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UNIVERSITY EXTENSION SERIES

THE NEED FOR ART IN LIFE

Ian B. Stoughton Holborn

By the Same Author

Jacopo Robusti detto il Tintoretto
Architectures of European Religions
Children of Fancy, a Volume of Poems

THE NEED FOR ART IN LIFE

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT
THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

BY

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> *"Let him that hath two loaves go sell one and buy therewith the flowers of the Narcissus: for as bread nourisheth the body so do the flowers of the Narcissus nourish the Soul."*

G. ARNOLD SHAW
PUBLISHER TO
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Third Thousand

Affectionately dedicated to my father

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PREFACE

THIS little book is published in response to a request from thousands of people that some of my lectures should be printed. I had always hoped that the day would come when the material could be put into the completer form of a book, but disappointments and delays innumerable have so frequently intervened that the completion of such a book on the meaning and significance of Art, still seems very uncertain. By special request I have therefore printed these notes just as they stand without revision. The notes cover an immensely greater number of points than it is possible to consider during the delivery of a single lecture, but they naturally lack a certain fulness of elaboration in the working out of any given detail, which would be given on the platform. The lecture was originally given as an open lecture at the University of Manchester. Its object is to present no new fact, but to set forth the facts that are known to every educated person in such a manner that to escape the inference shall be impossible.

In dealing with so vast a theme in so small a compass, it has naturally been impossible to indulge in any sub-intents and saving clauses. These the scholar will supply for himself, but though there are many exceptions and qualifications that might be considered, they would hardly affect the general picture. Moreover, as set forth in the introduction, the object is to present a picture rather than demonstrate a fact.

Professor Wallace, the great evolutionist, said of our age: "The social environment as a whole, in relation to our possibilities and our claims, is the worst that the world has ever seen." We may think it overstated, but the underlying truth we cannot deny. What is the fundamental cause? Along with other causes the most fundamental seems clearly to be a lack of the appreciation and understanding of the beautiful and its place in life.

Taking Dr. Wallace's statement, we analyse the condition of things in Ancient Greece, and I have given here a sketch of that epoch on its three sides,—intellectual, artistic and moral, the three elements of our being.

The civilization of Hellas is commonly accepted as the high-water mark of civilization, even a scientific evolutionist like Dr. Wallace recognizes that the high-water mark is not in the present age.

Whether that be so or not, the charm, the fascination, the force, the power of Hellenic civilization lay in its all round grasp of life, in its completeness.

But is this not just what the world has never had again? Has not the story of its development been one of failure to grasp this principle? Often with a feverish earnestness man has recognized the particular deficiencies, the particular gaps, and endeavoured to fill them up, but, through his failure to grasp things as a whole, he has in so doing made another gap elsewhere.

The pictures of the Middle Ages and the Italian Renaissance help us to realize this. Was not the one deficient in the intellectual element, the love of knowledge and learning, and the other deficient in moral earnestness? And, too—did not the whole man suffer? It was not merely the loss of the part itself but the interaction upon the remainder that made the evil. And beyond all, however perfect the parts, the wholeness, the completeness, that gave Greece its glory, is not to be found.

We turn then to our own day. Have we this highest of all qualities, this quality of completeness? Comparing ourselves with the world as a whole in its past and present, we cannot say that our age is markedly deficient in intellectual activity, nor is it conspicuously lacking in the moral sense. Quite the contrary. But what about Art and Beauty, how do we compare with the men of Greece, the men who built the mediaeval Cathedrals, the men who made the Art of Italy?

This then is our theme; and the endeavour is by a series of pictures, as it were, to bring home the fact that Art is the thing that we lack, and further, that it is the lack of this art and love of beauty that indirectly has affected our other activities and injured our life as a whole.

"Let him that hath two loaves go sell one and buy therewith the flowers of the Narcissus, for as bread nourisheth the body, so do the flowers of the Narcissus nourish the soul."

I. B. STOUGHTON HOLBORN,
New York City, April, 1915.

The Need for Art in Life

PART I

INTRODUCTION

THE need for art in life is a fact generally admitted but rarely realized. Art perhaps, is regarded by many as a necessity, but a necessity of a minor order, not one that is woven into the foundation warp of existence. It is then my hope to show something of the extraordinary importance of beauty in life, and so show why I firmly believe that the lack of art and beauty is really the main cause of what is wrong with our civilization, not the only cause by any means, but the most fundamental.

Now it may sound a little startling to say that the main cause of the social evils of to-day is a want of art-appreciation; yet I not only believe that it is the case, but believe that it can be proved and that we shall never get true social reform and never conquer the evils of our times until a national love of beauty has been brought about.

There are many ways of approaching the subject. We might, as some of you have heard me do, diagnose the effect upon the individual of the presence of artistic development in greater or lesser degree and see how our different modern pursuits and activities are influenced by the presence or absence of art.

Or again we might make a searching analysis into the nature of beauty as such, and, by a similar analysis of truth and goodness, arrive at the basic relation of these things, and so determine scientifically what must be the part that they each play in relation to life.* This is perhaps the best way, although by far the most difficult; and indeed there are strong reasons why another method should be used first and prepare the way for a more metaphysical treatment.

It is therefore my intention to turn to the great art-epochs in our western civilization,—Greece, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and, by a survey of these, arrive at some conclusion as to the part that beauty and art must play in life. We shall find that whereas the secret of the success of Greece, and the dominant position that she occupies in the history of past civilization, is due to her breadth of outlook and her all-round grasp of life, both the Middle Ages and the Renaissance failed to see life clearly and see it whole, and suffered seriously in consequence. When we turn to our own age, is not this lack of comprehensiveness and due balance of parts again evident; do we not suffer likwise, and is not the part, that in our case is missing, the national and all permeating love of art and beauty, even in the meanest objects of life?

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* The lecture on The Relation of Beauty to Goodness and Truth, was delivered before Yale University and will be published in a companion volume to this.

In approaching our subject it will be helpful to say a word as to the manner of that approach. I intend to draw a series of mental pictures, and the attitude of mind that I want to evoke is one somewhat foreign to our age and therefore difficult of attainment. It is, as we shall see, the attitude of the artist and the judgments and arguments depend in the main upon the merits or demerits of the pictures in themselves and have little or nothing to do with the relation of these pictures to actuality.

It is what I might term the method of art as distinct from the method of science. This will become more apparent as we proceed; indeed the whole is an appeal for the artistic outlook and its supreme value for this age.

We may say that the artist judges the picture as a thing in itself, just indeed as *he* would judge actuality.

The picture is not judged as related to anything. The artist judges actuality the same way. Its reality affects the judgment neither one way or another. The sunset is excellent within itself. Whether it has any real existence is immaterial. Its relations to light, to vibration, to physical laws are equally inconsequent.

Further we may say that the arguments of art, its proofs, its judgments are not the arguments, the proofs, the judgments of science. The strictly scientific method is almost helpless in the domain of art. To appreciate the value of a work of art by pure scientific method is as unsatisfactory as to try and produce emotion by the calculations of pure reason.

It is not in the least that they are contradictory or antagonistic. They are, if we may so phrase it elements in a wider whole. They may in a sense be regarded as supplementary; but the passage from the emotional to the rational, or from the artistic to the scientific, involves a transition to the fundamentally different.

A simple illustration may help at the outset, although the main appeal must be in the book viewed as a whole. Take a drama or picture. How does it convince? Not by its realism. Quite the contrary; the greatest and most convincing drama and art of the world has been least realistic. It convinces by its own consistency within itself,—its inherent unity. It has no necessary relation to that which is outside itself.

The whole Greek mind was permeated by this artistic outlook. It is not that they were not scientific. They were. But it was the development of both the scientific and artistic, excluding neither, the absence of all exclusiveness and specialism that made them what they were.

Herodotos might be taken as a case in point. I have called him elsewhere the artistic historian and said that he presents a drama. We might almost say that for the Greek mind he presents *the* drama,—the tragedy of ὕβρις and the triumph of the higher over the lower. The greatness of Herodotos is in the convincing completeness of his rounded theme, which can be quite clearly distinguished from the scientific qualities that he may also possess. Whether the facts of his history are scientifically correct matters little. Indeed if the whole thing were a fiction its eternal truth would remain unaltered.

Greek sculpture and especially Greek portraiture furnishes an even more telling illustration. The piece of sculpture is excellent in itself without reference to nature. The portrait is the perfection of the self, toward which the individual is ever tending. The Greeks had a saying that there is something more like ourselves than we are ourselves; and it is this self, that we never reach, but which is the perfection of the given individuality, which was the aim of the Greek portrait painter.

What we have to concern ourselves with here is that true self of Hellas, or of ourselves, which is the perfection of that toward which each age, in its own peculiar essence, tends.

The details may lack clearness; indeed, with regard to Greece, there is much that is controversial; but the main tendency, the Hellenic spirit, is unmistakable.

When our people can understand Greek portraiture, say as opposed to Roman portraiture, then they will have grasped the attitude of mind, the mood in which our subject must, indeed can only, be approached. It is not enough even to understand scientifically what

Greek portraiture is. We must not know it as something outside, we must feel it, must know it from within; and we must feel that from this point of view, from this side of our being, so to speak, the Roman is not a portrait at all. We must get out of the Roman or scientific mood or world into the Greek or artistic. And in this mood, this world, our argument or appeal proceeds. It is, as we shall see, only one world in a larger kosmos; but without it we are not men at all.

The judgment, in this world artistic, is immediate; but it is none the less valid, or, at least, nothing can be more valid. It is the ultimate judgment, the judgment that cannot be reduced to lower terms. We might perhaps say that it is an argument by universals. Science is an argument from particular to universal or at most from universal to particular. The artist so to speak bases his whole appeal immediately on the universal.

It is not a question of the validity of the passage from particular to universal or universal to particular. This is the function of science: it is indeed all that we mean by science. It is the final assessment, the last word. Science for instance may show that such and such a condition involves chaos or that such and such a condition involves system. Which will we have? There is no further argument. This is the judgment of the artist in man. Though in the above instance we say,—system means being, chaos means not being, we practically only shift our terms. Will we have being or not being? It cannot be argued, we have reached the bedrock.

Simularly when we examine our picture, science may analyse and say,—this picture involves this or amounts to that or can be summed up thus. Another picture involves, amounts to or can be summed up as something else. This picture involves balance, that picture involves lack of balance. Balance or not balance,—which is it to be? This final judgment is the judgment of the artist.

The "pictures" in this lecture may be summed up scientifically and we may state the result as completeness or insufficiency. The final choice is for the artist. If he chooses insufficiency there is no more to be said. Cadit quaestio. But will we, as artists, choose insufficiency, that insufficiency which is less than complete, not the infinite that is more than complete? Surely not.

THE GREEK GENTLEMAN

PART II

THE GREEK GENTLEMAN

WE will begin our survey with the civilization of Greece, which for many reasons is the most important. It is the earliest in time and its art is the fountain and origin of all subsequent European art. It is, too, our standard, by which we measure the rest, and on the whole it may fairly make claim to be the greatest, although that is not the point of the present discussion.

But it will therefore demand the major portion of our time and the main appeal is the appeal to the excellence of the toute ensemble of that wonderful age. The survey of the other ages will merely serve, by comparison, to bring out the full significance of Greece, and the final question will be,—is that which makes the essence of Greek civilization to be desired in itself? If the answer be yes, then where the other ages are deficient we must look to Greece.

Turning then to Greece, and by Greece is practically meant Athens, let us seek to find what is the relation of art and beauty to life as a whole, to the life of the Athenian people.

Perhaps as ready a way of arriving at the heart of the matter as we can adopt is to turn to one of those little phrases of ordinary life, constantly upon everyone's lips, that so frequently embody the very essence of a national philosophy. What was the phrase that would correspond to our phrase, "a true gentleman," what did the Athenian understand by "a gentleman"? Was a gentleman, for instance, to the Athenian mind a man of large property, of great wealth? By no means, the Athenian was not a man who set great store by wealth, indeed there was an instinctive dislike for wealth as such, for wealth in anyway regarded as an end in itself. The ordinary attitude of the Athenian toward money is put by Euripides into the mouth of the peasant in 'The Elektra,' when he makes him say,—

"'Tis in such shifts
As these I care for riches, to make gifts
To friends, or lead a sick man back to health
With ease and plenty. Else small aid is wealth
For daily gladness; once a man be done
With hunger, rich and poor are both as one."

Too much money was for the Greek mind a form of excess, and excess was the thing he would not tolerate. To have too much money was to show a lack of decent restraint and was on a par with too much dinner or too much drink or any other vulgar exhibition of lack of self-control.

We may parallel the above quotation by remembering that on another occasion Euripides ventured in the "Danaë" to put a few words into the mouth of a character in praise of money:—only a character upon the stage, not necessarily representing more than the individual point of view of the particular part; but it was felt by the Greek mind to be an outrage upon humanity and the play was nearly hissed off the stage in consequence.*

Was it then a matter of blood? No it was not that either. The Athenian was by no means indifferent to ancestry, and, if a man's forebears had been men of noble character who had served the state well,they looked to him to inherit those qualities and continue the tradition. But if he did not come up to sample, so to speak, they would have no more of him.

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* Senec. Epist. 115; Nauck, Trag. Gr. Frag. p. 457.

No, as Perikles shows us in his famous speech, there probably never was a people where a man was so nearly received at his own true worth. It is not that there were no snobs in Athens. No state has ever been entirely free from such things, but no state has ever been able so nearly to ignore adventitious aids or hindrances, riches or poverty, noble or obscure birth, and allow real worth its opportunity unhampered by restrictions and conventions. A man's own personal worth was the true determining factor and they summed it all up in the phrase that he was to be *καλος κ'άγαθος* (kalos k'agathos), both beautiful and good.

That before one could be considered a gentleman it should be necessary to be beautiful is to the modern mind a little astonishing, a little difficult to grasp; but such was the fact. We are partly surprised at the intimacy of connexion implied but more still by the immense stress that is laid upon the importance of beauty in life.

It is true that the Greek term had a wider significance than our word beautiful, but it does not very materially affect the point. Beauty even in our more restricted sense of the term was a sine qua non.

Sokrates himself, one of the ablest minds that the world has seen, went so far as to say that the man who is good must also be beautiful, and the man who is beautiful must also be good, and would only grudgingly admit, when pressed, that it is just possible that a man who is not beautiful may be good, but that it is to be regarded altogether as an exception and not under any circumstances to be accepted as forming a basis for a rule of life.

And, after all, this statement which seems paradoxical nevertheless embodies a fundamental truth, which even we dimly realize, although most of us are far from grasping its full significance. Do we not recognize, however imperfectly, that the character within does control the outer form? Are there not many faces irregularly formed, of unsatisfactory proportion, deficient in quality of contour and disposition of features, lacking in delicacy of complexion, which nevertheless are so completely transfigured by the character of the man within as to be in the truest sense beautiful? There is in my mind at the present moment the face of a great man that I once had the honour to know, that answered to none of the accepted canons of beauty with regard to these things, and yet which I can honestly say was one of the most beautiful faces that I ever met; and such faces come within the experience of all of us. Was not Sokrates himself just such an example whose unpromising features nevertheless fascinated all who knew him because of the character shining through him, who was, as Alkibiades phrased it, like those images of Silenos which fly open to reveal the beauty of the god inside? On the other hand, as we travel about the world, are there not other faces that we meet, —admirable in proportion, excellent in contour irreproachable in disposition of features, quality of line and subtlety of complexion, from which we turn away with loathing and disgust; for they are by no means beautiful, being but empty masks concealing, or shall we say revealing, a brainless vacuity within?

It will even influence our actions. Someone asks, "Why did you not trust that man?" and we reply, "I did not like the look of him." There is, and there ought to be, a close connection between the inner and the outer man, though we are largely blind to it, and even more or less deliberately destroy it.

Watch the child and see how he naturally expresses himself outwardly in his movements. Tell him to go and do something and you can see in every movement whether he is reluctant or pleased. Tell him of something that is to take place to-morrow and the whole child expresses disappointment or excitement. The child's expression may be crude and undeveloped, as are his moral faculties, but it should be trained and encouraged; instead of which, to his infinite detriment, we tend to thwart and destroy it.

Sokrates, who, we must remember, was the son of a sculptor and who for some time himself pursued that calling, tells us that it is the function of the sculptor to present the workings of the mind.* Behind this lies an important truth that is rarely grasped. It is only through the outer that the inner can express itself at all. We can never see the man within. You can never see my self, I can never see your self. All you can see is my movement, my gestures, my deeds, my actions, the expression of my face; but my self, my soul, that remains forever invisible. Nor has the soul any other means of expression. Hence it follows that it is possible for the sculptor to put into hard marble, or ivory, or gold, all of soul that it is possible to see in a living human being. He can even do more, because, like Pheidias, he can give a conception of soul far beyond that of any individual man. Pheidias embodied something in his statue of Olympic Zeus that went beyond anything that any man had been able to conceive; it was a statue, as Quintilian says,—"cujus pulchritudo adjecisse aliquid etiam receptæ religioni videtur; adeo majestas operis deum æquavit."† And we are told by other authors that when a man had seen it, so great was its effect that it altered the tenor of his life and he went away a changed man.

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* Xenophon, Memorabilia, Bk. III, Cap. X.

But if all this be so, if the inner can only express itself through the outer, of what paramount importance it becomes that that outer power of expression should be as beautiful as possible and how great the part that this element must play in life!

This the Athenian fully recognized, and so we may say that for him education consisted of two parts definitely related to each other, the inner and the outer, each of which, while having its own value, added to the value of the other—"Soul, which Limbs betoken, and

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† Whose beauty seems even to have added something to received religion; to such an extent did the majesty of the work equal the deity.

Limbs, Soul informs," as the speaker in Browning's poem phrases it.*

And was not the Greek right; do not the words of Sappho express a truth of the profoundest significance?—

ὁ μέν γὰρ κάλος, ὄσσον ἴδην, πέλεται ἀγαθος
ὁ δὲ κ' ἀγαθος ἀυτίκα και καλος ἐσσεται.

Hence we find an endeavour to make the youth beautiful in every way. The Greek was essentially an artist and therefore realized that the fundamental of beauty is the artistic unity, the kosmic perfection, the organic whole. He would not judge anyone as beautiful by a top-corner, so to speak, but by the whole. The face may be the most important single element, but is only one element nevertheless, and it is the relation of part to part and of every element to the whole that makes what we mean by beauty. Hence the Greek always looked at the figure as a whole, and hence his costume was always so designed, not to be a thing in itself, but a means of setting off and revealing the beauty of the figure. For the same reason he would frequently dispense with clothes altogether and display this highest of all God's gifts, the beauty of the human form, the nearest approach to the divine of anything upon earth, as Plato pointed out, far nearer than our highest human virtues, our righteousness that is but filthy rags.

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* Old Pictures in Florence.

† He who is beautiful, as far as can be discerned, is good, and he who is good will straightway also be beautiful.

How, then, was this to be attained? By athletics, by developing every possibility, every "talent" for beauty that we have. Consequently we find that when any given exercise was found to mar that beauty in any way, say by developing one muscle at the expense of the rest, that exercise was abandoned; for their athletics were not the same as our athletics, as beauty was definitely their aim.

But it was not enough to cultivate beauty of limb only; it was necessary to obtain beauty of motion, and so we find that a large part of the time in the palaistrai was devoted to dancing, which was not, like our dancing, more or less confined to movement of the feet, but which involved every kind of graceful movement: many Greek dances required no movement of the feet at all.

But even beauty of form and beauty of movement was not enough; the Greek boy was taught how to stand gracefully, how to sit gracefully, and, above all, how to use beautiful gesture.

Nor was this all; beauty of facial expression seems also to have been considered, and certainly immense attention was given to expression of voice, to musical intonation and beautiful modulation. Reading and rhetoric were a continuous element in Greek education and it is one of the things where we to-day lose most in life;—how few can read well, how few can speak even decently! Think of the numbers of learned men blissfully unaware that there is an art of expression and an art of structure in speech (so admirably sketched in Plato's Phaidros) requiring, as the Greeks found, a training of years, but without which all their erudition is practically of no avail. Matthew Arnold says: "The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have laboured to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the best knowledge and thought of the time."* In a word, we may say,

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* Culture v. Anarchy, p. 44, American Edition.

—to make it beautiful and raise mere knowledge to the realms of art.

And so, by beauty of form, beauty of movement, beauty of pose and beauty of gesture, beauty of expression and beauty of intonation, the Greek was given a power of which we do not even dream. Life takes on a wider aspect, its significance is doubled, and each side reacts upon the other until man almost seems to have raised his being to a superhuman plane in that brief golden period of art and poetry, architecture and craftsmanship, music and philosophy.

But with ourselves how many a soul, born to be great, remains trammelled and confined, unable to express itself, unable to develop the inner into the outer beauty! And the one reacts upon the other and consequently the inner itself remains narrow, prejudiced, limited, academic, lacking that kosmic wholeness which constitutes beauty, lacking the larger consciousness and light, only to be found in the open beauty of a world, not hidden within, but outwardly revealed. Knowledge, life, all things must be made beautiful; to miss this is to miss the end of our being: as Theognis says,—

ὁττι καλόν φίλον ἔστι το δ'ου καλον ὀυ φίλον ἔστι,
τοὒτ ἔπος ἀθανατων ἦλθε διὰ στοματων.[*]

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[*] What is beautiful is beloved, what is not beautiful is not beloved. From lips immortal did this saying come.

Such, then, are the two great points that first strike the modern on approaching the life of Greece, the intimacy of connexion between the good and the beautiful, and also the part that beauty played in life.

With regard to the first point the Greeks, although much more correct than ourselves, were not entirely right; with regard to the second point they were absolutely and completely right.

With regard to the first point it might be argued: "What does it matter?—for surely it comes to the same thing either way! One man calls a heroic action good and approves it; another man calls it beautiful and equally he approves it; similarly, the mean action is condemned whether we call it ugly or bad—is it not a mere question of words?"

No; it matters very much; the beautiful and the good are intimately connected, it is true, but they are eternally distinct nevertheless and a greater disaster can hardly befall a nation than to confuse the one with the other. It may end in so confusing them that we only get one when we think we are getting both.

In practice, as we shall see, the Greek was sound, and in theory he was logically far more correct than ourselves. It is much more nearly correct to use the standards of beauty in judging the good than to use the standards of the good in judging the beautiful.

No attempt at an analysis of the nature of the good and the beautiful can be made, but there is a certain sense in which it is not entirely illogical to say that the class to which the terms beautiful and unbeautiful or ugly apply is a larger class than that to which the terms good and bad apply, and it may be said metaphorically to contain it. Or we may even say the outside includes the inside.

Hence it does not follow that, because good and bad things are beautiful or the reverse, therefore the converse is true and all things of beauty and ugliness are therefore good or bad. What is true of a larger class is necessarily true of the smaller, but the converse does not follow.

All squares are things with four sides, whether they be big squares or medium squares or very little squares; but it is not therefore true that all things with four sides are squares.

It is in a certain sense true that an act of heroism or self-sacrifice is beautiful. But it is entirely untrue to say that a beautiful flower is good. God is good who made the flower, but the flower, as we understand it, has neither consciousness nor volition, without which goodness is impossible.

Our ordinary criticisms of works of art, pictures, poems or anything else, as good or bad are not merely wholly beside the point, any such qualities that they may express being additional (accidental in the technical sense), but they are grossly misleading and mischievous, and probably largely explain that fundamental disease of our civilization which produces our social and economic troubles and the general misery of our great cities.

HELLAS
AND THE COMPLETE MAN

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PART III

HELLAS AND THE COMPLETE MAN

Now, if we probe a little deeper we shall find that this stress upon beauty in its relation to character was not an isolated, unrelated phenomenon, but was inseparably connected with the Greek conception of life as a whole.

On the ends of the great temple at Delphi, which in some respects may be considered the centre of Greek religion, were two mottoes which may be taken as the mottoes of Greek life. At the one end *γνῶθι σεαυτόν* (gnôthi seauton) know thyself; at the other end *μηδὲν ἄγαν* (mêden agân) nothing in excess.

Γνῶθι σεαυτόν: know thyself—if ever there was a people who made it their aim to understand the nature of man it was the Greeks. They were humanists in the highest sense. Know thyself, find out what it is to be a man, find out all that marks him out and distingushes him from the lower creation, that lifts him above the mere physical nature which he shares with them and then endeavour to the utmost of thine ability to develop all these essentials and to be a man.

It is the fundamental spirit of humanism, the spirit that realises the glory and significance of man. It is the spirit that neither with boasting nor self-depreciation declares that "the proper study of mankind is man." After all, man is put here upon earth to perform his own proper function; whatever may be the animal state from which he has risen or the future state to which he may rise. It is a plain neglect of his duty to dally with the one or idly sigh in vain aspiration after the other. Every thing has its proper function to perform, man or angel, clod or precious stone; it is, as Marcus Aurelius phrases it:—"as though the emerald should say,—'whatever happens I must be an emerald.' "

Humanism is opposed to sensationalism, materialism and the uncultivated pleasures of a savage or boorish existence, but it stands equally for the value and dignity of human life as such, and refuses to regard the visions of a future existence as the only reality. The advent of that future will not be hastened by the spurning of opportunities and obligations in relation to our development in this world.

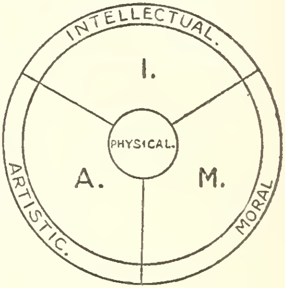
We are here for a definite purpose, with definite powers, intelligencies, emotions and capacities, and the earth and its wonders are to be appreciated and understood, the lilies to be considered and the truth to be learned. These things are neither brutishly to be made subservient to the senses nor utterly despised. It stands for breadth and it stands for sympathy. Whatever happens, I must be a man.

Man is a reasoning creature. The lower animals may have the rudiments of this faculty, but it is in the great development of his reasoning power that we see one of the essential distinctions between him and the beast. If one, then, is to be a man, it is necessary to develop one's intelligence, to quicken one's intellectual desire for knowledge.

Man, too, is moral, and again, although the animals may exhibit an elementary morality, it is this higher development that distinguishes him from them and it is one of his primary functions to live an upright life.

But there is also implanted in every man a capacity to distinguish between the beautiful and the ugly which may be dwarfed or undeveloped just as the moral sense may be dwarfed or undeveloped but which nevertheless is there. This element is as universal as the moral sense, even though it be untrained. Even the philistine who most prides himself upon being entirely indifferent to such things is nevertheless continually revealing the fact that it is not so.

This point is so important and at the same time so frequently overlooked that a whole lecture, in the series of which this is one, has been devoted to it.



We may, then, say that, starting with a physical nature that is common to man and other animals, we have these three great fundamentals that make man man, the artistic, the intellectual and the moral. This diagram, then, represents the aim of man, A.I.M.,* man's complete being.

But we have yet to consider the motto at the other end of the temple. Know thyself: be all that it is to be a man, but μηδὲν ἄγαν nothing in excess, and we may take with it its corollary, nothing too little.

It is the even, all-round development of the Greek that is his most marked characteristic. No side was over developed, nothing was left out. No side was developed at the expense of another. All extremes were avoided.

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* This was an accident only noticed afterwards, but it makes a handy mnemonic.

This *μηδὲν ἄγαν* is responsible for the reserve of Greek life and Greek feeling. Everything exaggerated, ostentatious, vulgar, was abhorrent to him. Consequently we find Greek Art marked by a reserve and restraint and refinement that we find in no other art. Gothic Art is wonderful in its own way, but there is an exuberance about it which is totally unlike Greek Art, which at first sight might appear to us, more used to the warmer art of the North, almost austere or cold. All this is true in the relationship of the higher and the lower elements in man's being. None realized more clearly than the Greek the value and importance of the body and the part that our animal nature plays in life. The right relationship of athletics to mental activity, of the pleasures of sense to the pleasures of the higher man, have never been so clearly grasped; nothing is left out, but nowhere do we find excess.

But for the present it is the inter-relation of the higher activities, the more purely human elements of our nature, with which we are to deal.

It is most essential that we should grasp this fact of the even, all-round development of the Greek, who saw life clearly and saw it whole. Indeed, it is the foundation upon which the rest depends. It is the absolute necessity for beauty in life that is to be demonstrated and beauty is a necessity because an all-round development is a necessity. Beauty is a necessity just as the other elements in man's life are a necessity and in the same way. To leave out any one of these three fundamentals, the artistic, the intellectual or the moral, or to develop any one at the expense of the rest, spells disaster.

Now, in taking the Greek as the example of the all-round man, let there be no misunderstanding. The claim is not that he reached the highest point in each department that has ever been reached. He may have done or he may not have done—that does not exactly concern us now. Still less is it to be maintained that he was altogether perfect. All that is sought to be shown is that no side of his nature was left out of consideration but that every side received full attention and was thoroughly developed, no one side at the expense of the rest.

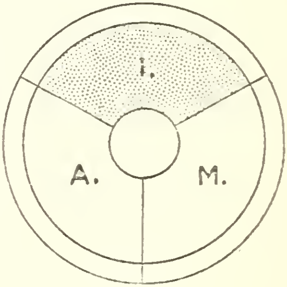
First, then, with regard to the intellectual side, there is no need to dwell at length. We all know that he was the founder of all Western culture and modern knowledge and that in many departments of intellectual activity he still remains our master,—in philosophy, history, oratory and certain branches of mathematics. In other cases we have only built where he has founded and but for him might never have built at all. In logic, in economics, in political outlook generally, we are eternally his debtors. So are we in law, and not to the Romans, as the text-books would have us believe, quoting such things as the Roman testamentum or laws of contract. Innumerable Greek wills exist and the legal system of Rome, like the Roman constitution itself, was an importation from Greece. Nor must we ever forget that the Greeks were the first to conceive the idea of a free, self-governing people, one of their many precious gifts to mankind.

There was in the Greek an unparalleled desire to pursue the truth for truth's sake, no matter what cherished prejudices it might upset, and this desire for truth led to the most remarkable intellectual advance in human history.

It is almost needless to call attention to the intellectual subtlety of the Greek, and particularly the Athenian, or to make mention of the fact that the standard of education in Athens was such that even the slave could read and write and keep accounts, a condition of things to which our free people have but recently attained.

The Renaissance and modern times might indeed with little exaggeration be described as the re-birth, the renaissance of the Greek spirit of enquiry and the Greek scientific spirit, so that we may say, as one of our greatest modern writers has phrased it, "Save the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in modern life which is not Greek in its origin."

On the development of the intellectual side, then, there is no need to dwell at length. But the other sides will require more attention. In order to mark this fact we may, then, shade over one-third of our disc.



Turning to the moral side, one finds many people inclined to speak slightingly of Greek national morality as compared with our own.

To deal with the question at all adequately would take a whole lecture, but some things at any rate can be made clear.

In the first place, we live too near our own conditions to be able to assess them. They are out of focus, as a thing held a few inches in front of the eyes. Further, we are tempted to use our current standards of judgment. Of course, if we judge the Greek by our current standards he is likely to be found wanting, as we should certainly be found wanting if judged by his.

What, then, we have to endeavour to do is to put ourselves as far as possible into the position of posterity and dispassionately outside all standards, where we may even judge the standards themselves. We make a great claim, and rightly, for the modern standards of national morality, but does that justify us in belittling the national morality of Athens?

I have no desire to cast an undue slur upon our own morality, but it is necessary to point out that in spite of our immeasurably loftier religious faith there is still much that we may learn from Greece. In the main the object is rather to show the positive value of Greek national standards than to call attention to the negative shortcomings of our day, but to do the one without the other is impossible.

When in that day of remote posterity the impartial witness looks back upon the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and upon the golden days of Hellas, certain striking features cannot be overlooked.

Certainly there has never been in the world's history so great a disparity between riches and poverty, with all its attendant evils, as is exhibited by the modern state. Take Britain, for instance, with its population not much in excess of forty millions, where we find that there are over two million wage earners earning less than 25 shillings per week ($6.25). Think of the wives and children dependent upon these wage earners and the enormous proportion of the population that is thus represented. Do you think that it is possible for a man and his wife and children to live a civilized life under modern conditions on less than $6.25 per week? Or turn to the terrible conditions of sweated labor in London, New York, or particularly in Carolina, but indeed in any large city, and what is to be said? There is not a shadow of doubt that a very large proportion of our free citizens live under conditions infinitely worse than that of the worst slaves of the ancient world. The condition of Athenian slaves was so superior as not even to offer a parallel.

What can be the average standard of national morality that can allow such a condition of things to exist?

We say, "Oh, but the size of the modern state makes it impossible to approach the conditions of the city-state of Greece." But if that be true and the city-state does show a higher moral condition than the modern state, then it seems that the process of aggrandisement that made the modern state may not be an exhibition of the highest form of virtue. On the other hand, the excuse may be inadequate and false, which is probably a truer way of regarding it.

Still more significant of the brutal callousness of our so-called morality are the little phrases that we use without a thought, "the submerged tenth," "the criminal classes." The submerged tenth of whom? Of our own kith and kin, our own fellow-citizens. Athenian citizenship had its faults undoubtedly, but one can hardly conceive it regarding with absolute equanimity a submerged tenth or any other fraction. Some of their methods of dealing with these problems may have been a little crude, as, for instance, the seisachtheia, and the later methods were certainly not above criticism. But the right spirit existed, undoubtedly existed, however faulty the methods.

As for the criminal classes—classes, indeed! —there have been criminals the world over, but it seems to have been left for modern progress to produce a complete class of recognizable physical type.

Now what lies at the back of all this? The Athenian, and indeed the Greek generally, had a much more living and present sense of citiship than we have, and it naturally coloured his whole morality. We have to admit that we are more selfish, because we have not as yet so keen a sense of our duty to our fellows and to society as a whole. In Athens a man might almost be said to live as much for the state as for himself, although in many ways Athens was the most highly developed individualistic state that the world has ever known.

We see it at every turn, both among the richer and the poorer, and both are remarkable. We are more surprised at the rich because we do not expect much of them any way.

The institution known as the *λειτουργία* (leitourgia), under which the wealthier citizens provided for many of the expenses of the state, such as the equipment of the navy, by a voluntary offering is an interesting case. It was not like our compulsory taxation, and yet we know of several instances in which a man deliberately spent his whole fortune and ruined himself in the service of the state, and as personal ostentation and display was hateful to the Athenian there seems to have been nothing that gave greater pleasure to the wealthier citizens than spending their money in this manner.

We find throughout the state a far greater attention to duties and far less talk about rights than we find amongst ourselves. Even Athens' bitterest enemies, the Korinthians, admitted that this was so, pointing out at the same time that remarkable intellectual development of the Athenian which was the secret of so much of his greatness. The individual was to be developed to the uttermost; he was to fight his own battles, shape his own destiny, pay for his own education, which was neither compulsory nor free, and that was why he valued it and made such a lofty use of it. Then, having developed that individual resource and initiative and mental calibre that made him what he was, it is not his cry for rights that attracts us, but his devotion to the state, as the Korinthian envoys at Sparta declared of these Athenians whom they hated so: "Their bodies they devote to their country as though they belonged to other men; their true self is their mind, which is most truly their own when employed in her service."*

And surely this sense of duty to one's neighbour is one of the first principles of morality? Indeed, it is difficult to see how a nation can have a morality without it.

Again, what will posterity say of the fact that Great Britain spends over 160 million pounds (800 million dollars) every year upon alcoholic liquor. Let us put aside entirely the question as to whether drunkenness is wrong; let us suppose for the sake of argument that it is quite a harmless amusement to get drunk. Even then what would the Athenian have said? He would have said,—"What do you mean by spending $800,000,000 on anything at all, even though it be only a harmless luxury? Where is your sense of *μηδὲν ἄγαν* (nothing in excess), where is your sense of proportion. Have you any sense of proportion when all these other urgent needs are clamouring for attention?"

And is not the sense of proportion another of the very first things that we must have if we are to have a morality at all. We must know what are the things that are worth having and what are not, how much of our life's energy can be reasonably devoted to this and how much can be reasonably devoted to that.

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* Thukydides, I, 70.

Go down Fifth Avenue, New York, and look into the windows and ask how many of those things are really worth having. Those idle fripperies, none of real value and many baneful and hideous, with no touch of the true spirit of beauty and restraint that made everything to which the Greek turned his hand a joy for ever. Think of the pitiable waste of human energy, of human wealth, that goes to make these degraded fineries and tawdry machine-made nick-nacks, that never gave one touch of clean and healthy joy to any human being. Compare them with the simple costumes of Hellas and the unrivalled individuality of the articles of Athenian commerce.

But this matter of proportion leads us on and on. It is one thing to have a sense of proportion, but another thing to have the moral restraint that will enable us gladly to live up to that appreciation of the true value of things.

But this moral restraint stands out as one of the most splendid things about the Greek. In Sparta it even went too far, but in Athens we find it resulting in a true simplicity of life that is not an asceticism of false values, due to a lack of a sense of proportion in another direction. We, to-day, may know what is worth having and what is not worth having, but we have not the moral restraint to live up to our knowledge.

Even so late as the time of Marcus Aurelius, when Greece had been corrupted by the luxury and voluptuousness of Rome, there was a marked contrast between the two peoples and we find the Emperor speaking of the Greek plank and the Greek discipline as the synonyms of the simple life. We find the parallels to our luxury, our empty society, our rich living, our freak dinners, our motor cars and the reckless extravagance of rich and poor alike, in the Roman empire, not in the golden age of Greece.

This simplicity of life leads us to notice two outstanding characteristics of the Athenian,—his anti-materialism and his anti-sensationalism. With regard to the former we have already noticed his sound assessment of the value of money, and speaking generally, the whole materialistic outlook would have been almost unintelligible to the Greek. With us school is a preparation for business; with him business was a preparation for school, that is, for σχολή, scholê (leisure). His conception of leisure was the pursuit of what we call "study." What of our trusts and combines whereby a limited number accumulate wealth at the expense of the many; what of the social power of riches; what of our so-called practical outlook, our bread and butter education, our greedy materialism that is so largely the cause of our social and economic evils!

How does materialism fit in with morality; how is the materialistic outlook of the present day to be reconciled with a spiritual or moral outlook at all?

But not only was the Greek anti-materialist; he was the great anti-sensationalist of all time. Again the modern craving for sensation is only to be paralleled in the days before the fall of the Roman empire; our amusements, our dances, our spectacular drama, our Coney Islands and White Cities, our vast crowds at football and baseball matches and athletic events, where the Greek had the excellent rule, except at the great festivals, of "Strip or go home," every variety of sensationalism, from the battue of the wealthy sportsman to the humble kinematograph show. It would cause consternation among some of our sensation-seeking loafers if they were compelled to strip and take part or be taken home by the police.

Look at the following from an advertisement of a kinematograph show in an Edinburgh paper: "Great Fist Fight Scenes between the 'Slogger' and his Pals. The Dark Side of London Life with its Streaks of Brightness are vividly laid bare in this splendid Film." Why do we wish to see the dark side laid bare and the fact announced with hysterical capitals?

So much for Britain; what of America? On going to a lecture I saw not long ago a flaming announcement of another moving picture show representing,—"The Loss of the Titanic." It is really difficult to conceive how any one could desire to see such a thing. What an appalling condition of mind it denotes, sunken in its morbid depravity below the condition of the beasts!

The example is interesting because we happen to have a side-light upon the Greek point of view. After the sack of Miletos, when a whole Greek city was wiped off the map of Greece by the Persians, Phrynikos, the great Greek poet, took it as a subject for the construction of a tragic drama. The play is not extant, but we know sufficient of Greek drama to know that it must have been upon the lofty plane in which that drama moved, dealing with the immensity of the powers that govern our fate and the terrible inevitableness of human destiny.

"But thus it is, all bides the destined hour,
And man, albeit with justice at his side,
Fights in the dark against a secret power,
Not to be conquered,—and how pacified."*

In any case it must have been removed as far as possible from a vulgar kinematograph show.

But how did the Athenians regard it? They thought it too sensational. A realization of horrors may be carried too far and a sensitive and cultured mind, rather than gloat over them, is likely to imagine only too vividly the horrors of the future. We may suppose that those who gloat over the horrors of the Titanic, with other people's relatives, find in them a delicious foretaste of the loss of their own in the Empress of Ireland or some other of the ever present dangers of modern life. Anyway the Athenians found it sensational, decided he had gone too far, and fined Phrynikos an enormous fine, which must have practically ruined him, and forbade the play ever to be produced again.

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* From Fitzgerald's translation of the Agamemnon. The passage though Greek in spirit is not in the original.

What, again, of the modern newspaper, with its murders, adulteries and accidents and the pictures with a cross marking the place where the body was found?

What are we to think of the staring headlines, the vermilion type and the choice selection of items from the American press in the following examples taken from only two pages chosen practically at random:

BANGOR THEATRE FIRE KILLS 2

NEEDLE FIEND ATTACKS THIRD WORCESTER GIRL

MANNING AND SISTER HELD IN SLAYING

RICH BROKER'S DEATH PROBED

(Why cannot the man die in peace, or if it is a matter for the police, what business of ours is that?)

MYSTERY SURROUNDS TRAGEDY

FIREMEN CRUSHED TO DEATH

CHINESE TATAO TO SUCCEED TANGO

MUST WED BY JULY TO OBTAIN $250,000

NAT WILLS SEEKS TO ANNUL MARRIAGE

(A vulgar divorce scandal)

MRS. WILLIAMS FREE TO MARRY HILLIARD

(An equally pleasant item to above)

U. S. AVIATOR KILLED BY 500 FOOT FALL

"THE DEAR FOOL"

The Sensational Story of the Love of a Woman of 40 for a Boy of 27 Begins To-Day on Magazine Page

BAPTIZED IN ICE WATER; MAY DIE

LOVE AND CASH LOST, GIRL LEAPS TO DEATH FROM A FERRY-BOAT

MAY NOW SUE LLOYD AT LAW TO GET BALM

FIREMAN INJURED IN FALL FROM ROOF

DOCTORS FIND CURE FOR BRAIN SOFTENING

(In view of all the above, this is none too soon.)

"What of our public justice and political freedom?" some have objected. Yet even here we have no cause to disparage the Greek. He would have denied our claim to political freedom as he understood it, and pointed to our "wire-pullers," our "bosses," and above all our party system, in which the freedom of individual political expression disappears.

With regard to public justice there were undoubtedly faults in the Athenian system, but the revelations of corruption that we have recently seen may bid us pause.

Moreover, how very recently is it that our justice has advanced beyond a semi-savage state! I have myself spoken to a man who had seen a woman hanged in England for stealing a coat from a stall. I came across another case of a boy of 12 hanged for horse stealing. Within living memory a child of 9 years old was condemned to death for stealing two penny worth of paint. The sentence was commuted, but the astonishing thing was that such a sentence could be passed. It was not till 1861 that capital punishment was abolished save for the offences for which it is still inflicted.

Germany broke human victims on the wheel as late as the 19th Century. The brutal treatment in some of the American prisons and reformatories to-day is almost incredible, and the flagrant iniquity of Lynch law would have been absolutely incredible to the Greek mind.

"How about slavery?" some have urged, as though that entirely disposed of any claims that the Athenian might have in other directions.

But as a matter of fact, although one would not uphold Athenian slavery for a moment, it must be remembered that Athenian slavery was not by any means what we understand by slavery.

When we think of slavery we are thinking of our slavery or Roman slavery, which is a very different kind of thing. Our slavery was an altogether abominable institution, for which very little can be said.

The Athenian slave, on the whole, was undoubtedly well treated. The domestic slave was admitted by a religious ceremony to membership of the family, and his status was practically that of the child whom the parent can punish and whose occupation is at the parents' bidding. He was duly looked after and, in the event of sickness, was tended in person by the mistress of the household.

The slave was carefully protected in the Athenian courts of law, and if he was illtreated his master was compelled by public opinion to part with him. The slaves in the mines seem to have been the only ones whose lot in itself, apart from the lack of freedom, was a hard one, and even their condition would not compare with that of our sweated industries in the slums of our great cities.

The Greek slave could own property and frequently bought his freedom, and apparently might even, at any rate in theory, be wealthier than his master. It is necessary for us to dismiss from our minds the fancy pictures of the pernicious little text books which would lead us to suppose that the Athenians lived a life of leisured ease upon the labour of the slaves. On the one hand, the free Athenian citizens were engaged in every kind of occupation from the highest to the lowest, and a large proportion of them certainly possessed no slaves at all. A man in the economic position of Sokrates would be very unlikely to own a slave. On the other hand the slaves were by no means engaged entirely in menial occupations. It would appear that the heads of most of the large business houses of Athens were slaves. Pasion, the greatest banker of Greece, was a slave and a bank manager for the major part of his life. The police, who arrested the free

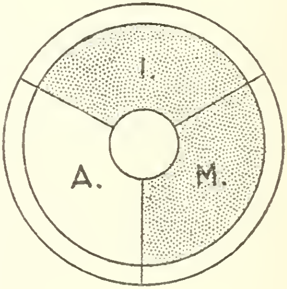
Athenian citizens, were slaves, and many of the under-secretaries of state, holding positions analogous to our civil service clerks, to whom we may award a C. B. or even a knighthood.

There was much that was objectionable about Athenian slavery; but it was not what we mean by slavery and the lot of the slave compared more than favourably with that of a large fraction of our free population.

And how recently have we been clear of this stain? Britain since 1838. The United States since 1865. There are plenty of slaves alive now and owners who inherited slaves in their youth. Indeed, can we say that our modern Western Civilizations are clear of this thing? What of the Congo atrocities? What of the Putamayo atrocities? What of the white-slave traffic? Immorality there has been at all times in the world's history, but it appears to be one of the triumphs of modern civilization to reduce it to a science.

Now we must not make a mistake. With all these blots on our civilization it does not mean that its moral standards are not high in the story of man's development. To think so would be to make as unjust a mistake as we are apt to make with regard to Athens. But to deny to a people the claim to have developed their moral being, who can set us an example and teach us with regard to our duty to our neighbour, the sense of proportion of the values of life, moral restraint, anti-materialism, anti-sensationalism, and even in certain directions with regard to freedom and justice amounts to something very like arrogance and impertinence, particularly when we remember the inestimable advantages of our religion, which might have been expected to lead to more striking results.

We may, therefore, be justified in shading over the second section of our disc.



We turn, then, to the third element, the artistic, the central element of our inquiry. We have already seen something of the Greek love of beauty in the intimacy of the relationship of beauty to life. How did this work out in the environment of the Greek?

In the first place, he practically never built a city or temple without some regard to the beauty of site, and the site of the city of Athens is one of the most beautiful in the world. It is interesting for those who have not seen it to remember its remarkable resemblance to the site of Edinburgh. In the centre of each city is a lofty rock, the castle-rock of Edinburgh corresponding to the Akropolis. The Calton Hill, although somewhat larger, corresponds more or less to the Areopagos. Arthur's Seat, overhanging the city, corresponds to Lukabettos. The port of Leith corresponds to the Peiraieus, and as we stand upon the great city rock in either case we look across the water to the opposite shore, the Firth of Forth taking the place of the Saronic Gulf, the islands of Inchcolm and Inchkeith the place of the larger islands of Aigina and Salamis, and the hills of Fifeshire and the West the place of the hills of the Peloponnese. Looking backward again, the hills of Pentelikos or the Pentlands close the view.

But when we turn to look at the architecture, except for the copy of the Parthenon, the resemblance ceases. Athens was crowded with beautiful buildings from end to end, wonderful in that perfection and restraint of their artistic conception which has never been surpassed.

Throughout the city were numbers of temples of magnificent proportion and consummate workmanship, represented for us now by a few columns of the temple of Olympic Zeus and the fairly complete temple of Hephaistos.

Dominating the city stood the grand rock of the Akropolis, approached by its exquisite gateway,—the Propulaia, the triumph of the skill of Mnesikles, resplendent in the marvelous white marble of Pentelikos, and mounting guard, as it were, upon the bastion was the exquisite little gem, the temple of Athene Nike Apteros. Within the Gates toward the North was the graceful, picturesque Erectheion, a perfect example of the delicate Ionian style and, to crown all, on the South was the noble Doric Parthenon itself, the subtlety and refinement of whose construction puts into the shade as rude and coarse all the work of the world done at any other period.

But these things by no means exhaust the architectural wonders,—the theatres, choregic monuments, stoai, the agora, the palaistrai, the gymnasia, the stadion, the hospitals, the horologion, the prutaneion, the music or concert halls, the bouleuterion, and many others combined to make a city of beauty. Enter the houses and the same love of beauty will be found. Notice the exquisite and chaste designs of their chairs, tables and bedsteads, such as only a Greek could produce. Not only was that so, but every common household-implement was a work of art, over which, when any survive, the dealers wrangle to-day that we may put them in the place of honour in our galleries and drawing rooms, a fate to which our saucepans and gallipots and tinned meat cans and beer bottles are not likely ever to attain.

But come out into the street again and what do we find?—literally thousands and thousands of statues of incomparable loveliness, almost any one of which would be the greatest treasure of a national museum if possessed complete and uninjured today. Of these not a single complete work by a great master remains.

The number of the statues was actually as great, or nearly as great, as the number of the population, greater than the number likely to be in the streets or open spaces at one time. Let us try and imagine ourselves getting up tomorrow morning and coming down into the streets of London or of New York to find a number of statues greater than the number of the people moving there. Then we shall realize what art in the daily life of a people means. It is difficult for the modern to realize this intense and all pervading love of the beautiful, but we find evidence of it everywhere, not only in Athens but throughout Greece. We notice Simonides, for example, in his verses on happiness praying first for health and then for beauty as the most desirable of all things. How many of our people would put beauty before wealth, for instance?

Similarly the women used to have statues of Narkissos or Huakinthos or Nireus (the most beautiful of the Greeks, after Achilles, at the siege of Troy) in their lying-in chambers in order that they might be the mothers of beautiful boys.

Or we may notice such an incident as the erection of a special monument at Plataia to Kallikrates, because he was the fairest of the Greeks who fell on that day.

A still more remarkable instance is recorded of the citizens of Egesta in Sicily who erected a monument to a certain Philip of Kroton,—not a fellow citizen—and made offerings before it on account of his extreme beauty. We can hardly imagine the citizens of New York erecting a statue to some man who visited the town because he happened to be exceptionally beautiful.

Beauty contests were quite common in Greece, as, for instance, the beauty contests by the river Alphaios instituted by Kypselos, king of Arkadia.

And what was perhaps the crowning event in the life of the Athenian Citizen? The great Pan-Athenaïc festival, which occurred once every four years in honour of Athene, the goddess of Athenai (Athens), when everything that took place seems to have been done with the main intention of producing something beautiful.

God delights in that which is beautiful and good, they argued, and our lives to please Him must pursue the beautiful and the good. Most of all must this be so in the case of anything connected with religion and especially in this great central ceremony of Athenian religion, the Panathenaia.

The Greek may have been wrong, but that was his point of view; and the modern might even reconsider his own position.

Think of that wonderful festival with the athletic contests in which men displayed their beauty of limb, and the dancing contests where they displayed their beauty of movement. Think of the rhetorical contests and the beauty of vocal expression in that unapproachable vehicle of thought, the language of Hellas!

But the crowning event of all was the great procession in which her birthday gift was carried to the house of Athene upon her high hill. Four skilful maidens, the ergastinai, specially selected for their beauty, wove and embroidered a beautiful peplos or robe for the goddess during the four years that intervened between one festival and the next. This was hung on the yard of a model ship and conducted in triumph through the city. Maidens and youths who also were chosen for their beauty bore beautiful gifts. Victims chosen for their beauty were sacrificed. The priests, the priestesses, nay even the policemen in their comely garments, were beautiful. How out of place the modern policeman would have looked in that fair company! Every detail down to the horse trappings and the broidered borders of their clothes were beautiful and one thinks of our modern trousers and corsets and other abominations.

But the loveliest thing of all was that band of youths picked for their beauty from the noblest of the Athenians. The custom was that when they had been chosen they should go to the Agora and then send home all their clothes save the light chlamys, a sort of half cape hanging down the back, and there walk up and down to reveal that beauty of figure that God had given. The Greek mind was clear from the morbid and degrading thoughts that barbarous nations have associated with the loveliest thing in creation. The Greeks considered it one of the distinguishing marks of the barbarian that he associated nudity with indecency. The divine beauty of the human form which Plato made the stepping stone to God, has been surrounded by the unclean minds of the barbarous races with the associations of evil.

After they had exhibited their beauty the youths took part in the procession on horseback, or in chariots, where it was necessary, not only that they should show their beauty of form, but that they should show their beauty of movement by leaping on and off the chariots as gracefully as possible while they were being driven at full speed. There probably never has been a pageant that for purity of beauty would approach the procession of the Pan-Athenaïc festival.

But not only was there all this, not only were the arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting of supreme excellence, and, too, the arts of music and dancing and all the common arts of daily life, dress, furniture, and every item in the citizen's environment, but there was, in addition, the great art of poetry, so far unconsidered.

Of the wonder of that poetry itself, I should have liked to speak, but in this course it is impossible, yet its relationship to the life of the people is, perhaps, the most remarkable thing of all, which I could choose to use as an illustration of the artistic spirit of the population of Athens.

The great theatre of Dionysos, in Athens, where the great Dionysiac festival took place, would seat 30,000 people,* the great bulk of the adult populace.. The whole performance was regarded as a national religious observance, for which we can hardly find a parallel in modern days,—the nearest approach, namely a highly elaborated choral service in one of our grand old cathedrals, differs in such marked essentials.

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* Modern scholars generally give a lower number. My own estimate from existing remains would be much greater. So I have given Plato's figures for the *old* theatre.

In the first place we did not build the building. No, it was built long ago by our artistic ancestors.

In the second place the artlessness of the service would have seemed inadequate to the Greek. It is not that there is not much beauty in such a service, but that it is largely a mere agglomeration lacking in organic and artistic unity which the Greek would have thought an unworthy work of art to offer to the deity.

But thirdly, his sense of artistic restraint would probably have been most shocked by the vulgarity of the huge concert organ thrust into a lovely building, never meant to contain it, so as entirely to spoil it—to say nothing of any such fundamental of any music in worship as that the actual voice of the worshippers should come first and to this the instrument should be a subordinated accompaniment. Pratinas even objected to a single flute as interfering with the sound of the voices.

When we come to look at the ceremonial part of the choral service,—the processions, the aesthetic and purely ritualistic part of the proceedings,—the fact that the officiating clergy or choir on these occasions are not selected on any grounds of beauty is too obvious to need further comment.

To the Greek mind ceremony or ritual that was not beautiful became worse than useless, and the tendency of Greek development throughout was to substitute for the ruder and earlier forms those that were more and increasingly beautiful. Moreover the conception of the priestly office was different from our own. It is impossible at this point to enter into the complex question of Greek religion, but in most cases the office of priest was the office of priest pure and simple, unassociated with any notion of prophet, preacher, pastor, or minister in the modern sense of the term. Hence it was possible in certain offices to make beauty an absolute sine qua non.

The office of the priest to the youthful Zeus at Aigai, and again that of the priest of the Ismenian Apollo, or the priest of Hermes at Tanagra, who led the procession of Hermes bearing the lamb upon his shoulder, were confined to youths to whom a prize of beauty had been awarded in one of the many beauty competitions throughout Hellas.

Fifthly, and perhaps most important of all, the whole thing is not national. What proportion of the modern congregation know anything of the theory of music? Probably an even smaller proportion know anything of architecture and would be entirely incompetent to judge either.

It is impossible in a short space of time to give any conception of this wonderful drama, the most consummate form of literary art that the world has ever seen.

It is remarkable for the lofty plane upon which it moves,—in its choice of theme, its grandeur of manner, its diction and its atmosphere. Our nearest parallel is to be found in Milton, not in Shakespeare. Perhaps the intensity of its atmosphere, only equalled in Homer, is its most remarkable quality, particularly the sense of all-pervading destiny. "But fate I say no one of those that are born of men can escape neither evil nor good when once he hath been born." For the true tragic note, moreover, there is nothing except Homer again to touch the Attic drama, the tragedy that must be, the tragedy that we could not even wish otherwise, because it is in the heart of things.

Or we might turn to the wonder of its artistic and organic unity, a unity not mechanical as some people have imagined, but inevitable, arising from the fundamental principles of beauty. Beside a Greek drama a play of Shakespeare becomes chaotic.

Perhaps to the modern mind its technique and artistry is the most surprising thing,—the quality of its verse, the construction of its choruses, the balance, corespondence and cross correspondence between part and part, line and line.

To find a parallel in our literature is not easy, but to compare small things with great the sonnet may be taken as an example; although it is now a fossil of what was once a living organism, following by rule what was originally evolved by a nicety of artistic sense for subtle proportion and detail. We can all plead guilty to having written sonnets and remember the iambic decasyllabic pentameter, the restriction to fourteen lines, the division into octave and sestet, the subdivision of the octave into two quatrains and of the sestet into two tercets. We remember the almost Greek restraint shown in the use of rime, only two being allowed for the octave, and those arranged in a particular way, first, fourth, fifth and eighth, and again, second, third, sixth and seventh, while the sestet has its own more complex rules. Nor may the thought move chaotically at random, but must rise, as some curve of beauty, to a culmination at the end of the octave and then, in the sestet, make use of the artistic principle of repetition for a further rise, or the wave must die away in a symmetrical recession.

It is not easy to write a sonnet! It was still less easy for geniuses like Petrarch to evolve the subtle artistic form, but it is child's play, a bagatelle, in comparison with Greek tragedy.

Such, then, was the drama of Hellas, a thing of supreme intellectual quality, never playing to the gallery as is not infrequently the case in the Elizabethan drama, and yet appreciated and understood by the great citizen crowd of Athens, the people who flock to our picture palaces.

We might have expected that the output of anything on so high a level would have been exceedingly small. But quite the contrary is the case. During the golden century of Athens the number of these dramas, the highest form of literary production ever conceived by the mind of man, must, at a low estimate, have been at least 4,000.* Sophokles produced nearly 130, Euripides between 90 and 100 and Choirilos 160.

Now, the free population of Athens was

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* It is a complicated question, but my own estimate would make it about 8,000. We are therefore well within the mark.

only about that of Toledo in the United states or of Leicester in Britain. Could we imagine Toledo, even though we gave it a century, producing 4,000 examples of the highest form of literary production ever conceived by the mind of man? No, nor any other modern city.

But suppose we were to hold a sonnet competition here in Manchester; whom should we get to be our judges? Doubtless there would be plenty of learned literary students in the University and elsewhere. But what we should not do would be to go out into the streets and buttonhole the first man we met and say,—"Come along in here, for we want you to judge a sonnet competition." For the chances would be that the man had never heard of a sonnet, let alone the question of being able to judge one.

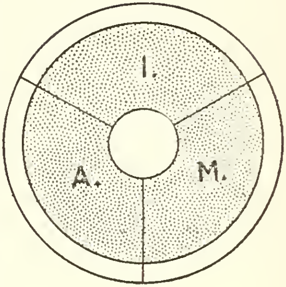
Now, the method of judgment of the Greek Drama is a difficult and controversial question, but it seems clear that the preliminary judgment, before the plays were produced, was conducted by the Archons, the archon-eponymos at the greater festival and the archon-basileus at the lesser festival. And we find that the archons were chosen by lot. Tom, Dick and Harry, then, as we say, could judge the Greek drama.

Now, we have an interesting parallel to this where Tom, Dick and Harry, men chosen at random, judge questions of life and death, of right and wrong. We can take no particular credit for our jury system, as the Athenians had a jury before we, so to speak, were invented. But the point is that the average standard of honour and justice and fair play amongst us is such that we can entrust these questions of life and death, of right and wrong, to any twelve men taken at random.

But the remarkable thing to notice is that this average standard of honour and justice amongst us in the field of morality is paralleled, in the case of Athens, by an average standard of artistic insight and critical acumen in the field artistic that enabled it to pass a judgment on the highest form of literary production ever conceived by the mind of man.

Probably no single illustration brings out so forcibly the national permeating artistic sense as the relation of the populace to this supreme example of art.

We are therefore justified in shading over



the remaining section of our disc, marking the fact that the Greek, and particularly the Athenian, stands as the example of the all-round man who did see life clearly and see it whole.

We may take him then as our standard with regard to this completeness of being, our criterion, by which other men and other ages are to be judged. As has been said before, his excellence in the several parts of his nature is remarkable; but that is not what engages our attention now, but the fact of his full and proportionate development of the whole; nothing was omitted, nothing was developed at the expense of the rest.

THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE RENAISSANCE

PART IV

THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE RENAISSANCE

We turn the page then to the Middle Ages and again find ourselves in surroundings of loveliness. It would be interesting to enter equally fully into the nature of the mediaeval epoch, but in a single lecture a comparatively hasty survey must suffice.

We approach the mediaeval city and once more are struck by the beauty of the thing. It rises, with its towers and gateways, like a jewel set in the surrounding landscape, clearly defined in its artistic and organic unity by its circumscribing walls. There are no acres and acres of soul-destroying suburbs. We approach through one of the beautiful gates, perhaps over one of those delightful old bridges with its exquisite little bridge chapel, and find ourself in a city of romance, a very fairyland of wonder. Above all towers the glorious cathedral, the centre of the religious life, and to balance it some mighty castle, the centre of the secular authority. On every hand are beautiful chantry chapels, elegant well heads, fascinating niches, charming archways over the street or market crosses. Here are the splendid gild-halls with their sculpture and carving, their colour and gilding, their tapestry and glass, their woodwork and iron work; there are the cloisters of some abbey, the hall of some college or the attractive houses of the citizens.

And just as was the case in Greece, when we enter the buildings we find the same loving care in the beauty of every detail, the locks, the handles, the hinges and the furniture marked by a certain sparing simplicity such as we found in Greece or might find in Japan to-day. Even the gutter-pipes and things of baser use are all made beautiful.

The extraordinary beauty of the crafts of the Middle Ages is by no means so generally realized as it should be. Nothing has ever approached the forged iron-work of the earlier period or the chisel and file-work of the later. The work in precious metals rivals everything except the unapproachably chaste designs of the Keltic artists; and although but a mere battered fragment of mediaeval woodwork remains, something of its extreme beauty must be more or less familiar to everyone. Probably the best needlework that the world has ever seen was the famous English work of the thirteenth century, sought after in its own day all over Europe. Better known to our generation is the glorious stained glass, which later ages have struggled, and struggled wholly in vain, even to approach. Tiles, enamels, bookbindings, illuminations, all offer examples to which modern art can turn for inspiration.

There is little need to emphasize the love of beauty in the middle ages. It was considered a mark of the gentleman to know something about architecture. The king, the statesman, the bishop was artist as well, and all the Plantagenet Kings seem to have made some study of architecture and the other arts, and they heaped honours on such men as William of Wykeham, 1324-1404, who could add to the beauty of the surroundings of life. We remember how Richard I, when visiting his new castle, the Chauteau Gaillard, stood back, lost in admiration, and then exclaimed,—"Is she not fair, my one year old?"

Mediaeval costume was beautiful as compared with our own and the mediaeval festa and pageant, if less beautiful than the Pan-Athenaïc procession, was a scene of colour and beauty that our drab-coloured people can not parallel. There is often a tendency to forget how great the achievements of our mediaeval forefathers were in the realm of pure art. Take sculpture, for instance, which we are wont to think of as belonging rather to the age of Greece or the Renaissance. The sculpture of the Middle Ages is quite different, it is true, but has a wonderful charm about it nevertheless. It is less serious perhaps as a whole than Greek sculpture and there is often a degree of playfulness about it which would surprise one in Greek work. It is not so masterly, of course, in its technique, but it is full both of grace and character. Much of it is extraordinarily subtle and delicate, with a delightful sweep of line and simplicity of effect. Its best examples are full of expression and character, carefully studied and most artistically treated. The French work is, on the whole, better than English, but it is all full of fascination and it will be found a singularly attractive study by those who care to pursue it. It is true that there is not much free sculpture, but both the architectural work and the smaller work in wood and ivory show masterpieces to be ranked among the great work of the world.

Even painting was carried to a very high degree of excellence, particularly in England, which was ahead of the rest of Europe, although we rush over in crowds to see distinctly inferior work among the early masters of Italy.

Again the artistic side of the literature of the Middle Ages must not be overlooked. Poetry and belles lettres were not the possession of a select few, but the possession of the people as a whole. We have such things as the "Chansons de Geste," the Arthurian Cycle, "The Romance of the Rose." There were the Trouvéres and the Troubadours in France and the Meistersingers and Minnesingers in Germany; and no one can forget Chaucer or the exquisite thirteenth century lyrics in our own language, such as "Sumer is icumen in" or the unsurpassable "Alisoun," or again in other fields such masterpieces as "Pearl' or "The Knight of the Green Girdle."

It was undoubtedly an age of art and the portion of our disc that represents art can be filled. So we turn to the moral side and what do we find here? We find that we speak of these ages as the ages of faith and we also describe them as the ages of chivalry. There was about them an earnestness of moral purpose and religious endeavour, marred, as we shall see, by its crudity, but nevertheless such that many a modern reformer would be glad to see the same devotion, the same self-sacrifice, the same enthusiasm and zeal.

It may have been wrong headed, but think of the religious pilgrimages, think of the undying generosity and fervid self-abandonment of the people who built the great cathedrals. In England alone with a population of under two millions and without our wealth and modern appliances or means of transit, there were built between three and four hundred great churches of cathedral size during the single century from 1090 A. D. onward.

However we may criticize the Middle Ages we must admit the spirit of high moral purpose at the back of the superstition and the more uncouth elements of the age, and we cannot deny that the second portion of the disc must be shaded in its turn.

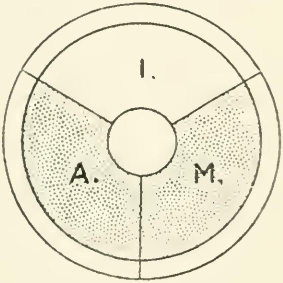
But when we turn to the intellecual side of life what do we see? Do we see as in Greece that burning desire for knowledge and truth for truth's sake, no mattter where it led, no matter what heartburnings it might cause at first or what prejudices it might overset, that man might reach the calm light of the true and eternal that nothing can quench.

Was it an age of learning and universal education such as we saw in Athens? We must confess that it was not so, that it was a rare thing for a layman to be able even to read or write. John, King, of Bohemia, could not read even so late as the middle of the fourteenth century, nor Philip the Hardy, King of France, although he was the son of St. Louis. Perhaps the most striking fact is that even authors themselves not infrequently were unable to read or write, as for instance, Wolfram von Eschenbach, the composer of the Parzival.

Intellectual activity, of course, there was of a kind; but it was narrow and starved and in spite of the universities and the monastic schools, which were practically confined to those taking orders, it really did not touch either the upper classes, except the clerics, or the masses of the people. The scholasticism of the Middle Ages, although exhibiting a power of mental gymnastic, which within its limits was very remarkable, was a poor thing compared with the philosophy of Greece from which it was descended. It lacked the freedom and entire disinterestedness of Greek thought. The schoolmen were engaged mainly in solving problems arising from their study of the works of Aristotle and relating these to Christian theology. Aristotle was their authority and they did not seek to go behind the authority, "the Master," to the facts and fundamentals. This can be contrasted with the spirit of Sokrates and Greek teaching, which allowed no assumptions and no authorities, and demanded that everything must be carried down to the bed-rock of reason.

In the main it may be said that there was comparatively little genuine search after knowledge and truth until toward the end of the period. And how were the men received who made any attempt of the kind? Taking the greatest of the thinkers of the Middle Ages, how many suffered persecution in one form or another! Roscellinus was condemned by a council at Rheims and only escaped being stoned to death by fleeing to England. Berengarius, 999-1088 A. D., was imprisoned and only saved from death by recantation. Abelard himself, perhaps the outstanding intellectual figure of the twelfth century, was continuously persecuted and his books burned.

Innocent III, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, declared that to lead a solitary life or to refuse to accommodate oneself to the prevailing customs of society was heretical and liable to punishment. Compare this with Perikles' public declaration about Athens;—"There is no exclusiveness in our public life and, in our private intercourse, we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbour if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him which, though harmless, are not pleasant."* Roger Bacon, the greatest of all the thinkers of the thirteenth century, was imprisoned for fourteen years. William of Occam, the last of the great mediaeval scholastics, also suffered imprisonment. What of the treatment of Copernicus or Galileo or even Columbus! The inquisition was founded in Spain in 1248 A. D. and the principal atrocities took place under the infamous Torquemada in 1483 A. D., when the light was beginning to break.



Consequently the age as a whole must be considered deficient in the intellectual side and the third portion of our disc must remain unfilled.

But what was the result? It was not merely the loss of the intellectual side in itself, but it was a loss to the whole man that influenced the other fields. The Middle Ages are marred as a whole by a narrowness of outlook and a bigotry that brought with it oppression and cruelty. The want of the intellectual basis made the morality crude and barbaric in spite of its enthusiasm and zeal. Man cannot attempt to develop two-thirds of his nature only without suffering as a whole. Even the wonderful art of the Middle Ages lacks the intellectual refinement, the full subtlety of the Greek. There is a certain barbaric profusion, a certain lack of the Greek sense of fitness, which would not have injured the splendid individuality and glow of this glorious art.

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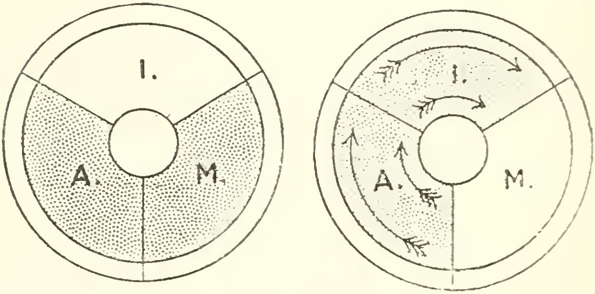
* Thukydides, II, 37.

Fascinating and attractive as the Middle Ages are, we cannot but feel that there was something missing as compared with the wider and larger culture of the spirit of Greece.

So we turn the page again and come to the Renaissance and Italy; and once more we find ourselves in a land of beauty, glowing with colour and charm. There is even less need to dwell upon the beauty and art of the Renaissance than upon that of any other age. Art and the Renaissance are almost synonyms for many people; and we think of Michelangelo, Raphael and Lionardo in painting; of Bramante and Sansovino in architecture, or Ariosto in literature. Cities like Florence or Venice rise before our eyes and we know that the common objects of daily life, in this period also, still attract our taste and are a joy forever. Italy sent its messengers and spirit all over Europe, while in the North a like spirit was at work in Flanders, and men in that age in Italy, in France, in Spain, lived for beauty with an abandon hardly surpassed by Greece. Indeed, everything was judged from an aesthetic standpoint; it was the keynote of life.

Men woke up to the fact that we cannot live without knowledge and so we get that desire for truth that gives us the "Revival of Learning." Manuel Chrysoloras, b. 1355 A. D., pupil of Gemistus, first brings the study of Greek to Italy in 1393, and becoming professor in 1395, thus definitely marks a stage in the stirring of intellectual life that had been struggling to assert itself for some time over the cramping conventions of the age. The world saw the danger of intellectual starvation. So we come to the great age of discovery, of the earth's explorers, the age of the students, Bruno, Landino, Politian and others. We get the beginnings of modern science;—Alberti, Lionardo da Vinci, Toscanelli and da Porta make practical experiments, invent scientific instruments and study anatomy. Every field of knowledge is opened up, and the flame spreads to other lands. Telesio and Campanella become the precursors of Francis Bacon. Grocyn and Linacre in England labour at the lore of the classical world. It was a strenuous age of manifold intellectual activity.

But the strange side of the picture is this: When we come to mark the sections of our disc, we find that in moving on to the one before they left out the one behind.



In reaching out to the intellectual, Italy lost hold of the moral; and Italy, beautiful Italy, became a sink of moral corruption almost unique in the development of our civilization.

It was not like the moral failings of the Middle Ages, which arose rather from a want of head, a want of intellectual basis, than a want of heart. It was a lack in the fundamental desire, in the spirit of morality itself. Lust, pride, greed jostled each other at every turn. Even the very popes themselves, the leaders of all, did things that we cannot mention before a public audience. And if the leaders fell, what can we expect of their followers?

So again the whole man suffers by leaving out a part. Two-thirds of a man, as we saw before, can never be enough; and there is a pride and ostentation, an ugly intellectual cunning, that runs through the whole epoch. We find a cruelty about the Italian Renaissance as we did in the Middle Ages; yet it is not a barbaric cruelty, but a refined, a studied and cunning cruelty; and as we look deeper and deeper we see how the whole man suffered. The great intelligences of the Renaissance could not escape, and a man like Machiaevelli is an extreme example of what is typical of the whole age. As John Ruskin characteristically remarks, Robert Browning has drawn a picture of this aspect of the period in a page or two that sums up all that he himself could have put into thirty pages, when he gives us that fascinating but terrible sketch of the Bishop in "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church":

"Ah, ye hope
To revel down my villas, while I gasp
Bricked o'er with beggar's mouldy travertine,
Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at!
Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper, then?
'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve.
My bath must needs be left behind, alas?
One block, pure green as a pistachio nut,
There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world,—
And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,
And mistresses with great, smooth, marbly limbs?
—That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need!
And then how I shall lie through centuries,
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long,
And feel the steady candle-flame and taste
Good strong, thick, stupefying incense-smoke!"

We vision again such a family as that of the Borgias, typical children of their day; and we realize that with all its intellectuality there was failure.

Or we turn to the art, and even the art was not free from taint. There was an ostentation, a worldly display, and even a certain over-sensuousness, if not more, that in spite of its greater intellectual finish, makes a sharp contrast with the more barbaric but more spiritual atmosphere in which we find the art of the Middle Ages.

THE MODERN AGE

PART V

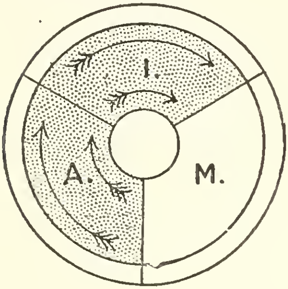
THE MODERN AGE

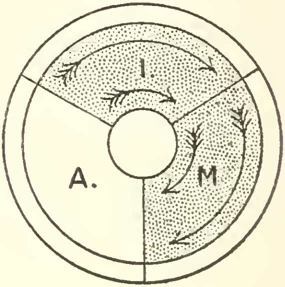
There, then, they are, these three great ages; and we turn the page for the last time to come to our own day. And what do we find here?

No one could deny the intellectual activity of the present age. The discoveries, the achievements, of modern science will compare with that of any epoch. It is too familiar a fact to need any comment at all.

And men woke up to the fact that we could not live without morality. The Borgias, the Louis, the Stuarts were obviously insufficient; man was not to end there, and so we get a great moral awakening and, in spite of all the strictures that can be passed upon the morality of our day, there is a zeal about it, a sympathy about it, that would strive to help humanity and an honest general endeavour to live an upright life that is very different from the cynical disavowal of moral obligation that marked the Renaissance in Italy.

But have we not made exactly the same mistake that was made by our predecessors, and, in moving on to the one before, have we not also left out the one behind? Cromwell got rid of the profligacy of the court of Charles, but he also got rid of the finest art collection in the world.





What about our Art? Can we approach the modern city and say that it looks like a jewel in the surrounding landscape, or must we rather say that it is like some festering sore, spreading its smoke and chemical fumes and destroying the vegetation for miles around? Picture the approach through miles of hideous money-sucking advertisements. Look at the ugly factories, the ungainly warehouses, the mean streets and the drab costumes, and, above all, the squalid and appalling horror of the slums.

No, there is no general, all pervading love of beauty; we have to confess that we have substituted the love of material and the love of sensational amusement for the love of beauty, and the result is that our age is marked by a sordidness, a hideousness, a squalour, a sensationalism, a materialism and a grossness, not only unsurpassed, but entirely without parallel in the history of the world.

And do we think that for us, and for us alone, the laws of the universe are to be altered and that we can trifle with impunity with the great fundamental facts of our being? Can we not see that no other age can exist upon two-thirds alone of that tripartite nature that makes man, without immeasurable loss to its whole being. Is not our intellectuality base and tending to be touched by utilitarian ends? Are not our morals and religion lacking in "sweetness and light," as Matthew Arnold has demonstrated?

If we loved the beautiful it would save us from this materialism, this grossness, this sensationalism. These things could not be; these cities could not exist. We could not endure to behold them, quite apart from any moral question.

We say that it is economic conditions that cause these things and we deceive ourselves. There is far greater wealth per head than there has ever been amongst mankind before. The economic trouble is simply because we do not care to spend our enormous wealth, that surpasses the old days' wildest dreams, upon making things beautiful. The lack of the love of the beautiful is the source of the economic trouble; otherwise its hideousness would be a stinging pain to us, driving us to frenzied exertion. Quite apart from whether we had any interest in these sunken people, our feeling for beauty could not allow these things to last.

Go to old Japan, beautiful old Japan, before the poison of modern industrialism had entered in. The economic wealth was as nothing to that of the nations of the West; but there was none of that sordidness, that squalour, that brooding horror of the Western city. And there you might see whole populations trooping out in the Springtime, not to a football match, not to a Coney Island, nor to make money, but to enjoy the beauty of the fruit blossoms of the early year.

We may think that we shall set the world right on two-thirds of a man; but we never shall. We go to these unfortunate dwellers in the slums and we take them our science, our economic science, our sanitary science, our hygiene, and are surprised at the inadequacy of the result. Or we tackle them on moral lines and preach at them and preach at them and have been preaching at them for years, but the outcome is disappointingly little. Neither of these is enough; what we want is all three elements. We must quicken in them a love of the beautiful and we must also make their environment more attractive. Until the artistic, the intellectual and the moral work together, we are foredoomed to failure.

The pointing out of the evils of the present day is not pessimism. It is the only way to arrive at results. The true optimist is he who scientifically diagnoses the disease and having found the cause, can with some reasonable confidence suggest a remedy.

The deeper we look into the matter, the more apparent it is that this is the root evil of the day. To make this clear would be to analyse the nature of beauty and its relation to truth and goodness.* But a result of such an analysis put into simple form shows us this. Beauty is the excellence of the thing contemplated in itself and for itself and by itself. It is fundamentally unrelated to us as far as its end is concerned. The attitude of the artist is the contemplation of a thing for its own excellence. Art and the love of beauty is essentially the most disinterested activity possible to humanity. But this is the thing that it is so difficult to drive home in the case of the self-centred person. This does not mean that we do not take a delight in beauty. Quite the reverse; the delight is one of the highest that we can experience; but we must not put the cart before the horse; its excellence is not measured by reference to us. I do not contemplate the beautiful because it pleases me. It is not beautiful because it pleases me; it pleases me because it is beautiful. We have to lift ourselves up to its level, not to attempt to lower its level to ours. If we do not at first find pleasure, we must train ourselves until we do. But even then the function of the beautiful is not to give pleasure; its end is in itself.

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* The following passage is practically taken from the lecture mentioned above and, for the sake of emphasizing the main point, is inserted here even at the risk of repetition.

This is the difficulty of the modern age. It lacks the power to appreciate anything that does not minister to the self. The question it always asks is,—what use is it? It is not any use. That is just the point; if it were any use, it would not be beautiful. It would be useful for some end; its end would not be in itself. But the modern age always wants to know, how am I benefited, or at most, with a limited altruism, how are *my* kith and kin benefited, *my* fellow creatures, *my* species, *my* kind?

But the attitude toward the beautiful is the attitude of admiration, a quality closely akin to reverence. When we admire a personality, we do not mean that that personality is of benefit to us, that we expect to get something out of it. That is not admiration at all. To admire is to appreciate the excellence of a thing in itself for its own sake, not for our sake. But that is exactly what the modern age cannot do with its ultra practical outlook and its pragmatic philosophy. It has almost destroyed a complete third of its being, and it cannot admire, it cannot venerate, it cannot reverence, it cannot respect, it cannot worship. Does the modern child know what respect means? Does the modern man know what reverence means? But the Middle Ages knew and the Greeks knew. Plato's teaching is the teaching we need to-day above all others. It is the road to the element in our being that we are in danger of losing. We must begin with the admiration and reverence of the earthly beauty and rise to the admiration and worship of the heavenly.

What a curious piece of colossal conceit it is to think that everything must have reference to ourselves and that our criterion of things is to be whether they act, whether they work out, whether they answer, for us.

Surely the solar system is excellent in itself, whether we be here or not! Surely the great universe is excellent in itself apart from man's use or even understanding thereof! We need to cultivate a little humility, a little meekness, a little of the artist spirit of reverent admiration, and then we can grasp the beauty of the world. Only by losing ourselves can we gain the earth. "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." How else? Who other could do so, when its true essence, its beauty, can only be grasped by humility?

The loss of the artistic spirit has injured our whole nature. It has put us into a false relation to our environment. It has reacted upon the rest of our being and injured our morality, just as we have seen in the earlier periods.

Man must have an environment and there must be a relationship to that environment, and it must to a great extent enter into his concept of morality. If that environment is primarily regarded as material and possessed of what we call material qualities, then his morality will rest upon a material basis, a basis of material acquisitions and a material body. His aim for himself and others will be to secure these material things and minister to his material body. If his conception of virtue is altruistic, then he will bestow material goods upon the poor, he will be unselfish in the matter of material wealth, he will not covet the material goods of his neighbour, he will tend the bodies of the sick, he will fetch and carry material things for the bodies of the weak, he will clothe the bodies of the naked, he will feed the bodies of the hungry, and he will liberate the bodies of the captive. He will not kill, he will not steal, he will not commit adultery; because these are sins against the body and his morality is of the material and the body and does not look beyond. This is what our ordinary notion of virtue and morality implies, but it is a limited view of morality, and to my mind the time has now come to lift the whole concept of morality to a higher plane. What we may call the material qualities of our environment, what we at all events tacitly understand to be such, are these material goods in relation to our material bodies.

But we want a new morality, a morality that is not primarily of the material and the body, but of the more elusive qualities of our environment, that are more nearly related to a higher aspect of our being than our body. Although it cannot be analysed here, it may be said that these qualities in their totality make up what we call beauty. It is a harmonia of individualities in a kosmic whole, essentially possessing that quality which the Greeks call *αὐτάρκεια*. But even the ordinary man realizes more or less what beauty is without any analysis, and can understand a higher morality, which, while not letting our lower morality go, reaches on to a morality of the beautiful. We can be generous with the beautiful, we can be earnest and not slothful in the creation of the beautiful, we can sacrifice ourselves for the beautiful and can restrain ourselves from violence to the beautiful, just as we can with mere material or with regard to the needs of the body. It is not unlike our present conception of morality, indeed it includes all these lower things, but it goes further. The mere material and the body are there, and consequently we can never dispense with our present morality, but these lower things are the means to the end and the higher morality, while safeguarding the means, is intent upon the end.

It is too late to discuss the four fundamental causes of Aristotle, but we may say that in life the material cause is the matter or material of the world, including the body; the efficient cause is the activity of the body,—deeds, doing; but the formal and final cause are to be found in what we term beauty. We have treasured the material, we are worshippers of efficiency; but have we any clear vision of the form and the end. It is the beauty of holiness that is the ultimate vision, but it consists in something infinitely beyond our narrow conception of ministration to material and bodily needs, yet at the same time it is no vague nebulous thing, nor a high sounding phrase with no clear meaning behind, but it is a clear and definite conception, as much so as the solar system or the stellar universe itself.

The true reality is in the form, not in the material. Change the bronze for marble and the statue remains. Change the form and let the bronze remain, and the statue has gone. Is it not so with ourselves? The matter of our body continually changes, but the man remains. Retain the matter and let the form be that of a dog and the man has gone.

Beauty is of the reality of the form, not of matter. What we can touch is transient, what we can know is eternal.

What, then, is the issue? We must turn to Greece and catch its inspiration, not in any artificial re-naissance, re-birth, or copying, but by realizing the significance of a man that is whole and complete, a man that develops no side of his being in excess and that leaves nothing out.

Then, when we have realized our failure to catch the spirit of humility and admiration, our failure to grasp the significance of beauty, we must make use of our great opportunities given by this age in its development of means; and, setting forth toward an end, build up in our own country a civilization greater and grander, more noble and glorious, than even the civilization of Hellas itself.

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