Abdul Majid Khan.

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THE LURE OF HAPPINESS

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THE
LURE OF HAPPINESS

OR THE RESPONSE OF THE MIND TO THE CHALLENGE OF CONTENTMENT

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"Quand on ne trouve pas son repos en soi-même il est inutile de la chercher ailleurs."—LA ROCHEFOUCAULLD.

"A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will: and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lit."—R. L. S.

"Happiness is a thing to be practised like the violin. If we take the right means it will come, but we must not seek it too curiously."—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

"What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by is the love and grace and tenderness of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge—grand as knowledge is—but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends—the cosy talk by the fireside; the sight of flowers and the sound of music."
—JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

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THE LURE OF HAPPINESS

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

It has become a commonplace to say that the Great War has thrown all other events out of perspective. This is not all. These recent years have been so terribly abnormal that all of us, more or less, have lost our sense of proportion, which has not been recovered to this day. Life was so cheap in those years, and death was so common, that our minds tended to confuse life's values, with the result that sometimes evil was called good and good evil.

Realising more than we had ever done before, the uncertainty of life, and grateful to those who had gone forth to dare and to die for the cause, we were more than eager to show our gratitude by giving them, whenever possible, what was called "a good time." Money, hospitality, friendship, and love were poured out without

stint, and all because our armies of young men were in danger, and might never come through to enjoy the full happiness of life, which was their due. The very precariousness of life intensified the claim for enjoyment, though not infrequently, being mortal, we did not truly realise the things that make for our happiness and peace.

At home, no less than at the front, there grew up an intense desire to enjoy, a determination to grasp the present and to distrust the future. A reactionary demand for a happy time took possession of us, and, feeling something of that war weariness that ensued upon the signing of the Armistice, we continued to insist upon happiness as our natural and well-earned right. Not that the lure of happiness has not always exercised man's heart, but that it had a peculiarly strong pull, during the tragic and critical times through which we had passed.

If we add to this the fact that, among the things that were shaken by the war, were many of the old customs and traditions, as well as many of the old cherished creeds and beliefs, it is not hard to understand how the emphasis of life, at present, would appear to be placed more upon enjoyment and happiness than upon duty and responsibility.

In any case, it can hardly be denied that the lure of happiness is very strong at the present

time, and, provided the idea of happiness is rightly conceived and truly based, it is all to the good. The unfortunate thing is that, owing to the changes which have taken place in a changed world, and owing to the loss of old moorings, moral and religious, and the lack of others to take their place, our minds have become somewhat confused, and we hardly know what it is we really do want.

The temptation to which most of us are exposed, to-day, is a kind of refined materialism. We are far too prone to look to money and things as the sources of happiness, and not to ideals and behaviour. Not through conviction, maybe, but through indifference, we think little of the future life, and so the mind tends to make the most of this. "We can only be young once," it is said, as if the modern mind has lost faith in its own immortality, and had given itself up, lock, stock, and barrel, to the present, and the things of the present:—

> "Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
> Before ye too into the dust descend;
> Dust unto dust, and under dust to lie,
> Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—sans end."

The fact is, we are all, to some extent, still relaxing after years of tension, with the result that a new yearning for happiness and peace has taken possession of us. During the miseries of the war, we promised ourselves that Utopia

should come to compensate us for our losses and sacrifices. The world was to be made fit for democracy, and social conditions were to arise worthy of a people who had endured to the end.

But Utopia seems as far off as ever. There is a deep disappointment that our visions, since the Armistice, have been so poor, and that our efforts to reconstruct the world have been attended with so little success. Weary of waiting for the good time, which was to come through national regeneration, we have turned afresh to life itself, hoping to find there some refuge from our vain dreams and disappointed hopes.

It is a true instinct, and emphasises again the eternal principle that man's blessedness ultimately springs from within, and is realised, not so much in the conditions of life as in life itself. Even if the promises held out during the war had been fulfilled, the heart would still have been what it always has been, and could only find happiness in the things of the spirit, and in the true functioning of the human mind.

We believe that the way of happiness is through a full life, rather than an impoverished one. Life is not negation. We find ourselves, not in the things we refuse, but in those which we accept and rightly assimilate. In spite of its conflicting ideals and its pathetic unrest, the

age in which we live has a great craving for life, and in that craving is one of its best hopes. What is needed, however, is a clearer conception of life's meaning, and a more intelligent interpretation of the ends it has in view.

It is not that we ask for too much, these days, but that we ask for too little. It is of its abundance that life offers us, for life is an unending creation and an eternal giving. The tragedy of most lives is their incompleteness, whilst the promise and potency of life are its completeness. Man is at least body, soul, and spirit, and there can be no real happiness or peace for him, apart from the response he makes to the threefold demand of his whole personality. How, and by what ways, we may best respond, so as to enjoy life to the full, it is the object of these pages to set forth.

In his "Selected Papers on Philosophy," Prof. William James says: "We must change ourselves from a race that admires jerk and snap for their own sakes, and looks down upon low voices and quiet ways as dull, to one that, on the contrary, has calm for its ideal, and for their own sakes loves harmony, dignity, and ease." In our judgment, much of the secret of a happy and contented life is found in harmony, dignity, and ease. This is only saying, in psychological terms, what has been said, in simple terms, by the Lord and Master of us all.

The final word on the way of happiness is His, and if one can express His secret, in psychological terms, and that in such a way as to make a special appeal to the modern mind, then we owe it to ourselves and to others to do so. It is because we have ventured to think this possible that we have undertaken the task. Our aim, in the following pages is not, therefore, to depreciate in any way the natural desire for enjoyment and happiness, but rather to emphasise its power and place in human life. In a simple and practical way, we hope to be able to demonstrate that the lure of happiness is natural and human, that it is a call upon the mind to be in harmony with itself, and that all-round enjoyment is conditioned by the kind of response we make to the circumstances and experiences of life. We believe that the happy mind is largely, though not wholly, a matter of practice and habit, and that by these means it is our duty, no less than our right, to enter into the inheritance of a radiant and a joyful life.

"'Tis Life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh! Life, not Death, for which we pant;
More Life, and fuller, that I want."

TENNYSON.

CHAPTER II

THE LURE OF HAPPINESS

BELIEF in the possibility of human happiness is one of the most persistent and encouraging facts of life. Faith in, and desire for, the blessed condition is found all through the ages, from the dawn of human history until now. Under differing and varying images, men have conceived of the happy state with a yearning which is sublime, and their search for it has been so insistent and persistent, that one of the Ancient Fathers declared that man is built for happiness, and that his life can never be fulfilled until he has fully realised his alluring quest.

This, perhaps, is one of the reasons for the fact that no man really feels at home in the world. There is, in all thoughtful minds, more or less, a sense of strangeness, a sense of exile, by reason of which we are not quite in harmony with the present order of things:

> "In this house with starry dome,
> Floored with gem-like plains and seas,
> Shall I never be at home?
> Never wholly at my ease?"
>
> WM. WATSON.

This is part of the tragedy of things, that we are creatures of at least two worlds, and that, whilst our days are spent in the one, our yearnings are often set upon another and, we hope, a better. The call of the happy wilds is not equally vocal in all lives, and many do not recognise its accents when it comes.

Much of our desire and hunger for the pleasures of the senses, for example, is but a blind response to this call of the ages, this lure of happiness. We are often so enamoured of life's toys that we fail to understand the realities they symbolise. And so we pass our days, asking much and, because we do not ask enough, find that our satisfactions are all too small.

The curious thing is that happiness has so many counterfeits, and that it is so easy for us to be temporarily deceived. We know so little of our real selves, and we understand so imperfectly the meaning of life, that we sometimes think we are happy when we are not.

Hence it is that many of us are constantly endeavouring to flee from ourselves, dimly imagining that the happy state is without, and not within. Religious teachers are partly responsible for this self-deception. Churches, creeds, and theologies, each and all, have done something to create and foster the idea that happiness is far away, in some state impossible to us at present; that heaven is a place or a

condition above and beyond, and not a state of mind which is possible here and now.

The need of the moment, therefore, would seem to be a re-statement of the meaning and way of happiness. The development and progress of the race are delayed because men are not realising how really good and pleasant life may be, and how vain and fruitless so much of our blind search for the desirable has become. Our emotions and affections are being wasted and thwarted in futile attempts to be at peace, and happiness is becoming increasingly impossible, because the vitality of the heart and the mind are being squandered in the pursuit of dreams which can never come true.

As a theory of life, the philosophy of materialism has broken down. To-day, there is no reasoned theory of materialism which holds the field. Even science tends to be on the side of the spiritual as against the material. And yet, the material things of life have a stronger hold upon us, perhaps, than ever before. What is wrong with the world at the moment is this—the immensity of the chasm which yawns between its beliefs and its practice.

Is it not strange that, at a time when the omens are in favour of a noble and spiritual conception of life, so many minds should still be under the illusive charm of the "Astronomer-Poet of Asia," who sings so sweetly of materialism,

and whose song, if put into prose, would refute itself?

> "A book of verses underneath the Bough.
> A jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
> Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
> Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

Which, being interpreted, means wine, women, and song, and which, considering Omar's philosophy of life, is natural enough. The temptation thus to elevate materialism on the wings of poetical expression is as modern as it is ancient. When people have no Providence but Destiny, and believe in no life but this, they incline to make the most of the things which are seen, and to soothe the soul with the opiates of sense.

And yet no class falls into ennui and despair sooner than this class. Your refined worldling, even, is not insensible to the lure of that happiness which never palls. In his heart, in her heart, he and she know that—

> "The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
> Turn ashes—or it prospers: and anon,
> Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty face,
> Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

A titled Society woman recently wrote on "A Day When Nothing Happens." It revealed a mind wholly dependent upon chance, and totally devoid of any worthy resource within itself. It is a Micawber type of mind,

which finds its pleasure, not in making events but in waiting upon them. For such people life soon becomes one long yawn, the mind itself, as much of it as survives, being the slave of novelty and the passing show. Harken!

"It is raining. Of course it is raining. A slow, persistent, heavy rain. There is nothing in the papers, no wars, murders, political upheavals, revolutions, or divorces. I throw the paper aside distastefully. Is the world dying? Has the human race grown too feeble even for misfortune? Ah no! for, on examining the betting news, I find that the horse I was given yesterday as an absolute certainty, and which I had backed both ways, was not even placed." And with a Solomon air of "vanity of vanities," she concludes, "Thank goodness! To-morrow can't be exactly like to-day."

Is it affectation or folly? Possibly a little of both. In any case, it affords a striking example of the futility and pathos of allowing one's happiness and peace of mind to rest upon days when something happens.

It is a far cry from the outlook of such a life to that of one's vanished childhood, and poignantly fills one's heart with the thought that

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it has been of yore—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night and day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.
WORDSWORTH.

Ah yes! It is a great thing to be young, and to keep young. We move on into life with the years, and often the farther we move the less we enjoy. When we are young, there are no days when nothing happens: life is one continual happening then, and to-morrow is brighter than all our yesterdays.

How good it would be, if occasions could be arranged when those of us who bewail the rainy days, and the days when nothing happens, could watch the children at play! There is more practical wisdom in the playtime of the little child than in much of the philosophy of the ages, and He who was chief among men could say no profounder thing than this—Ye *must become as little children.*

"'*Another rainy day!*
What can we do?'
We elders sit indoors and say.
At last I rise,
And wander out with gloomy eyes,
And in the rain there sits a child of two:
Her parents see,
And let her be;
Their cottage opens on the lane,
She sits and babbles in the rain,
And finds a hundred things to do:
Such lovely mud with which to fill
Her pail, then empty it again.

Oh! I was glad I passed that way!
She finds so many games to play,
Mud and a pail are all her will;
She has so many things to say
All to herself this rainy day."

It is a fair comment upon civilisation that, whilst it has enriched life with so many comforts and amenities, it now threatens to overwhelm us with superfluity and satiety. We have more comforts and conveniences to-day than kings and queens had a couple of centuries ago. In the old days, the difficulty was to supply the things people wanted; to-day, our chief difficulty is to make men and women want the things which a highly developed civilisation has invented.

Whither is all this tending? Who shall set bounds to the ingenuity of man as the inventor of things which are not necessary, and which are enormously increasing the luxury and artificiality of life? Happiness is largely, though not wholly, independent of things, and yet the whole trend of modern life is in the direction of multiplying them. It is eternally true that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth, but rather in the content and scope of his mind. Things, it is said, are in the saddle, and they are so enticingly dangled before us that, almost before we realise it, a luxury thing has become a necessity.

What is the effect of all this going to be upon

character? What relation is it all going to have to the development of the race? To what extent is it going to make for, or against, human happiness? There can be only one answer—it is probably going to make the conditions of happiness more difficult, and to make it increasingly hard to rest one's peace and contentment upon the pleasures of the mind and the enrichment of one's soul.

It has been said that money doesn't matter unless we happen not to have it. It does matter, in any case, but it doesn't matter quite as much as we suppose. It is a bitter thought that, even in the minds of those who are anxious to change the order of society, the minds of the socialist and the communist, the good time coming is almost wholly conceived of as a time when the things of life have passed from the hands of the few to those of the many.

It is not the things which the rich have and the poor have not, that this modern reformer objects to, so much as the fact that we are not all equally wallowing in the swill-tub of materialism. The questions, therefore, which we need to ask and face afresh are these: What is happiness? What is that something in us, whether we be rich or poor, which responds to the eternal call of peace and contentment, and along what lines are we to look for its satisfaction?

"Happiness," said the late Prof. Lecky, "is a condition of mind, and not a disposition of circumstances, and one of the most common of errors is that of confusing happiness with the means of happiness, sacrificing the first for the attainment of the second." That is almost a truism. Still, it is necessary to insist, and insist again, that happiness, beyond a certain point, is not to be attained through the medium of things.

There are two conditions essential to a happy and contented existence—a certain state of mind and certain conditions of life. Both are necessary, but the former is more vital than the latter, and it is impossible to overestimate its place in considering the problem of happiness. Some of the happiest of mortals have lived in sordid circumstances, whilst many who have lived in the very pomp of circumstance have been among the unhappiest of mankind. The city, town, place, or house in which one lives is important, but most important of all is the quality of the mind and the outlook of the soul.

That charming Writer of the charming book "Penny Plain," tells us that the four nicest things in the world are tea, a fire, a book, and a friend. It should be added, a fifth is a mind that can see so much in such simple things. After all, it is the simple things that really count in the difficult sum of human

happiness, and, though we have all knowledge and know all the mysteries, knowing nothing of such simplicity, we can scarcely be deemed happy.

It is those minds which are rich in themselves, rich in the powers of reflection, kindness, expectation, and warm with a sense of the beauty of common things—it is they who know the satisfactions of the simple life. To be apt to believe, to have no complexes, to be free from the plague of ego-centricity, and to have a mind with far horizons, is to be near the source of a quiet and tranquil spirit.

The great virtue of simple tastes and simple desires is that they give so few hostages to fortune, and make it easier to win and maintain the freedom of the soul. Much of the craving for human happiness is just a searching for freedom, a desire to yield to the call of the highest, which we but dimly perceive. It is the truth alone which can make us free, and the truth of the matter is that the lure of happiness is the urge of the Eternal Spirit, whence we come, and whither we go.

At this point the question emerges, Is this universal desire for happiness a thing of Time or not? It is said of Coleridge that "he hungered for Eternity." It must be admitted that such hunger is not common in these days. Many are content to regard their lives as finished when

the hurly burly's done; indeed, they say quite frankly that all they want in the end is rest, meaning by that the end of the game. It is a negative prospect, and may conceivably mean one or two things—either that desire has failed because faith and hope are dead, or that the moral ability to continue has been destroyed. In either case, it is, in our judgment, not a sign that happiness is an illusion, or that its perfect realisation is a dream. What is common to all men cannot be a will o' the wisp. Since so much happiness is possible, here and now, happiness which is so good and so real, there must be, somehow and somewhere, a happiness which is better still.

"And every eve I say,
Noting my step in bliss,
That I have known no day
In all my life like this."

R. BRIDGES.

It seems to us that the very greatness of the human mind, a mind which is capable of such splendid dreams and of such unearthly imagination, can only be justified in a higher and pleasanter realm. This is the more reasonable since no man is the poorer because he cherishes the hope of perfect fulfilment. Indeed, among those who have served the world best, and made the largest contribution to human happiness, are those who have believed that perfect happiness is the greatest promise of life.

The lure of happiness has always been one of the most powerful dynamics of human endeavour, and in no lives has it been more powerful than in the lives of those who have believed, ever and always, that the best is yet to be.

"O happy life! I hear thee sing,
O rare delight of mortal stuff!
I praise my days for all they bring,
Yet are they only not enough."

R. BRIDGES.

Those of us who know that exquisite little book, "The Road Mender," by Michael Fairless, will remember that the last chapter is called "The White Gate." It was, unlike the other parts of the book, dictated while the Author lay dying and helpless. There she lay, thinking of the White Gate, at which she had often looked from her window before her sight had failed. Seeing that gate, with the eyes of the mind, she dictated the words—

"But beyond the White Gate and the trail of the woodbine falls silence greater than speech, darkness greater than light; a pause of 'a little while,' and then the touch of that healing garment, as we pass to the King in His beauty, in a land from which there is no return."

That there is a beyond to the white gate of life the best of us have believed, and have been the nobler and the more effective for so believing. The lure of this beyond is instinctive and ele-

mental. "The Road Mender" is the credo of that class of minds which have rested their all upon the conviction that all roads lead somewhere, and that, at the end of the day, there is satisfaction and rest.

But now, it is not good, either psychologically or ethically, that the mind should dwell too much upon the thought of happiness. After all, man has risen from the lowest forms of life up to being but a little lower than the angels, amid conditions which have been hard and inflexible. As far as he has won his way up the steep ascent, it has been through peril, toil, and pain. Life, as we know it, has always been associated with conflict, and we have no reason to suppose that the conditions of development will ever be radically different.

There seems to be a tendency, these days, to regard happiness as one of our elementary rights, and to forget that, properly speaking, there are no rights and no blessings at all for him who is blind to his duties, and who neither recognises nor accepts his responsibilities.

Happiness must never be disassociated from personal effort, directed to worthy ends, and all effort implies conflict and struggle. That which comes to us costing nothing, is never to be classed among the things which are most desirable. Since the mind is its own place, and since blessing or cursing may issue thence, the mind

has to be trained, directed, furnished, and cleansed.

We are profoundly convinced that the most important part of the training of the mind is that which has to do with the emotions. More than ever we realise, our conduct, our effectiveness, and our happiness are bound up with the generation and direction of our feelings. Feeling is, perhaps, the chief element in all of the most delightful experiences of life, as it is the chief element in all of the most terrible.

And yet, it is precisely that part of one's mental life which has, maybe, more to do with one's character and happiness than any other part of the mind, that we neglect most. We have heard much about the influence of our thoughts and our actions in shaping our lives, and in making us happy. Of our feelings and moods we have heard comparatively little. How little we understand, for example, the large place which our moods play in our lives, and the enormous effect they have in darkening or brightening our existence! Very much of the depression and lack of cheerfulness, from which so many suffer, is due to poor control over their moods, and since these are due, to a great extent, to the thoughts, memories, imaginations, and desires of their minds, all of which are within their power, they are in no small measure responsible for them.

Let the mood be dark and sombre, and all the world is grey. Let the mood be bright and cheerful, and all the world's a smile. Our moods affect even our judgments and decisions. The laughter of little children may be pleasing music to us in one mood, and excruciatingly discordant in another. That which we regard as a joke in the mood of to-day, becomes an impertinence in the mood of to-morrow. In an angry mood, we make resolutions of which we are ashamed when the mind is calm.

Few things are more important, therefore, than that we should watch our moods, and that we should not allow ourselves to be unduly influenced by the particular mood of the hour.

"When the devil was sick the devil a monk would be;
When the devil was well the devil a monk was he."

Sainthood and sin should not be subject to the moods of sickness and health. The pursuit of the one and the avoidance of the other should be the deliberate choice of a will in harmony with itself. And it is to this great end that the mind should be trained, and the emotions kept in their proper place. Never wholly trust your moods. They are like clouds, sometimes white and fleecy as wool, and sometimes black and threatening as night. Happiness, though not a mood, may be lightened or darkened by our moods, and, in the darkest

hour, it is good to remember that, like the cloud, the mood will pass.

Bear in mind that a bright and hopeful mood stimulates all one's powers, and enriches all one's endeavours. The best work in the world is not done by those who are victims to their moods, especially their dark moods, but by those who can rise above them, and who, by enthusiasm and courage, give themselves to the great business of life.

The lure of happiness is not a vain call. It is the call to realise ourselves. It is as real and as present as our own souls. The kingdom of heaven is within, and though we had the wings of a dove and could fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, we shall find happiness only in a life warmed by right feeling, elevated by noble thought, and quickened and enlarged by ungrudging service.

"How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which kings and slaves can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find."

CHAPTER III

THE ART OF HAPPINESS

It takes many years to find out that happiness is more an art than an accident. Only the thinking few seem to realise that there is a way of happiness, a knack or secret which usually comes only after years of trial and disappointment. The reason so many fail to be happy is that they take happiness for granted, or leave it to chance. And whilst they who make happiness an end are sure to be disillusioned, sooner or later, they who leave it to take care of itself are equally in the dark.

It used to be said, "Be good and you will be happy," which is reasonable enough, and there the matter ended. Even to-day, there are those who believe that to be religious is synonymous with being happy. But for some of us, it is not quite as simple as that. Good people are not always happy, nor are the religious invariably joyous. Indeed, the contrary is so

true that, rightly or wrongly, goodness and religion, in the minds of many, are associated with sadness and gloom.

The most ardent admirers of the Puritans would hesitate to call them a happy people, in the sense that they enjoyed life to the full. Their very religion rigorously limited the area of happiness, in that it denied them many pastimes and pleasures which, in these days, are rightly considered not only legitimate but wise. It may be said that the end of life is not to be happy, which cannot be denied. It is a poor philosophy which rests its sanctions upon promises of happiness, and he who loves mercy, does justly, and walks humbly in order to be happy is far from understanding that virtue is its own reward.

It is remarkable that the Founder of Christianity held out no bribe of happiness to those whom He called to be His followers. In plain, and almost stern tones, He promised hardship, persecution, and the cross. And yet, describing certain states of mind, He declared those happy who experienced them.

Thus, whilst it is a mis-reading of the meaning of life to make happiness an end, happiness is almost inevitable if life be rightly conceived and healthily lived. A man's first duty is to cultivate his mind. The mind is his tree of life, and the manner of fruits which it bears is his

chief concern, and determines the amount of happiness he is to enjoy.

The trouble with our age is that people are so busy trying to be happy that half their days are spent in boredom and discontent. Try to be happy and you just miss it. Try to feel, to think, to be, to do, and happiness comes upon you unawares. It is as we jog along the road with courage and with hope, that the sky becomes blue and the birds become birds of song.

The fact is, happiness implies a certain quality of mind. The finer the quality the greater the happiness, and much of the indirect art of happiness consists, first, in realising that we have minds, and then investing them with such quality as shall enable us to feel kindly, to enjoy simply, and to find our enjoyment in sharing things rather than in heaping them up, and keeping them.

This quality of mind is not to be confused with learning and ability; it is often found in the simplest and the humblest. Who does not recognise it in the dear old lady, whose hobby was visiting the old Edinburgh Hospital, and whom W. E. Henley describes so beautifully—

"Her little face is like a walnut shell
With wrinkling lines: her soft, white hair adorns
Her withered brows in quaint, straight curls, like horns:
And all about her clings an old sweet smell.

> In snow or shine, from bed to bed she runs,
> All twinkling smiles and texts and pious tales,
> Her mittened hands, that ever give or pray,
> Bearing a sheaf of tracts, a bag of buns:
> A wee old maid that sweeps the Bridegroom's way
> Strong in a cheerful trust that never fails."

There is a common superstition that happiness is something to be feared. It is too good to be true, it is thought, whilst there is even a certain religious standpoint from which some look upon happiness as, in some way, a form of worldliness. Such people remind one of an old-time stage manager, at the Lyceum Theatre, of whom Canon Ainger speaks in one of his letters. This manager was engaged drilling the Witches in the great Brocken Scene (Infernal Regions) in *Faust*. They came on to the stage hopping and skipping, and as merry as could be, when the manager sternly checked them—"That won't do at all! You mustn't look 'appy! You mustn't look 'appy! You're not on 'Ampstead 'Eath; you're in 'Ell!"

Happiness is ennobling. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the harm which has been done by those who, for centuries, have over-emphasised the idea that happiness is a future reward more than a present reality. The fact is, the world is beautiful, and life is good. This world is not a weary wilderness, not a sort of Ellis Island, where we miserably wait for admittance into official citizenship. To-day and to-

morrow are not two things, but one. Eternity is but unending time, and any bliss of the future cannot be different, in kind, from that which may be ours now.

It is not easy to give a definition of happiness in so many words. We know it best in terms of experience. Speaking in a general way, happiness may be considered as a perennial interest in the world, in ourselves, in those about us, and in the end towards which all things are moving. Not the interest of a spectator merely, but that of one who is in sympathy with it all, and who is doing his and her part to help on the great consummation which life assumes.

We are wiser than we know, when we speak of "feeling happy." Happiness is largely a matter of feeling, a sense of satisfaction and delight in being in touch with the moving and endless drama of existence. It is a great thing to be alive, and to feel something of the urge and throb of all that is going on around us. There are no dull days in such a condition of mind, and to such as know this condition, something happens every day, and to-morrow is big with promise and surprise.

It should be said that amusement and happiness are quite different things. Many mistake the one for the other, and hence spend their days in trying to be happy, by being amused. Amusement is simply diversion. Happiness is

a habit. The one is a passing state of mind; the other is, more or less, constant, and is part of the texture of the soul.

Not that amusement has not a place, and a large place, in the lives of us all. It must not be forgotten that the condition of mind called happiness partly depends upon the nervous system, which is the organ of the mind. This organ may be easily strained, in one way or another, and nothing is more important than healthy forms of amusement, if it is to function in a consistent and normal manner. Amusement means a relaxing of the mind, by means of mental change, and is vitally necessary, especially in those lives which are subject to callings involving monotony, arising from mechanical repetition.

Amusement, however, like other good things, may be abused, and, instead of relieving and bracing the mind, may easily weaken it, to the extent of actual deterioration. Like rest, it is good in so far as it is a form of healthy reaction. When it becomes an end, and not a means, immeasurable harm is done, not only to one's mind, but also to one's moral and spiritual self.

But now, we must know something of how to enjoy, if we are to come upon the way of being happy. Taste is not always born in us, and many of the most enjoyable things in life are those, the taste for which has to be acquired.

For example, most of us imagine that we are naturally fond of the countryside. Really, many of us are not, and soon tire of the simple sights and natural pleasures of country life. To be able to enjoy the country, many things have to be learnt.

To some, the sense of the beauty of the world is natural, but to most of us it is a sense which has to be cultivated, or suffer serious loss.

Olive Schreiner once said that beauty is God's wine with which He recompenses the souls that love Him. Certainly there is a real relation between the beauty of nature and the beauty of holiness, and he or she who is sensitive to the one can hardly be indifferent to the other. Still, few of us are as fond of the country as we pretend, and, in the modern competition between the sea and the many-shopped sea front, the latter is not invariably the loser. To enjoy the sea in its infinite moods, to delight in the woods and the fields, demands powers of observation and depths of pensive reflection such as come to us only after much conscious effort and considerable experience.

Furthermore, life tends to make us very practical, and to rob us of any primitive sense we may have of the beauty of the world. Most of us are like the throstle's mate, which is so immersed in the affairs of the nest, that it can hardly feel, or sing of, the glory of the spring.

"An amber-breasted thrush upon a thorn
Made glad the wind-swept lea
With mellow melody,
To hearten buds and stars and little leaves unborn.

"He sang and loved and sang, that throstle blest,
Till from the ivy-tod
His wife cried, 'O my God,
Do stop your noise and help with this here dratted nest.'"

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Still, detachment from the "dratted nest" and the affairs of life must be cultivated, and a certain amount of the power of reflection we must have, if we are to enjoy the beauties of the natural world, and if we are to accumulate the stuff out of which so much of our happiness is made.

Then, it is to be remembered that there is a vital connection between our love of the beautiful in nature and our appreciation of beauty in art, especially in music, painting, and literature. In any case, love of the fine arts does not come without taking pains. There's a way to enjoy and a way not to enjoy, and much of our happiness comes by knowing how to enjoy the enjoyable.

But, it is not only appreciation of the beauty of the world in which we live that conditions the happiness of the mind. More than ever, we realise our happiness is bound up with our relation to our fellows, and with a sense of the essential interest and worth of human lives. No

man can live apart and yet fulfil himself, or realise those possibilities of happiness which are his. Just as we are set in families, finding therein the highest means of personal development, and learning around the fireside those lessons of life which lie at the root of happiness, so this development and learning continues, and becomes enlarged, as we realise that we are members of society.

When we get tired of ourselves, it is easy to be weary of people, easy to generalise upon the wickedness and depravity of mankind. There is no happiness or contentment in that mood, and there is no possibility of peace in a cynical and faithless view of the world. The world of men and things may be, as Mr. Chesterton says, a very funny thing, but, as he also asserts, it is a very jolly world for all that. Let us take our part in the fun of the fair ; let us feel that we are all in the same boat, and that we must all play the game ; for it is only in such a temper that the mind is kept sweet and the soul is maintained alive.

We once heard it said that it is difficult to believe in democracy, when you are one of fourteen, in a single compartment of a third-class railway carriage. We are ready to admit that nothing can save us, under such conditions, but a sense of humour and a kindly heart. It should be said, to our credit, that usually these are

present in most English crowds, and that, under a common difficulty or danger, we need feel no shame of our fellows.

In certain moods, it is easy to think that separation from our fellows is the way to find ourselves and be at peace. Solitude, however, need not mean loneliness. It may be the hush of the soul, in which much happiness is possible. To those who have a measure of inward sight, who have an educated sense of colour and sound, who are sensitive to the blended beauty of a sunset, or who have a feeling for the sleep that is among the lonely hills, solitude is a benediction, and utter loneliness an impossibility. We dream alone, we suffer alone, we die alone, we inhabit the last resting-place alone ; but there is nothing to hinder us from opening our solitude to Him Who is the Light, and in Whom there is no darkness at all.

It is a great thing to know what to do when we are alone. "All mischief," says Bruyere, "comes from not being able to be alone : hence play, luxury, dissipation, wine, ignorance, calumny, envy, forgetfulness of one's self and God." There is much truth in this ; since it must be admitted that the vast majority of us have not within ourselves the resources which are essential to happy solitude.

In any case, though it is not easy to find happiness within ourselves, it is ultimately

impossible to find it anywhere else. Fortunate are those who, in the nature of things, have to stand more or less alone in the world, if they are fond of books, of committing their thoughts to writing, or who can draw, paint, sing, or play an instrument. By such means the mind may be freed from itself, and the lonely hours be redeemed from fatigue.

We think it was Spurgeon, the great preacher, who, being asked if it was possible for a man who played the trombone to be a Christian, replied, "I don't know, but it is impossible for the man who lives next door." Personally, we think the odds are in favour of the trombone-player, since he who can pass his time agreeably by playing an instrument of this kind, must have resources within himself which are beyond our ken.

But now, surprising as it may seem, many miss happiness, not because they are placed in lonely circumstances, but because of some instinctive or deliberate habit of being disagreeable in the presence of their fellows. They seem to have lost any power they ever had of being human, and cannot, or will not, look into the face of any one with the light that gladdens the approach. To some of us, it is not easy to be quite natural and at ease with people. We seem to live behind a wall of reserve, and any attempt to climb over it is resented. We have

strong likes and dislikes, and are constantly holding ourselves in, lest we should appear to dispense our store of the milk of human kindness too freely. Preferences, but no exclusions—that is the ideal, and he who even approaches it knows that only thus can we realise ourselves as human and social beings.

After all, is it a vain thing to know that we are liked? Is it nothing to realise that people rejoice at our coming? Is it of no account that, in our presence, people smile, talk, and are at home? In our hearts, we know that these are the things that make life worth living. We get out of life what we put into it. We are happy in so far as we are happy along with others. There is no island happiness for Robinson Crusoe, or any of us, apart from the man Friday. To be able to share and feel with others is the way to enjoy, whilst to live in mental seclusion is the last infirmity of mankind.

> "*I do not hunger for a well-stored mind;*
> *I only wish to live my life, and find*
> *My heart in unison with all mankind.*"
>
> SIR EDMUND GOSSE.

Yet again. Since so much of our lives is taken up with our calling, whatever that may be, it is clear that to know how to be happy, in our work, is vital to our general happiness and peace of mind. It is tragic to realise how many there

are who have either lost interest in their daily vocation, or who have never been happy in it. The round peg in the square hole is to be met with every day, and there are many who see nothing in their labours but a monotonous means of earning their living.

That work is an essential condition to a moderately happy life there can be no doubt. Some of us know this by experience. Like Charles Lamb, we sighed for freedom—the time when we had no morning train to catch, and when no uninviting desk awaited us. And then, we suddenly found ourselves free to do what we liked, and to go and come when we pleased. What a pleasing prospect it was! But how differently it turned out in actual experience, and how soon the time came when Time, and the long days of inactivity, stretched out before us like a lane which seems to have no turning! No! There is no happiness in idleness, or in a life that simply drifts. Work is satisfying to the mind, as it is to the heart. There's joy in doing things that are needed to be done, and to know that we have some share in the great and serious business of life.

It may be that the work in which some of us are engaged, is not as congenial as it might be. But it is, at least, a niche—a place in the sun which belongs to us alone. As long as we are doing some kind of useful and necessary work,

we are justifying our existence, and though it may not be of our choosing, it is ours, and gives us the right to enjoy and to rest.

> "When the last dawns are fallen on grey,
> And all life's toils and ease complete,
> They know who work, not they who play,
> If rest is sweet."

From all this, we may see that not only is happiness an art, but that it is the greatest of all arts. It is useless to attempt to lay down rules for the guidance of others, in a matter which is so personal, and which is so supreme. All that may be done is to call attention to the sign-posts which mark the road that leads to the happy isles, and to remind ourselves that the happiness of the journey may be as real as the happiness of the arrival. The great thing is to keep the flame of desire for the conditions of happiness burning within, and not to allow it to be put out by indifference and doubt.

Herodotus tells us that a certain prince, in his old age, declared that the gods give us only a taste of life, enough to let us realise how good it is, and then take the cup from our lips. Some there are who say that the taste is anything but sweet, and that life's miseries are more than its joys. Most of us know better. To be dead is worse than nothing. To be alive is to hold the keys of heaven, whilst to be dead, and yet alive, is to have dashed the cup of happiness from our

lips. None are so poor as never to have felt, some time or other, that life is good, and that happiness is its goal. And though cynicism tells us to call no man happy till he dies, wisdom whispers the assurance that what is, is a prophecy of what is to be.

> "Ah! fragments of a whole ordained to be
> Points in the life I waited. What are ye
> But roundels of a ladder, which appeared
> Awhile the very platform it was reared
> To lift me on."
>
> R. BROWNING.

CHAPTER IV

HAPPINESS AND KNOWLEDGE

WE have it on good authority that where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise. But is ignorance ever bliss? Can happiness come out of innocence? Is inexperience compatible with a happy mind? Yes, in a measure. All happiness is relative, and the mind is eased, sometimes, as much by what it does not know as by what it does. It is the lack of knowledge that accounts for much of the happiness of youth. Youth has few, if any, problems. It finds its interest and zest mostly in feeling, and its feelings are very largely reactions to the senses.

The Garden of Eden has always made a pathetic appeal to the human mind, and Milton has pictured for us the limited joys of a sheltered, if narrow existence. The tragedy of mankind began, according to the Eden tradition, in the ree of knowledge. Thus, the whole history of the weal and woe of man has its origin in the knowledge of good and evil. Still, it is this

knowledge which has unfolded to us the mountain peaks of human happiness, and has emphasised the fact that happiness and experience are inseparable. There may be agreeable points of view at the foot of the mountain, but we must climb to the heights if we would see the kingdoms of the world.

It should be said that knowledge is itself a condition of the highest happiness. The mind is made for knowledge: knowledge is the food of the mind, and lacking it, it languishes and sinks into materialism. One of the most happy periods of life is that in which, emerging from one's first youth, one hungers to know. Life and the world then, are a challenge to our minds, and he who does not meet the challenge with courage and hope, is bound to miss one of the highest kinds of happiness.

The problem of happiness, therefore, becomes the problem of how best to meet and deal with our experience. As life proceeds, experience increases, and knowledge, both of ourselves and of the world in which we move, becomes the material out of which our happiness or sadness is woven. Many of our miseries are due to the fact that, whilst we have much knowledge, we have not enough to enable us to understand, and a little knowledge is often a dangerous thing.

Mercifully, we are always on the way to know more. It is as our knowledge widens, that we

come to realise that the meaning of life is finer than we dream, and that our happiness is not inconsistent with the present scheme of things. There are many things which we do not know. The future is often veiled from our eyes. But there is no sunset to the light of truth, and the happy mind will go on learning to the end.

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell:
> That mind and soul according well
> May make one music as before."
>
> TENNYSON.

Why is it that knowledge is essential to man's mind? Why is it that, for a dark mind, that is, an ignorant mind, there is little hope of resurrection? Because man does not live by bread alone. Because life means ideas, dreams, deeds, and character. The more and better the things that enter the mind, the greater the possibilities of manhood, and therefore of happiness. There is no darkness but ignorance, and if the light in us be darkness, how great is that darkness!

The writer was once drawn into conversation with a man who, most of his lifetime, had given himself to the task of amassing wealth. He had been successful beyond his dreams, but the price he had to pay for his success was out of all proportion to the value of what he had achieved. The conversation drifted from subject to subject until, unaccountably, the question of

poetry arose. "Oh! poetry," he exclaimed, "that's quite out of my province." "Does it make no appeal to you?" "Absolutely none," he replied, seeking to dismiss the subject as of no practical importance. Taking up a volume of Tennyson, which lay at hand, we said, "Listen to this:

> "'And the stately ships go on
> To their haven under the hill:
> But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!'

Doesn't that make you feel? Doesn't it get hold of you?" He was silent for a few moments; and then, with tears in his eyes, this exclusive lover of stocks and shares slowly made answer, "Why, it's beautiful;" and, with real pathos, he added, "what a lot I've missed after all!" Yes. It is the beautiful in literature, in art, and in experience that gives colour and shape to a live man's days. It is the true, the noble, the sublime—it is by these that men live, and the measure with which we respond to their appeal is the measure of our happiness and peace.

The love of reading, then, would seem to be essential to the satisfaction and happiness of most of us. It is true that some of the sunniest people are those who read very little. They do not feel the need for contact with minds greater than their own. They think their own thoughts,

live upon their own dreams, spending their days on the dead level of everyday things and events. Theirs is not a very high order of happiness, maybe, but, within its limitations, it seems satisfying enough. It must not be forgotten, however, that the material of thought reacts upon thought, and that it partly determines the quality of the happiness which comes to us through our mental life. Milton makes his fallen angels grow small as they enter the Infernal council chamber. Our minds also shrink, or become enlarged, as the subject-matter of our thought is mean or elevated. Hence, it is of enormous importance, if we would know the highest kind of happiness, that our minds should find pleasure in reacting to the noblest and the best. This is only possible for most of us as we read, and as we read those books which, in content and form, have proved themselves to be part of the bread of life.

What books you read, John Morley used to say, is not of first importance, as long as your writer has cheerfulness, seriousness, elevation, calm, and above all a sense of size and strength, which shall open out the day before you, and bestow gifts of fortitude and mastery. Of course, this does not rule out the modern novel, even, provided it deals honestly with life and the problems of life. Indeed, some of the most restful, elevating, and cheerfully serious books

are to be found among works of fiction. These, no less than history, biography, and science, are necessary to most of us, and make their contribution to that happiness and contentment of mind which it is the office of all knowledge to impart.

There are many who live and die, without ever having made any serious attempt to read the best books, which are the inheritance of us all. They have not sufficient respect for their own minds to set themselves resolutely to read the immortals of English literature. They tell you, quite frankly, that they could not possibly read a play of Shakespeare, a poem of Robert Browning, or a chapter in the book of Job. The fact is, such people often do not know what they are capable of; never having made a serious attempt to read and appreciate the best, they come to accept the belief that the best is not for them.

It used to be, and still is, held that art can only appeal to the refined and the highly educated. A similar delusion exists regarding literature. It is not generally realised that one of the tests of a good book is that its appeal is universal, and that its power lies more in the call it makes to the heart than that which it makes to the head.

Some years ago, a very interesting experiment was made, as to the truth or untruth of this old contention. The story may be familiar,

and is to the effect that, when Sir Richard Wallace's pictures were being exhibited at Bethnal Green, a very poor and ill-clad woman was among the visitors, and that, gazing intently upon a picture of the Infant Jesus in the arms of His mother, she was heard to exclaim, "Who would not try to be a good woman, having such a child as that?" And who can doubt the difference it would make to most of us did we but know intimately, and quotably, say, some of the great psalms of David, two or three of the plays of Shakespeare, Milton's "Lycidas" and his sonnet on his blindness, Jeremy Taylor's "Imitation of Christ," Gray's Elegy, Wordsworth's lines on Tintern, and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," only to mention, at random, a few of the great works which have enriched our language and uplifted mankind?

Those who confine themselves to reading merely the newspapers and magazines, who live mentally upon the light and ephemeral fiction of the moment, and who make no serious effort to quicken and refine their souls, must needs often feel depressed and overborne, whilst they who are at home with the masters of poetry and prose, have not far to go to find, what Spenser so beautifully calls "the world's sweet inn from care and wearisome turmoil."

Now, it must be admitted that many kinds of knowledge have little or nothing to do with

our peace and happiness. Wisdom is better than knowledge, for it is applied knowledge, knowledge which we learn, if ever, in the hard school of life. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and we have it on the authority of Saint Paul that, though we have all knowledge, and understand all mysteries, lacking charity, we are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

Wisdom is possible when and where knowledge is not present, history bearing testimony that, not infrequently, lowly wisdom has been preferred whilst acclaimed knowledge has been denied. After all, how little the Ancients knew, and how much of what they thought they knew was wrong! Plato thought that the earth was flat, and that the sky was a kind of inverted bowl. In many things, men like Aristotle, Virgil, and Horace were ignorant, by comparison with a modern child in a London County Council school. But many of these Ancients were very wise, for all that. Indeed, in spite of all the knowledge which has come down to us through the centuries, we are still no wiser than they, and we even turn back to them for guidance and consolation.

Hence, we see, do we not, that the knowledge which has most to do with our happiness is that which comes in the form of wisdom, that which we learn in life? Of course, it is this knowledge which is enshrined in the great books of the

world, for books are only printed experience, *wisdom* won by the few, and set out for the use of the many. Even so, it is doubtful if any helpful wisdom can be directly passed on. It is never easy to be wise for others, and most of us can only come upon life's secrets as we pay the high, and sometimes bitter, price of experience.

It may be well if, at this point, we endeavour to indicate a few of the more salient lessons, which we have learnt as the result of that knowledge which has come to us in the school of experience. No man or woman, who has come to life's meridian, should be so bankrupt in the powers of observation and reflection as not to have arrived at certain serviceable conclusions upon the problems of life. Such conclusions, if held consciously in the mind, may do much to bring consolation in hours of misgiving and vain regret.

Some one has said that one of the pathetic things about Monte Carlo is that the lights of the Casino shut out the stars. That is one of the common dangers that beset us all, in times like these. After all, it is by the stars that we know where we are, and whither we are going. The firmament of truth is studded with stars, and many of these shine only for those who have gained wisdom and who ardently desire, not only that the journey itself shall be happy, but that the thought of the arrival may also be filled with

gladness and joy. Now, what are some of the guiding stars which we have discovered, and which shine clearly for those who have learnt something of life's lessons ?

First, that, taking life as a whole, it is not something to be feared but to be trusted. We shall not be considered easy optimists, we hope, if we say that the things we have feared most have never happened. Fear is mostly as futile as it is groundless. Has fear no place in days like these, then ? it may be asked. Indeed, it has. To live decently, worthily, and pleasantly, in such an age as ours, demands courage and ability which are not always present. Hence, many of our fears. Fear is our saviour oftener than it is our destroyer. Fear is the forerunner of reverence, and without reverence life is an unhallowed place.

But the fears which beset so many are childish and foolish because, being usually groundless, they rob us of so much happiness and delight. We smile at those who tremble at ghosts, and yet fear, in an endless number of cases, is merely a ghost of the mind, and as impalpable as shadows and mist.

> "Lack, and doubt, and fear can only come
> Because of plenty, confidence, and love—
> Without the mountain, there were no abyss."
>
> MACDONALD.

We are convinced that many are missing

happiness, not from natural and inevitable causes, but from causes which are unnatural and preventable. Since happiness largely proceeds from the mind, it can only be destroyed as the mind is not in tune with itself. There are wounds of the mind, wounds which have been received on the battlefield of life, not by means of shot and shell, but by means of our own senseless worries and imaginary fears. In many cases, the diseased mind is little more than reaction to a disordered nervous system. It should help such to reflect that often their unhappiness is due, not to the complexities of life so much as to mental strain which has almost exceeded the breaking point. The remedy here is not philosophy, but a better ordering of life; not sympathy and understanding, but more sleep, more fresh air, and the setting of reasonable bounds to their aims and activities.

For the rest, most of us know enough of life not to be afraid of it. What has been is always some guarantee of what will be. Every future becomes a past, and it is as well to remember that the past was once among the things we feared in the future. It is the hidden, the veiled, that affrights the mind. And yet, time after time, have we not proved that the things we feared, and which naturally made us start and shrink, have really done little or nothing to hurt

the soul? Indeed, when faced with dignity and courage, it is these same fears that brighten the eye and quicken the heart, making us still more alert and fortifying us for any and all the dangers which often seem to lurk at every corner. There's purpose in all our fears, save perhaps those which arise from a disordered mind, and it is the part of wisdom to meet them in confidence and hope, if not with the simple faith of Whittier:

> "Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
> Whate'er thou fearest:
> Round Him in calmest music rolls
> Whate'er thou hearest."

Second, experience has taught us that the promises of life are not vain and illusive. In our judgment, it is the thoughtless and cynical—those who have missed happiness—who speak lightly of having shed their illusions, as if the fair visions of youth were baseless as the fabric of a dream. We have all had our dreams, dreams of success, of love, and of happiness, and who shall say that we are not the better for them? They may not all have actualised quite as we hoped, but that is not to say that they came only to mock us, or that they were not based upon the possible and the probable. In any case, in their time and place, they were natural and beautiful, and did something at least to develop in us something of the highest and the best.

It is no dishonour to the dream that the reality came so short, and, even where the dream's fulfilment was beyond our power, we believe that it is better to have dreamed and been disappointed than never to have dreamed at all. Speaking of the dreams of youth, it seems to us that Wordsworth put the matter clearly when he said:

> "The youth, who daily farther from the east
> Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended:
> At length, the man perceives it die away
> And fade into the light of common day."

Thus, often, it is not that the vision has been unreal, or that it has been merely an illusion, but that, in its realisation, the glamour has been diffused by the light of wider experience. Therefore, since happiness and vision are so intimately associated, let us cherish our dreams. These need not cease as life draws on, for, as we wend our way up the hill, and even as we turn down on the other side, there are always new prospects and more inviting horizons.

Third, he has not lived blindly who has discovered, in spite of much experience, that human nature is better and finer than is commonly supposed. Few things tend to depress the mind, or to mar our happiness, more than a cynical view of the moral worth of man-

kind. Much of our gloom and misery arises from the habit of sitting in the seat of the scornful, and of assuming the wig and gown of the judge. It is easy to generalise about our fellows, but difficult to be discriminating and just, when only a few moments' thought are needed in order to be able to recognise that, after all, the surprising thing is that there is so much, and not so little, courage, heroism, sacrifice, and love in the lives of those whom we meet from day to day.

Was it not Tocqueville who once said, "He who despises mankind will never get the best out of either others or himself"? This is still more true of those who, either for small reasons or great, yield to feelings of bitterness and hate. One of the most unhappy men, known to the writer, is a man who knows little or no restraint, where he has a real or fancied grievance against his fellows. His sense of personal wrong seems to set his very bones on fire, and hatred belches forth like molten iron from a fiery furnace. It is a pity, because the man is not essentially harsh or unkind, and because his fits of anger so visibly rob him of his peace of mind.

In this connection, we recall the story of a quarrel between Leonardi da Vinci and one of his contemporaries. Determined to strike home in revenge, the great artist put the face of his offender into the figure of Judas in the picture

of the "Last Supper." Coming to the face of the Christ, he tried, and tried, to paint in something worthy, but utterly failed. At last, ashamed of his revenge upon his enemy, he sponged out the face in the figure of Judas. That same night, in a dream, he saw the face of our Lord: it is that face which appears to-day in the picture which gives glory to the name of Leonardi da Vinci. The artist could only do his best when hatred had been cast away.

Fourth, of all the things the thoughtful man learns in the school of experience, perhaps the greatest is, that life is overruled by a wise and beneficent Power. This cannot be proved as a theorem in Euclid, but the conviction is borne in upon one, as he looks back, and as he reflects upon the critical periods of his life. Men give various names to this presiding and kindly power, but they all mean that life is not blind nor pitiless, and that Nature, and the laws of Nature, are not the last word in a vast and bewildering universe.

The doctrine of Providence may be a dangerous delusion, when held by those who have no humility, and who wish to find an arbitrary excuse for pride or a sense of self-importance. Emperors and kings have clung to it in order to justify their cruel policies, and to bolster up their vanity and pride. But to the wise and lowly, this belief in the favour and regard of

Heaven may be a source of the greatest power and of unfailing happiness.

"I had rather be
A pagan, suckled in some creed outworn:
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn."

WORDSWORTH.

And if one is made to feel less forlorn by believing that not even a sparrow falls to the ground with indifference, then we are doing no vain thing when we hold to the conviction that nothing walks with aimless feet, and that one's life, insignificant as it may seem, is in good and safe keeping.

Trust in life, the cherishing of our dreams, belief in our kind, and the conviction that there's a divinity that shapes our ends, these and similar conclusions upon life and experience may seem cheap and old fashioned enough, but it is precisely such conclusions that make all the difference between happiness and sadness, and that do much to fill the heart with peace and the spirit of contentment.

We live in times when great store is set upon knowledge, and rightly so. But the tendency is to value knowledge and education chiefly, if not mainly, as a means to material ends. Scientific and technical knowledge let us have by all means, remembering, however, that scholarship, learning, and knowledge of books may do

nothing to "dissolve the acids in the human system." Our ultimate need is the knowledge which comes from cultivated sympathies, quickened moral sensibility, and the enlargement of spiritual vision. And we need this so urgently, because it alone can ensure for us a happy mind and a tranquil spirit.

CHAPTER V

LOVE AND HAPPINESS

At first sight, nothing seems more natural than that we should think of love and happiness at the same time. The one would almost seem to be the synonym for the other. And yet, it must be admitted that love is often the occasion, if not the cause, of unspeakable tragedy and despair. Not that true love is ever anything but holy and divine, but that, owing to the chances and changes of life, its tenure is so uncertain, and its full enjoyment beyond our control.

Half the sighs and tears of the human race are associated with love. Fear, jealousy, passion, and disappointment are never far from love, and, where these emotions are so easily possible, life must necessarily be subject to recurring stress and storm. The very preciousness of love makes it precarious in a world such as this, and hence we never feel sure of it this side of the grave.

Still, most of us believe that love is the greatest thing in the world, and that to have missed it, at its best, is failure beyond compare. The very persistency of our belief in love, as the greatest good and the highest happiness, is one of the most wonderful if not pathetic facts of life. With love, all things are thought to be possible: without it, nothing seems worth while.

"God gave my world to me,
And I rebelliously
Cried out, 'How small!
And is this all?'
His words were sad, yet mild—
'All that you LOVE, my child.'

"Myself that moment died
And, born anew, I cried:
'Love, take control
And lead my soul
To serve my small estate:'
And lo, my world is great."

C. H. TOWNE.

What this mysterious something is that calls one to another, and which binds them with chains of gold, is beyond understanding. The love of country, the love of parent or child, yea, even the love of God, are at least reasonable, but the love which attracts and unites two lovers is surely beyond all telling.

"It is so strange—this gift of breath,
This pageant of earth and sea:
Yet stranger far than Life or Death
Is this, O Love, your need of me."

C. H. TOWNE.

The astonishing thing about love, which often seems so self-centred, is that it opens one's eyes to new worlds. Hence it is that happiness and love are so closely allied. To say that love is blind is to say what is not true. Love is not blind so much as kind, and what it does not see is frequently as intelligent as what it does. Life is not big enough for love. It dreams beyond the sky-line—

> "Revealing—as the skies unfold—
> A star without a stain,
> The glory of the Gates of Gold
> Beyond the Spanish main."
>
> A. Noyes.

There can be no doubt that love may be, and often is, a mighty spur to human endeavour, and so is the source of endless happiness and delight. Love has been the inspiration of the greatest triumphs in war, in commerce, and in art, as in the meanest walks of life. It has been the motive power which has changed, and is changing, the face of the earth, and any hopes we have of the ultimate redemption and peace of the world are bound up in the attractive and compelling force of love—human and divine.

Courage, endurance, patience, and well-doing, each and all depend upon love. Even hope, either for ourselves or the race, languishes without love. All things are possible where love is. Nothing worth can happen where it is not.

Most of our finest dreams are associated with love, and in our hearts we believe that life would be easy, and its conquest assured, did we but know the love that never fails.

> "If I were loved as I desire to be,
> What is there in the great sphere of earth
> And range of evil between death and birth,
> That I should fear—if I were loved by thee?"
>
> TENNYSON.

Why, then, is it that, love being so satisfying and completing, happiness is not always present where love is supposed to dwell? Why is it that, so often, love does not seem to last, and that, in so many cases, it does not appear to be able to stand the strain of life? Because either it has not been the real thing, or because it has been maimed by passion, carelessness, or neglect.

The tragedy of unhappy married life is that love has seemed to fail in what is, perhaps, the most difficult and delicate relationship of life. Marriage without love is the refinement of slavery. It is the easiest thing in the world for people to marry for reasons of love, and then to wake up and find that nothing remains but the ashes of passion and vain regret. In such cases marriage is not even a sort of friendship recognised by the police, as Stevenson would say. It is the end of human happiness for those who have pure minds and warm hearts, and casts the darkest and longest shadows over the remaining part of life.

But now, what of the love which has failed, not having blossomed into that abiding happiness which is promised, and which was its rightful heritage? Can love, which has lost its first bloom, become fresh and fair again? Well, we have it on good authority that love suffereth long and is kind; that it beareth all things, endureth all things, and never really fails. In any case, it has to be borne in mind that love perishes in rude hands, and, like a vase of spikenard, is easily broken beyond repair.

It is a vain task to attempt a definition of love. Many have been made, not the least bold being those of the cynic and the unbeliever. But, for practical purposes, no better definition, perhaps, can be given than that of Robert Louis Stevenson: "The essence of love is kindness; and indeed it may be best defined as passionate kindness: kindness, so to speak, run mad and become importunate." If to this we add the corollary of Michael Arlen that "the jolly thing about love is not when nothing else matters but love, but when everything else matters because of love," then we know something, at any rate, of the art of cherishing love, which, at its best, is the art of the angels.

Keeping this definition in mind, therefore, it should be said that no love is secure, and no love can ensure our happiness, which is not jealously guarded by kindness. It has been said that men

find it easy to be unkind to women. Certainly, it is not an uncommon thing for the man, who has promised all, and sometimes given all, to fail in simple kindness to the woman he loves, or once loved. It is so easy for love, which is taken for granted, to become pitiless and unkind, and half the miseries of married people are those which arise from heartlessness, born of indifference and uncherished regard.

It would seem, sometimes, as if it were more difficult to be kind to those to whom we owe it most, than to those who have no claim but humanity. No love can ever last, and no marriage can ever be happy, where kindness is not their native air. By kindness we do not mean smooth words merely, or fitful little attentions which arise from impulse, but active sympathy, deliberate understanding, and patient forbearance.

> "The kindest and the happiest pair
> Will find occasion to forbear,
> And something every day they live
> To pity and perhaps forgive."
>
> COWPER.

Was it not Saint Augustin who said, "If God had designed woman to be man's master, He would have taken her from his head; if as his slave, He would have taken her from his feet; but, as He designed her for his companion and equal, He took her from his side"? Kindness, if

nothing else, demands that the man's place is at the woman's side, that his prerogative is always to be on her side, and that, right or wrong, she shall find in him her champion and defence. That way lies happiness: all other ways lie married misery and despair.

Happiness, in love, further assumes that there must be, between those who love, mutual respect and esteem. There must be a union of mind as well as of heart. Love cannot survive the knowledge that its object is unworthy. In short, we cannot love for long what we do not respect. We are well aware of the saying that "a man with a touch of the rake appeals to most women." All we can say, is that, whatever be the nature of such an appeal, it is not the appeal of love. Love is a clean thing, or it is worse than nothing: it is the seeking of the ideal, each in each, in two souls.

> "He sees within her eyes
> That which his nature needs to be complete."
>
> "She views in him the strong
> Deep note which adds the fullness to life's song."
>
> LEWIS MORRIS.

We are convinced that love often fails because there is not present that community of interest and outlook which married happiness demands. Reading, music, hobbies, the play,

and even worship—these mean much more when two hearts hold such tastes in common, and when each indulges them, not alone, but together. Love has many litanies, social, intellectual, and spiritual, and the love which does not bring these to the altar can hardly survive the numbing influences of familiarity and time.

Few people realise the tremendous thing they do when they say, "For better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death do us part." There is never any real severance possible for those who have once enjoyed the dearest and holiest intimacies of life. The law may divorce them, but the spirit cannot. They may drift away from each other, of course, and life can never again be quite the same. In that case, they miss that quality of happiness which is only possible once in a lifetime, and which springs out of a union which is instinctive and spontaneous. A wedding ring may be the symbol of loyalty and liberty, or it may be the symbol of tyranny and indifference. It is vital, therefore, if love and marriage are not to end in disaster, that the first and old points of contact should be jealously guarded, and that new ones should be established and maintained.

We have known cases in which the tastes, desires, and outlook of the man have so developed that the woman has been left stranded and alone. We have also known cases in which the woman

has developed dreams and ideals so far removed from the mental and social standpoint of the man, that the man has become a stranger in his own home. The need is for a growing sympathy and understanding, an unceasing desire that what interests and holds the one, shall not be disregarded by the other. In mutual respect, common aims, and converging hopes, in these ways, it seems to us, lie the foundations of that love which begins, continues, and ends in happiness and delight. A counsel of perfection, it may be objected. Very likely. But the way of life is often dark, and counsels of perfection may do something, at least, to light the path.

"Out of far mountain dreams
Wakened two diverse streams,
Each one alone;
Down mid steep rocks they ran,
Down to the valley's span:
There became one.

"Whatever the weather,
For ever together,
God keep their current sweet,
God who made streams to meet,
God of the peaks above,
Maker of love."

J. M. B

Yet again. If the happiness of love is to be perennial, love must find its natural and pure expression. It is futile to suppose that love can take care of itself, or that willy nilly it can suffer

nothing from carelessness and neglect. It is a well-recognised psychological principle that feeling which is not given its legitimate expression is a still-born force. If it is to blossom into anything worth while, it must find expression in words and deeds. Love demands expression. It withers and dies without it. That is why there are love-songs in every age, and monuments of love in all lands.

It is a curious fact that, whilst love begins in feeling, as it is sustained by it, most people, especially men, often find it easier to suppress their emotions than to give them proper expression. Most of us are a little ashamed of our feelings, and the fateful act of love's confession usually implies such an access of emotion that the wonder is that we ever went through it at all. That is why, perhaps, we speak of "falling in love." Like an accident, love catches us unawares, and it only masters us as it comes on the crest of that wave of emotion which only mortals know.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that the miracle of love is conceived in feeling, and is born and cherished in emotional expression. It has been said that every lover is a poet, which is true in the sense that, for once, he or she is under the spell of an experience which, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth. Love is an inspiration, and, like a song, must needs

be sung over and over again, if it is to exercise its full magic and charm.

> "That's the wise thrush: he sings each song thrice over
> Lest you should think he never could recapture
> The first fine, careless rapture."
>
> R. BROWNING.

The problem for love, therefore, if it is to manifest itself in abiding happiness, is how to recapture its first careless rapture. This can only be done by constant expression, in those words which are the grammar of devotion, and in offerings and acts which are as sweet as frankincense and myrrh. What wife is there who would not give her all to hear again those avowals and declarations which first enchanted her ears, and which, after many years, live on in the perfumed chambers of her memory? What husband is there whose cold heart would not melt once more, could he but look again into eyes that are love-lit and content? It is not that love asks for much, as the world counts things, but that what it asks and receives, it treasures as beyond all price. With love it is the little things that count, and here it is peculiarly true that they who are faithful in little are faithful also in much.

Further, love is sometimes robbed of some of its happiness because it is not casual enough, so to speak. That is to say, its demands are too

constant. Even love needs to have leisure from itself, since it may suffer more from indigestion than stagnation. It is an old saying that absence makes the heart grow fonder. This is truer than it is sometimes supposed. It is possible to live too much in one's emotions, and feeling, like other qualities of the mind, must not be indulged in beyond reason and common sense.

There is much, therefore, to be said for the counsel that it is wise for husband and wife to have intervals of separation, in order that their love may consolidate in a periodical feeling of need. It is sometimes considered matter for boasting that such periods have never taken place, and the very thought of taking a holiday apart from each other, is regarded as a sign of incipient coolness, if not indifference. We do not agree with this view. We are convinced that absolute absorption in a single individual, even though it be in husband or wife, is in many cases a mistake, if happiness is to be maintained.

A certain successful public man, whose work demanded frequent and sometimes long absences from home, was asked how it affected his relations with his wife, whom he was known to adore. "Well," he replied, "neither of us like it. There are times when, being absent, we both feel strangely alone and cut off. On the other hand," he continued, "the joy of returning home, and of being again in each other's company,

is inexpressibly great. To feel that one belongs, to know that you are awaited, and that there is love and delicate attention in store, such as is yours and yours alone, makes one's return a heaven of delight." That is true.

> "'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
> Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

A well-known "feminist" was holding forth upon the tyranny of marriage, and especially upon the use of the wedding ring, which, she averred, is a symbol of bondage, dating back to the bad old days when woman was her husband's property. At the end of the harangue, a dear old lady, who had known a happy married life, took the speaker aside and said quite simply, "Property! Ah! but how dear it is to be owned!" Very true. Still, the sense of ownership, in love, dear as it is, may easily degenerate into subjection: it is good sometimes to know the loneliness of absence in order that the joy of belonging may be realised anew.

Then, it should not be forgotten that one of the severest tests of love is reverse or failure. It must be admitted that sometimes married happiness is marred in this way. Many, if not most, women admire and look for success where the husband is concerned. They admire it, not only because thus they may shine in reflected glory, but also because success seems

the outward sign of power and conquest—two things very precious in the eyes of many women. As long as the sun shines upon the home, and narrowness and want are absent, they are happy and content. But let misfortune come, and economy be required, and their love is apt to lose its lustre, and the fine gold of their happiness becomes dimmed.

It would be wrong, of course, to generalise on such a subject. To our personal knowledge, there are women made of finer stuff, and to whom reverse is the crowning opportunity of their love and regard. There are women who believe in their men folk, when all others have ceased to take them into account, just as there are women whose love trembles and halts at the first serious sign of failure or default. It is a frail love, however, which cannot face smilingly the chances and changes of life, and which thrives only in fair weather, but not in foul. Surely, it should be as true of lovers as of poets, that "what they learn in suffering they teach in song." It is vain to expect happiness to endure where the power of such alchemy is missing. Usually, the sense of failure or inadequacy is hard enough to bear, whether it be on the one side or the other. But hardest of all must be the knowledge that the one held dearest in all the world does not understand, and does not love, in spite of all.

The dream of love in a cottage is often the dream of inexperience, and it is easy for charming "sweet and twenty" to leave out of account the water rate, and other such-like inconveniences. We dare not say that love cannot thrive in such conditions, because we know that it can, and does. But the difficult thing is for love, which has once flourished amid broader conditions, to adapt itself anew to those of the cottage, and yet maintain itself beautiful and alive. We recall such a case with thanksgiving. She was highly educated, refined, and accustomed to most of the amenities of life. She loved with all her heart. For years she had lived joyously with the man of her choice, and that in plenty and even wealth. And then came the crash, when life, especially to the man, seemed to end in darkness and despair. But the cottage of love's dream was taken, and expenses reduced, and so the woman proved to her man and the world that, though wealth and position may be very good, love is best of all. None prouder, therefore, than he to be able to say—

> "Honour, anger, valour, fire:
> A love that life could never tire,
> Death quench or evil stir,
> The mighty master gave to her."
>
> R. L. S.

It is, perhaps, a fruitless task thus to hint at rules for love. Love laughs at rules, and mocks

at customs and conventionalities. Still, wayward, unique, original as love is, certain conditions must obtain if happiness is to flourish at its side. Such conditions we have endeavoured to indicate in the foregoing. Having all the elements of bliss and worth, love may easily become the occasion, if not the cause, of all manner of cruelties and miseries. In its train may follow passion, envy, jealousy, and all the seven deadly sins. On the other hand, where love rings true, where it has stood the test of time, and where it is held in reverence high and holy, there happiness never fails, either in sorrow or in joy, in youth or in age.

"When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down:
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young."

KINGSLEY.

SIDE LIGHTS

1. Love may be the greatest thing in the world, but the world frequently makes it the smallest.

2. The law makes a man a woman's husband, but he is never her husband, except for legal purposes, unless he is first her lover.

3. The institution of marriage may be good, or it may be bad, but it is at least the cement which holds society together.

4. "God made you but you marry yourself: and for all that your wife suffers no one is responsible but you." —R. L. S.

5. "Once you are married there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good."—R. L. S.

6. "Let me remember,
When I am very lonely,
How once your love
But crowned and blessed me only,
Long, and long ago."

MARGARET PEDLER.

CHAPTER VI

FIRESIDE HAPPINESS

FEW words in our language have greater charm or magic than the word "fireside." Words, like persons, have an individuality of their own. Like some sweet aroma, they waken the emotions and carry us back to scenes that are no more, and forward to dreams we fain would have come true. Some words are so rich in sound and association, that they conjure up in the mind ripe clusters of thoughts, which give tone and colour to all our living. The word "fireside" is but one of such. It is impossible to make use of it without, at the same time, thinking of peace, happiness, rest, and rare delight. At once it stands arm-in-arm with words like love, laughter, converse, and bliss. A beautiful word is fireside, either in itself or in all it implies.

A house, be it never so modern and never so well planned, is a poor affair without a fire, and that in a grate which is as open as it is generous. In the old days, the pride of the home was the ingle-nook, another word which is full of sug-

gestion, and which is redolent of kindliness and fellowship. Around such a fireside, the most beautiful rites took place and still continue. It is the spot where counsel is given, companionship is realised, and the tale of love is told. Our earliest associations are linked with the fireside and, when far from home, the heart sighs for those sweet intimacies, which are possible only around the family hearth.

> "Shut in from all the world without,
> We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
> Content to let the north wind roar
> In baffled rage at pane and door."

Now, what is a home? The question looks simple, and yet most of us would find it difficult to say, in so many words, what it is exactly. Here dictionaries do not help us much. Usually they speak of it as a house, or a dwelling-place, as if it were a thing of bricks and mortar, or of furniture and decorations. On the face of it, we realise at once that these things alone do not constitute a home, and may exist apart from fireside happiness.

Many pass their days in beautiful houses, houses which are rich in the most costly furniture, and which are decked with all the refinements of art and good taste, and yet are homeless. There may be a home in a four-roomed cottage, whilst there may be nothing of the kind in a Haddon Hall or a royal palace. The fact is, the house is

only the body, of which the home is the soul, and, though it is impossible to have a soul without a body, there may be a body without a soul. A home is a place where two or more people live on the basis of love and affection. It is not a club, an institution, or a lodging; it is the outward expression of the union of two people, who have taken each other for better for worse, for richer for poorer, and who have set out to justify what they have done within the limits of the conditions in which they live.

One of the most happy and beautiful homes which literature ever permitted us to look into, is that portrayed, with such loving art, by Sir J. M. Barrie in "The Window in Thrums." The settings are pathetically simple, though they were the scenes of a home-life which has touched the heart of the world. And why? Because there we have set down the whole gamut of human emotion, blended in tones of happiness and sweet content. There we see love, marital, parental and filial, at a high level. There too, we see the hopes and fears, the struggles and conquests, the joys and sorrows, the tears and laughter, the clash of thought and the spice of wit, and the sympathy, understanding, love, and affection, which constitute the warp and woof of that peace and happiness, which are found only around the family hearth.

Thus, it is easy to understand why there is so

much sentiment attaching to one's home. It is a live thing, as no house can ever be, and that, because it is the creator and sustainer of the deepest emotions possible to mortals. And yet, it must be remembered that a home is a very practical arrangement, in spite of all our sentiment. If a home is not merely a house, like the house, it must be built according to certain principles. A good home does not simply happen. It has to be carefully designed, and deliberately constructed.

In our judgment, the responsibility for the maintenance of the home, as the most vital factor in modern civilisation, rests mainly upon the shoulders of the woman. The home is her kingdom, in a sense in which it is not the man's, though the man is interested no less than the woman. It is a responsibility which should be the glory of every woman, whose privilege it is to be called to play such a rôle.

It is sometimes said that women, hitherto, have produced no *chefs-d'œuvre*, that they have written no poems like Homer, painted no works of art like Raphael, composed no music like Mendelssohn, and designed no great buildings like Wren. That may be true enough. But be it never forgotten that every genius is the son of his mother, and that at his mother's knees he has learnt his earliest lessons, and received his finest training.

It is supremely important, therefore, that the woman especially should have clear ideas as to the nature, function, and aims of the home. It is because so many enter upon this tremendously serious business lightly, if not blindly, that the home in so many cases is such a sorry affair, and such an unending cause of misery and unhappiness.

Children. It must be assumed that a home implies children. Any other assumption is a negation of marriage, and a denial of much of the happiness of family life. A childless home is an arrested ideal, and is often one of the minor tragedies of life. Those who do not like children should leave marriage alone: they do not deserve a home, for they cannot make one. To contemplate a home without children is a mockery of nature, and, in most cases, a sure sign of a callous and a selfish heart. The whole purpose and point of the home is the child. Not that the child is the only consideration, but that the reactions of the parents to the appeals of the child are amongst the noblest that is possible to human beings.

The divinest part of a woman comes out only in motherhood, whilst the finer elements in a man's nature seem to need the mute appeal of a little child, if those elements are to be developed and maintained. Thus, fireside happiness is largely dependent upon the children in the home.

Children bring many cares, and are the source of great anxieties. But what they give to the home far exceeds what they take from it. It is the children who best unite husband and wife, and who do most to keep alive the spirit of love and hope. For them we live, in them we rejoice, and, as the years speed on, it is to them we look for fulfilment and justification.

"For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with their caresses,
And the gladness of their looks?

"They are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said:
For they are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

Happiness and Play. Given children, our first business is to make them happy, and that not only for their sakes, but also for our own. A home is a device for the creation of happiness. It may be said that the first duty of parents is to make their children good. No! Their first duty is to make them happy; for given the one, the other is likely to follow. Nothing can make amends for the lack of a happy childhood. All young things are naturally happy, and to deprive the child of nature's first gift is to commit a wrong which can never be undone.

If you make the children happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence, by the

very memory of it. It is the child's first outlook upon life that gives shape to its mind, and direction to its character. The child is father of the man, we are told. This is true to the extent that the colouring which you give to the horizon and imagination of the child leaves a tint and a glow in its mind, which endure to the end. Many a gloomy philosophy, and many a sour theology, are traceable to a sad and cheerless youth. Nothing, therefore, is more important than that the child should embark upon life's stormy sea with all sails set to the invigorating breezes of a merry heart and a happy memory. "Did you ever know your father do a thing because it was pleasant?" asked Lady Stephen of Fitzjames Stephen when he was quite little. "Yes," came the reply—"when he married you, mummy." Fill the child's mind with pleasant things. Be pleasant yourself, and your own happiness, and that of the child, will be increased tenfold.

Now, one of the best ways to sow happiness, in the mind of a child, is by means of play. Play is the child's life, its career, its religion. We read in the scriptures that, in the better realm, "the streets of the city are to be full of boys and girls playing." It is a fine comment upon our old conceptions of the occupations of the blessed. Many of us, as children, were not allowed to play on the seventh day; we were

denied our toys and picture-books lest, we suppose, we should exhibit a happiness and delight which were natural and, therefore, wrong. For a child, to be natural is to be happy, and, though to be natural is not always to be good, it must be remembered that goodness which is the result of repression is not as good as it seems. Many a home is made sad and oppressive by the heavy hand of "don't." It is a small thing, after all, to forbid. The great thing is to encourage and permit. To share in things to be done with a child, is infinitely better than to stand aloof in things which are not to be done. To share with the young is to keep young, and to be fond of play, even in mid-life and age, is to retain something of the beauty and freshness of youth.

"Across the fields of yesterday
He comes sometimes to me,
A little lad just back from play—
The lad I used to be.

"And yet he smiles so wistfully
Once he has crept within:
I wonder if he hopes to see
The man I might have been?"

Sanctuary. In the old days there arose, in many lands, places of sanctuary for those who were sore pressed. Churches, palaces, and territories, each in its time and place, became a place of refuge and shelter. It is this feeling

of longing for shelter and escape that constitutes much of the happiness of the fireside. One of the most moving things in the world is to quietly watch the eagerness of the multitudes, which crowd in upon a railway station, at the close of the day. This daily hurrying home, this incessant turning of the face and the heart towards the one spot, in what is to many a cold world, is a touching spectacle of the home-hunger of mankind.

All life is action and reaction, effort and relaxation, and it is at the fireside, amongst those whom one loves, that the mind best finds that sympathy, understanding, faith, and ease which are essential to each daily attack in the great battle of life. "A married man," it has been said, "has many cares, but a bachelor has no pleasures." This is doubtful. Still, to have a home of your own, and all that it implies, is generally acknowledged to be a very good thing in a very imperfect world.

It is true enough that, to some men, home is not a refuge but an excuse. It is the place where they sleep, the place where they store their furniture, and where they feel at liberty to be and do as they like, liking, often enough, to be at their worst and not at their best. It is surely a side-light on the psychology of the Englishman's mind, that he has sometimes called his home, "The Englishman's Castle."

It is a suggestive title, somewhat reminiscent of the days when he was lord and master, and when he was not conscious of the need of shelter and refuge so much as of ownership and power. But, there is no fireside happiness for the tyrant. At home, we are members one of another, each for all, and all for each; each worshipping at a common shrine, which is the shrine of love.

> "The many make the household,
> But only one the home."

But now, fireside happiness is not an empty sentiment. On its practical side, it involves many conditions, some of which are often forgotten, if not despised. The spirit or soul of the home demands attention to certain rules and habits, without which things quickly get out of tune, and happiness flies away. Carelessness, disorder, and inefficiency are no more helpful to fireside happiness than they are to business life, and the man who runs his office on methodical and business lines, is not likely to find much happiness in a home which is slovenly and unkempt.

Method and Order. It is frequently not realised how much the mind is eased, and the spirit soothed, as it functions and expresses itself in methodical and orderly ways. Many of our worries are due to hurry, which is, in many cases, the outward sign of lack of foresight

and proper arrangement, and nothing is more essential to a well-poised mind than the habit of doing first things first, and of simply doing the next thing. There's a right way to do most things, and the right way is the best way. Every woman, these days, should have some knowledge of domestic science. As chief maker of the happiness of the home, she should know how to do things in the best way, and how to order her household on proper lines. As queen of the home, she should know the laws of her kingdom, and, knowing them, should be able to win respect for them.

Law and order are never vain things, since they make for peace and harmony. In the home, they are supreme. Without them, there can be no quiet for a harassed mind, and no rest for an anxious one. Punctuality, especially at meals, tidiness, account keeping, and ordinary foresight, each and all do very much to oil the wheels of the household machinery, and so appreciably to enhance the pleasures and happiness of home-life.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that a home run on such lines may conceivably lose more than it gains. It is possible to over-organise a home, as it is in the case of a business. Method, order, tidiness, punctuality, and the like, are not ends but means, and once a household has become the victim of its own rules and habits,

gone have the spirit and joy of the home. After all, the home is a place where, within bounds, a man is free to relax, and to be at home with himself. Habits, even good habits, tend very strongly to become ruts, and ruts may grow so deep as to become graves. Our habits need to be progressive, to be modified and improved, if they are not to cramp one's personality and destroy our sense of freedom and natural delight.

Quietness and Leisureliness. Among the first essentials of fireside happiness is a quiet air and a leisurely temper. Hurry, bustle, and noise are fatal to the peace of family life. Where there are young children, of course, a certain amount of noise is inevitable. But, it will often be found that noisy children belong to noisy parents. It was the mother of the Wesleys who even taught her children to cry softly, and, whilst we are all for not unduly suppressing the children, we think that such an example might oftener be followed. Quiet and silence are important, in the creation and maintenance of fireside happiness, and these are more within our reach than is sometimes supposed.

Worry and Anxiety. It is to be expected that, since the home is the scene of so many hopes and fears, there is a natural tendency to worry, and to become over-anxious. Nothing mars our fireside happiness more than these, and since, in many cases, these mental weaknesses

are little more than bad habits, they should be unlearned as soon as possible. Worry is worse than useless. It cures nothing. It impairs the mind, and destroys one's health. It is the foe of happiness, and should therefore be fought outright, as the arch enemy of the home.

Charles Lamb speaks, somewhere, of a whist player who was always complaining that he never got any trumps. His friends, on one occasion, so arranged things that for once he had trumps enough. "Well, Tom, have you got trumps enough this time?" "Yes," Tom replied, "but I haven't any other cards to play with." That is an extreme example of the folly and unreasonableness of worry. It is hard to fight against, in many cases, we know. But fight it, and overcome it, we must, if the light of the home is not to be put out, and if the happiness of the fireside is not to die down, as the fire does if it is poked up too much. Things are often hard enough, owing to circumstances and forces over which we have no control. There are many things, we simply have to accept, and about which all the worrying in the world is of no avail.

> "And if, sometime, comingling with life's wine,
> We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
> Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
> Pours out this portion for our lips to drink."

Idealism. Nearly all that we have said on

fireside happiness depends, ultimately, upon three things—education, service, and religion. The mind is the standard of the home, as it is of the man. No home can rise above its power to appreciate and understand, its instinct for and love of social service, and its sense of the reality of, and obligation to, the Power not ourselves, which is God.

Here, the man's responsibility is no less than the woman's. No woman can make a happy home alone. It takes two minds and two hearts to lay those foundations of family life, upon which alone a full-orbed happiness can be reared. The children's schooling, their books and reading, their taste in pictures, music, and in all things beautiful, are a first charge upon the parents' time and concern. Nor is the work of education one which concentrates only upon the acquisition of knowledge and learning. The best part of the education, which one receives at home, has to do more with the heart than with the head. Of the things taught and learnt at home, the most important are—reverence, loyalty, obedience, and truthfulness, since these are the ultimate things for most of us, and can be learned best in the atmosphere of happiness and love.

Of service, not only to those within the family circle, but also to those who have no claim upon us but those of humanity, the call is

indisputable, as it is essential to our own personality and character. Teach the children that the art of the gentle life, no less than that of manners and good breeding, is to put more into life than we take out of it. Make each child feel proud to serve his or her mother, and never let them forget that every man and woman in the world is neighbour to the other.

This can only be rightly done as the children's behaviour and conduct are inspired by high motive, and the highest motive of human endeavour is that which springs from a sense of love and duty to Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being. Don't teach the children many things about God, but few, and let those few be such as shall issue, not only in their being good, but also in their doing good.

"Who strengthened our souls with courage,
And taught us the ways of earth?
Who gave us our pattern of beauty,
Our standards of flawless worth?

"Mothers, unmilitant, lovely,
Moulding our manhood then,
Walked in their woman's glory,
Swaying the might of men.

"They were our sharers of sorrow,
They were our makers of joy,
Lighting the lamp of manhood
In the heart of the lonely boy."

BLISS CARMAN.

BESIDE THE HEARTH

1. "His little nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

WORDSWORTH.

2. "Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life."

3. "Family life may be full of thorns and cares, but they are fruitful: all others are dry thorns."—SAINTE-BEUVE.

4. "To love the little platoon we belong to in society is the germ of all public affection."—BURKE.

5. Content is the plenitude of companionship, whilst discontent is the enemy of sweet intimacy.

CHAPTER VII

AMBITION AND HAPPINESS

THERE are at least two views of the value and place of ambition in the lives of men. The one is that held by the young and the successful. The other is that held by those who are no longer young, and have missed success. To the one, ambition is good. To the others, it often hardly seems worth while. Where there are youth and health, life without ambition has no savour, whilst to those who have arrived at the afternoon of things it is not infrequently a weariness of the flesh.

On the whole, the young and the successful are right, and the aged and unsuccessful are wrong; for there is a timeliness about ambition which must not be forgotten. In any case, ambition may easily be a man's undoing, especially if the elements of ruthlessness and selfishness, which are apt to creep into it, are not kept in check, and the man is not to become the victim of his consuming desire. Ambition

is a fire. It may burn up some of the best qualities of the mind, and, instead of ending in enrichment, may end in poverty of spirit and loss in the soul.

We are living in times when the gospel of success is preached from the housetops. It is becoming the idol of the market-place, if not a menace to the temple of all things beautiful and of good report. More and more, we tend to become the victims of the time spirit, which is the spirit of conquest, gain, and material possession. And the ironical thing is that, instead of increasing men's peace and happiness, it appears to be doing the very reverse.

It is difficult to see how all this can be corrected, under the present social and economic order. One's hope lies in the individual himself, whose duty it is to see that the price paid for the fruits of ambition is not too high, nor such as to mean the sacrifice of the quiet happiness of his inner and better self.

It may be said that the home is usually the nursery of ambition, because it is in the home that the young get their first impressions of life, and their first equipment for the fight which lies before them. The education and dreams of the children are there shaped for this end or that, and the vocation or profession to which they give themselves, there receives its initial bent and direction.

It must be admitted that, either for parents or teachers, it is a precarious thing, generally speaking, to undertake the responsibility of creating and fostering the spirit of ambition in the young. It is so easy for ambition to become a vice, and its ethical limits are so difficult to define, that one might well hesitate before such a task. The question of the rightness or wrongness of ambition, however, is narrowed down considerably, when we think of it in its relation to happiness, which is the point we are considering here and now. History is full of warnings as to the disappointment which awaits those whose ambition has o'erleapt itself, and in whose mouths it has turned to dust and ashes. Even Shakespeare charges us to fling away ambition, since, by that sin, fell the angels, and few things are more tragic than the bitter confessions of those who, having set their hearts upon exalted things, have been terribly disappointed in the realisation of their hopes and dreams. It is a good and necessary corrective, therefore, to remember that he that is down need fear no fall, and that, in the final reckoning, it may be found that the first are last, and the last are first.

But now, life being what it is, it must be admitted that ambition, rightly conceived and wisely directed, does minister to one's personal happiness and delight. It need not be what

Milton called "the last infirmity of noble minds." Indeed, when looked at as a means, and not rested in as an end, it may do much not only to enhance our own happiness, but also that of others.

Doctor Jowett, Master of Balliol, used to say that he had a general prejudice against all persons who did not succeed. And this prejudice is still common, especially among those who themselves have been successful. In our judgment, such a prejudice may be very unjust. It might have some warrant were the means and opportunities of life fairly and equally distributed, but in a world where the prizes are limited, and where some of the runners are handicapped, it behoves us all, particularly the successful, to hold lenient, if not kindly, views of those who have failed in the race of life.

To know oneself to be a failure, and to be conscious that others also know it, is a humiliating state of mind, and often does much to cloud one's days and to embitter one's whole life. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that those who were acknowledged and praised by the greatest of mankind were not the successful and ambitious, but the lowly and the humble. In a sense, and to mortal eyes, the failure of the Son of God, for a time, was utter and complete, the sign and seal of His failure being a cross of shame. And yet, in another and truer sense,

the "Pale Galilean" was, and is, the greatest success the world has ever known. His ambition was as great as it was divine. His dreams were so exalted, and His aims were so high, that, to-day, He has become the Light of the world and the Hope of mankind.

It will be conceded, we think, that any happiness worthy of the name assumes that a man must strive first of all for self-realisation, more or less. Indeed, the inward urge for self-expression is so strong in most of us, that it would seem to be a denial of life to resist it, and it is difficult to see how this can happen without a measure of ambition. Ambition does two things for us, at least—it means a definite call upon each and all of the powers of the mind, and it generates a driving force, without which the mind cannot function, and ultimately cannot find rest. Thought, feeling, and will must unite and act together if high achievement of any kind is to be won; and it is as the mind realises itself thus that it is happy in the sense of harmony and power.

To be content, we must first of all be discontented; we must feel the urge of the mind to rise up and overcome, and where ambition is a healthy form of mental unrest, it is a direct expression of that impelling force which, through all the ages, has driven man up the steep and unending slopes of life.

"A fierce unrest seethes at the core
Of all existing things:
It was this eager wish to soar
That gave the gods their wings.

"But for the urge of this unrest
These joyous spheres were mute:
But for the rebel in his breast
Had man remained a brute."

DON MARQUIS.

Amongst the most unhappy of men and women are those who have never responded to this urge of the mind, who have never formulated any life plan, and who have no conscious and intelligent understanding of the thing or things for which they stand. It may not always be easy to say, in so many words, what it is that we are striving after. But when this is possible, life may either assume an aspect of wide horizons and fadeless hopes, or it may equally arouse in us a sense of futility and shame. In any case, a definite aim in life is essential if one would rejoice as a strong man to run a race, and, since it is only thus that life takes on meaning and zest, happiness and content otherwise are scarcely within the bounds of possibility.

The danger of undervaluing or belittling ambition is that indolence and cowardice may thus usurp the place of determination and perseverance. The mind is prone to take the line of least resistance. It needs a healthy stimulus to sustained exertion, and a live desire

to scorn delights and live laborious days. Ambition supplies this stimulus, and it is when the mind is driven before the breeze of a worthy aim that it rejoices in its strength, and tastes the best of the wine of life.

No thoughtful person, then, can hope to live a happy and radiant life who makes no serious attempt to cultivate his own little patch, which is his or her mind. This is a worthy ambition, and one which seldom, if ever, adds any sorrow. To be able to think for oneself, to be able to understand the thoughts of great minds, and to have the power to appreciate the best in literature, science, biography, and art, go far, not only to justify one's existence, but also to increase enormously the joy and happiness of life. But, be it remembered, we live not for what we can accomplish so much as for what may be accomplished in us, and it is as we keep this in mind that we are sheltered from storm, and the heart is anchored in peace.

To be sure, the intellectual life is not everything. There are, of course, other and deeper satisfactions, and none know this more than they who have striven hard to accumulate knowledge, and to understand the ways and mysteries of life. Still, since the mind is its own place, it cannot be denied that what enters and issues thence is not unimportant, as one of the factors

which go to the making of a happy, contented, and full experience.

"When man's dim eyes demanded light
The light he sought was born;
His wish, a Titan, scaled the height
And flung him back the morn."

DON MARQUIS.

Next to self-realisation, as an aid to one's happiness, and as a legitimate kind of ambition, comes social service. We do not here use the phrase "social service" in its ordinary and somewhat restricted meaning We use it in the sense that may be given to it when the ambitious man defines his aim as something which goes beyond self-interest. We are ready to admit that the usual, and perhaps natural, motive of human endeavour is self-interest. But we do not admit that such a motive is always right and best. We are quite certain that the satisfactions of those who act upon this heartless principle are, ultimately, as mean as they are few. But where self-interest is enlightened, where it is blended with some regard for those with whom we strive, and by means of whom we win and attain, comradeship enters in, and a measure of happiness ensues, judgment having been given in our favour before the supreme court of conscience.

For example, what is there to prevent a builder, a cotton manufacturer, or a publisher from being foremost among those who are

engaged in the highest kind of social service? Is it inevitable that the builder, whilst constructing houses, stores, and factories, should think only in terms of profit? Is it unthinkable that the textile manufacturer should be animated merely by the thought of dividends? Or need the publisher have no thought for his author, and still less for his public? Each may be, and ought to be, ambitious: for without ambition success is not likely, and without success no business can continue.

But this does not necessarily mean that the ambition in each case has no social value, or that it is based upon purely selfish motives. If the builder and the brick-layer are erecting houses, they are making happy homes possible, besides making so much per cent. and so much a week. If anything can redeem their ambitions, it should be the knowledge that thus they are, to this extent, purging their aims from selfishness, and acknowledging their social obligations.

Similarly, the manufacturer and the publisher, apart from the direct gains of their ambitions, are engaged in service which is vital to the well-being of the community. Whenever and wherever this ideal is kept in mind, there you have a moral atmosphere which, individually and socially, makes for betterment and for peace. He who by means of his woollen or cotton manufactures clothes the people, as also he who

collects and publishes the ideas, thoughts, and wisdom of his fellows, each is doing a work which puts the world in debt, and each may derive, in the very act, a sense of satisfaction and delight which is more precious than rubies, and more to be desired than fine gold.

Still, it must be added that the risks of ambition becoming a canker in the soul are so great, that few men can afford to give it rein without serious thought. The wise and the great, almost invariably, have sought to uproot it from their hearts, knowing instinctively that it frequently makes for misery and disappointment, and not for serenity and satisfaction. "The same posture," says Swift, "is performed in climbing as in creeping," and the man whose aim is to win distinction, by getting ahead of his fellows, is not likely to be over-particular, as to the means he employs in the attainment of his ends.

Moreover, the disillusionment which often follows ambition is so common, and so bitter, that the ambitious man is not infrequently more deserving of pity than of envy. "Ambition," says Jeremy Taylor, "is the most troublesome and vexatious possession that can afflict the sons of men. It is full of distractions. It teems with stratagems, and is swelled with expectations as with a timpany, and besides a thousand possibilities of miscarrying, it relies

upon no greater certainty than our life: and when we are dead all the world sees who was the fool." As was said of Napoleon, so may be said, relatively, of smaller men—

> "He fought a thousand glorious wars,
> And more than half the world was his;
> And somewhere now in yonder stars
> Can tell, mayhap, what glory is."

But, there is no need to draw morals from kings and emperors. Most of us have had, and may still have, our ambitious schemes and aims, dreaming and hoping for position and power, such as have little or nothing to do with the real business of life. If we strip ambition bare, we shall find it is often comprised of the meanest materials, the chief being pride, envy, and coveteousness. Better, for our own peace of mind, to be content with doing the thing that is nearest, and doing it with all our hearts; for he who thus humbly and faithfully approaches and performs his life's task is hardly likely to know serious want, nor yet to lack a fair measure of that happiness and contentment which alone come from moderate expectations and from faithful endeavours.

And this applies especially to those whom we have particularly in mind in writing these pages. In some lives, ambition is as unnatural as it is baneful. Many of us are not built on competitive lines. The very structure of our minds

indicates that we were made to live on the plains, rather than on the slopes. Ambition to us is peculiarly harmful, since it saps our slender nervous forces and, by those fears and anxieties which are incidental to the ambitious life, wears down the spirit and darkens and depresses the soul. For us, the quiet and maybe obscure paths of life are best. Desire is often a faithless jade, though he who knows how to harmonise his desires with his circumstances and powers, is not far from the secret sources both of imperishable glory and abiding happiness.

"Our souls can shed a glory
On every work well done:
For even things most lowly
Are radiant in the sun."

Of course, all the warnings in the world against the serious risks involved in ambition, unashamed, must not blind us to the fact that sometimes, apart altogether from ambition, position and place are thrust upon us without our seeking them. Dante reserves the lowest place in the nether regions for those who refuse a great opportunity. When we are able, and opportunity comes to us, as it does occasionally, unsought, it is not to be set aside merely on grounds of fear or humility. There may be as much vanity in refusing responsibility as in accepting it.

Given a reasonable amount of correspondence between the man and the position, there should be no hesitation in undertaking it. Few positions are so fraught with misery and unhappiness as that held by one who is not equal to it, whilst happy is the man who, being fittingly called, finds himself confronted with responsibility and command. To a very large extent, happiness is conditioned, for most of us, by a nice balance between our tasks and our abilities, and, where the one or the other is too heavily weighted, there is bound to be a lack of ease, and so an absence of pleasure and delight.

When life has not called to us in vain, there are always invitations to go up higher, and he who has so lived that the present makes him eager for the future, must needs accept the tasks imposed by duty and honour.

> "For deeds undone
> Rankle and snarl and hunger for their due,
> Till there seems nought so despicable as you
> In all the grin o' the sun."
>
> HENLEY.

As we have attempted to show, ambition, when redeemed by a measure of idealism, may do much to brighten our days, and to add to the sum of life's happiness. It is never a vain thing to strive for personal enrichment when it is used as a means and not an end, and where ambition is thus interpreted in terms of indi-

vidual and social betterment, there it becomes part of the universal urge of life.

But there is a third kind of idealism, without which no other is complete, and that is the idealism which is centred upon the Ultimate and Supreme. Reverence is threefold—reverence for what is within us, reverence for what is around us, reverence for that which is above us. If there is happiness to be found in the first and second, much more may it be found in the third. A large amount of the unrest and unhappiness of the world arises from a sense of ignorance of, if not estrangement from, the Spirit which is behind all things, the Spirit in which Creation had its birth, and upon which hangs the tenure of our lives. It is this "Presence," as Wordsworth puts it, that pulsates, both in us and in the world about us, giving Nature its harmony and beauty, and imposing upon man his sanctions and behests. Here it is, dimly as we may realise it,

> "Breathing in the thinker's creed,
> Pulsing in the hero's blood,
> Shaping noblest thought and deed,
> Still inspiring truth and good."

Ultimately, our peace and happiness hinge upon nothing more surely than they do upon some measure of response to, and correspondence with, this fundamental Reality, and there is no point of our being upon which ambition may be

more fruitfully focussed than upon this. It is the recognition of this truth that has made happy men and women in every age, as it is the quiet acceptance of it that has given us the assurance that the lure of happiness is not an illusion—that it is nothing less than the call of life, which is the spirit of God. Of the ways and means whereby man's ambition may be justified and realised, in the realm of the spirit, we say nothing here, except to point out that they are so clear that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein. That such an ambition vindicates itself there can be no doubt, for it touches the very springs of our being, and keeps us in tune with the deep underlying harmonies of the universe.

Alas, that the dogmas, creeds, and ordinances of the Church are not more helpful in the pursuit of man's highest aims than they are! Happily, though systems and organisations may be, and often are, helpful in the generating and sustaining of the supreme ambition, these are not absolutes. As Dean Inge admitted recently, the authority of the Church and the creeds is, for the moment, being supplanted by that of experience. Men are no longer wholly dependent upon external authority. They are dreaming dreams and seeing visions which come, we know not whence, save that they come from the spirit of the Highest.

In any case, come these visions and divine ambitions must, if we are ever to feel reasonably at home in the world, and if we are ever to come upon that quality and measure of happiness without which life must often pall, and with which it becomes a joyous and contentful thing.

"Thick is the darkness—
Sunward, oh, sunward!
Rough is the highway—
Onward, still onward!

"Dawn harbours surely
East of the shadows,
Facing us somewhere
Spread the sweet meadows.

"Upward and forward!
Time will restore us:
Light is above us,
Rest is before us."

HENLEY.

GAINS AND LOSSES

1. "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake, shall find it."

2 "No man's private fortune can be an end in any way worthy of his existence."—BACON.

3. "Man exists for culture; not for what he can accomplish, but for what can be accomplished in him."—GOETHE.

4. "Not for the gain of the gold, for the getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed; but for the duty to do."

CLOUGH.

5. "Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition Duty, and pressed on—
O Lord, I do repent."

SARAH WILLIAMS.

6. "Napoleon was a great genius, but no hero. The fruits of his ambition soon faded away, and he left France weaker, poorer, and smaller than he found her."

7. "Blind and hardened they
Who covet power they know not how to use,
And sigh for pleasure they refuse to give."

SHELLEY.

8. "Ambition! Ah yes, but when the plaudits die down and the lights go out, then we feel very lonely—perhaps the lonelier for what has gone before."

CHAPTER VIII

HAPPINESS AND FAILURE

THERE are but few of us, we suppose, who, as life hurries on, do not honestly feel that, taking all things into consideration, and looking at life as a whole, we are really and ultimately failures. Had I my time over again, it is commonly said, I would order it very differently. It is doubtful if we would do anything of the kind. It is easy to be wise after the event, and none of us begins life with the wisdom which can only be won by means of experience.

To many, it is given to be able to say, this I did and that; in this I was successful and in that. But as far as the great business of life is concerned, all of us have to admit that we have done those things we ought not to have done, and left undone those things we ought to have done. There are such things as low success and high failure, as there are such things as high success and low failure.

It is impossible to deny that a large amount

of the unhappiness of the world is due to the general passion for success, and to an unsleeping fear of failure. Almost from our earliest years, the idea is sown in our minds that success means to win power and to possess wealth, and that failure means the reverse. And since, in an age like ours, wealth counts for so much, and is appraised so highly, we unconsciously come to believe that wealth and happiness are synonymous terms.

The fact is, speaking of the money standard of values, most of us are neither successful nor failures. After all, it is only the few who die in the workhouse, and only the very few who contrive to be able to live in Mayfair. Out of a population of something like forty-seven millions, only about three millions are in a position to pay income tax, and thus the vast majority, as the world counts things, are failures. But the majority who pay no income tax are probably as happy, if not happier, than the minority who do. The prayer that one should have neither poverty nor wealth, but only a sufficiency, therefore, would seem to be fitting, since its fulfilment would prevent the fears of the rich on the one hand, and the cares of the poor on the other.

What rankles in the minds of many, in these days, is not that so many lack what so comparatively few have, as the feeling of inequality which

is said to characterise the social order under which we live. Rightly or wrongly, it is commonly felt that the good things of life are not fairly distributed, and that a measure of injustice is inherent in the modern social state. As Bishop Creighton is said to have put it so amusingly—

> "The rain it raineth every day
> Upon the Just and Unjust Fellow,
> But chiefly on the Just, because
> The Unjust has the Just's umbrella."

Speaking, then, of material values, these being real factors in one's happiness and peace, what is success? and what is failure? Not infrequently, to succeed means to attain affluence, whilst to fail means to miss it. Of course, in experience the extremes are not as sharp as that. Most of us are neither rich nor poor, but something midway between these extremes. In our judgment, therefore, he who contrives to make a modest home for wife and weans, and who at the same time manages to provide against possible rainy days and age, is a success, even according to material standards of value.

Now, it is because so many find it hard, if not impossible, to achieve so much, that they are fearful, anxious, and often sad. The longing for material security is one of the most poignant facts of our time, and he who would enjoy a measure of happiness now, and for the rest of

his life, is bound to make such a competency the main business of his life. First things must come first, and, though it is true that man does not live by bread alone, without bread he cannot live at all.

The injunction to take no thought for one's life is true enough, meaning as it does, take no mind-destroying thought. Indeed, the man who does not take much thought, as to ways and means, and who leaves the future to take care of itself, is evading his plain duty, and is ultimately lightly putting upon the shoulders of others the responsibility which was made for his. In this connection, the words of the poet Burns are full of common sense—

> "To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
> Assiduous wait upon her,
> And gather gear by every wile
> That's justified by honour:
> Not for to hide it in a hedge,
> Nor for a train attendant,
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being independent."

The wretchedness and unhappiness which dog so many lives are due, not to honest failure, but to the lack of foresight, sacrifice, and thrift. It is a wrong way of thinking to confound spending with generosity, or saving with meanness. The unhappiness which attends those who have failed to be self-supporting in times of crisis and age, is the result of the lowest kind of

failure if, having had the opportunity to save, they banked all upon the present and put nothing on the future.

The glorious privilege of being independent is a fine ideal, worthy of all, and the grit, perseverance, and other qualities it implies are as educational as they are heroic and courageous. If we honestly fail in such an endeavour, the fault not being in us, our failures may be nobler than the success of meaner men.

But now, the sense of failure which darkens the lives of so many is commonly due, not to material causes at all, but not infrequently to temperament, fruitless hopes and plans, or the improper ordering of one's moral and spiritual life. Indeed, it is often to these causes that the real tragedies of life are to be traced. Only recently, for example, our attention was dramatically called to a case in which life was deliberately terminated because, as it was said, of poor personality, and because of the disappointment and failure such a consciousness imposed.

Granted that this was an instance of exaggerated ego-centricity, the fact remains that it is quite possible for a man or a woman, upon opening the napkin of life, and finding there a two-talented and not a five-talented equipment, to feel so profoundly disappointed that life itself becomes unbearable. Fortunately, most of us are not so introspective or self-

conscious as this. Still, as the writer knows from wide experience, it is not uncommon to find those who, as they set out on life's journey, are perplexed and chagrined to realise that they are not at all exceptional, and that they are just ordinary men and women.

Such people have a false perspective, of course, and minds of this class are prone to forget that the average man and woman must be quite worth while, or there would not be so many of them in the world. To be exceptional, and to be conscious of it, adds a certain spice to life, no doubt. But we all cannot be exceptional, since, as the Opera puts it, "when everybody's somebody, then nobody's anybody."

It must be admitted that an attractive personality is a desirable thing, as well as a great asset in life. As much as lies in our power, we owe it to ourselves to make the best and most of ourselves. One needs to be quite sure, however, that his motive is worthy, and that he could wisely use a personality very different from that which he has. Usually, the charm of personality is its unconsciousness, and they who pine for a more arresting individuality than that which they have, are seriously exposed to the weaknesses of vanity and conceit. There is usually plenty of room for rich fulfilment, even in the average life, and he or she who is true to themselves, and do the best possible within their

limitations, need never feel disappointed and never be haunted with the sense of failure. To be consistent with oneself is all that may be asked of mortals, and it must never be forgotten that, at the end of the day, it is not so much the kind or the quantity of the work done that counts as the quality of mind which has been employed in the doing of it.

It is the plague of desire for importance that embitters. We forget that there is no great and no small to the soul that maketh all, and so the moral of Emerson's parable of the mountain and the squirrel is never out of place. Said the squirrel to the mountain—

> "You are not so small as I,
> And not half so spry.
> I'll not deny you make
> A very pretty squirrel track;
> Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
> If I cannot carry forests on my back,
> Neither can you crack a nut."

Still, it cannot be denied that it is a healthy and human thing to desire the unusual, and to passionately long for distinction, in this department of life or that. In marriage, in our children, in our calling, as in ourselves, we all have more or less great expectations. Our ducks are always geese, and our geese swans. These hopes and dreams begin at the cradle, and end only at the grave. And then, when it happens that hope has seemed to tell a flattering tale, we lose heart

and become cast down, calling ourselves failures and other hard names. Finding that the ideal is always far removed from the real, we become sad and melancholy, becoming cynical and unbelieving, affirming that life has dealt hardly with us, and that we have been cruelly used.

Of course, our analysis has been faulty, and therefore our conclusion wrong. Often enough, the cause or causes of our failures and disappointments are more in ourselves than in our circumstances, and where they are to be found in the nature of things, it is better to continue hoping and believing, since it is only thus that we can win and maintain a cheerful and happy disposition.

Our sense of failure and disappointment is not infrequently due to the fact that we often expect too much of life, especially from that part of life which is ours. To know oneself is, perhaps, the hardest lesson we have to learn, and it is because we hardly ever learn it that we make plans, form and cherish hopes which, in the very nature of things, cannot possibly be realised. It is not that life is cruel or unkind, but that, being guided by finite minds, we cannot see precisely what our personal relation to it really is.

What then? Because we have failed in this or that, because our dreams and hopes were pitched too high, are we henceforth to pass our

days in sadness and gloom ? Because the book we wrote, the picture we painted, the reform we believed in, the habit we hoped to break, and the character we desired to win—because we came short of perfection in such things, are we to write ourselves down as failures, and are we to spend the rest of our time bewailing and disparaging our lot ? Is there no second, third, or even fourth chance for the brave ? Assuredly there is. Even so " success," says Robert Louis Stevenson, " is to fail in good spirits." It is a profound truth. All true success is within, as all real failure is of the heart. And it will mostly be found that the misery which attends the sense of failure is more commonly due to injured pride than it is to anything else.

Some of us may be able to recall a wonderful picture, by Sir Edwin Landseer, which made a great appeal when it first appeared. Over the entire picture there is a grey and sombre light. In the foreground, crushed by broken rock and ice, is a spar and all that remains of a Union Jack. Close by are two gaunt, hungry bears, one of them having its teeth fastened in a jutting piece of fleshless, human bone. That is all. It is the tale of high failure, and represents one of the noblest dramas it is possible to conceive. True to fact, as it probably is, it shows us the end, and all that remains, of one of those heroic expeditions to the icy North, of which men of all

nations from time to time have dared to dream, and to which they have resolutely set their hands and hearts.

No love of gold had allured these men. Only the honour of doing what others had failed to do, led them on. To them, it was better to brave the inhospitable regions of the cold unexplored than to cruise in sunlit Southern seas. For them, to invade the unknown and to enlarge man's knowledge of the world, was enough. They failed, and failed splendidly, but their names are already inscribed honourably in that immortal book which, it is to be believed, will one day confront and commend, or condemn, the sons of men.

Were these men happy ? Yes, on the whole. In spite of many privations and many hours of misgiving, they lived, and life on its top note, whatever its success or failure, is the wine of heaven, and the delight of the heart. This picture of high failure may have its counterpart, in a lesser degree, in most lives. We are made for the heroic, and no man or woman ever realises their true moral height until they have challenged the difficult, putting their fate to the touch, to gain or lose it all.

It is a similar story of heroism that Browning tells, in his " Grammarian's Funeral." Here, we see a man who painfully and laboriously set himself the task of mastering " learning's crabbed

text." To him the kernal of truth could only be found as he toiled hard, and in tearing asunder the dry and unyielding husk of things. He began his task in rosy health, and ended in disease and death. Men laughed and mocked, whilst he looked beyond, believing that, what he might fail in doing, others would accomplish in the certain if far future. And hence the poet raised the following epitaph to him, and others like him, those who dare and fail and, in failing, possess their souls :—

"That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it;
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundreds soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit."

And it is only the conviction that the best is not measurable by the present, that can enable us to have quiet hearts, or can keep us calm, when the word "failure" is pronounced, and the night comes when no man can work.

It is useless trying to hide the fact that some lives seem to be denied the common kinds of success, and to be ordained to failure. They are like lamps that go out at the first blast of the storm; whilst other lives, like a wind-swept torch, seem to burn the brighter because of the storms and quenching rains of experience.

What that is availing can be said to those who have aimed high and nobly, and yet have failed? Is there any use in speaking of happiness and content to such? We believe there is. All the greatest that have ever lived have failed, as men see things. Socrates, Jesus of Nazareth, Jeanne d'Arc, John Bunyan, La Fayette, and St. Francis,—these and a multitude of others have died, some not seeing, and all not receiving, that recognition and reward which seemed natural and right.

Can it be that there is not something greater than actual achievement in store for those who had some great thing to pursue, and yet died ere it was accomplished? It seems to us that there can be no doubt in the matter. Success and achievement are not the last words in human life. After all, the best that man can do is poor compared with what has been done without his aid. Whether we admit it or not, there is a law which insists that what is accomplished in man is infinitely superior to all that may be accomplished by him. And if failure may be one of the supreme ways of securing that great something in us, happy are we if, having done our best, we accept and even rejoice in it.

"Though this life is but a wraith,
Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith,
Give me the heart to fight—and lose.

"From compromise and things half done,
Keep me with stern and stubborn pride;
And when at last the fight is won,
God, keep me still unsatisfied."

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

It must be admitted, then, that there are some failures, so called, which ask for no pity, and to which it were an impertinence even to utter words of regret. And the curious thing is that, in the lives of those who sublimely fail, there is often a strange content, as if they were being heartened and comforted by words that are more divine than human. Nothing is more remarkable than the peace and serenity which not infrequently mark the lives of those who have failed greatly. It is only in the lives of those whose failures have been mean and petty that there is protest and complaint. It is the small failures that dwarf us, and make us querulous and unhappy, whilst it is the great failures that enlarge the soul and make us confident and calm.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that the great failures of life are not always those that take place in the wide and lofty arenas, but often enough those which take place in circumstances which are as narrow as they are obscure. There are often high hopes in small homes, daring dreams in mean settings. But the sources of inward satisfaction are always the same where the aims have been high and the achievements small. The thing that matters ultimately is

that, whether we succeed or fail, we have kept our souls alive, and have not lost ourselves in losing the world.

We are far too prone to think that success is always vocal, and that the successful are only they who sit in the seats of the exalted. Oftener than is supposed, the happy, and therefore the really successful, are they who live quiet lives, have few distractions, and who, free from the fever of recognition and praise, find contentment in work well done, and in the sure satisfactions of a mind at peace with itself.

For all of us, failure of one kind or another is inevitable. It is, indeed, a law of life. We lose to fight again. We fall to rise. There are failures of many kinds, some noble, some ignoble. But there is only one kind from which we need shrink, and of which we should be afraid, and that is failure in the soul, that state of mind in which the will is paralysed, and in which no effort seems worth while.

But when we lift up our hearts in spite of all, and wait confidently for another rising of the sun, then we prove that, whilst there is failure which is misery without end, there is high failure in which there are happiness and content. It is only when failure has done its real work that it seems to have any place in the economy of life. Without failure, we should too easily be content. With it, we are like the

mariner who, with no view of harbour in sight, sails on in the teeth of the storm, arriving at last in the haven of his desire.

"O happy Barque, and art thou home at last,
The harbour gained, the travail overpast?
What matter riven side and ragged sail?
Still flies the flag that hath defied the gale.

"O happy Barque, before thy patient prow
The whispering seas divide. Thy Pilot now
The homeward course directs, at whose behest
The winds are hushed, the troubled waves at rest.

"O happy Barque! Nor be thy triumph mute:
Now vail thy pennant, now the shore salute!
Then furl thy wings—Far, far behind thee foam
Thy foiled and vanquished waters. Thou art home."

E. HAMILTON MOORE.

THINK ON THESE THINGS

1. There's always hope where there's failure without despair, and the only hopeless failure is that which makes us fail to hope once more.

2. "'Tis better for us to remain where we are,
In the lowly valley of duty and care,
Than, lonely, to stray to the heights above,
Where there's nothing to do, and nothing to love."

COLERIDGE.

3. Aim high, but not too high: the greater the height the greater the fall, and, though one's reach should be beyond his grasp, one may overreach himself.

4. No failure is without dignity, save that which is ignoble, and failure may exalt as it may debase.

5. There may be more happiness in missing the difficult unattainable than in achieving the easy attainable. It is the standard of values that counts.

6. It is the great-hearts who are refined in the fire of failure: it is the small-hearts that perish in its flame.

CHAPTER IX

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

AMONG the common words which are constantly upon our lips, few are more difficult to define than the words "health" and "disease." The late eminent physician, Sir James Mackenzie, used to say that disease is that which unfits us to live in our environment. Thus, conversely, health may be regarded as that which enables us to adapt ourselves to our surroundings. Equally difficult is it to define the word "pain," which is commonly the accompaniment of disease, and which remains, in spite of all our learning and experience, one of the great mysteries of life.

Whatever pain is, or is not, there can be no doubt that the presence or absence of suffering has much to do with our misery or happiness. It has not so much to do with these, however, as is commonly supposed. Health is a relative quality, and few, if any of us, have it to a perfect degree. Some of the healthiest of people are

not infrequently miserable, whilst some of the happiest have been they who have had poor health and suffered much pain.

Perhaps there never was a time when more attention was given to the problem of health, than is being given to it to-day. The science of surgery has become pre-eminent among the sciences which are directly concerned with human welfare, and no research is more thorough, or more persistent, than that which is going on in the medical laboratories of the world. Indeed, it may be said that no subject occupies a larger place in our minds than that of the private and public health of the community. Is health, then, a prime factor of, or an absolute essential to, our happiness? Does sickness exclude happiness? It is something to be healthy, wealthy, and wise, but not one or all of these ensure our happiness. It is, doubtless, a serious handicap to have to take a place beside the pool of Bethesda, though there are hopes and miracles there which are to be found nowhere else.

It is too readily assumed that, given health and strength, we are bound to be among the blessed, and, at first sight, it may seem that the sick-list includes no names but those of the baffled and the vanquished. After all, happiness, either in health or in sickness, depends neither upon the one condition nor the other, but upon that something in us which is not

subject either to the ravages of time, or to the inroads of disease.

> "Who is he that I drag about:
> This carping ever-present thing,
> Who splits my purpose, breeding doubt?
> Is he my subject or my king?"

If the body is our subject, and not our king, an answer to the riddle of pain is possible enough. What Henley called "our unconquerable soul" is ultimately here, as elsewhere, the determinating factor, and a sick body inhabited by a sane soul, is a surer guarantee of happiness than a sick soul in a sane body.

But now, let it be admitted that, on the whole, health makes for happiness and delight. Without health we cannot enjoy many of life's best gifts. Without health, life is a burden, in spite of the fact that the burden may contain the most precious things. We rarely value health aright until we have lost it, and, having lost it, we sell all we have in order to regain it. The amazing thing is that good health is as common as it is. In nothing, perhaps, are we so careless of law as we are in the matter of our own health. Maybe, we think and talk about it too much. Certainly, if we attended to it as much as we talk about it, we should all be healthier and happier than we are.

Perhaps it is truer, however, to speak of the pleasures of the body than of the happiness of

the body. It seems to us that pleasure has more to do with the senses than with the mind, whilst happiness is more closely related to the mind than to the senses. If that is true, it is not difficult to see that happiness, though partly depending upon good health, is not wholly determined by it. The trained athlete has many pleasures, not the least being his feeling of fitness, strength, and superiority, but it is quite conceivable that, on the whole, he may be less happy than the man who is consciously delicate, and is of no muscular importance.

The fact is, our happiness depends, considerably, upon the plane upon which we are living—the physical, mental or the spiritual. There is pleasure, and a degree of happiness, possible on each and all of these planes; but happiness, at its richest and best, is that which comes from the second, and still more the third of these altitudes. There are differing values in happiness, as in most things, and the highest values of life are surely those which have to do with the soul, rather than with the body.

In any case, no one can afford to forget, or neglect, the physical part of his being, if he is to live happily and peacefully. Ultimately, the body is the foundation of the house of one's life, as the mind is the building, and the soul the tenant. If the tenant, therefore, is to be happy and at ease, there must be some confidence that

the house inhabited is, more or less, in reasonably good condition.

Speaking to the students of Edinburgh, Carlyle once declared that "a healthy body is good, but a soul in right health is the thing to be prayed for above all others." And Carlyle knew the truth of this, for body and soul were often sick, and the happiness he might have had, and missed, was finer than all his eloquence and greater than all his wisdom.

More than half of the miseries and pains, which arise from modern nervous diseases, are due to poor general health, brought on through indifference to, and neglect of, the ordinary laws of hygiene. These sufferers from "nerves" never seem to realise that, for the type to which they belong, there is no way out, other than that of a daily and common-sense attention to the most elementary principles of health. "My difficulty," said a Harley Street specialist, recently, "is to get those suffering from nervous disorders to carry out the advice they pay for." And yet nothing is more important than that these people, who pay for advice they do not take, should order their lives in accordance with the simple laws of a carefully thought out bodily and mental régime. Rest, fresh air, food, occupation, recreation, emotional discipline, and moderation in all things—these are the imperative watchwords of that growing class

of unhappy souls who, whilst having the capacity for a happy existence, pass their days in sadness, misery, and gloom.

Now, it must not be forgotten that ill-health, using the term to represent those bodily ailments and limitations to which most of us to some extent are liable, need not be, and ought not to be, a hindrance to a happy if not a radiant life. We will go further and say that, in many if not most lives, pain and weakness, being disciplinary to the human spirit, often do much to give depth to one's thoughts, and elevation to one's emotions. Good health is certainly a blessing, as ill-health may be a blessing in disguise.

Olive Schreiner, in one of her letters, says, "I never used to want to be good. I used to want to know and to feel and to do. Now I want to be good too. It is this time of pain that has done it. I am much more tender and pitiful than I used to be. I love everything that can feel." Yes, a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. Radiant health is very apt to make us thoughtless, as it is prone to rob us of sympathy, imagination, and understanding. To that extent, there is often absent that richness of mind, which is so frequently found in lives that have been chastened by suffering, and refined by pain. In such circumstances many become morose, querulous, and embittered. They are like low-grade porcelain that cracks in

the fire. Usually, however, it is good to know that pain and suffering have the opposite effect. The way out of the sick-room is often larger than the way into it, and few there be who, having been through the fires of affliction, do not look at life with kindlier eyes, and have not realised what are the true values and what are the false. Out of the distress and fret of a pain-racked body, there may spring contentment, and out of the loneliness of the sick-room, there may emerge a dauntless courage.

Those who have not proved this for themselves, and do not accept Christian teaching on the subject, have only to read that exquisite essay by Robert Louis Stevenson—"Ordered South," to see what sickness can do to quiet the turbulent heart, and to enable one to behold, with fresh eyes, the beauty of the world and the sweet pathos of the passing show of life. The whole essay is a wonderful analysis of the psychology of the mind of a sick man, and teaches us that, though sickness is a serious limitation, it may not be without its compensating satisfactions.

To some of our readers, it may appear a begging of the question to speak in these terms of suffering and pain: "vacant chaff well meant for grain," it may be said. Well, setting theory and philosophy aside, there remains experience which, ultimately, has the last word.

Many of us have heard of Dr. Mathieson, the blind preacher and poet. Some, like the writer, have listened to his eloquence, and heard him recite long passages of Scripture. It is an experience never to be forgotten. The story of this man's life is a parable of the meaning of suffering. As to many others, life came to him, and took away his sight, asking him if he could be happy in such a condition. The answer he gave is this—

> "O joy that seekest me in pain,
> I cannot close my heart to Thee:
> I trace the rainbow through the rain
> And feel the promise is not vain,
> That morn shall tearless be."

In Mathieson's case, the secret of being able to transmute pain and loss into happiness and content, is accounted for on Christian grounds. In other cases, such as that of Olive Schreiner, perhaps, the secret may not be so consciously connected with this cause: but, in our view, it is nevertheless associated with the feeling that there is pain at the very heart of things, and that it is of the nature of suffering, rightly accepted, to blossom into inward harmony and peace.

One of the most illuminating sayings we know, on this subject, is that by Henri-Frédérick Amiel, which occurs in his journal, and is to the effect that "the mission of pain and suffering is to give man liberty through submission." Liberty

through submission. It is a great phrase, and contains more light and more encouragement than tomes of a kind of theology which is still current. When all is said and done, what is happiness but inward freedom? the consciousness that the soul in us has been set free from those baneful phases of the mind, to which we give the names—pride, envy, jealousy, passion, and self, and which do more to blot out the stars than all else? The plague of the mind is its natural tendency to radiate from itself, and among the most beneficent uses of suffering is its power to give us a new centre of radiation, and so to free us from what is earthy and personal, at the same time uniting us with what is divine and universal. It was surely some such thought as this that inspired Stevenson when he wrote—

> "Night after night in my sorrow
> The stars stood over the sea,
> Till lo! I looked in the dusk,
> And a star had come down to me."

Ultimately, for all of us, happiness never comes until that star comes down to us, and until it has become the light of all our seeing. Call it by whatsoever names you like, they all mean the same thing, and that is Truth, that which found its last and sufficient orientation in the Man of sorrows, Who was acquainted with grief.

Not so long ago, the writer, quite casually, came across a case which is to the point, in this connection. We were neighbours for some years, and used to travel up to the city every morning by the same train, rarely ever venturing beyond those verbal intimacies, which are limited to the usual remarks about the weather. The general impression our neighbour gave his fellows was that of aloofness, self-reliance, prosperity, and a touch of hardness. Then came a certain morning when the man's countenance seemed strangely altered. His aloofness had partly gone, and a more sociable and friendly bearing had taken its place. To our surprise, he began to talk, letting himself go in a way that was as companionable as it was unusual. At the end of the conversation, and as our train arrived, we were astonished to find ourselves in possession of a confidence which was no less painful than pathetic. Within the last few days, our neighbour and fellow-traveller had consulted a specialist, and had returned home with the bitter knowledge that he had but six months to live. Finding it difficult to say anything adequate, we helplessly remarked, "And . . . how do you feel about it?" "Well," he replied, "I've faced it, and, since it has to be, I'm carrying on as long as I can." There was no self-pity, but just a quiet acceptance of the inevitable. Frankly, we were

taken aback. We felt more like being sorry for ourselves than for him. It was so evident that the star had come down to him, out of the darkness of his sorrow, and that this normally silent and self-contained neighbour had found that freedom of spirit which is the secret of content.

Leslie Stephen says of Swift that, "it was characteristic of him that he could never learn the great lesson of submission, even to the inevitable." His rage, which could find no outlet, burnt inwardly, and drove him mad. And yet, we like to think of him as a patient who, when being treated with a mustard plaster, is said to have exclaimed, "What a lot of mustard to so little meat!" It is curious that a man of such wit and humour had so little inward restraint. So complex is the human heart that, though wit and humour may lighten the mind and brighten one's outlook, the final sources of happiness lie deeper, and are nourished only by that which is above and beyond passing events.

As we have seen, it is submission to the inevitable that issues in liberty and which yields us sweet content, and Swift, like many others, was scarcely a happy man because, in spite of his ability and learning, he could not, or would not, submit. It is a cheap business to sneer at submission, as is so often done in these days of revolt. But we are using the term

in a sense in which there is no suggestion of slavery, and in which it becomes the noblest kind of courage. There are some things, some authorities, against which it is useless to rebel, and to attempt which is as childish as it would be to try and stem the tides, or to arrest the setting sun. Much of life has simply to be accepted, as it is, for it is only in this way that life has any satisfying meaning at all. And submission, of the right kind, is possible in proportion as we believe that there is kindness and high intention at the heart of the Supreme Authority.

> "And so the shadows fall apart,
> And so the west winds play:
> And all the windows of my heart
> I open to the day."
>
> WHITTIER.

This is the tragedy that is never far from any of us—our inability or unwillingness to recognise and submit to those forces in life which know no compromise, and which prevail in spite of all our protests, and all our tears. It is Shelley who once said that "sorrow, terror, and anguish are often the chosen expressions of the approximation to the highest good." Here lies the explanation, it seems to us, of our sympathy with tragic fiction. Our delight in such things arises from the fact that there is, after all, a shadow of pleasure even in pain. Hence it is

that there is melancholy in the sweetest songs, and that the pleasure that there is in sorrow, is often finer than the pleasure there is in pleasure itself.

We have no desire to slur over the fact that there is pain and suffering in the world, for which human intelligence can find no adequate reason. The suffering and misery associated with some of the manifestations of Nature, defy all known processes of explanation. The wreckage, loss, and pain, which sometimes follow in the wake of earthquakes, and storms on sea and land, for example, seem, to finite minds, to be the outcome of some malevolent element in Nature, or else the result of some tragic failure in its primary functions.

It is this seemingly cruel feature, in the visible order, that baffles so many minds, and which, owing to a vivid imagination and an oversensitive response to the terrible things which occasionally happen, does so much to darken the mind, and to intensify our consciousness of the pain and distress of the world. Why such things should occur, no man can tell. The only attitude of mind, consonant with these inexplicable facts, therefore, is that of Tennyson—

> "We have but faith, we cannot know,
> For knowledge is of things we see."

In the main, the laws of Nature, in the sphere of the known, are so reasonable, and so bene-

ficent, that the attitude of trust and patience well becomes us all, in the presence of the unknown. No true or healthy view of the world in which we live, is possible unless we learn to see that, on the whole, the balance of good is infinitely greater than that of ill. If there are storms, earthquakes, and ceaseless decay, there is also the sun on the hills, the flowers of spring, the song of the bird, and harvests of wealth. Life is always greater than death, and, in a world in which life is ever abundant, there must be the promise, if not always the fulfilment, of a purpose which cannot ultimately fail.

Maybe, when all is said, it is best to wait, in the presence of the mysterious and the unknown, until the Star of God appears, believing that in its light we shall see and know, even as we are known. The world, as we see it, is still in the making, and what we see and know may be only parts of a scheme which is at present beyond our imagining. But we do know that light is constantly breaking in upon experience, and so have grounds for hope that the day will come when pain and suffering, together with all life's mysteries, will lie open before us, like a book which has been written by a master hand.

"And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light:
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright."

CLOUGH.

BORROWED RAYS

1. "If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault: for God made all men to be happy."—EPICTETUS.

2. "The Chinese pay their medical men as long as they are well, and stop pay as soon as they are ill."—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

3. "Every man, by the time he is forty, is either a fool or a physician."—PROVERB.

4. "There are no rewards, except the love and admiration of their friends, for those who fight a stern battle with themselves in the arena of the sick-room."—DR. R. W. MACKENNA.

5. "I am suffering from gout, asthma, and seven other maladies: otherwise, I am very well."—SIDNEY SMITH.

6. "They also serve who only stand and wait."—MILTON.

7. "No chastening, for the present, seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward, it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."—SAINT PAUL.

8. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more: neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—REVELATION.

CHAPTER X

HAPPINESS AND TEMPERAMENT

TEMPERAMENT has been called the architecture of the mind. In so far as it is that which unfolds the ingredients of our mental make-up, and reveals the lines along which these ingredients are blended, the definition is approximate enough. Temperament is also sometimes spoken of as the feeling tone of the mind. Whatever be the exact nature of temperament, however, it is fairly clear that it is determined very much, though not wholly, by inheritance. We cannot make our own temperament, though it may, to a great extent, make or mar us.

There is no doubt that our moods are the result of our temperament, and that the sum total of our moods is our general disposition. Thus, we see that our happiness, or unhappiness, is directly related to our temperament, or cast of mind. Some begin life with a large balance of happy mental tendencies, already standing to their account. They are sunny and cheerful

as naturally as the sun shines. It is the temperament. Others are less fortunate. They find it difficult to be radiant, and often have to strive in order to be good tempered. It is also their temperament. To those of the one class we have little to say, but to those of the other, very much remains to be said, both on psychological and on other grounds.

Roughly speaking, temperament is of four kinds or types—the sanguine, the choleric, the melancholic, and the phlegmatic. But whatever the kind under consideration, it plays a most important part in the formation of character, and has an enormous influence upon one's outlook and point of view. When the mind tends to be cheerful, quiet, and hopeful, the psychologist names the temperament sanguine, and happy are they who are thus fortunately endowed. When the mind is tense, excitable, irritable, and sullen, it is described as choleric, and alas for those who start life under such a handicap! When the mind tends to take gloomy views, is easily discouraged, and apt to know fits of what is vulgarly called "the blues," it is classified as melancholic, and our compassion is the least we can offer to all such. When the mind is given to indolence and indifference, its temperament is known as phlegmatic, and the primary need of this type is understanding and stimulus.

Let it not be thought from all this, however,

that we are what we are, and that protest is useless and modification impossible. Temperament, of course, bears a direct relation to the nervous system. This comes to us through heredity, and partly determines the feeling tone of our minds. But temperament may be corrected. The responsibility for the tone of our emotions is a dual one, and must be divided between our ancestors and ourselves. Experience, morality, and religion teach us, however, that character, like happiness, depends, in the last analysis, upon our own personal inward resources, and especially upon the uses to which we put them.

There is much nonsense talked about the "artistic temperament." Strictly speaking, there is no such thing. If the catch phrase, "the artistic temperament," means anything it means an unstable personality, which moves in many worlds, and which is not firmly anchored in any. Not infrequently, it is made the excuse for all sorts of mental weaknesses and social peculiarities, and is to be avoided as a snare, especially by those whose minds are highly strung, and who tend strongly to evade, rather than to face, reality.

It would thus seem that, among the types of temperament we have already classified, it is the second and third which are especially liable to become sad and unhappy—those who are tense, highly strung, easily elated, and those

who are subject to the feeling of disappointment, prone to take gloomy views of life, and unreasonably inclined to be cast down.

But why, it may be asked, should normal minds exhibit themselves in these distressing ways at all? Because, either by reason of inheritance, overwork, neglect, or wilfulness, the mind has become ultra-sensitive, and so responds too quickly, and too deeply, to the facts and events of experience. Such people have minds like concave mirrors, which reflect almost everything in heaven and on earth, and sometimes even things under the earth, reflecting them also in distorted and untrue forms. Not a mood in Nature but finds its immediate response in these abnormally sensitive minds. As one of these remarked to the writer, quite recently, "An east wind always makes me a materialist," whilst all of them can say with Lionel Johnson—

"I know you; solitary griefs,
Desolate possession, aching hours!
I know you; tremulous beliefs,
Agonised hopes, and ashen flowers.

"The winds are sometimes sad to me;
The starry spaces full of fear:
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,
And mine the sigh of places drear."

It is a moot point as to whether, modern life being what it is, anyone would deliberately choose to have been born sensitive. There is

so much to be said in favour of the thick skin that, if one had the choice, he might unhesitatingly choose to be numbered among the phlegmatic and indifferent. And yet, though a cabbage is a very useful vegetable, it is doubtful if anybody would elect to belong to the kitchen, rather than to the rose garden. There are pains and penalties in being highly sensitive, but there are pleasures and rewards also. It is hard to find ourselves hurt in our approach to life, and to feel the smallest inconvenience rankling in the mind, whilst the man of coarser fibre, rushes in unscathed, accepting the buffettings and harsh noises of the world with an easy smile, or a shrug of complacency.

But there it is, and we cannot reshape life to our own ends, though we can do something to adapt and accustom ourselves to the rough roads and the strident inharmonies of time and the market-place. It is a gain to know that sensitiveness is a vital factor in all creative energy. The true artist is always one whose sensitiveness is abnormally acute, in one direction or another. It is also from the ranks of this class, be it remembered, that the world's great doers spring. Statesmanship, poetry, art, and literature, are ours at the price of a highly strung organism, and if the sufferings of the sensitive are many, their joys and achievements are no less real and considerable.

Looking at the matter from a purely psychological standpoint, it all comes down to the problem of feeling, and its possibilities and control. Feeling is the response the mind makes to our sensations. After feeling comes thought, though the order may be the reverse. In any case, it is our feelings which either cause our thoughts, or stimulate them. When the feelings and thoughts are good and healthy, then the mind tends to a state of rest and happiness. But when our thoughts and feelings are wrong and unhealthy, then it is that we become distressed and unhappy.

Thus we see that control is one of the first essentials to a happy state of mind. But can we control the one or the other? it may be asked. Undoubtedly we can. It may be done directly, by what is called inhibition. There are endless stimuli to which we need not, and ought not, to respond at all. These stimuli may come from within or without. Even wicked thoughts, impure desires, and unholy imaginations, are largely within our power of control, and he who makes no attempt to arrest them, as they appear in consciousness, can no more hope to be really happy than he can hope to be moral or respectable.

It is because those of the melancholic and choleric temperament make no real effort to control their emotions or to select their thoughts

that they spend so many of their days in misery and gloom. It is this failure to take control of the mind that the Church and the theologian are disposed to call sin. Dante felt so strongly on the wrongfulness of this lack of control that, in his Inferno, he pictures the souls of the sullen as buried in the Stygian Lake, making their sighs rise up to the surface, as bubbles rise up through the water.

Personally, we have the greatest sympathy for those who are thus victimised by their mental life, knowing by experience, how little responsibility they often have for their special weaknesses, and how hard they find it to contend against them. There is no need to threaten these quivering souls with future pains and penalties, for they suffer much here and now, and need all the help and encouragement that they who are whole can give them. We would rather speak in terms of sympathy, such as the late Rt. Hon. George Wyndham did on one occasion in writing to such an one :—" You must not let disappointment weigh on your mind. Maybe, it can be righted. But what does it matter to an English gentleman ? " Many of the fears and imaginations, which frequently weigh upon the minds of these unhappy people, may seem trivial to those whose hides are thick, or who have sufficient powers of control. But to that class, with which we are specially dealing, their

fears, anxieties, and disappointments are often hard to bear, though their prayers for deliverance are as constant as they are sincere. Still—

"Lives are in the making here,
Hearts are in the waking here,
Mighty undertaking here.
Up! and on!

"We are arming for the fight,
Pressing on with all our might,
Pluming wings for higher flight.
Up! and on!"

JOHN OXENHAM.

Of those feelings and thoughts which rise up from the sub-conscious mind, we cannot say much here. Enough to recognise that, in it is to be found one of the commonest sources of unhappiness, and one of the most insidious and difficult to overcome. The term "sub-conscious" is one which we would gladly avoid if we could. All it means is that there are movements in the mind which go on without our being aware of them. That there are such movements our dreams afford one of the evidences. Few of us would affirm that, whenever we have thought or felt something, the mind remains exactly as it was before the thought or feeling took place. These thoughts and feelings leave their mark upon the mind and, in some mysterious way, store themselves up in the recesses of our mental life. Furthermore, experience shows us that,

often and unbidden, they may rise up into consciousness once more, and that with good or baneful effects, according to their intensity and kind.

This, in our judgment, is the explanation of those dark moods and unhappy states of mind which are common in the lives of those who are abnormally sensitive. They are the reactions to those ideas and emotions, of which we were once conscious and which, having forgotten all about them, we imagine are entirely dismissed from our minds. There is a saying to the effect that each of us is a part of all that has ever been. Certainly, each of our minds, in content and quality, is the sum total of all that we have ever felt, and all that we have ever thought. No one has any present mental life apart from the past experiences of his or her own mind. Consciousness is the gathering up of bygone experience, and the feelings and thoughts of the moment are rooted in the remote and the near past.

A simple illustration will make this clear. A lad in the street will suddenly start whistling a few bars of an old song, or a short movement in one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. He does this unthinkingly, often not being aware of what he is actually doing. That is to say, what he once heard, consciously and pleasurably, now rises up into his mind quite unconsciously. Why

the air he is whistling should present itself at this particular moment or that is hard to tell, though likely enough it is brought up out of the sub-conscious by some association which may be traceable or not. It is easy to see from this how our mental past experience may rise up in this strange way, ministering, either to our happiness or unhappiness, according to the nature of those mental and emotional experiences which are now past and forgotten.

To that type or temperament, therefore, which is pre-disposed to dark thoughts and morbid feelings, few things are more important than that they should consistently and persistently strive to store the mind with thoughts and feelings which, whether present in consciousness or absent in sub-consciousness, best minister to the peace and repose of the mind.

Having dealt with the various kinds of temperament, we shall now try and answer the general question—How best can I, being temperamental, induce and maintain that state of mind which is happy and at rest? The answer is threefold, by protest, expression, and auto-suggestion.

Protest.—It is surely the part of sanity and wisdom to stand up against any state of mind, temperamental or not, which makes us miserable and unhappy, and for which there are no grounds in reason or selfishness. Granted that we are

not put into this world in order to be happy, still, there can be no doubt that life has been so arranged that, apart from sin and folly, happiness and delight are natural. Where there is protest there is hope, and life thrives as it antagonises, and does not give in. Submission has its place, but no submission is worthy which is the sign of weakness and not of strength, and a large amount of the misery and unhappiness of the world is due to the cowardly acceptance of things which may, and ought to be, different from what they are.

No temperament, whatever its limitations are, need be an unhappy one, and the first thing they have to do, who find themselves the victims of wretched moods and baseless fears, is to face them and, in facing them, to scatter them for the unreal phantoms that they are. Happiness is a duty if not a command, and he who passes his days in sullenness and gloom, when he might, and ought to be joyous and glad, is a traitor to life and a dishonour to God.

But now, there is one common source of unhappiness, against which it is hard to protest successfully, and that is poverty which comes to us in the midst of the years, and which threatens not only ourselves, but also those who are nearest and dearest in the world. To those who have not hitherto known narrowness or want, and who find themselves stripped of the means of life,

late in the day, all the protest and all the philosophy in the world may not avail. To such, there is often but meagre hope of consolation or rest outside Heaven, where the needs of the poor are felt and understood, and where, we fain would hope, the inequalities of life are righted, and where at last the just and the unjust meet their due reward.

Expression.—From what has just been said, it would seem to be clear that the problem of creating and maintaining a happy outlook is largely that of liberating the sub-conscious from those thoughts and emotions which have, somehow, found lodgment in the mind, and which keep re-appearing in our daily experience in the forms of fear, worry, anxiety, and depression. This may be done, more or less successfully, by means of suitable kinds of self-expression. Strange as it may seem, the mind may become congested by the endless number of indigested life-impressions which crowd in upon it. Expression is the way of escape from much of this congested material.

We are quite aware that, whenever the need for emotional expression is referred to, certain prurient minds at once jump to the conclusion that this means licence to indulge in this kind of passion or that. Nothing could be further from the truth of the matter. No sort of expression can possibly be good for the mind

which is at variance with decency and morality. *The emotional* expression, which best ministers to the peace of the mind, is that which is as pure as it is natural, and which gives the mind not only a sense of relief, but also a sense of moral and even *spiritual* exaltation.

Among the most helpful kinds of self-expression are those found in pure love, warm affection, friendship, admiration, hope, religion, song and a free response to the appeals of music and all things beautiful and true. In all these, and other such forms of emotional expression, the important thing to remember is, that we must let ourselves go, and that our feelings must be allowed to have full and wholesome vent.

Of laughter, as a means of helpful expression, we cannot speak too highly. Nothing tends more to relieve the tensed mind than does the merry jest, the kindly sally, and the amusing tale. It may be objected that, when the mind is in a state of gloom and depression, there is little room in it for laughter and smiles. It may not be always easy to see the amusing side of things when an east wind is blowing, or when one's balance at the bank is on the wrong side. But it is really surprising what humour can do for us, even under such conditions, if we open the mind freely to the absurd and the ridiculous.

Of course, there are times and occasions

when our sadness is of such a kind that laughter is the very last kind of relief that is of any use. But, usually, to confront the mind with the ludicrous and the amusing, is a sure way of freedom, as it is a capital method of giving it a measure of leisure from itself.

"Laugh, and be merry, remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span.
Laugh, and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man."

JOHN MASEFIELD.

Auto-suggestion.—Auto-suggestion is a reverse method to that of self-expression. It consists in suitably occupying those spaces of the mind which have been cleansed by self-expression. It means putting thoughts and ideas into the mind, such as cheer us in our conscious moments, and such as protect us in our sub-conscious hours. The dark uprisings from our mental underworld, to which reference has been made, can only be transformed and beautified as we select and guard the thoughts and feelings which we make ours willingly and consciously.

As to how auto-suggestion may be most effectively applied, there are many and various ways. The Coué way is one and, in several respects, is not a bad one. To form the habit of

telling the mind, constantly and at regular intervals, that it is getting happier and happier may not be as futile as it may be made to appear. It is far more sensible than the habit of chanting one's woes and miseries to all and sundry, and is nothing like as inimical to a happy condition of mind as is the incessant self-pity to which so many are addicted.

Those who would care to pursue this subject further, and would like to have the subject of auto-suggestion set forth in greater practical detail, would do well to consult a former volume, *Nerves and the Man*, by the writer of these pages. The chapter under the heading "Self-expression" will be found to contain many helpful suggestions, which have been proved to be of general and practical utility.

In these days there is a wide concensus of opinion, both among psychologists and medical men, that auto-suggestion can and mostly does play a vital part, not only in inducing, or curing bodily disease, but also in depressing, or uplifting the mind. The state of unhappiness, to which so many succumb, is not infrequently caused by wrong suggestion, and that, often, quite unconsciously. The mind is prone to *take the* cue we ourselves give it, and it is *easily possible* to bring on a feeling of unrest *and gloom* by just allowing the mind to play *too much about* its own centre. To think

unhappiness is to become unhappy. To think happiness is to become radiant and serene.

"When I'm thinking roses
In my heart is June,
Shadows flee the sunshine,
All the world's in tune.

"Rose-thoughts bring the Solstice
Of each sunlit year;
When I'm thinking roses
Happiness is here."

As we have seen, there is much to be said for and against a sensitive temperament. But, since there is little or no choice in the matter, all that remains to be done is to accept it, whilst making the best of it. In a world in which life is often hard, and in which there would sometimes appear to be more kicks than coppers, a highly strung nervous organism seems a strange anomaly, and the swifter the pace is set and the harder the struggle becomes, the more sensitive we tend to grow.

All the more reason, therefore, that we should recognise and understand our temperament, and that we should learn to resist many of the excessive forms of mental and emotional excitement, which are incidental to the times in which we live. The watch-words, for this peculiar type of mind, are unmistakable, and are poise, calm, control, and repose, and he who has learned the secret of one, or all of these, has

gone far along the road which leads to the isles of the blest.

OBITER DICTA

1. A sunny temperament is great inheritance, but the sunshine we make for ourselves is greater than all.

2. Happiness may not be the chief end of man, though it is among his first duties to be radiant and glad.

3. If we all cannot live on the piazza, every one may feel the sun, since there's a place in the sun for all.

4. Look upon the bright side of things, not by seeing them as they might be, but as they actually are.

5. In moments of discontent, it is wise to compare the things we have with those we have not.

6. Generally speaking, every man gets from life according to what he gives, and, though merit is sometimes overlooked, it is always its own reward.

7. "Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to Heaven."

CHAPTER XI

POSSESSIONS AND HAPPINESS

THE desire to own things, for our exclusive enjoyment, is probably one of the oldest and most elementary passions of the human race. We see it at work in the animals, but it is in man that the idea of ownership has been exalted and crowned. The notion of the sacredness of property has taken such a hold upon the human mind that it has become the corner stone of the structure of society, as it has woven itself into the very texture of morality and religion.

Ownership has become recognised as one of the primary rights of the individual, and no aggregate of individuals called the State can, in law or ethics, deprive anyone of that right. No society may sink below the honesty of the individuals of which it is composed, and whenever it seeks to deny or deprive the individual of his or her inalienable rights, it is undermining the very foundations upon which it stands.

There is no need to deny that these individual rights have often been abused, or that, because

of them, the needs of the many have, sometimes, been sacrificed to the interests of the few. It is because the rights of private ownership have so often been antagonistic to the general good that socialism and communism have taken root in our midst. Each of these theories is a protest against private ownership, and, in our judgment, neither the one nor the other, can do what it believes to be justice to the community without doing, at the same time, injustice to the individual.

Admittedly, that form of social life is desirable and right, which best ensures the greatest happiness for the greatest number. But, in order to secure the happiness of the many, we are not warranted, it seems to us, either in ethics or experience, in ignoring the rights of the few, or in doing injustice that justice may come. The fact is, the right of private ownership is written deep in the mind of man, and to deny that right, or to prevent its enjoyment, is to lessen the individual's chance of happiness, and to ignore his elementary sources of pleasure and delight.

However much private ownership may be abused, it can hardly be denied that it gives one a sense of dignity and power, at the same time affording occasion for personal development, and even education, which cannot be gained in any other way. From ownership may spring the virtues of carefulness, watchfulness, and foresight, enlarging our experience and providing

us with opportunities for kindness, charity and unselfishness.

After all, each of us is his own man. We own ourselves, and that supreme sense of ownership is at once the basis of manhood, and the ground of appeal in morals and religion. To a very large extent, therefore, our happiness and peace are conditioned by the knowledge that certain things belong to us, and that even we ourselves belong. It is the personal factor, in possession, that kindles the emotions and quickens the will, and, although the things we hold in common with others may be, indeed are, among the best things life has to offer, it is that which exclusively belongs to us, that gives value and worth to that which belongs to mankind. The books we have read, and which are ours, are dearer to us than those we borrow, or those we get from a public library. Not only because we hold them exclusively, but also because we and they are united by associations and intimacies which are as dear as they are personal. The books we have read, and maybe marked, and upon which we depend, look down upon us from their shelves, with a friendlier eye than the books of others, and, to the real book-lover, there is more happiness in reading his own book in his own nook, than in reading those which belong to the British Museum, and which must be handed in at the end of the day.

Similarly, the house we own yields greater happiness than the house we rent. Our own house means a sense of security, and a feeling of independence, which are not negligible factors in the sum of our general happiness. Yes, the pride we have in our own homes, our own books, and our own pictures, as the pride we have in those who belong to us by the ties of love and nature, is a healthy pride, since it enriches us and beggars no one else. These are elevating forms of possession, and do much to heighten our sense of duty, and to keep warm the uprisings of the heart.

It is also a worthy thing to feel proud of our country, and even to feel a thrill of happiness in the thought and greatness of England. In the truest and best sense, every Englishman owns England, even though not a yard of its soil is his exclusively. It is quite true that patriotism is not enough, and that something more is required of each and all. Still, the man who loves his country less is not likely to love the world more. We are truer to other nations and other peoples, as we are first of all true to our own land. The sentiment of Henley is, therefore, as reasonable as it is true :—

"What have I done for you,
England, my England ?
What is there I would not do,
England My Own ? "

It may be said that it is only the few whose possessions amount to anything considerable, and that, if private ownership is essential to happiness, most of us must needs be unhappy. But, though there may be happiness in possession, great possessions are not essential to a happy and contented mind. The man of New Testament fame had great possessions, and was sorrowful in spite of all. A very satisfying sense of ownership may exist where one's possessions are but small. Indeed, great possessions are not infrequently the parents of much care and ceaseless anxiety. It is not the quantity of things we have that ministers to our peace and happiness, but the quality which we ourselves have put into the things we have.

"A little cot in a little spot
With a little heaven was sent;
A little way from that cot each day;
A song to sing and a word to say;
A little winter, a little May,
And a heart content—content!

"A little wife and a little life
In love and duty spent;
A song and sigh as the years go by;
A grave, perhaps, where the violets lie;
But a heaven on earth and a heaven on high,
And a heart content—content!"

Now, there are two kinds of possession, inclusive and exclusive, spiritual and material, and that which best tends to deepen and increase

our happiness is the former rather than the latter. Good as actual and material possession may be, it is, under certain conditions, apt to dwarf our minds and restrict our interest. Many people can only enjoy as long as they possess, whilst the rarest enjoyment is that which comes from what belongs to others, or from that which we hold in common.

The fact is, it is the really big and best things, that cannot be enjoyed exclusively. It is the spiritual values that are the most precious, and it is these values that can only be thoroughly enjoyed along with others. He was a wise as well as a canny Scot, therefore, who, having to make a call upon a friend on board an iron-clad lying in the Clyde, and finding that his friend was absent, left a message to the effect that "one of the owners had called." Being a tax-payer, he was conscious of ownership in the common inheritance of the British navy.

The world in which we live can only be enjoyed inclusively, and he is the happy man who rejoices in the sunshine all the more, because the sun shines upon the just and the unjust, and is shared alike by all.

> "Deserts belong to Allah!
> Be it so;
> Within my heart a little waste there is:
> And there, afar from man, at evenglow
> The voice I hear I recognise as His."

If the deserts are not ours, the little space in our own hearts is, and it is just as we see the divine in what is common to all, that we recognise it best in what is peculiar to us. One of the greatest evils attending the possession of wealth, is that its possessors find it hard to enjoy inclusively. What is not theirs, does not interest them. They scour the land for rare books, pictures, prints, and curios. It is not enough that these things may be seen in public collections; they must have a collection of their own, and much of their enjoyment, of the treasures they acquire, is derived from the knowledge that they are exclusively theirs.

"It is probably much happier," said John Ruskin, "to live in a small house, and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at." True enough! The trouble is that so many find it difficult to be astonished at the things which belong to all, and that, in spite of the fact that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, they hug their own small possessions to their hearts, as if the fact of their being theirs, exclusively, added to their beauty and worth.

The lesson, therefore, that so many of us need to learn is that things do not need to be owned in order to be enjoyed. The number of things which we would be the better for

owning, exclusively, is comparatively small, *though they are important*, and a large part of the secret of a happy and contented life lies in *the art of enjoying* the things which are wisely *intended* to be for the use and enjoyment of all.

The truth is, that a very large proportion of mankind seems incapable of owning anything, in the sense that really matters. That is why the beauty spots of the countryside, the clouds that pass over our heads daily, the great pictures, relics, and curios of our museums, and the places of historic interest that surround us, on every hand, leave so many of us cold, and kindle in us such small wonder and so little astonishment.

We recall the fact that in Plato's ideal world, there was to be no exclusive possession, and that Bernard Shaw looks upon the exclusiveness of the home as inimical to the freedom of the spirit. Of this none of us have any verified experience of any account, upon which to build. As things are, and as long as human nature is what it is, we cannot see how a communistic state can be set up, without doing serious wrong to the freedom of the individual soul, or without seriously restricting the possibilities of human happiness.

And yet it must be admitted, that half the present miseries of mankind, are due to this insatiable hunger for personal possession, and to

the failures and disappointment associated with the inability to gratify it. The gospel which our age needs, above all, is the gospel which insists that all true happiness and joy come from spending, and being spent, in the common cause.

It is not what we have that ensures our happiness, but the use to which we put it, and no use is so profitable or so self-satisfying as that which increases the happiness of others, whilst ministering, at the same time, to that of our own. There is no wretchedness so debasing as that which springs from selfishness, as there is no happiness and enjoyment so elevating as that which springs from a shared delight. "The wealth of a man," says Carlyle, "is the number of things that he loves and blesses, and which he is loved and blessed by." It should be added that, the interest upon such wealth multiplies itself, and lays up treasures of happiness which are redeemable, not only in this present time, but also in the time which is always to come.

"I said to Life, 'How comes it,
With all this wealth in store,
Of beauty, joy, and knowledge,
The cry is still for more?

"'Is there no end of labour,
No limit to thy need?
Must man go bowed for ever
In bondage to thy need?'

"With tears of pride and passion,
She answered, 'God above!
I only wait the asking
To spend it all on love.'"

BLISS CARMEN.

But now, it may be asked, in what ways is it possible for those, with few material possessions, to be happy lacking abundance? The answer is, realise first of all what possessions you have. Most of us are richer than we know, and all of us tend to value our possessions according to our balance at the bank, if we happen to have one there at all. Aristotle used to say, that a wise man will rather seek to avoid suffering than to attain pleasure. Certainly, many a sad hour might be prevented and much repining spared, did we fully realise what things might have been ours and mercifully are not. "Did you ever thank God that you are sane?" we once heard a man ask another. It is a startling question, and roughly reminds us that the commonest blessings of life should not be so easily assumed as they mostly are; for it is these that really matter, and that ultimately condition the happiness or unhappiness of our hearts.

No man or woman is to be pitied, if they have youth and health—two of our commonest possessions. These are the most priceless of all our possessions. Imagine having neither the one nor the other. At once it is realised that, though you had money enough to be able to

break the bank at Monte Carlo, you are old and ill, and as far as this world goes, you are of little or no account. It is these common but inestimable gifts that we so frequently forget, and, forgetting, get our values all wrong. It is the familiarity of things that rob them of their bloom, and that so often make for brooding unhappiness, and restless discontent.

Then, life itself is a gift, which even the angels desire to look into, and he must needs be a happy man who knows how to taste its finest flavour, regardless of the cup from which he drinks. The cup may be, indeed often is, unsightly or even cracked, but since it holds a portion of the wine of life, no one need ever be without some measure of happiness and delight.

> "I will teach thee how to find
> Lost enchantments of the mind,
> All about thee never guessed
> By indifferent unrest.
> Thy distracted thoughts shall learn
> Patience from the woodside fern,
> And a sweet philosophy
> From the flowering locust-tree—
> While thy heart shall not disdain
> The consolation of the rain.
> Not an acre but shall give
> Of its strength to help thee live."

Further, much of the art of happiness lies in realising our blessings while they last, and in not putting off the sense of their value, until it is too late. It is only when denial of this

felicity or that, comes upon us that we see with wide-open eyes, how precious were the things that once belonged to us, and are now no longer ours. There are moments in most lives when we feel that we could give the world for yesterday's opportunity. And yet, yesterday was ours once, though we failed to see in it the gold that is now beyond our reach.

It is a strange peculiarity of the mind that we seldom appreciate the full value and beauty of things, until they are no longer ours to enjoy. It is often so with love, with friendship, with those dear domestic offices of tenderness and regard, as with the more showy opportunities of life. It is a great matter, therefore, to recognise and realise our possessions now, and not to bank upon a future which they may never have to offer. Especially should such a habit be formed respecting what are commonly regarded as the small things of life, and which are truly seen to be the greatest and the best.

Then, to recur to the happiness which may come from possession in things, is it not true, of most of us, that there are many simple things, which we have not at the moment, and which, at a very small cost, may be obtained and added to our little store of goods and chattels, such as may wonderfully contribute to one's peace and happiness of mind?

To the lover of books, for example, what delight may be derived from a new volume say

by some fresh author! The writer can testify that, as a new hat is said to be a great tonic to the jaded mind of many a lady, so a book, which may be called a "find," may be a real consolation to a weary mind, or a sorely pressed heart. The same may be said of a few inexpensive prints, etchings, or engravings. They need not cost much, but are capable of yielding the finest pleasure and delight. And so of many other things, which are well within the reach of most of our readers. Ask yourself, what are the simple things which give you pleasure. Perhaps you have not accurately noticed this. To search your mind in this way, and then to make a list of the simple things which give you honest and solid delight is, as the writer knows, one of the best means of realising one's true assets, and of so disposing the heart and mind as to gather up a harvest of happiness of which we have never dreamed.

From all this, we come back to the ultimate fact that, among our fundamental possessions, the chief is oneself. The problem of happiness, therefore, is in the last analysis, the problem of one's own personality. Our inheritance, our circumstances, our education, and our material sources are all most important factors in the supreme question of happiness. We bring into life with us our own peculiar ego. It remains with us, from the cradle to the grave, and, whatever there is in store for us after that, depends

very largely upon that same, unique, peculiar self, from which we can never escape and in which alone is to be found our final rest and peace.

Why then, do we so persistently keep looking without for that which can only come from within? Is it because we weary of self, and hope thus to escape? It may be so. The master secret of life, then, is surely this, to realise that there are heights, as well as depths, in each of us, and that it is as we climb those heights, that we breathe the invigorating air of life, and are delivered from the fogs and miasmas of the lowlands of desire.

It is true enough that the truth sits upon the heights, whilst ease reclines on the plains. But, since there can be no final satisfaction apart from the truth, climb we must and, in climbing, suffer we must. We need not suppose, however, that suffering and attaining are opposed. The contrary is the fact. "God," says Emerson, "offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please. You can never have both."

It is natural to think that the happy way is the way of repose, the path of smiles and roses all the way. It is not so. The way of happiness is mostly thorny, and always uphill, but the journey may be happy and delightful, not primarily because of the distractions of the road, but because of that inward eye and ear which

enable the traveller to see beauty in all, and to feel glad in the thought of the journey itself, and in the certainty of a sure and glorious end.

"And all my life until this day,
And all my life until I die,
All joy and sorrow of the way,
Seem calling yonder in the sky;
And there is something the song saith
That makes one unafraid of death."

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

GUESSES AT TRUTH

1. Whilst what we have is not unimportant, what we are is the more important, since what we are determines the value of what we have.

2. The pleasure of things resides, not so much in themselves, as in the uses to which they may be put, and the ends they are made to serve.

3. We only own what we really love and appreciate, and the value of things depends upon the sacrifice they have cost.

4. The greatest possession in the world is oneself, and we get most out of it, not by living apart, but in the society of our fellows.

5. The itch to own things, for the mere pride of possession, is the disease of petty minds, and the pastime of the vulgar.

6. "His hands were full, but his soul was empty, and an empty soul makes an empty world."

7. To travel light often means to travel far, and some of the longest journeys demand the smallest amount of luggage.

CHAPTER XII

HAPPINESS AND IMAGINATION

CONTRARY to the popular judgment, imagination is perhaps the most practical phase of the mind. Few of us realise what a large part it plays in our lives, or what a better part it might play than it usually does. We are so accustomed to associate imagination with history, literature, and art, that we do not appreciate the fact that its everyday uses are innumerable, and that its influence upon our moods, temperament, and general disposition, is beyond our power of recognition, as it is beyond our ability to estimate.

Half of the sorrows and miseries of our lives is due, either to too much imagination or to too little, and yet, whoever heard of a lesson being given in our elementary or public schools on the everyday uses of imagination? Our judgments of men and things, as of literature and art, are shaped and coloured by our imagination, and not a single duty is performed, or a single act

done, but rests ultimately upon this power of the mind to visualise them at first by means of our imagination.

Consider for a moment what imagination is. Usually, we think of it, if we do so at all, as the power of making pictures in the mind. That is true enough. The point to remember is that imagination is the result of a train of ideas, and its practical value to the reader always resides in the manner in which that train is made up. It is the special train, or arrangement of our ideas, that creates the feeling of misery or woe. The arrangement of our ideas is largely in our own hands. Hence, the quality and value of one's imagination is pretty much what we make it.

Is it not because we have so little imagination that we sometimes become so dissatisfied with our lot, and so cast down in facing the difficulties which confront us from time to time? What is often needed is larger vision, a wider and truer conception of life. It is the game itself that matters, the journey and not the arriving that yields the greatest delight. Imagination enables us to understand the game. This is the point, it seems to us, of that charming little poem, "Eldorado," by Edgar Allan Poe. It is an imaginative picture of the zest and happiness of life. The keynote is the line—"Ride, boldly ride," which means, keep your heart up, and carry on; whilst its gospel is—never despair, since a

measure of happiness is possible here and now, even though its complete fulfilment may often lie far ahead.

"Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song
In search of Eldorado.

"But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

"And as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a fellow-shadow;
'Shadow,' said he,
'Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?'

"'Over the mountains
Of the moon,
Down the valley of the shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,'
The shadow replied,
'If you seek for Eldorado.'"

Think you that this gallant knight, who sings as he rides, did not enjoy his quest? He had moments of doubt and misgivings, of course, but no Lotus land for him. His were the long trail, the mountains, the valleys, and the shadows,

and, come what may, he had the joy of pursuit and the happiness of the search. Ride boldly. Keep up the song, faint yet pursuing, that is the call of life, and that is the best response the mind can make to the lure of any or every worthy Eldorado which may entice us, during the pilgrim years of our eventful lives.

The fact is, we make our own world, to a very considerable extent. We live in castles or dungeons, on the mountains or in the valleys, according to the use we make of our imagination. Usually, we are not conscious of being under the spell of the magician, but there he is, constantly keeping watch at the gates of the mind, and, with the aid of memory and association, continues to weave patterns in our moods, either with bright colours or dark.

The pity of it is that the imagination is so commonly overlooked as the creative faculty of the mind, and that it is taken into account so little by our teachers, educational systems, and philosophies. Since imagination plays such an important part in arousing our feelings, and forming our sympathies, surely nothing is more important than that it should be rightly cultivated, and that we should know how to direct it along lines that make for one's happiness and peace.

It is because our sympathies are, not infrequently, too strong or too weak, or because

they are directed in paths which are wrong, that the mind is so frequently depressed, and we become the victims, instead of being the masters, of our moods and temperaments. Sympathy is thought touched by feeling and imagination, and it is our sympathies which create our states of mind, making them bright and cheerful, or dull and depressing.

It is of the very first importance, therefore, that we should guard our thoughts and memories from being turned into unwholesome sympathies by the aid of an inflamed imagination. But, it may be asked, can we thus determine our sympathies ? Assuredly we can. We can select our thoughts and, by not allowing our imagination to play upon them to our hurt, turn them into sources of serenity and calm.

A fellow-student of Robert Louis Stevenson has said that Stevenson was " always supposing." " If you were walking along the street with him, and the most trivial thing struck his eye, he would start supposing—supposing that was something else, supposing this, that, or the other thing had never happened, supposing you were he under such circumstances—in fact supposing there was no end to his supposing ; and," adds this old fellow-student, " I suppose that's how he got to the top of the tree in fiction." Yes, Stevenson became what he was largely because of his power of imagination.

How different life would be if we cultivated this habit of "supposing" more than we do! And here, our teachers are the children. It is scarcely too much to say that the happiness of childhood, is to a very considerable degree, the result of its natural aptitude for making pictures in the realm of fancy. It thinks in images, lives in its imagination, and finds its fun and delight in the pictures it paints on the walls of its mind. Watch the little fellow who buttons up his coat and says, "I'm a policeman," or the little girl who croons over her doll, as the mother does over her sick child. Is there any conceivable delight, or any height of happiness, comparable with that which beams in the eyes of a child, when engaged in such imaginary occupations?

We are not advising our readers to live like the child, in the world of make-believe. Life for most of us is too practical, and mostly too serious for that. But we are emphasising the need for more imagination, not only in performing the tasks that lie before us, but also in meeting the difficulties and trials which beset us from time to time. In aiming thus at feeling about things more after the manner of the child, we are reverting somewhat to one of those primitive elements in the soul, which civilisation has done so much to destroy. In the early world, it is more than likely that the general spirit of man

was more childlike, and because of that, responded more easily to the glad and the joyous. Be that as it may, we have it on the highest authority that we must become as little children if we would enter the kingdom—that kingdom in which alone is found peace and joy, and in which alone we realise ourselves in those great ends for which we were born.

> "O child in Me, leave not my House of Clay
> Until we pass together through its door!
> When lights are out, and life has gone away,
> And we depart to come again no more;
> We comrades, who have travelled far,
> Will have the twilight and the star,
> And gladly pass together through the door."
>
> MAY RILEY SMITH.

In this connection, it should be said that the simplest form of imagination is, perhaps, memory, that power we have of bringing back the past, and thus living over again the things we have seen, heard, and experienced. It will be readily seen, therefore, that a great measure of the art of living consists in being able to forget, in casting behind us those creations of the imagination which do so much to destroy our peace and overshadow our days.

But how is this to be done? Is it possible to remember and forget at will? Yes, to a very appreciable extent. We can refuse to dwell upon what has been painful and disagreeable.

We can cease talking about the things that have, and still do, distress us. We can give up nursing our griefs and so keeping them warm. We can "forgive and forget," and we can assure ourselves in the knowledge that few personal injuries, insults, and annoyances are ever as ill-willed as they sometimes seem. All this implies imagination, and is a real corrective to many, if not all, of those irritants which irk the mind, and which rob us of our peace. In such ways, we may learn to forget, and forgetting, check the unchartered roamings of an uncontrolled imagination, and be at rest.

> "And the night shall be filled with music,
> And the cares that infest the day,
> Shall fold their tents like Arabs,
> And silently steal away."
>
> LONGFELLOW.

Great, however, as the uses of the imagination are, in enabling the mind to retain its balance, and to live on the sunny side of the road, its abuses are equally operative in upsetting the mind, and in robbing it of its light and health. Unless the imagination is kept under strict discipline, we are not only prone to create evils which do not exist, but also to go out and meet, halfway, those which may lie in our path. Few habits are more common than that of crossing our bridge before we come to it, and of assuming burdens which we ourselves

create, and with which we have really nothing to do.

There are abuses of the imagination which need not be specified here, and which work such havoc upon body, mind, and soul, such as no pen can describe. As John Ruskin observes in "Modern Painters," "the abuses of imagination are either in creating for mere pleasure false images, where it is its duty to create true ones; or in turning what was intended for the refreshment of the heart into its daily food, and changing the innocent pastime of an hour into the guilty occupation of a life." Such abuses may seem to offer us happiness and contentment, but, in the very nature of things, they can do nothing of the sort, and no mind is ultimately so outraged and distraught as the mind which has become the victim of its own unbridled imagination.

It will frequently be found that it is precisely that type of mind, which so vitally needs the best uses of the imagination, which is often most inclined to resort to the lowest. Where the emotions are constitutionally disposed to excess, and where the feelings are at the beck and call of impulse, there, owing to the very richness of its emotional life, the mind, during its reactionary periods, strongly inclines to the abnormal, if not the morbid.

In this condition, the mind is apt to occupy

itself, not in building castles in the air so much as in digging dungeons in the earth, seeking thus blindly, to escape from life, and to find the pleasures it should have in a healthy social life in the secret chambers of a world of unhealthy, if not impure, dreams.

The beginnings of such an abuse of the imagination are not uncommonly found in the reverie, a phase of the mind which is not uncommon, and which, if allowed free play, may not only vitiate the imaginative faculty, but may also do much to undermine the mind itself. These reveries may be very agreeable, as they may be quite harmless. They may, however, become so pleasant and attractive that, at certain times and under certain conditions, it becomes increasingly difficult to control the mind, and to keep the imagination true to and worthy of itself.

We read that, as the Psalmist mused, "the fire burned," and that, then, "he spake with his tongue and said, Lord, make me to know mine end and the measure of my days, that I may know how frail I am." Truly a very noble use of reverie. Such musings and meditations have been the solace and strength of some of the best men and women that ever lived. But they were those whose imagination had first been purified and elevated by noble ideals and by holy lives.

It is where no such moral and spiritual reinforcement is present that the danger lies, and the habits of musing and reverie need careful watching lest, in such seemingly simple and harmless ways, the imagination runs riot, and the soul itself is poisoned and destroyed. No one is happier or more content than the imaginations of the secret places of the heart permit them to be, and, ultimately, the outward signs of joy and gladness have their source and origin in the deep places of the mind.

The best corrective to the abuses of the imagination lies in practical idealism. Itself the highest kind of imagination, it guards the imaginative faculty, at its seat, and uplifts and purifies that which the heart paints of the things it desires. It is only by means of the practice of idealism that the mind becomes master in its own house, and is enabled to realise that happiness and peace which are always inseparable from a refined and cultured imagination.

All the really great pictures, songs, books, and works of art generally, are those which have been inspired by a true and wholesome imagination. It is the best that calls out the best in the soul, as it is the heart that is warmed by visions of the high and holy that knows the peace which passeth understanding, and tastes the joy that satisfies yet never palls. Such are they—

"Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
And ply their daily task with busier feet
Because their hearts some holy strain repeat."

KEBLE.

If we come down to the core of religion, we find that its appeal is almost entirely an appeal to the imagination. Ecclesiastical architecture, the creeds, forms, and ritual of the Church, to say nothing of the imagery of Scripture, all these, in so far as they attract the mind, touch the emotions, and mould the will, do so under the compelling power of the imagination. Faith, the kingdom of God, heaven, hell, and judgment, each is an image of a reality which attracts by reason of its very form, no less than because, in each of these images, we have a presentation of truth adapted to the limitations of the finite mind.

But, it may be said, the need of many people who are living unhappy and joyless lives is not so much imagination as better and more agreeable conditions of life. True, the outlook and atmosphere of the mind depends, to a very considerable extent, upon its environment. It is asking too much of human nature to call upon it to be happy, when the social and economic conditions under which it lives are essentially inimical to happiness and peace. But, is it not equally true that the terrible conditions, under

which so many of our fellows live to-day, are partly due to the absence of any live imagination, on the part of those who are responsible for them ?

No people could exist, for long, did they but vividly visualise the tragedy which underlies the problems of housing, unemployment, sickness, and old age, not to speak of other of our social evils. It is the lack of imagination that permits us to talk so much, and to do so little, about these things. Whatever may be said of those who have become impatient, and who advocate such radical, and even revolutionary, methods of social re-construction, it must be admitted they have imagination, at least, and having that, possess the first essential to happiness, whether it be personal, social, or national.

Still, it would be puerile to ignore the problem of one's personal happiness until a new social order emerges. Moreover, the troubles of the mind are mostly of such a character that, even under the most perfect social conditions, there would still remain the problem which every man finds within himself. It was not one of the submerged who asked the question—" Canst thou minister to a mind diseased ? " And the question would still exist, even though we lived under the most ideal conditions, and even though we enjoyed all the amenities and all the refinements of a complete and rounded material life.

Among the best means of dealing with that individual problem is a wise use of the imagination. Ideas are the mightiest things in the world. Saint Paul's Cathedral was once merely an idea. No idea, no cathedral. Similarly, personal happiness rests upon certain ideas which find a lodgment in the mind. Out of those ideas arise pictures, ideals, faith, and trust, and it is when our imagination blossoms into belief in life, and trust in the Author of it, that the mind is eased, and it passes its days in acceptance, which is not without hope, and in confidence, which can afford to wait.

"Many the ways that man must face,
The roads run up and down;
Some thrid the country hillsides fair,
Some slink within the town.

"And oh, the lingering long quest,
The stumblings, triumphs, pain;
The while man fares it east and west
Ere he returns again!

"But one boon, one, is sure to be
How far so o'er he roam:
At last the wandering ways agree
At last they lead him home."

RICHARD BURTON.

FOR REMEMBRANCE

1. The colour and beauty of life is conditioned by the imagination. Wisely used, it makes for happiness and peace: abused, it makes for misery and woe.

2. The mind is an artist, and furnishes its walls with the creations of the imagination. The colours of its pictures are our moods, the heights and shadows are our feelings and thoughts.

3. Sympathy is thought touched with imagination, and our happiness and peace are the fruits of our sympathies.

4. The things we long for that we are, and our imaginations are the parents of our longings and desires.

5. The happy light, in the eyes of a child, is the shining of the pictures on the walls of its mind.

6. Sadness and gloom are, mostly, the shadows of the mind—the false images of unhealthy thought, and unbridled emotion.

7. We cannot rise above our ideals, and the ideals of the soul are first of all the imaginations of our hearts.

8. To have too much imagination is a vice; to have *too* little is a misfortune, whilst to have just enough *makes all the* difference in the world.

CHAPTER XIII

HABIT AND HAPPINESS

FROM much which has been said, in previous chapters, it will at once be seen that happiness is, to a surprising degree, a matter of habit. A happy mind implies certain mental and emotional states and activities which have to be acquired, corrected, or developed. Few would deny that much of the unhappiness and joylessness of mankind is the result of carelessness, and to a lack of attention to the proper and healthy functioning of the mind. It is easy to allow the mind to drift, and to consent, unconsciously, to its being the victim of feeling, chance, prejudice, or passion and, in these ways, to suffer from a one-sided or unbalanced mentality.

One of the great virtues of habit is that it ensures a measure of ease. An old garment is more comfortable than a new one, and that for the simple reason that the very tissue of it has gradually accommodated itself to the figure. A

lock works better after use, as an old shoe is easier to wear than a new one. All this means that resistance has been overcome by habit, and that, as a result, there is an increase of comfort, ease, and pleasure. It is what we try to do for the first time that is difficult and often painful. What we do daily soon becomes automatic, demanding less and less care, and smaller and smaller conscious effort.

Now, is it not true that many of our unhappy moods and fits of depression are partly, at least, just bad habits? Owing to thoughtlessness, we take up points of view, and adopt modes of feeling and action which, inevitably, affect one's moral and mental ease, thus contributing seriously to our unhappiness and unrest. Pessimism is, in many cases, merely a bad habit. The inclination of the mind to depreciate, to find fault, to grouse, to think evil of others, to scowl, to look too far ahead, together with a multitude of kindred weaknesses, are simply bad habits, which the mind has unconsciously acquired, through lack of self-control. No reasonable person would say that such exhibitions of the mind are natural, and cannot be fought down. The fact is, resistance is as effectual in these matters as in others which seem more important, and it is as we resist that good habits are formed, and the mind is eased.

We do not say that the overcoming of old habits is child's play. Indeed, it sometimes means nothing less than a radical change in the very structure of character, which is itself the creation of habit. In any case, it is vain for many of us to hope for a bright and radiant temperament, apart from proper mental and emotional habits. In these lie the solution of many of our difficulties, and it is as useless to expect the light to penetrate a closed and shuttered room, as it is to expect sunshine and happiness to invade the mind which is darkened and befogged by those doubts, fears, and obsessions which are the offspring of false and unhealthy habits of mind. It is to the enunciation of those mental habits which best make for our peace that the remaining pages of this chapter is devoted.

The Mental Rhythm Habit.—We are convinced that most of us draw too much upon our mind energy, in the prosecution of our daily tasks and duties. Conscientiousness, carefulness, and dispatch are important. But we often overdo it. We bite off more than we can chew. The art of successfully carrying out any business or job, consists in knowing how to set about it easily and without strain. The light touch is frequently more effective than the heavy hand, and there can be no doubt that, what we do easily and comfortably, gives us more pleasure

and delight than what we do under anxiety and strain.

Rhythm is the great secret. But what is that? It is a proper adjustment between our feelings and thoughts, and again between these and our efforts. It just means allowing the mind to move within its own powers, and in not permitting ourselves, through haste and hurry, *to force* the pace. Every golfer knows what "*pressing*" means, and one of the first laws of successful golf is not to break the swing of your club. The beginner, in golf, is usually so keen in swinging his club, that he does not allow it to go round with its own weight; he forces his swing beyond its natural pace and, as a result, fails to lift his ball truly and cleanly. It is precisely the same with the mind. It does its work best, and with least friction, when it is allowed to make its own natural swing. Force it beyond its natural limits, and there is bound to be friction, that is, irritability, impatience, and a general feeling of unhappiness.

To illustrate further what we mean: here's a man who rises late and, in his hurry to overtake lost time, he does his toilet at a rush, eats his breakfast with a gulp, just manages to catch his train, and arrives at his office or business puffed and used up. His mind is in a state of exhaustion, and all because of things that ought not to have happened. It is this type of man

who, when an important thing has to be done, rushes at it, and rushing, wastes as much energy as would enable him to do not only the thing in hand, but also other things in addition. It is not only that, in thus conducting himself, he is straining his mental machine and making it less efficient, but that he is also depressing his mind, and making himself miserable and unhappy. His need is rhythm, the orderly and consistent working of the three great functions of the mind.

It is instructive to watch the mower. The whole secret of his art lies in rhythm, that is, in the easy, measured way in which he swings his scythe. Try it yourself. Most probably, being a novice, you will find that your scythe tends more to dig up the ground than to cut the grass, and that because your swing is imperfect, and your bearing generally lacks ease and rhythm. Now, the mind is ultimately the instrument with which you do everything that counts. Unless you use it gently, and unless you work it within its natural limits, you not only do inferior work, but you upset your poise, destroy your patience, and generally make yourself wretched and unhappy.

How is it possible to live a peaceful and harmonious life as long as your mind is tossed about, hither and thither, upon the ever-shifting tide of experience? It is not possible. Some one has said that the rhythmic way of doing things is a form of prayer. The saying is true

to the extent that, in ordering the mind along lines such as we have suggested, we are adopting the divine method, which is seen in the rising and setting sun, in the seasons, and in the ebb and flow of the tides. Man has given God many names and attributes, but the one he has almost entirely forgotten is the attribute of rest. To be Godlike is to be restful, and rest is what we all need; not least, that special kind of rest which comes from respect for our own minds, and which is the result of mental balance and repose.

> "Divine monition Nature yields,
> That not by bread alone we live,
> Or what a hand of flesh can give;—
> That every day should leave some part
> Free for a Sabbath of the heart."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

The Gratitude Habit.—Among the habits which do much to brighten the mind and cheer the spirit, that of gratitude is one of the foremost. The common gibe of the cynic is that it is the rarest of all the virtues. We do not believe it, though it must be admitted that it might be practised to our advantage much more than it is. Gratitude is more than thankfulness. Thankfulness is the acknowledgment of kindness. Gratitude is recompense for a service done. That is to say, gratitude is thankfulness in action, and has a greater influence upon character than is commonly supposed. It is

because we are so senseless of what we owe to life that we are so frequently resentful of it, and it is because we resent so much that we are often so restless and ill at ease.

Some little time ago, a man of eighty died and left a will in which he thanked "everyone for a very happy life," and his wife "for forty years' joy of living." The will, moreover, proved that he was not merely thankful but grateful. Such a man was bound to have a happy mind, since it responded so generously to the challenge of a contentment which was based upon experience. In these days, it almost seems as if many are happy in being miserable. The mood of martyrdom has become fashionable. Mrs. Gummidge, of both sexes, has many descendants who, with their croakings and complaints, do much to lower the moral tone and depress the fighting spirit of their fellows. Why do they do it? Just from habit. They have little or no sense of gratitude. They think more of what life seems to owe them than of what, we are sure, they owe to life. It is an inverted sense of obligation, which is fatal to all joy, and subversive of personal happiness and delight.

"So we wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
And never put on again."

There is such a land. It is the Land of habit.

The tree of life is always blooming somewhere, and the bloom is there, whether we see it or not. It is when we see it, that we are happy and refreshed, and we only see it when we look for it. Looking for the bloom is a habit, as not looking for it is also a habit and, of all habits, that of looking out for the bloom of things is the happiest and the best.

The Enjoy-It-Now Habit.—It is a curious trait of the human mind that, whilst it is so alive to the lure of happiness, it persists in looking at happiness as a gift of to-morrow rather than as one of to-day. Man rarely is but always to be blessed. "We look before and after, and pine for what is not," whilst all the time we are frequently blind to what is here and now. The things which have in them the power to give us content and rest are not infrequently under our noses, so to speak. We do not realise that the kingdom of heaven is at hand, has come, and awaits us.

Nothing is more essential to our happiness, therefore, than the habit of recognising our present sources of delight. What are these? They are our daily vocations, our friends and acquaintances, our homes and those who make our home-life. They are the joy and beauty that live, not only in the things that surround us, but also within ourselves.

A man wrote recently, asking if it had ever occurred to us how blithe and gladsome is the life of a commercial correspondent. He said that, on many days, he had to write perhaps twenty or more letters declaring in each that he would be glad to receive a reply, or an order, or something else. When the replies came in, he continued, he felt morally bound to be glad on each and every occasion, according to promise; so that, there were days when he had to keep on being glad for hours. It would seem then that, for sheer gladness, a business office has undreamt-of possibilities, and that the "enjoy-it-now habit" is one of the most practical.

Usually, most of us never dream of looking for happiness in the thing we are doing, the things we have, or in that which lies about us, but rather in that which we are going to do, the things we are going to have, and in the places and scenes we are going to see. It is all a bad habit, and habits can be corrected as they can be made.

The Interest In Common Things Habit.—It is quite impossible to estimate how much interest we lose, and how much sheer joy we miss, because we allow our familiarity with common and wayside things to breed indifference in our minds. It would seem that we usually look at common sights and listen to common sounds so much with the senses only, and so little with

the mind, that, to many of us, keen and accurate observation is not present. And yet no habit we can form yields such a harvest of mental gladness and satisfaction.

The best way to appreciate and enjoy flowers, birds, scenery, and landscape is not to read them up, but to observe them closely. We really see and understand them, in this way, better than in any other, and that for the simple reason that the pleasure involved is tenfold when our knowledge comes direct and not at second hand.

Tennyson one day noticed a flower, not in the solid earth but in the dust that vagrant winds had swept into a crack of a wall. He was so interested that he sat down and wrote that little gem in verse—"Flower in the crannied wall." Shelley's "Skylark" also is the glorification of one of summer's common sights, the flight and song of the lark. And Kipling, listening to the peculiar quality of the strains of the banjo, was so arrested that he was inspired to write the verse—

"In the silence of the camp before the fight,
When it's good to make your will and say your prayer,
You can hear the strumpty strumpty overnight
Explaining ten to one was always fair."

It is not necessary that we should be poets in order to see the uncommon in common things,

or to find the most exquisite pleasure in that which meets the eye on every hand. All that is needed is the habit of watching things closely, and of seeing that touch of the divine which is, more or less, associated with all familiar things and scenes.

The same thing applies to those incidents and happenings which mark almost any day in the life experience of us all. Drama and tragedy are going on around us, every day, but we rarely see it, and thus miss much of the interest and fascination of the passing show of life.

Robert Burns, one day, happened to turn up a mouse in its nest, with his ploughshare. It was a common sight for one of his calling, but, to him, the incident seemed wonderfully fresh, and wonderfully uncommon, and, out of this simple experience, he wrote a little poem on the mouse, which will never die, and which contains the appealing and unforgettable lines—

"Still, thou art blest compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my ee
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see
I guess and fear."

The Habit Of Reviewing Our Habits.—From what we have said of the virtue of habit, as a factor in our happiness and peace, we must not suppose that habit is all virtue. There is such

a thing as the tyranny of habit. It is possible to be its victim and not its master, as all human happiness implies. Habits are like clothes, they need renewing, changing, and sometimes casting off. The danger of habit is that it tends to settle us into ruts, and to rob us of that freshness and interest which life should ever be affording us. To follow old and beaten paths may be easy and safe enough, but there are always new paths, tracks along which we have never travelled, and in the wake of which there are things to be seen and enjoyed, which are not to be found in the old ways.

The thing to avoid is monotony, stagnation, and use. Variety is the spice of life, and one of the best means of maintaining an alert and curious mind, is the habit of welcoming new ideas, taking up fresh hobbies, and of deliberately reviewing our habits, rejecting some that are old, and forming some that are new.

> "So from the stuff of each new day,
> The loving hand of Time shall make
> Garments of joy and peace for all,
> And human hearts shall cease to ache."
>
> M. T. SAVAGE.

The Habit Of Taking Long Views.—Of all the habits which should be cultivated, that of taking long views is, perhaps, the one which tends most to relieve our minds, and to comfort our hearts. We are so near to the things with

which we have to do, day by day, and we are so absorbed in the experiences of the moment, that it is easy to take the short view, and not the long one. The question—"How will this look ten years hence?" is, therefore, capable of giving us a sense of proportion, and of not allowing our minds to be unduly exercised by the things of the moment, or by the experiences of the present. All of us know that many things and many happenings, which once exercised a most disturbing influence upon our minds, no longer do so. They exist, now, only as shadows that fall upon the long corridors of our memory, and we see them, at last, in their true relation to life as a whole. Time has enabled us to look at them from a distance and, looked at thus, we see that they were nothing like as terrible as they seemed.

It is good, therefore, as the procession of our lives moves on, to visualise it as something that has passed, as well as something that is passing; for it is only as we do this that the mind is eased, and we realise the unity and, therefore, the purpose of it all.

It will have been observed by our readers that we have drawn largely upon poetry in these pages. We have done so deliberately, and designedly, because we believe that poetry does much to give us long views, to help us to see life as a whole, and to aid us in perceiving the deep moral and spiritual signification of things.

It is true that many have never found themselves in poetry, and have never understood what a steadying and uplifting influence it may have upon the mind. Our dislike of, or indifference to poetry is frequently due to a misunderstanding of the nature and mission of the poetic art, as well as to the common habit of regarding it as something which has little to do with the practical realities of life. The fact is, the poets are the real leaders and inspirers of men. It is they who help us to see visions and to dream dreams, and it is our visions, after all, that do most to keep our eyes towards the stars, and to kindle in us the courage to climb the steep ascent of heaven. The poets have done more than all others to restore the equilibrium between feeling and expression. That is to say, they, as none else, interpret our hearts to ourselves, and help us to put into beautiful forms the aspirations and ideals of our inmost souls.

> "He who doth this, in verse or prose,
> May be forgotten in his day,
> But surely shall be crowned at last with those
> Who live and speak for aye."

That our habits have an immense amount to do with our happiness and peace is, we hope, evident from what we have said. Character is the mansion or the hovel we build with habit, and the serenity and joy of the soul depends upon whether it lives in the one or the other.

The great secret is not to allow ourselves to fall into ruts, or to permit our minds to run in grooves. Happiness is always some form of reaction to the way and experiences of life, and it is as we truly respond to the endless panorama of existence that we possess our souls, and the joy of things gets into our blood. Response to the stimuli of life is largely the result of habit, and he who knows how rightly to answer to the lure of the happiness of the world is not far from the Happy Land.

IN CASE WE FORGET

1. We are what our habits make us; they are our friends or our foes, bringing us happiness or the reverse.

2. Habits are garments which we can put on more easily than we can put off. They may beautify, as they may disfigure the mind, making us cheerful or sad.

3. It is the things we say and do habitually that matter; since it is these that constitute the texture of the mind, and give us either serenity or unrest.

4. Good habits are better than occasional victory; they set up a working disposition, and give us victory all along the line.

5. Happiness is largely a habit, as it is always a duty, and he who forms right habits, and corrects bad ones, need never be cast down.

6. Habits simplify life, but they must be good habits. It is our bad habits that perplex and distress; it is our good ones that bring us peace.

CHAPTER XIV

THE INVESTMENT OF HAPPINESS

ONE of the most economical, beneficent, and interesting devices of Nature is that of the glacier. Formed high up in the mountains, it moves down slowly and surely, constantly replenishing the shrinking supplies of water and moisture which go on, on the plains. The glacier is really a river of snow and ice, stored up in solidity for future use. It lays up its store in the winter and dispenses it at the approach of summer, releasing its enormous supplies for the enrichment of the rivers, lakes, valleys, fields, and homesteads of the surrounding country. In short, it saves in the winter in order that it may spend in the summer, and forcibly illustrates the principle of foresight which is found, almost always, wherever there is life.

The same principle is at work in human life. Foresight is a law of God before it is a human instinct and, like all God's laws, it seems designed to further man's happiness and peace.

Commonly, we think of foresight as that which has to do with our personal safety, or with material well-being. As we hope to show, it has a deeper meaning and value, and even plays a large part in enriching the mind and in gladdening the heart. Nearly all the virtues, and most of the vices, are connected with money. Its gaining and spending are sure indications of our moral worth. Most saving, however, is based upon the idea of future enjoyment, and is a wise precaution against the chances and changes of life.

Now, it may be said that a large part of possible human happiness is that which is laid up for us, and which is not realisable here and now. We inherit enormous sources of happiness. They were laid up for us, before we were born. We may also lay up sources for ourselves, and we have it on good authority that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard the things which God has prepared for them that love Him."

It seems to us that no philosophy of life is of much use, unless this principle is kept in mind. It is impossible for any serious mind to find room for perfect happiness in the present, good as life is, unless we believe that there is awaiting us something better and more satisfying than we have ever known. Indeed, life means very little if it does not mean that it is a time of laying up, a time for investing such

treasure as knows no rust, and which brings gladness and rejoicing in the future time.

Tennyson speaks, you remember, of "the far-off interest of tears," and, in doing so, gives us some explanation of the suffering and sorrow of the world. The mystery of pain is soluble only on the assumption that it is a kind of investment, that, by means of it, we lay up resources of mental, moral and spiritual capital, upon which we may draw in the future years of our lot.

> "With aching hands and bleeding feet
> We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
> We bear the burden and the heat
> Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
> Not till the hours of light return,
> All we have built do we discern."
>
> MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Thus we see that all life, whether it be rough or smooth, noble or ignoble, is a kind of investment, a laying up of forces which, in the far as in the near future, are bound to yield their appropriate return. It is a matter of cause and effect, and, though the effects of all we do have an immediate bearing upon the peace of our minds, they have no less a vital relation to the possibility of our future happiness and rest. Our forefathers were not wrong, therefore, in regarding heaven as a future state, though they sometimes seemed to over-emphasise the teaching,

and so to underestimate the fact that it is a present state as well.

The idea of future rewards and punishments is one which is easy to ridicule. And yet, stated in terms of cause and effect, it is eminently reasonable. It is not simply a matter of whether the Ultimate is kind or vindictive, as the unthinking are apt to suppose, but rather a matter of the interest that becomes due on the capital which we have put into the business of life. Justice also seems to demand that, in view of the ills and wrongs of life, there should be, at last, some set of conditions—

> "Where the tears of earth are dried,
> Where its hidden things are clear;
> Where the work of life is tried
> By a juster Judge than here."

It is because we hold to the principle of economy, in the moral order of the universe, that we believe in future felicity, and that the lure of happiness is one which invites us, not only to a state of blessedness now, but also to one in the life which is yet to be.

Indeed, do we not commonly act upon the principle of deferred happiness, in many of the experiences of life? The parents who deny themselves for the sake of their children's education and future welfare, the student who burns the midnight oil in order that he may reap a future success, the explorer, the statesman, the

artist, and all those who enrich life and bless the world, each and all must invest their very souls in their undertakings, if they are to reap the distant, no less than the near, interest of their labours.

It may be said, indeed, that all faithful endeavour has a future value, no less than a present. What we do well and cheerfully, what we suffer silently and heroically, what we deny ourselves uncomplainingly, it is all so much investment, and means a solid contribution to the world's capital of future well-being, and consequently to our own.

But now, how may we best react to life, so as to be constantly laying up stores of riches, which shall yield a future return of happiness no less than a present one? First of all, by being willing to wait. John Bunyan tells how that, during his pilgrimage, Interpreter showed him, in a certain room, two little children. The name of the eldest was Passion, and the name of the other was Patience. Passion was much discontented, but Patience was very quiet. Upon asking why Passion was so discontented, he was told that, whilst the governor would have him stay for the best things till the beginning of next year, he would have them all now. But Patience was willing to wait.

The age in which we live is one which is unwilling to wait. Like a passionate child, most of us

are tremendously eager, impatient of waiting, and consumed with the desire to drain the cup of life to the dregs. But Patience is willing to wait. Maybe, it is partly due to the aftermath of the great war. In any case, there it is. Not that enjoyment is wrong. All that we have said, in the preceding chapters, refutes the idea. But, owing to the very fullness of modern life, and owing to the lavishness with which a highly developed civilisation has spread its banquet, men and women have become almost greedy in their demand for pleasure and self-gratification.

Impatience with life is not uncommonly found among the young. Many do not seem willing to settle down and dig themselves in, before facing the serious warfare of life. Even marriage is frequently looked upon as a bar to what is called "a good time." The present is a certainty, the future a probability, it is argued. Therefore, let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we may have to marry. Thus, to many, marriage seems to have lost its romance, and is contemplated only as a last resort, a kind of retreat after having had "a good time." What is lacking is a sense of proportion, the recognition of the fact that life is an investment, and that much of the joy of life is found in so using the present as to ensure a measure of enrichment in the time to come.

Then, this impatience with life is frequently

seen also in the disinclination of many to deal with the money side of thrift, the habit of spending all and, sometimes, more even than they earn. Few of us realise to what an extent character is revealed in our spending habits. We have heard it said that thrift, in money matters, brings out some of the worst features of human nature, that it makes us mean, small minded, and ungenerous. It is quite possible. But, let it not be forgotten, that careful spending may also develop the best in us. Whatever else it may do, or not do, it does give us self-control, which is no mean thing.

The habit of systematic saving has great moral value, and, apart from what it may do to lighten the burden of our later days, it gives us a sense of mastery, not only over ourselves, but also over time and circumstance. The very thought of the evening and closing days of life is a nightmare to many people, and that, because they fear poverty and want at a time when their earning power is gone.

It is one of our first duties, therefore, to prepare for the future by self-denial, and by wise investment; for, the response we make to the call for thrift determines, to a very considerable extent, the happiness and peace of our declining years.

It is a delusion to suppose that, because we cannot save much, we should not save at all.

However small one's income, something should be saved. Not that it is always possible to save enough to ensure independence, but that the habit itself is sustaining, and that even small savings put into our hands a lever, in special times of need, such as nothing else can afford.

There is a strong tendency, to-day, to look to paternal legislation to save us from want in sickness and old age. We believe it is a wrong tendency, and is likely to undermine the manhood and self-respect of our people. Moreover, it seems to us that it is doubtful if the State can continue to bear the burdens, which a general shifting of personal responsibility, in these matters, to the shoulders of the State, implies. Ultimately, we are happiest when we shoulder our own burdens, and when, by our own efforts, we have earned the privilege of being independent. The need for help is, doubtless, often indisputable, but no help is so valuable as that which enables us to help ourselves.

A further means of laying up stores of happiness for the future is that of friendship. He is fortunate who has three or four tried friends, when the time for making friends is past. It is an investment which yields a sure return, and which does much to cheer and comfort our later years. Most of us know many people. We meet them in all sorts of situations, and they drop out of our regard as lightly as they enter it.

But there are a few with whom we are intimate. We like their company. We tell them our dearest thoughts. We confide in them, laying bare our joys and our sorrows, and leaning upon them in times of difficulty and misfortune.

One of the bitterest and most cynical men the writer ever met, was a man who declared that he had no time for friendship, and that friends made claims which he could not meet. He has made no response to the lure of the happiness of friendship and, to-day, he is a lonely and a weary man.

A true friend is a great solace, a sanctuary in our calamities, a counsellor in our doubts, and a sharer in our happiness and success. No investment we can make, therefore, brings a surer return, or more certainly aids us in storing up sources of pleasure and delight.

> "The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
> But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
> Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade."
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

It is a futile task to attempt to lay down rules for the making and keeping of friends. Friendship is born, not made. All that we can do, when it comes, is to guard and cherish it as one of the best things in life. It becomes more precious as life flows on, and ensures a measure of security for us, as Time thins out the ranks of

those who, during the fleeting years, have stood by us in fair weather and foul.

Care should be taken not to allow our friendships to tarnish, and not to permit them to be easily broken. Fidelity is of the very essence of this unique relationship. It may require patience and, sometimes, understanding, but it should never be regarded lightly, nor ever be imperilled by petulance or pride. When friends quarrel there is usually much bitterness, and the result is, often, as lasting as it is disastrous. It is possible to repair a broken friendship, but, once broken, it may never be the same dear thing again.

"Alas! they had been friends in youth,
But whispering tongues can poison truth.
* * * * *
They parted, ne'er to meet again,
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between."

COLERIDGE.

This leads up to the thought that friendship is impossible, without sacrifice. Indeed, sacrifice is often the ritual of friendship. Our time, our opinions, our interests, our pride, and, sometimes, our substance must be put upon the altar, or the flame may die down. Moreover, without the least touch of cynicism, we would

say that business transactions, in which self-interest is more or less inevitable, should be avoided between friends, as, in our judgment, the risks are too serious, and the possible loss too great. Money is the root of all evil, and nowhere is the root more pregnant with evil, than where it is associated with that supremely disinterested thing we call friendship.

Then, perhaps, one of the most fruitful sources of happiness, to those who are no longer young, is that which may be found in memory. Indeed, it may said that the happier the memories and the fewer the regrets, the nearer we come to the fountain head of happiness and peace.

Fortunately, the mind tends to recall what is agreeable, rather than what is disagreeable. Pain and trouble we soon forget, but pleasure and joy are easily recalled. Of course, it has to be remembered that memory is only a source of happiness, in so far as it presents us with the interest of good investment. Many a life is embittered by the things that cannot be forgotten, and there are those whose memories present them with cheques drawn upon the bank of remorse.

Still, all of us have had our times of happiness and delight. There's no life so poor as not to have often felt the beauty and glow of living, as there are few but would confess that there has been, in their lives, more pleasure than pain,

and more happiness than sorrow. It is good to keep remembering this, and so to garner up the treasured experiences of the years.

"Sun!—and the rush of the rain
Swift through the lilac lane;
The joy o' the world and the grief o' the world
Beat at my window pane.

"Love! and the ancient tears;
Hope—and a hundred fears.
The light o' the world and the dark o' the world
They follow us down the years."

C. H. Towne.

Sun and rain. Joy and pain. Love and tears. Hope and fears. Light and darkness. These we have all known, more or less, as all men and women will continue to know, until the end of time. But would we not all confess that there has been more sun than rain, more joy than pain, more love than tears, more hope than fears, and more light than dark?

It is good to remember this oftener than we do. Much of our present discontent is due to forgetfulness and, consequently, to failure to acknowledge our indebtedness to life. It is true that memory recalls our sorrowful as well as our happy experiences, but these have a way of losing their bitterness, and the clouds which rise upon memory's horizon have, usually, the silver lining of succeeding joy.

"As travellers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that lifts behinds us."

T. MOORE.

Nothing, however, can yield such happiness, in the advancing years, as that which comes from a life well spent, and the consciousness that we have not only had ideals, but have, more or less, been true to them. One of the truest and most touching sayings, recorded in biography, is that uttered by Sir Walter Scott, at the end of his life—"Be a good man, Lockhart, nothing else will be any comfort when you come to lie here." Ultimately, the worth of life is measured by its moral and spiritual values, and, as Matthew Arnold has said, conduct is three-fourths of religion.

It is a curious fact that, in the minds of most people, right conduct is something which is imposed upon us by the Church, something which has almost entirely to do with religion. This is true, in that the highest moral and spiritual ideals and sanctions are those which have come down to us from the church, and especially from its Founder. But it has to be remembered that right conduct and character are essential to the

proper functioning of the mind. Right and wrong are written deep in the mental life of man, and, even if we had no revealed religion at all, they would still condition the smooth and happy working of our mental lives.

A Harley Street specialist once informed the writer that many of the miseries and much of the unhappiness of certain of his patients were directly due to a tormented conscience, and to the gnawing ache of remorse. There are diseased minds, as there are diseased bodies, and no treatment of such cases is of any avail which leaves out of account the question of morals and religion.

The reason is obvious, since morality and religion, looked at psychologically, is a matter of harmonising feeling, thought, and will. These are the three great functions of the mind, and it is only as thought is right, and feeling is true, that the will is set in motion, and we do the things we ought and become that which is in accordance with our ideals. Hence it is that conscience plays such a large part in literature and the drama. Conscience doth make cowards of us all, said the great Poet. It often does much more, and has a considerable amount to do with the making or marring of the peace of our minds. When conscience approves, it reveals the moral harmony of our powers. When it disapproves, it indicates that the mind is in opposition to itself.

Thus, it is seen that a good conscience, and the memory of a well-spent life, are great assets. Their interest is as sure, as it is accumulative, and not the least part of their interest is the self-satisfaction and self-respect which they engender, as the years go by. It is only as life proceeds that we come to rightly estimate the varying values of the things it affords, and the more we can anticipate these values, the happier we are, and the more assured is our final rest and peace.

"Bide thou thy time!
Watch with meek eyes the race of pride and crime,
Sit in the gate, and be the heathens' jest,
Smilingly and self-possest.
O Thou to whom is pledged the victor's sway,
Bide Thou the victor's day."

NEWMAN.

CHAPTER XV

THE ZENITH OF HAPPINESS

It is sometimes asked, at what period of life are we happiest? The late Sir W. Robertson Nicoll says, in "The Round of the Clock," that there is a zenith of happiness, and that it is probably reached in our earlier years. If we are speaking of the happiness, which is more directly associated with our physical and mental life, this judgment is probably correct. But if we are thinking of ourselves as moral and spiritual beings, then, it seems to us, that there are other periods, in each of which there is a height of happiness quite peculiar to itself.

There is, of course, much to be said for the interest and excitement which attend the beginning of a journey. But what of the journey itself? And what of the arrival? There may be great pleasure in each of these, and, provided one can so adapt himself as to be able to enter into the peculiar pleasure of each stage of the road, he eventually discovers that the great

adventure may be, and often is, a happy one throughout.

Experience is an important factor in happiness. By means of it, we are able to correct our mistakes, learn life's rules, as well as acquire a measure of facility in playing the game ; and so the mind finds ease, and we come upon happiness and content such as are impossible in our earlier years.

It is fashionable, these days, to concede all to youth, and little to experience. To-day, we are often too old at forty. Seeing that we have only, and comparatively recently, emerged from the greatest of all wars, and that it was won mainly by the young, this seems natural enough. But when it is conceded that even happiness is the prerogative of the young, we demur, and confidently put in the claim that, if we keep in mind the deeper qualities of happiness, the middle-aged, and even the aged have, probably, heights of happiness which are as considerable, and as satisfying, as those which pertain to the young.

Indeed, we do not see how any noble or serious *view of life* is possible, if this is not true. If we *believe* that there is a definite purpose in our lives, and if that purpose has a certain and satisfying end, then, no period of our mortal existence need lack intense interest, and each stage of it must have its own peculiar peace and

contentment. Holding such views, youth, middle-age, and old age, are but points in our pilgrim march, and the joy of arriving at each is progressive, and can only find its ultimate and supreme fulfilment, in the purpose for which we were created.

The lure of happiness is life-long, if not eternal. It calls to us, at every point in the path of life. It may vary in its accents and tones. Its pitch is higher, maybe, in youth than in age, but it is as we get older that we distinguish it best from the harsh noises and the competing sounds that fall upon our ears. In youth, we are happier than we realise, but as youth passes, wisdom comes, making us sensible of a quiet happiness, which is the fruit of experience, and which only comes with the years.

> "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
> And the man that getteth understanding.
> She is more precious than rubies,
> And all the things thou canst desire
> Are not to be compared unto her."

Now, roughly speaking, life is divided into four periods, which correspond with the seasons. Each period has its own opportunity, and its own sources of happiness, as each period demands its own peculiar kind of response. For convenience sake, we may regard these periods as the times of preparation, of achievement, of rest, and of waiting. Let us consider them, in turn,

and try and see what kind of response each period demands, if happiness is to be known in each case.

The Spring Tide.—There must be something very abnormal in the lives of the young, if they are not happy. The lure of happiness is never more vocal than it is then, and, provided the response to it is healthy and natural, happiness there must be, and ought to be. For consider what youth means. Usually, it is then that body and mind are in their prime. Then, too, they become acquainted with life, with all its interest, glamour, and promise. It is the time of love and friendships. It is then, also, that life makes its challenge and beckons them into the arena to do battle with themselves and with their fellows.

Youth, then, is the time of preparation, the time for knowledge, ideals, pleasure and work. Through these, happiness calls to the young, and it is the measure and quality of their response to each and all of these, that determines the quality and depth of their pleasures and delights.

But, in what specific ways are we to respond, the young reader may ask, so as to find happiness in the pursuit of the things that belong to us? First, by acquiring something appreciable in the art of concentration. Achievement is what attracts most young minds and, whatever their

aims are, nothing important can be attained without the mobilisation of their mental and moral forces for some definite and worthy end. The root of so much of the unrest and boredom, which besiege the minds of so many young people to-day, is found in the absence of any conscious and challenging aim in their lives. Nothing ministers so much to one's ineffectiveness and self-dissatisfaction as the habit of drifting, whether this relates to one's vocation, or to one's life and character. The great thing is to settle what we are going to be and do, and then, keeping our aims clearly before us, dream of, and work for, their realisation.

It is not only that by concentrating one's forces upon definite aims, and along definite lines, that we thus get the best out of our minds, and attain a measure of success but that, thus, the mind itself is uplifted, and we taste the joy and happiness of life. Be it also remembered that it is not sufficient to concentrate in a general way. There must not only be definition of aim; there must be concentration upon the details of the thing in hand, as well.

This means habits of attention, observation, and good power of recall. In no other way, is it possible to attain the desirable, or to come upon that state of mind which revels in life, and is flushed with the sense of personal power and achievement. "This one thing I do," said

Saint Paul, "forgetting the things which are behind, I press forward towards the mark." It is the truth of the matter, in religion as in lesser aims. Don't scatter your mental and moral forces on things which amount to nothing. It is the things in life that count which in the end are supreme, and it is precisely these things which, in their pursuit, give ease to the mind, and joy and happiness to the heart.

> "Greatly begin! though thou have time
> But for a line, be that sublime:
> Not failure, but low aim, is crime."
>
> LOWELL.

A second essential to the realisation of that happiness, which belongs to youth, is that we should live moderately, and not give way to extremes. Nothing rubs off the bloom of life more surely than excess. This applies particularly to the pleasures of youth. Life to-day, for the young, is a richly spread banquet. Never before, perhaps, was life so lavish in the things that appeal, or more alluring in its infinite variety and charm. Among the things that young people should learn to-day, therefore, none is more important than that of knowing how to enjoy without excess. It was in his youth that Byron sowed the seed that was harvested, while yet he was in the early summer of his days. Already, "the late remorse of love"

was at work, which eventually found expression in the pathetic lines—

"'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move,
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still, let me love!

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

"The fire that in my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile."

The same pathos and tragedy attach themselves to that winsome soul, Robert Burns. He died, when he was thirty-seven. Falling asleep in the open air, on returning from a carouse at a tavern, he sickened and never recovered, and, as Carlyle so beautifully says, "he passed not softly, yet speedily, into that still country where hailstorms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his load." He loved life well but not wisely, leaving us indirectly counsels of moderation in the words—

"Wae is my heart, and the tears in my e'e,
Lang, lang has Joy been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice of Pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

"Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I luv'd
Love, thou has sorrows, and sair hae I pruv'd;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest."

Yet again; if we are to respond to the spring-tide of life so as to extract the happiness of these morning days, we must remember that the end of the week comes as surely as the beginning, and that pay-day is the most inexorable day in the lives of us all. Youth is the greatest of all opportunities, and, once it has passed, can never be caught up again. What we sow in the spring, we reap in the summer-time. As we have seen in the preceding chapter, character is shaped by habit, and habits are most easily formed when we are young.

It is hardly too much to say that the dreams we have cherished, and the things we have done, before we are thirty, have already conditioned the happiness and peace of our remaining years. If we have not formed habits of thoroughness and thrift, duty and religion, before we are twenty-five or thirty, God help us in our meridian, as in our later days. Pay we must, and not least bitter are the wages that come from the knowledge that we cannot go back, and that, with our own hands, we have shackled our souls, and impoverished our inheritance.

This is particularly true of the business of love. A certain amount of dalliance, in the

affairs of the heart, most young people experience.

It is the love which becomes part of our lives, and which gives shape and purpose to our later and settled years, however, which is of supreme importance. In no experience of life do we pay more certainly, or more permanently, than we do, once we have come to "the turn of the road and you" adventure. "God made us, but we marry ourselves," says Robert Louis Stevenson. Advice is of little use, in this matter. Strange that it should be so, when we realise how much a man's, or a woman's, marriage does to make or mar their peace and happiness. All that may be done, perhaps, is to remind the young that love and marriage are not only fundamental to a full life, but that they are destinies, in that they are irrevocable.

Love and marriage are narrow ways, of course, narrow in the sense that they mean discipline of self and sense, and that they impose aims and ideals which demand care, watchfulness, and fidelity. But they pay, not only in steadying the mind, and in directing the impulses and desires of the heart, but also in giving us size and strength, and in preparing us for that happiness which is possible in mid-life, as in old age.

"Now flower and perfect fruit
Together dress the tree,
High midsummer has come, midsummer mute
Of song, but rich to scent and sight.

"And every hour brings its own burden sweet
Of daily duty, precious care;
Where from the visible landscape calm and clear
Shows finer far, and high heaven more near,
Than ever morning skies of summer were."

LEWIS MORRIS.

Summer Tide. This is the time when we are settled in our homes, and when the children are about us. It is also the time of achievement, the time when we gather in something of the harvest we have sown in the preparation years of youth. By this time, we have won some measure of material security, or have made positions in which such security is assured. It is too late now to make serious changes in one's way of life, or to run risks which may involve the fortunes of the home. Happy are we if our calling is still absorbing and if, by means of it, we are comfortably keeping the wolf from the door.

Some have said that the happiest time is that when we have the children about us, and when their laughter and mirth are still in our ears. But changes soon come, and the busy hearth is quiet once more.

"How the children leave us, and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band—
Gone! forever gone, and in their places
Weary men and women stand."

No! No! There's a timeliness in the empty nest, and the parents of to-day are the grand-

parents of to-morrow. The quiet hearth has its own compensations, and fathers and mothers need not be weary, because the little ones have grown up and gone away to make the great adventure for themselves. This, too, is the time of settled convictions and principles, the time when we are tempted to become comfortable and tolerant, and when sudden changes and upheavals harass and distress the mind. There's small place in our lives, now, for great adventures, or daring undertakings. Our problem is how best to keep on, and still to maintain our interest and zest in the business of life. We are still hale and hearty, though we begin to feel that we are not as young as we were. For the first time, we begin to realise that life is a pilgrimage, and that we and Time are moving on.

What kind of response shall we make to the call of happiness, at this period of our lives? Apart from, and besides, the happiness which the grown-up children still bring us, in what directions should our minds turn in order that life may lose none of its savour? Well, there are our books, our gardens, our friendships, to say nothing of our business, and he who makes wise use of these finds inexhaustible sources of pleasure and delight. The great thing is not to become groovy, not to allow the mind to become stodgy, as the body tends to, and to keep stoking up the fires of our mental life, in

such ways as shall keep us at least as young as we feel.

We have known some who have done this by taking up and pursuing some special line of scientific study. Others again, do it, by reorganising their business, by social service, by taking up golf, or by visiting new places and countries. In any case, the mind must not be allowed to rust. As yet, we are only in the summer-time of life, and there is still time for new hopes and fresh enterprises.

> "To make this earth, our hermitage,
> A cheerful and a changeful page,
> God's bright and intricate device
> Of days and seasons doth suffice."
>
> R. L. S.

Autumn Tide. Our days move on, and we come to the evening of our life. This is the time of rest, the time when, if we have played a manful part, we loosen our armour, and retire from the fray. Henceforth, our part is to watch, to encourage, and maybe to rejoice. It is the time towards which most men look forward, the time when, looking ahead, they build their hopes upon leisure, books, a cultivated garden, and freedom from care. And happy are they who, by right, enter into this time of rest.

Many who have sighed for this resting time, have not known how to accept or use it when it came. They were ignorant of the kind of

response such an experience demanded, and so they have missed the peculiar happiness which comes at eventide. To retire from the ranks is not to retire from life, and it is a great thing to know how to hand in one's commission, and yet be happy at the sound of the army on the march.

How is it to be done? Many things have to be remembered. We have to make room for the young, who are moving up behind us. We have to acknowledge that our best work is done, and that life demands only the best. We have also to learn how to recognise and obey the voice of the Great Commander-in-chief, and how to possess our souls before we die. Strange as it may seem, the lure of happiness comes in each and all of these forms, and it is as we respond to them, not grudgingly but cheerfully, that our hearts are uplifted, and there is light at eventide.

"Softly may weary ones rest from their duty,
Bright be the dreams of the troubled and worn;
While through the shade beam the stars in their beauty,
Watching the world till the breaking of morn."

A. N. BLATCHFORD.

Most of us, before reaching the autumn tide of life, have often sighed for rest. We have been busy people, living in a busy world, and sometimes found it hard to rest in the midst of business, toil, and care. The opportunity has come at last, though many have discovered, as never before, that rest is only to be had in, and

not outside of, ourselves. Formerly, they cheated themselves, in thinking that rest meant change and motion and, like the Psalmist, they longed for wings that they might fly away and be at rest.

But, in the autumn of life, one's wings are feeble, and one cannot fly far. Rest, then, must be found within the orbit of the heart or it is not found at all. Is this possible ? History and experience say, yes. It is a habit that can be acquired, where it has not unconsciously grown up. That habit functions in thankfulness, humility, patience, kindness, and in all those ways which quieten the emotions, and generate goodwill. Never more is the spirit of the child more essential than it is at this period ; easy to please, ready to enjoy, trustful, and believing, it is in such ways that the mind is rested, and that portion of life, which still remains, is accepted gratefully and without complaint.

When Winter Comes. At last, we are face to face with the last stage of the journey. We are aged and, if we have been wise, we come to these years in full age, like a shock of corn cometh in in his season. It is the time of waiting. For most of us, writer and readers, this time lies ahead, maybe, though we all know something of it, either from reading or observation. " A man must bethink himself," says one of the aged,

"when he has reached seventy years, for it is the allotted span of life." When nearly seventy-one, Mark Twain wrote, saying, "I have lived an ideal existence and I now believe what Choate said last March, that the best of life begins at seventy." Even so late, the lure still called, and Mark Twain, like Robert Browning, could confidently exclaim—

> "Grow old along with me,
> The best is yet to be."

But still, for normal beings, it is the time of waiting. Waiting for what? At seventy, and over, there is not much that is seen that awaits us. There is the last drop in the cup, of course, and to those who have found life good, because they have felt and done good, life is sweet even to its dregs. What healthy age waits for is life, more life and fuller, the fulfilment of the promise of their existence. "People do not get tired of life, but they do get tired of their want of life," and happy indeed is age, if its heart is at the secret source of things, and if all that it waits for is life for evermore.

Mr. Andrew Lang once said, "It is reunion after this life that we really want; the rest is nothing." Only the happy aged can fully confirm this or not, though many of all ages have hungered to take up life again with those whom "they have loved long since and lost awhile."

Alas for those who, when winter comes, have nothing to wait for, and to whom the end of their mortal days is the end of all! It can only happen where, for some reason or other, the lure of happiness has become silent, where life has been so hard that belief in an easier time is hard to hold or cherish. In ordinary lives, happiness is not unknown, and what is known makes them eager to experience that which they feel instinctively is possible still. Thus hope springs eternal in the human breast, and few are they who would not say with Tennyson—

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me:
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

* * * * *

"For though from out this bourne of time and place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

TENNYSON.

CHAPTER XVI

HAPPINESS AND RELIGION

We have endeavoured to show, in the preceding chapters, that happiness comes as the mind rightly responds to the facts and experiences of life. There is one fact, however, dimly perceived as it usually is, to which we do not naturally make any great response, and, hence, often miss the deepest happiness of life. The bottom fact of experience is that each of us is a bit of the Infinite. The soul in us is the bedrock of our minds, and it is vain to attempt to build the structure of a fully contented mind upon anything less than that.

What the soul is precisely, no man can tell. It includes, yet transcends our minds. It is that entity which is born with us, which continues as distinctly ours throughout the years, and which demands, for its nourishment and vitality, sources of strength other than those which are essential to our bodily and mental life. Not that the soul exists entirely apart from our

bodies and minds, but that, being the very essence of us, it is directly connected with that fount of life which is infinite and eternal.

The fact is, we do not altogether fit in with this world. The animals, birds, flowers, and trees harmonise, as we do not, and hence find their full realisation in the visible order of things. The soul is a flower which, save once only, has never fully and perfectly bloomed, and that because its natural habitat is not in the seen, but in the unseen. We cannot prove this, but we feel it, and it is because we never cease to feel it that our peace is disturbed, and our happiness is delayed.

"I think of this birthright immortal,
And my being expands like the rose,
As an odorous cloud of incense
Around and above me flows.

"And I feel a power uprising
Like the power of an embryo god;
With a glorious wall, it surrounds me,
And lifts me up from the sod."

The trouble with us all is that we do not respond to the urge of this embryo god in us, as we respond to other and inferior calls. We do not use the full power and insight of which we are capable. The voice of the highest is drowned by the voices on the lower reaches of our being; the result being an impoverished

exhilaration of the spirit, and an incessant sense of incompleteness and need.

We know what happens when we are what is called "out of condition," physically. There's a lack of vim and elasticity, and the delight of the body is arrested and quenched. Similarly, the brain looses its grip, and ceases to enjoy itself, when we cease to think, or when we refuse to reason. The soul is no less amenable to use than are the body and the brain. It, also, demands its share of experience, and its own peculiar food and work, and it is only as we render to the soul the things which belong to it, that we fully live, and are quietly and happily serene.

The fact is, multitudes are miserable and unhappy because they are being starved at the source. The soul in them is weak and enervated, and hence, all that flows from it is also feeble and attenuated. The problem of problems, therefore, is how best to draw upon those reservoirs of power, which belong to us, because we belong to the Infinite. Is there, here and now, that spiritual nourishment which our inner selves demand? Is it possible, in a finite world, for the infinite soul of man to live, and so to live as to know divine happiness and peace?

History and experience say that it is possible. Time after time, in different periods of the world, men and women have emerged from the fogs of

tradition and custom, and have vindicated the birthright of the soul, finding themselves in possession of a fullness of life, which was as real as it was exceptional. Not only in the ancient world, but also in the middle ages, as in modern times, men have responded to the call for "a change of heart" and, in so doing, have come upon a sense of well-being and joy, which have surprised themselves, as much as they have astonished the world.

Augustine, Saint Francis, Fox, Wesley, Gordon, Gladstone, and hosts of others, like their Master, Jesus of Nazareth, came upon the secret, as we must, by consciously and definitely responding to the call of the Infinite, which spoke in their own souls. There is no reason, save carelessness and indolence, why we should not come upon the secret of this happiness as they did. If it be said, as it sometimes is, that the pursuit of such personal ends is selfish, and other-worldly, and that it tends to damp down our social activities, we reply that, in any case, personal regeneration is one of the first steps to all real social reform. Confessedly, the end and aim of our various social enterprises is to enable our fellows to live fuller and happier lives. It is only they who know the fuller and happier life who can best bring it to others. Moreover, is it not true that it is becoming increasingly evident that social effort is being defeated, not

so much through lack of good intention on the part of the many, but through lack of personal character and vision on the part of the individual?

The question of a regenerated and happy life for all, therefore, becomes the question of a radiant and happy life for each. There is, ultimately, no social betterment for the race until a much larger proportion of the individuals, of which it is composed, have seen the light, and have made an adequate response to the basal fact of experience, which is the fact of the soul and its relation to the Infinite. What, then, is it that we need in order to make a response worthy of the human soul, and in order to realise ourselves as happy and life-loving beings?

One of our foremost Journalists recently declared, that our first need is "a change of heart," and that that alone is our instrument of happiness. He made no claim for originality, in making the statement, but simply took his stand upon the teachings of Jesus.

But what is the teaching of Jesus on this supremely important point? He Himself spoke in parables and symbols, using the symbol of the new birth to express the idea of "a change of heart," so difficult is the idea to explain and set forth. But of this there can be no doubt, that the root of man's discontent lies in the heart, and whether we speak of the necessity for "a change of heart," or for a new birth, what is

meant is that, somehow, the very seat of our desires must be cleansed and exalted. What is wrong with the world, to-day, is that it is not only desiring the wrong things, but that it is desiring them with an intensity which is exhausting. This must be changed. It can be changed by seeing and realising the things which are more desirable, and by continually being born again. Life is always a fresh beginning, and it is only as we begin each day, with newness and freshness of spirit, as well as with vision and high desire, that we realise our deeper selves, and enter into our kingdom of happiness and joy.

> "Every day is a fresh beginning,
> Every morn is the world made new;
> Ye who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
> Here is a beautiful hope for you."

It is not, however, sufficient to say that our need is a new heart, a diviner centre of radiation for our desires. Granted that this comes, as we respond to the highest, and that the Highest has revealed itself, in time, in Jesus of Nazareth. Experience, however, has proved that, wholly and in ourselves, we have not always the moral and spiritual ability to make an adequate response. It is doubtful if any ever did so, successfully, by themselves, and without the direct, or indirect, aid of Christian institutions.

Whether Jesus ever intended to found a

Church, such as that which exists to-day, is a moot point. But it seems clear that His conception of the way of life involved a society or brotherhood, by means of, and in the midst of which, the individual was to find eternal life. Christianity is nothing if it is not social. It is true that it rests upon the Person and Work of its Founder, but these could only be perpetuated, once He had visibly left the world, through the agency of a company, or companies, of believers which has come to be called the Church.

After all, it must not be forgotten that there is a deep psychological reason for belief in a Christian society, as the best medium for apprehending the truth, and for enabling us to translate that truth into terms of experience. A dozen people, met together for mutual enlightenment and encouragement, is not merely the sum total of twelve personalities. It is much more than that in virtue of that something added, which always differentiates a company of twelve united people, from twelve isolated individuals.

Who has not felt the truth of this when taking part in that noble and majestic old hymn of the Church ?—

> "We praise Thee, O God:
> We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
> All the earth doth worship Thee,
> The Father Everlasting."

Its wide outlook, its associations, its simple

diction, its catholicity of appeal, and its deep reverence, each and all hold the mind, and captivate the heart. And it does this largely because we are bowing down along with others, and are putting ourselves in touch with aspirations and associations, which not only include the present, but carry us back into line with the fellowship of the ages.

Jesus referred to that mysterious something, which is to be found in religious societies, when He said, " Where two or three are met together in My Name, there am I in the midst." That is psychology, as well as Christianity, and it still remains one of the permanent reasons for the existence of the Christian Church. We believe it was John Wesley who used to say that, no man can be a Christian by himself. Solitariness is the antithesis of religion, and is the negation of that social system we call Christianity. Hence, if happiness is conditioned by such " a change of heart," as we have indicated, and if that is best possible, for most of us, in the company of others who are like minded with ourselves, then, the Church would seem to be the best known means at our disposal.

It must be sorrowfully admitted that the Church to-day is not what it might be and, maybe, does not always so faithfully reflect the spirit and aims of its Head as to make it the best company in which a man's soul may find itself,

and finding itself, be at rest. But the fact remains that the happiest men and women the world has ever known, have been they whose souls have found a home in the Church, and whose happiness and peace were bound up in that higher fellowship, which it is the office of the Church to create and maintain.

The man who would know that happiness, which only comes from a sense of being in touch with the infinite, needs to be very sure that the Church has failed him, before cutting himself adrift from its society and its ordinances. The Church, after all, does afford some mooring for the human mind. To cut oneself off from this, is to be adrift upon a shoreless sea, and is to take risks that are incalculable in their possible results. We need more than the "wistful mood of aspiration," if we are to discover that "every day is a fresh beginning and every morn is the world made new." That something more can be found nowhere, if it cannot be found in the company of those who have seen the same vision as we have, and who are following the same gleam with us. There are multitudes of such, the world over—

> "From oldest time, on farthest shores,
> Beneath the pine or palm,
> One unseen Presence man adores
> With silence or with psalm."

Now, it will be admitted that, among the

things in life which bring us most misery, and which seriously prevent our happiness and content, are pain, passion, temptation, sin, and death. Each is a mystery, in a world of mystery, as each is inherent in the life we have to live. But it has to be admitted that, so far, no system has ever been developed for dealing with these facts, in a way comparable with that of the Christian Church. And, as we have already seen, an individualist religion is a contradiction in terms. Whenever a man becomes his own priest, he inevitably tends to drift, and usually ceases to be religious in any real sense of the term.

In many things, our hopes and dreams are rightly centred in ourselves. In the supreme matter of religion, or the relation which should exist between the soul and the unseen, however, our hopes and dreams must centre upon those realities which are symbolised by the Church, and which primarily issue in the Eternal Himself.

Furthermore. One of the great values of belonging to some Christian community is the fact that it imposes upon us certain practices and habits which, if left to ourselves, we should probably know nothing of, and consequently would be much the poorer as a result. These habits, as others with which we have already dealt, are essential to the life of the soul, and hence indirectly minister to our happiness and peace.

For example, it must be admitted that the Church is a school of reverence, and that the spirit of awe is learnt nowhere better than it may be learnt there. It is said that Oliver Wendell Holmes was once asked, why He attended the services of the Church. His reply was, that he had within himself a little plant called reverence, and that, by means of the habit of public worship, the plant was watered and kept alive.

Moreover, it is in the Church that the ideas of man's brotherhood and God's Fatherhood are expounded and maintained. Here the rich and the poor meet together, in the consciousness of Him who is the Maker of them all. In the Church, too, we learn that God, the Infinite, is approachable, and that the most acceptable sacrifice any man can make, is a humble and a contrite heart. For these, and many other reasons, it seems clear to us that the deepest happiness which is possible to mortals who are conscious of the immortal, may best be understood and experienced, in personal relation with the Christian Church. It is not a perfect Institution by any means, but, even such as it is, it affords opportunities for personal readjustment, such as can be found nowhere else.

No man is so self-contained as to be superior to the consolations of the most spiritual medium that there is in the world, as no man can be truly and fully happy who lacks contact with the

fundamental sources of the soul. Life is too great for each and all of us. It has many cares, and many burdens, always moving on towards that bourne whence no traveller returns; and, though we believe that ultimately it makes for our peace and happiness, we also believe that the journey itself no less than the arrival may be, and ought to be, a joyful adventure.

"When o'er my sky the shadows steal
That call to rest life's little day,
And failing is the strength I feel,
That bears me onward on my way—
Strength of the Pilgrim, draw Thou near,
And with Thy sight my spirit cheer!

"When deeds I hoped and meant to do,
Like some strong fortress to be won,
With ramparts yet unscaled I view
Gleaming athwart yon westering sun—
Great Captain of my life, be near,
And with Thy sight my spirit cheer!"

ISLAY F. BURNS.

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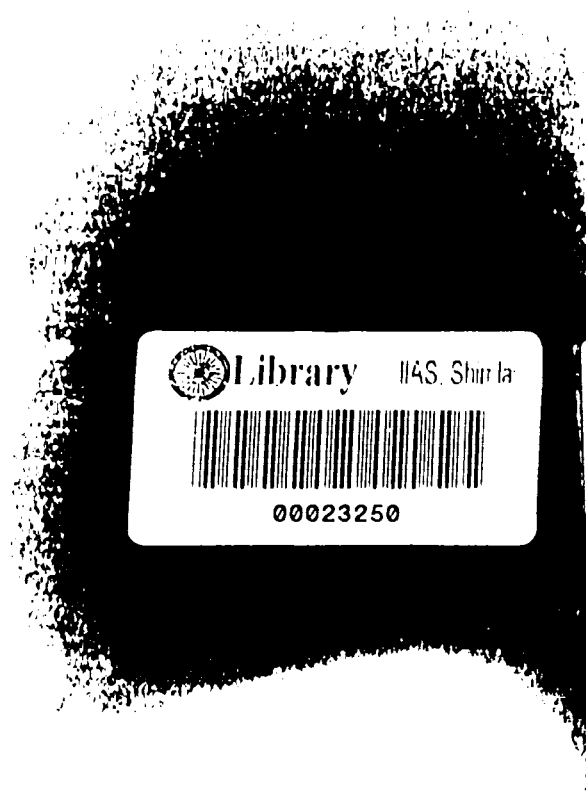
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