THE GOSPEL OF HAPPINESS

By the same Author

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME

J. C. STOBART

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THE ONE WAY OUT

I WANT my reader to consider that he is listening to a perfectly impersonal Voice. It issues from a study, full of well-thumbed books. Its owner has few prejudices, no political, no religious attachment except that he is English of the twentieth century. He loves himself tremendously, his family very dearly, his country dearly. Europe is his continent and he would back it against any other continent. Yet he has an affection for the world and no feeble sense of brotherhood with anything in human shape. As to God, he has a deep-seated feeling that all this world, beautiful and loveable as it is, swings in space like a mote of dust in the sunbeam, infinitely little in a universe infinitely vast. Impossible to think that all this happened by chance! Impossible to believe that it has no purpose! If there is any

truth in the theory of evolution, then there is such a thing as progress. If there is such a thing as progress, which means movement from bad to good and good to better, then it becomes the first duty of all conscious creatures to try to find out what is the truth about bad and good and better. They may be able to help progress. They may be able to find out how to help or hinder the purposes of God.

I have determined to approach the problem from the political side because at this moment that is the important side. At this moment no one individual can possess his own soul nor follow the guiding of his own philosophy because the whole world is sick and every thinking man or woman in it, barring the hermits, is suffering from the sickness of the body politic.

As merely a Voice, speaking to you anonymously out of the void, I cannot expect to command your assent, unless my message can accord or at least harmonise with the voice of your own conscience. Let us see how far we accord on the fundamental questions. I will lay my cards on the table. If you dis-

agree with me about the fundamentals, you will throw this book aside. If my premises are wrong, you need not bother about my conclusions.

1. I believe in the fatherhood of God (for the reasons I have mentioned) and in the brotherhood of Man. I believe God is not only good but the very principle of goodness.

2. I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of Man, and like the rest of us, the Son of God; but that he is in a quite special sense the Son of God because he has revealed to us so many things about God, which we feel must be true. Unfortunately our records about Jesus Christ are very imperfect and have been very diversely interpreted by the various churches which profess to follow Him.

3. I believe in happiness. We recognise Good when we see it by emotions or sensations of pleasure. God being the very principle of goodness, we may conclude that pleasure is the sign he has given us of what is good.

4. Happiness is the state of enduring pleasure. The mere emotion of pleasure we

share with the rest of the world, but happiness is the prerogative of God and Man. Man was formerly a mere animal guided from point to point by unrelated emotions of pleasure and pain. This has sufficed to lead him into a condition of self-consciousness in which he can dimly recognise already the great purpose of God.

5. He can now choose his way between one pleasure and another, limit or even suppress the pleasures which are inferior, as being fraught with reaction, or followed by pain, or liable to satiety, or likely to cause pain to others. He can thus, in a limited way, find his way to happiness, if the world will let him.

6. As man has lived now for a few thousand years in society which has become increasingly civilised and increasingly complex, man can only find true happiness in social life. The purely selfish pleasures do not any longer conduce to real happiness. Real happiness is only to be found in the happy member of a happy community.

7. But the majority of communities today are not happy communities. The

political state of the world is still very far short of perfection. Even in our own state, which would seem, when judged by any worldly criterion capable of being reduced to figures, an exceptionally fortunate state, the great majority of its members live in conditions which are very far short of happiness.

8. For individual happiness, it is necessary that the individual should be able to choose his path. Happiness depends upon the ability to satisfy the will, according to the nature of the individual concerned. Thus a certain degree of liberty is essential to the happiness of each individual.

9. But absolute liberty is impossible in a social world. My neighbour's liberty can easily mean slavery for me. Besides, we know that abstract freedom is impossible. Every cause has its effect. Our lives are controlled, down to the minutest details, by predetermining causes. Our parentage determines our character with all the force of heredity. Our education, which we did not choose for ourselves, has given us principles, prejudices, habits, ways of thought, which it is almost impossible for us to escape.

Every action of ours in the world has its consequences, broadening out like the concentric ripples which follow when a stone is cast into a pond. Some of the consequences we can trace ourselves. If there is an omnipotent and omniscient God, he must be able to view the whole universe as an inexorable concatenation of cause and effect. It is therefore impossible for any man to *be* free, while, at the same time it is necessary for his happiness that he should *feel* free.

Translate these simple philosophical propositions into terms of politics and you obtain some clear principles.

1. Since man cannot live in solitude, he has been compelled to form states for his protection. This is a general statement, not invariably true in literal history. Man has not always, in fact, consciously, determined his form of government, perhaps seldom or never, but we may judge from his acquiescence that he is content to obey government for the sake of protection or in other words for the sake of order.

2. Peace abroad and order at home are the two essentials of political existence.

3. History shows that these two essentials are not always compatible. Governments often have to, and sometimes choose to, go to war in order to secure order at home.

4. At the same time all men (some more than others, some races of men more than others) have a natural craving for liberty. Hence the whole record of history is a story of peoples accepting government for the sake of order and revolting against it in the name of liberty. The most successful states have been those which have most completely reconciled the conflicting principles of order and liberty. The great ideal of statecraft is to ensure that everybody shall feel free while nobody shall be free. Nobody in a community can be free because complete freedom for any one individual is bound to impinge upon the liberty of others.

5. All political systems, down to and

including those of the present day, have failed of their purpose because they have failed to secure peace for their citizens.

6. States are not bound to do much more than this. They are not bound to feed, clothe, instruct or physic their citizens; they do these or some of these things in order to please their subjects.

THE GOSPEL OF HAPPINESS.

BEFORE we set out to explore the path to the Fields of Happiness, I must warn you that the way will be difficult. It is not a high road. Few reach those fields: very few abide there. First we may have to make an intellectual effort and dig fairly deep into the book of Wisdom or Philosophy. Then we may be called upon to use the knife rather painfully among some cherished beliefs, to give up some old Hopes in order that we may cast out some old Fears, and then we may be required to make great personal efforts in order to vanquish and overcome the power of bad habits. But there is promise of Peace and Happiness at the end of the journey. That is worth an effort, is it not? (I am speaking of conscious happiness, of course. There are simple savages and innocent rustics who enjoy or seem to enjoy

a simple happiness. They have no need of advice. They will not read these words. We, who are not so lucky as to possess the ingredients of simple happiness, have we nothing to learn from them ?)

First, the intellectual or philosophical basis: in order to live happily and be conscious of happiness, a man must have some theory of the purpose of living. In most minds the theory is extremely vague. They are governed in most things by a code of morals or conduct, inherited from parents or commonly accepted among neighbours, or implicit in the laws of their country, or derived from religion or philosophy. A man may live decently enough simply from fear of public opinion, or from fear of the policeman, or from fear of God's judgement and Hell Fire. But if fear guides your way there can be no happiness. Fear is the great enemy to happiness. If you can find a philosophy of life you can possess a well-grounded, conscious happiness. If not, not.

Or a man may live creditably through Hope: hope of praise, or success in life, or hope of Heaven or of Eternal Bliss. Millions of

people have guided their lives thus in the light of hope. But Hope, you know, is a winged figure, always alluring and beckoning, never fulfilling. Hope dies at the moment of attainment, unless new hopes are born. I have never been able to understand the current notions of Heaven. To guide all one's life by a hope and then attain it! How can Heaven be Heaven if there is no more Hope?

Besides, Fear always runs in step with Hope. "Perhaps I shan't" is the inevitable companion to "Perhaps I shall." The most orthodox hopers of my acquaintance are subject to terrible periods of depression, when the light of hope wanes. Hope is a flickering Will-o'-the-Wisp, and I would not counsel anybody to trust in it. In worldly things we do not admire the gullible person, who lives on promises and hopes like Mr. Micawber. In the things pertaining to eternity, we ought to take the same view. Make sure of every step of the road, if you can. Do not grasp today's happiness at the expense of tomorrow's, but do not perpetually sacrifice today's happiness for the sake of a visionary tomorrow, which never comes.

The happiness of anticipation is not true happiness. Just as " the good is the enemy of the better," so the better is the enemy of the good. To fix your mind on being happy tomorrow is a sure way to prevent yourself from being happy today. On the other hand you cannot be happy today unless you expect to be happy tomorrow also. There is a tragic fallacy in Browning's lines:

> " Leave *now* for dogs and apes,
> Man has *for ever*! "

Now is part of *for ever*. When Stevenson writes, " To travel hopefully is better than to arrive," I take him to mean by the word " arrive " the end of a happy journey. Of course a good thing is better than the end of a good thing.

Nor can you safely rely on what other people say or think.

To begin with, you can seldom know for certain what other people do say or think. The doubt will always arise whether they were correctly reported. It seems incredible that an all-wise and all-powerful God should make the hope of eternal salva-

tion depend upon the understanding of words spoken thousands of years ago, words which hundreds of millions of mankind have never even heard or read, and which only a few score of scholars can understand remotely as they were spoken, words reported only by certain confessedly ignorant disciples. To frame one's life upon the Bible requires that one should understand the Bible. Yet, those who profess to live according to the Bible are the keenest to resent any attempt at the interpretation of Holy Writ, even any attempt to improve the text or the translation of it. But in case you should think this paragraph to be a condemnation of religion, I beg you to suspend your judgement until you have read the chapter on religion.

To rely upon *custom* is equally unsafe. If everyone had always followed custom we should all be naked savages. If you are content to follow the faith of your ancestors, do you condemn St. Paul for changing his ? The old ways have their sentimental attraction. By all means preserve the fragrance of old perfumes for the adornment of life.

Forms and ceremonies, cults and services have their value as outward expression of inward truths, but they may easily obscure what they are meant to express. You must accustom your mind to pierce through images to realities, through the cult to the Deity.

All this points to one inevitable conclusion, that you must search for yourself into Truth itself. Unfortunately those who claim the title of Philosophy today, and occupy its chairs, have forgotten the cry of the plain man for wisdom. Some of them delve among old texts, forgetting the world, some of them invent jargons beyond understanding, or occupy themselves in splitting logic with their rival philosophers. A new *-ism* is invented every day. Just as a learned theologian is able to give the name of some ancient heresy to any modern views that may be unorthodox, so the modern philosopher will label any attempt to search for wisdom with the name of some *-ism* or other and produce a neat refutation of it from his box of tricks. Nevertheless, we must try to find a philosophical basis for our scheme of happiness.

Without philosophy all happiness is founded upon sand.

Philosophy has two main questions for which she is perpetually seeking the answers: What is *real*? and What is *good*?

To the first question we can get no final answer. The very question is of the nature of a puzzle, and the endless discussions of the metaphysicians who convince no one seem to be largely disputes about the meaning of disputable words. The majority of men assume that the external world as they see it, hear it, feel it, smell it, and taste it, is real, and that their thoughts, feelings, conceptions are equally real, though abstract. But it is evident that the senses, each and all of the five, are liable to error. Is red only red to those who are not colour blind, or are some things red really? Plato, the old Greek philosopher, was led to the conclusion that the things we see and hear are only the images of realities which are, perhaps, laid up in Heaven. Bishop Berkeley concluded that God is the only reality, and that the world of our senses is only the painted show that He wishes us to see. Descartes

began his philosophy with this proposition, which seemed to him the only indisputable starting-point, "I think, therefore I am." The school of philosophy which holds Mind or Spirit to be the only reality is called *Idealist* Philosophy.

On the opposite side to the Idealists are the *Materialists*. They hold that Matter is the reality and Mind only a form or emanation of it. More deeply thinking Materialists like Haeckel would emend this by saying that reality consists of Matter and Force. Mind and Spirit they would regard as thin or impalpable forms of Matter or Force. Modern physical science shews that even solid matter is really composed of millions of whirling molecules. No doubt, before there can be a thought, there must be a thinker, and paltry material accidents, like a knock on the head or a sunstroke, can alter the thoughts of the best thinker. A successful operation for adenoids can alter the dull lethargic child into a quick responsive being. A bad digestion can lower the spirits, change the optimist into a pessimist and dull the liveliest imagination.

Even the virtues respond to physical surroundings: Who can be faithful, hopeful, and charitable when suffering from a cold? But on the other hand, "mind can triumph over matter," as the saying is, to a limited extent. Faith can certainly cure a number of nervous disorders. Few medical men are bold enough to pronounce definitely on either side. Most would agree that mind and body are so closely interdependent that you cannot affect one without affecting the other. The reasonable conclusion from that would be that both are physical: the body tangible and visible, the mind intangible and invisible, but none the less real. This view is, I suppose, to be labelled Materialistic. The word "Materialist" has become by association almost a term of abuse, as meaning a person deaf or blind to all finer things, but this is an injustice. A philosopher may hold the materialist view of philosophy and yet be in the ordinary sense an idealist, as possessing notions of goodness to which he strives with all his might.

Those who think that *only* Mind or *only* Matter is real are called Monists, from the

Greek *monos*, *only* or *alone*. Others of these philosophers who hold that both Mind and Matter are equally real are called Dualists. There are all sorts of combinations of these classes of philosophers. The important thing is to realise that the problem is a problem worth thinking about and that we must not assume the reality of the world of the senses without thinking. Science has discovered, in the last few years, many subtle forms of matter or force, like electricity and magnetism, and many apparently real forms of spirit like telepathy, which demand consideration.

The best conclusion for the ordinary man or woman is that nothing must be taken for granted in philosophy, but that for purposes of thinking connectedly, certain assumptions must be made. We must assume that what looks yellow *is* yellow, provided that the great majority of mankind agree with us in calling it yellow. If the great majority should call it blue, then we must assume that we are peculiar; we must be content to be called colour-blind. We must divest our minds of all illusions of time and

space: for example, the microbe is just as real as the lion, though five hundred millions of microbes would stand on the point of a needle.

Another important conclusion is this: Philosophy cannot demonstrate the existence of God, or the non-existence of God. Few of the great philosophers have been atheists. The position of Idealistic Monism, which holds that Mind or Spirit is the only reality and postulates God as the Absolute Reality from which all our sensory perceptions as well as all our intellectual concepts are merely emanations, is a position that is philosophically unassailable. The last conclusion I would draw is this: it behoves us all to be humble as regards our intellects. We are bound to probe and question things as deeply as we can, but let us realise that a mere child can reduce us to impotence by continually asking "Why?" We cannot explain everything. And there is no reason to suppose that we ever shall be able. There has been no real progress in metaphysics since the days of Plato and Aristotle. It is certainly not the case that each successive

philosopher gets a little nearer to the truth. The Ultimate, the Absolute, are notions which elude us, just as we cannot conceive Infinity. That does not mean that we are stupid or feeble. It does not mean that we shall understand them some day. It may only mean that these are ideas which the mind sets up as its own limits. In other words, thinking is a process which has limits, not because the thinker is merely Man, merely finite and limited, but because thought is a game with rules of its own. The mind can reason from one assumption to another. Given a chain it can find the next link, but if it follows the clues it will come, not to the end of the chain, but to the end of its process of thinking, to the fundamental assumption from which it set out. In other words Man is not pure brain.

Suppose we restate the fundamental assumption of Descartes thus: "I feel, therefore I am." Would not that be more correspondent with the facts of life? Consciousness is more primal than thought: there are times when you are conscious, when you feel before you think. This does not separate Man from

his closest cousins in the animal world. Whether they think, how far they have the power of thought, is uncertain, but as long as they are alive they seem to have the power of feeling. Someone will object that you may dull the power of feeling with an opiate. Dull it, yes, but not extinguish it. You cannot live in a state of unconsciousness. I grant that the blood may continue to circulate, or in other words the vital machine may continue to work while the consciousness is absent. But no man can say "I am," unless he is conscious. Consciousness is not thought, it is feeling.

Let us assume, then, that I am I, and you are you, and let us assume that the words we use represent realities: that things like cornflowers, and sailor's uniforms, and the clear sky, and the covers of certain Government publications really are blue, and that pillar-boxes, fire-engines, poppies and healthy English cheeks really are red. Let us assume that there are a number of simple words which everybody agrees to have a certain meaning, and proceed from that assumption. The assumption will not carry

us very far. What about words like Good and God ? We shall find, on reflection, that almost everything which a Russian Bolshevist like Lenin would call *good* would seem to an English Conservative definitely bad; and we shall find that the God whom the ancient Amorites worshipped was placed by Milton among the devils in Hell. There is almost as little agreement about Good and Bad among the philosophers who deal in Ethics (the science of morals) as there was about Mind and Matter among the metaphysicians (the philosophers who deal with reality). But unless we can find some intellectual basis for the terms *good* and *bad* we can never attain to a workable theory of conduct at all, and as I have said before and shall have to say again and again, unless we can bring our whole being, intellectual, moral and physical into harmony, we shall never know real happiness.

What is good ? I have pondered over this problem thirty years or more. I have tried to read all that the wisest writers have written about it and it is because I have reached a certain conclusion on the subject

that I write this little book. It was the fact of coming to a conclusion on this subject which brought me happiness and I believe that I can give happiness to anyone who will follow my reasoning and reach a conclusion on the same problem. I believe the cause of the unhappiness which seems, unless I mistake, to surround us in the world of to-day is due, partly of course, to unsatisfactory economic conditions, but mainly to the want of light and guidance. Masses of men and women today are tossed about the ocean of life like rudderless ships. Whatever clergymen may say, the old faiths have been undermined by the progress of knowledge, but knowledge has not brought happiness. The old faiths did. They still do. I have seen happiness shining on the faces of simple nuns pursuing works of benevolence in cloisters where no worldly anxieties could enter. But their happiness is impossible for a man who has acquired the habit of thinking and who knows what modern science can tell him about the world. To a child you can say, " Shut your eyes and open your mouth and see what the King will send you."

You can make a child happy with a lollipop. I believe you can make an adult happy with a drug for a moment or two.

Shall we then rule out the inquisitive, restless curiosity of the twentieth-century mind as a thing of evil inspiration and an enemy to happiness?

One is tempted to do so. "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not neither do they spin." "Why should we only toil, who are the crown of things?" The cows in the meadow do not worry their horned heads about the problem of pain or the nature of Good. At least there is no reason to think they do. There is a reason to think they do not. They have the same placid beatific look as those nuns I mentioned, and that is the aspect of contentment. It may be, of course, that all these parties, the cows, the lilies and the nuns, have acquired their happiness by facing their problem and finding the right solution. It may be so, but it seems unlikely. Man has that within him which forces him to enquire. Christ would have had no disciples otherwise; no faith could have reached those nuns unless

there had once been questing intellects seeking truth. St. Paul, himself, said, " Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good." The hunger for truth is as real and as sharp to a thinking man as the hunger for food. If the love of God is the secret to happiness, it is necessary to know God before we can love Him. We are therefore bound to enquire before we can know.

And we must enquire fearlessly. Distrust all those guides who say to you, " Enquire so far but no farther." They are conjurers with tricks to conceal. " Whither-so-ever the argument leads us, thither must we follow "; such was the doctrine of Socrates, the wisest of the Greeks. Hosts of our people dare not think. They have been brought up to believe that it is wicked; or they are afraid that it might lead them to something unpleasant. On the contrary, if God made you, God made the finest part of you, the wonderful thinking apparatus which cows do not possess, and as for happiness, I say again for the third time that thinking is the only way that can lead you to real and lasting happiness.

And we must enquire humbly. I am not at all sure about the place of humility among the virtues. We shall find that Christ, whom we regard as the pattern of men, even judging by the imperfect records, was the first great thinker to place humility among the virtues. But he was not always humble himself; he made the most tremendous claims for himself. He advised his followers to turn the other cheek to the smiter, but this did not prevent him from taking a scourge to the profaners of the Temple and using very strong language about his enemies, the Scribes and Pharisees. A certain degree of moral pride is, I suppose, part of the equipment of every good man, but I am sure that intellectual pride is evil; that is if it means unwillingness to learn. Deafness cuts a man off from the beauty of music, and blindness from the beauty of sight; even so does intellectual pride cut a man off from beauty of thought. The receptive mind alone is capable of happiness. We must pity "the infallible Pope." If I set myself up as a guide to you it is (believe me) with very great humility that I do so. But if you had thought your way

through all sorts of tangles and difficulties until you had reached what seemed to you the clear and shining fields of happiness and, looking back, if you saw whole multitudes of your brothers and sisters groping in misery so near those blessed fields, would not you feel bound to lift up your voice and cry, " It is here! This way! Just over here "?

I

WHAT IS GOOD?

THIS was the second great philosophical question: it is the foundation of the science called Ethics. Some philosophers with Plato have tried to identify "good" with "beautiful," others with "pleasant," others with "useful," and others with "divine." To try to identify two words as if they were exact synonyms is doomed to failure. No one would have invented, no one would use the word "pleasant," if its meaning were wholly covered by the word "good"; that is obvious. Herbert Spencer said: "Life is good or bad according as it does or does not bring a surplus of agreeable feeling." John Stuart Mill said: "Pleasure and freedom from pain are the only things desirable as ends." Elsewhere he identified "the good"

with " the desirable." and " the desirable " with " the desired."

Jeremy Bentham said: " Nature has placed mankind under the government of two sovereign motives, gain and pleasure. It is for them alone to point out what we ought to do, as well as to determine what we should do." He defines four sanctions or sources of pleasure and pain—physical, political, moral or popular, and religious. The value of a lot of pleasure or pain is to be measured according to its duration, its certainty, propinquity, or remoteness, its fecundity or chance of being followed by sensations of the same sort, its purity or chance of not being followed by sensations of the opposite sort, and its extent or the number of persons affected by it. That is the foundation of his doctrine of Utility. Utility is defined as that property in any object whereby it tends to produce benefit, advantage, pleasure, good or happiness, or to prevent the happening of mischief, pain, evil or unhappiness, to the party whose interest is considered. So " The greatest happiness of the greatest number " became the political principle of the Utilitarians and

still remains the ideal of modern Liberals. The doctrine of " Utility " has been maligned by its enemies. As propounded by men like Bentham and Mill it is no selfish or narrow doctrine, but it does not explain the facts of life. We do, in fact, call many things good which are not useful or even pleasant.

The doctrine which identifies the " good " with the " pleasant " is called *Hedonism*. The true Hedonist holds that other " good " things, such as virtue, beauty, truth or knowledge, are only good as contributing to our pleasure. Such was the doctrine of Epicurus and his great interpreter, the poet Lucretius, who made Voluptas (pleasure) into the sole deity. At the very outset we must clear away some of the prejudice which their enemies have attached to the doctrines of Hedonism. Hedonists and Epicureans are not mere gluttons and voluptuaries. They recognise the distinction between low and high pleasures. A Hedonist can live as nobly as any ascetic; many of them have lived noble lives. The Voluptas of Lucretius is no sensual self-indulgence. I do not think that any serious philosopher of any school held

the doctrine in the extreme form quoted by Saint Paul: "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die." Every philosopher, being a philosopher and not a voluptuary, would naturally recognise the mental and spiritual pleasures as being higher (that is really greater) pleasures than the pleasures of eating and drinking. But see how Socrates refutes the plain Hedonist doctrine in Plato's dialogue, *Philebus:*

SOCRATES: Would you agree to live your whole life in the enjoyment of the greatest pleasures, Protarchus?

PROTARCHUS: Of course I would.

SOCRATES: And would you consider anything else necessary if you enjoyed this one gift to the uttermost?

PROTARCHUS: Nothing at all.

SOCRATES: Think what you are saying; you would not need to be wise, intelligent and reasonable, or anything of that kind? Would you not even care to keep your sight?

PROTARCHUS: Why should I? If I had pleasure I suppose I should have all I want.

SOCRATES: Well, then, supposing you lived thus, you would always throughout your life enjoy the maximum of pleasure ?

PROTARCHUS: Naturally.

SOCRATES: But then inasmuch as you would not possess intelligence and memory and knowledge and true judgment, you would in the first place necessarily be without the knowledge whether you were pleased or not. For you would be devoid of any kind of wisdom. You agree ?

PROTARCHUS: I do. It necessarily follows.

SOCRATES: Well, then, besides this, having no memory you must also be unable even to remember that you ever were pleased ; not the least trace must remain afterwards of the pleasure which comes upon you at the moment. And moreover, not having true judgement, you cannot think you are pleased when you are ; and being devoid of reasoning faculties you cannot even reckon that you will be pleased in future. You must live the life of an oyster or of some other of those creatures who dwell in the sea and whose spirits are concealed in shelly bodies. Is all this

correct, or can we escape this conclusion ?

PROTARCHUS: How can we ?

SOCRATES: Well, then, can we think such a life desirable !

PROTARCHUS: Socrates, your logic has left me utterly dumb.

There is a certain amount of Socratean guile about this refutation. But it also contains a truth of great importance. Those who say that pleasure is the only good must mean pleasure and the consciousness of it. It seems to me that the word happiness would be a better word for what I think they mean than pleasure. Pleasure I take to be an emotion, happiness a state of mind or being. Happiness is the consciousness of a sum of pleasurable feelings, and it is more than that. The dog by wagging his tail, the cat by her purring, the bird by its song indicates pleasure, just as the whole animal creation has its various means of expressing pain.

Reserve for the moment the question of what is absolutely good; put aside for the moment what ought to be, and consider only what does govern the life of the whole

animal creation. They are seeking pleasure and avoiding pain. Those that are high enough in the scale of creation to have foresight, or the inherited instinct which acts as foresight, pursue what we must call not pleasure but happiness. The educated trout does not rush for the bait regardless of consequences. The wiser animals will not sacrifice the prospect of happiness for the immediate moment of pleasure. The brooding hen will bear imprisonment and discomfort for the joy of rearing her young.

This is a thousand times more visible in the case of man. His trained sophisticated reason is perpetually balancing pleasures and pains, choosing the one and avoiding the other, with his memory to aid him concerning the past and his imagination regarding the future.

There is no need to define what pleasure is; it is an emotion physically felt in the case of the physical pleasures. As the cat purrs, so the man feels pleasure thrilling through his veins. I dare say the doctors could locate it. They would find the pulse move quicker or the temperature rise. I

feel certain that pleasure is a physical sensation. Nay, those who are capable of feeling the aesthetic emotions will agree that great music in some cases, great poetry in others, and I dare say, great architecture in others, will send a sensible thrill through the body. I for my part can never read Shelley's *Adonais*, or Charles Lamb's *Essay on New Year's Day*, or Hector's farewell to Andromache, or listen to the Kreutzer Sonata or the Unfinished Symphony without physical sensations of pain or pleasure. A thrill like electricity runs down the spine, a lump rises in the throat, tears (not like the tears of real impotent grief, but pleasurable tears) spring to the eyes. On the other hand bad poetry, a dull book, cheap music, crude pictures afflict one with a sensation that is at the worst like a blow between the eyes; at the best like weariness.

Something of the same sort happens in the moral world. You can be literally and physically thrilled when you read of a splendid action. You can feel sensations of physical nausea when you are told of disgusting treachery, cowardice or injustice.

How strongly you feel these things will depend upon your sensibility and upon your training; but who is there who possesses any degree of sensibility who does not feel a sensation of pleasure as real and physical as the sensation which makes the dog wag his tail and the cat purr ?

Therefore while it would be rash and foolish to say that pleasure is the only good, it would only be according to nature to say that it is through pleasure that we recognise good. Absolute Good is an abstraction which I personally cannot grasp. Objective Good I recognise through pleasure.

If, then, we are asked to define Good we shall have to decline. It has no synonym. It is an expression of approbation, and approbation depends upon the nature of the person approving as well as upon circumstances. Bacon is good to a healthy Gentile at breakfast time but it is not good to a Jew, or a butterfly, or a thirsty mariner cast away on a raft. Botticelli's " Primavera " is a good picture in my eyes, but it is not good to a blind man. If we had to find the nearest verbal equivalent to *good*, it would be the

word "fitting" or "appropriate." The good hammer is the hammer best suited to its purpose.

It is by pleasure that we recognise good; by pain, evil. Hedonists who make pleasure the end, and good only the means to the end, are driven always to certain inconsistencies. They are almost bound to recognise some pleasures as "higher" and others as "lower." They may try to explain that by higher pleasures they only mean greater pleasures, more pleasurable, more lasting, less fraught with reaction of pain. But this is not satisfactory. Suppose a position in which you had the alternative of eating a ripe strawberry or plunging into a foaming mill-race to rescue a worthless tramp at the certain risk of your own life, which would you choose? I know of no philosopher who would be bold enough to finish his strawberry; on the other hand, the most faithful watch-dog may be beguiled from his duty by a lump of meat. This I conceive to be merely a matter of training or instinct. All the training of man is designed to teach him the baseness of deserting a fellowman in

peril of his life. On the other hand, dogs, however teachable they may seem as regards habits, are still animals, and anybody who studies dogs will know that their inherited instincts are stronger than any training. The man who plunged into the boiling mill-race to rescue the worthless tramp would with proper publicity be considered a hero. Statues would be erected to his memory, but in all probability his act would merely be the result of a moment's struggle between two instincts; the inherited animal instinct of self-preservation and the trained social instinct of service. You might, if you wished, say that he was balancing one pleasure against another: the pleasure of living against the pleasure of being praised. I do not believe that. Meanwhile we have forgotten the ripe strawberry. So did the man in the picture. The ripe strawberry might represent the most exquisite pleasure. It was simply forgotten when the crisis occurred. In fact the immediate pleasure may be the "good" to dogs, it is not the "good" to man. But think of the problem in terms of *Happiness* and it is evident that a well-trained

citizen might consider that life would not be worth living if he played the coward in a crisis.

I say, then, that, whatever ought to be the case, the whole animal creation including Man regulates its conduct by the pursuit of Happiness. I do not suppose anyone will seriously dispute this statement. It covers the case of the martyr, who goes to the stake in the hope of eternal bliss, the *fakir* who finds his spiritual satisfaction in the mortification of the body, the hero who gives his life for his country or for a fellow-man or to rescue a dog from being run over; the explorer who suffers frightful privations because his nature or his training holds out to him the discovery of new lands as the supreme happiness of life. My proposition is no defence of Egoism. It is impossible for any person properly trained as a member of a community to find complete happiness in selfish enjoyment.

Now comes the more disputable question: is it *right* to make Happiness our end and object? I should say that it is right for every creature to live according to its nature:

right for the bird to fly and the fish to swim, right for the sun to shine, right for a man to breathe and eat and sleep, and equally right for him to feel pleasure and pain. If you postulate a benevolent Creator you must suppose that Man was made like that on purpose, given those guiding reins of Pleasure and Pain, and given the intellect to convert pleasures into happiness or pains into misery. If so, we can go further and say that it is a duty to be happy: that misery is obviously an affront to the benevolent Creator's intentions, who gave Man the faculty of enjoyment and provided so many means for its enjoyment. But even if you reject, or do not feel sure enough to accept the theory of a beneficent Creator, if you have some mechanical explanation of the evolution of Man and the universe, then it is still more evident that Pleasure and Pain have been throughout the necessary elements of evolution. By seeking the one and avoiding the other, the ascent of Man has been and is being accomplished, and the process of evolution, which has developed Man's elaborate brain cells and nerve centres,

has trained him to find a varied and complicated Happiness in social life.

Lastly, are we to seek our happiness in this or in some future life? Are we to mortify ourselves here in order that we may be happy hereafter, happy eternally? I think we have answered this question. "Now" is part of "forever." You cannot possess eternal bliss if you are unhappy now and tomorrow and yesterday. These days belong to eternity. Tomorrow never comes. Time itself is an assumption. But if you consider this too abstract and metaphysical, ask yourself whether an all-loving Father would willingly make his children suffer, would willingly plant in their souls a yearning for happiness, and postpone that happiness until they are dead? I hear someone say, "Yes, that is what many kind fathers do. They send their children away from home, perhaps to very uncomfortable lodgings abroad, or they send them across the sea, suffering all the pains of sickness, or they commit them to severe discipline at school, because they, the wise and foreseeing fathers, know that the present discomfort will be for their

future good. That is precisely what God does. He has made this world a place of trial and probation and training to fit his children for everlasting Happiness."

That is what you will sometimes hear from the pulpit. Orthodox Catholics would even go further and promise us a further period of fiercer trial in purgatory. Is not this to insult the goodness of God? The loving human father does not willingly or knowingly make his child suffer. It is only because he does not know or cannot control the circumstances, that the school is severe, the ship unsteady, the lodgings abroad uncomfortable. In the best human households there is very little chastening or correcting, and no trial or temptation at all.

Would an omnipotent Father be less kind?

I hesitate to appeal to the Bible. The Bible is not a book but a library. It contains very diverse statements on many subjects and on no subject more diverse than on the problem of pain and punishment. Even the words of Christ as recorded in the Gospels can be quoted on different sides. Christ was not a lawyer or a logician, and

his words as recorded are capable of various interpretations. To me it seems that He, more than any other poet or prophet, was preaching the gospel of Happiness. " Hear what *comfortable* words our Saviour Christ . . ." The Kingdom of God was what He came to preach, and the Kingdom of God was a reign of Happiness. It was not a future state. Men were told to take no thought for the morrow : His disciples were to make no provision for the future ; their message was to be that the kingdom of Heaven is at hand. They would not have covered the cities of Israel before the Son of Man should be come. The would-be disciple was told not to bother about his dead father's funeral. God was not the God of the dead but of the living. The Pharisees asked Him the date when the Kingdom of heaven should arrive and what was the answer ?

" The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Neither shall they say, ' Lo, here! ' or ' Lo there! ' For behold the kingdom of God is within you." I am aware that there are many obscure and apparently inconsistent texts about the end

of the world and the imminence of the Day of Judgment, even in the lifetime of His hearers, but I think it is clear that Christ did not wish us to spend this life merely as a time of probation for a future state. His kingdom is not an affair of time or space. It is a spiritual state of harmony with the will of our Heavenly Father.

I will not say more at this point, but I feel a conviction, which no amount of attendance at church or chapel can destroy, that the gracious figure of our Saviour, as we can discern Him through the difficult records of the gospels, meant His human brothers to be happy. His mouth was full of blessing for the poor and simple. The Father He preached was a God of mercy and tenderness. Many an obscure word Christ spoke. Sometimes, I doubt not, interested theologians have interpolated texts to suit their dogmas. Sometimes Christ Himself spoke in figurative or mystical language as when He told that story of Dives and Lazarus, accepting, for the sake of the moral He wished to teach, the current Jewish notions of heaven and hell. His mind was full of the language of

ancient prophecy. To Him materialism and formalism, rich men and Pharisees, were the enemy. He and His disciples did not fast, did not observe the ritual of the High Churchmen of the day. They did their works of mercy even on the Sabbath day, and on Sunday evening they did not dress up in their best and go to church ; they walked through the cornfields and plucked the ripe ears of corn; they talked with despised foreigners, sat at meat with publicans and sinners. They were kind and courteous to everyone except hypocrites, dogmatists and tyrants. The inheritors of His Kingdom were not bound to subscribe to any formulæ of any church: they were to be as little children.

Let us pause a moment at this point to recapitulate.

The Good cannot be defined. There is no absolute Good. Good is an expression of approbation, and the good varies according to the person approving. It is by pleasure that we recognise the Good, and the condition or state at which men aim and at which they ought to aim is Happiness The Happi-

ness which they seek and ought to seek is a present Happiness.

Now if these words should by chance fall into the hands of any professor of philosophy, he will complain, no doubt, that I have evaded or, as I should prefer to say, side-tracked many of his difficulties. Do I aver that pleasure is the sole good ? By no means; in addition to pleasure we must have consciousness of pleasure, memory of pleasure, anticipation of pleasure; we must have knowledge and judgment. All these things are ingredients, with pleasure, of Happiness. Nor do I pretend even now to have exhausted the ingredients of Happiness. I say that they vary according to the nature and instincts, training and habits of the subject. This may be called Pragmatism. The label matters but little, Pragmatism is a fashionable philosophy.

It may be objected that in the case of a bad nature, or an ill trained nature, Happiness might be in the pursuit of bad things. If my philosophy would encourage the thief to go on stealing, it would also encourage the policeman to prevent him or lock him up.

But it ought to encourage the thief to consider and review his own nature: to ask himself whether Happiness really lies in stealing. Any philosophy which appeals to logic only is doomed to failure. Men are not pure brain. They do not govern their lives by principles of reason. They are bundles of instincts and aptitudes, trained and inherited. The majority of men seldom or never think about abstract things; they act on sentiment, emotion or impulse, which is unconscious or subconscious; and comes sometimes from incalculably ancient sources. Man is by nature gregarious, and as Aristotle said "political." We can predicate certain things of men in the mass; we can say that the general happiness may be promoted in this way or that, but the individual is, and must be, a law to himself, so long as his happiness does not infringe the happiness of the majority.

I may be told that there is no novelty in these doctrines. I do not care for novelty as much as for truth. But I have read a good deal of philosophy and a good deal of theology without coming across any book

which told people plainly that in seeking Happiness they were seeking a lawful end. I believe that a great many people who seek Happiness fail to find it because their "consciences" are ill at ease. Conscience is a word for fear: old dogmas, old catechisms, half-forgotten training, act as ineffective inhibitions, which do not prevent people from acting as they wish to act, but still have power to make them uneasy. I would have men face their conscience and reason with it; and see how far it is reasonable. They are often like emancipated slaves who have never dared to shake off the rusty, broken shackle from their legs. Not until they have done that, can they set out with a light heart to explore the fields of Happiness.

II

WHAT IS EVIL?

ALL that has been said of Good is true *per contra* of Evil. There is no positive or absolute Bad. "Bad" is an expression of dislike or disapproval. We recognise the bad through emotions or sentiments of displeasure, dislike or disgust. The "Bad" for each individual may vary according to his nature; his character, surroundings and upbringing. When we say that an egg is bad, we mean only that it is bad for food; the same egg might have been a very good egg in the view of a henkeeper or an electioneer. When we say that poetry or music is bad, we may mean that it does not fulfil the laws of its art, if we mean anything more than that we dislike it. As a rule, we use the words good and bad instinctively, accord-

ing to our likes and dislikes, but if we are asked to give a reason for our use of the terms, we shall generally seek an answer along the lines of suitability. Does the object fulfil its purpose, does it conform to the accepted standard, does it obey the laws (if any) of its art?

These statements are easier to accept in the negative. I think that if Philosophy had begun by trying to explain or define the idea of the Bad, it would have found it easier to deal with the Good. So now I feel more confidence in approaching the idea of Evil, of sin, Hell and the Devil, than I should have found on the opposite side of Good. If you dismiss the idea of Absolute Bad, you abandon the notion of a principle of evil and therefore of a Devil.

All religions have a God, but not all religions have a Devil. Nearly all religions postulate an omnipotent God and therefore have to face the problem of how evil and pain can continue to exist. Most religions have to assume two opposed absolutes, God and the Devil; and to counterpoise their Heaven, provide a Hell, to which they consign their

enemies. In some barbarous tribes, Devil worship is the rule. Where religion springs, as it seems to do in primitive communities, from fear, it becomes necessary to propitiate the evil powers which send lightning, pestilence or famine. Many examples of this will be found in Sir James Frazer's great work, *The Golden Bough.* I know of only one religion, the Persian faith of Zoroaster (in some ways the most remarkable religion of ancient times) in which there is an absolute dualism. In that faith, the two Powers of Good and Evil were equipotent. The universe was a scene of equally matched combat between Ahriman and Ormuzd, Good and Evil. By allying himself with Ahriman, the worshipper could assist the good to prevail. It seems to me that this is the only faith which can offer an adequate explanation of the existence of evil in the world. But of course it denies or impairs the omnipotence of God, and who would worship a weak God ?

The modern Christian faith, as I hear it preached, is extremely vague on the subject of Evil. It is often said that the popular preachers of this generation have abolished

Hell. It would be more true to say that this is a topic not to be mentioned in polite circles. Most church congregations are polite circles. It would be safe to say that there are very few living theologians who believe in an active principle of evil, a Devil going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Few believe in a material Hell, a place whose worm dieth not and whose fire is not quenched. The modern preacher tends to describe it as a mere negation, he will tell you that sin is punished either by loss of eternal life or by deprivation of eternal bliss, or by forfeiting the power (automatically) of being able to enjoy the presence of the Deity.

This is comforting. It may or may not be true. But it is not Christianity. According to the orthodox Christian faith, Adam fell into sin through the tempting of the Devil in the guise of a serpent, and Man remained under a curse for four thousand years or so, until God was pleased to remove the curse by sending His only Son into the world, to become man and take the sins of the world upon Him, and redeem mankind by His

death on the Cross. He did not, however, even then, redeem all mankind, but only those who believed in Him, were baptized in His name, and pleaded His Sacrifice when called upon for judgement. I hope I have stated the doctrine correctly, for it is the cardinal doctrine of Christian churches, of all of them, I think. It is a statement, crude and bald, no doubt, of the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Atonement. It depends upon the story of Adam and Eve and the serpent in the Garden of Eden, because without that story we have no authority for believing in the fall of Man, or original sin, and therefore no motive for the Incarnation. It also involves the theory that the Almighty and All-loving Father doomed to destruction, in revenge for the sin of Adam which he could easily have prevented, if he did not actually plan it, all of mankind who were born before the death of Christ, and all born subsequent to that date who never heard of Christ, who heard and did not believe the doctrines of the orthodox church, who died without baptism, and all those who believed and were baptised and

yet failed to carry out their Christian duties. That is to say that the vast mass of mankind on this globe are, have been, and will be doomed to everlasting torment. There is nothing about mere annihilation in the true faith.

This is a consequence so frightful that no humane person can believe it. I have read a little about the doctrine of the Atonement. It has a tragic history which runs something like this. The Jews were accustomed to the two ideas of Sacrifice and Ransom. They are kindred ideas. Both postulate an angry God or a powerful Devil. To the angry God man must offer sacrifices, a lamb or a goat, the first fruits of his herds or his crops, instead of himself. In the earliest stages the sacrifice is generally a human sacrifice: one man, sometimes the king, sometimes a condemned criminal, sometimes a foreign captive, has to die for (i.e. instead of) the people, to appease the wrath of God. Horrible crimes have been committed by all primitive peoples in this faith. We know how the Druids used to burn prisoners, massed in wicker crates, to satisfy their gods. Even in recent times, African kings have taken a hideous toll of their sub-

jects to appease their idols. There is little of human sacrifice in the Bible. When God told Abraham to sacrifice his only son Isaac, Abraham obeyed, doubting not that such a sacrifice would be pleasing to Jehovah. In that case God was content to accept a substitute, a ram caught in a thicket. From that time onwards the sacrifices of the Israelites were lambs or goats or turtle-doves. It is worth mentioning that temples were maintained and priests supported out of sacrifices. The priests had a right to part of the meat. In many texts of the Old Testament appears the crude conception that God delighted in the smell of burnt flesh. On the other hand the Old Testament contains some wonderful poems, like the Fiftieth Psalm, in which sacred writers were inspired, long before their age, to question the efficacy of sacrifice. These great teachers revolted at the idea of a God delighting in burnt sacrifices. All the beasts of the forest were His. Why should He take one he-goat out of the folds of his worshippers ?

" I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he-goats out of thy folds; for every

beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

"I know all the fowls of the mountains; and the wild beasts of the field are mine.

"If I were hungry I would not tell thee; for the world is mine and the fulness thereof.

"Will I eat the flesh of bulls, or drink the blood of goats?

"*Offer unto God thanksgiving*; and pay thy vows unto the Most High.

"And call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me.

"Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me; And to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God."

And again, in the next psalm, the same noble theme is repeated:

"For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt offering;

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Even in these early times there were

prophets or poets who saw through the ceremonies of their day to the truth. They rose above the conception of an angry god, appeased by burnt offerings, cheated by substitutes or bribed by sweet savours, and they realised that if God is good and merciful, the only Sacrifice he requires is the contrite heart: the only gift that is pleasing in His sight is the righteous life. All through the Old Testament literature we can discern a sharp division between the teaching of the prophets and the teaching of the priests. The priests naturally upheld the ceremonies, the sacrifices, the temple offerings. The prophets stood for pure morality and ideal conceptions of God. The priests, aided by the law and the lawyers, were able to maintain the practice of sacrifice down to the time of Christ. Another kindred notion is that of ransom. This also was rooted in Jewish law, as in all ancient law. " An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth " was the primitive doctrine, but its severity was mitigated in process of time by a system of reason.

For homicide, and other torts against property or person, a man might compound

by a money payment. The whole system was carefully defined in Jewish law. You could not compound for a major crime, like breaking any of the Ten Commandments, but for ordinary wrongs you could pay ransom.

Now these two notions of sacrifice and ransom were deeply imbedded in Jewish tradition, and Christ, knowing that he was doomed to die an unjust death on behalf of his flock, used many expressions distinctly conveying the idea that he was the sacrifice or a ransom for the faults of his people. His aim was to save his people; yet they conspired against him and consigned him to Roman justice. He loved his little band of disciples, yet one of these betrayed him and others forsook him. He felt like the scapegoat, the Sacrifice, the ransom.

What could be more natural or more touching? He foresaw his martyrdom, at times with anguish and horror, but he knew that it was the seal of his mission. If he were " lifted " up on the Cross he would draw all men unto Him. Yet out of this material, theologians have built a monstrous fabric of dogma. For about a thousand years the

mediæval schoolmen held that Christ's death was a ransom paid by God to the devil who had acquired certain rights over mankind by the sin of Adam. Then, in some way, it was regarded as ransom paid to Justice or Necessity. All sorts of refinements have been made to fit the doctrine to humaner ideas, or, in the alternative, congregations are roundly told to believe without enquiring. These tremendous doctrines of Redemption, Atonement, Remission of Sins, are mysteries. People are to place their hopes of eternal salvation upon a theory which they are not to attempt to understand.

The distinctive effect of science upon religion does not so much arise from the discoveries of science having disproved religion, or having provided an alternative explanation of the mysteries of life. Rather they have taught men to think and enquire, to look for causes, to expect some logic in the affairs of the universe. It is only the meek and docile; old men grown feeble, young children and reverential females, who are willing to take on trust the dogmas handed out to them by priests and ministers. We live

in an enquiring sceptical age. But, at the same time, morality is advancing towards humaner views. Thinking men and women will not tolerate mystification. Hence the plain, healthy-minded men and women of to-day have rejected those theological theories which go back to barbarous ideas of imperfect tribal deities. If we are to worship, it must be a God more perfect than ourselves.

Stripped of verbiage, the current Atonement theory implies that God created men and women imperfect. A perfect Creator could not create an imperfect thing. But we have to believe that God not only created Man imperfect, but cursed him because he was imperfect. Who created the Devil we are not told, but the Devil was allowed, if not encouraged, to tempt our first parents with such guile that they were led into disobedience. For this fault they received a double curse—Work and Death. Work we now know to have been a blessing. Well, then, to repair this monstrous wrong, some thousands of years later we are told to believe that God committed another act of injustice. He sacrificed His only beloved Son. This

Son became a perfect man, without sin, yet in some way He took upon Himself the sins of the whole world, died in agony after crying that God had forsaken Him, went down into Hell, overcame Death, and rose again. Yet we are not to believe that Christ was the first man to rise from the dead; saints and prophets from the Old Testament had also won eternal life. And Christ did not, it seems, remove Sin from the world, nor did men cease to die. But some men, some few selected believers, would by faith in Christ have their sins removed, and thus merit eternal life hereafter. We are not to believe that the Devil was destroyed, nor, indeed, that his activities were in any way impaired. The orthodox belief goes further; it alleges that Christ, who at one moment said that no one had power to forgive Sins except God, at another moment handed to his disciples the power to forgive sins, or commit men and women to damnation, and that these disciples had power to hand on their power to a whole succession of Popes, bishops and priests, many of whom we know from history to have been wicked and shameless. And what

was the consequence to morality? Even orthodox Christians have not ceased to sin; on the contrary, they have to begin their services of praise to God by admitting daily that they are all miserable sinners. Nor has it removed the human consequence of sin; every wrong act still bears its inevitable train of effects. But the orthodox sinner is taught to believe that he has only to repent of his sin, confess it and pay such trifling penances as his priest may require, to be innocent in the sight of God. No, even this is doubtful. He will have to stand trial in the day of Judgement and again suffer penance, before he can enter into Eternal life; if life can be called eternal when there has already been a birth and death in its course.

It is scarcely to be deplored that the conscience of the better part of mankind is scandalised and revolted by this chain of injustice, attributed to the Eternal Father, the God who is Love. Could Love doom millions to destruction? Could Mercy crucify an only Son, even for the worthiest ends? Could Justice punish the innocent and allow the guilty to escape? Hyde Park orators

may attempt to destroy religion by pouring ridicule upon the book of Jonah or Noah's Ark. That is not what has emptied the churches; it is that men have outgrown the stage of barbarous religion, with its ideas of fetichism, totemism, ransom, sacrifice and anthropomorphism.

I believe the explanation to be fairly simple. Christ Himself was an Oriental, accustomed to use strangely and even violently metaphorical language, often borrowed from the ancient prophets. It is clear from the Gospel narratives that He often puzzled His disciples. He spoke of Himself as the Way, the Truth and the Life, the Corner stone, at another time as the true Vine, at another time as the Bread of Heaven. He was the Lamb of God, the Son of God, the Son of Man. At one time he said that anyone who had seen him had seen God. At another time he asked why they called him "good": there was none good save God. Once he said that his twelve disciples (including Judas) should sit upon twelve thrones in His Kingdom, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. His disciples misunderstood the figurative or ironical

language and disputed which of them should have the seats of honour. He taught his doctrines habitually by means of parables, metaphors and figures of speech. He was fond of picturesque paradoxes. Much of his language was enigmatical. The early apostles like St. Paul never seem to have claimed or used the tremendous power of forgiving sins, or to have based authority over the churches, upon the alleged commission to Peter. Hence it seems inevitable that there has been much misunderstanding and misrepresentation and certainly a good deal of interested interpolation in the Gospel narratives. But the greater part of the orthodox Catholic doctrine was evolved or defined many years, even centuries later. The rich-coloured, figurative and metaphorical language of the East was reduced to hard dogma by educated ecclesiastics, and generally in the sense of giving power to the Church.

If you believe, as I do, that Christ was not only a supremely great and perfect man, but also in a quite unique sense an interpreter of God and the Divine Ideal to man, you must reject all doctrines which involve Him

or His Father in injustice or inhumanity. His beloved disciple, St. John, knew his mind best. It is enough for me that Saint John said, " God is Love."

We must reject, above all, that primitive and barbarous notion of original Sin and the Fall of Man. Man has not fallen, he is rising; winning his way to the light by many uncertain and painful steps. We are not to be bowed down and made miserable by a perpetual sense of sin. If God is good and God made man, man is good also. A good painter paints good pictures. If there were a perfect painter he would paint perfect pictures. I do not say that Man is perfect, but I do say that he has seeds of goodness in him which are continually growing; I believe that there is historical warrant for saying that we are better than our forefathers as regards morality, justice, humanity, temperance, unselfishness, and I hope that our grandchildren will be better still.

It is a wise proverb that says to know all is to excuse all. If God knows all, there is no need of ransoms, scapegoats and atonements. Of what is called sin, much is ignorance,

much is mere error, much is the result of unfortunate conditions of birth, upbringing and surroundings. Remove all these causes of error and what remains is little. The only sin, I take to be the deliberate violation of a man's moral code for purposes of gain. Selfishness, brutality, violence, injustice, greed, vanity, may all be accounted sins when they are sins against the light of a man's conscience. But you will often find a little child selfish, greedy, brutal, violent, unjust and vain. Most sins are due to want of imagination; to lack of the power to put oneself into the other person's place. Two ideas are especially conducive to sin; one is the idea that we are naturally bad, naturally prone to sin, almost bound to commit it daily; the other is the idea that there is some way of washing out sin without leaving consequences to ourselves and others. Both these ideas are taught in our Churches.

So we are forced to ask the question whether the intelligent man or woman of the present day ought to go to Church. Before I could answer that question, I should have to say, " Show me the Church and then

show me the Man." There is every reason to think that a great many priests and ministers of various denominations are themselves men of modern intelligence, who read the ancient texts, and accept the mediæval dogmas, in a mystical or figurative sense very much as I have explained them; they do not dwell upon the doctrines which revolt the modern conscience: their preaching and teaching is conducive to goodness. One might wish it could be perfectly candid, but I suppose that before that could happen, there would have to be another Reformation, more violent than that of the Sixteenth Century. I believe that the time for such a Reformation is overdue. It seems unlikely that it will come from within the Church. The Church, or Churches, are so incrusted with tradition, so wedded to vested interests, so tainted with professional egoism, so divided, so jealous of one another, that reform from within seems almost impossible. And yet, how badly we need our Churches ! How good it would be if whole communities of men and women could meet together regularly in the ancient, hallowed build-

ings, to lift up their hearts, to have their finer spiritual emotions stirred by solemn music, to hear the noble words of Christ and the old Hebrew prophets, to sing some of the sublime songs of the psalmists, to think about ethics, the brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God, to combine in works of mercy and charity. The idea of entering into mystical communion with the perfect Man, Jesus Christ, through the Holy Sacrament, is both lovely and inspiring. How grand is the ideal and how miserable the reality! Those *credos* mechanically and insincerely recited! Those Sunday congregations, dressed in stiff finery, mumbling dead formulæ, listening apathetically to dull sermons, praying for they know not what, droning out commonplace hymns! Those reserved pews with the poor in the free seats at the back! The solemn collection of pennies, offered to God by rich men! The fumbling theology and unscholarly commentaries upon biblical texts! The coughing congregation! Meanwhile outside the church, spinning along the roads on cycles or cars, wandering through country lanes, playing on the links

or the tennis court or in the public parks, or digging their allotments or playing with their children, are the youth and health and strength of manhood. Would you rather take your chance of eternal happiness with these or those ?

The present condition of things, in which we are all nominally called Christians, but a minority goes to Church, and that minority divided into little exclusive congregations, while the majority use Sunday as a day of rest or recreation, is not satisfactory. The churchgoers suffer by considering themselves superior to the others, saints opposed to sinners. The others also suffer from being cut off from all sources of spiritual life. They tend to accept the designation of sinners, to throw off restraints, and to be content with mere self-indulgence and enjoyment. In the latter part of the Victorian age there was a sharp combat between the orthodox and unorthodox. Neither could convince the other. Now there is a kind of convention to disagree. For the sake of peace, no one speaks about religion except in church. Only a very few people are real Atheists or Materialists.

The mass of mankind are reverently minded; they have a dumb craving for goodness and worship, but dogmas which they cannot understand or accept cut them off from organised religion. This is a tragedy. But happily not all churches are the lifeless places I have described. There are churches of many denominations, and ministers of many faiths, where there is real and ardent spiritual life.

I said also, " Show me the man." I have little doubt that spiritual truth is best taught to children and unlettered people by means of images and allegories and personalities. If the doctrines of Christianity could be purged of their out-worn morality, there is little doubt that Christian teaching would be the best way of teaching ethics to children. Every child should be made to study the life and words of Christ. But with adults of full mental stature the case is more doubtful. If we are forced to conclude that the Churches cannot be reformed, we must apply in each individual case the individual test— " Do you feel that attendance at Church makes for your individual goodness and

happiness ? " You can tell; no other can tell you.

There are many people who can take what is good in current religious practice and reject what is evil. But there are others who would be far happier if they came out of Church and were frank with themselves. Christ Himself attended Church; that is to say, He kept the Feasts, went up to the Temple at the stated times, and on the Sabbath attended the synagogue of Nazareth and expounded the scriptures to the congregation. But He was not a priest and not a Sabbatarian. Those words of His—" the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath "—are of a piece with all His kindly and humane teaching. I hope that my words on this difficult subject are in harmony with His words. There is another sublime utterance of Jesus on the subject of religion. He was talking to a woman of Samaria in friendly familiar fashion. It is as if a Buddhist came up and asked a great Christian teacher to resolve his difficulties. The Samaritan place of worship was " this mountain "; the Jews said you must go up

to Jerusalem to worship. What did Christ think? Like a good Jew He told her that the Samaritan worship was ignorant; salvation was of the Jews. But like a good man, like the very Son of God, He added, "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . . But the hour cometh, *and now is*, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." At another time he warned the disciples against particularism and sectarianism. People would say to them, "Lo, here is Christ, or there." They were not to believe it.

> "Wherefore if they shall say unto you, Behold he is in the desert, go not forth; Behold he is in the secret chambers, believe it not. For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even to the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

If they tell you that God is to be found at Rome, or Mecca, or Lhasa, or Boston; or in St. Paul's Cathedral, or Little Bethel; or among the Unitarians, or in the Salvation Army; or that he can be enclosed in a monstrance, or administered in a chalice, believe it or not. "God is a Spirit." You may find Him in crowded cities or on solitary hilltops, you may feel Him in great poetry or hear Him in sublime music. Every man should train his heart to be receptive to the voice of God. If he is wise, a man will not spend his whole life in noise, work or bustle. From time to time he will seek solitude on mountains or in forests, by the sea shore, or in the starry night and open his heart to feel the Spirit of God. In acts of self-sacrifice, charity, mercy to the afflicted, he will feel his brotherhood with Christ.

We need religion also on the ceremonial side. To my mind it is a fine thing that we crown our Kings in the ancient temple of our race and open our Parliaments with prayer. It is a fine thing to have venerable ceremonies to hallow the great occasions of life, like birth, marriage and death. Among the

sources of happiness we cannot exclude religion, though it has been, unfortunately, through the fault or folly of its professors, a source of misery to many. We must cultivate the habit of reverence. Old Sir Thomas Browne has some fine words on reverence as a kind of courtesy. The cathedrals, shrines of immemorial faith, ought to impress and uplift everyone who is not dull of soul. There is, I suppose, some mystical element in the souls of all decent men. The sense of mystery, the need for worship, are almost elemental.

But religion has its dangers. I have spoken of the weakening effect upon morality which is associated with the doctrines of original sin and remission of sin. But there are other dangers. To base virtue upon emotion rather than reason is a dangerous thing. Emotions are unstable. In excess they lead to hallucinations and even madness. And finally to set one's whole thoughts upon a future life, to regard this world as a mere camping-place, must, one would think, tend to lessen a man's sense of responsibility.

These considerations about sin and religion have diverted us from the original question,

which we must face, controversial as it is, because it is vital to happiness. How do pain, want, misery, loss and sickness come to exist in a world governed by an omnipotent and loving God? It is an added affliction to the unhappy to be told that misfortune is a punishment for sin. "Did this man sin or his father?" asked the disciples concerning an afflicted sufferer, and were rebuked for asking the question. The answer plainly was that sin was irrelevant to suffering. Yet to other sufferers Jesus said, "Thy sins be forgiven thee; go in peace." The Book of Job is wholly devoted to this question, but gives no certain answer. At one time it seems as if the answer were that suffering is sent by God to try us; at another time, it is in order that the goodness of God may be manifested; at another time it is the work of the devil; at another time it is the punishment of sin. Stoics would assure us that pain and loss are not real evils at all. The Greek poets regarded suffering as the work of fate and retribution of Nemesis, as the tokens of the wrath of the gods. Tennyson devotes the greater part of *In Memoriam* to the subject,

without being able to offer much consolation to the sufferer. Verses such as the oft-quoted

> " O yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,"

furnish a very uncertain comfort.

I think we must say definitely that the existence of unmerited suffering in the world is a proof that the world is not directly managed by Ideal Goodness. The world of Nature, beautiful as it is to the poet's eye, is full of savagery, waste, pain and cruelty. It is Nature's plan to scatter a thousand acorns that one oak tree may survive. Her creatures prey upon one another mercilessly. Nay, astronomers assure us that the solar system itself must one day perish with all that it contains. Nature favours the strong and the unscrupulous at the expense of the kind, gentle and weak. Pestilences fall upon cities of men, not because they are wicked, but because sanitation has been neglected. Earthquakes destroy the most flourishing countrysides. The rain falls upon the just and the unjust. The innocent children who took the Cross in the Twelfth Century and

set out to redeem their Saviour's Sepulchre from the heathen were allowed to be sold into captivity and to perish from hunger and sickness. There is justice and mercy among men, but not among animals, nor in Nature. The dead face of the moon shining upon us at night, so pure and beautiful, warns us not to ascribe goodness to the system of the Universe. The thunderstorm rolling and roaring like a drunken giant, destroying at random, is no weapon of an all-wise Creator. Goodness exists only in the heart of man, and is projected from the heart of man into the Ideal Being of his worship.

Pain, suffering and loss may to some extent be avoided by wise precautions, and to some extent they may be mitigated by philosophy. Disease can often be prevented and often cured by human wisdom. Death must be faced as a necessity. We must learn not to set our hearts upon perishable things, so that we are inconsolable at their loss. The governance of the world is seen not to be a matter of personal intervention but of immutable laws. The skill of man with his drugs and anodynes can stifle pain. With his systems of

insurance he can guard against many of the consequences of loss. But he cannot prevent mourning and sorrow altogether. They must be expected and reckoned with. All that we can say is that without sorrow there could be no joy. The chief buckler against misfortune is courage. Let us remember, in pain or suffering, those brave words of a hopeless cripple:

" Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

" It matters not how strait the gate
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul."

HENLEY.

III

FAMILY HAPPINESS

So far we have considered mainly the negative. I have tried to shew that there is nothing unnatural, unphilosophical or irreligious in aiming at Happiness.

Let us recall that Happiness is not the same thing as Pleasure. Happiness is a state, Pleasure merely an emotion. Pleasure is an ingredient, or shall we say a symptom of Happiness?

There is a recipe for Happiness derived from ancient philosophy which will, I think, suit us very well for a basis—*Secundum naturam vivere*, to live according to Nature, or, as I should prefer to translate it, to live according to our Nature. This does not mean to give free rein to all our impulses, gratify every light desire, feel no responsi-

bility, and indulge ourselves in every way.

A cardinal fact of our Nature is that man is a gregarious animal—φύσει πολιτικὸν ζῷον as Aristotle said, a creature social by nature. We live in families, towns and states. Every man is a member of a community.

This little book is not written for the shipwrecked mariner on the desert island. But suppose such a man, for purposes of argument. The principal part of his occupation would be provision for life. He would have to procure food and drink, guard against cold and attacks by wild beasts. If that were all, if he had no past and no future, I dare say that no other problems would arise. He would revert to the animal, solitary by compulsion, and he would have no duty to any neighbour. But he has a past. By training and instinct he possesses a social code and so he washes his hands before meals and reckons the days of the weeks. He has a future also, and that makes him keep up his civilised customs for the day of return. It is impossible to imagine the case of a man wholly and irrevocably cut off from society.

Man is a social animal, and his happiness must be a social happiness. The training of the young is all devoted to making the child feel this social instinct. The person who can feel happy when those around him are unhappy is an unnatural monstrosity. To say this is not to preach altruism: it is merely the fact. Long before there is any serious question of choosing a way of life, the human child becomes aware that he is a member of a family. He learns, or should learn, that his happiness depends upon the happiness of his family. The approbation of his mother is his joy. This must remain throughout life a first principle of happiness; to secure and maintain the happy home and household. That is a man's fortress, whatever troubles may brew outside, and if a state consisted solely of happy homes we might be sure of a happy state.

The maintenance of the happy home is not so easy as would appear. The world traveller, coming to England from any foreign country, is struck by our domesticity. Whereas foreigners live in flats, eat in restaurants, play in parks, every Englishman tries to have a

little house to himself, with a little garden. Wasteful and expensive, if you like, it is conducive to Freedom and Happiness. But the management of a home demands qualities of statesmanship which are not common. In the home, as in the state, the true policy is to observe a balance between order and liberty. In our grandfathers' time, there was something like a reign of terror in the home; strict rules of obedience and punctuality were observed; the young people must not speak until they were spoken to; Sunday was a day of enforced idleness and tedium unspeakable. Naturally there was a revolt against this *régime*; the young people escaped as soon as they dared, and when their time came to build homes, they determined that there should be absolute liberty. Hence we live in times of anarchical homes with untrained, impertinent and selfish children, treating their parents with condescension, if not contempt. The modern parent tries vainly to be a sister to her daughters or a brother to his sons. The children in such a home are probably less happy than in the strict homes of old. Disorder frets them; the

spoilt child is a misery to itself as well as to others.

The home builders—(and home-building is best done in an equal or nearly equal partnership of two)—must be the law-givers. It is their business to form in their children certain habits of reverence to their elders, and punctilious obedience to a few necessary rules. Parents must talk to their children and encourage them to talk and ask questions freely. The universal modern craze for pastimes and games has had destructive effects upon family life. The parents must give time to their business of child training.

It is boring no doubt for the father to have to surrender his Sunday golf, in order to take the children for a country ramble, or for the mother to sacrifice her bridge for a round game with the children. Possibly the children may not seem to appreciate the sacrifice. But it is worth while. There are many homes with all the appurtenances of comfort in which the elder and the younger members are stranger to one another, and there is no domestic happiness. Too often bad habits are formed in other ways; husband and wife,

through too much familiarity, drop the ways of courtesy that obtain among strangers, and the children are quick to follow their example. Whether you wish to be a model or no, you may be sure that watchful eyes are following your behaviour, and you are bound to be imitated. Too much self-sacrifice on the part of the mother may lead to selfishness on the part of the children. A mother, too protective, may reduce a whole family to helpless dependency. Oh, there is need of infinite statecraft in the building of the happy home!

The parent must study the ways of Nature. There are dangerous ages to be watched. At some early period, perhaps four or five years of age, the child is generally bidden by Nature to feel its strength and assert its personality; there are bound to be painful scenes, tears and obstinacy. Again, about thirteen or fourteen, along with a physical crisis, there is generally an emotional crisis, calling for firmness and wisdom and above all loving guidance. Again at seventeen or eighteen the normal young person will demand to live its own life, have its own

friends, seek its own pleasures. That need of independence must somehow be reconciled with family life.

The parent bird, as soon as its babies are fully fledged, pushes them out of the nest to fend for themselves. In human adolescence, sex becomes a powerful factor long before civilised conditions allow of marriage. The youth must have friends of his own age. If he is not at school he must join clubs and play with his equals. The maiden must have her friends, whom she must, in the main, choose for herself. It is a difficult business for the parents, this of home-making, but very well worth doing well. Many parents find it so irksome that they resign their young ones to hireling shepherds, as early and as completely as their purses will allow. It is a thousand pities that the modern parent of means sends his children away to boarding-schools so early and for so long a time. For the home is the proper school of infancy. It is good for the parents and good for the children to be together. I put this ideal of the happy home as the first bulwark of happiness. No external troubles can much

afflict the family which is united and happy in its home.

It is well worth the winning. Young people in the adolescent stage might do well to make it their first aim, and strive to qualify for it. It is far better than fame or riches. It requires purity and self-discipline in youth. The sexual impulses are for the purpose of rearing healthy children. Let the young profligate remember that he is squandering the best chances of happiness for his moment's pleasure. The ideal of feminine beauty which haunts the young man's imagination must be cherished as something sacred. It is in his heart as a guide to lead him to the mother of his family, not a thing to be played with as a toy. Some day he will find the fit object of his love, if he is patient, and then it will matter all the world to him whether he can offer himself as a pure mate, fit to build the pure home, which alone is the strong fortress to happiness.

One might say many wise but useless words about choosing a wife. The fact is that most young men do not choose a wife; the thing just happens, or else the young man is

chosen without his knowledge. In our rather complicated civilisation the young man of twenty to thirty has all his attention concentrated upon his work, his career. But uncivilised nature makes him tinder to any spark. The maidens are not so singleminded, and their mothers are the real matchmakers. One cannot promise happiness to the young man who sets out coolly, when the proper age has arrived, to choose a wife, ticking off the items one by one; thus:

" Item 1. A portion, say £1,000.
Item 2. Health and good spirits.
Item 3. Beauty.
Item 4. Character.
Item 5. A proper appreciation of my qualities.
Item 6. Docility or good temper.
Item 7. Accomplishments: e.g. piano playing, dancing, tennis, or (generally) a moderate skill at the games I prefer.
Item 8. Sound (i.e. similar to my own) views on politics and religion.

Item 9. Social position, unimpeachable relatives, etc.
Item 10. Willingness to accept me."

No, I would promise more happiness to the youth who calculated less. At some period during the inflammable years, he would be sure to meet a girl whom his instincts would pronounce to be the fit mate for him. It would be her beauty that attracts. But beauty, fortunately, does not run by formula. Health and gentleness and good temper are pretty sure to produce beauty in young women of twenty. But above all, let the healthy young man stipulate for health, if he has any care for happiness.

To the young women, one need only say that health and gentleness and good humour are almost sure to bring admirers to their feet. But I will whisper in their ears one great secret which not everybody knows. The most powerful motive with most men (and perhaps a good many women) is vanity. Every man (and perhaps a good many women) has an ideal portrait of himself, which he keeps locked up in his breast for

reference. In short, everybody prides himself upon certain things. The way to please anybody is to find out by diligent study what those things are, and to minister to his vanity by appreciating them. Thus a good talker only requires a good listener; a good writer an appreciative critic. All men possess self-esteem, and would wish, if they could, to have a tactful flatterer of their self-esteem always at hand. But self-esteem sometimes takes very strange forms, and a certain amount of psychological study is required to discern them.

In admitting that it is useless for the wisest greybeard to advise young men and maidens how to choose their mates, I do not wish to be thought to subscribe to the romantic notions of love as fostered by emotional fiction. We love at first sight, no doubt, but then we love far more young women than we can ever hope to marry. Matrimony is not always the end of this foolish habit of love at first sight.

Some men remain susceptible to an advanced old age;—never can resist blue eyes;—is a victim to the slightest dimple.

But you may just as well mix a grain or two of common sense when it comes to the serious business of marriage. I do not advocate the mercenary methods of the French parent, but even the English young men and maidens would be wise to take the advice of a parent before they are committed for life.

But please think of it all from the home-making point of view. Think of the long line of your ancestors, whether you can trace a pedigree or not, and think of the infinitely stretching line of your descendants whom you may wrong by a false step. Think of your love as a piece of England. Think of it as the shrine of happiness for you and her.

I hope I have said enough already to convince my readers that I am not preaching mere Hedonism, certainly not the doctrine of " Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Happiness is the fulfilment of our whole nature, not the mere gratification of incoherent desires. Unrelated and unregulated pleasures breed not satisfaction nor happiness, but satiety and disgust. I contemplate the satisfaction of man's whole being, but I view that as a vessel which has

the reason in command, like the captain on the bridge, regulating the body's desires and the heart's emotions, vigilantly looking forward, mindfully looking backward, and considering in neighbourly fashion the right hand and the left hand.

IV

POLITICAL HAPPINESS

If all the homes in England were happy homes, England would be a happy country. Perhaps one day it was; perhaps some day it will be. But at the moment it is not. If, as I believe, *Secundum naturam vivere* is a good recipe for happiness, it is evident that a very large majority of our people cannot be happy, since they cannot live according to nature. The old Hebrew notion of happiness was every man under his own vine and his own fig tree, eating in peace the fruit of his own labours; a primitive, agricultural, patriarchal system with God as their king and the priest as His representative. Visionaries, like Blake and William Morris, have imagined that we might go back to some such conditions by scrapping our machinery,

pulling down our factories, and altering our form of government. A fine poetic soul, lately removed by death (i.e. 1923), Maurice Hewlett, fancied that this land, which he loved dearly, would soon be compelled by force of circumstances to renounce her world-empire and her international trade, and revert to the condition of a simple agricultural community. I do not suppose that is possible. Nations cannot be independent of economic conditions. For good or ill, we have become a people predominantly commercial and industrial. A middle-aged man may sometimes be able to close down his shop and take to tilling his allotment, but national life is not so easily adjusted. If we cannot continue to make and sell, thousands of our people would starve.

What we have got to do is to realise that for ages to come we must remain an industrial and commercial people.

Industrialism, in the early Nineteenth Century, took us by storm and took our statesmen by surprise. Hideous slums were allowed to grow up, and masses of our people were allowed to grow up in them, stunted

and dwarfed and distorted in body and mind. For this we have had to pay and are still paying. But the hopeful signs are that our population has now ceased to increase, that the health of our people is being more carefully supervised, and that, in spite of everything, wealth is growing and is being more widely diffused.

For those who believe in the Divine governance of the world, that is, who believe that God regulates all our affairs in detail, it is quite natural, nay, logically inevitable, that they should hold the ancient doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings. A governing Deity must have his vicegerents on earth both in the temporal and spiritual spheres, though it would be hard to explain why both functions should not be united in one person. Such was the grandly simple idea of the Middle Ages, when Emperor and Pope claimed, both of them for a time, to have God's supreme authority. But that notion has been tried and has failed. Pope and Emperor both made their exclusive claims and came into collision and both failed. English history contains the example of

Protestant kings who claimed divine right and failed. The belief is now almost universal that in politics, as in other things, men must work out their own salvation. Theocracy, autocracy, plutocracy, all these have been tried and have failed. Democracy has never been tried and for that reason, if for no other, has never failed. Never yet has there been a state in which the will of the people has been the determining factor, because it is impossible to determine what is the will of the people. An ancient city state like Athens came near it, when all the adult citizens could assemble in the market-place and vote. But the adult citizens of Athens were far from being "the people" in the modern sense and there were many constitutional devices which hindered their will from becoming law. We also are very far from being a real democracy. All we have power to do is to decide at long intervals which of two or three men shall represent our wishes.

I do not wish to plead any political cause. I do wish to plead for good citizenship; that is to say, that every citizen should study and endeavour to understand the political issues

of the day. I plead for civic pride as a source of happiness in itself and as a necessary bulwark to all happiness. Happy homes and happy individuals can hardly exist in a badly organised community. The chief enemy to good government is apathy and ignorance on the part of the electors. Hence I will try to state as fairly as I can the questions at issue between the great political parties;—the *Conservatives* inherit to some extent the traditions of the Eighteenth-Century Tories; though conservatism, being really a complexion of the mind, is itself as old as politics. Conservatism is loyal and cautious. It is willing to accept the subordinations of rank as being inevitable and on the whole desirable. It regards the King, and those in authority under him, as holding their commissions from God. It believes that Order is the main principle of civic life; that property ought to be sacred, and law to be strictly maintained. It believes that the maintenance of national prosperity depends upon keeping our manufactures flourishing, and is thus disposed to limit foreign competition, and in industrial disputes to favour the

employers' side. It is strongly nationalist and imperialist, and would maintain a strong army and navy. Its characteristic virtues are respect for tradition, for honour and integrity. Its characteristic vices are narrowness, timidity, prejudice and obstinacy; it is sometimes dangerous to peace and sometimes unjust to the poor.

The *Liberals* inherit some of the Whig traditions, which flow from the great epic quarrels of Stuart times, but Liberalism is mainly the offspring of the Nineteenth Century, when Bentham and Mill gave it the Utilitarian philosophy and the watchword, "The greatest good of the greatest number"; when Darwin unconsciously fortified the belief in progress by his doctrine of evolution, which Herbert Spencer translated into terms of philosophy. Peel, Gladstone and others made humanitarianism into a system of politics. Literature has done much to foster its ideals. Byron and Shelley wrote passionately against tyranny in every shape; while in prose Carlyle and Dickens taught democratic ideals. Liberty was the great ideal of Liberalism. In old days, this

implied a policy of *laissez-faire* or " let 'em alone and it will all come right " in commercial and industrial matters. But it was found that things did not come right, and Liberalism has become more and more disposed to intervene in favour of the poorer and weaker parties. This, however, came to mean the majority, or in short, the " working " classes, who gradually acquired more and more political power. Liberalism, is then, like conservatism, a state of mind. It is optimistic in spirit. It looks forward to an ideal state, and is always on the search for abuses to remedy. Generosity and broadmindedness are the virtues claimed by Liberalism. Vagueness, instability and insincerity are its defects. It is sometimes so much afraid of nationalism that it sides with the enemy, out of excess of virtue, and so much opposed to tyranny that it encourages license and is unjust to the ruling side.

There has always been an " extreme left " party. Formerly they were called Radicals; now they are Socialists or Communists. They are people filled with a strong sense of the injustice of existing conditions,

with a burning determination to right the wrongs of the "under dog." They are opposed to the existing order of things, not content with gradual amelioration, but ready to face revolution, if it is necessary to accomplish their ideals. They do not accept the categories of rich and poor, master and man, as part of the immutable order of nature. Both Socialists and Communists have their systems for producing a better state of society, but they are widely different.

Socialism is primarily an economic doctrine, but it has become something like a gospel for many. It holds that all our evils of unequal wealth, some men too rich, and many too poor, spring from unchecked individualism, or competition, which encourages self-seeking and greed. It, therefore, proposes to nationalise the means of production, transport and exchange. This means that the bulk of the population would be civil servants, drawing standardised wages. Socialists believe that civic patriotism would be a sufficient substitute for the motive of individual gain, and that a great deal of waste might be eliminated by abolishing

competition. Such is, more or less, the aim of the Labour Party, now the second strongest party in the state. Socialists are strongly opposed to war and militarism. Many countries have had socialist governments, but it cannot be said that any country has yet had experience of developed or established socialism. In its intermediate stages it resembles an advanced liberalism; it places more burdens on the rich and fosters Trade Unions. Its attitude towards royalty and state religion is tolerant rather than friendly. Its chief danger would seem to be a levelling down to a drab mediocrity. It does offer a remedy for many admitted evils, but many people think its full aims to be unrealisable in an imperfect world.

Communism, at the moment, is represented in this country only by a small party of the " extreme left " or most discontented faction, who would like our " under dogs " to imitate the Russian revolution. The present Russian state is avowedly based on the economic doctrines of Karl Marx. Like Socialism, Communism would curtail and eventually abolish private property. But the

difference lies in the position of the State. The socialistic State rules everything, directs every human activity. In Bolshevik communism it is intended that the factory should be managed by the workers, the farms by the peasants, and the army by the soldiers. Not only capital and capitalism, but the whole of the employing and most of the professional classes are regarded as the enemy, to be suppressed by any means, violent or otherwise.

The term " bourgeois " is used to cover anybody in comfortable circumstances, and all such are regarded at least with suspicion. The " proletariat," a term intended to describe those who subsist by the sweat of their brow as labourers on day wages, are to seize and hold the reins of power by means of a dictatorship. Then the country is governed by local " Soviets " or committees of " workers," with a central Soviet containing delegates from the local Soviets. So far, it cannot be said that the Russian revolution has produced national happiness. Indeed, in such matters, which seem to be elementary state duties, as the protection of

health, precautions against famine, and the like, the Bolshevist government has been forced to accept foreign charity. It does not seem to be a peaceful element in international life, probably because of its fanatical desire to make proselytes, and so far it has not, if accounts of travellers may be trusted, provided liberty and security and justice for its citizens. It would therefore seem the height of rashness for any country whose condition is not absolutely intolerable to make a similar experiment until the Russian example has proved its success.

We may now be permitted to make a few observations on the conditions of national happiness.

In the first place it is obvious that peace externally and security within the frontiers are necessary conditions of happiness for each individual citizen. It must, I think, be admitted that our present system of government satisfies this requirement fairly well. For the last hundred years our foreign policy has been on the whole pacific. A great empire cannot be maintained without a certain number of frontier conflicts, but no impartial

student can read the history of our foreign policy since the death of Pitt without seeing that our foreign ministers have been advocates of peace in the councils of Europe, and that we have been averse to bloodshed whenever any other means of settling international disputes has been available. In the case of the great conflict of 1914, it would be easier to convict our ministers of lack of preparation for an inevitable conflict, than of any desire to provoke it. There are many people who regard with suspicion the practice of secret diplomacy and indeed look askance at the whole organisation of diplomacy, with its trained ambassadors and legations. But it is very doubtful whether negotiations conducted in the full blaze of publicity are more likely to conduce towards peace. If I have a quarrel with my neighbour, am I more likely to reach a friendly settlement by bawling my grievance from the housetop or by inviting him round for a chat and a smoke or at least writing him a private note? It seems that in international relations, British ambassadors are respected not for subtlety

but for sincerity. This seems to be as it should be. The Great War has taught us a lesson which all history teaches, that in a prolonged war both sides are the losers. This is all the more the case in modern times, when all nations are united in the relation of seller and customer, debtor and creditor. There is woe for the victors as well as the vanquished. Hence, if the League of Nations can really promise any escape from war, every good citizen ought to support it. As regards internal security and order, it is doubtful whether any state (except possibly the Roman empire in the age of the Antonines) has ever been so efficiently policed.

The next condition of national happiness must be the impartial administration of justice. Here also we may claim that the present *régime* is on the whole successful. Justice in this country is free from any suspicion of corrupt dealing. Some critics may charge the police with showing more leniency towards rich men than towards poor men. It is undoubtedly true that a ragged tramp is regarded with more suspicion than a well-dressed gentleman, both

by police and magistrates. That may be to some extent an unjust bias, but it is a bias founded on logic and experience. Ragged tramps are in fact more prone to offences against property than well-dressed gentlemen, and from the nature of the case are more likely to be guilty of such acts. Where wealth does gain some unjust advantage is in its ability to pay legal expenses, brief clever counsel, and carry cases from court to court. But our High Court of Justice and most of our magistrates genuinely try to hold the scales of justice evenly as between rich and poor. It must very rarely happen that an innocent man is convicted in our courts; more often that a guilty man escapes. Criminal justice is now on the whole exceedingly humane (except that capital punishment is still inflicted for murder) and our prison system has been greatly reformed in recent years. Every device, in the shape of Remand homes, Industrial homes, Reformatories and Borstal Institutions, is employed to keep young folk from becoming tainted criminals.

Thirdly, it is necessary that public health

should be safeguarded. In the matter of public hygiene, England has long been a pioneer. The Ministry of Health to-day supervises a wonderful and elaborate machinery, which looks after the citizen from the cradle to the grave. It is still in process of development, but it is impossible to know anything of the work of Medical Officers of Health in any big centre, without realising that our state system has erected a very substantial fabric of protection. There are Ante-Natal clinics, Maternity Centres, Infant Welfare Centres and Crèches; then there are Nursery Schools, and the children in the public day schools are periodically inspected and their ailments treated at trifling cost. For the adult, there is the Health Insurance providing free treatment, and, when necessary, Sanatorium benefit. We have admirable hospitals in which the poor are treated at costs according to their means. Epidemics are averted by free vaccination and scrupulous attention to drainage, water supply and public sanitation. Numberless charitable institutions exist to provide country holidays and convalescent

homes for the poor. Baths, parks and playing-fields are provided for the maintenance of cleanliness and health.

Fourthly, the State ought to see that means of livelihood are available for all those who are willing and able to work. It is impossible at the moment to speak with so much optimism on this head. We are passing through an economic crisis, the aftermath of the Great War, which has resulted in an enormous displacement of labour. More than that, these islands, as being mainly dependent on international commerce, and in fact a sort of clearing-house for the world's trade, are more susceptible than any other country to any dislocation in the world's markets. Hence we have at present more than a million workers unemployed.* There is some reason to fear that the Great War has effected a permanent shifting of business relations, and that Britain may never again be able to support so huge a population (relatively to her size) as she did before 1914. But we can say that our government has realised its responsibilities. The unemployed

* I.e. 1923.

are not left to starve. At enormous cost, unemployment allowances, only partially covered by insurance, are paid to those who are out of work. Starvation and even hunger may be regarded as rare and almost accidental phenomena in our country. Our Poor Law system is undoubtedly capable of improvement and the spectre of unemployment undoubtedly presses too hard upon our elderly and aged workers, but it can fairly be said that our present system is not neglectful of the duty of a government to provide or secure maintenance for all its citizens.

Fifthly, the State ought to secure decent and comfortable conditions of housing for its citizens. Here again there are many deficiencies. As has been said above, we are paying for the omissions of our forefathers, who allowed new dwellings to be built for the workers in town areas without proper supervision. The slums are England's curse and shame. Unfortunately, they are not confined to the great industrial centres. There is scarcely a town in England which does not possess streets of houses unfit for decent

citizens to inhabit. No doubt the English ideal of a separate house with a garden plot for every family is expensive, but it is worth working for. The housing schemes all over England represent a sincere attempt to overtake the deficiencies caused by the War. But, in my opinion, the question of housing is still in a very unsatisfactory position. Surely this is a matter in which public credit ought to be employed. The local authority which takes land for parks ought also to lay out streets surrounding them and provide homes for working people. Unfortunately, municipal enterprise is subject to strong suspicion and it is in fact much exploited. Our people are not unpatriotic, but they are wanting, possibly through a defect of imagination, in the sense of public property. This is an important matter, because it makes the aims of socialism unrealisable if the individuals consider the public or municipal purse as a fair object for plunder. Private individuals can seldom have the opportunity to plan and lay out whole streets and quarters. This has been done with conspicuous success and apparently not without tangible reward

in the case of certain seaside resorts, which have been developed by Dukes or other rich landowners. But all growing towns ought to supervise their own growth; purchase the available building lands on their outskirts, and build on healthy lines as the growth of population requires. It ought to be profitable rather than burdensome to the ratepayers. But it requires disinterested supervision and high efficiency. No revolution is necessary to effect this object.

Next, the state is bound to make provision for supply of food and other necessaries of subsistence. The state of Ancient Rome was able, through the tribute it received from abroad, to supply free corn to its poorer citizens. Our state does feed the destitute in workhouses, provides free meals for hungry children, and gives "doles" to the unemployed and pensions to the aged. The state ought, however, to look after the poorer classes as a matter of course and protect them against the tyranny of exploitation. Undoubtedly a potent cause of discontent is the conviction of many workers that they cannot eat the produce of their labour without the

intervention of a host of parasites. Our old and complex community includes swarms of drones. There are whole hierarchies of middle-men, who draw rich profits from the supply of food without apparently contributing any valuable services in the way of organisation. There are rings, cartels and trusts whose interest is to maintain high prices. But besides these, there are thousands of people drawing dividends from public companies without appearing to contribute anything. They are in fact, contributing capital. That is to say, perhaps, that their grandfathers may have invested capital in the concern and they may have drawn the value of his capital ten times over in annual income. It is difficult to persuade the workmen of the justice of this system, when, let us say, he is paid sixpence a dozen for producing an article which his wife has to buy at sixpence each. Every such instance is a strong argument for state action. And yet, consider, if a man toils all his life and saves a hundred pounds, and invests it in (shall we say ?) a bread company, is it not just that he should leave his savings to his

daughters? Why should it be taken from him or from his daughters or from their children? The state rightly takes toll at every demise. Yet the interest paid to them, and in the form of succession duty to the state, is a tax which enhances the price of bread to the consumer. It seems to me that the state ought, because no one but the state is able, to regulate the prices of essential commodities and let the profits be made on the luxuries.

In the seventh place, the state ought to secure what is called liberty of conscience. At least this is generally accepted as one of the duties of a modern state. In past history most states have maintained and often enforced a public religious system, and this has generally resulted in oppression and even persecution of heretics. If everyone or even the mass of citizens held the same religious faith, it might be reasonable that an insignificant minority should be expected to conform or to suffer for the good of the great majority. But in modern England where there are as many "persuasions" as there are railway stations, it is obviously impossible to enforce

uniformity. It would be difficult to suggest any improvement upon the present system, which possesses for state purposes a form of established religion of exceedingly broad and liberal constitution, and at the same time respects individual divergences in every possible way. In no state are the Jews more humanely treated. It is possible to preach the most ridiculous doctrines in England, not only without persecution, but even without ridicule.

Eighthly, the state has responsibilities towards the education of the children of its citizens. One would not call this a primary duty. The duty of teaching children would seem to be only a continuation of the bearing and rearing of children, which at present is left to the individual discretion of the parents. Public education is, however, a necessary corollary to democracy. In giving votes to almost everybody, the state is compelled in its own interest to ensure that everybody shall have such a modicum of education as to enable the voter to understand the main issues. But having undertaken the function of providing education

for everybody, the state can hardly stop at the elements. Education cannot be efficiently provided on a purely "individual basis." Having established a vast system of public elementary schools, government is compelled to develop the system to meet the growing needs of its citizens. It is rightly felt that the state which allows itself to fall behind its neighbours in educational provision will also be doomed to fall behind them in prosperity and progress. It is, moreover, of a piece with the self-interest of a democracy to enable its cleverest citizen to reach the top ranks of its structure, regardless of the parents' means. Hence we have, quite rightly, an elaborate system of graded education, with scholarships to enable children of ability to proceed from the humblest primary school to the most learned university.

The system is capable of improvement, no doubt. The ladder of education is not yet as safe or as broad as we should wish to see it. There are many anomalies in our system due to old traditions, vested interests and the power of wealth. Far too many parents are

influenced by social motives, or, we might say, pure snobbishness, in their choice of schools. One might dilate on this point. Snobbishness is often set down as a characteristic English vice and perhaps it is. Ours is an old civilisation which has evolved with hardly any violent revolutions from the Middle Ages. We have a very marked division of social classes. All peoples have their aristocracies of birth and wealth, but England is peculiar in having a very numerous class of "gentlefolk," that is families who have been accustomed for two or more generations to be tended by servants and to have a certain amount of leisure. These people have their traditions and customs, their own ways of manners, culture and speech, which differ from those of the labouring and even the trading classes. In the broad sense, it is not contrary to the interests of a state that some of its citizens should begin life with advantages. It would be better still if the same advantages were available for all—if all children could have nurses to attend them in infancy, nursery governesses to teach them the elements,

libraries and play rooms in their houses, boarding-schools during their adolescence with ample facilities for games and every provision for health, holidays by the sea or on the moor, tutors for art and music. It would be far better if every girl and boy could possess a bicycle, a tennis racquet, a cricket bat, a collection of books, warm and comfortable clothes, plenty of nourishing food and salubrious air, gardens to play in, pictures to delight the eye and music to delight the ear. But if all cannot have them, is it not better that some should ? One way of progress lies in the ever-widening diffusion of such blessings. This seems to be gradually taking place. Justice would desire life to be a flat race. Humanity would give everyone a start. Policy accepts the fact that it must of necessity be a handicap. Meanwhile, far-seeing parents will naturally give their children every advantage that they can afford. They will pay their rates and taxes without grumbling, I hope, to provide an efficient education for their poorer neighbours, but they will not hinder their children's future by denying them any advan-

tages within their power. Some will object that this impedes the advance of the "common" school, as they call it in America, that if all children, rich and poor, sat side by side upon the same benches, the richer and more influential classes of the community would see to it that the common schools were improved. I think the answer to that is that the poor voter in England is quite influential enough to have the schools he desires. No doubt there is still much to do to improve and extend education. One would like to see ampler facilities for higher education, for adult classes, more libraries, better museums, more classical concerts, and so forth. But this is only a question of time and money. The machinery for progress is there.

Lastly, the state ought to reflect the will of its citizens. It ought, that is to say, to be sufficiently flexible to move with the times. It is very arguable how far the public statesman directs and how far he follows public opinion. On the simpler and broader issues, there is generally what can be recognised as the consensus of public opinion.

It is legible in the Press. The modern editor of a popular newspaper is trained to express public opinion and to anticipate it as far as he can. Editors have sometimes boasted that they control opinion. This is very doubtful. It would be truer to say that they reflect it. If a government acts in a sense contrary to public opinion the Press is the organ that will oppose it. Modern governments are growing more and more careful not to provoke the opposition of the popular journals, but the popular journals themselves can lose their popularity if they do not keep their ears open to the authentic voice of the " man in the street." " The man in the street" is, of course, an abstraction. He does not exist in person. Nevertheless, as unpublished gossip passes from mouth to ear all over the country in an astonishingly short space of time, so do opinions travel, quite apart from the newspapers. Hence we have several times observed the popular newspapers failing conspicuously to lead public opinion. The modern statesman has to reckon with this inarticulate voice. A government may have an immense majority,

but at some moment when perhaps it feels most secure it finds the tide turning against it in the country. One bye-election after another is lost, and at the general election there is a huge turnover of votes to the opposition. Our party system is admirably suited to this task of reflecting public opinion. In these days the issues between parties, or at any rate between Liberals and Conservatives, are not very obvious, but the party system, at any rate, provides a change of men. It gives the flexibility and responsiveness to public opinion which is the surest way of averting disorder and revolution. We have had experience in our times of civil disorder, but it has always been the work of fanatical minorities such as the Suffragists and the Fenians or Irish Republicans. As a rule the majority, in this country, is prepared to make considerable sacrifices in order to placate a determined minority. Thus probably nine out of every ten sensible people are prepared to accept the considered opinion of the medical profession that vaccination is a powerful safeguard against smallpox; but because a small minority

assert conscientious objections to the practice, the majority consent to have their risks increased in order not to oppress the minority. This is perhaps tolerance carried to extremes. It is, however, typical of English political practice. In the same way, everybody knows that educational efficiency is very much impeded by our dual system of voluntary and provided schools, yet we retain the system rather than violate any religious scruples. Some may call this cowardice or weakness. But if democracy is intended to reflect the will of a people, it ought to reflect the strong will of a few as well as the weak desires of the many. It seems to me that our constitution is an admirable organ in this respect.

It is to be noted that this wonderful machine has not been created by any brain, human or divine. It has been evolved by slow degrees, century after century, to meet the changing needs of the times. It is the product of good sense and goodwill. If this is so in political life, may it not be the same on the moral and religious side? Man shapes his politics according to his needs,

with errors and conflicts here and there; he does the same with his religion. Preachers deplore the sinful condition of the day; so did Hugh Latimer, so did Savonarola, so did St. Paul, so did Jeremiah, so did Elijah. Preachers always rebuke sin, that is what they are for. But, all the same, morality rises and mankind obtains ever truer notions of God.

Some readers may think that in this chapter we have travelled away from the real question of personal happiness, but this is not so. I am dealing with external conditions of happiness, and I say that the fortress of happiness is the happy home, while the defence of the happy home is the happy state. Man, we said, is a political animal. Some of the larger apes, for example the gorillas, are solitary; the little chimpanzees and marmosets and lemurs live in tribes. Man from the earliest times has lived in tribes. There may be exceptions. I think I have heard of certain primitives, perhaps the Wood Veddahs of Ceylon, who live solitary or in pairs. But man is gregarious and cannot be happy alone; he is a member of a body politic,

and if the state suffers the individual suffers. Patriotism can be a source of pride and happiness. A right-minded Englishman delights in the honourable records of his race and shares in the renown of the great men.

Of recent years some intelligent publicists have decried national patriotism as a form of separatism or sectarianism or some other "ism," but at any rate as a thing much inferior to the proper feeling of world brotherhood. They think that nationalism leads to war; they would have us study international history instead of the history of England, and be as proud of Kosciusko and Sobieski as we are of Alfred and Simon de Montfort. By all means let us feel, and teach our young ones to feel, the essential fact of the brotherhood of Man and the solidarity of nations. But charity begins at home. Selfishness broadens out from the ego to the family, from the family to the town or county, and from that to the nation. National patriotism is for most people a step on the way to world patriotism. Moreover, it must be admitted that as this sentiment

broadens, it also in most cases weakens. We are not, for example, nearly so much disturbed at the news of an earthquake in the Pacific as at a great fire in Paris. Most men would jump into a canal to rescue a woman; a few would do so to rescue a dog; but a mouse or a wasp might struggle in the flood without a rescuer. Patriotism may be defined as the larger selfishness. I feel convinced that if the spirit of nationalism should ever be suppressed, internationalists would find that they had kicked away the ladder by which they themselves had ascended and by which alone their followers could mount.

Even as I write these words the League of Nations is going through its first severe trial. Two members, Greece and Italy, have a cause of dispute. Italian boundary commissioners have been murdered, presumably by Greeks. The Italians have demanded explanations and apologies under somewhat humiliating conditions, such as would inevitably involve the end of any government that complied. The demand was coupled with a time limit. Greece offered to pay the

reparations, but refused the humiliations. Italy has seized a Greek island, and Greece as the weaker power appealed to the League of Nations. The Council of the League was divided on the subject and has postponed consideration, but meanwhile Italy is declaring that it is a question of national honour, and that questions of national honour cannot be adjudicated by the League of Nations.

Now, it is obvious that every serious question is, or can easily be made, a question of national honour, and that it is precisely these questions of national honour that lead to war. The unfortunate fact is that there is some unregenerate combative element in the human breast. Without it I suppose man would have succumbed to the wild beasts at a very early stage, and even now he can scarcely subsist without it. Men undoubtedly take pleasure in combat. They love its thrills while they hate its horrors. It is not merely the fact that calculating governments have disguised the horrors of war by dressing soldiers in fine clothes and providing them with drums and flags and

trumpets. Even Socialist delegates seem to take pleasure in combat. While this is so among men it can scarcely be eliminated from among nations. As long as police are necessary to maintain order among individuals in the streets, so long will armies and navies be necessary to maintain the balance between nations.

It may be that there is a greater chance of happiness for the citizens of small unobtrusive nations like Denmark or Switzerland which have no external ambitions, but even they have to be prepared to defend themselves. Denmark narrowly escaped during the Great War. Belgium suffered terribly, merely because she lay on the easiest road from Germany to Paris. Hence I conclude that while we ought to give our moral support to the grand idea of the League of Nations, we ought also to continue, possibly for another century or two, to keep our weapons bright and our patriotism alive.

There is one last vital question to be considered before we quit the subject of politics. Are we to believe in the idea of Progress, and

what does it mean ? Progress towards what goal ?

In the first place we have to remember that according to the astronomers the solar system is slowly perishing as the sun diminishes in energy. Other worlds have had their period of heat and now roll past us through the immense wilderness of space in mournful and icy desolation.

As they have been, so shall our world be; not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor for millions of years, but some day inevitably. With all his cleverness Man is utterly powerless in the face of natural cataclysms. Then again History teaches us that there has been no continuous progress from the beginning of time. Civilisations have arisen, have flourished, have declined and been destroyed. Assyria, Egypt, Crete, Greece and Rome have achieved a high level of culture, and then declined by internal decay, or fallen victims to external violence. It seems more like the revolution of cycles than any steady march to the millennium. There was a mighty palæolithic culture which has

perished and left no written records. The tops of our downs are crowded with the evidences of busy civilisations which have perished. Cnossos, Timgad and Baalbek speak eloquently of historical mutations. Nevertheless, we may take heart of grace. There may be some flaw in the cosmic theories of the astronomers. At any rate the doom they pronounce is so remote that we can disregard it. As for the lessons of History, they are generally capable of two readings. The great invention of printing has made all the difference to the permanence of civilisation. We have most of the wisdom of Greece at our disposal, and we have in fact built our civilisation on that foundation. So we also can hand down our advances to posterity.

Thus there is certainly scope for Progress in many ways. But I am not one who believes in the perfectibility of Man. I do not see that the wise men of the Twentieth Century are wiser than Socrates. I am sure that our good men are inferior to Jesus Christ. I am sure that our sculptors are immeasurably inferior to Pheidias and Michelangelo. I

even doubt whether our engineers build more enduring bridges or stronger roads than the Romans built. I doubt whether life in London is more pleasant to-day than it was in the time of Chaucer. We certainly travel more quickly than our forefathers and shall undoubtedly travel more and more quickly as inventions develop, but is Progress in this direction unlimited? In the matter of material prosperity it seems evident that the invention of the power loom enabled everyone to have stockings, and to have more pairs of stockings than they would have had when every pair of stockings had to be knit by hand at great expenditure of time. There are likely to be more and more inventions which will make stockings cheaper and cheaper and possibly less and less durable. It is not easy to see any limit to this kind of progress. Science also will continue to advance, each worker building upon the foundations laid by his predecessor. Knowledge will advance, and among other branches of knowledge, the knowledge of evil as well as good. Inventors will discover more and more horrible forms of poison gas.

Burglars will become more and more scientific; murder will be committed more and more skilfully, though at the same time there will be improved police to deal with it.

I think we had better put the idea of a millennium, the notion of the perfectibility of the human race, out of our minds. Man retains and possibly will always retain, distinct traces of the animal he springs from. Civilisation and education tend to curb his passions, his violence and lusts, but his brain is limited. By division of labour he can make advances here and there, but he remains a cousin to the ape. The cat may be domesticated but she remains a cousin to the tiger. Much better than any hazy notion of a millennium more or less distant is a strong determination to leave the world better than we found it for the sake of our children. Even if the total human race cannot become perfect, its systems must be developed; just as a business must perish unless it advances, so all organisers must obey the law of growth. Defects must be removed as they become manifest, and as the means are provided. If

one generation can improve the world for their children and if they can bring up the children to have the same intentions towards their children—why, then, possibly the millennium may come upon the world, impossible as it appears!

V

THE MAN HIMSELF

TAKE away the man's possessions; his ox and his ass, his manservant and his maidservant, or, in modern language, take away his house and garden, his motor car or bicycle, his camera, his telephone, his wireless apparatus, his spectacles and false teeth, the money in his pockets, then strip off his clothes and what have you left ? A shivering, defenceless creature looking very like a hairless ape. Subtract this pink or buff carcass and what is the residue ? A soul, a mind, a spirit, an individual, a character, a personality, what shall we call it ?

You cut your nails every week, your hair once a month, your teeth fall out once at least in your lifetime, but you do not feel that you have lost any considerable part of

yourself. Doctors say, I believe, that we renovate our entire tissues every seven years. That is to say, that all that I can see and touch of my best friend to-day will be gone in seven years. We can see the skin flake off, the hairs fall out; we cannot see the process of decay and reintegration that takes place in every cell of the human body.

Thirty years ago X was a little schoolboy who scarcely knew the name of Aristotle. Thirty years hence he may be underground or he may be riding in a bath-chair at Brighton. Fifty years ago he was not, fifty years hence he will not be. These are short spaces of time. Short even in the life of an oak tree, infinitesimal in the life of mankind.

Yet, I am I, as I always was, and always shall be. No other person alive can claim that distinction. The helpless baby in the cradle was I, as the old man, doddering by his chimney corner, will be. This I, this Ego, is not the changing body from which we clip off extremities, or even amputate limbs. It is not even the brain, which like the rest of the body needs constant alimentations and repair through the blood. It is not the mind,

which hardly exists at one year old and may become clouded and useless long before the body decays. It is not, I suppose, the soul, which, according to the common use of that term, does not awake until after the mind has become active.

The Ego, or personality, is a mystery, but only a mystery of thought. The thing that connects that baby in the cradle, that inky schoolboy, that eager inquisitive youth, this strong, well-meaning man, with that doddering old man, preparing for the grave, is memory and consciousness. Neither is continuous. Every night I lose both for some hours. But in the morning I wake and take up my personality where I left it off last night. How do I know that the person waking up is the same person who went to sleep in this same bed last night? Only, one imagines, because memory tells a certain tale which observation verifies. In dreams I wander, without memory to guide me, through strange uncharted worlds with fragmentary visitations from the remembered world. My ego is lost meanwhile. I meet all sorts of people. I never meet myself.

All day long my consciousness is registering what I see, what I hear, what I smell, what I think, what I feel.

Consciousness registers these sensations, thoughts and impressions, some lightly and some deeply. Memory takes charge of the book in which the fainter impressions soon become illegible. This apparatus cannot surely be my Soul. A gill of alcohol can deaden it. A drug can kill it for a time. A blow on the head can destroy or distort it.

Then there is a part of me which tells me what to do, when I am in doubt. It is exactly like the captain on the bridge; it says, "We are going to write. Left hand, reach the paper, right hand, go and fetch that pen." It sends a little message along the nerves, from the brain to the muscles, and the muscles obey. Doctors know all, or nearly all, about this machinery because it breaks down occasionally. Well, surely this magnificent thing in gold lace on the bridge must be the Soul. No, it is merely the Will. The Will does not appear to control all our actions, for sometimes when our eyelid closes at the approach of a fly, or when we duck our heads

at the whistle of a bullet, or when drowsiness comes over us in spite of ourselves, it seems as if the machinery were working of itself or sometimes even as if the crew were in mutiny against the captain. We call these actions automatic, or unconscious or reflex actions. We say they are instinctive. Often the will is at war with the instincts.

But is the Will really in supreme command? or is there something which directs the Will ? I think it is clear that the Will is not supreme. Many of these obscure points of psychology are questions of definition. It seems to me that the thing called Will includes a whole range of volition from light desires and slight wishes, faint preferences, vague intentions right up to the fixed and unalterable purpose of a Napoleon or the settled policy of an Ignatius Loyola. You can wish a thing slightly, but short of taking any action. A strong-willed person can control the wills of weaker people. Mesmerism and psycho-analysis can bend and shape the will. Moreover, a man can direct his own will. The familiar process known as " making up your mind " involves a consideration of the

various issues involved, a weighing of the respective merits and advantages of the alternative courses which are possible, and then a decision. This work is mainly done by the intellect or reason. I should be inclined to say that the Captain Will takes his orders from various quarters, sometimes from the brain (a name we give to the intellect or reason), sometimes from the heart (which covers emotions, passions and some at least, of the instincts), sometimes from the instinct (a bundle of hereditary tendencies), and sometimes from the temperament or disposition.

Temperament, again, is a thing hard to analyse and define. We say that a man is temperamentally lazy, meaning that sloth is a characteristic of the man's make-up or psychological constitution. Everybody is subject to emotions, such as fear, love, suspicion, jealousy, hope, anger, pity, humour, sympathy, respect, contempt, anxiety, pain, pleasure, wonder, admiration, greed, ambition, despair, pride, vanity, contentment, and the rest of them. Each individual is more prone to some of these emotions than to

others. It depends, perhaps, partly upon his heredity, partly upon his health and physical characteristics, partly upon his education and partly upon his circumstances. A man's temperament is his equipment in these respects. "Temperamental" means almost the same thing as emotional. Sometimes the emotions get control of the Will. The more primitive emotions, such as fear, anger, desire, greed, will often surge all over a man's being and capture the bridge on which Captain Will is supposed to stand. Sometimes Will can control fear and anger and their unruly brethren.

Only a thin line divides these emotions from the sentiments. Perhaps among those I have mentioned above some, such as love, suspicion, jealousy, pity, admiration and pride, would more properly be called sentiments. Or some of them might be called sensations. Hunger and thirst, cold and warmth are sensations; perhaps anger and fear might be called sensations. I think that when we feel things physically, as we do sometimes feel fear and anger, we call them sensations, and when they are rather more

abstract and remote from physical sensation, we call them sentiments. Fear is sometimes a sensation, sometimes an emotion, sometimes merely a sentiment. Love may also be any or all of the three. When we experience them in the mind we call them sentiments, when we feel them in the nerves and senses we call them sensations, when we suffer them in the heart we call them emotions. I use the term "heart" as the poets use it, for the seat of the emotions. The highest kind of sentiments in the moral sphere are called "principles." They are generally instilled by training.

There is a good deal more to be said about the intellect, but all that we need note here is that it seems to be an elaborate machine (or should I say "office"?) for co-ordinating the data received through the senses. To take a simple instance: the nose receives an impression, and presently the tongue may say, "That is an onion." It is the intellect that forms this conclusion, because the memory records that the name "onion" has been given to objects possessing a similar fragrance. The intellect does this classifying

work, drawing conclusions from separate facts, and we call this " Induction." When, on the other hand, it proceeds from the general to the particular, that is " Deduction "; as when the philosopher says, " This is a neolithic axe," because all stone axes of the late Stone Age have certain characteristics. This, I suppose, is the main work of the intellect, to classify, synthesise, and analyse the data presented by the senses.

But sometimes " intellect " is used in a wider sense, as if it were equivalent to " mind," the whole machinery of thinking which includes a thing called " judgement." Judgement is well named. You may sometimes feel yourself holding a little court in your own intellectual regions, in which two sides argue their case. It may be " honour " against " passion " (a sentiment versus an emotion), or " duty " against " pleasure," or " conscience " against " ambition." The trial is generally conducted in rather a hazy atmosphere; the disputants do not always wait for one another to finish, and the judge often pronounces sentence without hearing half the evidence. Sometimes you may say

to yourself in a difficult case, " Come, I must think this thing out," sometimes you take a pencil and jot down the arguments, *pro* and *con.* Can anybody doubt that this is a mental or intellectual process ? Yet it is from this judgement that Captain Will takes his orders in the big crises of life, when choice is being made between good and evil.

Another very important faculty of the mind is " imagination." You must be able to see likenesses for your brain to be able to do that work of classifying at all. You must be able to see that one daisy resembles another. I suppose it is the same faculty, a little extended, which enables the poet to see that the daisy resembles the Sun or the Moon. It is, no doubt, the same faculty of seeing resemblances, very much developed, which gives the power we call " sympathy." We say it is want of imagination that lets the child tear off the butterfly's wings; want of the power to see that butterflies resemble children, can feel pain, or at least object to having their arms and legs pulled off. Should we be far wrong if we said that it is this same faculty of the mind, the Imagination, which

sees ghosts in dark corridors, highwaymen behind bushes, angels descending the shaft of sunlight that falls through the stained-glass windows ? We acquire some mental image of a ghost, a highwayman, an angel, a fairy, either from books or from pictures, and when we find the right setting, the imagination will fill in the details. In some people this faculty is very powerfully developed. In some it has swallowed up all the other powers of the mind. Such people we sometimes call mad. As Shakespeare says:

> " The lunatic, the lover and the poet
> Are of imagination all compact."

It is the same faculty of the mind which we use when we try to picture God. It is our power of seeing likenesses which makes us attribute to God our own characteristics. We can hardly think of Him apart from a human personality, *walking* in the garden, *sitting* in glory. Our religious ideas are strongly coloured both by our own imagination and the imagination of others, poets, prophets, preachers, painters, sculptors and others. That we have placed the notions of

God and the angels among the objects of imagination, does not necessarily imply that they do not exist apart from our imaginings. For most of his subjects, the King of England is an object of the imagination. We seldom or never see him, yet he is clearly present to our minds. We never see a highwayman, but we should recognise one instantly if we did.

Fancy is akin to imagination. Fancy is a more conscious work of the mind making pictures of itself.

Then there are in the mind certain faculties called æsthetic, which appreciate beauty in nature or art. There is a whole science of Æsthetics, of which Benedetto Croce is the chief modern prophet, but it is unnecessary to go very deeply into the causes which make us say of a picture, a poem, a sonata, a statue or a view, "This is beautiful." Mainly it is a trained instinct. A child will pick up a brightly coloured pebble with manifest pleasure. A savage will delight in gaudy feathers. The educated taste will like works of art, which correspond with certain standards implanted in his mind by education.

The intellect enters very largely into the cultured adults' enjoyment of art, and a philosopher like Aristotle can define many of the rules or principles of the poetic art. His great Greek rival philosopher Plato held, on the other hand, that in admiring beauty we do so because we recognise the likeness of certain objects to their archetypes or originals, seen and known by us in heaven. It is a sound principle to refuse any transcendental explanation when a logical explanation is available. I feel sure that most of our sensations of beauty are based on physical causes. Some lights are too dazzling and give us pain. Some sounds are too shrill and give us pain. Some are so deep that they also cause physical discomfort. I think it will be found that the æsthetic sensation of beauty depends upon a certain fitness. "Harmony" comes from a Greek word meaning "fitness." It is easy to understand that there is a certain beauty of line in drawing or architecture; zigzags look ugly because they are violent, while there is a sensation of calm and order about a graceful curve. A square or circle is orderly but dull.

The perfect pyramid is orderly but more interesting. Then in music, a harsh discord will pain us physically with teeth set on edge, but a perfect harmony is soothing and pleasant to the ear. There are mathematical rules for many of these things. If you consider the appreciation of natural landscape you will find that it depends on a number of factors mostly intellectual. Partly it arises from the study of pictures. It was Turner who taught men to admire sunsets; Whistler who showed the beauty of atmospheric effects at night or twilight; Rembrandt who made us see the values of light in darkness; Manet showed us colours in apparently drab objects; Constable proved the beauty of a rainbow and clouds over flat pastures; and so on. But a more primeval sense of landscape is derived from causes equally intellectual. The only scenery that the Greeks appreciated was the shady and leafy vale full of flowers; and that, because they lived in a hot and shadeless country. So the ancient Hebrew poet thought of heaven as a place of green pastures and living waters. Not until the beginning of the Eighteenth Century did English-

men appreciate seaside and mountain country. Before that their notion of beautiful country was simply one of sunshine and warmth. To most simple tastes a rich country is a beautiful country. If we consider the idea of physical beauty in men and women, we shall find that this is compounded of two notions, the physical or sexual instinct for the desirable mate, and an educated and intellectual notion of physical beauty derived from pictures.

There is a moral æsthetic sense also. When we read of a rich lady stepping out of her carriage to raise and comfort a sick beggar by the roadside, or a general giving up his cup of water to a wounded private, we feel that this is a " beautiful " action. The same sort of glow attends us when we see on the stage or read in a book of a happy *dénouement* of an intricate plot. There is a mental æsthetic pleasure in the neat solution of a problem or a smart repartee. In the same way, eloquence in speech or writing can both charm our senses and persuade our intellects. I do not suppose that a savage cares, any more than an animal cares, for the beauty of

sunset or moonrise; though a cock may crow at the one and a dog bay at the other, it is not presumably a token of æsthetic pleasure.

And surely all humour belongs to the same domain. The sense of farce which resides in the most civilised of mankind, and which makes us laugh, in spite of all the admonitions of morality and intellect, when a fat man falls suddenly downstairs, may be a relic of the primeval savage within us. The sudden and unexpected is either tragic or comic. The incongruous is generally comic. But this phenomenon of laughter is one of the most striking proofs of the close union between the mental and physical beings in man. The clown in the circus trips over a mat, or mimics the grand ways of the ring master, and instantly a thousand staid citizens open their mouths, display their teeth and utter an unmelodious sound as of asses braying. A brilliant epigram produces the same physical result as a tickling of the ribs; a pathetic drama causes the same phenomenon as a raw onion. As it is clearly an emotion that makes us weep, so I suppose it is an emotion that makes us laugh.

Well, now, I think, we have touched in a cursory and untechnical fashion upon all the various parts of a man's inner being, all his mental, moral and spiritual attributes. Where or what is the Soul ? Is it something separate and apart from all this apparatus of emotions, sentiments, principles and sensations ? Is it the supreme Admiral to whose orders even Captain Will must bow ? Or is it merely a name given to all the inmost parts of a man's moral being. No biologist has ever been able to locate it.

It must not be forgotten that psychology as a science is dealing in the main with the analysis of ideas rather than facts, and words rather than things. When we are asked to say what Soul is, we can hardly hope to define a reality, since no man has seen it, or weighed it, or measured it. We can say little more than what men mean by the conception of Soul.

I incline to the belief that it is used in various ways, but always to describe the inmost parts of a man's being. It is clearly distinguished from the body and mind, from the flesh and the brain, in the language of

theology and in common usage. Perhaps we should not be far wrong if we said it was all of a man that is not body or intellect. It is clearly not used to mean the thinking and reasoning part of us; but can we distinguish between " soul " and " heart " ? The heart is, of course, a physical organ, but it is used figuratively as the seat of the emotions. It is, for example, with the heart that we love. Some people might say that it is with the heart that we feel physical and brotherly love, but that the soul is the repository of heavenly love. Even if they do make this distinction, I think they are only meaning that the soul is the inmost part of us. We were certainly not told to love our neighbours with one part of our being and God with another part. If the heart is the seat of love and fear, the heart must also be called the seat of the religious emotions, since religion, as everyone will admit, is mainly compounded of love and fear. Analyse your feelings at the most solemn moment of the most sacred ceremony of worship, and you will find there a sense of awe (which is sublimated fear), a sense of love, adoration and wor-

ship (which are clearly emotions), and perhaps other emotions such as joy. Sentiments of goodness, hope and piety may be aroused. Parts of the intellect, such as the imagination, will be excited, and there may be physical reactions also. This is clearly recognised when the Priest says, " Lift up your hearts," and the people answer, " We lift them up unto the Lord." I conclude, then, that we cannot make any distinction between " soul " and " heart." Surely faith is of the soul, yet faith is only a stronger form of belief, and belief is the result of proof, a function of the intellect which weighs evidence.

We now come to a far more difficult question. Assuming that I am correct in thinking that " soul " only means the deepest, most abstract, or most intense regions of the mind and heart, what is the relation between soul and body ? Are they quite separate ? Can the soul exist without the body or the body without the soul ?

In the first place, anyone who has watched the growth of infants or indeed remembers anything of his own early childhood, will admit that the soul grows with the mind and

body. Biologists tell us that the human embryo grows through all the stages of evolution, and only reaches human form shortly before birth. After birth, for the first year or two, it is simply a little human animal that we see growing. The emotions come very early into play. Very young infants feel pain and pleasure, anger, fear, and possibly love. You can train their habits through these emotions of love and fear, but you cannot instil principles or beliefs for many years; not until the mind has grown sufficiently to understand language. Then you can begin at, perhaps, four or five years old to discern the beginnings of a rudimentary moral sense. At five or six, a mother can begin to tell her child stories about Jesus. Emotions continue, intellect develops, and at last we can see the growth of something which can fairly be called Soul. But it is seldom before twelve or thirteen that a child develops any independent religious sense. Much the same thing appears at the other end of life. Often the body outlives the mind, and though the religious habits of a lifetime are not easily lost, yet with the brain the

emotions weaken, the sensations of pain and pleasure grow dull and a numbness or apathy seems to steal over the region of Soul.

Still more is this the case with madness. A derangement of the intellect, often attributable to purely physical causes, such as a bone pressing on the brain, deranges the whole moral sense; the most religious person blasphemes God. The insane lose all the restraints of conscience; they will lie or steal or commit acts of violence. A simple operation such as the removal of adenoids or tonsils can change the character and, apparently, the very soul of a child. The faithful worshipper will admit that it is impossible to feel devout when she has a cold in the head. There is nothing unorthodox in this line of thought. Christ Himself, using the language of the day, attributed physical ailment to the visitation of devils, and His first disciples carried on their propaganda, as they were instructed to do, by healing and casting out " devils." Prophets of the ascetic school, including Brahma and, I suppose, Confucius, have regarded the body as a trammel upon the spirit, but have all the

more admitted their intimate connection. This, however, is not a view that can be pushed to any conclusion except suicide. "The Son of Man came eating and drinking." Then, again, drugs can affect the soul. Alcohol can make a coward valiant; cocaine can make a dullard brilliant; opium can open a vision of heaven and hell, and, moreover, if the virtues reside in the soul, a dog can have courage and fidelity, and can show love and worship. A bird can be unselfish. An ant can be provident and industrious, a fox crafty and wantonly cruel.

We must, however, admit the reciprocal influence of the soul on the body. Faith-healing is as real a phenomenon as any other kind of healing. There are many nervous cases which appear susceptible of no other treatment.

I conclude, therefore, that there is no complete distinction between soul and mind, and that both are most intimately connected with our physical body. I do not care to define the relation more closely than that, or to say that soul is a function of body, though there are physical phenomena which elude the

microscope of the anatomist, and though science is constantly revealing obscure forms of energy. But it does not appear that soul and body are so inseparable that one cannot think of them apart. If the soul is immortal the body must be immortal also. Resurrection is not immortality.

The popular notion of Soul is largely coloured by very primitive beliefs which we cherish half unconsciously. The Greek word "psyche" means also a butterfly, and the early funeral vases of Greece are painted with scenes in which you sometimes see the soul flying out of the body. It flies out from the dead man's mouth; it has large wings and is very like a butterfly. The Latin words for Soul—*anima* and *spiritus*—both mean breath. There are other languages also in which Soul is called breath. The breath is the invisible part of a man which you can feel but not see, and a man dies when his breath leaves him. It is easy to believe that the breath goes on living in the underworld, especially easy to those who do not know much about the lungs.

The German has two words which we

share—*Geist* and *Seele* (Ghost and Soul). The belief was very general in the Middle Ages that spirits could be disembodied, that they could be charmed out of the living by witchcraft, and called up from the dead. To some primitive tribes the world is full of ghosts, mostly malevolent, and there are not wanting more primitive members of our own tribe who occasionally see a conventional spectre. The housing shortage may perhaps have been responsible for a slight recrudescence of ghosts, but it is more likely another symptom of the war-shock, which has deteriorated the minds of so many of our ablest writers. It was a symptom of loss of nerve when the strong King Saul betook him to the Witch of Endor.

After all, mankind has scarcely emerged from the ancient slough of superstition, when all the unknown and invisible was full of terror. Even now it requires a certain degree of courage for an educated man to stand up against the whimperings of women and children. "One never knows; there may be something in it." And so, half in jest, he walks round the ladder, or throws the salt

over his shoulder, or refuses to sit down thirteen at table, or consults the fortune teller, or takes part in a spiritualist *séance*.

We are told that there is one unforgivable sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost. We are not told what it is. There is a sin against the intellect which needs no divining. It is to descend voluntarily or to lead others into the deadly slime of superstition.

Superstition is nothing but dead religion. All through the history of mankind, religions have grown, flourished, born offspring and decayed. It is ridiculous to suppose that the Council of Nicæa in A.D. 325 or Archbishop Cranmer in 1549 discovered once for all the truth of religion. As their medicine and their geography are out of date, so is their theology. Moab's gods were Milton's devils, and Milton's God is seen, in these days, to contain many diabolic features.

VI

THE BODY

FROM what has been said it follows that physical health is a first condition of happiness. The theory of evolution which we accept recognises man's animal origin without shame. In the animal world physical well-being is apparently almost the sole condition of happiness. It is true that this means more than mere food, drink and warmth. The animal suffers physically if deprived of the environment to which its hereditary nature and early upbringing have habituated it.

> " A squirrel in a cage
> Sets all heaven in a rage. . . ."

The squirrel that has to work for its living, after the manner of its forefathers, is the

happier squirrel, even if living be scanty. Wild animals and birds need liberty, though they can be bred to tolerate captivity and even be happy in their cages. Cats can be trained out of their habits of nocturnal roaming, if the training begins early. But it remains generally true that every creature has its ordained conditions of happiness, ordained by nature, that is, by its history and bodily structure.

The same is true of man, on the physical side. *Secundum naturam vivere* is the law of his bodily well-being. He is primarily a flesh-, fish- and fruit-eating animal, intended to live in the open, and with a natural covering of skin capable of adapting itself to a wide range of temperature. Of course, civilisation, on an ever-increasing scale of complexity, has modified our nature to a slight extent in the course of three or four thousand years. Clothing and cooked food have become part of our nature, though the doctors are constantly reminding us that there are benefits to be derived from reverting to the primeval in certain cases. They have discovered that necessary "vitamins" reside in raw

vegetables and fruit, with sun baths and light baths they recapture primitive nudity, and thus remind us that the nature of man has not been completely changed. A few thousands of years is not enough time to allow for serious biological changes. But under modern conditions few of us can live like the noble savage, wild in woods. We have to take artificial measures to reproduce some of the essential conditions of physical fitness. Nature is most powerful in childhood. The wise mother now lets her baby sprawl naked on the floor, roll and crawl and kick its legs like any other young animal. The boy, who according to nature should be hunting with the braves of his tribe, must now imitate nature by means of games, which not only exercise the body, but call for mental alertness, courage and endurance. Mere drill is a very poor substitute. The adult man or woman, whose life is mainly sedentary and within doors, must have some regular form of exercise that will make the lungs breathe deep and the heart increase its work, the blood move faster, the pores of the skin open, the muscles and nerves obey rapid stimuli

until the healthy reaction against speeding up comes. Appetite follows naturally, and a good digestion follows appetite. Then comes healthy sleep. All this is, perhaps, commonplace: easier said than done. But it is an absolute condition of happiness. If your work is physical work in the open air, well and good; you have then the first ingredient of happiness. If it is not, you must obtain the same effect through games or exercises in the open air. Regard this as the first law of happiness. For everything else follows from it. The healthy appetite is content with simple food and needs no stimulus.

I am convinced that half the miseries of this world arise from unnatural ways of living. Consider this if you are choosing a way of life for your children. It is true, for example, that the agricultural labourer (who is really much more than a labourer) only receives 25s. a week, whereas the clerk may receive 50s. a week. But the agricultural labourer has health as a free bonus with his wages. Your clerk must pay for his health as a rule.

If it is a deplorable fact that nearly all the

avenues of occupation open to women are sedentary indoor jobs and that opportunities for fresh air and exercise are much less open to women than to men, there is one remedy: the girl clerk must make up her mind to practise daily exercise, in her room with the window wide open. Let her say her prayers at the same time, if she will! But let her take deep breaths of air as fresh as she can find, and stretch her limbs and flex her muscles, remembering that she has to counteract, by artificial means, an artificial way of living. It is a dull necessity. Far better if she can join a tennis or hockey club, but I doubt whether two hours of violent exercise every week is better or worse than nothing as a means of health for the sedentary worker.

Happiness is easier of access to certain classes of the community, who possess by the nature of their occupation these ingredients of health:

Soldiers and sailors.
Farm workers.
Boys and girls at boarding-schools.
Chauffeurs.

Policemen.
Professional players at cricket, football, golf, etc.
Well-to-do sportsmen.
Fishermen.
Nursemaids.
Gamekeepers, gardeners and coachmen.

That is, unless they are so underpaid that worry or hunger writes a warning on their faces. But the trains that bring the workers to and fro from the city are full of miserable faces, strained and drawn by ill health due to unnatural conditions of life. Those who can choose jobs should remember these things.

My philosophy allows you to get all the happiness you can out of physical pleasures, so long as the mind remains captain. Nature has so provided that if you obey her laws, you will have happiness. She has even baited duty with pleasure. More physical fitness is accompanied with the symptoms of pleasure. The eating of food and the drinking of drink are pleasant. The duty of procreating and conceiving children is baited with pleasure.

But to make these pleasures part of happiness requires that the reason shall never desert the bridge. Excess of pleasure in any one particular is fatal to happiness.

VII

HAPPINESS

MIND, soul and body, being one unit or at least inextricably interfused, it follows that happiness depends on their harmonious co-operation. If the body is ill, the mind and soul must suffer; if the mind is ill, the body must suffer. As we have found that soul cannot be distinguished from mind (except as a term to describe the more recondite and intense functions of the mind), we can say with confidence that if the mind is well the soul will be well also. Harmony is the first secret of happiness. Harmony means the peace of the soul, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

A young man recently told me that the most wretched time in his life was a period of some three months in early 1915, when he

was trying to make up his mind whether it was his duty to keep his business together for the sake of his newly married wife and baby and aged parents, or to volunteer for the army. His mind was at war with itself, or, if you like it better, his mind was at war with his soul. Then he made his decision, and amidst all the dangers and horrors of those years his soul was at peace.

I have known other cases in which men were torn between an outworn faith and a newly found understanding. Ancient fears and hopes battled with reason and the clash was miserable.

Misery follows also when body is at war with mind, when, for example, a man squanders his life for a moment or a week of excitement, or when one function of the mind is at war with another; for instance, when a man jeopardises his future happiness for an instant's indulgence in anger or jealousy or love, or conversely when a man sacrifices his principles for gain. His principles or conscience, the idea of moral good which he has inherited or received from early training, are quite strong enough to fill

him with remorse and embitter the rest of his days if he pursues some policy which is inconsistent with honour. War is horrible, but the most horrible form of war is civil war. Civil war in the soul is the greatest of all horrors to the individual. Contests must of necessity arise. Every day there will be knotty questions between emotions and principles, or between mind and body, which nobody but yourself can settle. You must possess within you, if the internecine wars are to be avoided, some high court of arbitration to decide quickly and firmly which course it is right for you to pursue.

If you are a weakling and a coward you had better provide yourself with counsellors; a doctor to look after your bodily health and a spiritual director to advise you on morals and ethics. I have no doubt at all that a great many people would find the happiness they have lost by giving up their independence and trusting to the direction of some amiable father confessor, who would take the responsibility for their conduct. There are plenty of priests, mostly of Celtic origin, Irishmen or Belgians or something of that

kind, who accept this kind of responsibility with cheerful alacrity. If their appearance may be trusted, they do not lose a night's sleep for it. They have a neat formula which will bring both you and them into heaven at last. And there you and they will be crowned with gold and sit on thrones round a glassy sea, with harps in your hands, singing hymns eternally.

But, happily, no people of that constitution will have had the patience to follow me to this point. I am writing for good men (and women), strong and brave people, who have not sworn allegiance to any sect, *Nullius addicti jurare in verba magistri.* They will know that they have a life to live among men and that they must use it to the best advantage. They will feel a responsibility to their neighbours which they cannot shuffle off upon anyone else. If they think at all, they will realise that every action has its reaction, every cause its effect. Just as every pebble you drop into a pool makes its broadening circle, so every action of yours has its consequences, ever extending in radius, just as your actions are generally determined by

previous causes. If the engine driver disregards the signal, there will be a collision. He may pray and hope about it. No absolution, no mediation will avail him.

If, then, with you rests the responsibility of decisions upon questions of right and wrong, you must have an arbiter to decide them, if warfare is to be avoided. What is to be the arbiter ? Offhand most good people would say your " conscience." I have already remarked that conscience is synonymous with fear. It is very difficult to separate the conscience, which makes a thief or a liar confess or a cheat pay " conscience money," from the fear of being found out. But conscience is not quite the same thing as fear. Early training implants certain habits which it is painful or uncomfortable to break. Just as a person trained to the habit of a morning bath feels uncomfortable all day if he misses it. So, a person trained, let us say, to attend church every Sunday morning will feel uncomfortable if he fails to do so. The feeling is not purely moral. In one family it is the tradition not to send for a doctor unless you are seriously ill, in another family it is under-

stood that the doctor attends anyone who is not perfectly well. In either case a breach of the tradition is attended with pangs of conscience. One household has a tradition of economy about cabs, another about postage stamps. Everyone acquires certain "inhibitions" in early life which carry a moral power with them, capable of inflicting pangs of conscience upon the offender. If this is a correct statement of the case we cannot be right in letting ourselves be governed by conscience. Tradition, habit and custom cannot be the safe and only guides for thinking people. A man may be justified in rebelling against conscience. Conscience is a voice from the past.

I said long ago that the secret of happiness was to follow your own nature. It was a rash and dangerous statement. Many readers will misunderstand me, some wilfully. But it was true, and I reaffirm it now. If you are a thinking man or woman you must let your thinking apparatus captain the ship. Captain Will must take his orders from nobody except the mind. It is the mind, or that part of it called "judgement," which must

sit as arbitrator when the tradition and reason, or emotions and sentiments are at variance. The mind alone can tell conscience when it is in error.

But perhaps there are some perfectly good and perfectly intelligent people who will object to this enthronement of the mind. Some may point out the wizened, short-sighted, cantankerous philosopher or don, who appears to have no common sense and no happiness; that ancient figure of fun who loses his umbrella while investigating the spectrum of Aldeboran. Others may direct our attention to the educational failures of Mr. Gradgrind and Josiah Bounderby, who believed only in hard fact and no imagination. Others may draw our attention to the lacunæ in scientific knowledge and argue that the mind is comparatively impotent in many directions. I have never advocated the reign of what is called pure reason. I am pleading for the harmonious balance of all human faculties, and when I say that in case of dispute the mind should hold sway, I mean the broad mind and not the narrow mind. I mean the whole mind with its

sentiments and principles and imagination, not the mere logical faculty or intellect. For in philosophy or theology or morals there is only one thing that matters and that is truth. And there is only one human faculty that can find out truth and that is the mind. Glorious intuitions may come to a man instinctively, emotions may reach to truth, but only the mind can say whether intuitions and emotions have succeeded or failed. Fine words butter no parsnips. No more do fine thoughts. A lie is none the less a lie because it is a mistake. Therefore the mind must be in command, but it is a dull, poor mind that does not recognise the claims of instinct, imagination, conscience, emotion and the rest of its members.

Anyone who allows emotion to hold the reins for a long time is certain to suffer catastrophe. Most of the great tragedies occur in this way. Hamlet's reason fights against the passion of revenge. Othello's tragedy is of jealousy, Juliet's of love, Samson's of patriotism, Cæsar's of ambition, Faust's of greed, Tamburlaine's of pride, Antigone's of sisterly devotion. I do not

say that all these heroes and heroines were wrong. In exceptional circumstances, when the individual is subject to the blows of Fate, the reasonable judgement of the mind may decide to give the reins to passion. A man may deliberately choose the tragedy as the right course, as Hamlet did. He is none the less seeking his happiness. Life without honour was intolerable to such as Hamlet, and all the voices he honoured were calling for revenge. So Cæsar staked his life for an imperial throne, quite deliberately, because he thought it worth while. The same is true of the Saints, the heroes of faith. The noblest of them not only entered the faith through the intellectual pathway of proof and belief, but, having done so deliberately, chose suffering rather than betrayal, as the right course for their happiness. It is impossible to read the accounts of the trial of Joan of Arc without realising that this girl's intellect was in supreme command of all her actions and emotions. It may have been imagination that made her hear those spiritual voices of angels. Whatever it was, she heard them, and having heard them, the noble mind

within her made her prefer cruel death at the stake to the shame of a public recantation.

Thus there have, without question, been cases in which the primacy of the mind has led to tragedy. In this imperfect and hazardous world it is impossible to guarantee happiness to everybody or perpetual happiness to anybody. But the world is not so imperfect nor so perilous that the average man may not have a good chance of happiness if he guides his life aright.

The judgement, as we call the judging faculty of the mind, must take command, especially over those powerful but unruly subjects, the emotions. They can give you pleasure in abundance, but not happiness. It is a business of the mind to have them in subjection, and through the will to train them to be good citizens of the state of Man.

The most difficult task in practical philosophy is to hold the balance fairly between materialism and idealism. Three nations in the course of history seem to me to have succeeded in this, and as a consequence, while they did so, exerted an enormous

influence over the thought of mankind. These were the Jews, the Greeks and the English. The English have not always combined the two. In the Eighteenth Century, materialism got the upper hand, but in the Sixteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries there was that happy union of realism with spiritual fervour which produced greatness in many branches of thought and nobility in action. The French throughout their history have inclined sometimes this way and sometimes that; but in the Seventeenth and Nineteenth centuries the glow of national pride transfused the clear, hard intellectualism which is usually characteristic of the French mind. With the Romans, the spiritual forefathers of the French, the case was somewhat similar; a rather pedantic materialism was their normal attitude, but in the Augustan age something really spiritual stirred in the genius of Virgil, Livy and Horace. The builders of the great mediæval cathedrals are excellent examples of this fusion of high ideals with technical fidelity to detail.

With the individual the same truth holds. It is folly to live in the clouds and to neglect

all the sources of happiness that lie on this good green earth at our feet; wickedness to despise or neglect our fellow creatures, for whose sake Jesus thought it worth while to die. But it is greater folly to think that only those things are real which you can see and handle, smell and taste. The fist of the heavyweight boxer can give you a knockout blow, but an electric shock that you cannot even see can kill you stone dead. Electricity is as real as human muscles. A pearl necklace is a beautiful and valuable thing, but a sonnet by Wordsworth is beautiful also, and if you could find a new one you could sell it for the price of many necklaces. A ten-pound note is a good thing, but an honest man's credit is worth many ten-pound notes. A handsome face may win a desirable husband, but certain intangible things like charm and sympathy are more potent. Hence it is the merest of dull stupidity to suppose that you can ignore the invisible qualities.

Equally vain is it to suppose that money is happiness. "Give me the cash," says the materialist, "and I can buy all the art I want." There are two fallacies in this. If

I gave you the cash you would soon lose it, unless I gave you also certain invisible gifts such as discretion and business capacity to keep it and use it to advantage. In the second place, you cannot buy art; you can buy the objects of art, but without the invisible possession of a sense of beauty, you would not know what to buy or how to buy it. You would be the merest victim; you would have your gold taken from you by any impostor. These fallacies are very common among half-educated people. One hears the business man's views on education: "Why teach useless subjects like poetry or algebra?" he says. "What I want in my office is shorthand and typewriting." But what are shorthand and typewriting? Means of recording language. If a person knows little or nothing of language, how can he record it? There is small need to argue against the idealist fallacy, it is so uncommon. "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" But what shall it profit a man to save his own soul at the expense of the whole world? Is not that selfishness. The anchorite who

withdraws from the world because he is good and the rest of the world is evil, is making the world more evil by subtracting his own righteousness from it. The notion that idealism is to be kept in leash by the judgement will offend many. A worthy lady in one of Jane Austen's novels enumerates the qualities of a suggested bride and adds to the list, "and as much religion as my Edward desires." It may shock many good people to think that religion can be in excess. We are bidden to love God with all our heart. Does that mean that we are not to love our wives and children? Christ's answer to that question was quite clear: "Not if it prevents you loving God or hinders you from carrying out His commission." The disciples were to seek *first* the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. That is sane idealism. Of course, much of the language of preachers and prophets is rhetorical. When we are bidden to pluck out our eye, for example, that is hyperbole. In the matter of the precious ointment the disciples were rebuked for being materialistic and calculating on a question of enthusiasm in worship. I do not

advocate the calculating spirit; calculation is a mean and pettifogging thing, almost a parody of sober judgment. I am not of the Gradgrind school of "hard fact." The Gradgrind school neither seek nor gain happiness. But it is surely clear that society could not continue to exist if everyone yielded without restraint to the dictates of religion or idealism. The so-called "religious" of the Catholic Church perform worship every three hours. Why not oftener? Because reason forbids. Suppose we *all* sold *all* that we possessed and gave it to the poor! Suppose we wanted to show even more contrition and devotion to God than ever before; more than the Christian kneeling, or the Mohammedan prostrate, more than the flagellants and fakirs, suppose in the ecstasy of our faith we cut ourselves with knives! Why stop short of suicide? There is truer doctrine in that splendid old epic of Elijah on Mt. Carmel. It was the Dervishes of the false god who howled to their Baal and cut themselves with knives. It was Elijah's simple prayer that found favour in the sight of the true God.

"No excess" was the favourite maxim of the Greeks, and they were certainly not materialists, but a singularly happy people. It may further be disputed that my whole doctrine of the pursuit of happiness, as a thing both necessary and right for everyone, is a materialistic and selfish doctrine. No: I say that true and full happiness is unattainable by selfish people or in selfish ways. The happy home is one of the truest and most enduring sources of happiness, and that is wholly incompatible with selfishness. So is the happy state. Generosity is a source of happiness to properly constituted persons. Praise or admiration is enjoyed by most people. It is, as has been said already, impossible for the members of the modern social world to live without feeling the sense of solidarity, and it is the business of all parents and educators to implant this principle firmly in the young so that pure selfishness may become hateful to them all through life, as an obstacle in the road to happiness. Some people and some animals appear to live happily enough as it is, laughing children, skipping lambs, singing birds, evidently

enjoying their life. Health, quiet consciences, youth, fine weather, warmth, food in sufficiency but not superfluity; these things seem to be ingredients and perhaps entire products of temporary happiness. But might we not add certain very dubious classes to those? —noisy holiday-makers, tipsy revellers, lucky gamblers, these also present the appearance of high spirits, which are the outward symptoms of happiness. But we have reason to know that high spirits artificially stimulated by transitory causes are not the marks of the kind of happiness that we should desire. Then, thirdly, there is the placid contentment of simple rustics, old men drowsy in the sunshine, oxen and cattle, a happiness real enough, no doubt, in its way, but still very far short of complete happiness. The man or woman of full stature requires happiness for all his faculties. Not only must the body be free from pain, hunger, thirst, cold and the like, not only must the conscience be freed from remorse or dissatisfaction, but the mind must be free from anxiety about the future. Even these freedoms are only negative. There must be

positive comfort or satisfaction of body, spirit and mind for true happiness. There must in short be happiness, *and* the consciousness of happiness, for men and women of full stature.