HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS

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by

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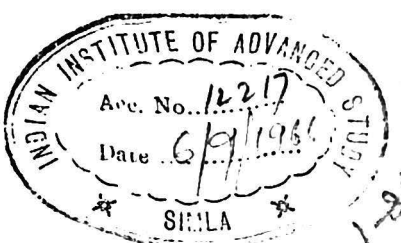
LONDON
FREDERICK MULLER LTD.
29 GREAT JAMES STREET
W.C.1

FIRST PUBLISHED BY FREDERICK MULLER LTD.
IN 1936
PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
SHERRATT AND HUGHES AT
THE ST ANN'S PRESS
MANCHESTER



CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

IT would savour of impertinence for a comparatively obscure scribe to traverse, or even comment on, the group of essays which compose a volume felicitously entitled HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS. Each contributor has brought to bear on his subject an expert knowledge which renders the book largely valuable and blended with an easy style which goes to make it pre-eminently readable; above all each *envoi* is veined with devotion to the man who inspired the writers and would have rejoiced greatly in what they have written.

"He will be remembered not so much for the cause in which he was engaged or the political projects which he favoured, but as a great example for which our history scarcely furnishes a parallel of a great Christian man." So wrote the greatest of Victorian statesmen of his doughtiest political opponent; so also it is possible to think that if in the flux of time there should be forgotten the superb skill in the exercise of his craft, the thoughtful contributions to literature, the signal honours rightfully conferred, Alfred Fripp will remain burnt into

memory as the arch-apostle of the welfare of children.

It was as if he felt that the happiness of boys and girls—and especially of the boys and girls whose bones ached and grew awry, or to whom a fair share of light and space had been denied—were a special charge laid on him and that he must spare nothing, shirk nothing, and shrink from nothing in fulfilling it. Sufficient to cite one salient instance. There came to him the report of a partial eclipse of the Frothblowers, the scheme under a rather cryptic label, designed to promote the health and happiness of little folk who would otherwise have been sick and sorry. Fripp leapt into the breach; he would compass the earth, if necessary, to secure the desired end. He travelled thousands of miles, he made hundreds of speeches, set up "Vats" all over the country, secured a huge membership and netted over a hundred thousand pounds for children's charities all over the world.

But the same enthusiasm which stimulated this remarkable emprise fired everything his heart and brain devised, everything his hand found to do. No item in his daily routine was a perfunctory task, no one—whatever his, or her, condition of life—who came to seek his advice was regarded as a mere "case"; every symptom

expounded to him was sure of the most scrupulous attention, and patients would leave the consulting-room under the glow that their ailment had claimed a peculiar degree of interest. Nor was the happy impression by any means a false one, although Fripp may have seemed to care with special passion for the folk who must carve with pain and weariness their way in life or who had stumbled and fallen on life's hard road.

Splendid in stature, a Rugby footballer and a magnificent swimmer, he had a quick relish for every physical enjoyment; his very physique seemed to radiate health and confidence in self, and the courage which nothing could daunt was never more manifest than when holding the fort on behalf of a sufferer against the grimmest odds, or when locked in struggle with the King of Terrors himself.

The strength of the man was tempered by the tenderness of a woman and sweetened by the simple joyousness of a little child. Far from slothful in business and by no means unmindful of the fortune which his renown could not but build up, Fripp, in dealing with clients not too richly endowed with this world's goods, would lower his by no means exaggerated emoluments with such consummate delicacy that there re-

mained no uncomfortable sense of being "under an obligation". Any protest would be met with the cheery suggestion: "Send me half a dozen bottles of wine." "I always think," said Archbishop Benson, "that good claret tastes very like a good creature of God." The claret which reached 19 Portland Place, whatever its vintage, was sure to be an earnest of heartfelt gratitude for the cure which a great surgeon had wrought.

Among the multiform gifts which conspired to lift this man above the average man was an imagination intensely vivid, but never leading to inaccuracy; here was the key to sympathy in the true sense of the word, and it was perhaps this quality which fostered his love for the theatre and for all that appertained to it. As a youthful student he would head a band of his fellows to the "pit" for every first night of importance; in the fullness of his fame he was the most eagerly looked-for "first-nighter", and the knowledge that "Sir Alfred was in the house" would permeate the atmosphere behind the scenes and give fresh zest to the artists, many of whom would have experienced his ministry.

And from the days of his early manhood, when stern necessity insisted on industry down to his last evening, Fripp was pre-eminently a worker. All the best qualities of a workman were his;

love of his vocation, absolute concentration on the job in hand, determination to make every faculty the pliant instrument of a resolute will. "My work" was his watchword; it was his work which enriched and ennobled, as it filled, all his life, and those who lived near him would have found it difficult to put a finger on an idle hour in it.

He was taken from us in an hour which seemed most untimely but which the great Surgeon of Souls knew to be wholly ripe. And musing on him one reminds oneself that there are men—and Alfred Fripp was surely one of them—so buoyant in character, so eager in effort, so straight in aim, so quick and constant in sympathy, that the Great Sleep, whenever it falls, only suggests itself as a prelude for a Great Awakening to further activities in the wide fields which lie a little out of sight.

GEORGE ARTHUR

LONDON
October, 1936

I

THE RT. HON. STANLEY BALDWIN P.C., M.P.

HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS

by The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin

I DARE SAY many of you have read an address by Sir Alfred Fripp delivered some ten or twelve years ago in which he made use of a quotation from the Japanese Book of Proverbs: "It is the melancholy face gets stung by the bee." I have always understood that bees, even in the West, were highly discriminating insects. To be able among the faces of the Far East to distinguish faces at all, and then to distinguish between happiness and misery in faces that, to our eyes, are too often identical and inscrutable, proves that the bees of the East must indeed be super-bees. It has often been observed that the happy countenance in a city street is the exception rather than the rule. But it would be misleading to compile statistics of success on this basis or to draw from this conclusions as to the sum of human happiness in our midst. The passer-by may be looking anxious because of the perils of the traffic, or he may be looking pleased because, at this time in our nation's history, he is hastening to pay his Income Tax. You never can tell. But if you go

through the list of your own friends and acquaintances, of how many can you say that they have not faltered, more or less, in that great task of happiness; or to how many of them would you give full marks for possessing the quality not only of being happy in themselves, but also of being the cause of happiness in others? It is impossible to recall the rich and generous personality of Sir Alfred Fripp, or to read the record of his life, without concluding that he would be given a very high place in such a competition. And it was natural and characteristic that he should provide for a periodical gathering of this kind at which the subject for consideration should be "Happiness and Success". For he enjoyed both Happiness and Success and shared them lavishly with others during the whole of his life. He wished that, after his death, he might still help to turn our thoughts deliberately to the contemplation of the art of living, an art which he had practised with so much skill and felicity. And on this occasion it will be useful if I recall, in outline, his career.

Alfred Downing Fripp was born at Blandford in Dorset in 1865. He was sent to the Merchant Taylors' School in 1879, where he played in the Cricket XI for three years. He entered Guy's Hospital in 1884, and was Captain of both the

Cricket XI and the Rugby Football XV. In addition, he was an exceptionally fine swimmer and was very fond of rowing. When a student he was an ardent first-nighter at the theatre, and remained so till the end; consequently he came to be an excellent dramatic critic, and to know almost everyone in the theatrical profession. He gained the Degree of Master of Surgery at the University of London, and in 1893 his F.R.C.S. He became a first-rate surgeon, "taking infinite pains", as has been said, "in examining each case and in judging every patient as an individual; it was a pleasure to see him operate; he was bold, methodical, and careful, without being slow; his cheerfulness and his kindness helped his patients greatly; he always considered sympathetically all the little discomforts which often follow operations, and he had an unusual power of imparting confidence." He was for more than thirty years a prominent member of the surgical staff of Guy's Hospital, and a thoroughly good and popular teacher. In the South African War, Fripp was Chief Civilian Medical Officer to the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, and was later chosen as a member of the Advisory Board for Army Medical Services, the establishment of which was an outcome of the South African struggle. In the Great War he

was Consulting Surgeon of the Royal Navy, and many casualties from the North Sea passed through his hands. He was Surgeon-in-Ordinary to King Edward VII and to King George V. He worked hard to raise funds for Guy's Hospital, and was appointed a Governor on his retirement from the post of surgeon. He helped various other hospital funds and the Red Cross. He was for many years a strenuous helper of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. He had a remarkable aptitude for raising money for the innumerable charities in which he was interested. We are not surprised to learn that few people have had more friends than he. This was entirely due to his sincerity, his generous nature, his cheerfulness and his kindliness, which led to his unselfishly putting himself to no end of trouble for anyone in distress.

He never lost his affection for his native Dorset, and it was there, at Lulworth Cove, where he had a house and garden, that he died on February 25, 1930.

Such is a brief chronicle, based on the tributes of professional colleagues, of a busy and beneficent life. From the record I have omitted, as you will have noticed, all reference to the lady who was the daily companion for over thirty years, who herself won distinction in the South

African War, and who shared to the full in her husband's life of service and of benevolence.

Some of you may remember that Lord Haldane in his *Autobiography* confesses to reading *The Times* column headed "Wills and Bequests" with unflagging interest day by day, in order to discover evidence of public spirit in the testators. Perhaps few of us are guiltless of a mild curiosity about the fate of other people's fortunes. There are recorded in this particular column from time to time some extraordinary dispositions, some of them embarrassing to the executors and occasionally embarrassing to the recipients. But I cannot recall in the whole range of legacies one, other than that with which we are to-day concerned, where provision is expressly made for the study of happiness. For the relief of suffering; for the promotion of research; for the welfare of cats, dogs and canaries; for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts; for the erection of a worthy tombstone; for chauffeurs, gardeners and housekeepers "if still in our service"—these are the orthodox objects of the philanthropy of the tomb. But so far as my knowledge goes—and I do not pretend to have made an exhaustive inquiry—Sir Alfred Fripp's provision is without exact parallel, and I have, there-

fore, no exact precedent for the discharge of my task.

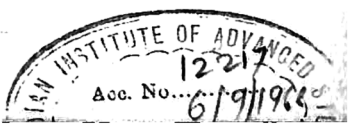
Unique as may be the bequest, I cannot, however, claim for the subject either originality or novelty, nor can I hope to display originality or novelty in its discussion. Is there anything older in the history of man than his search for happiness or his desire for success? The Bible begins with a blissful pair in Paradise who quickly lose their happiness, and it would seem that it has not been recovered completely in any subsequent partnership. Indeed, modern Christendom may be said to be divided between those who hold that Adam and Eve were perfectly happy and lost their happiness, and those who hold that they never had it to lose.

When you consider the age of the world, the numbers of mankind, the universality and the persistence of the desire for happiness; when you reflect upon the metaphysics, the philosophies, the theologies, the sciences and the arts that have engaged the minds of saints and scholars through the ages, you would suppose that out of all their experiments and their speculations there would have emerged by to-day in the world's pharmacopœia, some prescription which you could obtain from your panel doctor, take to the panel chemist, swallow or otherwise

apply twice or thrice daily for a week, in sure and certain hope of being restored to happiness; and similarly that you could go to the nearest Labour Exchange and obtain the standard specific for success. But I can hardly suppose that anything of this kind was in the mind of the founder of this lectureship. It is astounding what modern medicine and surgery have achieved, and how, in contributing to health, they have contributed to happiness. But Sir Alfred Fripp knew only too well that, despite his many successful operations on the human body, and despite the relief from suffering and misery which followed upon them—he knew that medicine and surgery were inexact and subordinate sciences.

> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?

Painlessness, sleep, oblivion, all negative states the physician can guarantee, but not the positive state of happiness. I do not need to warn you, therefore, that I, a mere politician, am not about to prescribe an infallible remedy where all the doctors of theology, law, and medicine have failed. There will be no headlines across the newspapers in the morning or across the skies to-morrow night: "Secret of Happiness Discovered by Conservative Leader: Vote Tory."



Politics is an even less exact science than Medicine. And, on the whole, if you are in distress your family doctor is more likely to bring you relief than your county Member. You can sometimes measure the result of your action in medicine, more often in surgery, but in politics rarely, if ever, with certainty. And when we are dealing with happiness, not only are no two cases alike, not only may one man's happiness be another man's misery, not only may the diagnosis be difficult, but the remedy in one case may not be easy to apply in another.

Moreover, at the outset of your inquiry you may find yourself suddenly arrested, as I did, by the question: Is happiness still possible? Fifty years ago Mr. Mallock was asking: Is life worth living? There has been a book recently published by no less a person than Mr. Bertrand Russell, with a striking title, *The Conquest of Happiness*, which assumes that happiness can be obtained, but you have got to fight for it. It is written, of course, by a philosophical mathematician, or a mathematical philosopher, and he begins with that striking poser: Is happiness still possible? I found that after many conversations with profound scholars, and after reading many books and being almost convinced that happiness in the modern world had become an

impossibility, the author, to my relief, reached the opposite conclusion by talking to his gardener. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings".

I believe there was once a philosophical school which professed the Doctrine of Common Sense. It had its spiritual home, of course, in Scotland! And I suppose talking to your gardener was one of the approved methods of research. And I have read that the arch-pessimist, Schopenhauer, began a book by declaring: "The world is my idea", and that when Fichte uttered a similar proposition the neighbours asked, "What does his wife say about this?" But Schopenhauer had no wife—a misfortune which I have observed has often befallen social philosophers, and may account for much in their books. But to return to Bertrand Russell, this is what he tells us about his gardener:

> He wages a perennial war against rabbits, of which he speaks exactly as Scotland Yard speaks of Bolsheviks; he considers them dark, designing and ferocious, and is of opinion that they can only be met by means of a cunning equal to their own. Like the heroes of Valhalla who spent every day hunting a certain wild boar, which they killed every evening but which miraculously came to life again every morning, my gardener can slay his enemy one day without

any fear that the enemy will have disappeared the next day. Although well over seventy, he works all day and bicycles sixteen hilly miles to and from his work, but the fount of joy is inexhaustible, and it is 'they rabbits' that supply it.[1]

As a pendant to that I can add from my own observation that the happiest faces of grown-ups seen in London are the faces of the country parsons, their wives, and gardeners who come up every year from the country to the Chelsea Flower Show. And it is one more proof of the supremacy of the practical reason that one of the world's books most famous for its pessimism should end with the admirable advice: "Let us cultivate our garden".

But this is something of a digression. Let us return to the career of the successful surgeon, which we were considering a moment ago. An appropriate method of discharging my task would be to study closely the life and work of Sir Alfred Fripp himself, disengage its secret and discourse upon it. But that would not involve any prolonged research. His secret lies upon the surface for all to see, and was summed up by a fellow-student in these words: "I had a deep regard for this happy, broad-shouldered fellow,

[1] Bertrand Russell, *The Conquest of Happiness*, p. 144.

who worked well and played well." He was fortunate in the choice of his profession: there could be no question of its utility; he became a master in his profession: there could be no question of his success. But if his profession brought with it a deep satisfaction to his constructive instincts—a matter of first importance to his and to every man's happiness—he took care not to be subdued by that very specialism in which he had become expert, but felt more and more justification every day for the mental attitude of "I wonder?" He was bigger than his profession, and made leisure for work and play beyond its bounds. He told his students to keep simple and young by visiting children. "There is much", he added, "that is lovely in the child world, which is the part of life that has changed least with the passage of the centuries." And he reminded his students how unnecessary it is to cross bridges before they are reached by quoting the remark of an old woman to him: "Of all the troubles in my life, three-quarters never happened."

To Sir Alfred Fripp the art of living was quite consciously the greatest of all arts, and it is plain that he studied it as zealously as he studied surgery, and thus became a skilful practitioner in the larger as in the lesser discipline.

Skilled work worth doing, absorption in hobbies outside it, unselfish interests outside both, active participation in the manifold life, grave and gay, around him—all these elements entered into his happiness and made for his success. There is much more to be said which I doubt not will be said hereafter, especially by medical men who can speak with more authority than I. So I pass for a few minutes from the personal example to one or two general considerations.

The late Lord Salisbury bade us, when we use maps, to use large ones and thus get a proper perspective when thinking of foreign politics. Perhaps, when thinking of morals, we ought, similarly, to look at centuries rather than decades, and thus correct the undue pressure of our own day upon our judgment. I do not propose to discuss what is progress, whether society moves in a spiral or in a pendular or in a circular fashion. That is too large and too difficult an inquiry for this brief hour. Perhaps I may safely make the modest assumption that truth as seen by ordinary intelligence is many-sided, and that the hardest thing for communities, as for individuals, to do is to grasp and hold with equal tenacity to its several sides at once. There is, as Spengler and others have said, something like a rhythmical succession of ideals in our

Western life, each imperfect and each in turn attempting to correct the imperfections of his predecessor. Claim followed by counter-claim; assertion, exaggeration, correction, under-statement and assertion again. The moral history of Christendom is one continuous illustration of this alternating sequence.

In the matter of happiness, with which we are to-day immediately concerned, this history is a see-saw movement between trust and distrust of impulse; a worship of instinct to-day and of reason to-morrow; a denunciation of the body to-day and a glorification of it to-morrow; a succession of new gospels and a recurrence of old fallacies; each devised for the pursuit of happiness, each proclaiming its discovery, each in turn proving illusory because it has got hold of a half-truth or a quarter-truth or some other fractional part and is mistaking it for the whole. We are in one of these fractional stages now, and it is a feature of these oscillations that the leaders who initiate a protest against accepted canons, the poets, the essayists, the novelists of the day, have generally moved from their positions by the time that their new gospel has percolated to the mass of the people.

The subject is vast and I must limit myself to one or two illustrations. Cast your minds back

for a century, or a century and a half. The right to happiness was one of the fundamental human rights claimed for men by the democrats of the eighteenth century. It is placed alongside the right to liberty in the great foundational manifestos of the United States and of modern France. You will remember the resounding declaration: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It is argued in a recent study of this period that before the eighteenth century in Europe people were not much concerned with the problem of happiness; indeed, the problem hardly existed. A modern writer says: "They accepted unhappiness, the colossal communal miseries inflicted by man's own stupidities, as an animal accepts pain and, when it comes, death in a dark corner." [1] I was always taught at school never to write history in the light of the present. How far the statement which I have just read can be accepted as true of the English of the sixteenth, seventeenth or eighteenth centuries I leave others to decide. It hardly seems to be an adequate description of the national character or

[1] *After the Deluge*, Leonard Woolf, p. 198.

the sort of picture you would form from reading Lecky or George Trevelyan, but it may have been true of parts of Europe. Be that as it may, the claim of the French and American Declarations that every individual had a human right not only to be free but also to be happy, was a revolutionary political claim, and it was entirely in keeping with the optimistic view of human nature which was then in the ascendant. It is difficult for us to-day to recapture the enthusiastic mood of that time. "We are in the golden age up to our necks", wrote Voltaire. The moral, political and the economic doctrines which had regulated the minds of men for centuries were discarded and new gospels daily proclaimed which undertook to convey mankind into a millennium of happiness. Science, equality, humanity were the watchwords of a universal philanthropy. Philosophers portrayed the disappearance of ignorance, prejudice and injustice at the bidding of reason. Scientific advance would produce general prosperity; many evils would be remedied by the publication of statistics; social inequalities would disappear with education; the backward nations would advance to the level of the most enlightened; man was capable of infinite improvement; and the consciousness of his dignity as a free man would

lead him to act habitually from the motives of a lively benevolence and a delicate sensitiveness. The happiness of individuals and nations would follow as the day the night.

This vision of a world at once rational and happy, born of the concession of democratic rights to the common people, was a political novelty which has had far-reaching and, as I think, on the whole, beneficent consequences. Not that the world became rational or happy as the prophets foretold, for their dreams were immediately followed by the nightmare of Napoleon and widespread and prolonged war over half a continent for half a generation. And one hundred years later we have again seen half the world and more at war. Which means that the eighteenth-century Rationalists left important factors out of their diagnosis of human nature and elevated their own half-truths into dogmas as false or misleading as those which they had intended to supplant.

" That men would know and still act as if they were ignorant, that they might be creatures of heredity even more than of environment and might disregard the clear teaching of science and follow instinct even to disaster; that their values might be wrong when their knowledge was accurate—these did not seem real difficulties in

the eighteenth century."[1] I agree with that, and what we can fully concede to the leaders of the Revolution is that if they failed to live up to their prospectus to provide Europe and America with a dividend of universal happiness, they stimulated a widespread unhappiness in the shape of political discontent, and this, though no bad thing in moderate doses, is the exact opposite of what they intended.

I pass over the prospectuses issued by the Benthamites and the Owenites a century ago for the promotion of happiness by the permanent and effectual removal of the existing evils of society. But coming down to our own times, we have experienced here a movement, which has not yet spent itself, wherein old-fashioned and well-established standards are challenged and ridiculed in the name of happiness, happiness empty of moral content. The natural man is once again mistaken for the whole man, and physiological instinct exalted above virtue and study. The family tie is made light of and its easy dissolution welcomed. There has apparently been what is called "a bourgeois conception of society" rampant in our midst, a tyrannical and omnipotent monster thwarting our manly desires and suppressing the libertine

[1] K. Martin, *French Liberal Thought*, p. 292.

within us. We are bidden to look at Russia, where everything in the garden is lovely. The middle-class mind, we are told, is the enemy which has blanketed the variety and the spontaneity of English popular life. "There is a kind of living death in bourgeois culture."[1] There is in the writings of the generation of younger critics an emphasis on the part played by "class" in delaying the millennium of happiness which makes it hard to take them quite seriously—so exaggerated does it seem to those of us who observe the infinite gradations of society and find it easy to move freely among all classes. This obsession with class is derived from Russia, where it may have had its justification, but it fits ill with the structure of English life. During the last fifty years education and political effort have done immeasurably more to break down the barriers of social inequality than economics have done to erect them.

This modern movement, if examined closely, will reveal new disguises of old familiar faces in the moral history of mankind: the confusion of pleasure with happiness, impatience with obstacles and difficulties, a search for tangible rather than spiritual satisfactions, a desire, in other words, to eat your cake and have it. Funda-

[1] Rowse, *Politics and the Younger Generation*, *passim*.

mentally, the disease is a failure on the part of what has been termed "a scorched and cynical generation" to accept openly and joyously the world as a moral world where spirit and sense mingle inextricably, where passions are not to be escaped from but to be tamed, where work, pleasure, wealth will find their proper place if subdued to moral ends. According to some modern psychologists it would seem that if only we could have got rid of our mothers early enough we should have escaped all this haunting sense of right and wrong, good and evil, happiness and misery. There would then have been nothing to prevent our turning and living with animals, "they are so placid and self-contained" —you recognize the quotation. "They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins . . . discussing their duty to God." I notice that this well-known passage from Whitman figures as a motto to Mr. Russell's book, to which I have already referred, but the book, at any rate in parts, is better than the motto. There are doubtless moments when, burdened with care or fatigued with work, we envy the placidity of animals. But if you press us we do not desire to be transferred into them, as I suppose we should if we really accepted the greatest amount of pleasure and the least amount of pain as life's

goal. But we are neither animals nor angels, and if we are "too coarse to be at ease in the drawing-room we are certainly too refined to become comfortable in the stables",[1] and in this dualism lies the moral conflict and the source of much of our own unrest. And whenever I read Whitman's tributes to the animals—and I was very fond of him when I was young—there comes to my mind Voltaire's reply to Rousseau when acknowledging a copy of the latter's *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality*. That book was an attack on civilization and a plea for the return to the lives of savages and animals. "I have received, sir," wrote Voltaire, "your new book against the human species, and I thank you for it. No one has ever been so witty as you are in trying to turn us into brutes; to read your book makes one long to go on all fours. As, however, it is now sixty years since I gave up the practice, I feel that it is, unfortunately, impossible for me to resume it."[2]

If we were rabbits we should, no doubt, be rid of many of our difficulties, but we might then meet others in the shape of gardeners bent on destroying our happiness. We all cherish, when off our guard, the illusion that if only obstacles

[1] C. D. Broad, *Types of Ethical Theory*.
[2] *Correspondence*, August 30, 1755.

were removed—for example, die-hards or left-wingers, "they rabbits" of the party leaders, who renew themselves every morning after being laid to rest the night before—our happiness would be complete, but, believe me, it is an illusion. Courage, hazard, hardship can give a quality to human happiness undreamt of by those who sit secure and at ease in Zion. And this is one answer to those who think that happiness can be distributed like soap or soup. It may be true that the duty of self-denial has been so clumsily taught as to be hardly distinguishable from selfishness; and it is true that a doctrine can be turned round and expressed positively as co-operation with the nature of things, with the unfolding meaning of the world, with the stream of life. There is nothing moral in stifling desire—it depends on the desire. But however you express it, you do not get rid of the fact that the renunciation of some desire is essential to happiness. All the great moral leaders of the world have taught this lesson and every young generation has had to learn it anew. They have taught that the things desirable, if not indispensable, for happiness, are few and simple: food, shelter, health, love, work. That is why happiness is so often found among ordinary folk and is so often absent from those who have these elements in

excess and who have not learned to sit aloof to and detached from their own possessions.

The extent to which governments can promote happiness is a matter of chronic controversy. There is no question that the State can do much to provide favourable conditions and that all parties are committed to a degree of intervention in the life of the individual which would have seemed excessive or tyrannical to Bentham. But how far you can go in enforcing order or in imposing equality of conditions and then of possessions without endangering liberty, and thereby gravely imperilling happiness itself is, and will continue to be, matter for disputation and experiment. And some socialists at any rate realize, with Professor Laski, " that only respect for freedom can give final beauty to man's life ". To enforce sobriety by a Prohibition Law is not exactly a simple process, but it will be found to be child's play in comparison with an attempt to extirpate envy from the body politic by legislation. And envy is one of the most prolific roots of unhappiness.

But these high matters, as also the discussion of success, I leave to other speakers who will follow me in years to come.

I have attempted no definition of happiness. If I did you would pick many holes in it. There

are a thousand definitions available. It may be the echo of virtue in the soul. It is certainly a harmony within the mind. It may radiate from beggars and gipsies, lords of the universe who own no service to fame or fortune. It may be the beatific vision of the holiest saints or the insight of the greatest thinker in the act of comprehending reality. "Such a life as this, my dear Socrates," exclaimed the stranger Prophetess, "spent in the contemplation of the beautiful is the life for men to live." And so I could go on quoting the words of light, from Plato onwards. But I will make an end with an ancient authority sufficiently modern, and commend to you the petition of Agur, the son of Jakeh, as not inappropriate to the circumstances of most of us ordinary folk:

> Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die; remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of God in vain.

II

LORD BADEN-POWELL OF GILWELL
G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.

HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS

by Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell

BROUGHT up as we are nowadays in a crowd, individuality is apt to be lost, but each one who is going to make his career must remember that he is an individual, though one of a crowd, and has an individuality of his own and he must make his own way and prepare his own line of life; no one else can do it for him. The reason is that no two men are the same in personality, character or temperament. It is a strange miracle hardly ever remarked that we each have a skull but no two of us have the same features. Just in the same way you will find that no two people are alike in character, personality and temperament, but each man must choose his own line of work, and to do that he must study himself. Thousands of years before Christ men studied themselves; the saying "know thyself" was respected by the ancient Romans, so much so that they had it written over the porticos of their temples. Once you know yourself properly it is a big step towards your advance to success.

It is not necessary to follow tradition, or to be

led by the herd around you. Take the advice of the old negro in Valentine's ballad of "Ole Marster":

There's some what resembles goslin's in the way they march behin'
The ones that go before them though they don't know where they's gwine;
Jest steppin' in de goose-tracks of the father goes the son,
And he never does do nothin' that his daddy didn't done.

There is too much sometimes of that following in the footsteps of others; look out for yourself where those footsteps lead, for it may be in the wrong direction, but follow them if they are good ones.

I have had about a thousand letters from boys and young men, as a result of a book about scouting, asking me for advice. It is often said that the young generation think they know much more than the old and do not mean to invite criticism; but quite the contrary is the case. I find an enormous number appeal to one, of their own initiative, and are anxious to find out what the older ones have to say, if the latter are willing to adapt themselves to modern developments. And, therefore, I am encouraged by their attitude to offer just a few suggestions from my own experience in what I call "The Univer-

sity of Life", in the hope that they may be of service.

In the first place, when you study yourself, see your objective. I believe it to be psychologically sound that if you make up your mind to achieve an object, you are—provided you stick to it—sure to get it or nearly get it in the end. Be like Josh Billings, who said: "Be like a postage-stamp, stick to it till you get there." To effect this you must, as the first step, select and visualize your aim, and then concentrate your thought and effort on the measures for attaining it; if you let your advance be diverted from your aim by side issues and trivialities that do not contribute towards your progress there is the chance you may fail to reach your goal. Visualize your objective and concentrate your effort to attain it.

Then, what is your objective? I suppose most normally minded young people would say, "I want to aim for success in life." So far as my experience goes success is equally attainable by every man provided that he has a true conception of what is meant by 'success'. What is success: riches, power, fame, position? These are naturally things which occur to a young man's mind as what he would like to aim for, but though they are generally preached as a means

to success, so often they mean not success but over-reaching the other fellows and getting the better of them for our own good. My feeling is that our Creator put us into this world, full of beauties, wonders and friendships, to enjoy the life He has given us; that is, to be happy. Happiness, therefore, to me is success; success is the gain of happiness, though it is not always regarded that way.

Ambition is preached to young men as a worthy quality; so it is to a certain extent, but it has the danger of becoming too personal, and therefore selfish, leading to envy, jealousy and disappointments, especially in cases where you have not sufficiently studied yourself and, consequently, as a round peg you have tried to get into a square hole and found yourself not a success.

Then there is *power* which is also preached as a great feature of success. There again, through not having studied themselves, many men aim for power, not realizing that the special gifts and characteristics which are essential to success in that realm do not happen to be theirs.

Then there are riches; everybody thinks them a good thing to aim for. There is a Cingalese proverb which says: "He who is happy is rich, but it does not follow that he who is rich is

happy." That is tremendously true. A rich man has his limitations—he may have three or four houses with dozens of rooms in each, but he has only one body and cannot enjoy them all at once, and so has to worry himself going from room to room and house to house looking for comfort and not finding any. A poor man is better off if he has one house, one real *home*.

Take the case of the late Sir Ernest Cassel, who was pointed out as a success. He confessed openly to failure in the end; he had gained riches, power and position, but admitted at the end of his life that the great thing, happiness, was still missing. He was, as he put it, "a lonely man". "Most people," he said, "put too much belief in the theory that wealth brings happiness; perhaps I, as one of the well-to-do, may say that it is not so; the things that are most worth having are the things that money cannot buy." This, with many other like testimonials, ought to cool the ardour of those who look on wealth as success.

In spite of this there is a craze in the nation, from top to bottom, to get rich, and to get rich quickly, if possible, through a lucky chance in the sweepstakes or tote club or the Stock Exchange. Why work when by a lucky win you may make thousands?—is the notion. This

habit of feverishly gambling is growing, to the detriment of hard work.

Then there is fame; many people think that to get fame is success. Just now notoriety is being hunted, in the mistaken idea that it means fame. We see the feverish endeavour going on among men and women to beat records, and so to gain fame or notoriety. Before attaining it they seem to think that this means success. When they have won it they find that it does not bring happiness, but only leads to further restless, unsatisfied hunting for more.

Popularity is held up as a worthy ambition, but popularity is not going to be got by hunting for it; it will come automatically if you are working the right way. If you put in love of others in place of self you will be loved.

Health, of course, is always pointed out as an essential for happiness, but I believe it to be arguable. I know many an invalid who is really happy in spite of his disabilities. I saw it only recently in one of our Scout troops of cripple boys; there I saw really happy ones. These boys were happy in their hospital; true, it was a comfortable hospital, but happiness came from doing something for other people—they were making toys for children poorer than themselves, which led them to think that they were not so badly

off after all, as there were others worse off than themselves. Happiness will last. It is not temporary, like pleasure; the latter has become so much more easily accessible in latter years, and there is a danger of its enticing people from hard work to constant pleasure seeking. Happiness is 'constant'; pleasure is only transitory and creates a recurring desire for more. Pleasure is not happiness.

But enjoyment of life is another thing and is open to all men. We are apt to take this life too seriously without realizing that it is a jolly adventure, which is, after all, a game. When Shackleton went to the South Pole he said: "Life is the greatest of all games, but there is the danger of treating it as a trivial game; the chief aim is to win through honourably and splendidly." There is so much to enjoy in the world if we only keep our eyes open. Robert Louis Stevenson said:

> The world is so full of a number of things,
> I am sure we should all be happy as kings.

There is something in that if we look around and see what there is to enjoy.

I had a dream some time ago, or rather it was more of a vision, it was so realistic, and this was it. I dreamed that I had got as far as the gate of

Heaven, when I was stopped by Saint Peter. We sat down and had a chat about how I had enjoyed life on this earth, and Saint Peter said: "How did you like Japan?" I replied that I had never been there, at which Saint Peter said: "My dear fellow, what were you doing with your opportunities? You were put on that earth full of beauties and wonders for your enjoyment; you seem to have wasted your time sitting still and neglecting them. Go back while there is time and have another try." You can imagine that as soon as I awakened I took a ticket for Japan, and have been wandering about ever since. I hope to see more of it still before I have finished.

It was only then I got to realize what a wonderful earth it is, and how much enjoyment there is in mixing with one's fellow-men of all degrees and kinds with one's eyes open to the beauties and wonders in which nature abounds. Of course, going about like that seeking enjoyment makes one perhaps rather a Jack-of-all trades, and it is often looked down on as a wrong thing —but I think that is an arguable point too. To have many and varied experiences, I think adds very materially to the enjoyment of life on this earth.

Apart from enjoyment of life, contentment is

another thing which contributes to happiness—thankfulness for what you have got and contentment with what you have got is a big step to success, but it is a point very seldom thought of by those who are ambitious. They want to get something better and better, and higher and higher, when all the time the blue bird of happiness is at home with them if they would only have the ambition of doing what is right for others. Many men become by habit contented to live in a groove, whether it is the club armchair, or playing golf, or such like; but that is a passive contentment and does no good to others, and men like that grow into vegetables, with their regular routine of seasonable occupation throughout their little lives. They have not gained success thereby. Men become vegetables unless their contentment has also an active side to it.

There was a will in the paper the other day of the late Captain Richard King, in which he spoke of a happy, successful life though he was poor, and he said: "Finally, I should like to place on record that I have been one of God's luckiest creatures, and I can only wish I could have been more worthy of the affection lavished on me by my mother, father, brothers, wife, relations, and others. I have had a wonderfully

happy time, and I thank God for the boon of life." He left only £128 behind him, but he was rich in being happy.

Sir Thomas Lipton was, in another way, a success in life, not because of wealth, but because he gained happiness and contentment in very humble conditions. When a boy he began in a small job in a grocery shop, and he was devoted to his mother. When he placed in her lap his first week's earnings, she jokingly said to him, "You will be giving me a horse and carriage next." This fired his imagination, and he set to work to earn enough money so as to be able to give his mother a carriage and pair. He told me that he had had many proud moments in his life, but the proudest was when he could give his mother that carriage and pair. Though he won great races, fame and riches, these did not appeal to him half so much as that landau he gave to his mother. He always carried a portrait of his old mother about with him. He was a success and a happy man.

My old head master, Dr. Haig-Brown, wrote a verse giving his recipe for a long life and a happy one:

> A diet moderate and spare,
> Freedom from base financial care,
> Abundant work and little leisure,
> A love of beauty more than pleasure,

An even and contented mind
In charity with all mankind,
Some thoughts too sacred for display
In the broad light of common day,
A peaceful home, a loving wife,
Children who are the crown of life—
This lengthens out the years of man
Beyond the Psalmist's narrow span.

Well, true contentment comes to those who can look back on past doings with a clear conscience, and who love their work. Be content with what you have got, not with what you would like to have; this is, as I have said, a great step to happiness.

Hobbies are a good thing—work and occupation are further steps towards happiness—and Sir Alfred Fripp has related how he pitied one of his patients, who, though he owned a great fortune, was miserable and depressed simply because he had no hobbies and interests for himself which he could carry out during the long days of illness. There are multitudes of such unhappy people in the world to-day.

I was once asked if I could give in a short paragraph the best steps towards contentment in life; I said I could state it in three words: "A Happy Marriage". By 'happy' I mean not merely a joyous honeymoon and then a sustained effort of give and take, but a honeymoon lasting through life; such a thing is possible and

is open to every man of sense—that is, to a man whose line of head is stronger than his line of heart, and who does not get carried away by the first pretty girl he meets.

Difficulties and disappointments are bound to arise in ordinary life, but if you smile at them and treat them as inevitable they will rapidly melt away. I have suggested the following to many: "A smile and a stick will carry you through any difficulty in the world." I have tried it many times and ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is the smile which does the trick.

It is a physical or psychological fact that if, when you are in a state of anger or pain, or anxiety, you curl up the corners of your mouth and force a smile, it changes your outlook right away; it is not difficult that way, and I assure you it is right. I have known it pay so often from reports I have received from many Boy Scouts in pain, who say, "I put on a smile and found I was all right after all." This is a valuable step towards happiness—laugh at a difficulty and it is gone. The law of the Boy Scout teaches him to smile and whistle when in difficulty, and this can be practised with success far and wide.

I remember in that raid by the Germans on the coast from Scarborough to Whitby, we had

a lot of Boy Scouts coast-watching. One had his leg taken off, but he smiled heartily all the time, though it was hurting. When I was talking to him afterwards, still smiling, he said: "Before I was shot I could run twice as fast as the boys, now I am handicapped I am on a level with them." That smile he put on pleased me and many others round him. This is only one out of thousands of cases.

Then there is that story about the great man, President Hindenburg; when he was being interviewed one day the following conversation took place. The interviewer said, "Is it true, sir, that you whistle when in difficulty?" and the reply was, "Yes." "But," said the interviewer, "I have never heard you whistle." Hindenburg's answer was, "No."

Well then, apart from a smile, a sense of humour is indispensable if you are to make your way successfully in life. It is no use going through life with a hang-dog expression on your face. Of course, there are lots of young men who have set themselves up as cynics with a sort of superior contentment, but no cynic ever rose to happiness—he cannot. Cynicism is just the negation of the Christian teaching of "Love thy neighbour"; you cannot be cynical to a person if you love him. Cynics have no sense of

humour; they put themselves on a pedestal and cannot see themselves as others see them, that is, simply as silly. Contentment, after all, is only a step towards happiness, because happiness cannot be complete without active love and service for others, otherwise it would only be just a selfish state of mind.

For my part I have habitually given myself three more years to go, and that makes me hurry up and get things done and get all the enjoyment I can out of life, because in three years it will be too late. That is a very good incentive, because some day it will come true. In the meantime it makes you burst along and get all you can out of life.

Sir Henry Newbolt defined a successful man as "one who is happy through happy giving"; he is happy giving out happiness. It is one of the great secrets of happiness and success that the one who gives out happiness is a successful man.

Sir Alfred Fripp gave in three words the attributes for success in life, that is, "To live happily, cleanly and usefully."

To live happily is to be cheerful, optimistic, and friendly, and to be thankfully content in what God has been pleased to give you.

To live cleanly is to be able to look back with

no regrets for injuries or underhand dealings with anyone, man or woman.

To live usefully is to render whatever service is in your power to others and to the community.

Well, boiled down, this is what Christ enunciated as the true Christian living. To love God, and secondly, to "love thy neighbour".

Sir Alfred Fripp did not merely preach precepts; he was a great example of that Christian living. He lived happily; he was devoted to his own family and was intensely human; he enjoyed society of all degrees and mixed with his fellow-men, from kings to costers; he loved country life and was appreciative of all the beauties of nature; yet he was a man of the world as well as a man of the home. Content and carefree, he lived happily, giving out love and being loved in return.

He lived cleanly; he was strictly honourable and chivalrous, considerate in all his doings, and never had any regrets for any wrongdoing.

He lived usefully, for his exceptional skill as a surgeon was at the service of all, rich and poor alike. He was always ready to help good causes, especially those in which the sick and poor children were concerned.

That very original organization, the Froth-blowers, gained much success on behalf of poor

children through his promotion of it. He was always a keen, hard worker, unsparing of himself, both in his profession and in helping the worthy causes. He was one of the best type of successful men, and was one of the richest men of his time because he was happy—no wants and no regrets—and that means a successful man.

He recognized particularly the need for education in the youth of to-day in the country in matters outside the scope of the school curriculum, but none the less important for their success in life, and so, oblivious of the example he himself was giving, he quoted a code of fourteen points as being helpful:

(1) Be yourself, hopefully, and happily.

(2) Be kind and considerate to others.

(3) Keep yourself simple and young.

(4) Don't cross bridges till you come to them.

(5) Cultivate the art of suffering fools gladly.

(6) Choose your friends wisely and keep up those friendships when made.

(7) Don't let anger get the better of you; try to see the other fellow's point of view.

(8) Cultivate toleration.

(9) Maintain your individuality and independence.

(10) Cultivate your sense of humour.

(11) Cultivate your sense of proportion, and also the art of recognizing your opportunity and seizing it.

(12) Keep money consideration in its proper place; money is not everything.

(13) Be temperate in thought, word and deed.

(14) Don't look back on failure in gloomy retrospection; ignore difficulties, and cultivate switching your mind to better prospects.

These are all valuable hints and quite easily put into practice.

Sir Alfred Fripp left it to others to continue to pass on his tips, with any further hints for young men and women who are anxious to make good their lives. The text of his creed, of which he himself gave so shining an example, was to "sink self in the willing service of others".

It has struck me that there might be a wider application of that principle nowadays, with international possibilities, outside this country. Our world is upset by unrest and mistrusts, the result of super-nationalist feeling, self-determination and self-interest, serious jealousies between countries and a danger of war. The world fails to achieve success with peace and happiness, because it lacks the spirit of mutual goodwill and helpfulness. A complete change of spirit is needed in the different peoples if the League of Nations is going to be a real success, as it must have the spirit of the peoples of all countries behind it, and the spirit of the peoples can only be got by the change of spirit in the individuals

who form those peoples, and if the individuals are working on the right lines we are on a good way to get the people to do it too.

There is a sect of devil-worshippers to-day who hold that the devil rules for six thousand years and Christ for another six thousand—at present we are under the devil's rule, the devil being self, and it really looks like it too. It is at the bottom of our troubles to-day—envy, hatred, class war, political party strife—and making us jealous of each other. If the individuals of the different nations were true to the teaching of their respective religions, founded on duty to God and love for their neighbour, there would arrive the right spirit of co-operation in place of envy, hatred, and mistrust. The result of such change of spirit would be individual happiness and collective peace for all.

To sum up, I would repeat that, granted that happiness is the best form of success in life, it is attainable by each one of us, firstly, if we are content to enjoy what we have got in this world without crying for the moon, and secondly, to sink self in the active rendering of service to others.

If and when the individuals forming the different nations come to change their spirit on to such lines, these nations will act with friendli-

ness and co-operation instead of rivalry amongst one another. In our land by such a change of spirit in ourselves as individuals we cannot fail to gain happiness, because we shall be doing the highest form of service, we shall be helping, each in his own sphere, to bring about God's Kingdom on earth, to bring about the long looked-for reign of peace and happiness among men.

III

THE VERY REV. CYRIL A. ALINGTON, D.D.

HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS

By The Very Rev. Cyril A. Alington, D.D.

I CONFESS to being attracted by the subject which is prescribed for me. It is refreshing to find someone who is not ashamed to own that he himself was both successful and happy and believes that such an ambition is one which may be reasonably set before the young. There are some, no doubt, who will regard it as typically 'Victorian', and will fancy that they have disposed of it by affixing so damaging an epithet; but such criticism, far from disheartening me, gives me fresh courage for my task.

It is not that we regard the Victorian age as perfect: we could, if we had the mind, draw up an indictment against it which would be as telling as the almost unrecognizable pictures drawn by young ladies and gentlemen who know no century except the twentieth, and (it would often appear) only the seamier side of that. But when we hear that age denounced as unworthy of consideration we feel driven to retort that it did produce a reasonable number of poets, orators, statesmen, historians, and philanthropists, none of whom have been embarrassingly plentiful in

the years since the great Queen died. We may, no doubt, have been wrong in thinking that we had a sense of humour, but it is curious that we seem to have made one of our rare blunders into sense when we thought Gilbert and Sullivan funny in the eighties. I have towards the Victorian age something of that feeling of loyalty which led old Sir Francis Doyle to champion the poetry of Walter Scott. "It was during my childhood", he says, "that Scott rose to the height of his renown; and I make it my business to hold up, through good report and evil report, the poetical banner under which I enlisted as a boy."

As I have mentioned Sir Walter, let me say that he, though not a Victorian, would have highly commended the subject of to-day's lecture. Few men can have been happier or more successful, or taken a more childlike pleasure in the fact: it is sadly true that his career illustrates the dangers which await the successful man, but the spirit in which he faced his troubles shows that prosperity had not weakened his character, and though we may admire him more in those last sad years there are few who would grudge him the happy days when he enjoyed his success with the zest of a boy, and did his best to share his happiness with all around him.

But, to return to the Victorian age, I suppose that the gravamen of the charge against it lies precisely in the fact that it was self-contented, believing itself to have solved the problem of the universe and laid down a high road to success and happiness. I do not think the charge to be entirely true, though it has undoubted elements of truth. Self-complacency is an odious vice, but the optimism of Browning, Ruskin, and Carlyle, the most characteristic Victorian poets, was very far from being complacent, and those who are never tired of quoting with derision:

> God's in His heaven—
> All's right with the world!

merely show that they have never read the poem in which those lines occur.

That, I sometimes think, is the real grievance at the back of our critics' minds: they dislike and despise optimism. Now optimism can no doubt be both silly and offensive, but it is a great mistake to assume, as so many people do, that the pessimist is of necessity either clever or profound. The popularity of pessimism is a curious phenomenon: an age which suffers from a lack of great writers and great leaders may be pardoned for taking a gloomy view of the world, but there is no conceivable reason for regarding

gloom as a hall-mark of intellect. The author of the Book of Proverbs wisely remarked, "He that blesseth his neighbour with a loud voice rising up early in the morning it shall be counted a curse to him", but there is no sort of reason to suppose that the man who, sitting up over his midnight lamp, curses his generation in the newspapers, will find it recorded to his credit as a blessing.

No, I think the Victorian age was right in its belief that happiness and success are desirable and attainable things: it may have taken too vulgar a view of both of them and been too easily satisfied with its attempts to reach them; before we go further it will be right to try to discover what the words really mean.

Words, like books, have their own destinies, and very queer destinies they sometimes are. Who would have thought, for instance, that when the twins *patrimony* and *matrimony* were launched into the world such different fates awaited them? But it would surprise us much to hear anyone speak of the holy estate of patrimony, or to find matrimony regarded as meaning a property inherited from one's mother.

Sometimes, as in this case, the tricks of fate are purely arbitrary: sometimes they cast a gloomy light on human nature: it cannot be

purely accident that makes every word connected with the sense of smell progressively deteriorate, so that a 'smell' by itself means a bad smell and poor 'stink', which was once quite as respectable, cannot to-day be redeemed by any number of complementary adjectives. It is a commonplace that the great words 'love' and 'charity' lose much of their quality in daily use, but I should like to give you a still sadder illustration from another language. Aristotle praises a quality which he calls εὐτραπελία, the power of adapting oneself readily to one's company, the characteristic of an agreeable man. Alas! there are many ways of pleasing one's company, and when we meet the word again in St. Paul's Epistle it has become 'filthy jesting' and is ranked among the qualities which are not convenient.

It is time to turn from these general and gloomy reflections to the two words with which we are to-day concerned—happiness and success, and here, so far as our own language is concerned, we have a happier story to tell, for they are both words which have unmistakably risen in the world—so far, indeed, that it costs us a slight effort to realize their lowly origin. The first meaning which the dictionary assigns to the word 'happy' is 'fortuitous': 'a happy con-

course of atoms' implied no judgment as to the merit of the association, so that we start with the very cheap assumption that happiness is a mere matter of good luck. Even the sporting prophets who derive so much of their reputation from luck's incalculable operations are at pains to explain that their selections are really based on some esoteric knowledge, and never mention luck except to blaspheme it when it turns against them.

'Success' has had a still more surprising career. Born among a large family, it alone has attained to any high position. Of its brothers 'recess' remains shyly in its corner: 'access' has remained quite undistinguished: 'process' has done some useful scientific work: and of the disreputable 'abscess' the less said the better, and yet they started, we must suppose, with the same chance in life: it is very certain that 'success' meant at first no more than 'that which happens in the sequel' or the fortune befalling anyone (it is curious to observe in passing that our two words began very close together, for the fortune befalling a man or what happens to him might well have been described as his 'happiness'), but, like the Danube and the Rhine, when they forget their mountain cradle they pass through very different countries be-

fore they meet again in the title of this lecture. (If it is not presumptuous to compare a lecture to the sea!)

Success at first had to be qualified as 'good' before it could be welcome, but it was not long before it shook off its attendant and stood forth by itself as the desirable thing we know. It is possible, in the common history of the two words, to trace and to applaud the ineradicable optimism of human nature: man refuses to believe that his 'hap' can be other than something pleasant, or that 'what happens in the sequel' can be otherwise than desirable. We may sigh over disappointment, but I think that the world is so made and so governed that happiness and success are, or should be, the normal expectation of its inhabitants.

But before we proceed to discuss the sense in which this optimistic verdict may be justified, it will be interesting to observe what some other languages may have to tell us. Both English words as we have seen, have their origin in the operation of chance. The Greeks may have meant much the same thing, but their beautiful word *εὐδαιμονία* does at least imply some personal interest on the part of a superior agency: to the Greeks the happy man is one who enjoys the protection and the favour of the dæmons, for

dæmons were kindly people before they were transliterated into English, and to have them on your side was to be sure both of happiness and success. The trouble, of course, was that they and their superiors, the Gods, were capricious and incalculable; they were 'jealous' gods in a very human sense, and were easily annoyed by a prosperity which might seem to rival their own. It might well be necessary for poor Polycrates to cast his precious ring into the sea to avert their jealousy, and even then they might refuse to accept his offering. It is a fine idea to regard happiness as a gift from heaven, but your satisfaction must depend on the character of the gods who people your Olympus.

The Romans, characteristically, had no such ideas. When they said 'felix' they meant productive: a tree which produces fruit is a 'happy' tree, and man may be called happy if he too produces what he is meant to produce. There speaks the practical race which knows how to till the soil, and sees happiness in the arrival of the fruits of the earth in due season: growth is a happy thing and from that idea of growth comes their word for happiness. It is a pleasant and not an unprofitable thought. When Keats cried:

he little knew that he was quoting Latin: and it is strange to reflect that when the early Christian poet apostrophised the wood of which the Cross was made as 'felix arbor' he was giving wood its earliest epithet, and yet he was using it in much the same way, for he was praising it for the fruits of salvation which it bore for the world in much the same spirit as the primitive Roman called it 'happy', because it did its duty of bearing the apples for himself and his children. Both were wiser than poor Keats, and also were complimentary, for he only thought it was happy because it had the power to forget, and that in itself is an insufficient basis for happiness.

In the Bible the identification of happiness with good fortune is clear: the substantive does not occur, for luck is hardly stable enough to justify a substantival existence, but the happy man in the Old Testament is the man who enjoys good fortune. It may be the good fortune of having his quiver full of children of his own, it may be the good fortune of being able to dash the children of his enemies against the stones. It may be the greater good fortune of having the God of Jacob for his god, for the gods of other nations are notoriously of

little use. It is only in the Book of Proverbs that we find the happy man earning his happiness by his own efforts; by showing mercy to the poor, keeping the law and trusting in the Lord.

In the New Testament the good fortune is of a sterner sort: it consists in suffering for righteousness' sake, and enduring persecution and reproach: the word is found only once in the Gospels, referring to the happiness of those who know and keep the commandment of self-forgetfulness.

It cannot, I am afraid, be claimed that our excursion into etymology has brought us any very valuable results. The dictionary-makers seem to agree that Happiness and Success are both very much a matter of luck, and that is not a conclusion in which we can acquiesce. To do so would be to fall in with the lamentable view of human life which permeates most of the modern 'intellectual' novels: they delight in showing man as the victim of circumstances and, however brilliant their portrayal of those circumstances may be, and often is, the total result is devitalizing in the extreme. I do not expect a novel to be a theological treatise—it may be doubted whether *Robert Elsmere* would arouse widespread interest to-day—but it is surely

not too much to ask that the problems which it raises should occasionally be considered in the light of what Christianity has taught the world. We do not expect the modern novelist to accept the Christian doctrine of marriage: if he did, his (or her) output would be lamentably restricted: but he has presumably not entirely outgrown the teaching of the catechism that it is our duty to treat other people as we would have them treat us: and it would be refreshing to find so much consideration occasionally present in the mind of his distracted heroes and heroines. We do not expect him to be respectful to official religion, though he need not load the dice against it: but we do deprecate those continued pictures of supposedly ordinary people who appear never to have heard of several of the Ten Commandments, and assume without question that there is no such thing as a Divine law of conduct. It would be something if they would at any rate greet the Commandments in the spirit of the Royal Duke of a century ago who used, as each was read, to ejaculate, "Quite right too, but very difficult sometimes," though it is to be hoped that they would not, as he did, greet one of them with the words, "No, no; it's my cousin George does that."

As it is, their complete disregard for any Divine ordinance, has driven some of the most respectable of us to detectives stories, where if one is not on the side of the angels one is at least on the side of the police.

It must be said, in justice to their authors, that modern novels do not profess to be a guide to happiness: their creatures move in a world where natural desires are, in their opinion, unreasonably thwarted, and their efforts to obtain satisfaction are seldom convincing. It is plain that happiness is not to be found by the primrose path which leads, if not to the everlasting bonfire, at least to the Divorce Court and the destruction of the family. Aldous Huxley's *Life Worshipper*, who conforms to public-school traditions of duty and honour in public and in private does just "what he wills to do", is not an attractive figure. If we are to have a new Statue of Liberty to light our entrance into the Promised Land we may hope that it will not be conceived in his likeness.

Let us, by way of contrast, turn to the chapter in *Past and Present* where Carlyle draws a picture of happiness and its opposite. I am not sure how much Carlyle is read to-day, and, much as I admire him, I have some sympathy with those who think that a notoriously un-

happy man is a poor guide to Happiness, just as they smile at a teacher who devotes such untiring eloquence to the praises of Silence. But his denunciation of the cheap remedies for human distress which were current in his day has some value against those who assure us that all we have to do is to follow our instincts and to deify our desires.

After denouncing the 'Great Happiness' principle as fast becoming rather an unhappy one, and reminding his hearers that they "will never get even bacon by aiming at that", he turns with prophetic eloquence to attack the general desire of happiness as fundamentally mistaken.

> 'Happy', my brother? First of all, what difference is it whether thou art happy or not! To-day becomes Yesterday so fast, all To-morrows become Yesterday; and then there is no question whatever of the 'happiness', but quite another question. The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was happiness enough to get his work done. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man that he cannot work, that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly over; and the night cometh, wherein no man can work. Brief brawling Day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper crowns tinsel gilt, is gone and divine everlasting Night, with her star diadems, with her

> veracities, is come! What hast thou done and how? Happiness, unhappiness: all that was but the *wages* thou hadst: thou hast spent all that in sustaining thyself hitherward; not a coin of it remains with thee, it is all spent, eaten: and now thy work, where is thy work? Swift, out with it: let us see thy work!

We may appreciate Carlyle's eloquence without accepting his conclusions. It is one thing to seek happiness as a goal in itself—Plato exposed that fallacy many thousands of years ago—but quite another to believe that happiness may reasonably be hoped for, not as an external reward granted to a virtuous life, but as the inevitable result of living as we are meant to live.

A friend of mine, who kept chickens, had a machine which always seemed to me in some degrees symbolic. A cylinder, containing some attractive food encased in a transparent but impenetrable material, was suspended in the middle, at which the chickens hopefully pecked. No direct result attended their labours, but their pecking caused the cylinder to revolve and thereby to release showers of grain which fell at comparatively distant spots. From a practical point of view the result was that no chicken got food without the exercise of pecking for it, and, though they never got exactly what they

pecked for, they enriched themselves and the community by their efforts.

The moral would seem to be that those who make happiness their direct object are unlikely to attain it. I wish it could be added that their efforts in this direction tend to promote the general well-being, and I am afraid that my chickens are only a useful analogy for some more spiritual pursuit. If you try to be good-tempered, however completely you may fail, you can hardly help improving the general stock of good temper, but the attempt to be happy brings no such blessing with it: the would-be happy man pecks like the chickens: the desired object seems within reach, but the covering remains unbroken, and it is to be feared that in this case the exercise is not beneficial even to the pecker.

"Popularity", said the great Lord Halifax, "is a crime from the moment it is sought; it is only a virtue when men have it whether they will or no." There is a sense in which this is true of happiness, and if, as has been said, the laughter of children is the happiest sound in the world, it may be well that their unself-consciousness is the quality which earns the superlative.

The mention of laughter reminds me—if you

will forgive another quotation from him—of the fine tribute which it receives from Carlyle: it will show you that he, in his happier mood, understood that there could be a happiness which demanded expression. He describes how Professor Teufeldröck laughed "like the neighing of all Tattersall's—tears streaming down his cheeks, pipe held aloft, foot clutched into the air—loud—long—continuing, uncontrollable—a laugh not of the face and diaphragm only, but of the whole man from head to foot", and he appends these wise reflections:

> How much lies in laughter: the cipher key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter from the throat outwards: or at best produce some whiffling husky combination, as if they were laughing through wool: of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

It would be interesting to discuss national capacities for laughter—that of the Jews, whose laughter tends to be either the terrible laughter of derision, or that mirth of the fool whose laughter is like the crackling of thorns under

the pot—for he laughs, as has been truly said, at a thing because it is good, at a thing because it is bad, and at a thing he cannot understand; or that of the Greeks, who laughed at everything in heaven and earth; or that of the Romans, who, it is to be feared, thought jokes should be as practical as everything else about them; but this would be taking us too far from our subject, for laughter—loud laughter, at any rate—is the child, not of happiness, but of humour, and humour is not happiness, unless it be in the true sense of the words *good humour*.

But I suppose that I ought to offer some prescription of my own for the attainment of happiness, and if I had, greatly daring, to put it into a phrase I should say that the secret lay in preserving our sense of wonder. I am encouraged to give this answer by the fact that it has already, in substance, been given by a member of the great profession to which Sir Alfred Fripp belonged, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, Mr. Stephen Paget. In a delightful book, bearing the title *I Wonder*, he expounds the value of his subject. Let me quote you the words of his conclusion:

> Look which way you will, up and down the streets of the city of the mind, you will find everywhere the use of Wonder. It helps you, if

> not to understand, yet to have some faint idea of the meaning of our being here. It does, I can hardly say how, but it does lead us toward a sane, true, and proper vision of that adjustment between God and Man in which we live and move. It is individualistic, yet unselfish: it is logical, yet not dull; it is imagination, yet not fantastical. Follow the way of Wonder; for it sets our faces towards Wisdom.

If you consider these words you will see their bearing on our subject: a man cannot be happy, except in the most trivial meaning of the word, unless he has some idea of the real reason of his existence. He must seek for some vision of the true relation between God and Man—and he will be infinitely more likely to answer that riddle, and to attain that vision, if he can keep alive in his heart some of that childlike sense of wonder with which we are born into the world.

It is not a power which it is easy to retain in the present day. Mr. Kenneth Grahame, who regards the wonder of the world as "the most priceless possession of the human race", declares that "latterly the utmost endeavours of mankind have been directed towards the dissipation of that wonder. Everybody seems to cry out for a world in which there shan't be any Santa Claus. Nobody, any longer, may hope

to entertain an angel unawares, or to meet Sir Lancelot in shining armour on a moonlit road." He himself, he says, has done his best in his writings to show to children that "their simple acceptance of the mood of wonderment . . . is a thing more precious than any of the laboured achievements of adult mankind".

It is often assumed that the power must necessarily fail us as we grow up. Wordsworth, in his famous panegyric on the child, declares that the youth must travel daily farther from the East which is the source of vision, and that the man inevitably

> perceives it die away
> and fade into the light of common day.

What I should wish to maintain is that the process is by no means inevitable, and that the happy man is he who lives not unattended "by the vision splendid" of the wonder and mystery of the world in which he lives. Many things conspire against him: he lives in a prosaic world where the hard necessities of the struggle for existence may seem to leave him little time for anything else: he lives among people who assume that there are no important problems which need solution; or that their solution is so far beyond reach that it is a waste of time to

worry over them. Mr. Gradgrind, in *Hard Times*, favoured the former answer. "Louisa," he said, "never wonder." By means of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, settle everything, somehow, but never wonder. But, as his creator reminds us, Mr. Gradgrind's gospel was not accepted, even in Coketown: the readers in the public library "wondered about human nature, human passions, human hopes and fears, the struggles, triumphs and defeats, the cares and joys and sorrows, the lives and deaths of common men and women".

The other assumption is self-contradictory, for to say that a problem is insoluble is to invite wonder, not to repress it. It may be true that a final answer is beyond our grasp; but it is inherent in human nature, as Browning and countless other poets have told us, to strive after the unattainable, and to repress the instinct of wonder is at least as dangerous as those repressions of instinct against which our modern psychologists never cease to warn us. The happy man will keep his power of wondering alive.

Mr. Paget divides his objects of wonder under six heads, although he warns us that the list is not exhaustive. He begins with a diatribe against the indiscriminate use of so great a

word, which is so delightful that I think I must read it to you:

> Grandpa slips upon the stairs and hurts himself. The wonder is that he did not hurt himself more. It is not! The wonder is, that Grandpa did hurt himself. All pain is infinitely wonderful; but there is no wonder in measured severity of this or that accident. It was not possible that he should hurt himself more: from his weight, the velocity of his descent, the density of the stairs, or the state of his tissues you might calculate the harm done, working out each bruise by algebra on a blackboard. To wonder that he did not hurt himself more is like wondering that two and two do not make five. His injury was his share of the universe at the moment of his accident: it was bound, therefore, to be exactly what it was. Otherwise, not he, but the universe, would have been confounded. The universe, in accordance with the eternal principles, upset Grandpapa. If he had hurt himself more, ever so little more, he would have upset the universe.

Let us return from this digression to the appropriate uses of wonder. Mr. Paget's six categories are Matter, Nature, Self, Pain, Death, and Beauty. The wonder of matter surely needs no emphasis in days when we have seen it, in the hands of the scientists, dissolve and cease to be. We have long known, of course, that the colour of the rose and the taste of roast beef were in us and not in them, though

we may have found it hard to believe, but we find now that our solid tables and chairs are vanishing into an unimaginable world of electrons and other entities into which few of us are capable of following them. I am not suggesting that such a quest is essential to happiness, or my own chances will be remote indeed; but even to think of it has value for the merest ignoramus. We are far too ready, in the true Gradgrind spirit, to accept the miracles which Science daily performs as a matter of course: to be reminded that the world in which we live is literally wonderful is good for us all, and prepares us for the acceptance of wonders in which we are more closely concerned. To put it bluntly, we often find people who regard the world as a simple place, into which religious people force their way with mysterious doctrines which are beyond human comprehension. It is well to be reminded that, as Huxley once wrote to Bishop Gore, "the necessary antinomies and contradictions of science are at least as puzzling as any article in the creeds". The happy man is not the man who believes everything; but the less he can bring himself to regard as inherently incredible, the wiser and the happier he will be.

I do not propose to take you at length through Mr. Paget's list, but I must say a few

words about two of these—the wonder of Self and the wonder of Beauty. So much of our modern literature seems to have as its object the degradation of our personalities, representing them as the helpless victims of circumstances and the automatic product of natural conditions that it is necessary to say with all imaginable emphasis that no man can be happy who does not marvel at and respect the mystery of his own individual existence. I am neither a philosopher nor a psychologist and make no claim to expound the mystery of personality. I can only claim that I do follow my own prescription and continually wonder at the power which each of us possesses of forming an intellectual world of which we are, in a very real sense, the centre. I see in this power of ours the only way in which I can form any conception of the ultimate mystery of the universe, and when I am appalled, as all of us must be at times, by its vastness, I take comfort in the thought that while I can think about the stars they cannot think about me, and that it is I, and the poets who write of them, who give them their real claim to existence.

I am certainly a very remarkable person, and the fact imposes upon me the obligations to take myself seriously: to fritter my life away in the

search for immediate pleasure is like burning all the books in one's library to warm oneself at the blaze: the happy man must begin his search for happiness by realizing the wonder of his own existence.

He will find plenty of unpleasant things about himself when he begins the study; but, if he is honest, he will admit that the wonderful thing is that he knows they are unpleasant. If he triumphed over the stars because they could not think at all, he will triumph no less over the contented cow or the placid pig because they are unable to think of the things that really matter. It is a burdensome inheritance, from which, at our weaker moments, we may well wish to be rid. "I know," a man may say with the old poet,

> I know my soul hath power to know all things,
> Yet she is blind and ignorant in all:
> I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
> Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall:
>
> I know my life's a pain and but a span,
> I know my sense is mocked in everything,
> And, to conclude, I know myself a Man——
> Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

This may seem a strange poem to quote in a lecture on happiness; but it is vital to our subject, for it is indeed true that the happiness which we seek is not one that can be attained

without effort, and to realize that, by wondering at this strange self of ours, is the first step upon the road.

It need not be said that when we wonder at ourselves we wonder also at the existence of other people. No happy relationship with others is possible, and no ultimate happiness for ourselves, unless we realize their infinite importance. It is a very hard task.

> Momentous to himself, as I to me,
> Hath each man been that every woman bore——
> Once, in a lightning flash of sympathy,
> I felt this truth, one instant and no more.

So writes, as I think, the truest poet living: we may accept his estimate of the difficulty of the task, but we must not shrink from attempting to fulfil it. The golden rule that we should do to others as we would have them do to us is not only a religious precept, but an obvious truism. The wonderful thing is that despite our inherent selfishness we never attempt to deny the obligation. The Catechism is only putting into words what we feel to be the truth when it tells us that "our *duty* to our neighbour"—our duty, the obligation of our common humanity—"our duty to our neighbour is to love him as ourself".

But you will say, with justice, that you did not come here to listen to a sermon. My difficulty is that if, as I believe, we live in a world which God has made, and are gifted with qualities which He meant us to exercise, the only, and the certain, road to happiness lies in bringing those qualities to perfection. I have no patience with those excellent people who talk as if happiness were a matter of 'reward'—a reward which it is discreditable to us to want and to our Maker to offer. Happiness, as I see it, lies in the fulfilment of function, and a good man is as naturally happy as a horse taking water. I am sorry to have nothing more intelligent to offer you, but I do really believe that Stevenson was not far wrong when he wrote:

> Now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
> And oh, I am so happy, for I know that I've been good.

I think the child was wrong to say it, and I should be still more sorry to hear its elders repeating the sentiment: I hope you have too much tact for that. 'Tact' has been defined as "meaning one thing and saying another carefully", but I challenge you to deny that, however carefully you may say something else, you do know that goodness is its own reward, and

that the reward is paid in the coinage of happiness.

I must make another, and more determined effort to descend from my pulpit and say a few words of the happiness which comes from those who know how to wonder at beauty. I was reading the other day Mr. Lloyd George's account of his failure to arouse in Mr. Bonar Law any appreciation of the beauty of woman, of music, or of scenery, and it must be confessed that Mr. Bonar Law, though one of the most lovable of men, did not leave on the minds of those who knew him any great impression of happiness. Let me digress for a moment to contrast him in this respect with the present leader of the Conservative Party, who was wisely chosen to give the first of these lectures. Mr. Baldwin has much to distress and depress him (though I should like to put on record my own opinion that no man deserves it less), and I would hazard the guess that one thing which enables him to preserve his equanimity is his appreciation of the beauty of great literature, of natural scenery, and of simple country life.

Perhaps I ought to add his sense of humour, for when he gave a list of his favourite quotations they were unmistakably of a frivolous order. The first was unexceptionable: "The

light that never was on land or sea"; but the other three: "Where I dines I sleeps"; "Why does he go sideways?"; and "Golly, what a paper!" suggest a catholic taste in admiration. He put it on record that he had a brotherly feeling towards any whose eye lighted up at those four passages. Speaking as one who has passed the test, I should be interested to know how many of my audience have recognized them.

You may think I have descended very abruptly and very far from the pulpit: let me return at least to the seat of the clerk. I do not say you cannot be happy if you do not appreciate beauty, but I do say that with so wide a field before you—the beauty of nature, of music, of poetry, of goodness; the beauty of good craftsmanship in its countless forms—it is a strange thing if you find no spring of happiness within its borders: and remember that your task is to admire, not only in the common sense of the word, but in its old meaning to *wonder* at the beauty you see and at your own power to see it, and such a wonder will lead us along the same road which we travelled before and bid us to reflect Who it is Whose Name shall be rightly called Wonderful.

Those were wise words that were uttered two

thousand years ago—so wise that it is not surprising that many have thought they could have been spoken by Christ Himself:

> Let not him that seeketh cease till he find: finding, he shall wonder: wondering, he shall reach the Kingdom: and in the Kingdom he shall have rest.

It is time that I should be drawing to a close. If you think that I have said too much of Happiness and too little of my other subject, Success, I should be tempted to reply that the greater includes the less: the man who has succeeded in being happy in the true sense of the word has achieved the greatest success. Success may very easily be a vulgar and selfish pursuit: happiness, in the sense in which we have been considering it, cannot be either. Poor 'success' cannot really be severed from the bad company in which it has fallen. When you say, for instance, that a man is successful in the greatest of all human adventures, "successful in love", you see how instinctively you feel that it degrades the great word with which it is associated: the lover becomes the lady-killer—a being who sinks as far below humanity as his rival rises above it. So we must leave Success to look after itself—a good and welcome follower, but a dangerous and often a treacherous guide.

I cannot claim to have thrown any new light upon the subject. If any of you came with that expectation, you were already 'happy'—happy in your innocence—and you will go away still happier in your feeling of superiority to the lecturer—a very real, though not perhaps a very refined, type of happiness.

There will be some who may feel that you have been unfairly entrapped into listening to a sermon, and if you feel that, I shall be sorry, but unrepentant. As I read Sir Alfred Fripp's life, I see in him a man who had no illusion that happiness could be considered apart from those higher thoughts which make a man's life worth living. In the address which he gave to the students at Guy's on the art of living I find that the chief merit which he rightly claimed for his great profession is that of altruism. The precepts which he gave for the art of happiness—precepts which I believe he practised himself—included the practice of virtues at least as difficult as any which I have recommended to you—kindness, consideration, toleration, temperance, and the like, and the vices he bids the happy man to shun—anger, jealousy, and the love of money—are just those qualities which we know from another angle as the sins which do so easily beset us.

There is no road to happiness in a God-made world except the path of the divine Commandment: St. Paul was not thinking in terms of happiness when he wrote to the Philippians; but it was the Philippians whom he repeatedly adjured to rejoice, and his final exhortation as to the way in which joy was to be found may well end a lecture on happiness. I will quote his words to you, not in the stately language with which you are all familiar, but in a modern version, in the hope that the unfamiliar words may catch your attention:

> Wherever you find truth or holiness, righteousness, or purity, anything lovable or anything attractive, or if there is anything in 'virtue' or 'honour', there let your thoughts dwell.

IV

THE RT. HON.
SIR WILLIAM ALLEN JOWITT,
P.C., K.C.

HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS

by the Rt. Hon. Sir William Jowitt

I HAVE at least this excuse for discussing my subject. I am thankful to recall that I have been singularly blessed, both in my public and my private life. I have derived much happiness from my past life. I am enjoying the present, and I hope that the good things and experiences which I have had may be continued unto me for some time to come. Moreover, from some points of view at least, it would, I suppose, be idle to pretend that I have not, in my profession, achieved a certain measure of success. When I have said this, I have given the only qualifications that I have to speak on happiness and success.

I therefore said to myself that to find my subject matter I would go to the books of learning; that I would extract the wisdom of the past; that I would savour it with the wisdom of the present. Accordingly, I went to the authorities to see if I could discover what happiness was; what success was; and how either the one or the other might be secured. I must confess that I have come out at that same door wherein

I went, more mystified! I have found statements which support almost every proposition from writers of equal eminence. I have found one authority say: "He is happy who thinks he is happy," and similarly: "He that thinks of his happiness, summons grief."

It has been said, "Happiness is the child of wisdom." Aristotle said, "Wisdom does not occupy itself with happiness." Is happiness a product of knowledge? By increasing our knowledge do we increase our chances of happiness? Some authorities have said we do, but in the Book of Ecclesiastes I find these words: "For in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increases knowledge increases sorrow." In my life I have been privileged to meet some of that select body of persons who are commonly referred to as "the intellectuals". I am bound to admit that I have not found these persons distinguished over and above the ordinary set of mortals by their happiness. Indeed, I wonder whether the state of a man's digestion is not a more important factor in achieving happiness than the extent of his knowledge.

Then I found rival views expressed upon the question as to whether happiness springs from and is the product of rectitude, of the conscious-

ness of a life well-lived and of time well-spent. I have in my time known many men of the most upright character, distinguished alike by their piety and probity. Yet my impression is that many of these men have never succeeded in achieving the secret of happiness. I have seen, too, the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, and apparently enjoy every minute of their flourishing.

Well, in this state of the authorities having no clear principles laid down for me in the wise books of the past, I have had to think out this problem for myself, to try to consider under what circumstances and in what manner the spark of happiness can be kindled. And I have come to the conclusion that just as the material spark can be kindled in many ways—by an electric discharge, by spontaneous combustion, by the intensification of the sun's rays, by the spark from a flint, by rubbing pieces of wood together, or, in these modern times, by the simple application of a lucifer to a prepared surface—so also I believe that the spark of happiness can be produced in countless ways. My metaphor of the application of the lucifer to the prepared surface illustrates a truth which I believe to exist concerning happiness. Just as the lucifer by itself, without the prepared sur-

face, is no more good than the prepared surface without the lucifer, so also I believe that there are two separate elements of happiness to be considered. If I may change my metaphor, I would liken them to the transmission and receiving of wireless rays. Our ability to receive happiness depends upon some innate quality. We must see that we have within us a capacity to receive happiness. But we must also rely, in the main, on ourselves to transmit the rays of happiness so as to operate upon our receptivity.

We talk of a person having a happy disposition, by which we mean that he or she has the receptivity for happiness, but whether that quality is physical, or moral, or mental, I do not pretend to know. We have a strong authority saying "Let me have fat men about me, such as sleep o' nights," and I think we should most of us agree that the cause which produces fatness frequently produces a happy disposition. We all know that not uncommon type of person, happy-go-lucky, who come up smiling whatever misfortune may attack them, who seem to go through no mental process, but who possess a species of cunning which makes up for it. They are fat and happy. They are generally rather good at games, and frequently very attached to the opposite sex, and they seem to have no

apparent reason for having achieved the recipe for happiness.

Well now, the first question we have to consider is whether we should try to increase our receptivity, or whether we should concentrate our attention on securing that the waves sent out are strong enough to reach us, however poor our receptivity? I believe we should do both. Many who believe profoundly in the duty of prayer hardly realize the duty of thankfulness. The duty of thankfulness is no less important, and unless we regard the duty of thankfulness for the blessings we have, we are apt to dull and, indeed, to atrophy our receptivity for becoming happy by external circumstances. This I believe to be a much neglected duty. It was Thackeray who said: "Of all things, it is most difficult to make an Englishman acknowledge he is happy."

Well now, having been driven to confess that I know very little about the causes of happiness, I must now add to my confession that I know still less of that in which happiness consists. Happiness defies definition. We have all experienced some happiness, and we all know that one sort of happiness is different from another sort of happiness. Are these differences, differences in kind or merely in degree? How can one

discern between various types of happiness? Take for instance the happiness that comes from religion. It sometimes happens that there comes to a man a deep surging emotion which springs from his belief or his knowledge of the oneness of himself and his Creator. This emotion is illustrated by the case of the Fakir who is pleased to lie on nails, or by that of the Trappist monk who gives up the privilege of speech. Are these people happy? I must say that for my own part I have no intention of lying on nails or living in perpetual silence, though I might refrain from giving any more lectures! I sometimes feel with Aldous Huxley, that there are certain aspects of religion touching which I find it difficult to find a place for the perfectly normal and healthy person who is thoroughly enjoying his life. If we are all of us perfectly candid I think we should have to admit that if we are to be confronted with the question, "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" the truthful answer would be, "Sometimes yes, sometimes no," and for myself I should add, "More often no."

Well, I have discussed religion. There is the emotion of love. When a young and rapturous swain first feels that the girl he loves loves him as much as he loves her, he experiences a deep

emotion of happiness. Or take the case of an artist painting what he is conscious is a great picture, the architect designing, and living to see finished, a noble building, or a writer having finished a great work—what a thrill of happiness they must feel. These are the concluding words of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*:

> It was among the ruins of the Capitol that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised nearly twenty years of my life and which, however inadequate to my own wishes, I finally deliver to the curiosity and candour of the public.

What tremendous satisfaction of having put the last full stop to the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*! But all these things are difficult to compare. How do they compare with the simpler pleasures? The simple pleasure of a good dinner, a warm fireside, a rise in salary, or, in my own profession (an experience which comes to every young advocate), the satisfaction of inducing a jury to return a verdict of "Not Guilty" in respect of a man who certainly ought to have been convicted.

I conclude, then, that it is impossible to compare one kind of happiness with another. For they differ not merely in degree, but in kind. Moreover, is happiness negative, or is it posi-

tive? You hear people say "Time passed very pleasantly, which means to say, "An hour or so has gone and we have been so occupied we have not thought of anything in particular and we certainly have not been sorry." Is that happiness? If so, the state of unconsciousness, or of sleep, is a state of happiness. That may be so. For my part I believe happiness not to be a negative, but to be a positive condition.

But if I have been unable to find satisfactory answers to these questions, it is satisfactory to know that they have baffled the philosophers. I remember in my time at Oxford, when we dabbled in philosophy, we used to debate the question whether, if a man has lived a sufficiently useful and noble life, he could bring himself to a state in which great ideals would so triumph over material discomforts that he could be happy notwithstanding physical pain. The question was put as to whether a man of great nobility of character, conscious of his honourable past, can be happy though suffering on the rack. It is recorded that an undergraduate who had not paid much attention to the learned disquisitions on this topic answered this question with this terse sentence: "A good man on a bad rack can be fairly happy."

Then, too, you all know the anecdote of the

shirt by Anatole France. An Eastern Potentate possessed everything he could desire, riches and good health, and in spite of it all he failed to find happiness. So he went to the Oracle to find out how he could be happy. And the Oracle told him to seek for the perfectly happy man and get him to give up his shirt and to wear that shirt—"Therein you will find his happiness," said the Oracle. So the Potentate sent his emissaries far and wide to find this remarkable individual, and at last they were rewarded in finding the perfectly happy man living in humble state. When this was reported to the King he determined, himself, to journey to see this man to beg for his shirt. But when the King met the man it was only to discover that he did not possess any such garment.

Then we must consider the bearing of ambition on happiness. How does ambition affect happiness? Does it increase or lessen it? Well, I think, for myself, it depends entirely on the type of ambition. You remember Pyrrhus and the Sage?—

Pyrrhus said, "I shall conquer Sicily."

"And when you have conquered Sicily?" asked the Sage.

"Then I am going to conquer Italy."

"And when you have conquered Italy?"

"Then I shall conquer Africa."

"And when you have conquered Africa?"

"When I have conquered Africa, I shall conquer the World."

"And then?" queried the Sage.

"Then," said Pyrrhus, "I shall rest and be happy."

To which the Sage replied, "Why not rest and be happy now?"

This at least can be said about happiness: like every other really valuable thing, it can neither be bought nor sold. Power and position are no guarantees for happiness. Sufficiency increases the chance of happiness, but a superabundance tends to make its possessor indifferent and bored, and so probably decreases his chances of happiness. Poverty produces worry, and worry is the enemy of happiness. So far, however, as the externals go, it is true to say that what matters is not the greatness of a man's possessions, but the smallness of his wants. Every schoolboy knows the remark Alexander made to Diogenes, "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes."

Success also defies definition. Burke in one of his speeches said: "The only infallible criterion of wisdom is, to vulgar judgments, success." I have met in my time very many successful men. There are a very large number of men in

this country to-day who have, from small and humble beginnings, built up great organizations and great works and have made great fortunes. I have met another type of successful man who has got very rich quickly, and I know them well enough now to be pretty certain that sooner or later they will get poor equally quickly. My impression, for what it is worth, is that neither the one class nor the other has any larger share of happiness than other men. I don't think that success, looked at from any material point of view, necessarily increases happiness. There are, however, certain types of work which must surely tend to produce great happiness.

Let us take for example the success of a man like Wilberforce, who worked for a great cause, who devoted the best years of his life to working for the abolition of slavery. He lived to see his cause triumph, and the justice of his cause universally acclaimed. Success such as this must have produced great happiness.

William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, lived to see the little seed which he had sown grow to a great tree. His organization, within his own lifetime, brought happiness to multitudes of the despised and downtrodden. This must have given him happiness.

President Masaryk, born a member of a race with great traditions, became a teacher in the University. He took up causes, no matter what temporary unpopularity they brought, in the interests of justice. He has lived to see his ideals triumph, his race taking its rightful place once more in the councils of the world, and the foundation of the new State laid in justice and in liberty. Surely the achievement of such a noble ideal must bring great happiness.

But most of us, who cannot found kingdoms or great religious organizations, or achieve great causes such as the abolition of slavery, have to be content with a smaller type of success. To achieve a happy home circle; to achieve success in the career you have chosen; by following and, if possible, enhancing the traditions of a great profession; this is success. Yet, if I may tell you from my own experience in my profession, having started from the very bottom and having become for a time its titular head, I should say that the happiness lies in the struggle rather than in the achievement. If I am right in my view that happiness depends, at least partly, on some capacity for receptivity, it is obvious it cannot be achieved by relying solely on external things. Happiness is elusive; if you follow it as such you won't get it. You

are most likely to reach happiness if you do not deliberately lay yourself out to capture it. Maeterlinck has drawn us a picture of a person possessing supreme happiness, telling those who would learn from him wherein that happiness consists:

> I have riches and youth and health—I have glory, power and love—and if to-day I am able to call myself happy it is not on account of the gifts that fortune has deigned to accord me, but because I have learned from those gifts to fix my eyes far above happiness. If my marvellous travels and victories, my strength and my love have brought me the peace and the gladness I sought, it is only because they have taught me that it is not in them that true gladness and peace can be found. It is in myself they existed before all these triumphs. And I know full well that had but a little more wisdom been mine I have enjoyed all I now enjoy without the aid of so much good fortune. I know that to-day I am happier still than I was yesterday, because I have learnt at last that I stand in no need of good fortune in order to free my soul to bring peace to my thoughts to enlighten my heart.

I think my experience would justify me in saying that if only we can cultivate a sense of humour, or perhaps rather a sense of detachment, we may improve and increase our capacity for receptivity of happiness. It has been

well stated that some few have achieved happiness by looking at life as though they were looking at a play at a theatre in which only comedies were played, and by trying to regard themselves as one of the actors in the comedy. They feel but little anguish at their own distress, and, though they wear the garb of woe, are yet as unaffected as the undertaker. Though that degree of detachment can be achieved by very few, yet I think we can all cultivate a greater sense of detachment than at present we possess.

That sense of detachment was the secret which Oliver Goldsmith believed to underlie happiness. He says of Cardinal Ratz:

> He was a man of gallantry—and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy. Wherever pleasure was to be sold he was generally foremost to raise the auction.
>
> Being a universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception—if she too rejected his addresses he never thought of retiring into deserts or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied he had loved her—and so all was well again.
>
> When fortune wore her angriest look, when he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarin, and was confined a

close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes, he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He laughed at himself and his persecutor and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, teased every hour by the impertinence of wretches who were employed to guard him, he still retained his good humour, laughed at all their little spite, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged by writing the life of his jailers.

I would summarize, then, what I have said by reminding you of my belief that happiness is largely dependent on our receptivity, and that to increase our capacity for receptivity we should do three things. We should first of all try to cultivate a spirit of thankfulness; secondly, we should try to cultivate a sense of humour; and thirdly, if you will, a sense of detachment. But we have now got to consider the second element in happiness. How shall we so conduct ourselves as to transmit those rays of happiness which will operate upon our receptivity? Mahomet, I am told, said that the three circumstances most likely to produce happiness were perfume, women, and prayer. When I discussed this with three friends recently, "Why prayer?" said the first, "Why

perfume?" said the second. I did not encourage the third to speak!

If I were to select three circumstances, I would say to-day: interests, enthusiasm, and service. I tell you why I consider interests and enthusiasm first of all. Enthusiasm is the child of vitality and belief in yourself. Interest, the particular direction that enthusiasm takes. Now I want to say a word or two about the attitude which one sometimes finds to-day alike in the young and old—that spirit of disparagement toward's one's present age, continually talking about the "good old time." But, after all, whatever else one may say, it is an immensely interesting age in which we live. There never has been a more interesting age than this, and vast problems lie ahead. I am sure you would agree with me that in twenty-five years' time things will be very different from what they are to-day. We are, at present, living in a changing world, and therefore it behoves everyone of us to roll up his sleeves and take such part as he can in the making of these changes, so that they may lead us to be successful in solving these problems—the problem of harmonizing apparent incompatabilities, co-operation with freedom, of securing efficiency without competition; the problem of man and the machine.

Aristotle said that "your business should be chosen for the sake of leisure". I regard it as inevitable that in this country there will be in the years to come greater leisure than there is to-day. I think this is a necessary consequence of living in a machine age. Will greater leisure mean greater happiness? It by no means follows, but it is inevitable, as I see it, that the hours of work will be reduced and the hours of leisure will be longer.

That again at once leads us to education. Could we but make a reading public. You know success at the Bar is sometimes called a bed of roses, but it has been well said that life at the Bar is either all bed and no roses, or all roses and no bed. One of the disadvantages of a very busy life is that there is so little time for reading, and the habit of reading, and the faculty of losing ourselves in a book, is a most valuable thing.

If only we had a race of people in this country who could in their leisure time resort to their books, and turn to them as friends who are always faithful friends, nothing would be more conducive to happiness. Do you recall the words in which Macaulay acknowledged his debt to his books? How they filled his mind with graceful and noble images—how they stood by him in all

vicissitudes, comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity.

And then I should place the cultivation of a sense of the wonders of beauty and nature as being a means to secure happiness. To wander by a river's bank on a beautiful summer evening, to watch the sunset, and the flight of birds, to see the first signs of spring—what an unending source of delight and interest.

The more we can cultivate these outside interests, the happier we shall be—the more we shall forget ourselves and our petty troubles. "I have found it!" exclaimed Archimedes, when in his bath he discovered the solution of some problem, and so excited was he that he ran straight from his bath, forgetting that he had no clothes on. It is recorded that Hegel was so engrossed in his studies in 1806 at Jena that he knew nothing about the battle, and in quite recent times I remember a distinguished member of my own profession became so interested in explaining the law of riparian ownership whilst walking along the bank of a river that, in the middle of his discourse, he fell into the river and got nearly drowned.

We may not all of us to-day find that our life's work is either very important or very interesting, but if we strive to do as well as possible we can rely on our work to give us chances of happiness. In my own life at the Bar I have certainly found this to be true. So, also in my life in the House of Commons. Indeed, I look back on this time as the best time I have had, for if you can make yourself feel that you are working for a cause which is much wider than your own interest, then you have your feet on the first rung of the ladder of happiness.

Our interests, then, should be as widespread as possible. We should have enthusiasm in those interests. But what interests should we cultivate? I am convinced that if we want to achieve happiness we must see that these interests—diverse though they may be spread far beyond our own narrow circle. We are all apt to be governed and controlled by our own ego. We must either break this down, or so extend the bound of our own ego as to become as interested in other people's problems as in our own—for the wider our interests, and the greater enthusiasm in those interests, the greater chance of happiness we shall have. If those interests are confined to the narrow circle of self-

interest they are not likely to provide happiness, but share those interests with your friends, or in some great cause much wider than yourself, and happiness will come if you give yourself to that cause freely and unconditionally.

V

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HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS

by Alfred Noyes, C.B.E., LL.D., Litt.D.

ONE is tempted, at the outset, to say that happiness and what the world calls success are incompatible. Somebody once asked a great writer how success tasted. He replied in one syllable, "*Dust*".

The real truth is perhaps more complicated than that. One of the wisest and wittiest philosophers of our time, Dean Inge, once made a crushing reply to the foolish journalistic catchword which had been associated with his name. "It might be very terrible," he said, "if my wish for happiness pure and simple were granted. I might find myself taking tea in Hanwell, blissfully convinced that I was the Emperor of China."

Happiness, in abstraction from real values of some other kind, then, is obviously not desirable; and the same may be said of success. But whether happiness and success are compatible or not, they are certainly not commensurate; and success may sometimes be bought at a fearful price. Even when the success is that of a life well spent in service to mankind, a thousand battles

fought and victories won over human suffering by intelligence, patience and skill—it may very well make such demands upon a man that he has to sacrifice a great part of his private life. He may have to take all too many precious moments from his own fireside, doubly precious though they may become in the process. And yet—insistence on this, and even the charge to throw away ambition, in the vein of Shakespeare, Wolsey, or Sir Henry Wotton, or that happiest of the English contemplatives, old Izaak Walton, might lead to ' defeatism '.

The wise will never belittle the real values of that genuine success which is only another name for good work, truly and efficiently accomplished. In scientific work, fortunately, there is no room for the pseudo-genius who, in recent art and literature, so often seeks a quick notoriety by distorting the truth, or by playing monkey-tricks with all the laws of God and Nature, in order to secure a headline in a newspaper. The most subversive of the modern pseudo-intellectuals would be considerably disconcerted if, on being wheeled into an operating theatre, he found that the presiding surgeon had taken a leaf out of his own book, and was deliberately imitating the chatter of a lunatic, or chalking on the walls, in colours that sug-

gested the destruction of Sennacherib, a distorted diagram of the sensational operation he intended to perform upon the most vital parts of his victim's anatomy.

Good work, truly and efficiently accomplished, in due obedience to inexorable laws, and indeed, guided by law, finding in law a lantern to the feet—that is how science achieves its ends, and that is why seekers after truth in every department of life are turning to the scientific spirit as one of the few steadfast and sustaining pillars of the moral order. It cannot in itself give us an adequate philosophy of life; and it is a grave mistake to think that it can; but it stands up like a lighthouse over the mad welter of modern opinion.

There is no hell like a world which has lost its regard for truth; no unhappiness like that of a community in which nothing can be depended upon. Happiness flows from the steadfast and reliable character as light flows from the sun. It is because they desire some abiding and steadfast reality beyond all the changes of the phenomenal world that men seek their happiness in the Supreme Good which they call God.

It is for these reasons, realistic and scientific, no less than ethical, that we must reject 'luck'

as an all too easy and superficial explanation of a life's consistent achievement. "Luck", said Sir Alfred Fripp, "loves skill. But it takes a great artist so to conceal his art that what is really an exacting performance appears quite simple to the crowd." He drew his illustration from the field of art, because what he says is even more true there than in the field of science.

To achieve this kind of exquisite precision a man must himself be a sensitive instrument; and here again, in another way, his happiness is involved; for, this also is proportioned to his sensitiveness. It is interesting to find our surgeon confirming this by the striking remark that "sensitiveness to pain is an indication of high rank in Nature". He came to this conclusion by observation, at first hand. A man must be a sensitive instrument or he cannot be aware, as great art is aware, of all those quiet tones and subtle shades in which Nature speaks to us of something beyond Nature. But if he is sensitive, he can hardly escape paying a great price for it; and, if his achievement is of a really high order, and the world, in its usual way, makes him pay for it by robbing him of his best reward—his joy or pride in his work—he may try to forget it, but the small hours of

the morning will make him remember. It throws a remorseless light on certain elements in human nature when a great surgeon, addressing his young disciples, has to warn them, "Do not expect gratitude." He was certainly not expressing a personal grievance. He was simply, scientifically, fortifying them against something which, all through the ages, has always saddened and sometimes embittered the lives of those who have given themselves wholeheartedly to their science or their art—or have set the truth above all things. The late Lord Acton, the historian, went so far as to speak of that "law, by which all first-rate work goes unrewarded".

But this, of course, is not the whole story. Affection and the praise of the few whose praise is worth having may also be among the rewards, though they are special graces, and the work can certainly never be regarded as a means to obtaining them. They are like that pleasure which Aristotle compared with the bloom of youth, or that beauty which (as J. B. Mozley said) when we are contemplating the mechanical aspects of Nature, rises up to confound the materialist as a sort of baffling extra. But the other kind of reward is so common that, in the lives of men who have served their fellows, we look for

it almost as a matter of course. A large part of the world's poetry, and almost all its biographies, are concerned with this experience. As Dr. Marett remarks in one of his books on Primitive Religion, "to find solace for its sense of inferiority by doing a great man to death is a time-honoured expedient with the common herd".

As a link between literature and science in this matter we may recall the story of W. E. Henley who, having been told that he must have a foot amputated, made his way, against all advice and almost penniless, to Edinburgh, to consult a certain young man whose name—Lister—was already beginning to make enemies for itself. "Why did you come to me?" said Lister. "Because you were being decried in a manner and in a tone that I recognized," said Henley. Lister made no reply; but he saved the foot.

Then there was the man to whom Lister owed so much—that great, simple, devout man of science, Pasteur. You remember that, early in his career, the silk industries of France were almost ruined by a disease that had attacked the prime producer—the silk-worm. Pasteur discovered the cause of this disease, and this involved taking certain drastic measures which

were extremely unpopular in the silk-producing districts. He really did entirely save one of the chief industries of France, as a sort of incidental achievement on his way to the greater achievements with which he is now associated as one of the benefactors of mankind. His reward at that time was not gratitude. He was actually—not in parable—stoned in the streets. Success and popularity then are obviously not the same thing; nor can the counting of heads be regarded as a safe guide to the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Yet Pasteur was not an unhappy man. He found his chief happiness in the fact that, as he said, towards the end of his life, "The more I know, the nearer I come to the religious faith of a Breton peasant. When I know more I hope I shall have as much faith as the Breton peasant's wife." And in his greatest utterance (to the French Academy) he attributed all true happiness to the "god within the breast".

Perhaps, therefore, in many of these cases, as in that of Socrates, there was an inner certainty that more than atoned for everything else.

It is possible that here, too, the conflict and the pang are necessary to the achievement and are to be borne for the sake of something else. I do not see how we could have the triumphal

close of the Ninth Symphony if there were nothing to triumph over. A Beethoven, unacquainted with grief; a Shakespeare, capable of creating Cordelia, and untroubled by suffering; a Virgil who had never known the sense of tears—are inconceivable. The Cost and the Value seem to be inseparable. There is a real truth in the saying of the author of *Lavengro*:

> How dost thou know that this dark principle is not thy best friend? It may be the mother of wisdom and great works. It is the dread of the night which makes the pilgrim hasten on his way. When thou feelest it nigh, let thy safety word be "Onward!" If thou tarry, thou art overwhelmed. Courage! Build great works: 'tis urging thee—it is ever near the favourites of God—the fool knows little of it. Who have been the wise ones, the mighty ones, the conquering ones of the earth? The joyous? I believe it not.

There is a profound truth in most of this; but only a very partial truth in the final sentence, which does not seem to take into account three very important facts, first, that the desire to be a mighty one, or a conquering one, may not always be even admirable; secondly, that those who fail, having really done their best, are often among the happiest of mankind; and thirdly, that those who are engaged with the

dark principle at one time, may experience intense joy at another. As Voltaire remarked, "Heraclitus becomes Democritus when his affairs are going well."

The elements in human nature are far too subtly organized for us to be able to say, as Borrow does, that no great work was ever born of joy. The beauty of art is born, again and again, of an intense joy, in Nature, in human life, or God. Nor does this exclude a full realization of the cost—the infinite cost—the eternal Calvary upon which the values depend.

Most of the great moral victories have been born of suffering or worldly defeat. Yet this may only enhance the triumph, confirm the exile in his proud certainty that there is a world elsewhere, and possibly enable him to say of his darkest and loneliest hour,

> I know not too well how I found my way home in the night,
> There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to left and to right.

It might seem impossible, then, to reduce all these innumerable aspects of success and happiness to order. But there is no confusion between them. It is a question of comparative values. The centuries are full of the endless attempts to define, and to set up a hierarchy of

values in which physical pleasures, like eating and drinking, are duly subordinated to the higher kinds of happiness, until the philosopher establishes, at great length, and with a vast expenditure of almost unintelligible language, a few facts that everyone really knew to begin with—that it is a mistake, for instance, to murder your best friend for the sake of his gold watch.

Carlyle tried to go further. He declared that man was not made for happiness; that he must be prepared to sacrifice his happiness, if need be, and that in doing so he will experience something deeper and more divine, which he called "blessedness". Here again, it is surely a matter of definition. Athens and Edinburgh (or Craigenputtock) were not very far apart in this. He has only tried to carry the former argument a stage further and add another order to the hierarchy of values. A definition is conceivable in which the highest kind of happiness would be identical with Carlyle's "blessedness". The real secret of his constantly reiterated dislike of the word 'happiness' was its use by the utilitarian philosophers of his time, and their search for its lowest common denominator in the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

We may as well assume then, for present purposes, that in happiness there are many grades, from the most elementary physical pleasures up to the highest forms of spiritual beatitude; that in their right order they are all of them good; and that, whatever blunders or wrongs we may commit in practice, we are usually in our hearts aware that whenever we subordinate a higher to a lower form we are narrowing, stultifying, and perhaps eventually destroying our own happiness. In all such cases the lower form becomes an evil, and the conscience is usually a surer guide than the intellect.

Burns was far from being a pietist; but, even while he waves the moral aspect aside, he gives tragic utterance to his own discovery of what actually *happens* to the more finely sensitive elements in a man, and therefore to his real happiness, when his higher faculties are thus dethroned by the lower:

> I waive the quantum of the sin;
> The hazard of concealing.
> But, oh, it hardens all within,
> And petrifies the feeling.

It is the antiphonal confirmation, from another angle, of Nietzsche's grim comment on the forgiveness of sins. Others may forgive you for the wrong you have done to *them*; but how can

they forgive you for what, by wronging others, you have done to *yourself*?

But all this commits us to certain fundamental beliefs, and to a far greater extent than the present age appears to realize. If there be an ascending scale of values, upon the observance whereof man's real happiness depends, he has at least a clue to the right way in his own heart and his own conscience, and it brings him to the threshold of religion.

If, moreover, we find that our highest values lose their meaning when we cease to believe in a world elsewhere, and that nevertheless human nature—"in all its unconscious depths"—knows no happiness like that which comes from accepting and acting upon the very values which depend on that belief, then surely Nature herself is reinforcing the argument from ethics.

Our subject is dangerous, therefore, because it necessarily touches upon things worthy of a sacred silence; and especially dangerous because the individual, expressing himself on these things, may seem to forget his own limitations, and the difficulty so movingly described by Frederick Myers in his poem called "The Renewal of Youth":

Nathless, my soul, if thou perchance hast heard
I say not whence, some clear disposing word,

If on thy gaze has oped, I say not where,
Brighter than day the light that was thy prayer—
Thereon keep silence; who of men will heed
That secret which to thee is life indeed?
For if thou sing of woes and wandering, then
Plain tale is thine, and words well known to men;
But if of hope and peace, then each alone
Must find that peace by pathways of his own.

But this, after all, does indicate a profound desire, even though it be only a "longing like despair", to communicate with our fellow-travellers; and it suggests, at least, one medium through which that communication of our inmost thoughts and desires has, from time to time, been made. I mean the medium of great art, and especially of great poetry. There, and perhaps there alone, more perfectly than in the most intimate talk of the closest friends, the secret has again and again found utterance and been made intelligible, though it is not always ready to surrender its full meaning to logical analysis. If it be true, as Hartman says, in his *Philosophy of the Unconscious*, that almost all unhappiness is rooted in a feeling of isolation, it is surely in the world of great art and poetry that we can, in a supreme degree, discover what others most intensely desire to tell us, and break down the barriers of our particular experience. There is the great confessional of the world, and it has the supreme merit of

allowing us to forget ourselves in the invisible company of the dead and ever-living.

It saves us, too, from the narrowing effects of the specialism which divides so many of us to-day into little separate worlds.

The specialist, as everyone here probably knows, has been described as a man who keeps on learning more and more about less and less. I dare to repeat it here, not only because it embodies a really critical truth, but because I can claim to have introduced that saying into this country, many years ago. I first heard it from the lips of an American undergraduate, who was, perhaps, its real author. I quoted it as a convenient expression of a real truth on my return to England. Since then I have proudly seen it blossoming in episcopal gardens and college window-boxes; and, more than once, I have observed it in the button-hole of a blackguardly politician who tried to pass it off as his own.

But the important thing is that it is really true. The specialist does keep on learning more and more about less and less. He follows the dwindling road of the infinitely divisible, and is bound to explain everything by something less than itself. In this process he does really lose something, exactly as we lose something when

we change the focus of an optical instrument. Magnify in imagination a certain small part of the material world, the human countenance you love best. Magnify it through a microscope so powerful that (with your mind's eye, at any rate) you can see the infinitesimal systems of electrons and protons of which that face is composed. You may have arrived quite accurately at one kind of truth, but what has happened to the values in the human countenance that you loved best? What has become of the affections that shone through them? What has become of the expression in the eyes? Where do they reside among those planetary systems? It seems possible that, in exactly the same way, scientific analysis may make us lose sight of the chief values in the universe—that the real significance lies closer to us than we suspect, and may be more apparent to a vision that is normally focused on what may be called the pictorial surface of things. In our modern highly specialized world one of the most salutary functions of art and literature should be to recover this direct vision for us; so that we see, once more, the world to which we are most truly adjusted, under its most significant aspect. We may quite rightly ask the specialists for special information; but even the specialists, when they

return home, accept the affection of their children (without analysing it, and without proving it) by a sort of immediate knowledge or vision. In actual practice, they do thus accept, without any proof by inductive logic, what is probably the most important fact in their lives.

The late Professor Bradley, in his *Appearance and Reality*, remarked somewhat epigrammatically that many of the perplexities of the philosopher disappear or solve themselves in the happy light of human love fulfilled. If this be so, it may well confirm our suspicion that the real world, the intelligible world, in which alone our happiness is to be found, is far more like that of the great artists and poets than that of science; and that we are nearer to it when we fall in love, than when we murder to dissect, or analytically dissolve flowers and faces into misty little atomic whirlpools. It is fortunate for the ordinary man that this should be so; for it means that the world's best things do indeed lie nearest us; and that the world of our normal vision is not only the world we are *meant* to see, but the only world in which we can really capture the real significance of things, as great art and great poetry do capture them.

First things cannot come first in science.

There is not time to develop this thesis here;

but I feel sure that our philosophers have not yet given attention enough to this question of what I have called the mental focus, that is the adjustment of our vision to those aspects of the universe which—in a world of relative truths—offer the best images of its real significance.

The most determined of determinists, the most advanced man of science, still talks of sunrise and sunset. Conversation would come to an end if he tried to express these happenings in the exact terms of the Copernican theory. Science itself declares, on the other hand, that it cannot exist, if it even considers—in its calculations—that supreme Reality of which Herbert Spencer said we are more sure than of anything else whatsoever. The chief factor in the riddle of the Universe must always be omitted from the calculations of Science.

But in the world of great art and poetry first things do come first. It is a world where, even though planets and cities and all the generations of men have been evolved from a cloud of hydrogen gas, we no longer attempt to get plus out of minus, but may still include the whole evolutionary process in a greater synthesis, and say with Plato or the poet's poet, Spenser, that, ultimately,

> Of the Soul the body form doth take,
> For Soul *is* form and doth the body make.

Every great work of art, every true poem, thus becomes a parable—an expression of what the Middle Ages called *Evening Joy*. It cannot convey the unclouded noonday splendour of the Beatific Vision; but it can return from its own heights to our dusky earth and suffuse everything in it with the light that never was on sea or land, making it shine through the things that are seen so that they become figures and types and hieroglyphs of things that are unseen. In that realm, it may indeed be true that we are never less lonely than when outwardly alone. Perhaps this is because men are most truly united to their fellows, not directly, but through their common relationship to a divine centre. They meet and know each other there, however deep and salt a tide may flow between them in the common light of day. They recognize, in the signs and symbols of Art, messages from the same far country.

> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter. . . .

No man can tell us, directly, of that far country; but the light that is the soul of the picture, the music that is the soul of the poem, can re-create his own lost hills on earth, can

transfigure them, can change them to types and symbols through which we recognize at last the things that belong to our peace. How many a man, sick of the feverish turmoil of the cities, and heart-sick at the hurrying chaos of modern thought, must have found in the exiled Stevenson's remembrance of his native mountains, a symbol of those other hills in the beloved Fatherland from which we are all exiles. You think he is talking of the hills of Scotland—and so he is, at first, but they have lifted him to a higher region, and there is a breath on his brows from elsewhere:

O to live, O to awake and wander,
There, and with delight to take and render
Through the trance of silence
Quiet Breath,
Lo, for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes,
Only winds and rivers, Life and Death.

As Newman said, in one of his most beautiful passages, it may be that this longing for what we take to be a lost world or the lost happiness of former years is prophetic in its nature, and that Wordsworth was right in describing his own thoughts on the subject as "Intimations of Immortality". When the world around us is suffused from end to end with

That Light whose smile kindles the universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,

a crag against an evening sky can tell us more than any array of philosophical terms, and, in the most ordinary conjunctures of life, we may feel a spiritual presence, speaking to our own spirits and giving its own deep secondary meanings to the apparently accidental voices of Nature. It was so that Wordsworth, walking towards the sunset in the lake-country, was caught up into poetry by the casual question of another wayfarer: "What? You are stepping Westward?" In the chain of secondary causes and effects it was an accident; but for Wordsworth it was accompanied by the deeper harmonies of the eternal. It struck his heart and at once the living music flowed out in reply:

What? You are stepping Westward? Yea,
T'would be a wildish destiny
If we who thus together roam
In a strange land and far from home
Were in this place the guests of chance.
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on.

It has no need to explain itself further. The child has begun to recognize the smile of the mother. No words could be more lucid than that light upon the face of Nature, or speak

more instantly to the spirit within us. Again, one may think that Keats, in his most exquisite poem, was merely telling us, as I once heard a lady novelist say, that there had always been nightingales. Let us consider it for a moment. He had been derided in his lifetime as a vulgarian and a Cockney sentimentalist, by men who are now forgotten, except for that blot on his remembered name. He was writing one of the greatest poems in the history of literature. He did not feel sure of his future fame, and though he hoped that, *after* his death, he might be among the English poets, he feared that his name might be writ in water. He did not know that English criticism, within a century, would place him with Shakespeare. But somehow his music knew it. You hear it, groping and bewildered in the dark wood—breathless.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet.

He gropes there, hardly more than a boy, and doomed to die so soon; and even this, though science had not yet sentenced him, the music knows only too well. Hear it again:

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain . . .

And then—suddenly—he is caught up into a timeless region, and the voice that we hear comes to us from the abode where the eternal are:

> Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
> No hungry generations tread thee down.

The man who wrote that may have suffered everything that Shelley suggests in *Adonaïs*, but he certainly had also experienced not merely happiness, but something like ecstasy.

That happiness was part of a great inheritance. For nearly two thousand years, in the greatest art and poetry of the world, there had been a profound, though often unconscious affinity with religion. It was the sense of the eternal, the abiding in the transient, that gave the values to Beauty, Truth, and Goodness. They were attributes of God. Their validity depended upon certain conscious beliefs or unconscious instincts. To-day they seem to have fled like detected criminals. Many of the older exponents of art and literature to-day are giving over to analysis what was meant for synthesis, and where they should be creative or interpretative of life in its fullness, they offer us critical dissections, or the disintegrated relics of a post-mortem. They understand the passions. The more brutal they are, the better they under-

stand them. But you might read many of the most typical books of to-day in poetry and fiction without discovering that the human affections existed at all. The literature and art of the period from which we are just emerging is for the most part desperately unhappy, not in the real tragic sense, but because even the feeling for the eternal values in tragedy has gone. Many an age has been more wicked, and known it. None has so earnestly confused the values out of sheer bewilderment, or so seriously announced that fair is foul and foul is fair. For nearly a generation now the standards have been in complete confusion—all of them—except the one austere standard of scientific truth. It is not the younger generation that is responsible, as the newspapers constantly tell us. It is the faded, not the fresh palate, that must be alternately scorched and tickled before it can respond. Every authority tells the same story. A leading dramatist recently told us that he had lost interest in the drama because you could no longer get any real intensity of feeling about your characters when, *ex hypothesi*, it didn't matter in the least what they did. In other words, destroy ethics and you destroy all the differentiation of character upon which the highest dramatic art depends.

The chairman of the British Association in his opening address, three years ago, remarked that the amazing progress of the world in science had not been accompanied by a similar progress in the inner life of mankind. There were signs on every other side of a falling back from the heights that our predecessors had laboriously conquered, and a weariness of the effort to maintain them.

The War perhaps hastened these processes; but it was not the cause. Indeed, the War was one of the symptoms of something that had begun long before the War. The discontents and despairs, the disillusionment and bitterness of the world to-day are not due to economic causes. They are due to the unsatisfied hunger for the things that belong to our peace in the house not made with hands. In the far simpler conditions of our forefathers the things that belonged to our peace were often found because they had the vision, though distant, of that true and abiding country, yours and mine, of which our earthly best was once thought to be a poor symbol and shadow. They believed that the soul of man was created for that vision and its ultimate realization. It was his task to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever. In the possession of that vision, though it were but a faint gleam,

caught from a great way off, there was happiness, because it gave a meaning and a purpose to life. Bereft of it, bereft of the belief that anything we do or fail to do really matters in the long run, the human spirit is in torment.

Much of the modern depression, the bitterness and defeatism of modern literature is due to its increasing sense, all through the nineteenth century, of man's utter insignificance in the vast universe revealed to him by science, from Copernicus to Darwin, and the apparent annihilation of all our values, so that of all our human struggles, it might indeed be said:

> What is it all but a trouble of gnats in the gleam of a million million of suns.

Let us take the cardinal points of this argument in order.

We are constantly being carried in imagination to a great physical height in order that our literary guide may show us the rest of mankind crawling like ants over the plains below. In other words, we play tricks with the physical focus to destroy values that are not physical. Many modern writers have industriously promulgated the fallacies that human values can be destroyed by the grandeur of a man's own

vision and that we see the real truth of a thing best by looking at it through the wrong end of a telescope. The insignificance of our midget planet among the fifteen hundred universes of Herschel is not so striking as the fact that a mere speck upon our midget planet was able thus to survey and co-ordinate the whole. The sun, that immense cloud of fiery vapour, could not do it. Nor is there anything in all the immensity of that horizon that *can* do it, except precisely that something, without parts or magnitude, of which we were denying the values, a conscious mind.

The idea that spiritual values have been diminished, made less central, by the Copernican theory is just as illusory and far more dangerous and morbid than the mere physical illusion of the earth's centrality.

You may remember the story of the Scottish king who felt that the Copernican theory had made his throne unstable, and went to consult Tycho Brahe about it. The great astronomer, in his island off the coast of Denmark, had a queer little companion, a dwarf named Jeppe, who, if I may quote the lines I put into his mouth in *The Torch-Bearers*, gave his own answer:

"What?" said the King. "Is earth a bird or bee?
Can this uncharted, boundless realm of ours
Drone thro' the sky, with leagues of struggling sea,
Forests, and hills, and towns, and palace—towers?"

"Ay," said the dwarf, "I have watched, from Stiernborg's crown,
Her far dark rim uplift against the sky;
But, while earth soars, men say the stars go down,
And, while earth sails, men say the stars go by."

An elvish tale! Ask Jeppe, the dwarf! He knows!
That's why his eyes look fey; for, chuckling deep,
Heels over head among the stars he goes,
As all men go, but most are sound asleep.
King, saint, and sage, even those that count it true,
Act as this miracle touched them not at all!
They are borne, undizzied, thro' the rushing blue,
And build their empires on a sky-tossed ball.

"Then," said the King, "if earth so lightly move,
What of my realm, O, what shall now stand sure?"
"Nought," said the dwarf, "in all this world but love.
All else is dream-stuff, and shall not endure.
'Tis nearer now! Our universe hath no centre!
Our shadowy earth and fleeting heaven no stay,
But that deep inward realm which each can enter,
Even Jeppe, the dwarf, by his own secret way."

"Where?" said the King, "Oh, where? I have not found it!"
"Here," said the dwarf, and music echoed "here!"
"This infinite circle hath no line to bound it.
Therefore, its deep strange centre is—everywhere!
Let the earth soar thro' Heaven, that centre abideth;
Or plunge to the pit—His covenant still holds true!
In the heart of a dying bird the Master hideth;
In the soul of a King," said the dwarf, "and in my soul, too."

Then there is the mechanical aspect of the universe—which seemed to turn us all into automatic machines, and introduced a newer and meaner fatalism—shutting us up in our earth-bound prison; depriving us, even there, of the last few paces of our freedom, and reducing even the most exalted visions of the spirit of man to the terms of chemistry and mechanics. The time may come when Shelley's most glorious poem, that exquisite fountain of joy, the ode *To a Skylark*, may be described by the critics of this school as "Percy B. Shelley's reactions to the behaviourism of a British Bird". But I am not going to ask you to accept that as an adequate reduction to absurdity of what may be called the mechanical destruction of values. Nor do I think we need try to thread the maze in which the fallen

angels lost themselves in their discussion of free-will. We do not have to go very deeply into anatomy in order to walk. For all practical purposes we regard ourselves as responsible beings, and the most determined of determinists has more than once been more angry with me than would be reasonable if I were an automatic machine capable of merely automatic 'reactions'. All that I would like to suggest here is that the real truth about the mechanical theories of the nineteenth century which the twentieth century seems to be trying to discard, is the very simple one that, as far as they went, they were true, and that we did not carry them far enough. For what, after all, is a machine?

I don't see how we can disagree, even with a theologian when he reminds us, as Dr. Streeter did recently, that all known machines are constructed by intelligence, governed by intelligence and used for a purpose. Human machines offer a somewhat crude analogy for the subtlety of the workings of Nature—the chain of causes and effects which we could better represent perhaps by the golden sequences and mathematical laws of music; but we may accept the illustration from mechanism, and find the solution, as it seems to me, of the whole riddle in the great saying of Lotze: "The reign of

mechanism is universal; and it is *everywhere* subordinate."

Then there is the need felt by many of those who have abandoned what they would call the anthropomorphic imagery of *Paradise Lost* for some subtle imagery by which they can represent the spiritual world to themselves, not as a mere abstraction or a world of phantoms, but as a reality.

Voltaire himself suggests what has long seemed to me one of the best practical answers to this difficulty. It is not a new suggestion—indeed, it has been used all through the ages—but it may have a new significance for the modern mind, and its use is reinforced by its modern exponent. In one of his undeservedly neglected philosophical works Voltaire remarks that we ought not to think of God as a despot in his palace, or as a mechanic occupied with the workings of his machine, but rather as He has been represented by so many of the poets (and incidentally by the Nicene Creed and by the Fourth Gospel) under the analogy of Light. Imperfect image as this may be, he says, it does suggest His omnipresence, and His universal action. It suggests, moreover, the illumination of thought and the possibilities of God's universal and simultaneous care for all things,

no matter how small. This image irradiates European poetry. It suffuses the opening of the *Paradiso* with spiritual beauty. It consoled Milton in his blindness. We may also remember Galileo's very beautiful saying, which is not well enough known: "The sun can quietly ripen a bunch of grapes as though it had nothing else to do in the whole solar system." And this again, by analogy, does suggest the possibilities of the infinitely subtler action of spiritual 'providence'.

Here in Oxford, which was once called the home of lost causes, but which I should prefer to call the city of abiding memories, I cannot help wondering whether the modern bewilderment is fully realized. There are countless millions to-day who have been deprived of all mental certainty by the destructive sophistries that have filtered down to them, and they have none of those memories to sustain them. They have lost their religion and have nothing to replace it. They have even lost the way back to paganism. A race that once believed in God, Freedom, and Immortality, as Christendom believed it, is a haunted race. It can never return to that shining country of the young. There would be too many memories in the night, and, in one voice, even though the intellect believed

in it no more, they would still feel the divine values.

Perhaps when they were trying to steel themselves to stoicism, though the things they know to be the best that man could pray for, or God could give, some dear life, some steadfast love, had gone out like the flame of a candle, a letter reaches them from some old-fashioned friend, living aloof from the world, and quite simply brings them a word or two that unimaginably sustains them with the old forgotten strength, and echoes and re-echoes in their hearts and minds for days and months and years, while their companions are talking of the new conception of the universe, and the new conception of the universe goes on changing, and the new heaven and the new earth pass away, but the old words remain: *Let not your heart be troubled. Neither let it be afraid . . .*

Or perhaps when that old friend also is taken, on their way to a graveside, there would be a sudden realization, overwhelming them with a sense of blind wonder, that they had hitherto missed the full majesty of those quiet words with which we still lead out our sad processions to the dust. We still repeat them. A few perhaps believe them. But we all feel their superhuman power.

And if, by any chance, they do feel or directly perceive that the values in those words are not of this world, that they do not belong to the ordinary chain of secondary causes and effects, that they are not relative, but absolute; then, if we really accept the consequences, we shall not mind in the least that some of our contemporaries may regard us almost as among the dead because we have embraced what they think is a dead religion; for we shall know that while Victorian science drew a circle that shut out many a religious thinker of the past, we ourselves are drawing a larger circle that includes every possible truth that science and philosophy can discover. So far from narrowing our intellectual outlook, faith of this kind opens a thousand doors into the immeasurable treasure-house of the knowledge and love of God. Faith of this kind is not foolishness; it is not the mere placing of our trust in the noblest hypothesis; it is, in the highest sense of the word, scientific; for it comes down simply to this—that we believe that our mental and spiritual experience has a profound meaning, and that the evolutionary process whereby we have risen so far is not an empty farce, but is on its way to a goal.

It implies, as we found, a scale of values, and

tells us that the highest values we know here are a clear indication of what the whole evolutionary process is aiming at. It suggests that this aim is exactly what the highest religious philosophy has affirmed it to be—the creation of personalities, or souls, in which the divine values are developed so that they may rise to another order of being, and attain to the only life in which those values can be fulfilled, the life of that intelligible and eternal world which all art, all poetry, all ethics, and all religion, do actually subtend. To that world the spirit of man does, here and now, in many of its attributes belong; for man—as we have seen—will occasionally subordinate all earthly happiness to something that has no meaning, except in the light of an eternal and supreme good.