubt a wonderful race, but they were not justified in their contempt for others — in looking down on them as barbarians.

White men often now look down with ignorant contempt on other races. It would be wiser to see what we could learn from them. We might well take a lesson from the Burmese detestation of war, or from the Japanese respect for Bushido.

"If we cannot adequately express all that 'Bushido' is, we can say what it is not. Take the average scheme of life of the average society of the West; 'Bushido,' as nearly as may be, represents its exact antithesis. 'Bushido' offers us the ideal of poverty

instead of wealth, humility in place of ostentation, reserve instead of reclaim, self-sacrifice in place of selfishness, the care of the interest of the State rather than that of the individual. 'Bushido' inspires ardent courage and the refusal to turn the back upon the enemy; it looks death calmly in the face, and prefers it to ignominy of any kind. It preaches submission to authority, and the sacrifice of all private interests, whether of self or family, to the common weal. It requires its disciples to submit to a strict physical and mental discipline, develops a martial spirit, and by lauding the virtues of constancy, courage, fortitude, faithfulness, daring, and self-restraint, offers an exalted code of moral principles, not only for the man and the warrior, but for men and women in times of both peace and of war."[1] Bushido, in fact, is the conscience of the nation, and has made the Japanese a great people.

Amiel asserts[2] that civilisation rests on

[1] *Times*, October 4, 1904, *The Soul of a Nation.*
[2] *Journal intime.*

conscience, not on science. Does it not rather depend on both? Without science our material existence would be impossible; without conscience life would be intolerable. The one is necessary for the body, the other for the soul. Science has done more for man than magicians ever imagined. Chateaubriand unjustly and incorrectly condemns science[1] because he affirms that it "flétrit ce qu'il touche: les parfums, l'éclat des couleurs, l'élégance des formes, disparaissent dans les plantes pour le Botaniste." He cannot have known much of that fascinating and delightful science! He is more correct when he tells us that "c'est dans le cœur de l'homme que sont les grâces de la Nature."

Truth is above reason. The object of reason is to attain truth. For truth we should work and live and be ready, if necessary, to die. "Learn what is true," said Huxley, "in order to do what is right, is the summing up of the whole duty of man, for all who are unable to satisfy their mental hunger with the east wind of authority." Reason is indispensable.

[1] *Génie du Christianisme.*

It may be said that it makes mistakes; yes, but how do we know that? By reason. Reason is indispensable, but we must not overestimate what it can do for us. "The way to religious truth," said Pascal, "is through the heart: an evil spirit poisons everything." I should have said religious feeling, rather than religious truth, for the discovery of which reason seems our best guide; but, no doubt, character must profoundly affect belief: the ideas of God formed by a good man may be right or wrong, those of a bad man must be wrong.

Our theories can at present only be provisional. Marvellous as has been the progress of science, and wonderful the additions to our knowledge, they can only be regarded as tentative and preliminary; as preparing the ground, and providing materials for further discoveries; we have an immense amount to do, to learn, and to unlearn, before we can hope to reach the solution of the great problem of life, the great mystery of that wonderful universe in which we find ourselves, and in which it is our privilege to live.

However we may long for peace, we cannot expect to secure it by running away from duty.

In early Christian times the Anchorites thought to sanctify themselves and secure peace of mind by retiring into the desert; far away not only from cares and temptations of the world, but also from the duties and responsibilities of life. Whether they succeeded I have my doubts. Honest work and useful occupations are a safeguard in many ways. Moreover, the delightful duties of family life, the daily power of giving little pleasures, of softening or removing troubles, of helping in difficulties, are themselves a purifying and ennobling influence. Nor can any one be the better for sacrificing the society of his friends, or shrinking from the duties we owe to our country, in order to spend his life in working for what he cannot have, lamenting over what he cannot prevent, and puzzling over what he cannot hope to comprehend.

As far as I can judge from books, jealousies and disputes are not altogether absent from monasteries or even from convents; nor need

an active and useful life necessarily be one of care or anxiety. The problem, however, is not merely which life—that of isolation or of activity—is most likely to bring peace and happiness to oneself, but which will enable one to do most for the welfare of others.

No doubt in the dark ages convents and monasteries kept alight the torch of learning, and were the centres of education, of literature, and of refinement as well as of religion. They were harbours of refuge for the studious as well as for the poor and the oppressed. They did a great deal to mitigate the savagery and cruelty of those dark times, and we also ourselves owe them much.

But however this may be, the problem for most of us—our clear duty—is to work in the world, to remain of the world, and yet to keep ourselves as far as possible unspotted by the world—though no doubt this is far from easy. Even now there are many who can do more for their fellow-creatures in the college or the cloister than they would at the Bar or in the Senate.

Dante condemned Pope Celestine for

"giving up" and retiring to a monastery. He places him and others like him in a special place of punishment, for he says: "Forthwith I understood and felt that this was the crew of Caitiffs, hateful to God, and to God's enemies." Most of us, indeed, can be more useful in a profession or business, on the farm or in the workshop; and happily we may carry peace of mind even into the most active life. To those who know how to live, life becomes every year more rich, more interesting, and more mysterious.

Work, indeed, should not be incessant. Schiller even laid it down that a man "is only completely a man when he is playing."[1] This is surely going too far. Every man, however, should give himself a good holiday once a year, and a day's holiday once a week. More than this, he should give himself a little holiday every day—an hour or two for self-examination, for thought, for brain rest, for exercise, and last, not least, for amusement. Every man at the close of the day should give himself a few minutes to think over

[1] Schiller's *Essays*.

what he has done, and what he might have, and ought to have, done. If he follows these simple rules he will have a good conscience, a good appetite, and peaceful slumbers.

Some of us perhaps at the present day do not sufficiently appreciate the importance of leisure and securing opportunities for meditation. We make life too much of a rush and a bustle; even our games we turn into a business.

To work is the duty, but by no means the whole duty of man; yet he is, or ought to be, at his best when work is over for a while and he has his time and his mind to himself. Our countrymen work well: I wish I could think that their days of rest were quite as wisely spent. The six days of labour are good and useful; but the seventh is, or should be, holy. On it the mind should soar above the world, aspire and be inspired; should rest peaceful, serene, and divine, wider and deeper than the ocean, and high as the heaven above.

England is not poorer, but richer, because our ancestors have, through many ages, rested from their labour one day in seven. That day is not lost. "While industry is suspended,

while the plough lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on, quite as important to the wealth of nations as any process which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines, is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labour on Monday with clear intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigour."[1]

We sometimes hear people say that they have nothing to do. But what a mistake! Our most important occupation, our most imperative responsibility, the improvement of oneself, the care of one's own soul, is always with us. We recognise the headship of a great school or the tutorship of a royal prince as a position of great importance and responsibility; but the keepership of oneself is to oneself a duty of even greater responsibility.

From this point of view our leisure hours are perhaps the most important time we ever have. The claims of a profession, of an office, of a business, the occupations which provide

[1] Macaulay.

the requisites of life, are no doubt very important: they are what Germans call "bread and butter" duties, they are necessary for our material existence; but, after all, so far as the body is concerned, we are mere animals, and the body is only important as the temple of the soul.

St. Augustine wisely said: "Otium vestrum magnum habet negotium."[1] He might have said the greatest, for "what is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" And yet we hear of persons who have retired from the active labour of youth and middle age, and who find the time hang heavy on their hands because they imagine they have nothing to do, whereas in truth they have now at last the grand opportunity of devoting their whole time to the two supreme objects of existence—the promotion of the happiness of others, and the improvement of their own soul.

[1] "Your leisure is charged with a great business."

CHAPTER II

THE BODY

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THE BODY

THE feeding of the five thousand with the loaves and fishes was a miracle in the sense of being against the ordinary course of nature, but the ordinary course of nature is itself marvellous. The way in which man is fed by the multiplication of grain, the increase of flocks and herds; the way in which corn and meat and milk are translated into flesh and blood and brain is, indeed, most wonderful. And when they are so changed, it is as miraculous how the blood nourishes the various organs.

But most mysterious of all are the relations between mind and body, the gulf between life and death. A railway signal is misread or overlooked, a horse runs away, a compass gets out of order, we miss our balance, a thousand

and one possibilities of accident surround us every moment. And even in ourselves we carry the elements of our own destruction: the bursting of a blood-vessel in the brain, a failure of the heart, a minute change in the nervous system, and all is over. What was a living, speaking, feeling, thinking mind becomes a mere mass of inanimate matter.

We are, indeed, "fearfully and wonderfully made," nor can we yet by any means realise our extraordinary complexity. Spinoza states it as an obvious truth that "the human mind must perceive everything which happens in the human body." This is, however, the very reverse of the case. As a matter of fact we are intensely ignorant —even the most learned physicians know little—of what is passing within us. That something must take place in the brain when we speak, or read, or think, is obvious; but what that is we have no idea. How do we see, or hear, or feel, or smell? The most advanced physiologist cannot tell us. We know, indeed, very little about our own

bodies. Take, for instance, the mechanism of the senses.

As regards touch, there are in the skin, especially of the hands and tongue, certain minute corpuscles each connected with a nerve, some organs of touch, others and different ones for the transmission of the sensations of heat and cold, which apparently are not opposite sensations of the same, but perceptions of different, organs; but how these impressions are transmitted to the brain, and how they are there transmuted into sensations, we are absolutely ignorant.

As regards taste, there are on the tongue many thousands of minute bud-like groups of special cells which are supposed to be the organs of taste; but how they are affected, and in what different manner, by different flavours, and how these are realised in the brain, we are again entirely ignorant.

As regards smell, the mucous membrane of the nose contains certain yellow or brownish cells differing from the rest, but showing no visible structure which throws any light on the problem; and how these

convey to the brain the multiplicity of odours, and how the brain deals with them, we are again entirely ignorant.

The drum of the ear receives the vibrations of the atmosphere and transmits them through a complex chain of small bones—which are considered to intensify the vibrations—to the labyrinth, on which the final filaments of the auditory nerve are distributed. It has been suggested that the wonderful organ of Corti—a series of some 4000 minute arches—are, as it were, the keys on which the sound-waves play, almost like the fingers of a performer on the keys of a musical instrument. This may be the case, but even so it affords no ultimate explanation. The ear is a complex and delicate organ, but it does not explain the sensation of sound or the differences of notes.

Consider, again, the eye. Externally comes the cornea, then the aqueous humor, the iris, the lens, the vitreous humor, and finally the retina, which is no thicker than a sheet of thin paper, and yet consists of no less than nine separate layers, the innermost being the rods and cones, which are the immediate recipients

of the undulations of light. The number of rods and cones in the human eye is enormous. At a moderate computation the cones may be estimated at over 3,000,000, and the rods at 30,000,000.

All this constitutes a wonderful optical instrument. The landscape is focussed on the retina, as on a photographic plate; the image is constantly becoming visible, and the wonderful plate is continually being washed clean and prepared for another impression. But this does not carry us much further. What happens when the image is focussed on the retina? How are the impressions conveyed to the brain? We have not merely to deal with outlines, but with shades, and, still more wonderful, with colours. How these are transmitted to the brain, and how they are realised in the brain, we are again entirely ignorant.

Consider, again, the processes of digestion. We partake of a meal and transmute our food into flesh and bone, and fat and blood, tendons and skin, miles of arteries and veins, lungs and liver, and a hundred other substances and fluids, each with different properties and

uses. But how these wonderful chemical changes take place we know not.

In the same way I might analyse the other changes which are continually proceeding in our complex organisation—secretion, the formation and circulation of the blood, and many other functions; but each description would lead up in the end to a confession of ignorance!

How little, then, we know, and yet in another sense how much we know! The existence of memory is so familiar that we do not realise what a marvel it is. In one sense even the most ignorant of us have an almost inexhaustible stock of knowledge. What innumerable facts are stored up in our brains—recollections of childhood, of friends and relations, sounds and tastes and smells, pictures of places and faces, poetry and song, names of friends and relations, of kings and heroes, of statesmen and poets, dates and quotations, facts and fancies,—what innumerable details and memories! But how are they perceived, where are they stored, and how are they restored when we choose to recall them?

Man is indeed a miracle, endowed with "the priceless gift of life, which he can have but *once*, for he waited a whole Eternity to be born, and now has a whole Eternity waiting to see what he will do when born,—*this* priceless gift we see strangled out of him by innumerable packthreads; and there remains of the glorious possibility, which we fondly named Man, nothing but an inanimate mass of foul loss and disappointment, which we wrap in shrouds, and bury underground,—surely with well-merited tears. To the thinker here lies tragedy enough; the epitome and marrow of all tragedy whatsoever."[1]

The complication, however, of our bodily structure is so great that the marvel is, not our being sometimes ill, but our being ever well. No wonder that we suffer at times; but happily, if pain is excessive, it must needs be short.

The relations of the body and soul are as mysterious, and have given rise to as much controversy, as those between faith and

[1] Carlyle.

works. St. James tells us that "as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also"; and as the body without the spirit is dead, so, in this world at least, the mind acts through the body. Moreover, we have only one body, and can never have another. The ancient Egyptians believed that after death the soul could visit and occupy any representation of the body, and they provided the spirits of their friends with many "ushabtis" to choose from. Our spirit has no such power of selection.

To lead a happy and useful life, then, we must give reasonable care and attention to the body; and yet how reckless we are! We stuff it with food, poison it with drink, overwork it unnecessarily, let it rust in idleness, abuse it, ill-use it, injure it, neglect it; and suffer terribly, but justly, for our errors.

Though no man can add a cubit to his stature, we can all make ourselves ill, and most of us can keep ourselves well. Most people will keep fairly well if they eat little;

avoid alcohol and tobacco; take plenty of fresh air and exercise; keep the mind at work, and the conscience at rest.

The ideals of different races and centuries have no doubt been very different. With us cleanliness is next to godliness. With our ancestors it was the very reverse, and dearly they paid for their error in plagues and black death. According to the Venerable Bede, St. Etheldreda was so holy that she rarely washed, except perhaps before some great festival of the Church; and Dean Stanley tells us in his *Memorials of Canterbury* that after the assassination of Becket the bystanders were much impressed, for "the austerity of hair drawers, close fitted as they were to the bare flesh, had hitherto been unknown to English saints, and the marvel was increased by the sight—to our notions so revolting—of the innumerable vermin with which the haircloth abounded—boiling over with them, as one account describes it, like water in a simmering cauldron. At the dreadful sight all the enthusiasm of the previous night revived with double ardour.

They looked at each other in silent wonder, then exclaimed, 'See! see what a true monk he was, and we knew it not,' and burst into alternate fits of weeping and laughter, between the sorrow of having lost such a head, and the joy of having found such a saint."

Yet however good our health may be, however carefully we may regulate our diet and our habits, the body is so powerfully affected by the mind, that, as every skilful physician knows, it is often the mind rather than the body with which he has to deal. We may often say with Macbeth to the physician:

> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?

And yet some, through vice or weakness, still more through ignorance, sin against their bodies. We are "fearfully and wonderfully made," our body is so perfectly arranged

and adjusted and constructed, so beautifully adapted to its purposes and surroundings, that to spoil and ruin its delicate and complicated mechanism is not only a terrible mistake, but a grievous sin.

We take much pains over breeds of sheep and cattle and horses, but what is most important is to improve the breed of men—bodily, mentally, and spiritually. Prosperity will not do this. Unless well used it is a peril. Comfort, and still more luxury, are dangers: a beautiful climate is apt to relax the fibres; a stern, cool, even cold one braces the nerves and knits the muscles. Madame de Swetchine well said[1] that "La racine de sainteté est santé. Il faut pour devenir sainte qu'un âme soit saine."

Moreover, no doubt it is much easier to be good when we are feeling well and strong. If we are in pain or overwrought, things which are comparatively trifling upset us. Small troubles, which under other conditions we should scarcely notice, vex and annoy us.

[1] Quoted by Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, *Diary*, 1896-1901.

Wealth and power can give no immunity, but rather multiply temptations and increase anxieties. Dr. Radcliffe is said to have told William III. that he would not have His Majesty's two legs for His Majesty's three kingdoms.

Some people, no doubt, are born with a bad constitution—with the seeds of diseases for which they are not responsible. But it is probably not an exaggeration to say that for nine-tenths of what we suffer we are ourselves responsible.

Mr. Taylor in his work on golf tells us that "to maintain anything approaching his best form, a golfer must of necessity live a clean, wholesome, and sober life. . . . A man must live plainly, but well, and he must be careful of himself. If he uses up the reserve force, or abuses himself in any way, then he has cast his opportunities aside, and he drops immediately out of the game. There are no half-measures. You must do one of two things: be careful of yourself in everything, or forsake the game altogether. A man who lives a careless or a vicious life

can never succeed in golf, or hope to keep his nerves and his stamina."

What applies to golf is equally true of life generally. We all know that we can make ourselves ill, but scarcely realise how much we can do to keep ourselves well. Moderation is all-important, moderation in eating as well as in drinking. Probably nine people out of ten eat and drink more than they need—more than is good for them. An occasional feast matters little; it is the continual daily overloading ourselves with food which is so injurious, so depressing. It is easy to eat too much; there is no fear of eating too little. A light stomach, moreover, makes a light heart. High feeding means low spirits, and many people suffer as much from dyspepsia as from all other ailments put together.

As we are now situated, scarcely any time spent in the open air can be said to be wasted. Such hours will not only not be counted in life, but will actually add to it, will tend to make "your days long in the land."

Bodily pleasures are fleeting and often dearly bought. Food from the time of Eve has brought sorrow and death on man. "Plures occidit gula quam gladius."[1] "Of all rebellions," said Bacon, "the rebellions of the belly are the worst." Shut your mouth and save your life. Men do not generally die "a natural death," they kill themselves, and die much sooner than they need. The way to live long is to live wisely, and especially to be moderate in all things. Food in moderation is a daily satisfaction, and it was a friendly wish :

> Now good digestion wait on appetite
> And health on both.[2]

Too much to eat is almost as bad as too much to drink. Timotheus, head of Athens, having had a frugal supper with Plato, and meeting him next day, said, "Your suppers are not only agreeable whilst I partake of them, but the next day also."[3] The mind cannot work freely when the stomach is full. Fasting has always been considered as a preparation

[1] "The throat kills more than the sword."
[2] Shakespeare. [3] Cicero, *The Tusculan Disputations.*

for prayer, and indeed for any intellectual exertion.

Over-eating leads to dyspepsia, low spirits, and many other evils. Drink is even more fatal. "O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"[1] Drunkenness is the great curse of northern nations.

> Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions?
> Who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause?
> Who hath redness of eyes?
> They that tarry long at the wine;
> They that go to seek mixed wine.
> Look not thou upon the wine when it is red,
> When it giveth his colour in the cup:
> . . . . . .
> At the last it biteth like a serpent,
> And stingeth like an adder.[2]

That drink leads to poverty is but a small part of the evil; it is not that a man has made himself a beggar, but that he has made himself a brute—or rather worse than a brute. His punishment is not so much that he suffers; what is worst is that he has brought the suffering on himself. This is the terrible, the intolerable part. It is not the result of the

[1] Shakespeare. [2] Proverbs.

vice, but the vice itself which fills up the cup of bitterness.

The danger of drink is due to its insidiousness. *In vino veritas*—wine at first seems to promote truth, conversation, and good-fellowship. The young man sits down, perhaps, feeling a little dull, gloomy, and disheartened; he takes a little wine, and the ideas come more quickly, words occur to him, care is forgotten, hope revives, he feels in sympathy with mankind, his heart is cheered; he was despondent and he is happy, another glass and he will be glorious. But, alas! the rich landscape was a mirage, the bright vision a dream, the free flow of words ends in an indiscretion, the feelings of friendship in a quarrel, and the vivacity of the brain in a racking headache. Even genius sometimes falls a victim to the bottle, as in the old Eastern tale.

Education ought to banish dulness, which is one of the great dangers of life. How many have been ruined by giving way, in Martineau's words, to the "fearful impulse to alternate the stagnant blood of dulness with the throbbing pulses of revelry."

Statistics seem to prove that teetotallers live longer than those who take alcohol, even in moderation. Alcohol is bad not only for the body, but for the mind. It makes men quarrelsome; it inflames the passions, makes them more hard to resist, and increases the difficulty of living a pure life.

"All our trouble," said Jeremy Taylor, "is from within us; and if a dish of lettuce and a clear fountain can cool all my heats, so that I shall have neither thirst nor pride, lust nor revenge, envy nor ambition, I am lodged in the bosom of felicity; and, indeed, no men sleep so soundly as they that lay their head upon Nature's lap." [1]

The body in health is a marvellous and beautiful piece of mechanism, which is entrusted to us, and of which we are bound to take the greatest care. Just because of its beauty and perfection it is a disgrace to us if, through any fault of ours, it is marred or injured; and just because of its beauty and perfection in health, it becomes repulsive and loathsome if we neglect or misuse it. We

[1] *Sermons.*

may make it as we please, either a glorious temple or a ghastly ruin.

We cannot, however, live without food and drink. Nicole refers[1] to these necessities of food and drink with some humiliation. "Il lui faut nécessairement de la nourriture pour faire agir les ressorts de son cerveau, sans quoi l'âme ne peut rien. Qu'y a-t-il de plus humiliant que cette nécessité? Pour vivre il faut mourir tous les jours, en cessant de penser et d'agir raisonnablement, . . . qu'il plaît à Dieu de le réduire ainsi tous les jours à l'état et à la condition des bêtes."

The Romans had two excellent proverbs about work—"Labor omnia vincit," and another which, though less known, is quite as true, "Labor ipse voluptas."[2] The two sayings are closely related. Victory even in trifles is a pleasure. We all love to win a game, and some cannot help showing their annoyance if they lose. If, then, it is true—and who can deny it?—that work will win in the end, it is obvious that it will bring

[1] *Essais de Morale.*

[2] "Labour conquers all difficulties," and "Labour is itself a pleasure."

happiness with it. The man who takes an interest in his work—as every one should—will find it, whatever it is, a real pleasure. The body and soul are both made for use, and neither can rest until it has worked. Idleness means rust. Some people take indolence for patience, but the two are very different. Moreover, work secures for us the blessed and mysterious gift of sleep, which cares and responsibility often steal away.

> How many thousand of my poorest subjects
> Are at this hour asleep! Oh sleep, oh gentle sleep,
> Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
> That thou no more will weigh my eyelids down,
> And steep my senses in forgetfulness![1]

Sleep has been well described as Nature's soft nurse, the mantle that covers thought, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, the coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king and the simple with the wise. For this inestimable blessing we need not, like Hera, go to Lemnos. If the day is wisely spent, the night will bring

[1] Shakespeare.

sweet rest. No doubt there may be times of trouble, trouble of mind or trouble of body, when the power of sleep leaves us. I have gone through such a period myself, and most distressing it is. But the great danger is lest one should be induced to obtain sleep by means of drugs. That temptation should be resisted at any cost, and if a sensible life is led, the blessed gift of sleep is sure ere long to be restored.

We are all young again in our dreams. Sleep seems to take the weight off our lives, a load off our spirit. We float or fly lightly through the air of fancy ; we see those we have lost ; range over the world, not only free from limits of time or geographical space, but from the trammels of reason, and soar into higher regions of fancy, catching mysterious gleams of a higher, and even better, world :

> In sleep our better selves to us return,
> Untroubled by the passionate desires,
> The evil thoughts that in the daytime burn,
> And eat our hearts out with their baleful fires.

To rest in peace is not so easy as it might seem. If in hours which ought to be hours

of rest we allow the mind to brood over grievances, to dwell on difficulties, to harass itself with cares, and grieve over suffering and sorrows, we shall find leisure even more exhausting than work. A bad night takes more out of a man than a hard day's work. We should resolutely put all worrying thoughts away from us. No doubt it is difficult to put away cares and troubles ; indeed, if we leave the mind empty they will force their way in ; to keep out evil and sad thoughts we must fill ourselves with good and cheerful ones. Some book about ancient history or prehistoric times, some work on geology or the remote regions of astronomy, some story of character or adventure will carry us away from the petty cares and troubles of everyday life. It is delightful in such times to escape from the present, its struggles and jealousies, and float away in the misty past or the distant regions of illimitable space.

An uneasy conscience is, of course, fatal to peaceful rest. "Si on n'a pas," said La Rochefoucauld, "son repos en soi-même, il est inutile de la chercher ailleurs."

To the seers and prophets of old revelation came generally by night, and in dreams, not in the brilliant and garish light of day. We see most things by the light of the sun, and yet when night comes and the heavens are lit up by millions of stars, we find that the sun hides from us even more than it reveals. So now also, even in these (perhaps) prosaic times, it is not in the bright sunshine, but rather in the soft and mysterious moonlight, that we seem to get glimpses of the infinite.

CHAPTER III

THE MIND

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THE MIND

WONDERFUL as is the body, it is but a temple for the soul. The soul is not only more than the body, it is more than the whole world to each of us, "for what is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"[1] According to the old Christian story, the King of Edessa was blamed because, hearing of the miracles of Jesus, he sent and begged Him to cure, not his mind, but his body. We must not indeed depreciate the body, for

Body and soul together make up man.

And "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"[2]

[1] St. Mark.

[2] Shakespeare.

The fire of Prometheus is burning more or less in every one of us. No one who reflects can ignore the solemn dignity of life. "Man," said Sir Thomas Browne in one of his wonderful essays, "is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave."

It is indeed a glorious privilege to be a man. No doubt in one sense we are a mere combination of chemical ingredients, and a man's daily labour has been estimated at the equivalent of 4 lbs. of coal. As Huxley humorously described us, we may be said to be made up of Ammoniae carbonatis, Sodae phosphatis, Caloris 98·4°, Vacui perfectissimi, Patientiae, Aquae distillatae quant. suff. Many writers no doubt describe him in most contemptuous terms. The shortness of life is a favourite theme both of poets and philosophers:

> Like the dew on the mountain,
> Like the foam on the river,
> Like the bubble on the fountain
> Thou art gone, and for ever.[1]

The Bible compares life to a dream, a sleep,

[1] Scott.

a shadow, a vapour, to water spilt on the ground, to a tale that is told. Life, moreover, is described as not only short but contemptible. Buddha raised pessimism to the rank of a dogma. All life seemed to him sorrow. "Birth is sorrow, old age is sorrow, disease is sorrow, union with one whom we do not love is sorrow, separation from one whom we do love is sorrow; in short, our five bonds with the things of the earth are sorrow."

Homer makes Apollo say[1] that

> To combat for mankind,
> Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:
> For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
> They owe their life and nourishment to earth;
> Like yearly leaves, that now with beauty crowned,
> Smile on the sun; now wither on the ground.
> To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
> Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.

Victor Hugo took a most melancholy view of life:

> Hélas! naître pour vivre en désirant la mort!
> Grandir en regrettant l'enfance où le cœur dort,
> Vieillir en regrettant la jeunesse ravie,
> Mourir en regrettant la vieillesse et la vie![2]

And yet many of those who grumble at

[1] Pope's *Homer*. [2] *Les Feuilles d'Automne*.

the world very inconsistently complain also of being obliged to leave it. They torment themselves with the haunting certainty that

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave
> Await alike the inevitable hour,—
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.[1]

They explain this, however, by the excuse that

> Death in itself is nothing ; but we fear
> To be we know not what, we know not where.[2]

In fact it is not so much the advancing glacier of inevitable death that is feared, as what comes after :

> The dread of something after death,
> That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
> No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
> And makes us rather bear those ills we have
> Than fly to others that we know not of.
> Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
> And thus the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.[3]

No doubt the views of death are very different. "It is," said Seneca, "the wish of some, the relief of many, the end of all." Many

[1] Gray. [2] Dryden. [3] Shakespeare.

dread the actual pain; but death is often easy, especially in old age:

> So softly death succeeded life in her,
> She did but dream of Heaven, and she was there.[1]

The Jewish sages[2] regarded the deaths of Moses, Aaron, and Miriam, and of them alone, "as but a kiss." Does it, however, apply to them only? Others console themselves with the faith that

> There is no death! what seems so is transition.
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
> Whose portal we call death.[3]

"When Socrates was put upon his trial, he reminded the Court, in the course of his celebrated defence, how he had braved the popular fury by refusing to concur in the judicial murder of the Ten Generals; and how, at the peril of his life, he had silently disobeyed the unjust behests of the Thirty Tyrants. Macaulay pronounced that portion of the speech to be as interesting and striking a passage as he had ever heard or read.

[1] Dryden. [2] Maimonides, *Guide for the Perplexed.* [3] Longfellow

When Socrates expressed a serene conviction that to die was to gain, even if death were nothing more than an untroubled and dreamless sleep, 'Milton,' said Macaulay, 'thought otherwise:

> Sad cure! For who would lose
> Though full of pain, this intellectual being;
> These thoughts that wander through eternity?

I once thought with Milton; but every day brings me nearer and nearer to the doctrine here laid down by Socrates.'"[1]

In any case, when death comes we must meet it in the spirit of Socrates, who in his glorious *Apologia* did not speak as a man condemned to death, but as one about to ascend into heaven.

The two views of man—(1) that he is little lower than the angels; (2) that he is little higher than the beasts that perish—are not contradictory and inconsistent statements. They are two alternatives. The choice is put before every one on entering life. Every one as he chooses may be noble and good, or vile and contemptible. We are

[1] *The Marginal Notes of Lord Macaulay*, by Sir G. O. Trevelyan.

men, and masters of our fate. We can make ourselves weak, wicked, and miserable; or strong, good, trustworthy, and happy. A glorious privilege, but also a tremendous responsibility for each one of us. We may raise our soul into the Holy of Holies, or debase it to the nethermost Hell. If man is contemptible, this is as he has made himself: not as he might have been, not as he was meant to be.

When they start in life, children are "little lower than the angels." In the words of Sir Thomas Browne: "There is surely a piece of divinity in us; something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun." Well, then, has it been said, not only that we should love, but that we should honour all men, at any rate all men who do not dishonour themselves.

Children, indeed, while young are very much in the power of those with whom they live, and all those who are thrown with them, especially parents and teachers, have a great responsibility. The mind of a child is a virgin page, on which we can write almost what we

like; but when we have once written, the ink is almost indelible. The example we set is almost as important as, if not more important than, the lesson we teach.

We all owe much not only to our parents and teachers, but to the ages which have gone before.

"Toute la vie de Jésus-Christ est pour nous. Les Martyrs ont suffert pour nous. L'Église a combattu pour nous contre les hérésies, nous en lisons l'histoire comme si nous n'y avions point de part. Cependant tout cela s'est fait pour nous."[1]

Man is indeed a marvellous mixture of the beast and the angel. "Notre corps," says Fénelon,[2] "est semblable aux bêtes, et notre âme est semblable aux anges." Too many unfortunately degrade themselves not only below the angels, but even below the animals. To preserve the soul in purity we must, as far as possible, keep the body in health. We must

[1] "The whole life (and he might have added the death) of Jesus was for us. The martyrs suffered for us. The Church has fought for us against heresies, we read history as if we had no part in it. And yet all this was done for us" (Nicole, *Essais de Morale*).

[2] "In our bodies we resemble (indeed we are) animals, and in our souls we resemble angels" (*De l'éducation des filles*).

not, indeed, exaggerate what the mere body can do for us.

Strength is a great gift. But what did his strength do for Hercules? He was neither free nor fortunate. He was in thrall to a weak tyrant, led a life of endless labours, in a fit of madness killed his own children, and eventually died in torture—the victim of a jealous woman. Samson is another type of strength, but his life was inglorious, and he came to a miserable end.

In speaking of man, as the law says, I include woman. But something also must be said specially of her. If in man perhaps the mind is stronger—and I only say perhaps—in woman the light of the soul is certainly brighter. Adam could not be happy even in Paradise without Eve. "Sans les femmes les deux extrémités de la vie seraient sans secours, et le milieu sans plaisirs." No doubt "a light wife makes a heavy husband," and a wicked woman may be even worse than a bad man.

What strength is to man, beauty is to woman. But like other great gifts, beauty is not an unmixed benefit, and often indeed is

no benefit at all. It is certainly a source of danger. The beauty of youth soon fades. "Helen, when she looked in her mirror and saw the withered wrinkles which old age had made in her face, wept and wondered to herself why ever she had been twice carried away."[1] I have elsewhere attempted to show that the life of Helen was misunderstood by the Greek tragedians. But, however this may be, if she had not allowed herself to be twice carried away, if her life had been spent more wisely, and her friends chosen with more judgment, the beauty of youth would have grown to the calmer and more noble beauty of age; and if men had no longer been tempted to carry her off by fraud or force, they would have been proud to sit at her feet.

All women have Venus's girdle if they choose to use it. It has been said that a woman cannot choose whether she shall be beautiful at twenty, but it is her own fault if she is not beautiful by the time she is sixty. Moreover, however beautiful she is at twenty,

[1] Leonardo Da Vinci's *Note-books*.

it does not follow that she will be beautiful for long.

Women have inspired not only the kind hearts and warm blood of poets, but the comparatively cool brains of prose-writers. Plutarch tells us that the ambition of a Spartan woman was to be the wife of a great man and the mother of illustrious sons. Poets have naturally been even more enthusiastic than prose-writers. Herbert Spencer thought that they had conspired together to ruin women by flattery, and it really almost seems so. I need not, indeed, go back to ancient times. Beginning with Chaucer:

> In her living maidens might read
> As in a book, every good word and deed
> That longeth to a maiden virtuous.
> For which the fame outsprang on every side,
> Both of her nature and her bounty wide,
> That through the land they praised her, each one
> That loved virtue.[1]

Ben Jonson in his epitaph on Elizabeth:

> Underneath this stone doth lie
> As much beauty as could die;
> Which in life did shelter give
> To more virtue than doth live.

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[1] Chaucer.

Speaking of our mother Eve, Milton assures us that

> Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love.[1]

"She ever moved," says Sir H. Taylor of one of his heroines, "as if she moved to music." Or take Waller's beautiful lines when speaking of a lady's girdle :

> A narrow compass ! and yet there
> Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair !
> Give me but what this ribbon bound,
> Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Blake is equally enthusiastic :

> So when she speaks the voice of Heaven I hear,
> So when she walks, nothing impure comes near ;
> Each field seems Eden, and each calm retreat,
> Each village seems the haunt of holy feet.[2]

One of the most charming heroines in fiction is Draupadi, in the great Indian Epic, the *Mahabarata*. She was taken prisoner by King Duryodhan, who wished to marry her, and when she scornfully refused he vindictively ordered her to be stripped naked in public. She prayed to Krishna, and as fast as one garment was removed another was found under

[1] Milton. [2] Blake.

it, until at last there was one which could not be removed, and Duryodhan, ashamed of his meanness, cancelled the order.

But none can excel the panegyric of Solomon :[1]

10 Who can find a virtuous woman ?
For her price is far above rubies.
11 The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her,
So that he shall have no need of spoil.
12 She will do him good, and not evil,
All the days of her life.
19 She layeth her hands to the spindle,
And her hands hold the distaff.
20 She stretcheth out her hand to the poor ;
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.
25 Strength and honour are her clothing ;
And she shall rejoice in time to come.
26 She openeth her mouth with wisdom ;
And in her tongue is the law of kindness.
27 She looketh well to the ways of her household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness.
28 Her children arise up, and call her blessed ;
Her husband also, and he praiseth her.
29 Many daughters have done virtuously,
But thou excellest them all.
30 Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain ;
But a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

If women can so inspire men for good or evil, what greater power can they desire ?

[1] Proverbs xxxi.

Although men and women are in many respects so different, yet much of what applies to the one sex is equally true of the other. We may say of woman as of man that even though the comparison of a reed shaken with the wind may be in a sense true, still it is a reed which thinks.

Every one may be great if he chooses. In fact, he is great unless he chooses to make himself small. He is great in his powers, great in his opportunities, in his privileges, in his blessings; he is small if he gives way to his passions, to prejudices, to temptation. To be a true man is more than to be a king, who is not a true man. The greatest glory is not to be master of others, but of oneself. To serve well is as honourable as to rule well.

What is it which constitutes a man? It is not his rank, or his house, or his money, or his clothes, but his character. Moreover, at different ages we seem to be different beings. It is said that the child is father to the man. But this is by no means in all cases applicable. It is often difficult to believe that there is any relationship between them.

We might all so arrange our lives, if we cared to do so, that it might be said of us as of Cassio :

> He hath a daily beauty in his life.[1]

Life, no doubt, is a great mystery. "Je suis né sans savoir pourquoi, j'ai vécu sans savoir comment, et je meurs sans savoir ni pourquoi, ni comment."[2]

"L'homme," says Pascal, "est à lui-même le plus prodigieux objet de la nature ; car il ne peut concevoir ce que c'est que corps, et encore moins ce que c'est qu'esprit, et moins qu'aucune chose comment un corps peut être uni avec un esprit. C'est là le comble de ses difficultés, et cependant c'est son propre être."[3]

But though a man is an angel, he is an incarnate angel. His higher nature imposes on him serious responsibilities, his lower origin

[1] Shakespeare, *Othello.*

[2] "I was born without knowing why, I have lived without knowing how, and I am dying without knowing why or how."

[3] "Man is himself the most wonderful object in nature ; for a man cannot conceive the nature of his body, still less of his mind, and least of all how a body can be united with a mind. This is the height of difficulty for him, and yet it is himself" (Pascal).

enjoins corresponding humility. Both physically and morally we are at times but poor creatures.

"Every living man is a visible mystery; he walks between two eternities and three infinitudes."[1] But though this is so, it is also true that our duty is plain, and we know well what conscience teaches.

It must be admitted that man is in one sense poor and weak and foolish. But yet he has weighed the earth, he has measured the height of mountains, sounded the depths of the ocean, ascertained the distances of the planets, the sun, and some of the nearer stars. He has weighed and measured the heavenly bodies, determined their movements and velocities, and even, most wonderful of all, has ascertained their chemical composition.

The mind no doubt may lift itself above the passions and impurities of earth, but it seems as impossible for the soul as for the body to free itself altogether from the limitations of our earthly existence, and raise itself altogether from earth to heaven. Yet we

[1] Carlyle.

may do much, and if we do our best we may hope that we shall be, in the noble words of Milton: "Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages."

CHAPTER IV

ASPIRATION

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The late Sir James Stephen in a lecture to young men once said that he could put his suggestions in one word—Aspire.

That was very good advice. But what should the aspiration be? Not to grasp at everything, and try to rise above everybody! That would be a very unworthy aim: but to raise oneself above oneself—not above others, but as far as possible with others. Those who profess to despise the good opinion of others, seldom deserve it. It is well to aim high lest we fall low. It is impossible not to commit errors, but it is quite possible to do one's best to prevent oneself from doing so. Some people seem to expect that opportunities should find them, instead of their finding opportunities.

St. Augustine long ago said that avarice and ambition were regarded by many as being innocent in themselves, though often leading to crime, but that so far from this being the case they were sins in themselves. This, no doubt, is true; but if used in this sense ambition must be taken to exclude the wish to rise to better things, and avarice cannot include the proper and legitimate desire, not to say duty, to provide for one's family.

What should our aspirations be? We must think of others as well as of ourselves. Being as we are citizens of a great Empire, we may well bear in mind the old Athenian oath: "I will not dishonour my sacred shield; I will not abandon my fellow-soldier in the ranks; I will do battle for our altars and our homes, whether aided or unaided; I will leave our country not less, but greater and nobler than she is now entrusted to me."

We may, and indeed we ought, to desire the respect of our countrymen and contemporaries, but the craving for glory is a temptation and a danger. "An inordinate passion for glory," says Cicero, "as I have

already observed, is likewise to be guarded against; for it deprives us of liberty, the only prize for which men of elevated sentiments ought to contend. Power is so far from being desirable in itself, that it sometimes ought to be refused, and sometimes to be resigned. We should likewise be free from all disorders of the mind, from all violent passion and fear, as well as languor, voluptuousness, and anger, that we may possess that tranquillity and security which confer alike consistency and dignity."

Many envy the rich and powerful. They are supposed to be fortunate, that they can buy what they like, and do what they wish. But to be fortunate is not necessarily to be happy. In hunting it is not the kill but the chase which is the fascination. The satisfaction of rising is greater than that of having risen. If we had nothing to wish for, nothing to aspire to, half the zest and interest of life would be gone.

Those who are "born in the purple" have indeed many advantages, but they pay dearly for them. They have little to wish for, and

much to fear. Not only is their time—their precious time—frittered away in endless and tedious ceremonials involving constant dressing and undressing, an interminable succession of interviews, levees, reviews, council meetings, public meetings, public or semi-public dinners, and deputations; not only must they be on their guard against flatterers, and against even more temptations than assail those less eminent, but their cares and responsibilities weigh heavily on them. "Uneasy," says Shakespeare, "lies the head that wears a crown." They have much, no doubt, but they can seldom have peace or rest. "Princes are like heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest."[1] They are exposed to temptations from which those in humbler positions are comparatively exempt. Again, how many kings have been dethroned, how many banished, how many have fallen victims, some perhaps justly, but many without fault of their own, to traitors and assassins!

When Prince Ludwig of Wurtemberg wrote

[1] Bacon.

to consult the author of *Émile* on the education of his children, Rousseau began his answer, "Si j'avais le malheur d'être né prince."[1]

The tyrant is often as much in ward as his prisoner, and in more danger of his life; and the lesson which Dionysius of Syracuse gave to Damocles applies to most monarchs, and indeed in some degree to most men. Moreover, as Bacon says, "he that is used to go forward, and findeth a stop, falleth out of his own favour, and is not the thing he was."

It is better to be in prison with a clear conscience and a mind at peace, than even on the most brilliant throne with care and anxiety; and, of course, all the more if it has been acquired by fraud or force. It has been well said, that force is no remedy; those are mistaken who hope, in the words of Sadi, "by the strength of their arm to grasp the skirt of their wishes." Moreover, if rising is anxious, falling is painful, and many in the words of Milton have

> Rather than be less
> Cared not to be at all.

[1] "If I had been so unfortunate as to have been born a prince."

Those who are on a pinnacle are always in danger of a catastrophe. We all know how dizzy it is to stand on a precipice, and what an irresistible impulse many, perhaps most, men have to throw themselves over. A great position in life, raised on a height above other men, has something of the same effect on the mind. Many might have walked safely and creditably on a low path, to whom elevation has been fatal.

It may be true, though I doubt it, that

> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name,[1]

and that it is a grand thing to

> Ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm.[2]

Still one may buy gold too dear, and "it is a bad bargain to lose control over one's own actions and time, in order to gain power over others; it is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; to seek power over others, and to lose power over oneself."[3] Madame de Staël described fame as "a splendid mourning for happiness," though, as in so

[1] Scott. [2] Addison. [3] Bacon.

many other cases, she did not herself act upon her own advice.

We owe to the Marquis of Montrose a charming little poem to "my dear and only love," in which he says:

> He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> That dares not put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
> And famous by my sword.

This is often quoted as "famous by my pen" and "glorious by my sword." The version given above, which I believe to be Montrose's own version, seems to me the best. And under the circumstances Wolsey's advice is open to some suspicion when he says:

> Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
> By that sin fell the angels;[1]

and again when, in the course of the same sad interview, he extols

> A peace above all earthly dignities,
> A still and quiet conscience.

Moreover, riches, honours, and power unfit a

[1] Shakespeare, *King Henry VIII.*

man for enjoying some of the true blessings of life. While deprecating ambition, there is a despairing regret in Wolsey's lament:

> Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
> This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
> The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
> And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
> The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
> And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
> His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
> And then he falls, as I do.[1]

Those whose aspiration is for power cannot hope for peace, and those who wish for a quiet and peaceful life must not look for greatness. "Non est ad astra mollis a terris via."[2] "Il n'y a point au monde un si pénible métier, que celui de se faire un grand nom; la vie s'achève avant que l'on a à peine ébauché son ouvrage."[3] Too much anxiety for success often defeats its own object:

> Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
> And falls on the other side.[4]

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[1] Shakespeare.

[2] "There is no pleasant way from earth to the stars" (Seneca).

[3] "There is not on earth so painful a profession as that of making a great name for oneself; life is finished when the work is scarcely more than begun" (La Bruyère).

[4] Shakespeare.

Moreover, "you need not be solicitous about power, nor strive after it. If you be wise and good, it will follow you though you should not wish it."[1] It is better to stand safe on the solid rock of virtue than on the slippery and fragile ice of fortune. Success in almost any career requires hard work. It is not to be obtained by sudden rushes and spasmodic exertions. Quiet, steady, and determined perseverance is the necessary condition of progress. The Alpine climber scales the mountains by firm, steady steps, without haste, but without faltering. Perseverance is one of the secrets of success:

> Perseverance, dear my lord,
> Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
> Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
> In monumental mockery.[2]

If you cannot leave wealth or a high station to your children, you can at least leave them a good name. "If, therefore, a man is unable to defend causes, to entertain the people by haranguing, or to wage war, yet still he ought to do what is in his power; he ought to

[1] King Alfred. [2] Shakespeare.

practise justice, honour, generosity, modesty, and temperance, that what is wanting may be the less required of him. Now, the best inheritance a parent can leave a child—more excellent than any patrimony—is the glory of his virtue and his deeds; to bring disgrace on which ought to be regarded as wicked and monstrous."[1]

Every one, however, who does his best in life, however humble his lot may be, does something to leave the world better than he found it, whereas many of the rich and powerful throw their influence into the wrong scale, and do more harm than good.

Socialists generally defend their policy by the argument that the present state of things is unsatisfactory and indefensible. But we may feel this without being Socialists. Socialism is fatal to individual enterprise and to freedom. As an economical problem it is foredoomed to failure. It would check production and thus reduce the supply of food and other necessaries. But what is worse is that it implies implicit submission to the

[1] Cicero.

decrees of the State, *i.e.* of State officials. What led to the tyranny and eventual ruin of the Roman and other Empires? Some of the chiefs were able and excellent men: Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius, Antoninus Pius and others were proverbial for wisdom and virtue. But such a state is an organised bureaucracy. If the State is to undertake the responsibility of feeding and clothing and housing us, we must eat what is provided, wear what is supplied us, live where we are sent, and do what we are told. We shall have no choice left us, either for ourselves or our children. We shall no longer select our own profession or theirs; this will be done for us by the clerk of the local council or one of his employees. This is bureaucracy, or rather slavery, and is incompatible with economical production, with progress, or with freedom. We cannot, therefore, look for improvement in that direction. But I believe we shall avoid these dangers, and am firmly convinced that the world will advance.

The ancients seem to have had no idea of progress. They pictured the golden age as in

the past. We hope and believe that it is in the future. When Isaac Casaubon visited the Sorbonne for the first time he was told that discussions had been carried on there for over 400 years, and he asked, "Qu'a-t'on decidé?"[1] That was surely a mistaken view. The main progress has been due to observation and experiment. We have gone to our mother Nature, and she has taught us.

It is no doubt sad when, in Huxley's words, "an ugly fact kills a beautiful hypothesis." We may mourn, but we must bury it. Thoughts wear like money. An idea as it springs from the brain may be a step in advance, like a new coin of standard gold and full weight; but gradually it is worn with use, and, as Macaulay said, "a point which yesterday was unseen, is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-point to-morrow."

The progress of science in the last century has been simply marvellous. It has enabled us not only to weigh and measure, but even to analyse the stars; to descend to the recesses of the earth and the abysses of the

[1] "What have they decided?"

ocean; to watch the rise of mountains, the formation of valleys, and to explain the direction of rivers; it has enabled us to span great rivers; it has given us a guide over the trackless ocean; it has increased the speed of travel, and annihilated distance so far as communication is concerned; it has given us light; it has relieved suffering, and found remedies for pain; it has lengthened life, and added immensely to the interest of existence; to it we owe our knowledge of bygone ages, and the very idea of progress in the future.

Renan has described the last as a most amusing century. I should rather have described it as most interesting, full of unexpected and far-reaching discoveries and inventions: railways and steamers, telegraphs and photography, gas, petroleum, and electric light, spectrum analysis, the Röntgen rays, the discovery of many simple substances, culminating in that of radium, the telephone and the phonograph, the liquefaction of air and even of hydrogen, the far-reaching discoveries of Darwin, the foundation of geology, the discovery of anæsthetics and the anti-

septic treatment, constitute a glorious galaxy of marvellous discoveries, to which no other century can afford a parallel. And what is true of material or physical science holds good with almost equal force in the realms of theory and of morals. We may almost include in it the advantage of free trade and of the importance of education; the purification of religion; the abolition of the belief in witchcraft, which hung so long like a black pall over the intellect of Europe; the contributions to art and literature. It is sometimes said that science is prosaic, but geologists have shown us more wonderful things in the depths of the earth than Homer or Virgil ever imagined; and the modern views of the origin of volcanoes have revealed to us much more marvellous conceptions than the mere workshop of Vulcan.

This being so, we cannot but ask ourselves whether the century which is now commencing is likely to endow us with results as far-reaching. The late Lord Derby—certainly one of our wisest statesmen—thought that this could not be hoped; but though I differ

from so great an authority with much hesitation, still I cannot help thinking that there are strong reasons for looking forward to the future with hope. If, indeed, the world was fairly well known to us, if our knowledge bore any considerable proportion to what we do not yet know, but have still to learn, the case would be different. But what we know is an absolutely infinitesimal fraction of what we do not know. There is no single substance in Nature the uses and the properties of which are yet completely known to us. There is no animal or plant the whole life-history of which we have yet unravelled. We are surrounded by forces and influences of which we understand nothing, and which we are as yet but dimly commencing to perceive. We live in a world of mystery, which we darken rather than explain by the use of a number of terms which we can neither define nor explain. Then, amongst others, there are three special reasons which seem fully to justify the hopes that inspire me. In the first place, the continual improvements in our instruments and apparatus, and the invention of new

instruments of research; secondly, the increased number of workers, though we may still say that the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; and thirdly, that as the sunshine of discovery bursts through the clouds of ignorance, as the bright light of science pierces through the mist and mystery which surround us, with the continually increasing circle of light, so the possibilities of future progress are continually increasing. Every discovery which is made suggests fresh lines of inquiry, opens the door and paves the way to still more marvellous and unexpected triumphs.

Our children are now commencing their career under eminent teachers, and have great advantages and opportunities; most sincerely do I hope, and indeed believe, that in the triumphal progress of science which I foresee—which they, I hope, will see—many of them, and some, I trust, of those nearest and dearest to me, may take an honourable part, and add to the sum of human knowledge. "Science has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has

increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendour of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour [how much more we might now say] against the wind."[1]

"Truth," says Milton, "is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition."

[1] Macaulay.

Science is of vital importance in our life; it is more fascinating than a fairy tale, more brilliant than a novel, and any one who neglects to follow the triumphant march of discovery, so startling in its marvellous and unexpected surprises, so inspiring in its moral influence and its revelations of the beauties and wonders of the world in which we live, and the universe of which we form an infinitesimal—but, to ourselves at any rate, an all-important—part, is deliberately rejecting one of the greatest comforts and interests of life, one of the greatest gifts with which we have been endowed by Providence.

But that is not all: scientific men, it must be admitted, have hitherto met with but meagre encouragement—if any. Indeed, "the man who discovered the telescope, and first saw heaven, was paid with a dungeon; the man who invented the microscope, and first saw earth, died of starvation, driven from his home."[1] "Yet if the invention of the ship," says Bacon, "was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities

[1] Ruskin, *The Crown of Wild Olive.*

from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!"

But what is progress? It does not consist in the increase of exports and imports, commerce and machinery, railways and telegraphs; still less in conquests and annexations. The true prosperity of a nation does not depend on any of these things; but on the increase in the healthiness, happiness, and worthiness of the human beings of which it is composed; and it is a blessed privilege and a high aspiration that we may all in life contribute in some measure to this noble object.

CHAPTER V

CONTENTMENT

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CONTENTMENT

Si on n'a pas ce qu'on aime,
Il faut aimer ce qu'on a.

BUSSY RABUTIN.

HOWEVER bright the sun may be,—and we might say just because the sun is bright, there must be shadows,—the world must have one side darker than the other. No doubt, as Pindar says :

For ever to and fro
The tides of joy and grief athwart us flow.

But it is ungrateful to add, as he does, that

For every good the gods bestow
They add a double share of woe.[1]

"I am very much attracted," says Plutarch, "by the remark of Diogenes when he saw a stranger at Lacedaemon preparing himself with much ostentation for a feast. 'Does not a good man consider every day a feast?'

[1] Pindar. Morice's translation.

Aye, and a very great feast too, if we are only wise. For the world is a most holy and divine temple into which man is introduced through his birth, not to be a spectator of motionless images made by man's hand, but of those things which the Divine Mind has exhibited as the visible representations of what the mind alone can grasp, having innate in them the principle of life and motion, as the sun, moon, and stars, and rivers ever flowing with fresh water, and the earth sending up her sustenance to plants and animals. Seeing, then, that life is a complete initiation into all these things, it ought to be full of ease and joyfulness. But men do disgrace to the festivals which God has supplied us with and initiated us into, passing most of their time in lamentation and gloominess of spirit, and distressing cares. . . . How is this? They will not even listen to the admonitions of others whereby they would be led to acquiesce in the present without repining, to remember the past with thankfulness, and to act for the future with gracious and cheerful hopes, without fear or suspicion."

If life is not a blessing, why is death regarded as an evil? And how few wish to die:

> No life that breathes with human breath
> Has ever really wished for death.[1]

Yet we find throughout literature innumerable and, as it seems to me, most unreasonable complaints. The world is made out to be a place teeming with anxieties, racked with suffering, and so dark with gloom and sorrow, that "life protracted is protracted woe."[2]

> 'Tis a very good world that we live in,
> To lend, or to spend, or to give in,
> But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
> 'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.[3]

"It were best for a man," said Purchas,[4] "not to be born, the next soon to die." And again: "Our bodies are a little world—nay, a little hell—of misery."

Even Solomon, on whom blessings were showered with such lavish profusion, complained:

> Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me: for all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

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[1] Tennyson. [2] Johnson. [3] *Old Song.* [4] *Microcosmus.*

Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it unto the men that shall be after me.

Therefore I went about to cause my heart to despair of all the labour which I took under the sun.

For what hath man of all his labour, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath laboured under the sun?

For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity.[1]

Lord Beaconsfield assures us that "youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret"; and again: "The disappointment of manhood succeeds to the delusion of youth." There seems a general impression that childhood is the age of innocence and happiness, and that life grows duller and gloomier with advancing years. "In old age," says Castiglione in the *Courtier*, "the sweet flowers of our joys fall from our hearts like leaves in autumn." Herrick takes the same line:

> That age is best which is the first,
> When youth and blood are warmer;
> But, being spent, the worse, and worst
> Times still succeed the former.[2]

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[1] Ecclesiastes.

[2] *Amatory Odes*, 93.

According to Shakespeare :

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together :
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short ;
Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.[1]

Indeed, he generally disparages old age. It is perhaps hardly fair to quote Macbeth when he says :

My way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Macbeth no doubt had brought this punishment on himself. This perhaps was not necessarily Shakespeare's own opinion. On the other hand, this can hardly be said of the wonderful picture in the Seven Ages of Man, but it may be alleged that he is speaking then only of extreme old age.

It is perhaps not surprising that Byron

[1] Shakespeare.

should share the same opinion. In his ode "On my thirty-sixth year"—only his thirty-sixth!—he says:

> My days are in the yellow leaf;
> The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
> The worm, the canker, and the grief
> Are mine alone;

and elsewhere he asserts that man is

> Born to be ploughed with years, and sown with cares,
> And reaped by Death, lord of the human soul.

In his delightful ode on Eton College, Gray says:

> Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
> Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
> Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
> A stranger yet to pain!

But, alas! how many throw away their advantages when embarking on the voyage of life:

> Youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm;

pleasure being too often a reckless and extravagant squandering of advantages.

On the other hand, Joubert was of opinion that childhood and old age were the two best parts of life—one being the age of innocence, the other of reason. The happiness of child-

hood, however, depends on others, and especially on the parents; that of old age on ourselves.

Childhood ought to be happy and free from care:

> O primavera! gioventù dell' anno,
> O gioventù! primavera della vita![1]

Happy, indeed, may the child be in a peaceful home, safe under the shelter of a loving mother and kind father, free from care, full of health and spirits, strong in the spring of life, with fresh powers and ideas opening out every day. Few pleasures in life are purer or more ethereal than that of a new idea. Yet happier still the boy with higher hopes and nobler aspirations, full of reverent wonder as our beautiful world opens out before him, and he begins to realise the inestimable gift of life—the miracles and mystery of existence, and hopes that he is preparing himself to do something in his time. Still happier the man full of strength, realising that difficulties are opportunities, that sufferings are but warnings; enjoying or looking forward to the

[1] "Oh Spring! the childhood of the year,
Oh childhood! the spring of life!"

inestimable blessing, the prospect of a happy marriage, which almost all may hope for who deserve it. But the happiest time of all may be old age; time, in fact, if well used, gives more than it takes away; it leaves a man with loving children growing up around him, his work done, his labours over, no more cares or anxieties, for though our

> May of life
> Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,

yet we may hope, if we deserve it, for that which should accompany old age,

> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

and happy in the consciousness that he has done something for his countrymen, something to raise the condition, to lighten the sorrows and sufferings, and increase the happiness of mankind.

It seems curious to many that St. Paul tells Christians to comfort one another with the thought of death, for many are haunted by the fear of death, which, however, we pray for daily in the Lord's Prayer, when we say "Thy Kingdom come." The inevitable

approach of death is no reason, then, why old age should not be happy. It has many special blessings, if we have not deprived ourselves of them by our own faults.

We cannot prevent time writing wrinkles on the face, but we can prevent cares from writing wrinkles on the mind; and wrinkles on the face matter little so long as we have none on the mind.

"Everybody," says Goethe—"everybody fancies he has a right to be just as melancholy as the Prince of Denmark, though he has seen no ghost, and has no father to avenge."[1] One laugh is better than a hundred groans. In *As You Like It*, when the melancholy Jaques tells Rosalind that he has travelled much, and that experience has made him sad, she wisely rejoins, "And your experience makes you sad! I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!"

We cannot expect that life should be all "cakes and ale."

[1] *Autobiography.*

Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
To most he mingles both.[1]

Our troubles, moreover, are even more fleeting than joys. As Joubert says, "Sa douleur lui échappe comme son plaisir."[2] But what a mistake it is to "let melancholy jangle into discord the music of our lives." The question is whether we will accept our lot with cheerful gratitude or with gloomy submission.

Vain is the world, but only to the vain.[3]

Pleasures and pain are closely interwoven in the web of life. Every one has anxieties and sorrows, but many writers have greatly underestimated the blessings for which we have to be thankful.

In considering, moreover, the gratitude we owe for the great gift of life, we must first deduct from the sorrows, sufferings, and anxieties those we bring on ourselves by our own faults—by intemperance, ill-temper, and

[1] Pope's *Iliad*.

[2] "Trouble passes as well as pleasure."

[3] Young.

other vices. These will be found to form a large proportion of the whole. Moreover, we must also allow for avoidable mistakes, which can hardly be reckoned as sins, but are yet our own fault, and might have been escaped by reasonable prudence, study, or reflexion. We must deduct from our troubles the misfortunes that never happen; reduce those which do, from our exaggerated apprehensions to their real dimensions; subtract those which are blessings in disguise; and last, not least, those which are imaginary; and we shall find that comparatively little is left. I am far, indeed, from saying that we do not suffer from imaginary troubles; no doubt we do very much, though very unnecessarily. They are by no means the least severe of our sufferings; but if we once realise that they are imaginary, that they have no real existence, we do much to free ourselves from their domination.

The darkest shade in the sunshine of life is generally a man's own shadow. In life, sunshine and shadow succeed one another as quickly as in an April day. Both are often present at once. Some things in our complex

existence are going well, some ill. Joy and sorrow, prosperity and care, peace at home and strife abroad, or strife at home and peace abroad, health and poverty, or wealth and suffering,—we have all in their turn, sometimes almost all together. Whether, then, the net result is happiness or sorrow, depends on which elements we brood over. If we turn our back upon our blessings and magnify our troubles, we make ourselves miserable; if we look to the sunshine and leave the shadows behind us, we shall find that we have much to be thankful for, and in most cases that the good things are real, while what seem evils are but blessings in disguise; are warnings, or trials, or the difficulties which make the value of victory. "There is no fool," said Cicero, "who is happy, and no wise man who is not."

It has been said that an Irishman is never at peace except when he is fighting, a Scotsman is never at home except when he is abroad, and an Englishman is never happy unless he is grumbling. But grumbling is not confined to our countrymen. "Oh,

quel homme supérieur! disait encore Candide entre ses dents; quel grand génie que Pococurante! rien ne peut lui plaire."[1]

Many people, however, are difficult to please. "I do not like leisure," said Epictetus, "it is a desert: I do not like a crowd, it is confusion." He was more wisely inspired when he advised: "Seek not that things should happen as you wish, but wish the things which happen to be as they are, and you will have a tranquil flow of life." Yet if all pleasures have their drawbacks, so, on the other hand, there are few misfortunes which have not some redeeming compensations. Crying over troubles will not mend them, but to bear them with dignity and courage will do much to turn them into blessings. It is wise to make the best and not the worst of things.

It is wise to take life seriously, but not tragically. Many, if not most, of our troubles we make for ourselves. On the other hand, our blessings are sent us. "What hast thou that thou hast not received? and

[1] Voltaire.

if thou hast received it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?"[1] Adam and Eve were turned out of Paradise, but that is no reason why we should not make our home there.

Traherne said that "the stars are as fair now as they were in Eden, the sun as bright, the sea as pure; and nothing pestered the world with miseries, and destroyed its order, peace, and beauty, but sins and vices. Rapine, covetousness, envy, oppression, luxury, ambition, pride, etc., filled the world with briars and thorns, desolations, wars, complaints, and contentions, and that this made enormities to be vices."[2]

Again, many misfortunes or apparent misfortunes are really blessings in disguise. The loss of freedom is no doubt a severe misfortune, yet some of the great books of the world have been written in prison; and as Mme. de Staal said when she was in the Bastile, "Il est vrai qu'en prison l'on ne fait pas sa volonté; mais aussi l'on n'y fait point

[1] 1 Cor. iv. 7. [2] *Centuries of Meditations.*

celle d'autrui. C'est au moins la moitié de gagné."[1]

Many, again, of our troubles are purely imaginary. Most of us can remember occasions, and if memory is good many occasions, on which we have made ourselves anxious and miserable about dangers and sorrows which never occurred after all. "I am an old man," said Colonel Goodwin, "and have had many troubles: most of them never happened." Many people treble their troubles, making three out of one, by looking forward, looking on, and looking back. Troubles, moreover, grow mightily if you let yourself brood over them.

One of the evils most complained of is death. But if we have lost one whom we have dearly loved, is it not some comfort if we can realise and

> Give thanks
> That she is safe with Him who hath the power,
> O'er pain, and sin, and death?[2]

I am not, however, for the moment speaking of our loss of friends and relations by death,

[1] *Mém. de Mme. de Staal.* [2] Mrs. Sigourney.

but of the loss of our own life, and it is evident that if life is misery, death must be a blessed release; on the other hand, if death is a misfortune, life must be a blessing. I do not say that it always is, but it almost always is unless we ruin it ourselves.

Too often it happens that we undervalue, or even entirely overlook, our blessings until we lose them:

> Not to understand a treasure's worth
> Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,
> Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
> And makes the world the wilderness it is.[1]

Nature is indeed bountiful, and

> All places that the eye of Heaven visits
> Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.[2]

As St. Paul says: "Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."[3] Not to desire is, indeed, better than to have. All that the world can give cannot make one happy. Maria Theresa, wife of Louis XIV., on her death-bed said, "Voilà le seul jour heureux de ma vie."[4]

[1] Cowper. [2] Shakespeare. [3] Philippians.
[4] "This is the only happy day of my life."

When you have done your best, wait the result calmly and with hope. Do not be anxious, it can do no good. Remember the verse in the Psalms: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." Poor no doubt he may be, but "poor and content is rich and rich enough."[1] St. Paul tells us that "having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."[2]

How little we really need! "Alexander lived to see a poor fellow in a tub, to whom there was nothing he could give, and from whom there was nothing he could take away."[3]

Few, happily, have cause for anxiety as regards the real necessaries of life, for bread, water, meat, fruit, or house-room. But they are troubled about delicacies and superfluities, carriages and horses, gold and precious stones, for luxuries and appearances, making themselves anxious and miserable lest they should be deprived of things which they would perhaps be even happier and better without.

[1] Shakespeare. [2] 1 Tim. vi. 8. [3] Seneca.

Thrift, no doubt, is very wise. It is well to lay up for old age and for those who come after us, but it is even more important to lay up stores of peaceful thoughts and pleasant memories. Joy and peace generally go together.

"Who are thy playmates, boy?"
"My favourite is Joy,
Who brings with him his sister, Peace, to stay
The livelong day.
I love them both; but he
Is most to me."

"And where thy playmates now,
O man of sober brow?"
"Alas! dear Joy, the merriest, is dead.
But I have wed
Peace; and our babe, a boy
New-born, is Joy."[1]

Never let "melancholy mark you for her own."[2] Nothing encroaches more. Fight against it vigorously. One great remedy is to take short views. It is no use trying to run away from difficulties, they are sure to overtake you. Face them boldly and they will often vanish.

[1] *The Playmates*, by John R. Tabb. [2] Sydney Smith.

CHAPTER VI

ADVERSITY

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LIFE is so complex, so full of changes, and affected by so many external influences, that we cannot expect to avoid vicissitudes and misfortunes.

> There is no flock, however watched and tended,
> But one dead lamb is there!
> There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair.[1]

The troubles of life may be divided into those which are real and those which only appear to be so. The latter may be again classed into those which are (1) Warnings; (2) Trials; (3) Imaginary, or at any rate trifling; (4) Self-made; (5) Punishments; or (6) Blessings in disguise.

WARNINGS

Pain is generally either a punishment or a

[1] Longfellow.

warning. Were it not for pain we should all die young. Long before we grew up our flesh would be torn, gnawed away, burnt, or destroyed in one of the numerous dangers to which flesh is subject. In endless ways pain compels care and forces us to remedial measures. In business, small losses teach prudence.

Trials and Opportunities

Other troubles are trials or opportunities. Difficulties, which are misfortunes to the foolish, are often opportunities to the wise:

> Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
> And this our life exempt from public haunt
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones and good in everything.[1]

Wealth and power are great temptations. Possibly some of the worst Roman emperors might have been useful citizens, and would not have led such wretched and abominable lives, or ended in such miserable deaths, if they had not been cursed with unlimited wealth and

[1] Shakespeare.

absolute power. "L'adversité," says a French proverb, "fait l'homme, et le bonheur les monstres." [1]

One of the uses of adversity is as a test of friendship. A French proverb says that "c'est le prospérité qui donne les amis, mais c'est l'adversité qui les éprouve." [2] Adversity often draws friends together; it brings out the good points of those who have good points to bring out; it shows us who are really our friends and who are not. In national affairs misfortunes often brace and unite a people.

The darker the night the brighter the stars. Clouds lighten up the sky; the fogs and smoke of cities darken the day, and make life gloomy to those who have not learnt to make it bright for themselves; but they make glorious sunsets for those who have eyes to see.

When Satan wished to destroy Job we are told that he robbed him of his children and his wealth. Job had many sons and daughters, seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, five hundred she

[1] "Adversity makes men, and prosperity makes monsters."
[2] "Prosperity gives us friends, but adversity tests them."

asses, and a very great household. Of all these Satan deprived him. But Job resisted. He "rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down and worshipped, and said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." Eventually he was restored to prosperity, he became richer than ever, and it seems to be implied that he resisted this temptation also, though that is not expressly so stated, and we generally find that riches are more dangerous than poverty.

This is not a world in which any one should be easily discouraged. Huxley was one of our most brilliant as well as most suggestive lecturers. Yet he has told us that at first he suffered from almost every fault that a speaker could have. After his first Royal Institution lecture he received an anonymous letter recommending him never to try again, as, whatever else he might be fit for, it was certainly not for giving lectures. It is also

said that after one of his first lectures, "On the Relation of Animals and Plants," at a suburban Athenæum, a general desire was expressed to the Council that they would never invite that young man to lecture again. Quite late in life he told me, and John Bright said the same thing, that he was always nervous when he rose to speak, though the feeling soon wore off when he warmed up to his subject. Mr. Disraeli's first speech in the House of Commons, as is well known, was an absolute failure.

Imaginary or Trifling Troubles

Other troubles are imaginary, or at any rate trifling. The worst misfortunes are those that never happen. How often we make ourselves miserable about things which are really of no importance.

> Why how one weeps
> When one's too weary
> Tears, Tears; why we weep
> 'Tis worth enquiry: that were shamed a life,
> Or lost a love, or missed a world, perhaps.
> By no means. Simply that we've walked too far,
> Or talked too much, or felt the wind in the east.[1]

[1] Mrs. Browning.

It is folly to let grief outrun the cause. "Men will pursue the thing they most fear. They make themselves miserable lest they should fall into trouble." [1]

> What makes man wretched? Happiness denied?
> Lorenzo! no, 'tis happiness disdained:
> She comes too meanly drest to win our smile,
> And calls herself Content; a homely name!
> Our flame is transport and Content our scorn;
> Ambition turns and shuts the door upon her
> And wins a toil, a tempest in her stead.

The fear of danger often creates it, and many a man has tried to "run away from death by dying." [2]

> Half of the ills we hoard within our hearts
> Are ills because we hoard them.[3]

We often bring trouble on ourselves by throwing away happiness. It is too common, it costs too little, it is too homely.

When Naaman went to Elisha to be cured of his leprosy and was told to wash in Jordan seven times and he would be well, he "was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his

[1] Leonardo da Vinci. [2] Butler, *Hudibras.*
[3] Proctor, *Mirandola.*

God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage."[1]

Self-made Troubles

Many of our troubles we make for ourselves. "Souvent le peur d'un mal nous conduit dans un pire."[2] Rousseau had the same idea. "Pour chercher un bien imaginaire, nous nous donnons mille maux réelles."[3] The real sorrows and anxieties of life, the illnesses, the faults, or the loss of those we love, come happily but seldom. We suffer, if not so acutely, still more continuously from the hurry, flurry, and worry which we unnecessarily bring on ourselves.

We must remember that we are not here merely to enjoy ourselves. Moreover, Thomas à Kempis reminds us:[4]

> It is for service we are here,
> Not for a throne.

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[1] 2 Kings v.

[2] "Often the fear of one trouble drives us to a worse" (Boileau).

[3] "In search of an imaginary good, we give ourselves a thousand real troubles."

[4] *Imitation of Christ.*

We often turn trifles into troubles by refusing to bear them patiently. "Did not Dicæarchus long ago write a treatise in which, after collecting together all the different causes, such as those of inundations, pestilence, devastation, and those sudden attacks of swarms of creatures by which he tells us some tribes of men have been destroyed, he then calculates how many more men have been destroyed by men, that is, by wars and seditions, than by every other species of calamity?"[1]

Another way in which many add to the troubles and fatigues of life is by meddling with what does not concern them. Bagehot used to say that of those who failed in business, the majority did so because they could not sit still in a room.

"It is an honour," said Solomon,[2] "for a man to cease from strife, but a fool will always be meddling." "If you could let men go their way," said Thomas à Kempis, "they would let you go yours." I am not sure that this is always so, but it is worth trying.

[1] Cicero. [2] Proverbs.

Punishments

Troubles which are the consequence of errors, or the punishment of sin, may be classed among those we have brought on ourselves, and of which we have no right to complain. It is not poverty, not sickness, not suffering, which makes life unhappy, but pride and ambition, selfishness and sin.

Blessings in Disguise

Lastly, many supposed troubles are really blessings in disguise. Sorrow firmly met and bravely borne, raises and ennobles us. Like the cold and snows of winter it braces up the constitution.

"Prosperity," according to Bacon, "is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New Testament." "No man," said Seneca, "was ever broken by adversity who was not first betrayed by prosperity." The icy chill of misfortune may freeze the surface of life, but the living stream flows on cheerfully below. Prosperity has ruined more than adversity, and did not God

Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruined at our own request.[1]

If we do not put it in words, we should always in spirit, the language of one of the prayers in our beautiful Church service, and only ask that our requests may be granted "as may be most expedient for us."

The old Chinese philosopher Lau-tsze said: "A violent wind will not outlast the morning. A pouring rain will not outlast the day. Who are they that make these but heaven and earth? And, if heaven and earth cannot continue such things long, how much more will this be the case with man?" Indeed, one should never despair:

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.[2]

If things look hopeless, a man may console himself with the reflection that:

I am not now in fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.[3]

"Hope and fasting," says Jeremy Taylor, "are said to be the two wings of prayer. Fasting is but as the wing of a bird; but hope

[1] H. More. [2] Shakespeare. [3] Butler, *Hudibras.*

is like the wing of an angel soaring up to heaven, and bears our prayers to the throne of grace. Without hope it is impossible to pray; but hope makes our prayers reasonable, passionate, and religious; for it relies upon God's promise, or experience, or providence, and story. Prayer is always in proportion to our hope, zealous and affectionate." [1]

No doubt it is not wise to be too sanguine. "Il n'y a guère de personne," says Fénelon, "à qui il n'en coûte cher pour avoir trop espéré." [2] In business especially, the sanguine man sometimes pays for high hopes by heavy losses. Even so the balance is not all on one side. Many would rather be poor and hopeful that they will be rich, than rich and fearful of being poor. Moreover, if hope often leads to loss, timidity will sometimes do the same. There is a time to be bold and a time to be cautious, the difficulty is to know which is before us. If in doubt it is wisest to do nothing. It is at least easy to do nothing, and by no means easy to undo anything.

[1] Jeremy Taylor.

[2] "There is scarcely any one who has not paid dearly for hoping too much" (*De l'éducation des filles*).

"Fortune is often represented as blind, but in reality," says Sir T. Browne, "it is we that are blind, not Fortune; because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hoodwink the providence of the Almighty."[1] Moreover, if she is blind she is not invisible. Rochefoucauld says: "Il faut gouverner la fortune comme la santé; en jouir quand elle est bonne, prendre patience quand elle est mauvaise, et ne faire jamais de grands remèdes sans un extrême besoin."[2] Good fortune is really, however, more difficult to bear than bad. Misfortunes require only one virtue—patience: prosperity will ruin almost any one, unless he has prudence, caution, temperance, unselfishness, charity, and several other virtues.

> Cowards die many times before their deaths;
> The valiant never taste of death but once.[3]

The proper spirit with which to meet misfortune is, as Milton said on the loss of his sight, when he felt almost inclined to despair

[1] *Religio Medici.*

[2] "We must regulate our fortune like our health; enjoy it when good, bear it patiently when bad, and reserve desperate remedies for extreme cases."

[3] Shakespeare.

at his misfortune, and at "the loss of wisdom, at one entrance quite shut out":

> Yet, I argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, or bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
> Right onward.

Indeed, "whom the Lord loveth He correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth."[1] Even were it not so we should endeavour to

> Know how sublime a thing it is
> To suffer and be strong.[2]

And we shall often find that, meeting misfortune in this spirit,

> Out of the nettle, danger, we pluck the flower, safety.

The lesson of Job also teaches us that we should

> Beware of desperate steps! the darkest day,
> Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.[3]

It is perhaps cold comfort to the individual or individuals directly affected, but many an apparent misfortune has proved a blessing in the long-run. Floods bring fertility; volcanoes have enriched whole districts. The great fire was no unmixed misfortune for London. Even

[1] Proverbs iii. 12. [2] Longfellow. [3] Cowper.

take the destruction of Pompeii. So far as the material city is concerned, preservation would be a more correct description. Goethe truly observes that "many a calamity has happened in the world, but never one that has caused so much entertainment to posterity as this one. I scarcely know of anything that is more interesting."[1] "It may be," he says elsewhere, "that a man is at times horribly threshed by misfortunes, public and private; but the reckless flail of fate, when it beats the rich sheaves, crushes only the straw; the corn feels nothing of it, and dances merrily on the floor, careless whether its way is to the mill or the furrow."

The furnace of adversity often purifies a man, and separates the good metal of his nature from the dross by which it was obscured.

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

(For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

[1] *Letters from Italy.*

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.[1]

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[1] St. Matthew.

CHAPTER VII

KINDNESS

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KINDNESS

No one gets angry with children, we all make allowances for those who are out of health, and "de mortuis nil nisi bonum" is a proverb the truth of which we all admit. But why should not this merciful and Christian principle be extended to others also? We know what they have done, but we do not know the temptations they have resisted, the evil influences which have surrounded them. "Tout comprendre," said Mme. de Staël, "c'est tout pardonner."[1]

"We should make excuses for children," said Seneca, "because they are young; for women because they are weak; for rulers because they have to make many decisions, and cannot avoid some mistakes; for good men, because they mean kindly; for bad ones, because

[1] "To know all, is to pardon all."

they are much to be pitied, and have a miserable future before them."

When Thales was asked what was the hardest and what was the easiest thing to do, he said the hardest thing was to learn to know one's self; the easiest, to find fault with the doings of other people.

Every one should think of his own duties and not dwell on what others ought to do, should be gentle and indulgent to every one except himself. It is better to think of the merits of your enemies than of the defects of your friends.

> And if you cannot make yourself all that you wish,
> How can you bring another to your will?
> If you would have men bear with you,
> Bear you with them.[1]

We often complain of the faults of others, but we suffer, after all, much more from our own. They do us much more harm. And yet how we love them! We will give up almost anything else. We let ourselves be reprimanded, despised, punished; we will suffer much, risk much, lose much, if we can only keep those precious treasures.

[1] Thomas à Kempis.

For our own peace of mind, if for no higher reason, we must try to think no evil, to take a charitable view of the faults and failings of those we live with, to put a favourable construction on what they say and do, to make allowances for their difficulties, minimise their faults, and appreciate their good qualities. We are not perfect ourselves, and cannot expect others to be so. It is as reasonable to be angry at the faults and eccentricities of others as at storms or bad weather; our anger will not alter the latter, and can only make the former worse. To inflict an injury on another does one more harm than to receive one oneself. In trying to avenge an injury or an insult, which was perhaps imaginary, we begin a quarrel which need never have occurred. Those who live around us may be, and perhaps often are, very trying; but it is more often our own fault than we are disposed to admit. Even when it is not, it is a trial; there is a difficulty to be overcome, a victory to be achieved, a friend to be won.

The man who has no sympathy does not

deserve any. If you are cold to others, they will probably be cold to you; but even if not, their love will not brighten your life, because you do not deserve it: it will not warm your heart, but will heap coals of fire on your head. The man who puts up a fence, fences out more than he fences in. If we do not love others, their love cannot reach us. If we cannot ourselves love, we cannot appreciate love. If we do not deserve it, we shall not enjoy it, and our hearts will still remain icy cold, for, like ice, they may be melted away but cannot be warmed. To look at things from the point of view of "We" makes life brighter and more interesting: the care of the "I" is a poor and selfish life after all; thought for the care of the "We" makes it richer, fuller, and nobler.

Nor is this only a duty. One of the truest and purest pleasures of life is to help others. But to help people we must understand them, and above all we must love them. The impulse to do good, if not wisely directed, may often do harm. It is impossible to benefit others by mere goodwill without

good judgment, founded on knowledge and experience.

As regards the poor, the great object should be to make them more independent: the great danger is of making them more dependent, of lowering their moral character, while contributing to their physical comfort. It is no doubt a good thing to make people comfortable, but, after all, character is more than comfort. Alms, if unwise, are really cruel. Charity is oftener blind than deaf:

> I gave a beggar from my little store
> Of well-earned gold. He spent the shining ore
> And came again, and yet again, still cold
> And hungry as before.
> I gave a thought, and through that thought of mine
> He finds himself a Man, supreme, divine,
> Fed, clothed, and crowned with blessings manifold;
> And now he begs no more.

Charity, then, in the sense of aid to the poor, is a most difficult problem. It is, of course, easy to give, but it is not easy to give money without taking away self-respect and self-reliance. We should aim, as Bacon said long ago, "not merely at alleviating want, but at creating independence." If we make our pensioners more helpless, we do them far

more harm than good; we lower instead of raising them. On the other hand, we need never grudge affection. The supply is not limited, there is enough for all. The more we give, the more we have to give. "The intellect," says Longfellow, "is finite, but the affections are infinite, and cannot be exhausted."

Moreover, we have each of us only a certain amount of money to spend. In matters of charity, what we give to the undeserving we cannot give to the deserving; if out of kindness we give employment to a bad man, some good man must go with less employment; if we give money to a man who drinks, we encourage drunkenness. In this, money differs from sympathy and kindness; they are inexhaustible, like the widow's cruse.

It is not wise, nor in the long-run is it kind, to tax the thrifty for the thriftless, the good for the sake of the good-for-nothing. To do so impoverishes the one, and does nothing for the other. Spinoza justly observed that "if we wish to promote progress in the future we must retain the relation which Providence

has instituted between conduct and its consequences."

It is true that one should "fall not out with charity, though you find, for the most part, ingratitude lying at her gate; which God hath contrived, the better to reserve requitall to Himselfe."[1] The real danger, however, does not consist of ingratitude from, but of injury to, those we wish to help.

We must remember the deplorable weakness of poor human nature, and how tempting it is to most men to be as lazy as they dare. It is easy to make people more helpless; to help them to help themselves is far more difficult. But if alms are often a doubtful kindness; charity, in the true sense, is never out of place. It may be wrong to give money, it is never wrong to give help, time, thought, and kindness. If it is wrong sometimes to give, it is never wrong to forgive, and, what is often more difficult, to forget.

Among the last words of Alfred the Great were: "Comfort the poor, protect and shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that

[1] *Advice to a Son.*

which is wrong. Then shalt the Lord love thee, and God Himself shall be thy great reward." On the other hand, the great source of unhappiness is selfishness; but for that we should have little to trouble ourselves about. If we bear in mind the troubles of others, we shall often find that we have almost forgotten our own.

I cannot at all agree with Schiller's dictum that "affection, as affection, is an unimportant thing. . . . Thus not only the affections that do nothing but enervate and soften man, but in general all affections, even those that are exalted, ecstatic, whatever may be their nature, are beneath the dignity of tragic art."[1]

No doubt affection which is not shown, however much it may benefit oneself, and that is something, is little advantage to the beloved. As far as he is concerned, "de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio."[2] But if affection is shown, it is invaluable. How much do most of us—and I speak with loving gratitude—owe to a mother's

[1] Schiller's *Essays*.

[2] "What does not appear, is as if it were not."

care, inspiration, and above all to her love. Sir Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, when asked what had made him a great painter, said it was "a kiss from my mother."

We are told that Rubens by one stroke converted a laughing into a crying child. In another sense it is not necessary to be a great artist to effect such a change, nor is a blow necessary. A word will do it! We are not made of flint, and ought not to act as if we were. And what a blessed privilege if you can

> Minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart.[1]

We can all help, and we can all pray. There was a curious old tradition that the prayers of Pope Gregory the Great rescued the Emperor Trajan from hell, but that Gregory received a warning not to do it again![2] Those who are strong should protect the weak.

[1] Shakespeare, *Macbeth.* [2] Leibnitz, *Théodicée.*

Smile on the weak, be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.[1]

Joubert speaks of "une douce température, celle de l'indulgence." To love is even better than to be loved. Kindness will do more, especially with children, than severity.

Plus fait douceur que violence.[2]

Do not expect too much of others. We often disappoint ourselves, so we must expect to be disappointed by others.

"Those doctrines of yours," said Socrates to Gorgias and Callicles, "have now been examined and found wanting; and this doctrine alone has stood the test—that we ought to be more afraid of wronging than of being wronged, and that the prime business of every man is, not to seem good, but to be good, in all his private and public dealings."[3]

If we have enemies we have generally made them for ourselves. Suspicion is fatal. "Il suffit souvent," says Madame de Sévigné in one of her charming letters, "d'être soupçonné comme ennemi, pour le devenir."

One of the noblest prerogatives claimed by

[1] Prior. [2] La Fontaine. [3] Plato's *Gorgias*.

Christ was that He had power on earth to forgive sins. In another sense, however, we all have this privilege; it is not the power, but the will that is wanting. If any one is harsh or unkind they do you an injury in one way, but in another they confer on you the divine prerogative of forgiveness. "Dieu a donné à la douleur et à l'amour quelque chose de sa toute puissance."[1]

To revenge oneself is human, to forgive is divine. We pray daily to be forgiven "as we forgive them that trespass against us"; and if we do not ourselves forgive, how can we expect to be ourselves forgiven? A soft answer often "turneth away wrath"; a sarcastic or angry one will only inflame and embitter it.

Cosmo, Duke of Florence, said that though we were commanded to forgive our enemies, we were nowhere told to forgive our friends. If, however, you take revenge, to use a common colloquial expression, you may perhaps "get even" with your enemy; but if you forgive, you rise superior to him, and perhaps convert

[1] Mrs. Craven.

him into a friend. Moreover, in studying to revenge ourselves we brood over our grievances, and thus increase and prolong our sufferings, keeping the wounds green, and preventing them from healing healthily. In trying to injure another you may fail, but you are sure to wound yourself.

"To forgive our enemies is a charming way of revenge, and a short Cæsarian conquest, overcoming without a blow; laying our enemies at our feet, under sorrow, shame, and repentance; leaving our foes our friends, and solicitously inclined to grateful retaliations. Thus to return upon our adversaries is a healing way of revenge; and to do good for evil a soft and melting ultion, a method taught from heaven to keep all smooth on earth. Common, forcible ways make not an end of evil, but leave hatred and malice behind them. An enemy thus reconciled is little to be trusted, as wanting the foundation of love and charity, and but for a time restrained by disadvantage or inability. If thou hast not mercy for others, yet be not cruel unto thyself. To ruminate upon evils, to make critical notes upon injuries,

and be too acute in their apprehensions, is to add unto our own tortures, to feather the arrows of our enemies, to lash ourselves with the scorpions of our foes, and to resolve to sleep no more. For injuries long dreamt on take away at last all rest, and he sleeps but like Regulus who busieth his head about them."[1]

Why should we look out for, dwell upon, and even magnify the faults of others? Every one has good points, if we would only look for them. "Seek and ye shall find": if you look for what is good, you will find it everywhere. Sometimes, indeed, even the errors of a friend make him more lovable; at any rate they make him more human.

We are surprised and disappointed if people are not kind, and do not make allowances for us; no wonder, then, they expect us to be kind and indulgent to them. We only ask, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," but we expect a great deal more, and if our prayer were answered, many of us would often come off badly.

[1] Sir Thomas Browne.

Pestalozzi was certainly wrong when he laid it down that "no man on God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man." Relations and friends have done much for me, for which I cannot be sufficiently grateful. Moreover, the more we do, the more we can do.

It may be true in some cases that

> The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones,[1]

but still more often, indeed generally, both the good and bad live after us.

Gold and silver may supply us with the necessaries of life, with food and drink, clothes and houses; but they cannot give the joy of a kind look, nor can poverty wound and poison like a harsh word.

> Oh, many a shaft at random sent
> Finds mark the archer little meant!
> And many a word at random spoken
> May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken.[2]

It is not, indeed, easy. Mere gifts, especially of money, though often useful, sometimes do more harm than good, especially when they are given from so-called charity, not from

[1] Shakespeare. [2] Scott.

affection. Presents, no doubt, are said to endear absents, but that is between friends and relations. A fine old English proverb tells us truly that "welcome is the best cheer."

To every one, but especially to children,

> Speak gently ! 'tis a little thing
> Dropp'd in the heart's deep well ;
> The good, the joy, that it may bring
> Eternity shall tell.[1]

A word once spoken cannot be recalled. It may be apologised for, it may be regretted, but it is beyond our power.

> Now shall you wish, but wish in vain,
> To call the fleeting word again.

"A wise man has described the difference between heaven and hell by saying that in heaven every one wants to give all that he has to every one else, and that in hell every one wants to take away from others all they have."[2]

Without love and charity and peace of mind, we may be rich or strong or powerful, but we cannot be happy; without them heaven itself would not be heaven at all;

[1] Langford. [2] *The Freedom of Life*, A. P. Call.

with them, we may all be happy, every one makes himself an angel, and all our homes are heavens.

St. François de Sales compares great and little acts of love to sugar and salt: sugar has a more delicious flavour, but we use it less frequently; whereas salt is required in all our daily food.[1] It is a mistake to praise, and a still greater one to find fault, when you do not clearly understand.

Many people treasure up a grievance as if it were a great possession; they cherish it, and gloat over it till it grows and swells and gradually assumes an importance out of all proportion to its origin. The late Lord Derby told me that he had once promised a man a nomination to a particular office, and forgetting that he had done so, gave it to another. The first came and complained. Lord Derby remembered his promise, expressed his regret, and offered him a better appointment. The man, however, angrily refused, saying that he preferred to keep his grievance.

What is it that makes a home? Wealth

[1] Fénelon, Letter to Mme. de Maintenon.

and power may build a palace or a castle, but love alone can make a home, and, moreover, make the home a heaven.

> For, hearkening to the Christmas peal
> Without, our hearts within would feel,
> In glowing rafter, flickering blaze,
> The sunshine of departed days,
> And round the hearth dear memories swarm
> To keep life young, to keep love warm,
> If you were mine.[1]

Why should we ever be harsh or jealous, unkind or unforgiving? We not only make others unhappy, but ourselves also. Envy, again, is worse than the poison of a viper, which at least does not injure the reptile itself. If we make allowances for one another, if we help one another, if we are kind and courteous to one another, if we love one another, how happy the world would be! "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."[2]

[1] Alfred Austin. [2] Matthew v.

CHAPTER VIII

EDUCATION

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EDUCATION

MANY of the "little faults" and some of the greater sins of life are the result of dulness.

Education should be so arranged as to make dulness impossible, to make life interesting and happy. Who can say that our present system, and especially that of our great public schools and universities, is so devised?

We live in a wonderful and beautiful world, offering endless problems of varied and extraordinary interest—a world which it is entrancing to understand, and dangerous, if not fatal, to misunderstand. Yet until lately our elementary schools were practically confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic; our grammar schools mainly, as the very name denotes, to grammar; while our great public schools omitted the study of Nature altogether,

or devoted to it only an hour or two in the week, snatched from the insatiable demands of Latin and Greek.

Traherne pictures [1] a university as it might be. It opened his eyes to the revelation that "there were things in this world of which I never dreamed; glorious secrets, and glorious persons past imagination. There I saw that Logic, Ethics, Physics, Metaphysics, Geometry, Astronomy, Poesy, Medicine, Grammar, Music, Rhetoric, all kinds of Arts, Trades, and Mechanisms that adorned the world pertained to felicity; at least there I saw those things, which afterwards I knew to pertain unto it; and was delighted in it. There I saw into the nature of the Sea, the Heavens, the Sun, the Moon, and Stars, the Elements, Minerals, and Vegetables. All which appeared like the King's Daughter, all glorious within; and those things which my nurses and parents should have talked of, there were taught unto me.

"Nevertheless some things were defective too. There was never a tutor that did professly

[1] *Centuries of Meditations.*

teach Felicity, though that be the mistress of all other sciences. Nor did any of us study these things but as aliena, which we ought to have studied as our enjoyments."

Our system is very different. We begin to specialise almost from the nursery. The result of our system is in many cases a loss of interest in intellectual exercise, which is associated with dull lessons, and the most curious ignorance of common things.

We have all met persons who have taken a university degree, and yet do not understand why the moon appears to change its form; who think that corals are insects, whales fish, and bats birds; who do not realise that England has been over and over again below the sea, and even believe that the world is not more than 6000 years old!

Two great faults in our present system of higher education are that it is too narrow, and not sufficiently interesting. We cannot all care about grammar, or even about mathematics. Those who love natural science, for instance, find little at school which appeals to them, and even those with literary tastes are

surfeited by the monotony of classics; so that comparatively few keep up their studies after leaving school. Thus our system of education too often defeats its own object, and renders odious the very things we wish to make delightful.

Children are inspired with the divine gift of curiosity—sometimes inconveniently so. They ask more questions than the wisest man can answer, and want to know the why and the wherefore of everything. Their minds are bright, eager, and thirsting for knowledge. We send them to school, and what is the result? their intellect is often dulled, and their interest is crushed out; they may have learnt much, but they have too often lost what is far more important—the wish to learn.

No doubt both Oxford and Cambridge have admirable science schools. A man can study there with many advantages, and under excellent teachers. But the prizes and fellowships are still given mainly to classics and mathematics. Moreover, natural science is not yet regarded as a necessary part of education. Degrees are given without re-

quiring any knowledge of the world in which we live. These are no peculiar views of mine. They have been reiterated by students of education, from Ascham and Milton to Huxley and Grant-Duff; they have been urged by one Royal Commission after another.

University authorities seem to consider that the elements of science are in themselves useless. This view appears to depend on a mistaken analogy with language. It is no use to know a little of a number of languages, unless, indeed, one is a student of comparative grammar, or is going into the countries where they are spoken. But it is important to know the rudiments of all sciences, and it is impossible to go far in any one without knowing something of others. So far as children are concerned, it is a mistake to think of astronomy and physics, geology and biology, as so many separate subjects. For the child, Nature is one subject, and the first thing is to lay a broad foundation. We should, as Lord Brougham said, teach our children something of everything, and then, as far as possible, everything of something. Specialisation should

not begin before seventeen, or at any rate sixteen.

In the special report on English schools which has recently been issued as a Blue Book by the Education Department, it is shown that in our preparatory schools modern languages are neglected, and science is almost completely ignored. This is really deplorable. I am sure we none of us wish classics to be omitted, nor do we desire that special commercial subjects should be taught to boys. But we do wish them to know some foreign language, and something of the world we live in. The present education, or rather half-education, is not the fault of the preparatory schools. They are dominated by the great public schools, and the great public schools again by the universities. The universities must bear the responsibility. They offer, no doubt, excellent teaching; they prepare learned specialists, but are places of instruction rather than of education. The most profound classical scholar, if he knows nothing of science, is but a half-educated man after all; a boy in a good elementary school has had a

better education. The universities have indeed excellent science schools and eminent professors, but they treat the knowledge of Nature as an extra, an ornamental, but not an integral part of education, not necessary for the degree. No knowledge of science is required for admission to our universities, and the lion's share of the prizes, scholarships, and fellowships goes to classics and mathematics. Naturally, therefore, the great public schools feel that they can spare but little time for science and modern languages, and as it is neglected in the public schools it is almost ignored in preparatory schools.

Scientific men submit that a certain amount of science should be demanded in the entrance examination of our universities. Were this done, it would be a necessary subject in public and other schools.

A great deal of nonsense is, it seems to me, talked about the necessity of knowing things "thoroughly." In the first place, no one knows anything thoroughly. To confine the attention of children to two or three subjects is to narrow their minds, to cramp their

intellect, to destroy their interest, and in most cases make them detest the very thing you wish them to love. Should we teach a child all we could about Europe, and omit Africa, Asia, and America, to say nothing of Australasia? Would that be teaching geography? Should we teach him one century, and omit the rest? Would that be history? And in the same way, to teach one branch of science and ignore the rest is not teaching science.

Let me give the opinion of another great authority on education, the late Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton. In his *Thoughts on Education* he says: "In your own regulations for matriculation I am glad to see that science is included. But I am rather sorry to see that the expression is 'a science,' the prescribed sciences being mechanics, chemistry, and physiography. Suppose then that chemistry is taken. A man may get a degree without knowing the difference between a planet and a star, or why the moon goes through phases. At this early stage of education should not science be treated as one subject, and a general knowledge of the rudiments be required?"

Perhaps, however, it may be said that the picture I have drawn of our schools is too dark. Let me, then, quote the opinion of the same great authority. "Since 1870 we have talked about educational progress. I fear that I am not able to believe that we have made any real educational progress during that time. I am not even sure whether we have not gone back."[1]

And again: "The more subjects people can study at the same time, the better they will get on with every one of them. By increasing your religious knowledge you gain a larger background, and then your other work will surely go on better."[2]

Canon E. Lyttelton, the present Head-master of Eton, who was previously selected by the Education Department to report on Preparatory Schools, so that he speaks with the highest authority, admirably sums up the situation. He tells us that "the request proffered again and again by the Association of Head-Masters of Preparatory Schools, that some change be made in the entrance scholarship examinations,

[1] Mandell Creighton, *Thoughts on Education.* [2] *Ibid.*

allowing due recognition of other subjects than the one for which the scholarships are now awarded, seems to have much sense in it.

"The head-masters take their stand on what one would imagine to be an incontrovertible principle, viz. that specialisation in the Preparatory School age (*i.e.* under fourteen) is undesirable. They then point out that under present arrangements it is absolutely unavoidable, the constraining cause being the value set on classics. . . . This means that a boy barely twelve years old will discontinue all but a modicum of mathematics and other subjects, and be pressed on in Latin verses and Greek sentences, and the construing of difficult classical authors, till by the time he is thirteen-and-a-half he is able to reproduce remarkably skilful bits of translation, but is contentedly ignorant of English and other history, and has no knowledge whatever of the shape, size, and quality of the countries of the habitable globe, and, perhaps more injurious still, does not know whether the Reform Bill came before Magna Charta, or the sense of either. The result is that not only a false ideal of learning

is set upon the pupils from their earliest years, but that the hurry and scurry of the preparation forbids patient, thorough, and gradual grounding, even in classics."

This is surely a very serious statement. Nobody wishes—scientific men would certainly not wish—to exclude classics. What we plead for is that science, the knowledge of the beautiful world in which we live, should also be included.

Every one would admit that it is a poor thing for a man to be even a great ichthyologist or botanist, unless he has some general knowledge of the world he lives in; and the same applies to a mathematician or a classical scholar. Before a child is carried far in any one subject, it should at least be explained to him that our earth is one of several planets, revolving round the sun; that the sun is a star; that the solar system is one of many millions occupying the infinite depths of space: he should be taught the general distribution of land and sea, the continents and oceans, the position of England, and of his own parish; the elements of chemistry and physics,

including the use and construction of the thermometer and barometer; the elements of geology and biology. *Pari passu* with these should be taken arithmetic, some knowledge of grammar, drawing, which is almost, if not quite, as important as writing, and perhaps music. When a child has thus acquired some general conception of the world in which we live, it will be time to begin specialising and concentrating his attention on a few subjects.

I submit, then, that some study of Nature is an essential part of a complete education; that, just as science "is teaching the world that the ultimate court of appeal is observation and experiment, and not authority, she is teaching it to estimate the value of evidence; she is creating a firm and living faith in the existence of immutable moral and physical laws, perfect obedience to which is the highest possible aim of an intelligent being."[1]

Statesmen and men of science have never objected to an education as being classical; what they complain of is its being unscientific.

[1] Huxley, *Aphorisms and Reflections.*

It should be classical indeed, but also scientific and mathematical.

Moreover, the classics are too often taught, not as literature, but as mere exercises in grammar. No doubt even for that they are very useful, but what a mistake to make them useful only, and not inspiring! Alexander the Great is said to have always kept a copy of the *Iliad* under his pillow, but in another sense whole generations of schoolboys have also slept over Homer!

Drawing also is, it seems to me, too much neglected in our system of education. It is as important as writing—in some respects more so. A school of drawing is really a school of sight, it teaches us to use our eyes. The artist may say with Goethe that "I see with an eye that touches, and touch with a hand that sees." Drawing cultivates and trains not merely the technical art of managing the pencil or the brush, but also the power of observation, of seeing what is before us; hence, perhaps, the fact that it is so much more easy to copy a drawing than to draw from Nature. In a drawing the artist has looked for us,

we see through his eyes and brain ; in copying Nature we have to use our own. Huxley used to tell a story that he was superintending a class who were drawing from the microscope, and that to explain the subject he had made a rough diagram on the blackboard. On looking at the first sketch he found that an important, though not conspicuous, feature had been omitted. He asked the student if he did not see it. "Oh yes, sir," was the reply, "I see it now, but it is not in your drawing."

Much of the supposed difficulty of drawing really results from the loose and inaccurate way in which we look—or rather overlook. Many have been surprised at the accuracy and skill with which our Palæolithic ancestors, with the help of a pointed flint, represented the mammoth, reindeer, and other animals on flat bones or on the walls of their cave-dwellings. The reason was that they really knew what animals look like. We have comparatively faint ideas. Let any one try to draw from memory an animal, a house, or a mountain, and he will perhaps be surprised to find how little he really knows about

it, though he may have seen it hundreds of times.

Seeing is the foundation of art, and the true artist sees much more than strikes others. I say the true artist, because many landscapes are caricatures rather than ideals. Ask any of our countrymen in the Alps what are the two characteristic series of lines in any great mountain group, and how few would know. Yet it is obvious that the present configuration depends on two series of lines—one resulting from the anatomy or construction of the mountain, the other due to weathering and denudation.

In some respects, then, as in the stifling of curiosity, so-called education has rather strangled than cultivated our natural gifts, and quenched the thirst for discovery. The school is sometimes the grave of originality.

In old days education was almost confined to the clergy. Hence the origin of the word "clerk." Nobles and gentlemen were often unable even to write. Education is happily now no longer the exclusive privilege of the rich. It is offered to all, even the poorest.

Like Franklin's little spark from heaven, it has kindled a brilliant and far-spreading light. Indeed, the poorest children now have an education which in old times kings with all their treasure could not buy, nor with their force command. The system is no doubt expensive, but we should not grudge money spent on schools. Ignorance is even more expensive than education; and it would be well if all through life we spent as much on the mind, and as little on the body, as possible. We should be well repaid. Reading changes hours of ennui into moments of delight, and Schiller scarcely exaggerated when he said that no one who had read Homer could justly complain of his lot.

It may be true to say of education that "il émeut tout, et ne résout rien, comme le soleil de mars,"[1] but the sun of March is preparing the buds, which ere long will burst out into flowers and fruit. We cannot hope in these degenerate days to spring into life perfect, like Pallas Athene!

Cicero's teaching has enlightened the

[1] Fénelon.

world even longer than his daughter Tullia's lamp.[1] All knowledge is valuable, and any addition makes much of the rest more interesting. Moreover, we often find that what we do not know is just what would be especially useful.

The teacher's is, indeed, a noble profession. He should be wiser than the student; but it is always wise to learn, and sometimes foolish to try to teach. At any rate, only teach what you know, and learn what you do not know. Education does not depend on pouring in knowledge, but in drawing out the faculties and strengthening the character. "Pour moi," said Montaigne, "qui ne demande qu'à devenir plus sage, non plus savant." Of course, as Bacon said, we must "read, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."[2]

A great schoolmaster is said to have threatened his pupils that if they did not love one another he would flog them. But moral

[1] Which was fabled to have been found burning in her tomb after 1550 years.

[2] Bacon.

lessons, however correct, if given coldly and sternly are little likely to be effective, while a kind word, a generous thought, even a tone or a look, may kindle and change a whole character.

But while noble, the profession of the schoolmaster is fatiguing, exhausting, and most responsible. The Hindoos considered that the child depended more on the teacher than on either the father or mother. But even apart from the relationship there are few children who do not learn more from their parents than from any teacher, however learned or inspiring. It is unnecessary to attempt impossible comparisons. We shall all do well to remember that, as Fénelon said, "Notre corps est semblable aux bêtes, et notre âme est semblable aux anges. Il faut bien choisir les images qu'on y doit gravir; car on ne doit verser dans un réservoir si petit et si précieux que des choses exquises."[1]

But while it is difficult to exaggerate what good schoolmasters and schoolmistresses can

[1] *De l'éducation des filles.*

do for children, good fathers and mothers—especially mothers—may do more. St. Jerome advised Læto to send him her daughter and he would educate her; but Fénelon, when consulted in a similar case, strongly dissuaded a friend from sending her daughter to some nuns. A mother, he said, was much better than any convent.

Men are generally fairly faithful to their ideal of a man. The temperate man shrinks with horror from the idea of being drunk; the drunkard thinks it natural that a man should drink if he has the money; the sluggard thinks that every man would be as idle as he dared; the industrious man cannot understand any one not working his best; if a man believes that courage is manhood, he will face death without shrinking.

Evidently, then, it is most important to instil lofty ideals into the minds of the young. It is surely an inspiring thought that we can all do something to extend the bounds of human knowledge. Education begins in the nursery, and ought only to close with life. It ought certainly not to end with the school or

university. It has failed in its object unless it raises the character, gives dignity and interest to life, and enables us in some degree to appreciate the wonders and beauty of the world in which it is our privilege to live.

CHAPTER IX

ON FRIENDS AND ENEMIES

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Some people take much trouble to make enemies. It is a sad waste of time. Enemies make themselves quickly enough—generally too quickly. No doubt a wise enemy is less dangerous than a foolish friend. Still it is but rarely that an enemy is any use, generally the reverse. Moreover, those who are useful are never those we make for ourselves. Unquestionably, however, enemies have their uses. For instance, they often warn us of faults, against which a mistaken kindness might prevent our own friends from warning us. Moreover, an enemy is an enemy. There is no doubt or misunderstanding possible. Friends are not always sincere; enemies always are. But professed friends are sometimes the bitterest and most dangerous foes. Marshal Villars, when taking leave of Louis XIV. on

going to take the command of the French forces, is said to have begged the king to "defend me from my friends, I can protect myself from my enemies."[1]

"An old friend is like old wine, which, when a man hath drunk, he doth not desire new, because he saith the old is better."[2] But every old friend was new once; and if he be worthy, keep the new one till he becomes old.

One of the greatest pleasures of life is the association with kindred spirits; one of the greatest trials is loneliness. But loneliness of space is nothing compared to loneliness of spirit. No one, however, who loves Nature can ever be lonely.

In history there are no more touching episodes than the love of friends. Pylades, whose affection for Orestes was proverbial, and Jonathan, whose devotion to David "exceeded the love of women," are among the most charming characters in history.

It is difficult to make a true friend, and when made the treasure should be carefully kept.

[1] The same saying is attributed to Francisco Sforza.

[2] Jeremy Taylor.

> Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.[1]

Keep them under thine own life's key. Friendship is doubly blessed; it renders prosperity more brilliant, and adversity more bearable. Cherish them, help them, work for them, defend them, stand up for them if attacked, rejoice with them if they prosper, sympathise with them in evil times, console them if they are in trouble.

The Arabs think it unpardonable treachery to attack a man who has eaten your salt; and so it is. If you are not going to treat him as a friend, do not invite him to your house. The Romans had a proverb that many bushels of salt must be eaten before a real friendship could be formed.

It is better to see imaginary charms and virtues in a friend, than to overlook merits or magnify faults. Joubert wrote to Madame de Beaumont: "Portez-vous mieux; c'est le seul changement que je désire en vous."[2] But while we may reasonably hope much from

[1] Shakespeare.

[2] "I wish your health was better; it is the only change in you which I should like to see."

our friends, we must not expect anything wrong or dishonourable; nor can they ask any such assistance from us.

We are far, I think, from realising how much the humblest may do to brighten the lives of others:

> How far that little candle throws his beams!
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world.[1]

The candid friend has a proverbially evil name. But in such cases there is perhaps more candour than friendship. A true friend will not, if necessary, shrink from warning. "Any man," said Gladstone, "can stand up to his opponents: give me the man who can stand up to his friends." Such occasions, however, are happily rare. But friendship should certainly be a support to virtue, not an encouragement to vice.

There are few greater pleasures in life than the acquisition of a new idea. Even apart from the delightful companionship of those we love, the intercourse of mind with mind is most interesting.

Argument, however, is always rather

[1] Shakespeare.

dangerous. It often has the very opposite effect from what is intended. Not, perhaps, that the sentiments shock so much, but the mode of expression, even when courteously intended, sounds dictatorial and perhaps insulting. Moreover, the more thoroughly we are persuaded, the more we may seem to insinuate that any one who differs must be either ignorant or stupid. To speak with confidence seems to imply that difference is unreasonable. To show any temper is, of course, fatal. It is therefore but seldom that it is possible to convince any one by argument. In reference to this, an observation of Locke[1] is worth remembering, that the greater number of philosophical disputes have arisen from the different meanings attributed to the same words. "There are few names," he says, "of complex ideas which any two men use to express precisely the same collection of ideas."

This is, moreover, by no means true of philosophical disputes only. Half the quarrels in the world are misunderstandings. A word

[1] *On the Human Understanding.*

misheard or misunderstood; a thoughtless sentence maliciously repeated, and perhaps repeated incorrectly; an expression meant in joke, and taken in earnest; a remonstrance meant in kindness, and taken in dudgeon; meant well and taken ill, have destroyed many friendships, and embittered many lives.

Argument often leads rather to a misunderstanding than to an understanding. As Goethe makes one of his characters say: "Both my sister and he [her husband] were really worthy persons, but instead of humouring, they sought to convince each other; and from an extreme anxiety to live in perfect harmony, they never could agree."[1]

To make the most of it, society requires some tact and consideration. A man who would be most interesting on history may, and very likely will, have nothing worth hearing to say on art and science; another, who would be most interesting on science, may be as dull as can be on art or history.

If we prepare ourselves with some suitable questions, there are very few whom it would

[1] *Wilhelm Meister.*

not be an interest and advantage to meet. Moreover, there are many who can assimilate and remember what they hear, much more satisfactorily than what they read. It is not true in this case that

> Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
> Quam quae sunt oculis subiecta fidelibus.[1]

For most men the town has irresistible attractions. Human beings are sociable, they love companionship. Men and women interest them more than animals and plants. They do not like being alone. The real way to enjoy the country is in the company of two or three congenial friends. But most people love a crowd. If they go into the country they keep together, on or near the road, so that they miss the real delights of the country; for the birds and other animals are frightened away, any remaining flowers soon gathered, and probably thrown away. The exquisite beauty of scenery, of woods and fields and water, gives them little pleasure. Madame de Staël said that there was for her no stream in the world equal to that

[1] Horace.

in the Rue de Bac. "Il n'y a pour moi de ruisseau qui vaille celui de la Rue de Bac."

Philosophers, again, or at least the majority, prefer libraries and museums, and congenial conversation. Nor can it be denied that these are all delightful and dignified sources of happiness. Cicero truly said: "To these let us add the advantage of his friendships; in which the learned reckon not only a natural harmony and agreement of sentiments throughout the conduct of life, but the utmost pleasure and satisfaction in conversing and passing our time constantly with one another. What can be wanting to such a life as this, to make it more happy than it is? Fortune herself must yield to a life stored with such joys. Now if it be a happiness to rejoice in such goods of the mind, that is to say, in such virtues, and if all wise men enjoy thoroughly these pleasures, it must necessarily be granted that all such are happy."[1]

Those we have long lived with are, however, often in reality still strangers. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a

[1] *The Tusculan Disputations.*

stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."[1] But this is not true of strangers only. How often those whom we thought we knew, suddenly astonish us!

> Strangers yet!
> After years of life together,
> After fair and stormy weather,
> After travel in far lands,—
> Why thus joined? Why ever met,
> If they must be strangers yet?[2]

Unless we take care, life becomes very isolated. As Keble said:

> Each in his hidden sphere, of joy and woe,
> Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart.

Bulwer Lytton expresses the same idea:

> Were you thinking how we, sitting side by side,
> Might be dreaming miles and miles apart?
> Or if lips could meet over a gulf so wide
> As separates heart from heart.[3]

Browning also refers to those who may for years have inhabited the same house, but are never able to enter the same room. We

> Range the wide house from the wing to the centre.
> Still the same chance! She goes out as I enter!

Loneliness of space is often very dis-

[1] Proverbs. [2] Lord Houghton.

[3] *The Wanderer.*

tressing, but it is nothing to loneliness of spirit. No one, however, who loves Nature can ever be utterly lonely. Nature brings calm and peace; there is especial charm and comfort to the heart in the sympathy of mind. As William Morris said: "Fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death."

No doubt there are times when it is well to be alone. When Princess Victoria was told that King William was dead, and that she was Queen, her first request was to be left two hours alone. There is an old Roman proverb, attributed by Cicero[1] to Scipio Africanus, that "nunquam minus otiosus quam cum otiosus, nec minus solus, quam cum solus,"[2] and a mediæval monkish jingle, "O beata solitudo! O sola beatitudo!" But the whole value of solitude depends upon oneself; it may be a sanctuary or a prison, a haven of repose or a place of punishment, a heaven or a hell, as we ourselves make it. It is not every one who would share Cowper's wish:

[1] *De Officiis.*

[2] "Never less idle than when idle, nor less lonely than when alone."

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.[1]

Thomas à Kempis tells us that

Some one has said,
Often as I walked with men,
Less of a man did I return.

Schiller quotes with approval a line from Kleist:

A true man must live apart from men.

Bernardin de St. Pierre seems to me, however, nearer the truth when he says: "Que ferait une âme isolée dans le ciel même?" But what greater pleasure is there in life, than to be with those we love! "Être avec ceux qu'on aime," said La Bruyère, "cela suffit." In one sense the absent are often nearer to us than those who are present. A crowd is not necessarily company, but neither need it necessarily prevent thought or disturb peace of mind. There are many, in Keble's beautiful words:

Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
. . . . . .

[1] *The Task.*

Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.[1]

"The great man," says Emerson, "is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the serenity of solitude."

Conversation should be natural, sincere, and frank, but it cannot be interesting unless we take some pains to make it so. It is always well to consider what one can learn, rather than what we can teach. It was my privilege to know one of our greatest and ablest men of science, who was, however, curiously deficient in initiative, so far as conversation was concerned. Many regarded him as one of the most silent of men. I have seen him, over and over again, sit through a dinner and scarcely say a word. But if you asked him anything about physical science, if you were—and who is not?—puzzled over any of the phenomena of Nature, you could not have a more delightful companion: it was a real privilege to sit next him. No one could explain more clearly, or would take more pains to do so; no one could state more

[1] *Christian Year*, St. Matthew's Day.

lucidly the point at issue, or the doubts to be resolved. It was necessary, however, to make the start. As a rule it takes two to keep up a conversation, as it does to make a quarrel. No doubt there are some who talk incessantly, some who would be thought more of if they were less heard. But, even in the case of the best talkers, "flashes of silence" add to the effect of the most brilliant flow of conversation.

In company we cannot all talk together. Learning to listen is almost as important as learning to speak. A good listener will learn much, and, moreover, is a pleasant companion in any case. It is kind to listen, for most people love to speak, sometimes even if they have nothing to say.

Wonderful is the power of a word:

> In ancient tales they tell of golden castles,
> Where harps are sounding, lovely ladies dance,
> And trim attendants serve, and jessamine,
> Myrtle, and roses, spread their soft perfume,
> And yet a single word of disenchantment
> Sweeps all the glory of the scene to naught
> And there remain but ruins old and grey.[1]

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[1] Heine.

But we need not go back to magic or fairy tales. In life we have all felt how a harsh or angry word will jar the nerves, upset the mind, and spoil the happiest hour; while, on the other hand, in times of sorrow, pain, or anxiety, a kind and sympathetic word will cheer the sufferer, and throw a ray of brightness into the gloom. Poets, it is said, cannot be made, but they may easily be unmade.

"Readers of *The Pilgrim's Progress* will no doubt remember the young woman whose name was Dull, and her choice of companions —Simple, Sloth, Presumption, Shortmind, Slow-pace, No-heart, Linger-after-lust, and Sleepy-head." Much sin is no doubt due to dulness. Drunkenness often arises from a craving for excitement, for some relief from the monotony of existence. No one, however, need be dull; life is full of interest. If we are not witty ourselves, we can at least enjoy the wit of others. One good laugh will lighten up a whole day. It is good for the body as well as for the mind. But "L'esprit sert bien à tout, mais il ne suffit à rien."[1]

[1] Amiel.

Friends may, and indeed in almost all cases must, have secrets from one another. As to their own secrets, it is for them to judge whether to preserve them or not; but as regards those of others they have no such right.

On the other hand, one should always be frank and open. Some people are fond of petty mysteries. This is a mistake; but it is also, and even more, a mistake to confide in others too easily. Without meaning mischief or being intentionally faithless, they may publish what you never meant the world to know. Many kind, sympathetic, and well-meaning people find it very hard to keep a secret. As the French proverb says: "Rien ne pèse tant qu'un secret."[1]

> Words are easy, like the wind;
> Faithful friends are hard to find.[2]

If you cannot keep your own secret, it is unreasonable to expect any one else to do so.

Many misunderstandings originate in something which one person has or has not said

[1] "Nothing is so heavy as a secret."
[2] Shakespeare, *The Passionate Pilgrim.*

about another. Perhaps the statement is denied, but the denial is not accepted. Yet we all know how often messages are carried wrong. We have all played at a childish game in which a sentence which has been transmitted through two or three people is materially, and often amusingly, modified. We all know what different accounts eye-witnesses, with every desire for accuracy, will frequently give. Why not, therefore, take a charitable view of what is supposed to have been said; why not accept a denial? In any case it is better to do so. All quarrels are bad and foolish, especially those that are unnecessary. If in such a case the denial is true, you put yourself in the wrong if you do not accept it; and if the denial is untrue or due to forgetfulness, if the words complained of were really spoken, it is generous to accept the denial, to forget and forgive.

We are told that the widow's mite of copper was more than the rich man's talent of gold, for the real value of a gift depends, to so great an extent, on the spirit in which it is given. It is not the cost in money, not the

value or even the usefulness, but the evidence of affection, which we look at. "The prudent lover doth not think so much

About the lover's gift
As of the giver's love." [1]

A lock of hair is often a most cherished possession.

Friends may be always with us.

I think of thee when the bright sunlight shimmers
Across the sea ;
When the clear fountain in the moonbeam glimmers
I think of thee . . .

I hear thee, when the tossing waves' low rumbling
Creeps up the hill
I go to the lone wood and listen trembling
When all is still. . . .[2]

"But, since human affairs are frail and fleeting, some persons must ever be sought for whom we may love, and by whom we may be loved ; for when affection and kind feeling are done away with, all cheerfulness likewise is banished from existence." [3]

There are times specially sacred to friendship. For many of us the winter evenings are

[1] Thomas à Kempis. [2] Goethe.
[3] Cicero's *Offices and Moral Works.*

as delightful, and I cannot say more, as the sweet summer days.

> Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
> Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
> And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
> Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
> That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
> So let us welcome peaceful evening in.[1]

We may have many friends. The limit is not in the heart, but in the leisure. "How great, wonderful, and universal is love," says Plato, "whose empire extends over all things, divine as well as human. . . . Love is the cheerful author and giver of virtue in life, and of happiness after death." For the intellect is finite, but love is infinite and cannot be exhausted.

Though it does not come under the head of friendship, still I cannot omit love, which is one of the keenest delights which one being can derive from another. Heavenly as are the delights of music, still, as Sir T. Browne says, "there is music in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes far sweeter than the sound of any instrument." No doubt the

[1] Cowper, *The Task*.

little darts of Cupid are often more fatal than the clumsier weapons of Mars, but Bacon is one-sided when he tells us that "love is sometimes like a Siren, and sometimes like a Fury."

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow ![1]

But love should not be lightly given. Misplaced affection has wrecked many a life.

Better to die for love, to rave for love,
Than not to love at all ! But to have loved,
And, loved again, then to have turned away—
Better than that, never to have been born.[2]

Shakespeare, with his usual wisdom, sums up the relations of man to man in a few memorable words of advice :

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thine own life's key : be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.

In one of his grandest creations he has given us a warning against jealousy, that green-eyed monster which has wrecked many

[1] Omar Khayyám. [2] G. Macdonald.

lives besides that of Othello. It is probably oftener without than with any real foundation.

> Trifles light as air
> Are to the jealous confirmations strong
> As proofs of holy writ.

Do not make a friend of one you cannot trust; but when you have made a friend, trust him. But though an enemy may do much harm, and well-chosen friends are among the greatest blessings of life, still after all a man has no better friend, and no worse enemy, than himself.

CHAPTER X

ON RICHES

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Among the greatest and purest pleasures of life every one would reckon those derived from art and science, literature and music. In none of these does wealth give any great advantage. Statues and pictures are much more keenly enjoyed by artists who understand them, than by rich men who merely own them. "What hath the owner," says Solomon, "but the sight of it with his eyes?" This, moreover, is not confined to the technical owner. Millionaires seldom have the leisure or peace of mind which are necessary in order to appreciate the intense interest of science. Literature again requires leisure, but not money; the best books are the cheapest. A day's work will buy all the books that can be read in a year. A great library is no

doubt a splendid possession, but it is probably much more to the librarian than to the owner. The binding and the backs of the books are very likely all the owner ever sees. If he is a statesman or a diplomatist, or occupies any great office in the State; if he is a rich man, and looks much after his own property,—he can have but little time for reading.

What undue importance we attach to wealth, is indicated by the common expression that a man is ruined if he loses his money. Yet character is better than comfort, and much better than luxury. Horace no doubt expressed the general view of Rome when he said:

Et genus et formam Regina pecunia donat.[1]

The French also have a proverb, "Cela est bon et beau, mais de l'argent vaut mieux."[2]

It follows from these exaggerated estimates of what money can do for us, that the thirst for gold often does as much harm as the possession. The desire to possess gold is as dangerous as the gold itself. It also prevents

[1] "Sovereign money gives both power and rank."
[2] "That is good and beautiful, but money is worth more."

a man from enjoying the wealth when he has acquired it; he is always in terror lest he should lose it again. It is not so much the possession of wealth against which we are warned in the Bible, as the love of it: or rather, perhaps, I should say the possession is dangerous in two ways; first in developing the love, and second as a temptation to the abuse, or at least the misuse. Molière makes Harpagon say to his money: "Hélas! mon pauvre argent! mon pauvre argent! mon cher ami! on m'a privé de toi; et, puisque tu m'es enlevé, j'ai perdu mon support, ma consolation, ma joie; tout est fini pour moi, et je n'ai plus que faire au monde."[1]

Time is said to be money: it is really much more than money, and as regards time we are all on an equality. No one has more than twenty-four hours in the day. If a man sleeps for eight hours, then for a third of his life he is as well off as the greatest monarch or the richest millionaire; and probably better, for very likely he is more tired and less anxious. But this is not all. Two or three hours are

[1] *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.*

spent on meals. Hunger, we know, is the best sauce, and the industrious workman probably enjoys his food even more than Epicurus ever could. This accounts for ten hours at least. Then he loves his wife and children as much, and the time spent with them is as delightful to a sensible working-man as it can be to the greatest monarch. We may allow another two hours for exercise, for dressing, undressing, etc., in which certainly the poor man is at no disadvantage.

There remain the eight or ten hours of work: mental is certainly more exhausting than physical labour. Is it more interesting? If any one will read the Court Circular or the American newspapers, I doubt if he would exchange the work of a carpenter or a stone-mason for that of a King or a President. In some respects it may be, I do not say that it necessarily is, more interesting, but the responsibilities and anxieties are certainly greater.

At any rate for two-thirds of his time, that is to say, for two-thirds of his life, the rich and powerful has certainly no advantage over the

poor man, and for the other third the case is, to say the least, doubtful.

It is sometimes said that the pleasure of giving is peculiar to the rich, and no doubt the pleasure of giving is one of the greatest and purest which wealth can bestow. Still the poor also may be liberal and generous. The widow's mite, so far as the widow at any rate is concerned, counts for as much as the rich man's gold. After all, the difference between rich and poor is in this respect but little. "On ne sauroit posséder," says Nicole,[1] "qu'une petite partie du monde: on peut renoncer à tout le monde." As Amphion remarked long ago in the market at Athens, "How many things there are in the world that I do not want." Moreover, as regards kindness and sympathy, which are far more valuable than money, the poor can give as much as, perhaps even more than, the rich. Money is not wealth. "Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and

[1] *Essais de morale.*

poor, and blind, and naked."[1] There are those whom we look down on as poor, and common, who may be in reality as rich, may possess as grand ideals, and keep as noble company even as any millionaire. That which is of most value in life is exactly that which can neither be bought nor sold. Riches "are but tarnish and gilded vanities, honours but empty and airy bubbles."[2] An Arabic proverb says: "A man's true wealth is the *good* he does in this world. When he dies, *men* will ask what property he has left behind him, but Angels will inquire, 'What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?'"

Wealth may be often too dearly bought; it is not worth while to sacrifice for it health, or peace of mind, or too much of one's time. Happiness can neither be bought nor sold. The most important things in the world are good air, good water, good food, good health, and a good conscience; the millionaire can have no more of these than an artisan.

The worst things are pain, worry, and sin, and these money not only cannot take

[1] Revelation. [2] Traherne.

away, but may even bring. "God sendeth His rain and maketh His sun to shine upon the just and the unjust, but He doth not rain wealth, nor shine honour and virtue upon men equally; common benefits are to be communicated with all, but peculiar benefits with choice."[1] "For dignity should be adorned by a palace, but not be wholly sought from it: the house ought to be ennobled by the master, and not the master by the house."[2]

So also as regards a nation. True wealth does not consist in gold and silver, but in the number of good, healthy, and happy human beings of whom it is composed. Nations may ruin themselves, just as individuals can. Many, indeed, seem now to think that the national wealth is inexhaustible. It is great, no doubt, but has its limits, just as definite as that of an individual. Unfortunately this is often forgotten. Every country is economical in adversity, but a wise nation is economical in prosperity. Are we? I fear not. "Good husbandry (by which he meant thrift) is

[1] Bacon. [2] Cicero's *Offices*.

not," said Daniel Defoe, "an English virtue"; nor, I fear, can we claim that it is now. Wealth without wisdom is worthless.

Thus quad Alfred:

Withuten wisdome
is wele ful vnwurth;
for thauh o mon hadde
hunt-seuinti acreis,
and he is hauede sowen
al mid rede golde,
and the gold grewe
so gres deth on ther erthe,
ne were his wele
nouht the vurthere,
bote he him of fremede
frend y-werche.
For hwat is gold bute ston,
bute it habbe wis mon?[1]

The Proverbs of King Alfred.

Among all the idolatries of the Israelites the worship of the golden calf was one of the most contemptible.

[1] Thus quoth Alfred:

"Without wisdom
is weal ful worthless;
for though a man had
seventy acres,
and had sown them
all with red gold,
and the gold grew,
as grass does on the earth,
[yet] were his weal
nought the further,
except he of the stranger
maketh a friend.
For what is gold but stone,
unless a wise man have it?"

The chief advantage of being wealthy is to be relieved from the necessity of thinking about money; but if the result is that we only think of it all the more, and selfishly, it does more harm than good. Money is a great temptation. It leads to self-indulgence and pride. Rich men are sometimes led to look on the poor as a sort of pavement to be trodden on. Poverty requires only two virtues—industry and patience. The rich man, on the other hand, if he has not charity, temperance, prudence, and many more, is in great peril. How dangerous wealth and power are, all history teaches. Solomon, the wisest of men, ended his life as a melancholy cynic. Some of the Roman emperors began well as boys, but they came to the throne and were ruined. Napoleon ended as an extreme egoist.

Fénelon[1] compares those who sacrifice their life to the pursuit of wealth and honours, to a man who should take his seat in a gorgeous chariot, which he knew must certainly soon carry him over a precipice. He would

[1] Letter to Mme. de Maintenon.

not, however, I feel sure, have wished to undervalue reasonable and prudent thrift. We are given sight for insight, insight for foresight.

If, when you are young, you buy what you do not want, when you are old you may have to sell what you can badly spare. We ought to live while we are young so that we may be free from debt and from pecuniary anxieties when we are old. It is well to live on yesterday's income, not on to-day's, and still less on that of to-morrow. The spendthrift of to-day is the pauper of to-morrow.

Rabelais, cynical to the last, is said to have left as his will a sealed paper, which ran as follows: "I owe much, I have nothing, the rest I leave to the poor."

If you are in business, do not be in a hurry to make money, and, above all, do not speculate. Gambling in any form is a certain road to ruin, while light gains make heavy purses. In times of prosperity do not forget that dark days are coming; in bad times it is a comfort to remember that good days will come again.

Take, again, the ownership of land. Many of our countrymen look forward the whole rest of the year to the month or two they will spend in Switzerland, at the seashore, or on the sea itself. It never occurs to them that the mountains, the foreshore, or the waves do not belong to them. The ownership of hills or valleys, of woods and fields, of rivers and lakes may bring us in rent, but cannot add to the enjoyment we may derive from them. The owner may, no doubt, have rents and profits, but not more enjoyment or interest. The lover of Nature delights in the sky by day, the moon and the stars by night, the sunrise and sunset, which no man can own.

If the host at a feast has any advantage over his guests, it is not from the dinner itself, but from the pleasure of giving it. A poor workman probably enjoys his dinner more than a rich merchant. In Paradise Adam and Eve had no luxuries, but they suffered from an undue thirst for knowledge.

Riches make men more anxious than

poverty. "Peu de biens," says a French proverb, "peu de soin."[1] Wisely used, indeed, riches may be a blessing. Riches are the servants of the wise, but the tyrants of the foolish, and chains are galling even if made of gold. No amount of wealth can satisfy the covetous man. All the treasures in the world would not make a miser happy.

"I cannot," said Bacon, "call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, 'impedimenta'; for, as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory; of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution: the rest is but conceit."[2]

When Agis was told that certain poor people envied him his wealth, "Why then," he said, "they have a double grief; they sorrow first for their own poverty, and then at my prosperity."

We sometimes hear that a man is made of

[1] "Little money, little care." [2] Bacon's *Essays*.

money; but no amount of money can make a man. Themistocles, being received as an authority who, when he was consulted whether a man should marry his daughter to a worthy poor man, or to a rich man of less approved character, said, "I certainly would rather she married a man without money, than money without a man."

CHAPTER XI

THE DREAD OF NATURE

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MANY of us regard Nature with love, gratitude, and admiration; others, unfortunately for themselves, with indifference; but it is difficult now to realise the dread of Nature which was felt in former times, and even now darkens the lives of many backward races. It was not only exceptional phenomena, such as comets and eclipses, which were regarded as mysterious warnings of coming misfortune, but even less unusual occurrences were dreaded as indications of heavenly displeasure. Thunder was the angry voice of Jupiter, storms at sea the displeasure of Neptune, winds were the ministers of other deities. But even more awful was the feeling of uncertainty.

Uncivilised man accounts for all movement

by life. Hence the worship of stones and mountains, fire and water. He thought these tremendous forces cherished a grudge against certain mortals for unintended slight or neglect. Thus Sproat mentions a mountain in Vancouver's Island which the natives were afraid to name, because if they did so they would be wrecked at sea. Many similar cases might be given.

The savage, again, and indeed even the civilised man, if uneducated, very generally believes in witchcraft. Confusing together subjective and objective phenomena, he is a prey to constant fears. Throughout Australia, among some of the Brazilian tribes, in parts of Africa, and in various other countries, natural death is regarded as an impossibility. In the New Hebrides, "when a man fell ill he knew that some sorcerer was burning his rubbish; and shell-trumpets, which could be heard for miles, were blown to signal to the sorcerers to stop, and wait for the presents which would be sent next morning. Night after night, Mr. Turner used to hear the melancholy too-tooing of the shells,

entreating the wizards to stop plaguing their victims."[1]

As regards pictures, the most curious fancies exist among savage races. They have a very general dislike to be represented, thinking that the artist thereby acquires some mysterious power over them. Kane on one occasion freed himself from some importunate Indians by threatening to draw them if they did not go away. I have already mentioned (*Origin of Civilisation*) the danger in which Catling found himself from sketching a chief in profile, and thereby, as it was supposed, depriving him of half his face. So, again, a mysterious connection was imagined to exist between a cut lock of hair and the person to whom it belonged. In various parts of the world the sorcerer gets clippings of the hair of his enemy, parings of his nails, or leavings of his food, convinced that whatever evil is done to these will react on their former owner. Even a piece of clothing or the ground on which a person has trodden

[1] *Prehistoric Times*; Tylor, *loc. cit.*; Turner's *Polynesia*, etc.

will answer the purpose, and among some tribes the mere knowledge of a person's name is supposed to give a mysterious power.

The Indians of British Columbia have a great horror of telling their names. Among the Algonquins a person's real name is communicated only to his nearest relations and dearest friends; the outer world address him by a kind of nickname. Thus the true name of La Belle Sauvage was not Pocahontas, but Matokes, which they were afraid to communicate to the English. In some tribes these name-fancies take a different form. According to Ward, it is an unpardonable sin in some parts of India for a woman to mention the name of her husband. The Kaffirs have a similar custom, and so have some East African tribes. In many parts of the world the names of the dead are avoided with superstitious horror. This is the case in great parts of North and South America, in Siberia, among the Papuans and Australians, and even in Shetland, where it is said that widows are very reluctant to mention their departed

husbands.[1] Savages never know but that by some apparently unimportant action they may not be placing themselves in the power of some terrible enemy; and it is not too much to say that the horrible dread of the unknown hangs like a dark cloud over savage life, and embitters every pleasure. The mental sufferings which they thus undergo, the horrible tortures which they sometimes inflict on themselves, and the crimes which they are led to commit, are melancholy in the extreme.

But this dread of Nature was not confined to savage or barbarous tribes. "The Romans were always conscious of a thrill of fear in presence of anything unknown, anything which had no well-defined nature or consciousness. Everywhere they saw something full of mystery, and experienced a vague kind of horror, which led them to feign the existence of something irrational, which was reverenced as a kind of higher being. The Greeks, on the contrary, made everything clear, and constructed a beautiful

[1] *Prehistoric Times.*

and brilliant set of myths, which covered all the relations of life and Nature."[1]

The real name of Rome is said to have been Valentia, but this was kept secret lest the possession of the name should give the magicians of their enemies some occult power over the city, and Valerius Soranus was condemned to death, and executed, for having betrayed it.

Until quite recently the stars and planets were supposed to exercise a mysterious, and often maleficent, influence over human life; an influence from which the unfortunate victim had no means of freeing himself.

In the Middle Ages Nature spirits were regarded as often mischievous, and apt to take offence; sometimes as essentially malevolent —even the most beautiful, like the Venus of Tannhäuser, being often on that very account all the more dangerous; while the mountains and forests, the lakes and seas, were the abodes of hideous ghosts, and horrible monsters, of giants and ogres, sorcerers and demons. These fears, though vague, were none the

[1] Hegel's *Philosophy of Religion.*

less extreme, and the judicial records of the Middle Ages furnish only too conclusive evidence that they were, indeed, a terrible reality. There was a widespread idea, believed in, for instance, by James the First, that by melting little wax images on which a person's name was written, the person indicated might be himself destroyed. The light of science has now happily dispelled these fearful nightmares.

Mountain scenery, now our delight and admiration, filled our forefathers with gloom, or even horror. Leonardo Bruni, for example, relating his crossing of the Arlberg, exclaims: "A horror and awe seize me when I observe these fearful masses of mountains and rocks, and even now I cannot think of them without dread."[1] Master John de Bremble, monk of Christchurch, Canterbury, who crossed the Great Saint Bernard, on his way to Rome, in 1188, was moved not only to horror, but to prayer. "Lord, I said"—so he wrote to Sub-Prior Geoffrey—"restore me to my brethren that I may tell them that they come

[1] Quoted by Leslie Stephen in *The Playground of Europe*.

not to this place of torment." Leslie Stephen, in his work on the Alps, gives many other striking illustrations.

Moreover, even when there was no actual dread, there was often an entire want of appreciation. The old masters knew little of landscape. Their flowers and trees, and even their mountains, are more or less conventional.

When Madame de Staël was taken to Chamouni, Mallet d'Hauteville tells us that she came back hastily and indignant, wanting to know what crime she had had to expiate by a visit to such a terrible country. On another occasion she said to Molé: "I would not take the trouble to open my window to get my first view of the Bay of Naples, whereas I would willingly travel five hundred leagues to converse with a man of talent unknown to me."

Nicole, in his *Essais de morale*, asserts, as if it were obvious in itself, that no one ever made a garden for his own enjoyment, they are all for show and ostentation.

Goldsmith preferred the scenery of Holland

to that of Scotland, where he complained that the rocks and mountains, by their deformities, obstructed the view of the unfortunate traveller. Dr. Johnson thought that the road to England was the most beautiful sight in Scotland.

Gilpin, in his work on the mountains and lakes of Cumberland (1788), considers that Lake Windermere was "admirably characterised by Mr. Avison as beauty lying in the lap of horror," and says that "the eye is hurt with too many tops of mountains, which injure the ideas of simplicity and grandeur," though he admits that, seen from a distance, "the wild mountains, which were so ill-massed, and of a kind so unaccommodating to landscape, lose their monstrous features, losing their deformity, assume a softness which naturally belongs not to them."[1]

But fully to appreciate mountain scenery we must not only admire it as a poet, but know something of it as a man of science. "Erst dann," says Theobald, "haben wir ein Berg gekannt, wenn sein Inneres durchsichtig

[1] *The Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland.*

wie Glas vor unserm geistigem Auge erscheint."[1]

Moreover, there are many who seem to overlook instead of look; to go through life with their eyes shut; to have eyes and see not, like Peter Bell.

> He roved among the vales and streams,
> In the green wood and hollow dell;
> They were his dwellings night and day,—
> But Nature ne'er could find the way
> Into the heart of Peter Bell.[2]

Tennyson was not, I think, as correct as usual in stigmatising Nature as "red in tooth and claw." This was surely an uncalled-for criticism. Is there really so much suffering in Nature? I think not. A violent death, as those of animals generally are, involves less suffering than a lingering illness. Moreover, the love of life and the horror of death seem clear proof that in life there is, to say the least, a balance of happiness. We speak with horror of a violent death. All death is violent; but sudden death, which is

[1] "We do not really know a mountain until its inner structure is as clear as crystal to our mental eye."

[2] Wordsworth.

the usual lot of animals, is far from painful. Of this we have good evidence. When Livingstone was mauled by a lion he tells us: "I was on a little hillock; the lion leapt on to my shoulder, and we fell together to the ground. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which a mouse feels after the first shake by the cat. It was a sort of dreamy condition, in which there was neither sensation of pain nor feeling of terror, although I was absolutely conscious of all that was taking place. Fear did not exist for me, and I could look at the animal without horror. This particular state is probably produced in all animals killed by carnivora."

Whymper, describing his fall from the top of the Matterhorn, says that he was conscious of what was happening, and counted every bump, but "felt no pain. What is even more remarkable is, that my bounds through space were not at all disagreeable; however, if the distance had been a little more considerable, I believe I should completely have lost consciousness; therefore I am convinced that death, when caused by a fall from a consider-

able height, is one of the least painful which one can undergo."[1]

Another common form of death—that by drowning—is also comparatively painless. Here I can speak from personal experience, having on one occasion practically lost consciousness, and therefore gone through what suffering there was.

Animals, I presume, do not suffer from anxiety, and on the whole they have, I believe, in their lives, much joy and pleasure, with comparatively little suffering. We are indebted for this comforting reflection mainly to science. Among its innumerable benefits we owe to it our appreciation and enjoyment of Nature. In fact, we have not only been relieved from the terrible dread of magical powers, but been endowed with that love of Nature which is one of the greatest blessings in life we owe to science.

[1] Deshumbert, *Ethics of Nature.*

CHAPTER XII

THE LOVE OF NATURE

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If spring came but once in a lifetime; if the sun rose and set once in a year instead of once in a day; if a rainbow appeared once in a century; if flowers were as rare as rubies, and dew-drops as diamonds,—how wonderful they would seem, how they would astonish and delight us!

We undervalue them because they are lavished on us. The very word "common" most improperly implies some disparagement. If we trained our minds properly in the appreciation of beauty, we should, on the contrary, wonder at and admire them all the more. Goethe observes that if a rainbow lasts for a quarter of an hour no one looks at it any longer. The commonest things are the best and most necessary:

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

As Sir Walter Scott said, "Nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is uncommon."

Flowers are marvellous in the inexhaustible variety of form and colour which

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.[1]

Moreover, the innumerable devices by which they fulfil their great functions are most interesting.

The very names of plants are themselves delightful, and suggest delightful ideas; they seem redolent of delicious and aromatic scents; they are bright with colour, pink and rose and violet, orange and lemon; they suggest nymphs and graces, elves and fairies. In times of trouble or anxiety the lover of trees will often feel with Tennyson that

The woods were filled so full of song
There seemed no room for sense of wrong.

Cicero seems to have thought that admiration

[1] Shakespeare.

of mountain beauty could only be accounted for by the love of home. It is possible, he admits, to take a delight even "in the very mountainous and woody scenery, if we have long dwelt in it." How much truer is the view of Tennyson :

> How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair,
> Was Monte Rosa, hanging there
> A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys
> And snowy dells in a golden air.

Ruskin also speaks of "the precipice which has submitted to no modulation of the torrent, and the peak which has bowed itself to no terror of the storm." Wisely are we told that we should lift up our "eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help." Indeed, if we owe much to men of science we owe much also to poets for our appreciation of Nature. "The feeding of the rivers and the purifying of the winds are the least of the services appointed to the hills. To fill the thirst of the human heart for the beauty of God's working, to startle its lethargy with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment, are their higher missions. They are as a great and

noble architecture; first giving shelter, comfort, and rest; and covered also with mighty sculpture and painted legend."[1]

The sky, again, affords those who know how to see, an inexhaustible object of wonder, admiration, and delight. By day we cannot admire too much the brilliance and magnificence of the sun, which, moreover, seems to grow greater and more beautiful as it approaches the horizon; and yet when it has finally set, when the moon rises in all her exquisite beauty, and the whole heaven sparkles with innumerable stars, we see that the sun hides even more than it reveals. Night reveals much which is invisible by day.

> Soon as the evening shades prevail,
> The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
> And nightly to the listening earth,
> Repeats the story of her birth;
> While all the stars that round her burn
> And all the planets in their turn
> Confirm the tidings as they roll,
> And spread the truth from pole to pole.[2]

The night seems made for peace and rest.

[1] Ruskin. [2] Addison.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.[1]

"If," says St. Basil, "on a clear night you have fixed your gaze upon the beauty of the stars, and then suddenly turned to thoughts of the artist of the universe, whoever he be, who has adorned the sky so wonderfully with these undying flowers, and has so planned it that the beauty of the spectacle is not less than its conformity to law . . . if the finite and perishable world is so beautiful, what must the infinite and invisible be?" It has been said that "the heavens declare the glory of God, but do not tell us of His goodness." I cannot agree; they do both. "He biddeth His chamberlain, the morning breeze, spread out the emerald carpet of the earth, and commandeth His nurses, the clouds, to foster in earth's cradle the tender herbage, and clotheth the trees with a garment of green leaves, and at the approach of spring crowneth the young branches with wreaths of blossoms; and by His power the juice of the cane becometh

[1] Shakespeare.

exquisite honey, and the date-seed by His nurture a lofty tree." [1]

> Then, I cried, these worlds of wonder
> Are the end of Nature ?
> Nay,
> In the deep abysses yonder,
> Others measurelessly grander
> Lie beyond them far away.
> Those which thou hast deemed the grandest
> Are but motes to such as they.

Wordsworth did not show his usual good sense when he said :

> Enough of science and of art ;
> Close up those barren leaves ;
> Come forth and bring with you a heart
> That watches and receives.

He need not have gone out of his way to attack artists and men of science. They will not be provoked, I am sure, into retaliation, but will cordially agree with Sedgwick when in a letter to Wordsworth he said : "You, sir, have told us of 'the mighty voice of the mountains,' and have interpreted its language, and made it the delight of thousands ; and in ages yet unborn the same voice will cheer the

[1] Sadi.

kindly aspirations of the heart, and minister to the exaltation of our better nature. But there is another 'mighty voice' muttered in the dark recesses of the earth, not like the dismal sounds of the Lebadean cave, but the voice of wisdom, of inspiration, and of gladness, telling us of things unseen by vulgar eyes: of the mysteries of creation, of the records of God's will in countless ages before man's being, of a spirit breathing over matter before a living soul was placed within it, of laws as unchangeable as the oracles of nature, of harmonies then in preparation, but far nobler now that they are the ministers of thought and the instruments of intellectual joy, and to have their full consummation only in the end of time, when all the bonds of matter shall be cast away, and there shall begin the reign of knowledge and universal love."[1] So that we cannot but feel, "Lord! how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all." "L'univers est le temple, et la terre est l'autel."[2] The open air is

[1] Sedgwick, Letter to Wordsworth, *Scenery of the Lakes*, p. 54.

[2] "The universe is his temple, and the earth his altar" (Lamartine).

not a cure for the body only but for the mind also.

We seem to be on the threshold of great discoveries. There is no single substance in Nature the properties of which are fully known to us. There is no animal or plant which would not well repay, I do not say merely the attention of an hour, but even the devotion of a lifetime. I often grieve to think how much happiness our fellow-countrymen lose from their ignorance of science.

Man, we know, is born to sorrow and suffering, but he is not born to be dull, and no one with any interest in science could ever be. If any one is ever dull it is his own fault. Every wood, every field, every garden, every stream, every pond, is full of interest for those who have eyes to see. No one would sit and drink in a public-house if he knew how delightful it was to sit and think in a field; no one would seek excitement in gambling and betting if he knew how much more interesting science is. Science never ruined any one, but is a sort of fairy godmother, ready to shower on us all

manner of good gifts if we will only let her. In mediæval fairy tales the nature spirits occasionally fell in love with some peculiarly attractive mortal, and endowed their favourite with splendid presents. Nature will do all this, and more, for any one who loves her. Nature, moreover, is not only a fairy godmother, not only a revelation of beauty, but a guide and a teacher. We are told by Fielding in his charming book, *The Soul of a People*, that Buddha "went into the forest to look for truth. . . . He left mankind and went to Nature for help."

To Ruskin the love of beauty was almost a religion, and I need not say how much he has done to educate others to enjoy it. He strongly opposes the statement by Schiller, in his letter on æsthetic culture, that the sense of beauty never furthered the performance of a single duty. "Although this gross and inconceivable falsity will hardly be accepted by any one in so many words, seeing that . . . it is not possible for a Christian man to walk across so much as a rod of the natural earth with mind unagitated and

rightly poised, without receiving strength and hope from stone, flower, leaf, or sound."

"It is to be noted, also, that it ministered as much to luxury as to pride. Not to luxury of the eye; that is a holy luxury: Nature ministers to that in her painted meadows, and sculptured forests, and gilded heavens; the Gothic builder ministered to that in his twisted traceries, and deep-wrought foliage, and burning casements." [1]

Nature fills the heart not only with joy and wonder, but with gratitude; and however we may differ in politics, in theology, in science, in our views and ideas of life, we all join in the delight of spring and the glory of summer. The spring seems to bring us fresh life.

> And then our heart with pleasure fills,
> And dances with the daffodils.[2]

Yet how many men come into the world and go out of it again without the least idea what sort of a world it is.

Charles Lamb did not, of course, intend to be taken seriously when he wrote to Words-

[1] *Stones of Venice.* [2] Wordsworth.

worth: "Oh, let no native Londoner imagine that health and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it."

Keats was surely more wisely inspired when he wrote:

> To one who has been long in city pent,
> 'Tis very sweet to gaze into the fair
> And open face of heaven, to breathe a prayer
> Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

But, unfortunately, so many screens interpose between us and Nature, between man and truth! There are the humours of the eye, the structure of the retina, the nerves, the brain, the air, dust, rain, the state of our digestion, of our health, of our circulation,—in short, of our body, and still more of our mind. Heraclitus said that man could never bathe twice in the same river, nor can the river twice receive the same man.

The more that we study Nature, the more

we shall enjoy it, the more we shall realise the beauty and interest, the complexity and perfection of the world in which we live. It is, indeed, astonishing that Rousseau can say in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*: "Il n'y a rien de beau que ce qui n'est pas."[1] Surely the opposite would be truer and more grateful. Some things are more beautiful than others, but all Nature is beautiful. It is only man who makes things ugly, even sometimes when copying what is beautiful.

"All the purposes," says Ruskin, "of good which we saw that the beauty of Nature would accomplish may be better fulfilled by the meanest of His realities than by the brightest of imitations."

Reflections are, as a rule, more beautiful than the objects themselves; and the more we reflect, the more beautiful the universe will appear. We cannot, indeed, I think, imagine any world more beautiful — any world, in Martineau's words, "more sanctifying than our own. There is none, so far as we can tell, under the more immediate touch of God;

[1] "There is nothing beautiful except what does not exist."

and none whence sublimer deeps are open to adoration; none murmuring with the whisper of more thrilling affections or ennobled as the theatre of more glorious duties."[1] "Broad, indeed," said the Emperor Akbar, "is the carpet which God has spread, and beautiful the colours which He has given it."[2] "L'année," says Joubert, "est une couronne qui se compose de fleurs, d'épis, de fruits et d'herbes sèches." In spring "the swallows bring sunbeams on their wings from Africa to fill the fields with flowers."[3]

Some painters have been accused of decking Nature in too brilliant colours. No doubt she knows when to be splendid, and when soberer and tenderer tints are more appropriate. But no artist can rival the colours of Nature. Those of heraldry, said Hamerton, are "good enough for the splendour of lordly pride, but not good enough for one wreath of perishing cloud, nor one feather in a wild duck's wing."

In the *Life* of Sir W. Napier, by his daughter, we are told that Sir Edward

[1] *Endeavours after the Christian Life.* [2] Akbar. [3] Jefferies.

Codrington once, in a conversation at sea, criticised the colouring of Turner, and denied that such brilliant hues ever occurred in Nature. "My father," she says, "looked round, and, pointing with his hand to the sea towards the east, said, 'Look here.' . . . As every little ripple rose it was a triangle of burning crimson sheen from the red sunset light upon it, of a brilliancy not even Turner himself could equal in his most highly coloured picture. The whole broad sea was a blaze of those burning crimson triangles, all playing into each other, and just parting and showing their forms again as the miniature billows rose and fell. 'Well, well!' said Sir Edward, 'I suppose I must give up the reds, but what will you say to his yellows? Surely they are beyond everything!' 'Look there!' said my father, pointing to the sea on the western side of our boat, between us and the setting sun—every triangular wave there, as the ripples rose, was in a yellow flame, as bright as the other was red, and glittering like millions of topaz lights. Sir Edward Codrington laughed kindly and admiringly, and said, 'Well! I

must give in, I have no more to say; you and Turner have observed Nature more closely than I have.'"

Madame de Sévigné, in one of her charming letters, tells her daughter that she had gone down into the country to spend the beautiful days of autumn, and say adieu to the leaves. "They are still on the trees, and have only changed colour; instead of being green they have the colours of sunrise, and of several kinds of sunrise; they form a rich and magnificent brocade of gold. Too often," she continues, "we look at such scenes as if we were walking blind; not knowing where we go, or why we are going; taking for evil that which is good, and for good that which is evil, and living really in absolute ignorance."

Every season of the year and every hour of the day has a beauty of its own, and yet now and then some effect seems to stand out with special brilliance or loveliness.

> It seemed as if the hour were one
> Sent from beyond the skies,
> Which scattered from beyond the sun
> A light of Paradise.[1]

[1] Shelley.

Almost all children are born with a love of natural history, which generally takes the form of making a collection. Far be it from me to underrate the pleasure and interest of collecting. Indeed, a museum is in many branches of Nature-knowledge almost a necessary preliminary to study. But a collection is a means to an end, not an end in itself. It is like a library, necessary for study, but useless unless studied,—unless the books are read. Moreover, we have all access to the great National and other museums. Still, private collections are in many ways useful, but not, of course, unless they are used. Moreover, if I confine my remarks to natural history, plants lose half their interest when they are gathered, animals when they are killed.

In the streets and toyshops many ingenious puzzles are sold in which children, and even grown-up people, often find great interest and amusement. What are these puzzles and problems to those which Nature offers us, without charging even a penny? These are innumerable.

Take geography and biology alone :—

Why are there mountains in Wales and the Lake district?

What determined the course of the Thames?

Why are the Cotswolds steep on the north-west and with a gentle slope on the south-east?

What are the relations between the North and South Downs?

How did the Thames cut the Goring Gap, and the Medway that through the Chalk ridge?

What is the age of the English Channel?

Why are so many of our Midland meadows thrown into ridges and furrows?

Why is Scotland intersected by lines at right angles?

Why are some Scotch lochs so deep?

Why have beeches triangular seeds, and sycamores spherical seeds?

Why are beech leaves oval and pointed, and sycamore leaves palmate?

Why are beech leaves entire, and oak leaves cut into rounded bays?

Why has the Spanish chestnut long, sword-shaped leaves?

Why have some willows broad leaves, and others narrow leaves?

Why do some flowers sleep by day, and others by night?

Why do flowers sleep at all?

Why have so many flowers five petals, and why are so many tubular?

Why are white and light-yellow flowers so generally sweet-scented?

Why are tigers striped, leopards spotted, lions brown, sheep grey, and so many caterpillars green?

Why are some caterpillars so brightly coloured?

Why are fish dark above and pale below?

Why do soles have both eyes on one side?

Why are gulls' eggs more or less pointed, and owls' eggs round?

To those who have eyes to see, Nature suggests thousands of similar problems. Some few we can answer, but the vast majority still remain unexplained.

May I indicate a few subjects of inquiry, confining my suggestions to points which require no elaborate instruments, no appreciable expenditure? Many people keep pets, but how few study them. Descartes regarded all animals as unconscious automata; Huxley thought the matter doubtful; my own experiments and observations have led me to the conclusion that they have a little dose of reason, though some good naturalists still deny it. I have often been told that dogs are as intelligent as human beings, but when I have asked whether any dog yet realised that 2 and 2 make 4, the answer is doubtful. Does a dog or an elephant derive any pleasure from a

beautiful view? The whole question of the consciousness and intelligence of animals requires careful study.

Take again the life-history of animals. There is scarcely one which is fully known to us. Really I might say not one, for some of the most interesting discoveries of recent years have been made in respect to some of our commonest animals. The life-history of eels was quite unknown until a few years ago. Some of the commonest animals are also among the most beautiful.

Coming now to plants, any one who has given a thought to the subject will admit how many problems are opened up by flowers. But leaves and seeds are almost equally interesting. There is a reason for everything in this world, and there must be some cause for the different forms of leaves. In Ruskin's vivid words, "they take all kinds of strange shapes, as if to invite us to examine them. Star-shaped, heart-shaped, spear-shaped, arrow-shaped, fretted, fringed, cleft, furrowed, serrated, sinuated, in whorls, in tufts, in spires, in wreaths, endlessly expressive, decep-

tive, fantastic, never the same from foot-stalk to blossom, they seem perpetually to tempt our watchfulness and take delight in out-stepping our wonder."

Some of these differences, indeed, have been explained; but for those in the leaves of ferns, for instance, sea-weeds, and many others, no satisfactory suggestion, so far as I know, has yet been offered.

Look again at fruits and seeds, what beauty both of form and colour, and what infinite variety! Even in nearly allied species, in our common wild geraniums, veronicas, forget-me-nots, etc., no two species have seeds which are identical in size, form, or texture of surface. In fact, the problems which every field and wood, every common and hedgerow, every pond and stream, offer us are endless and most interesting. But the scientific and intellectual interests are only a part of the charm of Nature. The æsthetic pleasure to be gained is very great. How much our life owes to the beauty of flowers!

How little we realise of the commonest plants and animals till some seer reveals them

to us. Take Ruskin's charming picture[1] of the squirrel. There is no animal "so beautiful, so happy, so wonderful, as the squirrel. Innocent in all his ways, harmless in his food, playful as a kitten, but without cruelty, and surpassing the fantastic dexterity of the monkey, with the grace and the brightness of a bird, the little dark-eyed miracle of the forest glances from branch to branch more like a sunbeam than a living creature; it leaps and darts, and twines, where it will; a chamois is slow to it, and a panther clumsy; grotesque as a gnome, gentle as a fairy, delicate as the silken plumes of a rush, beautiful and strong like the spiral of a fern; it haunts you, listens for you, hides from you, looks for you, loves you, as if the angel that walks with your children had made it himself for their heavenly plaything." Or take his vivid description of the serpent: "That rivulet of smooth silver—how does it flow, think you? It literally rows on the earth, with every scale for an oar; it bites the dust with the ridges of its body. Watch it when it moves slowly: a wave, but

[1] *Deucalion.*

without a wind! a current, but with no fall! all the body moving at the same instant, yet some of it to one side, some to another, or some forward, and the rest of the coil backwards; but all with the same calm will and equal way—no contraction, no extension; one soundless, causeless march of sequent rings, and spectral procession of spotted dust, with dissolution in its fangs, dislocation in its coils. Startle it; the winding stream will become a twisted arrow; the wave of poisoned life will lash through the grass like a cast lance. It scarcely breathes with its one lung (the other shrivelled and abortive); it is passive to the sun and shade, and is cold or hot like a stone; yet, it can out-climb the monkey, outswim the fish, out-leap the zebra, out-wrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger. It is a divine hieroglyph of the demoniac power of the earth, of the entire earthly nature. As the bird is the clothed power of the air, so this is the clothed power of the dust; as the bird is the symbol of the spirit of life, so this is of the grasp and sting of death." [1]

[1] Ruskin, *The Queen of the Air.*

To the wise and good Nature is divine, but to understand her we must love her, we must feel that we are one with her. People often talk of the supernatural. This is, no doubt, mainly a matter of definition. To me, Nature is all-sufficient and all-covering. Much, at least, of what many regard as supernatural is really either natural or non-existent. Whatever exists is part of Nature. It is not that those who hold these views wish to lower the so-called supernatural, but that those who hold the opposite opinion seem to us to limit and lower Nature. Nature is infinite. Every fresh discovery reveals new sources of wonder; every problem that is solved opens others. The telescope and microscope create for us new worlds; the spectroscope has answered questions which Comte thought were obviously beyond the range of human ken.

Certainly naturalists ought to be cheerful, unless there is something peculiarly sad or painful in the individual lot.

The ancients looked upon the earth as something unique, the centre of the universe;

we know that it is a small planet, revolving round a small star, one of the many millions of heavenly bodies; and yet what infinite mysteries it comprises, what immeasurable problems it opens up, with what innumerable beauties it is adorned. It may be true, as Rousseau asserts, that "Le monde réel a ses bornes, le monde imaginaire est infini";[1] but the limits of the universe, if, indeed, there are limits, are at a distance so immense as to be virtually non-existent. Not only, indeed, our comparatively little earth, but the several parts and particles of it, even the motes in the sunbeam, are practically infinite. Our senses are marvellous, but yet we really do not know that we are not living, like the blind reptiles of some great cave, in the midst of wonders and beauties which we have no organs of sense to perceive.

We are apt to think that every one recognises beauty when he sees it, but that is a complete mistake. Many stand both blind and deaf in the great temple of Nature. In the whole of classical literature there are

[1] "The real world has its bounds, imagination is infinite."

hardly any references to the sublime and transcendent beauty of sunsets, which is all the more remarkable from the pre-eminent place which, according to Max Müller and other great authorities, the dawn held in the origin and development of Aryan mythology.

Goldwin Smith denied that the lily of the field was more beautiful than Solomon in all his glory.

Lewis Cornaro, who lived to be over a hundred, and wrote his *Earnest Exhortation to a Sober Life* when he was ninety-one, attributed his wonderful health to his temperance and moderation. He enjoyed, moreover, he said, not only one, but "two lives; one terrestrial, which I possess in fact, the other celestial, which I possess in thought." But he tells us: "I never knew till I grew old that the world was beautiful." Even the Greeks, with all their keen sense of beauty in art, do not seem to have appreciated the still more exquisite beauty of Nature. And yet though none of us can fully realise, and few, indeed, can even feebly recognise, the wonder and beauty of the world in which it is our privilege

to live, still to many of us one look up to Heaven—the blue sky, or the brilliant stars —one glimpse of a lake or sea, one view up to or down from a mountain, and the dust of the highway of life vanishes away. That must, indeed, be a dark perplexity or a grievous pain which a fine day in the open air will not do much to lighten or relieve.

The benefit does not cease with the day. This is not a case in which, to use Thomas à Kempis' words, we have to think "not of the lover's gift, but of the giver's love." It may be true, as Wordsworth tells us, that

> Nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower.

Still memory is much, and reflection has a special beauty of its own.

Indeed, how any one with eyes in his head can ever be dull, is a mystery. The Emperor Akbar well said that "broad indeed is the carpet which God has spread, and beautiful the colours which He has given it."

Nature is most beautiful where she has been left to herself, in places which man

has neither arranged nor deranged. My old friend, W. R. Greg, wrote one of his charming essays *On the Special Beauty of Ruin and Decay.* It is not, however, the ruin and decay in themselves, but that the touch of Nature embellishes and glorifies even the most noble productions of man.

Moreover, the beauty of Nature is in itself indestructible. "If no positive deformity or discordance be substituted or superinduced, such is the benignity of Nature, that, take away from her beauty after beauty, and ornament after ornament, her appearance cannot be marred—the scars, if any be left, will gradually disappear before a healing spirit, and what remains will still be soothing and pleasing."[1]

Suppose that one of us had a rich gallery of pictures and sculpture by the greatest masters, which he never looked at; or a library of the best books, which he never opened; what should we think? What should we think of him! But the marvellous works of Nature are open to us all; they

[1] Wordsworth, *The Scenery of the Lakes.*

are more marvellous, more beautiful, than any works of man, and yet how few appreciate or enjoy them.

"To a person uninstructed in natural history," said Huxley, "his country or sea-side stroll is a walk through a gallery filled with wonderful works of art, nine-tenths of which have their faces turned to the wall. Teach him something of natural history, and you place in his hands a catalogue of those which are worth turning round. Surely our innocent pleasures are not so abundant in this life that we can afford to despise this, or any other source of them."

Stesichorus, in the old story, was deprived of eyesight because he did not appreciate the beauty of Nature. Many people, though they have eyes, fail to use them. They have eyes and see not.

Naturalists pre-eminently recognise how intensely the reverent study of Nature has added, and will add, to the happiness of life. We are devoted to the country—to *our* country of course, but especially to *the* country. It appeals not only to our senses, but to our

reason. One of the main charms of Nature is the great mystery of existence. Matter, it seems, is not material after all, but movement. "La matière," says Joubert, "est un apparence: tout est peu, et rien est beaucoup."[1] And yet every stone is a problem, or rather a series of problems. Every flower is a marvel, every animal a miracle, and man himself the greatest of all; we know little about the body, still less about the mind, and least of all what is the relation of the body to the mind; and yet they make you and me.

In this world of storm and stress, of wars and rumours of wars, of Parliamentary elections and political excitement, the study of Nature brings peace to the heart. Thomas à Kempis tells us that he had sought everywhere for peace, but found it not, save in a little nook (his cell) and a little book. He did not, however, try the study of Nature.

"Nature," said Goethe, "has placed me in this world, she will also lead me out of it. I

[1] "Matter is but an appearance: all is little, and nothing is much."

trust myself to her. She may do with me as she pleases. She will not hate her work. I did not speak of her. No! what is true and what is false, she has spoken it all. Everything is *her* fault, everything is *her* merit."[1]

Books afford us practically inexhaustible treasures of interest, which no doubt take some finding; but the splendid secrets of Nature, as Shelley tells us, she will not disclose to those who cannot question well—still less to those who do not love her well.

Music and literature are sources of pure and intense enjoyment. But naturalists rejoice in the glorious faith that Nature truly is

> Better than all measures
> Of delightful sound,
> Better than all treasures
> That in books are found.

In the troubles and sorrows of life, science does much to soothe, comfort, and console. If we contemplate the immeasurable lapse of time indicated by geology, the almost infinitely small and quite infinitely complex and beautiful structures rendered visible by the

[1] *Maxims.*

microscope, or the depths of space revealed by the telescope, we cannot but be carried out of ourselves.

We see so little and know so little that we can form no adequate conception of the wonderful world in which we live, but the little we do see and know convinces us how glorious and wonderful the whole must be.

"A man," said Seneca, "can hardly lift up his eyes towards the heavens without wonder and veneration to see so many millions of radiant lights, and to observe their courses and revolutions." The stars, indeed, if we study them, will not only guide us over the wide waters of the ocean, but what is even more important, light us through the dark hours which all must expect. The study of Nature, indeed, is not only most important from a practical and material point of view, and not only most interesting, but will also do much to lift us above the petty troubles and help us to bear the greater sorrows of life.

We live in an exciting, busy, beautiful, and delightful world, full of interest and promise; beyond and all round in the far distance lies

a vast, silent, and shadowy region, awful, mysterious, and to which we can imagine no limits, but as long as we keep the mind active, the heart pure, and the home happy and bright with confidence and love, the mystery of the universe will have no terrors, and the spirit of peace will dwell with us.

CHAPTER XIII

NOW

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NOW

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.—PROVERBS.

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

THE past is gone, the future may never come, the present is our own.

"Now," says Thomas à Kempis in *The Imitation of Christ*—

> Now is the time to act,
> Now is the time to fight,
> Now is the time to make myself a better man.
> If to-day you are not ready,
> Will you be to-morrow?

To-morrow, moreover, may never come so far as you are concerned.

Do not act as if you had a thousand years

to live. Delay is always dangerous. What is well begun is half done. What is once put off is more difficult than before. Even

> Youth is not rich in time ; it may be poor ;
> Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay
> No moment but in purchase of its worth ;
> And what its worth, ask death-beds—they can tell.

Even the years of Methuselah came to an end at last.

> Pulvis et umbra sumus.
> Quis scit an adiciant hodiernae crastina summae
> Tempora di superi ?[1]

"Seize your opportunity," was the advice of Pittacus, and one reason why he was counted among the seven wise men of Greece.

> A little fire is quickly trodden out,
> Which being suffered, rivers cannot quench.[2]

As a more homely proverb has it, "A stitch in time saves nine."

Thrift of time is as important as, or rather more important than, that of money. The Bible urges this over and over again. "Teach me to number my days," said Moses. "Make me to know mine end, and the measure of

[1] "We are but shade and dust. Who knows whether the gods above will add to-morrow to the days already past?" (Horace).

[2] Shakespeare.

my days," said David. "Sufficient to the day," said Christ, "is the evil thereof"—sufficient, but not intolerable.

Many are the proverbs inculcating prompt action and deprecating delay. "Strike while the iron is hot"; "Make hay while the sun shines"; and many more.

> If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly.[1]

The exhortations to make the most of the present moment are innumerable. Many are more or less melancholy:

> All pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
> Or like the snowfalls on the river,
> A moment white—then melts for ever.[2]

And again:

PEU DE CHOSE

La vie est vaine:
  Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine . . .
  Et puis—bon jour!

La vie est brève:
  Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve . . .
  Et puis—bon soir!

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[1] Shakespeare, *Henry VI.* [2] Burns.

"The world's a bubble," says Bacon, "and the life of man less than a span."

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain
Thou art gone, and for ever.[1]

It is no doubt true that life is short. "Genesis goes before, and Exodus is the next."[2] All the more reason for making the most of it. For

What are past or future joys?
The present is our own.
And he is wise who best employs
The passing hour alone.[3]

Our Anglican divines urge this very strongly.

"Enjoy the blessings," says Jeremy Taylor, "of this day if God send them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to the morrow. He, therefore, that enjoys the present, if it be good, enjoys as much as is possible, and if only that day's trouble leans upon him, it is singular and finite."

[1] Scott. [2] Purchas, *Microcosmus*.
[3] Bishop Heber, translation from Pindar.

"If a man," said Bishop Fuller, "chance to die young, yet he lives long that lives well; a time misspent is not lived but lost."[1] Moreover, if you lose any of your time, you will hardly find it again. Yet while all men cling to life, many are often dull and at a loss what to do with their time. Do not be in a hurry to settle what to do, but when once you have made up your mind, begin without delay, so that you may be able to finish without hurry.

> Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
> To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.[2]

Archias, Governor of Thebes in the fourth century B.C., received one day a letter of warning, but put it on one side, saying, "Business to-morrow," and lost his life in consequence. Lord Chesterfield said that the Duke of Newcastle lost an hour in the morning and spent the rest of the day looking for it. It is important to arrange every day so as to dovetail duties as well as we can. If we do not, much valuable time is lost, and though it is really altogether our own fault, we are apt to

[1] *Holy and Profane State.* [2] Congreve.

complain, with Benjamin Constant: "How I lose my time! what an unarrangeable life mine is!"[1] We have it, indeed, on the highest authority that "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."[2]

Life is not only short, but uncertain. We are not only ignorant what the morrow may bring forth, but whether for us there may be any morrow at all. Baxter, referring to one of his sermons, says:

> I preached as never sure to preach again,
> And as a dying man to dying men.

When we have a number of duties to perform it is sometimes difficult to know where to begin. Perhaps the best rule is to take the most unpleasant first. What is disagreeable in prospect is often pleasant to look back on. Youth has been compared to a garland of roses, age to a crown of thorns. Shakespeare expresses the general feeling, perhaps, when he tells us that

> Youth is full of pleasure,
> Age is full of care!
> Youth, I do adore thee;
> Age, I do abhor thee!

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[1] *Journal intime.* [2] 2 Cor. vi. 2.

In youth, however, it may be natural to be anxious. They have had little experience of the world; if, unfortunately, they have not good guidance, they may make great mistakes; life is before them; if they are rash and unwise in a moment of haste, they may bring on themselves years of trouble. In old age, on the other hand, if we have been wise when young, we have friends, we have earned our rest, and misfortunes cannot affect us long. We may have cares for others, for our country, for those who are near and dear to us, but surely not for ourselves!

Time is kind to those who use it well. As Joubert says, "Il détruit tout, avec lenteur; il mine, il use, il déracine, il détache, et n'arrache pas."[1] Too many, however, so arrange their life that it is like a day that breaks in beauty and ends in storm.

A reason is sometimes given which, considering the source from which it comes, seems somewhat surprising. Thus Solomon is often quoted as saying, "Whatsoever thy hand

[1] "It works gently, it undermines, it wears away, it draws up, it detaches, but does not tear away" (*Pensées*).

findeth to do, do it with thy might"; but the reason he gives is generally omitted: "for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."[1] It is perhaps still more remarkable that Keble should say: "Now must be the time, for who can assure us that there will be any hereafter?" Surely it would be a stronger inducement to wisdom and virtue that what we do now may influence not only our own existence, but that of others to all eternity. Other authorities teach the same lesson, but without sadness. Bishop Taylor tells us:[2] "This day alone is ours: we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to to-morrow." "To-day," says Schopenhauer, "comes only once, and never returns." Seneca took a more cheerful view. "Time past," he said, "we make our own by remembrance, the present by use, and the future by providence and foresight." The difficulty is to combine prudence with decision. It is not marriage only that may be undertaken in haste and regretted at leisure; but, on the

[1] Eccles. ix. 10. [2] *Holy Living and Dying.*

other hand, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." [1]

There is a certain tendency to depreciate the time in which we live. Ruskin, for instance, though generally grateful and appreciative, when speaking of the nineteenth, that interesting and progressive century, said that he looked forward with longing to the time when "this disgusting century has—I cannot say breathed, but steamed its last."

Poets have a great tendency to melancholy and lamentation. It is no doubt true that

> Not even Jove upon the past has power.[2]

Time is invaluable and irrevocable.

[1] Eccles. xi. 4. [2] Young.

CHAPTER XIV

WISDOM

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WISDOM

Where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?
Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
And to depart from evil is understanding.

JOB.

WE are told in the Northern Sagas that Wotan gave one of his eyes to the giant Minir for a draught from the fountain of wisdom. Happily we are not called upon to make any such irreparable sacrifice. If we cannot all be Solons or Solomons, we can all do much to cultivate and strengthen the judgment, and to study the experience of others as a guide for ourselves. "Now the ancient philosophers defined wisdom to be the knowledge of things human and divine, and of the causes by which these things are regulated; a study that if

any man despises, I know not what he can think deserving of esteem." [1]

Purchas says that "Ratio and oratio are our two privileges above beasts." [2] This is especially true of ratio. Oratio is responsible for many mistakes and disasters. When I was addressing my constituents in old days, I often used to feel that while it was right they should know what I thought, it was at least equally important that I should know what they thought, and why they thought it. Moreover, while any one can hear those who speak, the great art of a statesman is to hear those who are silent.

Every one, I suppose, has had occasion to reproach himself with having said more than was wise, but few have ever suffered from talking too little. Silence is golden, speech is not always silver. It is well to keep the mouth often shut, the eyes and ears always open. St. Bernard had an aphorism, "Respice, aspice, prospice." [3] It is too often true, as in the French proverb: "Moins on pense, plus

[1] Cicero. [2] *Microcosmus.*

[3] "Look round, look up, look before you."

on parle." Even the wisest counsels are often thrown away. Wise men learn more from fools, than fools from wise men.[1]

In national affairs, though delay is more often complained of, we suffer much more from hasty and ill-considered legislation. It is very unwise to act in a hurry. Nature never does. As Mme. de Sévigné wisely said: "Si on pouvait avoir un peu de patience, on épargnera bien du chagrin."[2] No doubt the advice, however good and wise, is difficult to follow. "Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear."[3] There are many cases in which it is felt that "something must be done," but unless it is the right something it may only make matters worse. Lord Melbourne's question, "Can't you let it alone?" was in many cases very wise. Much of our legislation consists in repealing unwise laws, which were passed in a hurry, which dealt with admitted evils, but, unfortunately, only made matters worse. The perfection of a clock is not to go fast, but to go well.

[1] Cato.

[2] "With a little patience we should save ourselves a great deal of regret."

[3] Browning.

It is very seldom wise to do anything in a hurry. It is generally wise to sleep over a case of difficulty. When night brings with it the great gift of sleep, the brain often works for us unconsciously, like the good brownie of the fairy tales. If we wait for his wise counsels we shall often avoid mistakes we should have made overnight. It is better to sleep over what you are going to do, than to be kept awake afterwards by what you have done. For "memory hath not only the incivility to fail one in the time of need, but the officiousness to remind us of what we would rather forget."[1] It is easy to do nothing, but difficult and sometimes impossible to undo anything.

"Toute le monde," says La Rochefoucauld, "se plaint de sa mémoire, et personne ne se plaint de son jugement."[2] And yet knowledge is the foundation on which the palace of wisdom is built—knowledge "which kings with their treasure cannot buy, nor with their force command."[3] "If a man studies the law,"

[1] Gracian.

[2] "Every one complains of his memory, no one of his judgment."

[3] Bacon.

says Goethe, "he will have no time to break it."[1] The more we know, the more we wish to know. We are told of Peter the Great, in the *Compleat Gentleman*, that he wisely "resolved to see everything that was to be seen, hear everything that was to be heard, know everything that was to be known, and learn everyhing that was to be taught."[2]

I cannot agree with James Martineau that "if we knew everything we should venerate nothing."[3] It is almost as if he had said that there is nothing which really deserves veneration. The ignorant man takes everything for granted. The true student, the more he knows, the more he is filled with astonishment and admiration at the wonderful world in which we live. Martineau himself, indeed, in another sermon blames those who "bend down their eyes unceasingly in the petty realm of which we are lords, and omit to look up at the infinite empire of which we are subjects."

Solomon always coupled together knowledge and wisdom :

[1] *Maxims.* [2] De Foe. [3] *Endeavour after a Christian Life.*

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge:
But fools despise wisdom and instruction.[1]

Again:

For the Lord giveth wisdom:
Out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.[2]

The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth;
By understanding hath He established the heavens.
By His knowledge the depths are broken up,
And the clouds drop down the dew.[3]

Knowledge supplies the materials with which, and the foundation on which, wisdom can build, but

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom:
And with all thy getting get understanding.

In one of his most magnificent passages Solomon tells us that

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding.
For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies:
And all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand;
And in her left hand riches and honour.

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[1] Proverbs i. 7. [2] Proverbs ii. 6. [3] Proverbs iii. 19.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her : [1]
And happy is every one that retaineth her.

The wise learn from the experience of others, the unwise only from their own. It is best to profit by good advice, though it is better to learn by experience than not to learn at all. It has been well said that experience is a hard school; but fools will learn in no other, and some will not even learn in that. Moreover, experience sometimes drives us into the other extreme. "Chat échaudé," says an old French proverb, "craint l'eau froide." [2]

We hear a great deal more than we see of "common sense"—really a most rare and inestimable endowment. Some people seem to think they combine in a way the wisdom of all the wise men of Greece. They know, like Thales of Miletus, that all things are water; with Heraclitus of Ephesus, that all things are in a state of flux; with Anaxagoras, that all things are chaos; and throw in the

[1] Proverbs iii. 13.
[2] "A scalded cat is afraid of cold water."

wisdom of Solomon, that all things are vanity.

What are the general foundations of our belief? Henry Sidgwick tells us that the following lines occurred to him in a dream:

We think so because all other people think so;
Or because—or because—after all, we do think so;
Or because we were told so, and think we must think so;
Or because we once thought so, and think we still think so;
Or because, having thought so, we think we will think so.

Reason has in many cases little to do with our opinions, however much we may flatter ourselves that we are intellectual beings. Max Müller said that Oxford would be Paradise Regained if the long vacation lasted the whole year, but he was looking at the problem from his own point of view. No doubt, leisure and holidays are invaluable for thought and study. The tutor or professor during term time finds every hour absorbed in his duties, which, moreover, are very exhausting.

Thinking is indeed very hard work. Manual work is child's play compared with that of the brain, and muscle can be restored far more quickly than nerve. Moreover, thought is in some respects very dishearten-

ing. Why do we find ourselves in such an incomprehensible world?

Knowledge which is kept from us is perhaps refused because we are not prepared for it; it might be misunderstood or misused, it might overpower or dazzle us. "In the matter of knowledge," said Goethe, "it has happened to me as to one who rises early, and in the dark impatiently awaits the dawn, and then the sun; but is blinded when it appears." "Trop de vérité," says Pascal, "nous étonne." The owl is the type of Athene, the goddess of wisdom, but it sees better in the mild light of the moon, and is blinded by the glare of the midday sun.

All we can hope at present is, step by step, bit by bit, to lift the veil of ignorance and let in the light of knowledge. We have done something in this direction, especially in the last century, but little—one might almost say nothing—in comparison with what still remains undone. The goddess at Sais might still say, "I am what was, and is, and shall be: my veil has been lifted by no mortal."

"The greater part of men are much too

exhausted and enervated by their struggle with want to be able to engage in a new and severe contest with error. Satisfied if they themselves can escape from the hard labour of thought, they willingly abandon to others the guardianship of their thoughts."[1] It is a relief to turn from the hard labour of thought and the disappointment of doubt to the clear and simple task of duty. If reason leaves us in darkness "that might be felt," conscience is bright and clear as the noonday sun.

"Democritus," says Cicero, "was so blind, he could not distinguish white from black; but he knew the difference betwixt good and evil, just and unjust, honourable and base, the useful and useless, great and small."

Though we may often be in a difficulty as to what is wise or what is true, we have seldom any hesitation as to what is right. Knowing this, we have our happiness in our own hands. We have seldom any doubt how to carry out the command in the Gospel, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." The difficulty is

[1] Schiller's *Essays*.

not to determine what we ought to do, but to make ourselves do it. The result is not what we are to expect, but what we are to strive for, and it is in earnestly striving after the best we secure the good. It is no doubt difficult, it often involves great self-denial and self-control, but as St. Vincent de Paul said, one must not prefer one's life to one's self.

Vices are in some cases virtues exaggerated. Study moderation in all things. "Ne quid nimis" was a wise Roman proverb.

> Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
> Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.[1]

Many things which are innocent or immaterial, sometimes even useful in themselves, become sins if carried to an extreme. Generosity, if carried too far, becomes extravagance, courage borders on recklessness. In any case, what we sow, that we shall reap. Vice is its own punishment, virtue its own reward. In one sense it is true that there are no rewards or punishments, but only consequences. Happiness follows goodness,

[1] "There is a method in things, there are certain bounds within or beyond which it is not wise to stray" (Horace).

not indeed as day follows night, for night does not create day, while goodness always leads to happiness. "Fais ce que doit," says an excellent French proverb, "advienne que pourra."[1] But come what may to others, good is sure to come to oneself. An old Arabian prayer besought God to be especially merciful to the wicked, for "to the good thou hast already been merciful in making them good."

Tennyson tells us that

> We needs must love the highest when we see it,

and this is perhaps true in the generous and comparatively unspoilt years of youth; but, unfortunately, it is possible so to lower, tarnish, and degrade life as to forfeit that great privilege. It is not the knowledge of vice, but the hatred and dread of it, that will help a young man entering life.

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We must endure, then pity, then embrace.[2]

"Yet if it be true," says Cicero, "that no

[1] "Do what is right, come what may." [2] Pope.

one except a good man is happy, and that all good men are happy, then what deserves to be cultivated more than philosophy, or what is more divine than virtue?" "If you keep your body," says Leonardo da Vinci, "in accordance with virtue, your desires will not be of this world."

> The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to scourge us.[1]

Noah, who had escaped the flood, degraded himself and fell a victim to the fruit of his own vine, and ever since many more of his sons have been ruined by wine than drowned by water.

The troubles which folly brings on the world are almost as great as those due to sin. The motive of what we do is all-important as far as we ourselves are concerned, but matters comparatively little to others; while good conduct, if arising from a wise selfishness, is a great thing for others, but, as Joubert says, is, after all, "the virtue of vice." We are all given the choice, the great privilege, but which is also the great respon-

[1] Shakespeare.

sibility, that we may reinforce either the City of Good or the Fortress of Evil.

Some men make trouble, and some men take trouble. Those who make trouble are unhappy themselves and a fountain of unhappiness to others, while those who take trouble are not only a source of happiness to others but to themselves also. A little thing, a little help at the right moment, a little good advice, still oftener a kind word, may have a great effect.

> How far that little candle throws its beams!
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world.[1]

We are told[2] that on the death of David, when Solomon came to the throne, the Almighty appeared to him and said, "Ask what I shall give thee," and Solomon asked:

> Give me now wisdom and knowledge.
>
> And God said to Solomon, Because this was in thine heart, and thou hast not asked riches, wealth, or honour, nor the life of thine enemies, neither yet hast asked long life; but hast asked wisdom and knowledge for thyself, that thou mayest judge my people, over whom I have made thee king:
>
> Wisdom and knowledge are granted unto thee; and

[1] Shakespeare.

[2] 2 Chron. i. 11.

I will give thee riches, and wealth, and honour, such as none of the kings have had that have been before thee, neither shall there any after thee have the like.

But, alas, for the weakness of human nature! The wealth, and power, and honour neutralised the wisdom, and the result was that, while he has given excellent advice to the world, he did not act upon it himself. He was a striking illustration of the truth of Rochefoucauld's saying, that "il est plus aisé d'être sage pour les autres que pour soi-même."[1] No one can judge in his own case. Solomon did not take his own advice; in some respects he did just the reverse, and paid the penalty. What can be more melancholy than his conclusion at the end of a career, which, so far as external circumstances were concerned, was eminently prosperous, in which he had lavished on him everything as it would seem that could make a man happy and contented, and yet at the close of his life he came to the melancholy conclusion that "all is vanity"? He was, however, a good as well as a great king, and the conclusion is one of disappoint-

[1] "It is easier to be wise for others than for oneself."

ment, not of despair. If he does not appear to have had any firm hope, he was not tortured by remorse.

Conscience is not only a safe guide, but a witness we cannot influence or remove. We may control the tongue, disguise the features, and subdue the passions, but we cannot permanently silence the still, small voice of conscience.

CHAPTER XV

RELIGION

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RELIGION

THE Greek gods had their favourites: Ulysses was constantly watched over and protected by Athena; Æneas by Venus; and in the Old Testament the Jews were the special people of Jehovah; but the idea of God as the All Father is specially Christian. We are all the sons of God, all entitled to pray to Him as our Father.

It is well at night before we sleep to examine ourselves: Have we endeavoured to keep our body in health? Have we restrained our appetites and passions? Have we resisted any temptation? Have we committed any sin? Have we wronged any one? Have we done any one any harm? Have we done any one any good? Have we done our best?

"The peace of God, which passeth all

understanding" is held out to us as, and certainly is, one of the greatest and most inestimable blessings we can any of us hope to attain. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

"La religion," says Joubert, "fait au pauvre une devoir d'être libéral, noble, généreux, magnifique par la charité. Pour l'un sa litérature et sa science, elle est pour l'autre ses délices et son devoir."[1] In times of sorrow and anxiety it is the best and greatest consolation. The main object of religion is not to get a man into heaven, but to get heaven into him. This is impossible if we allow the mind to dwell on evil thoughts. Most sins are committed in thought before they are translated into act. Those who let their thoughts dwell on evil are only too likely to let their actions follow their thoughts; and those who keep their minds on what is pure and good are least likely to do what is bad.

[1] "Religion makes even the poor liberal, noble, and generous. It is all things to all men: to one man it is his literature and his science; to another his duty and his delight."

The mind is dyed by its thoughts. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."[1] This is in our own power.

We have our conscience and our happiness in our own keeping. "There is no duty," said Seneca, "the fulfilment of which will not make us happier; nor any temptation for which there is no remedy." "God is faithful," said St. Paul,[2] "and will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

The Commandments were ordained because they were for the good of man. "Voilà," says Chateaubriand, "voilà les lois que l'Éternel a gravés, non seulement sur la pierre de Sinaï, mais encore dans le cœur de l'homme."[3] Even if they were supported by no authority, it would be for our happiness to act upon them.

[1] Phil. iv. 8. [2] 1 Cor. x. 13.

[3] "The Eternal has graven them, not only on the stones of Sinai, but on the heart of man" (*Génie du Christianisme*).

"Not even now could it be easy," says John Stuart Mill, "even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavour so to live that Christ would approve our life."[1]

"A converted sinner," it has been said, "may relapse into sin, but cannot lose the religious sense. He may sin with David; but he cannot mock with Voltaire or sneer with Gibbon; he never could become a David Hume or a Comte. The creed of Materialism had become impossible for him."[2] Voltaire and Gibbon, however, though they sneered at certain views of theology, did not do so at religion; and though I am not concerned to defend Hume or Comte, they have surely less on their conscience than David.

People talk glibly of materialism, but know little or nothing about it. We can only explain matter in terms of force. We speak familiarly of electricity, our new ally, which will do almost anything for us, but keeps

[1] *Three Essays on Theism.*

[2] Rev. A. H. Crawford, *Recollections of James Martineau.*

its own secret, and will not make itself known.

There are three ways of looking at life. To some this life is everything; and whether they believe theoretically in a life after death or not, practically they ignore it. To others the future life is all-important and our present existence is nothing. Surely both are wrong. No doubt, as far as length is concerned, time is nothing compared to eternity. But whatever view we may take, the future depends on the present; and it is impossible, therefore, to exaggerate the importance of our time now, for on our use of it our whole future depends.

We complain of the sorrows and anxieties of life, and yet are loth to leave it; we complain of the pain and suffering of life, and yet cling to it; we complain of the heat of summer and cold of winter, yet grieve to leave the world; we complain of the hard labour and anxieties of life, and yet struggle for power and responsibility; we complain of the differences of wealth and rank, and yet grieve to go where, as we are assured, there will be no rich or poor.

"It is pleasant to die," said Marcus Aurelius, "if there be gods, and sad to live if there be none." Mrs. Browning in one of her letters describes a holiday at Llangollen as a "term of delightful weeks, each tipped with a sweet starry Sunday at the little church." "Is any afflicted among you?" says St. Paul, "let him pray." "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer: and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."[1]

"Whenever," said Goethe, "I have sought the aid of Heaven in moments of distress and sorrow, I have never failed to find relief."[2] But while no doubt prayer puts us into a peaceful and sacred mood, it should not be resorted to only in times of stress and trouble. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."[3]

Sorrow and suffering we must expect, but if we bear them bravely "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of

[1] Isaiah. [2] Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*. [3] Ecclesiastes.

glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."[1] "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away"; but what He gives is good, and what He takes away is evil.

Henry Drummond contrasts the Old and New Testaments in this respect: "The older commandment of the Creator becomes the soft and mellow beatitude of the Saviour—passes from the colder domain of law with a penalty on failure, to the warm region of love with a benediction on success."[2] This is true not only of individuals, but of communities. In *The Ascent of Man* he also well points out that Darwin's dictum, "those communities which include the greatest number of the most sympathetic members would flourish best," is fully justified.

No doubt we are supremely ignorant, but we do possess the knowledge which is most important—the knowledge what we ought to do. It is impossible not to long to know more.

[1] 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.

[2] *The Ideal Life.*

The craving for dogmatic theology as a basis for religion is natural and widespread. We cannot ignore it.

As I have shown elsewhere, some religions no doubt are, and have been, terrible.

As men rise in civilisation, their religion rises with them. The Australians dimly imagine a being, spiteful, malevolent, but weak, and dangerous only in the dark. The negro's deity is more powerful, but not less hateful — invisible indeed, but subject to pain, mortal like himself, and liable to be made the slave of man by enchantment. The deities of the South Sea Islanders are, some good, some evil; but, on the whole, more is to be feared from the latter than to be hoped from the former. They fashioned the land, but are not truly creators, for earth and water existed before them. They do not punish the evil, nor reward the good. They watch over the affairs of men; but if, on the one hand, witchcraft has no power over them, neither, on the other, can prayer influence them—they require to share the crops or the booty of their worshippers.

It appears, then, that every increase in science—that is, in positive and ascertained knowledge—brings with it an elevation of religion. Nor is this progress confined to the lower races. Even within the last century science has purified the religion of Western Europe by rooting out the dark belief in witchcraft, which led to thousands of executions, and hung like a black pall over the Christianity of the Middle Ages.

We regard the Deity as good; they look upon Him as evil. We submit ourselves to Him; they endeavour to obtain the control of Him. We feel the necessity of accounting for the blessings by which we are surrounded; they think the blessings come of themselves, and attribute all evil to the interference of malignant beings.[1]

Apart even from theology, it would be difficult, I think, to overestimate the services rendered to this country by the Church of England—never perhaps more usefully or more devotedly than at the present time. Alike in the seething slums of our great cities, and in

[1] *Origin of Civilisation.*

the remote and isolated parishes of country districts, the presence of a cultivated family —for it would be ungrateful indeed to forget how the clergyman is generally aided by his wife, and often by his daughters—is a centre of light and warmth and sympathy. The church services and cottage visits brighten many a humble home, and give dignity, variety, and hope to lives often of monotony, suffering, and hardship.[1]

Nor would I underestimate the services rendered by Nonconformist bodies. I sympathise, and intellectually in some respects agree, with them.

But there is a profound distinction between the National Church and theological sects. A sect represents an opinion: the Church a national recognition of the great mystery of existence. We must differ, but why need we separate? Within the Church itself the differences are greater than those between some of the sects and the Church. Must it not be a satisfaction to meet one's

[1] I speak here, of course, specially of England only, and by no means forget the similar Churches elsewhere.

countrymen in reverent recognition of that mystery, and in gratitude for the great gift of life, without allowing ourselves to be separated by metaphysical differences? If we differ, let us at least remember that, as Milton said, "Error is but truth in the making."

It has been well said that, "Teach a child what is wise—that is morality. Teach him what is wise and beautiful—that is religion!"

I hope and believe with Ruskin that "the charities of more and more widely extended peace are preparing the way for a Church which shall depend neither on ignorance for its continuance, nor on controversy for its progress, but shall reign at once in light and love."

Jowett once urged Dean Stanley to give us a work on theology, reconciling the old and the new. Sir M. Grant-Duff, in his interesting *Out of the Past*, has expressed the opinion that it is too soon. Very likely; but I wish Stanley had tried. Indeed he certainly did much to carry out Jowett's suggestion when he said of Faith, Hope, and Charity, that "Faith founded the

Church; Hope has sustained it. I cannot help thinking that it is reserved for Love to reform it." May his pious wish come true! But at any rate, if we cannot make the Church exactly what we should individually wish, we may regulate ourselves.

We might be in Heaven part at any rate of every day if we wished it.

"Vous devriez," said Fénelon, "lui demander au moins un essai d'être seul avec Dieu cœur à cœur un demi-quart d'heure tous les matins et autant tous les soirs. Ce n'est pas trop pour la vie éternelle." [1] Even as regards this life it would be found such a rule would bring peace and consolation. But the supreme difference comes at the end of life. "Teach a child Science," says Pestalozzi, "and his life will be useful; teach him Religion, and his death will be happy."

The Souls of the Righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.

In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die; and their departure is taken for misery.

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[1] "Arrange to be alone with God, heart to heart, ten minutes in the morning, and again for as many every evening. Surely this is not too much to give up to secure eternal life."

And their going from us to be utter destruction; but they are in peace.

For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality.

And having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded: for God proved them, and found them worthy for Himself.[1]

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[1] Wisdom, iii. 1-5.

CHAPTER XVI

THEOLOGY

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THEOLOGY

RELIGION depends not on Science, but on Conscience. Religion as a guide of conduct is clear, but theology as an explanation of the Universe depends upon reason, and those who have devoted their lives to the study differ fundamentally. Many think that is at present beyond our powers of comprehension. Science is marvellously expanding our ideas of Nature, which becomes more marvellous, and so far more mysterious, with every step we make. One day perhaps we, or rather our children, will see more clearly, but for the present, at any rate, we must admit our supreme ignorance. We know hardly anything: not even ourselves. St. Bernard said long ago, "Omnis sermo vester dubitationis sale sit conditus."[1]

[1] "Let all doctrine be seasoned with the salt of doubt" (as quoted by Nicole in *Essais de morale*).

Joubert well says: "Aimer Dieu, et se faire aimer de lui, aimer nos semblables et nous faire aimer d'eux: voilà la morale et la religion; dans l'une et dans l'autre, l'amour est tout: fin, principe, et moyen."[1]

"Religion," said Lactantius, "is to be defended by dying ourselves, not by killing others." "Ancient religions," said Robertson Smith,[2] "had for the most part no creeds; they consisted entirely of institutions and practices." Conscience is a revelation to each one of us. It was the wise men of old who were inspired, not the books they wrote, and conscience speaks to us as clearly now as God ever spoke to the Judges or Prophets of olden times. "The glory of Christianity," urged Jowett, "is not to be as unlike other religions as possible, but to be their perfection and fulfilment." In one of his latest letters he even expressed the hope that the age of Biblical Criticism is passing away. He wished to move in an ampler air. "It is

[1] "To love God and make oneself loved by Him, to love one's neighbours and make oneself loved by them—this is morality and religion: in both the one and the other, love is everything—end, beginning, and middle."

[2] *Religion of the Semites.*

not with the very words of Christ," he said, "but with the best form of Christianity as the world has made it, or can make it, or will receive it, that we are concerned to-day."

Theologians themselves, indeed, admit the mystery of existence. "The wonderful world," says Canon Liddon, "in which we now pass this stage of our existence, whether the higher world of faith be open to our gaze or not, is a very temple of many and august mysteries. . . . Everywhere around you are evidences of the existence and movement of a mysterious power which you can neither see, nor touch, nor define, nor measure, nor understand." "The highest perfection of Human Reason," said Pascal, "is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach." Tennyson also drew the distinction between faith and knowledge:

> We have but faith: we cannot know;
> For knowledge is of things we see.
>
> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.
>
> I found him not in world or sun,
> Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye.

In science men differ, but we are all seeking for truth, and we do not dream that any one is an enemy to "science." In theology, however,—unfortunately, as we think,—a different standard has been adopted. Some theologians, though no doubt there are many exceptions, regard a difference from themselves as an attack on religion, a suspension of judgment as an adverse verdict, and doubt as infidelity. Christians should be charitable, but intolerance is not charity.

There is an old Persian story[1] that an aged man, lame and leaning on a staff, appeared one stormy evening at the door of Abraham's tent. He was received with the usual hospitality, but observing that the stranger ate and prayed not, asking no blessing on the food, Abraham asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man said that fire was his God and he worshipped no other; on which Abraham was angry and drove him out into the night. As soon as he was gone, God called to Abraham and asked where the stranger was. He replied, "I

[1] Sadi.

thrust him out because he did not worship Thee." But God answered him and said, "I have suffered him these hundred years : couldst thou not endure him one night!" Upon this Abraham fetched him back and entertained him hospitably.

We do not pretend to understand matter or life or light or electricity, but we live ourselves and light our houses. So it seems to me that we expect too much of theologians, and theologians perhaps expect too much of us.

The simple lesson that conduct and purity are the essence of religion runs all through the Bible. "For this commandment," said Moses, "which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do

it."[1] David also said: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."[2] And Solomon: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."[3] "For what," says Micah, "doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." The New Testament carries on the same lesson:

> Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.[4]

St. Paul expressly condemns those who judge, or rather misjudge, others.

> (1) Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things.
>
> (6) Who will render to every man according to his deeds:
>
> (7) To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life:

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[1] Deuteronomy xxx. 11-14. [2] Psalm li. 17.
[3] Ecclesiastes xii. 13. [4] James i. 27.

(8) But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath.[1]

Finally, let us take the teaching of Christ Himself:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.[2]

And again:

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

Many, no doubt, regard creeds, dogmas, and miracles as the foundation and bulwarks of religion. To others they constitute, on the contrary, the great difficulty, and undoubtedly they divide us into separate, I do not like to say conflicting or hostile camps.

A great many persons are deterred from coming to church, and others who do come feel perplexed, pained, and harassed by some of the theological dogmas, and philosophical,

[1] Romans ii. [2] St. Matthew xxii.

or unphilosophical, opinions which they are expected to approve, and by what seem to them unworthy descriptions given of, and motives attributed to, the Divine Nature. I do not, however, wish here to assert any views of my own, but rather to indicate difficulties which many feel.

In ancient times the improbability of miracles was not realised. Hence it is only in recent years that they have been regarded as a proof of authority. When Moses performed his miracles before Pharaoh we are told that "the magicians of Egypt also did in like manner by their enchantments."

Every new discovery in science requires new terms for its expression, and I doubt very much whether we have in English, or indeed in any language, the words which would adequately express the real truths of the universe. We must, I think, be satisfied on innumerable questions to suspend our judgment; but if we are still in doubt what it is right to think, we are seldom in doubt what it is right to do.

Theologians sometimes speak as if it were possible to believe something which one cannot

understand—as if the belief were a matter of will; as if there was some merit in believing what you cannot prove, and as though, if a statement of fact is put before you, you must either believe or disbelieve it. Surely, however, it is wrong, and not right, to profess to believe anything for which we know that there is no sufficient evidence; and, on the other hand, if it is proved we cannot help believing it; but as regards many matters, the true position is not one either of belief or of disbelief, but of suspense. Moreover, the great differences of opinion render it impossible to devise any Church service with which, so far as theoretical opinion is concerned, all could concur. We might wish it were otherwise, but we must face the fact.

It is remarkable and significant that there is no creed and very little dogma either in the Old or New Testament. The Commandments are mainly moral. Our creeds and dogmas are not for the most part expressly taught in the Bible. They are inferences resting in one or two cases on passages of doubtful authenticity. In the Bible religion is constantly presented

as an affair of the heart and of conduct. Theology too often kills religion by attempting to dissect it and lay it open.

The Commandments relate to conduct, and if it is said that the Jews in pre-Christian times were not ripe for fuller instruction, at any rate the later passages are clear and complete.

The Lord's Prayer contains supplications for all things that are really necessary, and it has no allusion to correct views on theological or any other subjects.

Moreover, if we realise that while it is most important to come to a right decision and to form honest opinions, still, after we have done our best, a mistake is not a sin; that on many points we are left in doubt; that there are great mysteries in religion, and that a mystery is something which cannot be explained or understood,—it will be possible for Christians, even if they differ, to act together, and without splitting up into sects. In our own country particularly this would be a great gain, for are we not specially open to the reproach of St. Paul that one says he is of Paul and another

of Apollos? The differences within the Church of England are far greater than those which sever many nonconformist bodies from the Established Church and from one another. On the other hand, the religions of the world differ not only as to matters of fact, but in their very essence, principles, and conceptions. "Les Païens," said Madame de Staël, "ont divinisé la vie, les Chrétiens ont divinisé la mort: tel est l'esprit des deux cultes." The very objects of existence are different, and even opposite. Christians look with hope to an eternal and conscious life, Buddhists to Nirvana—absorption in the Universal Spirit. Even among Christians themselves the ideals are different in different ages and countries. St. Onofrius was canonised because he went into the desert and did not see any one or do anything for sixty years; St. Ethelreda because she never washed—except, perhaps, we are told, before some great festival of the Church.

Coming to more recent times, the Inquisition and even some Protestants thought it right to burn those from whom they differed, in the hope, as Byron said, to merit heaven by making

earth a hell — a line of conduct which we should regard as contrary to the whole teaching of Christ.

Thomas à Kempis is even somewhat severe on the study of religion. "Beware," he says—

> Beware of curious and of useless searchings
> Into this sacrament so deep,
> If you would not be plunged into the gulf of doubt.
> . . . . .
> God can do more
> Than man can understand;

which is no doubt true, but surrounded as we are by conflicting theologies, this, if it means anything, is a counsel of despair. Elsewhere he condemns the pride and prying ways of students.

"Raisonnez peu, mais priez beaucoup," is the advice of Fénelon.[1] "Il est donc," he says elsewhere, "capital de ramener sans cesse Mademoiselle votre fille à une judicieuse simplicité. Il suffit qu'elle sache assez bien la religion pour la croire et pour la suivre exactement dans la pratique, sans se permettre jamais d'en raisonner." Joubert also deprecates inquiry. "Crains Dieu," he says,

[1] Letter to the Vidame d'Amiens, March 28, 1708.

"a rendu les hommes pieux; les preuves de l'existence de Dieu ont fait beaucoup d'Athées"; and of religion, "Parez-la et ne l'armez pas: on lui fera bien moins la guerre."

These are not the words of conviction. St. Paul took a very different line. He commended the people of Berea, who "were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so."

It is, I hope, possible to be a good Christian without being a great theologian, or indeed a theologian at all.

Children cannot be theologians, and we are told that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." No doubt more may be expected of the grown-up. But it would almost seem that if this world is to be a place of probation it must be a place of doubt.

Will any one venture to suggest that our minds are capable of realising, or our language of expressing, the ineffable mystery of the universe? To deny is more reverent than to maintain such a thesis. Science has enabled

us somewhat more to realise the transcendent magnitude of the mystery. In doing so it has consecrated doubt, which, if it be sometimes a mistake, is more often a duty. It is founded not on disdain, but on reverence. Cynicism is often confused with scepticism, but this is a mistake. Cynicism may be sceptical, scepticism may be cynical; but there is no necessary connection, and the scepticism of science is not a contemptuous cynicism, but a reverent recognition of the great mystery of existence.

Reason, it has been said, is like a torch in a prison. We pride ourselves on being reasonable, and yet how seldom a difference of opinion is settled by argument! It may affect the listeners, and sometimes convince them that both sides are wrong, but rarely alters the views of those who are discussing—or shall I say disputing. Half the dissensions of Christendom have arisen from attempts to arrive at union by disputation, and one point of difference has been allowed to outweigh ten of agreement.

In earthly matters nothing is nobler or more sacred than truth, but in matters of

religion it is not so much the truth as the spirit that is the real test. Of course all study should be conducted in a reverent spirit, and above all the study of religion. "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

All religions have much good in them: no religion is wholly false. There is much truth in Professor Max Müller's statement that he who only knows one religion, knows none; to which one might add that he who only appreciates one religion can appreciate none. It is true generally, and not merely as applied to Christianity by Sir Walter Scott:

> And better had they ne'er been born,
> Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

It is not religion unless it lifts our thoughts from earth to heaven, from the material to the spiritual.

Religion is the love of God, not the fear of the Devil. If we do good merely from the fear of hell or hope of heaven, this is after all only a selfish and calculating business. It is better than doing wrong, and especially better for others, though after all it is but a

low motive. The atheist in Sir A. Lyall's beautiful poem had a far nobler ideal. He sacrificed his life not for himself, but for truth.

"Matters of opinion," said Jeremy Taylor, "are no parts of the worship of God, nor in order to it, but as they promote obedience to His commandments, and when they contribute towards it, are in that proportion as they contribute parts and actions, and minute particulars of that religion to whose end they do or pretend to serve." Faith is never unwise as long as one can keep it, but it is a mistake to suppose, as many theologians seem to assume, that it is possible to believe something which one cannot understand, as if the belief were a matter of will, that there was some merit in believing what you cannot prove; and that if a statement of fact is put before you, you must either believe or disbelieve it. In science we know that though the edifice of fact is enormous, the fundamental problems are still beyond our grasp, and we must be content to suspend our judgment—to adopt, in fact, the Scotch verdict of "not proven," so

unfortunately ignored in our law as in our theology. True infidelity is that of those who, no matter what they say, act as if there was no future life, as if this world was everything, and in the words of Baxter in *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, profess to believe in Heaven, and yet act as if it was to be "tolerated indeed rather than the flames of hell, but not to be desired before the felicity of earth."

Faith, then, in the Bible sense, is a matter more of deeds than of words, as St. Paul shows in the Epistle to the Hebrews. If you do not act on what you profess to believe, you do not really and in truth believe it. Let me give an instance. The Fijians really believed in a future life; according to their creed, you rose in the next world exactly as you died here—young if you were young, old if you were old, strong if you were strong, deaf if you were deaf, and so on. Consequently it was important to die in the full possession of one's faculties, before the muscles had begun to lose their strength, the eye to grow dim, or the ear to wax hard of hearing. On this they acted.

Every one had himself killed in the prime of life; and Captain Wilkes mentions that in one large town there was not a single person over forty years of age.

That I call faith. That is a real belief in a future life.

But theology, if not an inspiration, is at any rate an aspiration. Pascal well said that the heart has its reasons, which reason knows not. We must, however, form our opinions by reason; for our reason, however imperfect, is the best guide we have, and even if we cannot arrive at definite convictions on these awful and mysterious subjects, we must all the more feel that they demand our wonder and reverence. To be above reason is not the same as to be against reason. We may make a mistake, but what is against reason cannot be true. In any case, our beliefs must be to a great extent provisional. To believe a mystery is a contradiction in terms.

We cannot improve, and should be careful in attempting to add to, the Sermon on the Mount.

"Theology," said Jowett, "is full of un-

defined terms which have distracted the human mind for ages. Mankind have reasoned from them but not to them; they have drawn out the conclusions without proving the premises; they have asserted the premises without examining the terms. The passions of religious parties have been roused to the utmost about words of which they could have given no explanation, and which had really no distinct meaning."

"Les Religions," says Renan,[1] "comme les Philosophies, sont toutes vaines; mais la Religion, pas plus que la Philosophie, n'est vaine."

To attempt to add to, or improve on, the teaching of Christ seems vain and even arrogant. The discussions of theology are intensely interesting, no doubt; they are the science, but they are not the essence of religion. Theology is a branch of science: it is not religion. It is an exercise of the mind—religion of the heart. To confuse the two seems to me a vital error and has led to terrible results. Theological dogmas are

[1] *Hist. du peuple d'Israël.*

responsible for devastating wars, for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, for the terrible death of thousands burnt at the stake, for the tortures of the Inquisition. The victims may or may not have been Christians—the Inquisitors certainly were not. Who can imagine that Jesus would have sanctioned any of these horrors—horrors all the more detestable because they were perpetrated in the name of religion?

Of all wars, those which are falsely named religious, however much we may respect the motives which led to their being undertaken, have been amongst the most savage and relentless. The Crusades are generally spoken of as a noble self-devotion; and so in one sense they were. Many of the soldiery and some of the leaders were actuated by pure and lofty motives. But how misguided, how wicked were some of those with whom these cruel raids originated! "Think," says Schopenhauer, "think of the fanaticism, the endless persecutions, the religious wars, that sanguinary frenzy of which the ancients had no conception! Think of the Crusades, a

butchery lasting two hundred years and inexcusable, its war-cry, 'It is the will of God,' its object to gain possession of the grave of one who preached love and sufferance! Think of the cruel expulsion and extermination of the Moors and Jews from Spain! Think of the orgies of blood, the inquisitions, the heretical tribunals, the bloody and terrible conquests of the Mohammedans in three continents, or those of Christianity in America, whose inhabitants were for the most part, and in Cuba entirely, exterminated. According to Las Casas, so-called Christians murdered twelve millions in forty years, of course all 'in majorem Dei gloriam' and for the propagation of the Gospel, and because what was not Christian was not even looked upon as human."

Even in our own country the misuse of theology divides religion into antagonistic sects. We remember the outcry about Bishop Colenso—which was like attacking the multiplication table; we remember the prosecution of the authors of *Essays and Reviews*; but we lived to see one of them Master of

Balliol and another Archbishop of Canterbury.

Intensely interesting as it would be to know more of the constitution of the universe, we must be content to wait. I feel with St. Augustine: "Let others wrangle, I will wonder."

But the craving for dogmatic theology as a basis for religion exists, and we must recognise it. Now among all the Churches none seems to me to be wider, more tolerant, more progressive, more truly Catholic and Christian, than the Church of England.

"I could conceive," said Huxley, "the existence of an Established Church which should be a blessing to the community; a Church in which, week by week, services should be devoted, not to the iteration of abstract propositions in theology, but to the setting before men's minds of an ideal of true, just, and pure living; a place in which those who are weary of the burden of daily cares should find a moment's rest in the contemplation of the higher life which is possible for all, though attained by so few; a place in

which the man of strife and of business should have to think how small, after all, are the rewards he covets compared with peace and charity. Depend upon it, if such a Church existed, no one would seek to disestablish it."

CHAPTER XVII

PEACE OF MIND

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THE peace of nations is often compared to that between individuals, and no doubt the analogy is close in many respects. It is better to preserve peace than to gain a victory. But there is one very important difference. A nation, however reasonable, however just, however unaggressive, cannot ensure peace. It is always liable to be driven into war if it is so unfortunate as to have a turbulent, ambitious, and unscrupulous neighbour.

On the other hand, no one can absolutely destroy the peace of mind of any one but himself. No doubt it is difficult in all cases to preserve equanimity. "Better is a dry morsel," says Solomon,[1] "and quietness therewith, than an house full of sacrifices with strife." And

[1] Proverbs.

again, "Better is an handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit." "Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

People often make themselves miserable very unnecessarily by attaching too much importance to trifles. It sometimes happens that when the main issues of life are going well—when health is good, when one's nearest and dearest are well and happy, when one's income is sufficient, and there is really no cause for anxiety—some comparative trifle, some slight (well so-named) or mistake, the loss of a game or a train, some unlucky remark, and sometimes even without any apparent cause an unaccountable depression, will for a time cloud over the sunshine of life. The mind may be, and often is, ill like the body. A cure is as important and even more difficult.

No number of small troubles can make a great sorrow if we resolutely refuse to add them together. They should be kept in water-

tight compartments and dealt with separately. The troubles of life are like the sticks in the story: if they are kept apart we can easily break them, but if they are allowed to unite into a bundle, they may break us.

There is one person we can certainly make happy, if we set about it the right way. Every one can, if he chooses, keep his mind on the whole at peace, contented and cheerful. He can do it, but no one else can, though others may help. "Quand on ne trouve pas son repos en soi-même, il est inutile de la cherchez ailleurs." [1]

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
Oh sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
Oh punishment! [2]

In the gloom of evening the shadows of life grow longer and deeper. How often in the long silence of the night, when one cannot escape from oneself, when the over-anxious or over-weary brain works against our will, conjures up imaginary difficulties, poses insoluble

[1] "If you do not find rest in yourself, it is useless to look for it elsewhere" (De la Rochefoucauld).

[2] Dekker.

problems, brings up the ghosts which we would willingly forget, or even if it only works round and round with some trifling or endless repetition, we long in vain for the blessed

> Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course.

Sleep and care are deadly foes; if care does not kill sleep, sleep will kill care or at least banish it for a time.

We torment ourselves more than others can torment us. The worst misfortunes are those that never happen after all, and panics are terrors for which there is no foundation. The more we think for others, and the less we think of ourselves, the happier we shall be. "On ne se repose," says Cherbuliez, "qu'en s'oubliant."[1] Moreover, we often torment ourselves in vain. "With him (Epicurus)," says Cicero, "it is folly to ruminate on evils to come, or such as, perhaps, never may come. Every evil is disagreeable enough when it does come; but he who is constantly considering that some evil may befall him, is loading him-

[1] "One can only rest if one forgets oneself."

self with a perpetual evil, and even should such evil never light on him, he voluntarily takes upon himself unnecessary misery, so that he is under constant uneasiness, whether he actually suffers any evil, or only thinks of it." [1] And those which do happen we make worse by brooding over them. "La mort est plus aisée à supporter sans y penser, que la pensée de la mort sans péril." [2]

There is an Eastern proverb that "if a man enters the House of Fortune by the door of Pleasure, he commonly comes out by the gate of Vexation." "Sin is the worst slavery in the world; it breaks and sinks men's spirits; it makes them so base and servile that they have not the courage to rescue themselves." [3]

The opinion which others have of us does not matter much, but the opinion we have of ourselves is much more important.

Why should we give others more power over us than we can help, and why should

[1] *De Finibus.*

[2] "Death is more easy to support if we do not think about it, than the fear of death when there is really no danger" (Leonardo da Vinci).

[3] Longinus, *On the Sublime.*

we allow ourselves to be the slaves of our own passions? "On the heels of folly," says an Eastern proverb, "treadeth shame, and at the back of anger treadeth remorse." Dr. Johnson advises: "Whatever be the motives of insult, it is always best to overlook it; for folly can scarcely deserve resentment, and malice is best punished by neglect." To show that we are hurt or annoyed is exactly what the enemy would wish; we give him a small triumph; whereas if we laugh good-humouredly at the attack, or treat it with contempt, he cannot but feel that he has failed. Thomas à Kempis tells us that

> If you could let men go their way,
> They would let you go yours;

and he adds:

> We might have peace, great peace,
> If we would not load ourselves with others' words and works
> And with what concerns us not.
> How can he be long at rest
> Who meddles in another's cares,
> And looks for matters out of his own path,
> And only now and then gathers his thoughts within him?

Those who throw themselves into their work, whatever they have to do, who con-

scientiously do their best, seem to consecrate their work, and through it themselves. It does not so much matter what the work is, but what does matter is the way we do it. When Turner was asked the secret of his success, he said, "I have no secret but hard work." When a man earnestly wishes for the happiness of others, when he never passes a day without some act of kindness, how can he be otherwise than happy?

In this life there are no gains without pains. Life indeed would be dull if there were no difficulties. Games lose their zest if there is no real struggle,—if the result is a foregone conclusion. Both winner and loser enjoy a game most if it is closely contested to the last. No victory is a real triumph unless the foe is worthy of the steel.

Whether we like it or not, life is one continuous competitive examination. There is no suffering by which we may not profit, and few troubles which, if rightly dealt with, will not prove to have been blessings in disguise. A mistake, if it be an honest

mistake, need not necessarily be a misfortune; it might be a useful lesson, one that can be turned to good account. In experimental science, failures so-called, if they do not lead directly to discovery, at least remove one form of error.

> Ah! when shall all men's good
> Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
> Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
> And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
> Thro' all the circle of the golden year? [1]

In Wordsworth's lines:

> Serene will be our days and bright,
> And happy will our nature be,
> When love is an unerring light,
> And joy its own security.[2]

If a rich man is anxious about business, it is not because he possesses money, but because the money possesses him. It is a mistake to enter into any business which causes anxiety; that, indeed, is not really business, but speculation, which has somewhat the same relation to commerce as astrology to astronomy, or alchemy to chemistry. Of course a business which seems fairly safe may turn out risky.

[1] Tennyson.

[2] *Ode to Duty.*

I do not say that the man of business can altogether avoid times of anxiety; losses, and sometimes even ruin, may overtake the most prudent. But they are only occasional accidents, not the necessary accompaniments of commerce. Farmers are not regarded as speculators, and are not supposed to suffer from special cares, but they have times of anxiety from droughts and floods, from falls in prices and failure of crops. Yet it is possible—I do not say it is easy—to keep the mind free and the spirit calm even in the busiest life. The man who finds this impossible had better retire. It is no use ruining *himself* to make money. But happily there are many of whom one may say in Keble's beautiful lines:

> There are in this loud stunning tide
> Of human care and crime,
> With whom the melodies abide
> Of th' everlasting chime;
> Who carry music in their heart
> Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
> Plying their daily task with busier feet,
> Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.[1]

Some find their most complete repose in

[1] *Christian Year*, St. Matthew's Day.

activity; others are most active when in repose.

It is not by retiring from active life or business, or by going down to a cottage in the country, that a man can secure peace of mind. Trifles may be as exhausting and troublesome, as worrying and irritating, as commerce or concerns of State; leisure leaves the mind open to conscience: the only real peace is in the mind; but if the mind is in a turmoil, to retreat into it is only to exchange one set of troubles for another. No man lived more in the rush and turmoil of the world than our great Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, and one of the secrets of his success was that when he returned home from the House of Commons he threw off his cares and left them behind him on the Treasury Bench. He used to call his library at Hawarden the Temple of Peace. If he could do so with his immense responsibilities, surely any man might make his mind a sanctuary!

The peace of a home depends on those who are in it: the peace of any man depends

mainly on his own mind. "Newly married couples at Rome," says Hare, "have the touching custom of attending their first Mass in the Church of St. Maria della Pace, and invoking St. Mary of Peace to preside over their married life."

Those who live in the quiet of rural occupations may perhaps be better able to tolerate a little excitement at home. But for the merchant or manufacturer, whose mind is occupied by business calculations as his daily duty, it is specially important to keep a haven of repose in his own soul to which he may retire when his work is done for the day, and thus, in the words of Martineau, "combine the divinest activity with the profoundest repose."[1] During the day his mind necessarily turns on pounds, shillings, and pence, on capital and interest, on commission and percentages; it is all the more necessary for him to leave such thoughts behind in the office with the ledgers, and to raise the soul into a purer and nobler atmosphere. It is a calm mind and cool head, not feverish excitement or

[1] Rev. J. Martineau, *Endeavours after the Christian Life.*

anxious care, which leads to success in business. According to the Chinese proverb, "Patience and perseverance turn mulberry leaves into satin."

There are three things which money cannot buy—health, happiness, and peace. On the other hand, if these are beyond money and price, yet every one can secure them, if he chooses, for himself. Two of them, indeed, money tends often to steal away: health by the temptations of the table, and peace by the fear of loss. "Parva domus magna quies."[1]

Some think there can be no peace in this life. That is a mistake. "Live with the Gods," says Marcus Aurelius. "And he does live with the Gods who constantly shows to them that his own soul is satisfied with that which is assigned to him, and that it does all the dæmon[2] wishes, which Zeus hath given to every man for his guardian and guide, a portion of himself. And this dæmon is every man's understanding and reason."

[1] "There is more rest and peace in cottages than in castles."

[2] *i.e.* Spirit or Guardian Angel.

We all know how easy it is to make ourselves miserable. Eat and drink too much, take too little fresh air and exercise, and you will be dyspeptic, a burden to yourself and a curse to your family; spend more than your income; be jealous, suspicious, selfish, and dishonest. Nothing is easier. It is not so easy, on the other hand, but it is possible, to take the opposite course—to make oneself happy and be a blessing to those around us.

If you work only, or even mainly, for yourself, then indeed you may feel, as your strength is failing, worn out by years, that "Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."[1] "Therefore," continues the writer—"therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me: for all is vanity and vexation of spirit."[1] No wonder; but it was his own fault, or at least, let us say more charitably, his own mistake. If he had

[1] Eccles. ii.

worked not for himself, but for others, if he had tried to brighten the lives of those around him, he would have been happy, even if he had failed; and very happy if he had succeeded.

Stevenson justly observed that no one was useless as long as he had a friend; but no one need be useless as long as there is any one he can help, which is as good as saying that one may always be of use. And this is true however humble one may be: the mouse in the fable saved the lion's life.

We live in a very beautiful world; but few good things are to be had in it without hard work. It is not a world in which any one can expect to be prosperous if he is easily discouraged. Perseverance — earnest, steady perseverance—is necessary to success. This is no drawback. Good solid work is as necessary to peace of mind as it is for the health of the body; in fact, the two are inseparable.

The Commandments speak for themselves. Even if there were no authority behind them, they would be wise rulers of life. If it were

not our duty, it would be our interest to act up to them. They are the foundation of national and family life. They are essential to happiness and peace. They are not our duty because they are commanded: they are commanded because they are right. "Notwithstanding what the Apostle saith of the Christians of his time," observes Ray, "that if in this life only they had hope, they would be of all men the most miserable, the Commandments ought on their own account to be observed and obeyed by us, were there no heaven to reward our obedience, no hell to punish our disobedience."[1] They were not given as a test of obedience, but were enjoined because they were necessary for our good.

The weariness and sadness of life come, not in the nature of things, not from outside, but from ourselves. We rouse for ourselves the wild storms of the human heart. Suffering and sorrow we must indeed all expect, but it is our own fault if we have not a heavy balance of happiness. Nothing, in fact, is

[1] J. Ray, *On a Holy Life.*

expected of us that it is not our own interest to fulfil: everything which is wrong is also unwise in itself. The ill-tempered man makes himself more unhappy than any one else; the miser cannot enjoy money; the glutton and the drunkard turn the natural and innocent enjoyment of food into a cause of misery and degradation; the man who works seven days a week breaks down; the idle and the ignorant know nothing of the beautiful world in which we live, the glorious and ennobling treasures of art, literature, and science; the selfish and unkind man loses the inestimable blessing of the confidence and love of friends and relations. Day by day the bad man sinks lower and lower, ruins his body and degrades his mind, loses one source of happiness after another, his "false" pleasures turning to torments, finds himself surrounded by strangers or enemies, while both body and mind are racked with suffering and misery —all the harder to bear because he has brought them on himself; and last, not least, haunted by apprehensions for the future. While the good man, as the years run on,

finds life easier and happier; his conscience is at peace, he has rich stores of bright thoughts and happy memories, and is blessed by the inestimable comfort of grateful and loving friends, and a peaceful and happy home.

Let the dew of kindness water the dust of the path of life. Be severe to yourself and indulgent to others; the conscience should be more strict than the judgment. "When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness we repent of but our severity."[1] Who can tell what the temptations were, and how many were resisted? In dealing with others, in the words of La Fontaine, "Plus fait douceur que violence."[2] Unless you have any strong reason to the contrary, do not be suspicious, do not think evil of a man if you can help it; give him credit for good motives. You will be oftener right than wrong. Moreover, your confidence will often do much to make him loyal and true.

No doubt much of what is often called religion rests rather on the sands of super-

[1] George Eliot. [2] "Gentleness does more than violence."

stition than on the rock of nature. Yet there is good in all—at any rate, in almost all, religions. The Mahometan is simple, and strongly inculcates sobriety; the Hindu is detached from the world; in the Jewish we must admire its firm monotheism; in the Buddhist its gentle and loving unselfishness. What is most important is not what you are called, or what you call yourself, but whether you strenuously do your best to act up to your religion.

We may not be able to tell whence we came or where we are going, we may not be able to satisfy ourselves what to think or to believe, but in our hearts we almost always know well enough what we ought to do.

We are told of a certain countryman that, after hearing a controversial sermon intended to prove the existence of a Deity, he said that it was no doubt very learned, but for all that he still believed that there was a God. It may well be doubted whether dogmatic theology has done much to strengthen religion. Truth needs no weapons. "Parez-la," says Joubert, "et ne l'armez pas; on

lui fera bien moins la guerre."[1] St. Teresa said: "Thou drawest me, my God. Thy love draws me, so that, should there be no heaven I would love Thee no less; were there no hell, I would fear Thee no more."

"Le meilleur moyen," said Madame de Staal, "de calmer les troubles de l'esprit, n'est pas de combattre l'objet qui les cause; mais de lui en présenter d'autres qui le détournent et l'éloignent insensiblement de celui-là."[2]

Oh Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.[3]

Think of the promises made. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night . . . nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness."[4] "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."[5]

[1] "Do not arm truth, but point out her beauty, and she is less likely to be attacked."

[2] *Mém. de Madame de Staal.*

[3] Hymn No 276.

[4] Psalm xci.

[5] 1 Cor. ii. 9.

"Come unto Me," said Jesus—"come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But, on the other hand, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." This is the punishment—the inevitable consequence—of sin.

What rest is to the body, peace is to the mind. Peace internal, peace external, peace eternal, peace with men, peace with God, peace with oneself. "Seek God," says Fénelon,[1] "within yourself, and you will assuredly find Him, and with Him peace and joy. One word from Christ calmed the troubled sea. One glance from Him to us can do the same within us now." If we are a prey to anxiety, it is because we have not taken the way of peace. "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!"

St. Paul bids us

> Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice.
>
> Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

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[1] Letter to Madame de Maintenon.

Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.[1]

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[1] Philippians.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PEACE OF NATIONS

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THE PEACE OF NATIONS

Non exercitus, neque thesauri, praesidia regni sunt, verum amici. —SALLUST.[1]

THE present state of Europe is a danger and even a disgrace to us all. There may be some excuse for barbarous tribes who settle their disputes by force of arms, but that civilised nations should do so is not only repugnant to our moral, but also to our common, sense. At present even the peace establishments of Europe comprise 4,000,000 men; the war establishments are over 10,000,000, and when the proposed arrangements are completed will exceed 20,000,000. The nominal cost is over £250,000,000 annually, but as the

[1] "The safety of a country does not consist in arms or in wealth, but in friends."

Continental armies are to a great extent under conscription, the actual cost is far larger. Moreover, if these 4,000,000 men were usefully employed, and taking the value of their labour only at £50 a year, we must add another £200,000,000, bringing up the total expenditure of Europe on military and naval matters to over £450,000,000 a year!

It is no doubt difficult, not to say impossible, to compare exactly the forces or expenditure of different countries. The different conditions of military service, the divisions into regular army, militia, volunteers, reserves, Landwehr, on the one hand, and the different modes of keeping the accounts on the other, interpose insuperable difficulties, and the comparison can only be approximate. This is, however, the less material as the problem is no question of detail.

The following table shows the military and naval forces of the United States and the so-called "peace" establishment of the principal States of Europe :—

Country.	Men under Arms.	Annual Cost.
Europe—		
United Kingdom	420,000	£65,000,000
Russia	1,150,000	46,500,000
Germany	661,000	43,800,000
France	620,000	41,000,000
Austria-Hungary	384,000	19,400,000
Italy	305,900	17,000,000
Spain	100,000	6,700,000
Norway and Sweden	73,000	5,500,000
Turkey	370,000	4,800,000
Holland	35,000	3,650,000
Belgium	50,000	2,500,000
Portugal	34,000	2,600,000
Switzerland	148,000	1,300,000
Greece	23,000	1,200,000
Denmark	14,000	1,200,000
Bulgaria	43,000	1,000,000
United States	107,000	40,000,000

Even this gigantic waste of human labour and human life does not satisfy the cravings of ambition, and we are incessantly called on for more ships and bigger armies. Of course there are deeper and graver considerations than questions of money, but yet money represents human labour and human life. It is impossible for any one to contemplate the present naval and military arrangements without the gravest forebodings. Even if they do

not lead to war, they will eventually end in bankruptcy and ruin. The principal countries of Europe are running deeper and deeper into debt. During the last thirty years the debt of Italy has risen from £483,000,000 to £516,000,000; that of Austria from £340,000,000 to £580,000,000; of Russia from £340,000,000 to £750,000,000; of France from £500,000,000 to £1,300,000,000. Taking the Government debts of the world together, they amounted in 1870 to £4,000,000,000 — a fabulous, terrible, and crushing weight. But what are they now? They have risen to over £6,000,000,000, and are still increasing.

A Japanese statesman is reported to have said that as long as his countrymen only sent us beautiful works of art, we in Europe regarded them as a semi-barbarous people; now that they have shot down many thousand Russians, we recognise them as a truly civilised nation!

We are told that each nation must protect its own interests; but the greatest interest of every country is—Peace. In thinking

of war we are too apt to remember only the pomp and ceremony, the cheerful music, brilliant uniforms and arms glittering in the sunshine, and to forget the bayonets dripping with blood. The carnage and suffering which war entails are terrible to contemplate. It is impossible to read the history of the Russo-Japanese War, or for that matter of any war, without a feeling of intense compassion and horror.

Moreover, all wars are unsuccessful. The only question is which of the combatants suffers most? "Nothing," said the Duke of Wellington, "except a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won." Nothing is so ruinous to a country as a successful war, excepting, of course, one that is unsuccessful.

"Where Legions are quartered, briars and thorns grow. In the track of great armies, there must follow bad years."[1] Victor Cousin, in his introduction to the *History of Philosophy*, designates war as the terrible

[1] *The Speculations of "The Old Philosopher" Lau-tsze*, edited by Chalmers.

indeed, but necessary instrument of civilisation, which he says is founded on two rocks —"le champ de bataille ou la solitude du cabinet." Surely it would be more correct to say that the horrors of war are continually counteracting the blessings of peace and thought. Victory is only defeat in disguise. Milton says:

> Who overcomes
> By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

And, to quote a great German writer, Schiller justly tells us that "the enemy who is overturned will rise again, but he who is reconciled is truly vanquished." "Ce qui vient par la guerre," said Joubert, "s'en retournera par la guerre; toute dépouille sera reprise; tout butin sera dispersé; tous les vainqueurs seront vaincus, et toute ville pleine de proie sera saccagée à son tour."[1] History proves the truth of Joubert's aphorisms. Where are the great military monarchies?

Are there not troubles and dangers and

[1] "That which is gained by war will be lost by war; that which is taken will be retaken; booty collected will be dispersed; the victorious will be vanquished; the city enriched by spoils will be despoiled."

anxieties enough in life without creating others for ourselves? The poor we have always with us; bad seasons and poor harvests we must expect; changes of climate, failure of mines, new discoveries, fluctuations of commerce, even changes of fashion, may involve heavy losses and much suffering, but the worst misfortunes of all are those which nations bring on themselves. "Il semble," says Joubert, "que les peuples aiment les périls, et lorsqu'ils en manquent, ils s'en créent."[1]

Happily, however, of late years a strong conviction has been growing up, both here and on the Continent, that efforts should be made to create better relations between the nations of Europe. This is no mere matter of sentiment, and when I say "mere matter of sentiment" I do not intend to undervalue sentiment, but use the word "mere" to imply that it is no matter of sentiment only. No; it is a matter of absolute necessity, as we shall find out sooner or later, and the sooner the better

[1] "It seems as if nations loved dangers; and if there are none, they create them for themselves."

for us all. We talk of foreign nations, but in fact there are no really foreign countries. The interests of nations are so interwoven, we are bound together by such strong, if sometimes almost invisible, threads, that if one suffers all suffer; if one flourishes it is good for the rest.

Europe has immense investments all over the world; our merchants are in all lands; we have built railways and factories in almost every country. It would have a melancholy interest if we could calculate how much the Russo-Japanese War has cost the rest of Europe. In Argentina alone our investments amount to more than £150,000,000. It may almost be said to be an English colony. The fire in San Francisco cost our English fire offices over £14,000,000.

We do not, I think, realise how greatly we are interested in the prosperity of foreign countries. People often speak of them as if their condition was immaterial to us. In fact, however, their welfare is of great importance to us. In the first place, they are nearly all good customers. Then, again, if the world's

harvests are good, our people get their bread for less and their wages go further; if there are good rains in Australasia, woollens are cheaper.

In the Crimean War our fleet went to the Baltic and burnt a considerable quantity of Russian produce; that is to say, it was produced in Russia. But whose property was it? Much of it belonged to English merchants, and was insured in English fire offices. Take, again, the depredations of the *Alabama*. We paid £3,000,000 for the damage done to American shipping; that is to say, shipping under the American flag. But that very shipping was much of it insured in English insurance companies. The Company of which I am a director had to pay many thousands, and then we were taxed to pay the American Government for the injury done to our own property.

Lord Derby (the 15th Earl) once said that the greatest of British interests was peace. And so it is; not merely that we should be at peace ourselves, but that other countries should be at peace also. It is not, however,

only *our* greatest interest, it is the greatest interest of every country.

But if European nations are always carrying on what our Ambassador at Paris once called a series of pin-pricks, the end is inevitable. On the other hand, a better state of things is surely not beyond the range of possibilities. Only a few years ago the feeling between England and France was very bitter, owing mainly to newspaper articles doing fiends' work and creating ill-will. Thanks to wiser counsels, these misunderstandings have been cleared away, and a better and happier state of things exists. If any difference arises, we shall approach the question as friends, and I doubt not a satisfactory arrangement will be made.

More recently a similar estrangement, which, however, fortunately was not so acute or widespread, had been growing up between England and Germany. That also is, or ought to be, happily, at an end. Overtures made from our side met with a most cordial response on the other side of the water. At Berlin, at Cologne, at Frankfort, at Hamburg, at Munich,

and elsewhere—in fact, at all the great commercial centres of Germany—meetings have been held and resolutions passed expressing the warm desire to maintain not only peace but friendship with this country. Germans and Englishmen know that whatever course a war between us might take, whichever might be nominally the victor, the result could not but be disastrous to both, would throw us both back a hundred years, and inflict indescribable misery and suffering on both nations.

The present opportunity, then, seems very favourable for a reduction in armaments. Take the case of our navies. Mr. Shaw Lefevre (now Lord Eversley, and once Secretary to the Navy), in a recent and interesting article[1] on European navies, gives the relative effective strength of the English, French, and German navies as being at present:

	Tonnage.		
	British.	French.	German.
Battleships . .	769,900	249,500	230,000
Armoured Cruisers .	280,600	148,100	55,700
	1,050,500	397,600	285,700

[1] *The Contemporary Review*, February 1906.

In making this comparison, he omits in each case various old and obsolete vessels. If, however, they had been included, the proportions would not have been materially altered.

He then considers the programme of the three Admiralties, and shows that if they are carried out the results will be :

	Tonnage.		
	British.	French.	German.
Battleships . .	1,119,000	384,000	523,000
Armoured Cruisers .	809,000	395,000	221,000
	1,928,000	779,000	744,000

Thus then, if the programme is carried out, we shall all have been put to enormous expense, and our relative forces will remain almost as they were. Lord Eversley well asks : "Would it not be possible to devise some international arrangement under which a limit should be imposed on the armaments of the three powers?" or rather, I would say, under which we might come to some sensible arrangement between ourselves.[1]

[1] Since this was written our Government has made certain reductions ; and they are ready—indeed, anxious—to make more, if other countries will agree.

We are not, of course, prepared ourselves, nor do we ask or expect other countries to neglect their own interests or to surrender any rights. What we do suggest is that if any questions arise they should be approached in a just and friendly spirit, and that if we cannot agree, the points of difference should be submitted to some friendly power or powers; in fact, that the different nations of Europe should conduct themselves as friends and neighbours, as gentlemen and not as brigands, as Christians and not as pirates. A better state of feeling would lead to great reduction in the present enormous military and naval expenditure of Europe.

It is said that "si vis pacem, para bellum."[1] There is no doubt some truth in this as regards any particular country, but as regards Europe as a whole it is equally certain that these gigantic armaments are a danger to peace, and indefinitely increase the risk of war.

Moreover, a comparison of Europe and America suggests very serious considerations.

[1] "If you wish for peace, prepare for war."

Commercial competition is world-wide. Now Europe even in peace has 4,000,000 of men under arms, and devotes annually over £250,000,000 to naval and military expenditure. The United States of America have 107,000 men in their army and navy, costing £40,000,000. The population of the United States is about 90,000,000, that of Europe about 350,000,000. Thus with, in round numbers, about four times the population, we have in the disunited States of Europe about forty times as many men under arms as the United States of America. In fact, on one side of the Atlantic are the United States of America, on the other a number of separate States, not only not united, but in some cases hostile, torn by jealousies and suspicions, hatred and ill-will,—armed to the teeth, and more or less encumbered, like mediæval knights, by their own armour. Patriotism—national feeling—is a great quality, but there is something, if not nobler, at any rate wider and more generous: in the present state of the world more necessary, and yet unfortunately

much rarer: and that is international good feeling.

The late Mr. E. Atkinson, the eminent American economist, said: "The burden of national taxation and militarism in the competing countries of Europe, all of which must come out of the annual product, is so much greater that, by comparison, the United States can make a net profit of about 5 per cent on the entire annual product before the cost of militarism and the heavy taxes of the European competitors have been defrayed. Such is the burden of militarism which must be removed before there can be any competition on even terms between European manufacturers and those of the United States in supplying other continents and in sharing in the great commerce of the world." Moreover, since he wrote, the burden of militarism has become much more onerous; perhaps 10 per cent would now be nearer the mark. I do not say that the United States are employing their time and manhood to the best advantage. Their fiscal system is devised to check the use and cultivation of their

millions—not of paltry acres, but of square miles of virgin soil, in order to encourage the development of manufactures which they could purchase more economically from us; they endeavour to divert their people from the natural and healthy life of the country, and concentrate them in great cities. These mistakes, no doubt, are retarding—they cannot prevent—the progress of the country.

But what are we doing in Europe? We have, no doubt, some great advantages. But Europe ought to make hay while the sun shines. We have no reserves of virgin soil. Our coal will not be exhausted just yet, but we have to go deeper and deeper for it, so that it becomes more and more expensive; our tin is almost exhausted, our copper approaching an end, even our iron ores are not inexhaustible. Under these circumstances we ought to be laying up for the future.

So far from this, Europe is a great military camp, always under arms; we have no peace, only an armistice; eternal war with unlimited

expenditure, though, happily, without bloodshed. But the result is that, instead of accumulating capital for our children, we are piling up debt; instead of bequeathing them an income, we are leaving them overwhelming responsibilities.

It is obvious, therefore, that our European manufacturers are heavily handicapped as against those of the United States, and unless something is done, will be so more and more. Moreover, the unrest in Europe, the spread of socialism, the ominous rise of anarchism, is a warning to the Governments and governing classes that the condition of the working classes in Europe is becoming intolerable, and that if revolution is to be avoided some steps must be taken to increase wages, reduce the hours of labour, and lower the prices of the necessaries of life. These objects can best be effected by reducing the military and naval expenditure. Europe has to consider not merely the direct, but the indirect, effect of these enormous armaments. The anxiety and uncertainty which are created necessarily tend to paralyse industry

and drive manufactures into more peaceful regions.

The naval and military expenditure of the United States and of our Colonies is so small compared with ours and that of other European States that competition with them is becoming more and more difficult. Manufactures will, *ceteris paribus*, gradually be transferred to the countries which are most lightly taxed. This will more and more aggravate the evil, so that, unless we turn over a new leaf, the prospects of Europe are very grave. In fact, as long as these armaments are maintained we are sitting on a volcano.

The sufferings and hardships of the working classes—sufferings which cannot be reduced as long as the present expenditure is maintained—are leading to a rapid development of socialism. Socialism, I fear, would only aggravate the evil, but it is the protest of the masses against their hard lot. Unless something is done, the condition of the poor in Europe will grow worse and worse. It is no use shutting our eyes. Revolution may

not come soon, not probably in our time, but come it will, and as sure as fate there will be an explosion such as the world has never seen. If the monarchs of Europe are to retain their thrones, and if we are to maintain peace, European statesmen must devise some means of fostering better feelings, and diminishing the burdens which now press so heavily on the springs of industry, and aggravate so terribly the unavoidable troubles of life.

Many countries, again, attempt to make war on one another, almost as foolishly, by fiscal restrictions.

Our poet Cowper observes that—

> Mountains interposed
> Make enemies of nations, who had else,
> Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

But the worst barriers are those which nations have themselves raised against one another—barriers of duties and customs, and, worst of all, unfounded jealousies and suspicions or ill-will, each attributing to the other injurious designs, which neither of them, perhaps, in reality entertain.

In the first place, most European countries raise against themselves artificial barriers to progress by their protective duties. This does not, indeed, apply to us, or to one or two other European countries—Holland, for instance. The United States also have, unfortunately for themselves, adopted a protective and retrograde policy as regards the outside world, while between the States themselves, from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south, absolute Free Trade prevails. The logic is not apparent. Why is it wise to have Free Trade from Massachusetts to California, and from Maine to Texas, and then draw the line? If heavy duties against Canada and Great Britain benefit New York, why not against California? Why is it wise to have Free Trade from Marseilles to Calais, and again throughout the German Empire, and then draw the line at London?

These protective duties are not adopted for the sake of revenue. Revenue from customs duties is quite compatible with Free Trade. Still, as between the States in the American

Union, or in the German Empire, Free Trade exists to their great advantage. The United States are the greatest Free Trade area in the world. On the other hand, the States of Europe have built up against one another a complex and mischievous network of duties which are most injurious, and a serious impediment to progress.

Is the desire for more friendly relations really hopeless? Europe has great interests in common. The late Marquis of Salisbury, when Unionist Prime Minister, in a speech delivered at the Mansion House on the 10th of November 1897, made the following remarkable statement: "But remember this—that the Federation of Europe is the embryo of the only possible structure of Europe which can save civilisation from the desolating effects of a disaster of war. You notice that on all sides the instruments of destruction, the piling up of arms, are becoming larger and larger. The powers of concentration are becoming greater, the instruments of death more active and more numerous, and are improved with every year; and each nation is bound, for its

own safety's sake, to take part in this competition. The one hope that we have to prevent this competition from ending in a terrible effort of mutual destruction, which would be fatal to Christian civilisation—the only hope we have is that the Powers may gradually be brought together to act together in a friendly spirit on all questions of difference which may arise, and till at last they shall be welded in some international constitution which shall give to the world, as a result of their great strength, a long spell of unfettered and prosperous trade and continued peace."

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the late Radical Prime Minister of Great Britain, in a speech delivered in London on the 22nd of December 1905, said: "In the case of Germany, I see no cause whatever of estrangement in any of the interests of either people, and we welcome the unofficial demonstrations of friendship which have lately been passing between the two countries. . . . I hold that the growth of armaments is a great danger to the peace of the world. The policy

of huge armaments feeds the belief that force is the best, if not the only, solution of international differences. It is a policy which tends to inflame old sores and to create new sores, and I submit to you that as the principle of peaceful arbitration gains ground, it becomes one of the highest tasks of the statesman to adjust armaments to the new and happier conditions. What nobler rôle could this great country have than at the fitting moment to place itself at the head of a League of Peace, through whose instrumentality this great work could be effected!"

I have argued the question mainly on material and economical grounds. But, after all, we ought not to forget that we are a Christian country. If the so-called Christian nations were nations of Christians there would be no wars. The present state of Europe is a disgrace to us not only as men of common sense, but as being altogether inconsistent with any form of religious conviction. Unfortunately, there are still some, both in Parliament and in the Press, who make it their business to sow suspicions, magnify

differences, to inflame the passions and stir up strife between nations, and the result of their baneful activity is that bloodshed constitutes so much of human history. Our common interests are, however, far more important than the differences. We do not yet realise how closely we are interwoven together. Nations are all members of one body politic. If one flourishes, all benefit more or less. If one is unfortunate, all suffer to some extent.

In ancient times every man was a law unto himself. He avenged his own wrongs. Now we do not permit this. Private revenge is treated—and justly treated—as a crime. He must appeal for protection and redress to the laws of his country. Is not the time coming, has it not come, when the same should be extended to countries, when they also should be expected to abstain from private vengeance, and to appeal to the law of nations? Nations are no better judges in their own cause than individuals: they should not resort to the barbarous expedient of force, and any country carrying fire and the sword into another without first submitting its case to arbitration,

should be stigmatised as a wanton offender against the comity of nations, and an unruly disturber of the peace of the world.

On all accounts, then, it is most important —may I not say it is an imperative duty ?— that we should endeavour to avoid international misunderstandings, and to strengthen friendly feelings between the great nations of the earth. A reduction of armaments would be an enormous boon to the whole world, and especially to the people of Europe ; it would, I believe, save the Continent from drifting into revolution and misery. It would diminish the burden of taxation, it would lighten the hours of labour, it would raise wages, and lower the price of necessaries. I hope, therefore, that we shall lose no opportunity of pressing for a reduction of armaments. Of course, it is possible that our overtures may be rejected. But, even if they are, we shall feel that we have done our best. We shall have held out the olive branch ; it will be a failure, but an honourable, even glorious failure. I do not, however, entertain such a fear. I have too much confidence in the common sense and

conscience of Europe. And if this policy should happily succeed in replacing extravagance, jealousy, and suspicion by economy, peace, and goodwill, it will be one of those cases in which peace has its victories as well as war, and it will confer an incalculable boon not only on the people of Europe but on the whole world. Then, but then only, may we reasonably hope that Europe may have a bright and prosperous future before it; and the highest ambition that any nation can place before itself is that it may take a foremost place in the noble work of promoting "peace on earth and goodwill amongst men."

THE END

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