PLOUGHSHARE AND PRUNING-HOOK

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Ten Lectures on Social Subjects

BY

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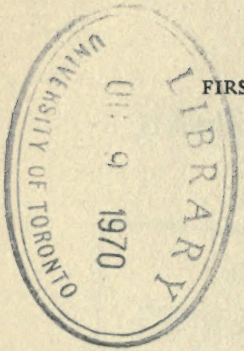

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PREFACE

THESE papers, originally given as lectures, make no pretence to the solution of the social or political problems with which they are concerned. They indicate rather a certain standpoint or attitude of mind from which these and like questions may be viewed, one which may find acceptance with only a few of my readers. Even those who are friendly may consider it too idealistic; those who are adverse will employ other and harder terms.

With regard to that standpoint, while not wishing to avert criticism, I would like to secure understanding; and if a few words of general application can make that more possible it may be well to offer them here.

Whether these lectures were primarily intended for the pulpit or the platform it would be hard to say. Most of them have been given in both places: and their drawback to some who heard them in the former was (I have been told) their occasional tendency to make the congregation laugh. That in itself is no special recommendation; it takes so much less to make a congregation laugh than an audience. Between the pulpit and the platform there is bound to be a difference; even the fact that the preacher is normally immune from interjection or debate tends to give to his statements a complacency which

is not always intellectually justified. And I remember well that two of these lectures, after having been accepted in a church with only momentary breaches of decorum, aroused elsewhere a storm of criticism and rebuke which taught me, if I did not know it before, that a preacher occupies a very privileged position, and can turn a church, if he chooses, into a place of licence which elsewhere will not be accorded him.

But there is one point of difference between the pulpit and the platform, between the exposition of religion and politics, which I have never been able to understand. After all, in both cases, you are dealing with and making your appeal to human nature; you may be inciting it to virtue, you may be exposing its imperfections and its faults. Why is it, then, that in the religious appeal "conversion"—change of heart—stands for almost everything, whilst on the political platform it is hardly reckoned with? It is so much easier and safer to tell a congregation that they are "miserable sinners," and even to get them (perhaps conventionally) to say it of themselves, than to tell it, or to extract a like confession from a political audience. In a church we allow ourselves to be taken to task for "hardness of heart and contempt of God's word and commandments"; at a political meeting it is only our opponents whom we so take to task, while of ourselves and our party we have nothing but praise. It is on these lines that

a general election is run—revivalist meetings are held throughout the country to denounce, not our own sins, but the sins of others. Is it any wonder that it does not produce honest results ?

Having said this, I have given the main standpoint of the papers that follow. I do not believe that we can get home to our political and social problems without self-accusation going quite as deep as anything we say of ourselves in church or chapel—or without making the application very direct and personal. There is no institution in our midst, religious or secular, which does not stand quite as much in need of conversion, change of heart, as do the individuals for whose benefit or disciplinary treatment it is run. Our schools, prisons, law courts, State institutions, ministries, diplomacies—all those things on which we most pride ourselves—are just as liable, perhaps more liable, to hardness of heart and contempt of God's word and commandments as we ourselves, for they are all part of us. It is, indeed, one of our social devices to get rid of our consciences by making them institutional. There is a certain class of mind which thinks that if it has established legality it has established a right over conscience—that if it has established order it has established virtue. It has very often established quite the contrary—not virtue but a State-regulation of vice ; for if we can turn the hardness of our hearts into a State-regulation, there we have

vice enthroned; and the callousness of the individual is enlarged and becomes a national callousness, all the more difficult to get rid of, because it has become identified with law and authority.

A very good (or bad) example of this was provided by the conduct of the Bishops in the House of Lords a few years ago, when, to provide the Government with a short cut out of its difficulties in dealing with political prisoners (mainly caused by its refusal to treat them as political prisoners) they allowed the rules of the House to be suspended for the passing through all its stages in twenty-four hours of the "Cat and Mouse Act." Before long its operations horrified them, and they signed (or some of them did) letters and memorials of protest to the Government, asking for those operations to be stopped. But not one of them would make a motion in the House of Lords for the suspension or repeal of that Act for which, in so special a way, they had made themselves responsible. By allowing it to become law they had passed on the responsibility to others; and being thus quit of it, the last thing probably that occurred to any of them was that they themselves needed "a change of heart" in order to recover moral integrity, or even political honesty.

And so, in these pages, law and authority are just as much questioned as any other of our social features, on the direct assumption that like produces like, and that a form of

society which establishes, encourages, or condones as "necessary" such defilements of human nature as militarism, prostitution, sweated labour, slum-dwellings, vengeful and unreformative punishment—having its heart so hardened as to tolerate these—is not likely in its institutions and government departments to have escaped from a reproduction of that attitude of mind which makes them possible or regards them as a defensible solution of the social problem.

The war has revealed much to us. It has shown how much society is willing to afford for things which it considers worth while; and has thus shown by implication those things which formerly society did not think worth while—because its heart was not in them. It has had the heart to spend colossal sums, to conscript millions of young lives to death in defence of its organisation upon the lines of power against a rival organisation willing to pay a similar price. It had not the heart, in the days of peace and prosperity, to spend one-hundredth part of that sum in organising even those institutions which it entirely controlled, on the lines of love.

In our own midst, behind our sea-defences, we were still competitive, jealous, grudging, parsimonious, wasteful, slow to mercy and of great anger; and the prevailing characteristic of our civil contentions was that no side would ever admit itself to be in the wrong,

or consent to think that a change of its own heart was necessary. And as the very crown and apex to that mountain of self-deception, stood the ministerial bench in Parliament. When blunders had been perpetrated and became too obvious for concealment, we might occasionally be told that to make mistakes was human, and that government did not claim immunity from the operation of that law ; but ministers would dodge, and shuffle, and lie—suppress, or even falsify information to which only they had access, rather than admit that they had " done wrong," or open their eyes to the fact that what they mainly needed was a change of heart.

And as with ministers as a whole, so as a whole with people. Those elements of our national and international relations which were leading steadily on to the great conflagration wherein we were all presently to be involved, were those in which (our pride being implicated) we stubbornly denied that any change of heart was necessary. The State would not admit that its exaltation of the Will to Power over the Will to Love was morally wrong ; it would not admit that the alternative came within the scope of practical politics ; such teaching it left to the advocacy of the Churches ; and how half-hearted that advocacy had become under pressure of the surrounding atmosphere of national self-sufficiency was revealed when the war came upon us. Christianity became almost mute ; the one form of

prayer, special to the occasion, which the Church could not or would not use was that which alone is truly Christian—prayer in identical terms both for ourselves and our enemies. To pray that spiritual strength and moral virtue might be given equally to us and them was beyond us—though in the granting of it war would have ceased. We were not content to pray merely that right should prevail—right, that most difficult of all outcomes to secure when once, even for a just cause, nations embark on war—we insisted on praying that we should prevail: and so (praying for things materially established) not that we should prevail by a clean adherence to the principles of democracy, but by the instrumentality of a corrupt and secret diplomacy. And so before long—knowingly or unknowingly—we were praying for the success of the secret treaties, for the successful repudiation of the very principles for which we had set out to fight, for the suppression of Ireland's right to self-determination, for the downfall of the Russian Revolution, which was insisting so inconveniently on a belated return to first principles, and for other doubtful advantages not at all synonymous with the coming of Christ's Kingdom. And we were praying for these things—just as really, though we did not mention them by name—because our hearts were not set on praying for the well-being of all nations and all governments alike. Had we been capable of so praying,

it would have meant that a real change of heart had come to us, and that we were offering that changed heart to all the world alike for the establishment of the new International.

But to such change of heart we could not attain—could not even consent; for it would have implied that there was something morally wrong in our national institutions, in our government and our whole social structure, which we would not admit. We would not admit that the chemic elements of our own national life had conduced to war in common with the chemic elements of the nation whose flagrant violation of treaties had given us the immediate materials for a good conscience. We fattened our hearts for war on the immediate material thus provided us, ignoring those other materials which lay behind, and which we and all other nations shared alike—though not necessarily in equal degrees.

And here we have the essential and fundamental difference between the genuine profession of Christianity and the profession of Cæsarism. For the follower of Christ to confess that he has done wrong, that he needs a change of heart, redounds to his honour—he goes down to his house justified. But when a nation has given itself to Cæsar, its main idea of "honour" is to refuse to admit it has done wrong, or to accept punishment; it may be beaten, crushed, but you cannot extract from it a confession of moral wrong-doing; a sense of sin is the negation not

only of the German State system, but of all. A "proud nation" will not own that it has been in the wrong, least of all when it embarks on war; if it did it would go down to its house in dust.

Now that being, as I see it, the moral product of Cæsarism, in all its degrees and kinds—whether autocratic or democratic Cæsarism—of the setting up of the Will to Power over the Will to Love—it follows that the change of heart which I predicate in these pages for the solution of our social and international problems, is almost a Tolstoian negation of the principle upon which the modern state system stands. As such, it will be very unwelcome to many of my readers; but I hope that, as here set down, I have made my standpoint plain. The ploughshare and the pruning-hook are not mine to wield; I only point in the direction where I think they are to be found.

L. H.

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GREAT POSSESSIONS

(1913)

"YOU never know yourself," says Thomas Traherne, "till you know more than your own body. The Image of God was not seated in the features of your face but in the lineaments of your soul. In the knowledge of your powers, inclinations, and principles, the knowledge of yourself chiefly consisteth. . . . The world is but a little centre in comparison of you . . . like a gentleman's house to one that is travelling, it is a long time before you come unto it—you pass it in an instant—and you leave it for ever. The omnipresence and eternity of God are your fellows and companions. Your understanding comprehends the world like the dust of a balance, measures Heaven with a span, and esteems a thousand years but as one day."

To this statement of man's comprehensive powers, a further one might legitimately be added: You shall never know delight, till you delight in more than your own body.

Man's body being the crucible wherein such vast things come to be tested, "Eternal Delights are," says Traherne, in a further passage, "its only fit enjoyment."

His doctrine is remarkable in this, that while he tends to see in everything a spiritual significance, and almost refuses to find beauty

in externals alone, he insists, nevertheless, that man was sent into the world to enjoy himself, to stretch out for new acquisitions with all his faculties, and take to himself great possessions. He regards even the base and material form of conquest, expressed in endless covetousness and fierce desire for possession, rather as a lower type of what man should do and be, than of what he should not. Man's faculties were given him so that he might be divinely unsatisfied, ever seeking more, ever assimilating more—regarding this earth not as a vale of misery or a source of temptation, but as a very Paradise and the true gate by which Heaven is to be attained and entered. "It is, indeed," he writes, "the beautiful frontispiece of Eternity, the Temple of God, and the Palace of His Children."

In this respect Traherne's teaching is remarkably like the teaching of William Blake, who regarded the mere outwardness of things as nothing in comparison with their real inwardness, and yet was insistent that here and now the spirit of delight and energy and enjoyment was the true and undefiled way of life.

But this revolt against the monastic asceticism of the middle ages stands far removed from any implication of sensual indulgence.

"My mind to me a kingdom is," wrote one of our poets. "The kingdom of Heaven is within you" gives in more scriptural phrase precisely the same truth; and for its appli-

cation to the conduct of life we have this further scripture : " Lay not up for yourselves treasure on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasure in Heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal."

And if it be a true boast that man's mind is his real and legitimate kingdom, then he must make that kingdom his Heaven, and within that kingdom his treasure must be stored. It is there, by the power of his mind more than by the power of his hands, that he must gather and hold together his great possessions. We are accustomed to speak in one single connection (with book-knowledge, namely, and with the use of words)—of " learning things by heart." It is only " by heart " that we can ever really learn anything ; only when our heart is in it do we know and value a thing so as to understand it. The man whose heart is not in his work is not a complete craftsman ; he has not yet learned the " mystery " of his trade. When men's hearts were in their work they called their trades " mysteries," and did, as a consequence, more excellently than we do now, when we make rather for the price of a thing than for the joy of it.

Until we have joy in our labour, all labour is a form of waste—for it wastes the bodies and souls which are put to it, and is destructive

of the most wonderful and valuable commodity which this planet has yet produced—human nature. Labour without joy causes it to deteriorate ; and if a man is put to work wherein it is impossible to find joy, then it were better for the wealth of the nation, as well as for the wealth of his own individual soul, that he should be free from it.

And if that is impossible then let us not boast ourselves about our "national wealth" or our great possessions. Nations whose wealth and industries are built up out of the hard and grinding mechanical labour of millions are not capable in any true sense of holding great possessions, for at their very root is an enormous mass of poverty--impoverished blood, impoverished brain, and impoverished spirit.

If you would examine into the wealth of this or any other nation, look not first at its temples or its arts, but into the bodies and minds and characters—and the faculty for joy—of its men and women. And if these, in the majority of cases, are below par, then the nation's wealth is below par also ; its great possessions are overshadowed by the greater dispossession which stands imposed upon the lives of its people.

The word possession itself has, in our use of it, a double significance. When we speak of a man "having a possession," we may mean two things—either that he possesses, or else that he is possessed. A man with a possession of jealousy, or hatred, lust or covetousness,

has no real possession or control of those things, but is himself possessed or controlled by them, and so is rendered not stronger but weaker—subject to a master other than himself.

Yet the man who is thus possessed is not conscious of any diminution of his individuality, any reduction of personal power or prowess: he does not discern from it any closing in of that round horizon to which first his spirit was heir. For that by which he is possessed fills him with such a pressure of emotion—its dynamic forces within him are so strong, that he may actually imagine his personality to be thereby not diminished but enlarged, and may (by reason of the violence with which this distemper discharges itself on others) be cheated into the belief that thus he secures for himself a broader base, raising his life to a higher level of consciousness, instead of what actually is the truth, turning it to consumption and waste—not opening his senses to new joys but shutting them in; sharpening them indeed like teeth, but closing them together with springs made not for expansion but for contraction, so that they act like a trap destructive of the very life they would control. And as with individual men, so with nations.

"Would you know a man," said the Greek oracle, "give him power." But that, though sure as a test of others, is no sure means for enabling a man to know himself. Power all down the ages has been the arch-deceiver of

mankind. Power which has set itself on great possessions has brought disinheritance to the human race. We do not know what humanity might be—how fair, how lovely, and of what good report—that great beatific vision is still hidden from our eyes—mainly because we have interpreted power in terms of possession ; and, forcing others to go without, in order that we ourselves may possess, we stand to-day immeasurably poorer and weaker than we should have been had we interpreted our power and our possessions differently.

For centuries of time (so long, indeed, as history records anything) the leading nations of the world have gone out to conquer other nations and to possess them. And how have they done so ?—mainly by depriving them of their liberty, by reducing their power of initiative, by undermining and warping their racial characteristics. How much has not that impoverished the history of the world and the real wealth of nations ? For people living in subservience or subjection, accepting and not rebelling against it, breed less nobly as a consequence—they fail, then, to produce great minds or to express themselves greatly in the arts. Their life-potency is diminished ; and we, holding them upon those terms, are owners of a property which we squander by our very mode of possessing it.

Quite as much of the art, the literature and the philosophy of the greatest periods of civilisation has been wiped out and destroyed

beyond recovery by these possessive struggles of the past as has been hazardously preserved and passed down to us through interludes of peace; nor have we any cause to think that in the future we shall be any wiser while our views as to possession show so little change. And that loss in beautiful production is but the symbol, the outward and visible sign of a loss immensely more great in flesh and blood and spirit, which has gone on—not only while wars were waged, but when (war being ended) dominance over the conquered was imposed as a condition of peace. Every nation that has made itself materially great on these terms, has done so on a *débris* of perished loveliness which does not reach its full amount in the hour of the victors' triumph; but goes on accumulating till that also which caused it is brought to the dust.

It is many years, for instance, since we conquered India; and in so far as our dominion has saved it from other conquests and wars of native State against State, and creed against creed, our rule may have been beneficial—though I do not think that we ought to take our own word for it, or indeed anyone's word except that of the native communities themselves and a native press, free and unfettered for the giving or the withholding of its testimonial. But one thing we assuredly have done: we have gone on steadily destroying the native arts and "mysteries," and substituting for them our own baser code of

commercialism and capitalised industry. And in so far as we have done this we have not possessed ourselves, but have dispossessed ourselves of the real beauties and values of Indian civilization ; and, for the sake of trade-profit to our merchants and manufacturers, we hold in our hand a poorer India in consequence, and are the poorer possessors of it.

All that poverty—poverty of invention, poverty of craft—is the product of a false ideal of possession, false to human nature, because quite obviously a cause of deterioration to those visible proofs of man's well-being—the joyous labour of his hand and brain.

Set against the witness of all that misguidance of the past that wise and lovely saying of Christ, so unlikely in its first seeming : " Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the earth." At first it sounds so improbable —so contrary to all we know of man's long struggle for existence up to date. And yet, (however much we must still qualify the possession of the meek upon earth) still more must we qualify the possession of the overbearing and the proud, when we realise what true possession should be. A modern writer has described war as " the great illusion," and has set himself to show that all those advantages at which the State aims when it turns to military operations, become as dust in the balance if compared to the real cost in treasure which war entails even

for those who are nominally the victors. And war is only one form or aspect of that great strife for possession which has afflicted every race in its progress from the cradle to the grave—merely a larger and more apparent version of the conflict between folly and wisdom which goes on in every human breast. Possession is the great illusion through which man physically or intellectually strong seeks to secure power, and succeeds only in securing weakness—not only for himself but for others.

For you cannot test strength truthfully without relation to its surroundings. A tower built upon foundations that shift and give way under its weight is not strong, however formidably it has been reared, or however closely its windows are grated and barred. Its very bulk and weight may help to bring about its fall. Similarly any strength of despotism or government which is reared up and depends for its stay upon the weakness of others is a mere apparition of power. Here to-day, it is gone to-morrow when those upon whose subjection it rested have discovered a strength of their own—or, because of their weakness, have failed in its support.

True possession can only be had in relation and in proportion to the self-possession of others; the man who reduces the self-possession of others never adds to his own; and where self-possession is absent, no real or strength-giving possession remains possible.

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," is one of those profound messages of wisdom which have been obscured by the theological gloss laid upon them. Instead of the immediate and practical condemnation of here and now, the hypothetical condemnation to loss in a future life has been substituted, and our spiritual preceptors have not concentrated upon making clear to us how, here and now, possession of the whole world (in any material sense) does actually tend to destroy soul.

The possessive outlook, in its very inception, sets a limit to the springs of spiritual growth or action, and to that "perfect freedom" the basis of which is service. But if "service is perfect freedom," then "domination is perfect bondage," as much for those who impose as for those who suffer it. For the man who domineers over his fellows receives in his own soul the reflex or complementary part of that evil effect which he has on others. There is no act done by man to man which is not sacramental in its operation for good or ill; in all his deeds to his neighbours he both gives and receives, either for his own help or hindrance. Whosoever gives a blow receives one; and that blow may be the heavier that is not returned in kind. He who does unkindness to others is unkind to his own soul; he who diminishes the self-possession of others diminishes his own.

Yet possession—in the sense of realising each one for himself the wealth and enjoyment which life has to offer—is so deep an instinct, is so knit up with the adventurous and progressive spirit out of which the higher human consciousness is built—that it is useless to turn on man and say to him: "Possess nothing—rid yourself of all joys, of all the delights of the senses and the understanding—so only shall you attain to the heavenly stature." That doctrine has been preached in the past; and the squeals of Manichean hermits in the wilderness, and of monastic contortionists, denying to their senses the very ground upon which they stood, has been its echoing chorus all down the ages. Never were souls more horribly possessed than these fliers from possession; never were men more defeated in their warfare with the thing they spurned. Like a tin tied to a dog's tail the more they ran from it, the more the flesh afflicted them reminding them of its neglected claims. The loveliest and wisest of these mediæval sinners against the life which God had given them was brought by his own gospel of peace to a death-bed repentance which others did not attain to. "Brother ass, I have been too hard upon thee," said St. Francis, turning with compunction at last to his much-wronged body, the one thing to which, in mistaken piety, he had denied either consideration or love. The single greed which ate up and destroyed the life of that lovely

saint was a greed for mortification; and he died very literally of blood-poisoning, brought about by his own suicidal act, because he willed too possessively to share the passion and sufferings of Christ—the death instead of the life.

That blood-poisoning of the mediæval saint's was a reaction, violent and unkind, against the wrongful version of possession which, in their day as in our own, was destroying the peaceful possibilities of human society.

Yet without a certain quality of possessiveness the human mind cannot grow. Wordsworth pictures for us very beautifully that natural possessive element in its age of innocence.

> Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
> A six year darling of a pigmy size!
> See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
> Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
> With light upon him from his father's eyes!
> See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
> Some fragment from his dream of human life,
> Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art;
> A wedding or a festival,
> A mourning or a funeral;
> And this hath now his heart,
> And unto this he frames his song.

With these mental possessions he is opening his mind to the coming conquests of life: as much to be conquered by its beauty as to conquer it. But what he gains from his appreciation of earth's loveliness brings loss to none;

in this extension of his mental horizon there is no shutting of others from a like view; this aspect of the dominion upon which he is now entering is communal, something illimitable, which all may share. Of possession acquired upon those terms we need never be afraid. And it is a very real possession, far more real, as I shall hope presently to show, than any mere power to thwart, hinder, or control the freedom of others, which is the form of possession at which too often man aims.

Let us start, in order to realise this, with certain other experiments of childhood. Which child more truly "possesses" the life of linnet or hedge-sparrow, making it in some measure his own: the child who stays quiet and disciplines himself to watch the bird at the building of its nest, the hatching of its eggs and the feeding of its young; or the child who puts an end to all that beauty and complexity of motion by bringing down his bird with a stone? If he comes to tell others of his experience, what alternatively is there for him to tell? In the one case only his own act of destruction, a thing done and brought to a dead end; in the other he has a dozen new things to tell of—discoveries made in a process of life which he has watched with delight and knows still to be going on. From which of these two experiments does he draw the larger consciousness? Which of the two most peoples his world for him? Step by step as he advances he will find how much, by interfering with the lives of

others, he can destroy, but how little he can build up; he can take hold of the daddy-legs leg by leg and find that they all come off, and wonder perhaps at the zest with which that eager little martyr fulfils the words of Scripture, "If thy foot offend thee cut it off and cast it from thee." But constant repetition of the experiment, though it may give him an evil sense of power, will give him no variety, no real advance in knowledge concerning the life, or the use and beauty of flies' legs. He will not treasure—to benefit by them—the legs that he has pulled off, nor will his brain have stored anything but an added sense of and liking for his own power to destroy. And so will it be with everything on which he experiments destructively. His knowledge and understanding of their nature will remain at a minimum. Progressing on these lines, he will for ever be making things cease to be themselves without making them really his own. But if he reverse that process of experiment by encouraging things to be themselves, how varied and multitudinous will grow his consciousness of life, his appreciation of its finer shades, its delicacy, its grace, its adaptability, its vigour and its freedom. If his interest is in birds, how much more he will know of them, and find in them how much more of alertness and beauty, if he hang food for them outside his window, rather than cages for them within; if he will recognise that the beauty of a bird lies too largely in its wings, for caging to be

anything but a contradiction of its true existence. If his interest is in animals, how far more he will learn of their resources and character, if he aims not at cowing them and causing them to flee from him in fear, but at encouraging them in all genuine and characteristic development. That does not mean teaching them to "perform" in painful and artificial ways—exploits which are always built up on processes of cruelty, and do not in the least reveal animal nature as it really is but only impose upon it a mask of concealment—anthropomorphic, full of conceit and self-flattery—the same fond thing which he did when he began making God also in his own image to worship it.

There, indeed, in man's shaping of God to be like himself, revengeful, deceitful, pompous, inconsiderate, unmerciful, one-sided and masculine; in making Him, too, a performer of tricks, so that in those attributes he might see himself reflected and stand enlarged in his own eyes—surely there more than in any other department of life has man by his foolish possessiveness brought to the human race poverty instead of wealth, a curse instead of a blessing.

That is but one example of how this narrow possessiveness with which man set out to conquer heaven and earth wears thin and poor under the test of time, and leaves him in the end no standing monuments but just a heap of rubble on which to gaze—only that, or perhaps less—perhaps only desert sand.

That failure of material ambitions stands immortalised for us in Shelley's "Ozymandias":

I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive—stamped on these lifeless things—
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear:—
'My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away!"

That is a moral which we shall do well to remember. All great possessions materially founded come at last to that, and the heart that clings to them must go down after them to the grave.

It is the same when we base our delight of human relationship in an insistence upon possession: it serves only to accentuate the place of death in the world and to give it size. The man, or woman, whose idea of love lies in the claim to possess and to control others, dies many deaths before he reaches his final end, and walks daily with his foot in the grave. These tragedies of possession, so impoverishing to the spirit, are all round us; the world is

humanly more full of them than of anything else: Husbands who adore their wives, but cannot let them call their souls their own; parents, possessive of their children, imposing upon them their will up to the legal limit and beyond; homes devouring the independence of womanhood, cramping, constraining, robbing of initiative and force, and doing all these things under cover of the claims of love, of natural affection, of piety! What is all this really but possession masquerading under another name? I remember once reading a remarkable story by Mr. John Gray, called *Niggard Truth*, of a woman who took masterful possession of a weak husband and "ran" him as an expression, not of his own personality, but of hers. And when at last she had very literally run him to earth, she buried him in a garment of red flannel so that, as she expressed it, she might "see him better" in the grave. And there, at the end of a strenuous life, she sat amid her domestic possessions, her glass shades, her family plate, and her mahogany, with her mental eye fixed upon a corpse, and her heart filled with a *Magnificat* of self-applause. She was the "Ozymandias" of the domestic hearth; and there are thousands of them in this country to-day. "Look on their works, ye mighty, and despair!"

I have taken for example the domestic relations, because there we get in small, but simple and concise, that demoralising claim to possession which goes forth with missionary

zeal to devastate the world; and because here, in the home, the true social service that is owing is, in theory at least, recognised and admitted.

The duty—surely the obvious duty—of parents to their children is to assist them, to the full extent of their means, toward self-development. We have no right to bring children into the world to warp and stunt their growth, to make them merely reflections of ourselves, or to keep them back from independence when they come to man's or woman's estate. What the parent needs, perhaps, most to learn is to relax constantly and in ever-increasing degree that hold which was necessary during the early years of childhood, but which, even then, we take too much for granted and employ far too habitually. Parents often claim too great a possession of their own children; they make cages for their characters, and mould them away from their natural bent to what suits their own family pride, their own taste, or their own sense of importance, sometimes conscientiously believing this to be the parental prerogative. But if parents are to use safely their power to impose moral training they must build up first in their children a sense of self-reliance, of initiative, of freedom, and then trust to it. They have no right to rely for their reward on caged characters, or, by any dictation or control, to exact recompense for the services which (with whatever devotion) they have rendered. The

same holds good through all human relations, parental, marital, social, racial: it is ignoble to claim loyalty or devotion from those whom you have not first made free. Gratitude—even filial gratitude—has no moral value save if it comes from a free agent. If it comes from one trained to be not free it partakes of servility. And it is better for parents to forgo gratitude than to exact its imitation or substitute, by the imposition of any restrictive conditions or claims after the years of tutelage are over. It may well be that gratitude has far too small a place in the human heart; but I am quite sure that the claim for gratitude has too large a one, and that this in excess brings the very reverse of a remedy when the other is lacking. And what is true in relation to parents and their children is true also in every other human relationship where the claim to possess intrudes to the hindrance of self-realization and self-development. The possessor, in claiming restrictive possession of others, loses possession of himself.

That is what made slavery as an institution so doubly impoverishing to the human race. It impoverished the mind of the slave, but it impoverished quite as much the mind of the slave-owner.

Wherever man has tried to possess others he has lost possession of himself. That is the price inevitably paid by any class or section of the community which seeks to dominate the lives and restrict the liberty of its fellows.

Tyranny does not strengthen but weakens the moral nature of those who exercise it, and he who owns slaves cannot himself be free. Domination is as destructive to human worth and more destructive to moral integrity than subjection. If "possession is nine points of the law" on the material plane, the tenth point —spiritual in its working—is anarchy to the soul.

From time immemorial man has claimed it as his natural right to possess woman. And it is in consequence in relation to woman, and in matters of sex, that he has most obviously lost self-possession. And just as he has claimed that to possess woman is the natural prerogative of the male, so you will hear him maintain that lack of self-possession in regard to woman is natural also—and a certain degree of licence the male prerogative. The two things go together—claim to possess others and you lose possession of yourself: Give to all with whom you come in contact their full right of self-possession and self-development, and you, from that social discipline and service, will in your own body and mind become self-possessed. For that is true possession which, while it brings you a sense of enlargement and joy, takes nothing from the freedom and the joy of others.

Of that kind of possession you may be prodigal, but of that which takes anything from others, or demands any condition of service from others, have a care! And look well what the conditions may be. Ask yourself constantly

what is this or that demand for service or labour doing to other souls ? What conditions does it lay upon them ? You may boast that you have simplified your life—rid yourself, for instance, of domestic service by getting rid of cook and housemaid. You have not. The bread, the meat, even the ground flour that comes into your house is all provided by a domestic service which takes place outside your door and which you do not see. And you are as morally concerned for the conditions of that labour as if you yourself supervised it. You need it and use it as much ; it is only done for you at a further remove—out of sight and out of mind—so that it is much easier (but not more justifiable), to be callous as to the conditions of those who render it. And if upon those material lines of comfort and luxury you extend your demands, you are also extending your claim over the lives of others—and your responsibility for those lives, if they go lacking where you go fed.

Surely, for the whole of that part of your life you are under a strict obligation to render service in return—equal to that which you claim. And if you, by your service, cannot insure to others an equality of possession in things material (and make as good and wholesome a use of them as they could make), those material possessions should be a weight upon your conscience, till you have got matters more fairly adjusted. Take it as your standard of life to consume no more than you, by your own

labour, in your own lifetime, could produce. What right has any man to more than that, except through the bounty and kindness of his fellows ? But if he insists on more, and takes more, does he really possess it ? Only in an ever diminishing degree in proportion to his excess, because as he exceeds he is ever diminishing his true faculty for reception.

Here is a simple illustration of that truth, a gross example which I read in a newspaper the other day : In America a prize is annually given to the man who can eat the largest number of pies at a sitting—each of the pies, a compound of jam and pastry, weighing on an average half a pound. The prize-winner became the external possessor of twenty-seven. But internally he could hardly be said to possess them at all—they possessed him, and made him, one would imagine, a thoroughly ineffective citizen for at least the two or three following days. That man would have been far more really the possessor of three or four pies (seeing that he could have properly digested them) than it was possible for him to be of the twenty-seven. In this excess he merely injured himself without any gain, except the monetary bribe which induced him to make a beast of himself. And how many men are there not, who (receiving the monetary bribe of our present unequal and inequitable system of reward for industry or for idleness) proceed to make beasts of themselves —more elaborately, but just as truly and completely as this pie-eater ; and by making beasts

of themselves are by so much the less men of soul and understanding—not more, but less the possessors of their human birthright.

If we store up treasure materially (treasure of a kind which, if one has more of it, another must needs have less)—if we gather about us, in excess, creature comforts for the over-indulgence of our bodily appetites, we are gathering that which is liable to moth and rust and theft —liable to be a cause of envy and covetousness in others ; and when we have gathered to ourselves this excess of perishable delight and have applied it, the result, more likely than not, is a cloying of those very appetites to which we seek to minister—and, eventually, deterioration and enfeeblement of the body itself.

And as with individuals so with nations ; there is no greatness of possession in holding that which involves the deprivation of others, the diminution of their freedom, their happiness, their power of self-development. That is not true kingdom. It is the manufacture of slaves. But if we lay up treasure in the kingdom of the mind, in the development of our sense of beauty, our faculty for joy, we have something here on earth which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves steal. Our possessions then are things that can arouse no base covetousness, we need not hold them under lock and key, or make laws for their protection, for none can deprive us of them. And while you so hold them on such free and noble conditions, you do not fail to dispense

something of their beauty and worth to those with whom you associate.

These possessions, with which you have enriched your lives, make no man poorer, rob no fellow creature of his right, conflict not with the law of charity to all.

Seeking possession upon those lines, you shall find that noble things do tend to make possible a form of possession in which all alike may share ; that architecture, music, literature and painting do offer themselves to the service of a far nobler and more communal interpretation of wealth than that which would keep it for separate and individual enjoyment. A thousand may look upon the beauty of one picture, and detract nothing, in the enjoyment of each, from the enjoyment of all ; nor has virtue or value gone out of it because so many have looked on it ; and so it is (or so it may be) with all beauty whether we find it in nature or in art.

If I were asked to name the man who in the last hundred years had the greatest possessions, I think I would name Wordsworth. Read his poetry with this thought in your mind, of how day by day he gathered possessions of an imperishable kind, which needed no guardianship beyond the purity of his mind, and excited in others no envy. Nay, how much of those wonderful possessions was he not able to give to others ? Some of his loveliest lines of poetry are a record of possession rightly attained. I give here only one of his poems—

one of his simplest in inspiration—to show what I mean :

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd—
A host of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay.
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

" Only daffodils " you say ? But he made them for himself and others an eternal possession of beauty and delight.

Those who have great possessions on these terms need never turn sorrowfully away when the command comes : " Sell all thou hast and give to the poor." For these are the inexhaustible treasures of the soul, and are in their nature communal; and happy is the man or nation that finds them.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

(1918)

THE two words Crime and Punishment have come to us in a conjunction which it is very difficult to separate. Our fathers have told us, and our teachers and theologians have strenuously insisted that the one necessarily entails the other.

The whole of our social order is based upon the idea that if a man commits crime—an offence, that is to say, against the written law of the community—he must be punished for it. If he were not, social order would go to pieces.

But our social order does not lay equal stress upon the idea that if a man lives virtuously he must be rewarded. If a man lives virtuously his reward is in Heaven—that is to say, he takes his chance. His virtue may assist or may hinder his worldly advancement; but we have not yet committed ourselves to the conviction that social order will necessarily go to pieces if virtue is not rewarded. It will only go to pieces if crime is not punished. Society can reconcile itself to the one omission; but it cannot reconcile itself to the other.

This inequality of interest in retribution and reward is based perhaps upon the calculation that while you look after the crimes, the virtues will look after themselves; and that the virtues will not—for lack of Birthday

Honours—rebel against the society in which they find themselves.

And really, there is something in it. Virtue is already self-governing; vice is not. The virtuous and humane part of a man—his will to unite and co-operate with others for social development and service—inclines him to accept and make the best of the conditions of life, to take the rough with the smooth, the hindrances with the aids, the good with the evil: not, indeed, passively, or without some effort to get rid of bad smells, bad tastes, bad laws, bad governments—but with a definite consciousness that in operating against these he is operating not for his own single benefit, but for the benefit of the community. And that being so, he can be left, unrecompensed and unrewarded, to face a very considerable amount of discomfort, adversity, and even injustice, without becoming either a rebel or a criminal. Although if governed unintelligently enough, or wickedly enough, he may be turned into both.

But with the criminal it is not so. His social sense is more rudimentary; and when he finds himself up against adverse and perhaps unjust conditions, he seeks a solution satisfactory to himself alone. And I suppose the main idea of the use of punishment (apart from the vengeful pleasure it gives to those who inflict it) is that it takes the satisfaction out of him again, making him feel that, in a highly organised community, the individual solution

has uncomfortable results. And Society's calculation, in thus punishing him, is (or has been hitherto) that it is a less troublesome and expensive way of making him cease to be a nuisance, than educating him, or employing him, or reforming the social conditions which have produced him.

So long as we believe that Society is right in that calculation, so long, I suppose, shall we continue to advocate punishment; but when we come to believe that Society is wrong, we shall begin to advocate education, employment, social reform, and, above all, human sympathy and understanding as a substitute; with the idea that they may gradually do away with the necessity for punishment.

But pending that consummation so devoutly to be wished, most of us will probably continue to believe that punishment is just and right; and will find it very difficult to think of Society, and of ourselves—as all equally criminal along with the individual whom our social contempt and neglect have de-socialised and made a fit recipient for punitive treatment.

The temptation to think that punishment is just and right has been with us from time immemorial; it is probably arboreal, certainly neolithic; and therefore, to our atavistic instincts, it is supremely sacred. We have got it firmly into our heads that punishment is a superior ordering of consequences. And as the law of cause and effect which we see operating in nature is the basis of our moral

sense, we have fallen to the confused notion that punishment is the same. But as a matter of fact the two are entirely different. The law of cause and effect stands for natural consequences; the law of punishment substitutes artificial consequences; and we fly to punishment largely as an escape from the results of our age-long indifference to natural consequences. Having produced the criminal we set to work to destroy his self-respect, as a short cut to the preservation of our own.

That may sound a puzzling statement; but the more we accentuate the difference between the criminal and ourselves—the more, superficially, are we able to get rid of our sense of brotherhood and responsibility. And so, when bishops go on to the platform to advocate the flogging of men who live on the earnings of prostitutes, it helps them to forget that they also are living on the earnings of prostitutes, and are by their support of a capitalist system involving sweated labour and degraded housing conditions—neatly and efficaciously driving the prostitute into the hands of the male "bully"—whom they then flog for extracting his profit from a damaged article which, in the public market of supply and demand, they have already wrung dry. The very monstrousness of the proposed penalty helps us to forget that we are all links in the same chain of circumstances. In the "bully" the degrading brutality of the system finally emerges and becomes patent; just as in war

the degrading brutality of our peace system finally emerges. Then we point to it with horror and cry that we are peace-lovers! So we are; we have loved peace at a price which we would not exceed—we ran it on sweated conditions; and we pay for it in war. For there exist, in every nation, sources of wealth, sufficient—if equitably distributed and constructively applied for the good of all—to allay that economic unrest which is the main incentive by which modern nations are led into war. But in every country alike there are interests which refuse to pay that price, and which will, if threatened, precipitate their country into war rather than be held at a ransom which would merely readjust wealth more equitably to the true sources of its production.

War has come to us—not as a punishment divinely imposed—(a splendid old lady of ninety told me the other day that the war was God's visitation upon us for our divorces and for having given votes to women)—war has come upon us, not as a punishment for these offences against Taboo, but as a natural consequence of our social peace conditions. And at present, in the mentality of nations, punishment (not of the system, but of the criminal act which has finally emerged from it to horrify us) is the only remedy.

And so punishment still appears to us as the very bed of justice—the foundation stone of morality. If you do not insist on it, social

order will go to pieces. And as we have attempted scarcely any criminal reform without punishment—and none till the day before yesterday—the contention is accepted as true for lack of witnesses against it.

The standpoint toward human nature of our generally accepted " moral code " is that of a devout believer in corporal punishment—of that kind of parent who says : " I have to flog my boy because he is so untruthful." And the idea that the untruthfulness is the product of the corporal punishment never enters the parental mind.

But this vengeful exercise of parental authority is only a secondary symptom of belief in a vengeful order of Creation—of a God whose method it was to vindicate the moral law, not by bringing home to ill-doers through natural consequences the defects of certain courses of conduct, but by expressing His moral indignation in exemplary punishments of an arbitrary kind—generally of a miraculous character.

When man first conceived of God, he conceived of Him as a sort of Dr. Busby—one in whose mind the Rod was the beginning and end of wisdom ; and the Rod of Heaven operated by intervention, over and above the operations of Nature—the law of cause and effect. Natural consequences did not sufficiently vindicate divine justice. A belief in miraculous and vengeful intervention and a belief in " exemplary " legal punishment

go together ; and will, I believe, die together.

A great deal of Old Testament teaching is merely an elaborate extension of *Punch's* picture of the British workman holding a brick's end over an unfortunate batrachian, and saying, " I'll l'arn ye to be a toad ! " And all he succeeds in doing is producing a dead toad instead of a live one ; the species itself remaining entirely unaltered.

That is a parable of the doings of our theologians, since theology was invented for the Fall of Man. And if humans came to the conclusion that that was the mind of God, it is no wonder that they imitated Him, and do so to this day.

We must believe in punishment as the proper reward of crime—we must even believe in unreformative punishment as the proper reward of crime, if we believe in a Hell to which lost souls are relegated against their will, and there kept with no hope whatever of cure or betterment from the process. And that is what the whole of Christendom believed about Hell when Christians really did believe in it.

Unreformative punishment upon earth was a necessary consequence of that belief ; and, therefore, belief in punishment for the sake of punishment became universal.

And over against it—quite unregarded—stood the new gospel of humanity—" Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them

which despitefully use you and persecute you." And then the reason, the key to it all :—"That ye may be children of your Father which is in Heaven, for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

The Sermon on the Mount, which threw over the doctrine of punishment on earth, threw over with equal emphasis the doctrine of punishment in Heaven—of any arbitrary or miraculous intervention for the betterment (to moral ends) of the law of natural consequences.

"Be ye the children of Creation!" is the real human solution—not by harking back (as opponents would pretend) to the savagery of a lower species, but by accepting the spiritualising impulse of evolutionary forces—which have brought us to this great development from the mentality of the lower animal world—the knowledge that we are all part of one whole.

And it is on that recognition of an underlying unity (from which we are inseparable) that the great natural revolution of our ideas about crime and punishment must be brought about. If we cling to the violent and the arbitrary, and the separative solution (of which miraculous retribution is the corollary) we are in the Dark Ages still.

It must have been the experience of many

whose work has taken them not only into slums but into prisons and police-courts, that the oppressive sense of Evil triumphant, strong and proud of itself, has weighed more heavily upon them in the prison and in the police-court than in the slum; for the slum only represents the neglect of Society, but the administration of our penal code represents its stereotyped preoccupation (with sympathy and understanding almost entirely eliminated) on a problem which nothing but sympathy and understanding will ever solve. There Society is in its trenches fighting against the human nature which it first violates and then fears.

We, law-makers and law-abiders, are in league with—and are dependent for our material prosperity and protection upon—a system which is very nearly as bad as the crimes we denounce. And until we have made our system very much more beautiful, very much better, and more convincing to the criminal and the revolutionarist—it is only by fear and a punitive code that we can keep it going.

It is not possible to maintain such adjuncts to our social system as profiteering, exploitation, class privilege, wage-slavery, race-subjection, international jealousy, without a penal code and its logical outcome, war. If we want to get rid of the one we must have a whole mind to get rid of the others too. Do not let us pretend to separate them, for we cannot. Not only does the attempt produce

weak practical results—it produces also a false mind.

The attempt to separate one thing from another, one human being from another, is at the root of our belief in punishment. Punishment helps to separate, helps to make us feel separate ; it does not unite. An English judge declared quite recently that the main object of punishment was not to reform the criminal but to protect society. And so long as that is true, the criminal is just as conscious as we are that the discipline laid on him is the expression of a divided standard of morality, knowing perfectly well that we in like circumstances should not think such punishment good for ourselves or our children.

For is it not true that wherever a local or group interest comes to be established, there the members of that group cease to believe that punishment from any outside power or authority is good for them ?

Take the family—those of you who believe in punishment—those who profess to be law-abiding ; one of its members commits a theft. Is he handed over to the police to be dealt with according to law ? Not at all. On the contrary, everything is done to enable him to escape the punishment. We don't believe in legal punishment when it comes to our own circle. And we only believe in legal punishment for others, because, loving and understanding them less, we are unwilling to take as much trouble about them.

And that same vicious principle of belief in punishment only for others mounts up and up through every communal interest that has established itself in our midst on a unity of feeling closer than that which obtains generally. Every class-interest, every trade-interest, every party-interest that stands combined for its own benefit does all it can to evade the punishment of its members by the larger and more impersonal authority of the State. Scandals are hushed up in the police; scandals are hushed up in the Army; scandals are hushed up in the Cabinet; everything possible is done to prevent our penal code from acting equally on the vested interests in which we specially are concerned.

And yet we say that we believe in punishment!

But if we do honestly believe in punishment, ought we not then to insist not merely that the administration of our law-courts should be impartial and judicial, but that the source and promotion of our State-prosecutions should be impartial also? Probably most unreflecting people think that they are. But again and again the Government, when it chooses or refuses to put the law into motion and prosecute, though nominally the accuser, is really the accused, using its powers for the saving of its own skin, to keep the case out of court—sometimes even in spite of the protests of the magistracy itself. Again and again the judicial scales have been fraudulently weighted

—not in court but out of it by the interests of party government.

Let us take a rather notorious instance where this was done.

Within quite recent times, two men have conspired—the one to raise an army of rebellion if Home Rule were imposed on Ulster; the other to raise an army of rebellion if conscription were imposed on Ireland. The crime in each case was precisely the same; but the punishment was different. The one—the more recent—was sent to prison for it without trial. The other, equally without trial, was elevated to Cabinet rank.

Now, each of these men, in conspiring to break the law, did probably what he conscientiously thought to be right under the circumstances. That we can believe. But it is very difficult to believe that the Government (when, with the connivance of Parliament, it punished the same offence so differently) thought that it was doing right—the equal and the just thing in each case. It was only doing the convenient thing to cover its own blunders. And the question is, therefore, whether—morally—the Government was not the real criminal.

But if we ask whether it is going to be punished for it, the answer is—probably not.

It is not my point to urge that the Government should be punished, but only to show how—as administered to-day—punishment is an arbitrary and artificial device, partially

applied or not, according to the prosecutor's political convenience.

The consequence—the logical consequence of this corrupt inequality of State-prosecution, is that a Government which does such things is misliked and distrusted by men of honest character—and so weakens its hold on the more judicious minds of the community—and eventually, one may hope, its power over the country's policy.

One might point further to another instance. The Society of Friends, by its official committee, recently published, without submitting it to the Censor, a pamphlet called *A Challenge to Militarism*. For that corporate act of a committee of twenty—all equally guilty—the Government (to avoid too great a scandal) selected two members for prosecution, and got them sent to prison for six and for three months.

About a fortnight later another challenge to militarism, a pamphlet entitled *A League of Nations*, was published, without being submitted to the Censor, by Lord Grey of Falloden ; and he has not been sent to prison for it.

Now if we believed in punishment, we should want the Government punished for these acts of corrupt favouritism in State-prosecution. But if we believe in natural consequences—those which I have already indicated—we shall confidently anticipate that in the end (the real end) divine justice will be done ; and that these ephemeral misdoings

will eventually help the spirit of man to a better and larger understanding of the follies which are committed when men substitute the Will to Power for the Will to Love.

And if we can—as we are going to—if we can leave injustice when done in conspicuous high places to the natural and logical consequences, without applying the penal code, why cannot we trust natural consequences a very great deal more, where smaller and more humble misdemeanours are concerned, and give to those natural consequences a greater unity of effect by irradiating them with the true spirit of man—love, joy, gentleness, peace, against which there is no law ?

One of the reasons why we dare not be humane and curative instead of punitive to our criminals lies in the fact that the standard of life in which we have allowed honest and hard-working millions to subsist outside our prisons, has been so inhuman and degraded that if we made our prisons really humane, really curative, they would be a reward instead of a punishment.

We dare not offer so beautiful a temptation.

And so it is separation again—the separation of class from class, of rich from poor, which makes impossible the standardising of our prisons from living tombs into genuine reformatories and sanatoria. If we had not separated ourselves in our national life from a sense of responsibility for the poverty and misery around us, we should not be driven

into so separate a treatment of our criminals. We cannot afford to humanise our prisons, while we will not afford to humanise our slums. Again and again, when you appeal for real prison reform, the obstructive argument arises : " Why should we take so much trouble for the criminal, when hundreds of thousands of the honest struggling poor are so much worse off ? "

But we have to take trouble anyhow ; and the more unintelligently we take trouble the greater is likely to be the cost of our criminals per head to the State. In New York State, America, where Mr. Mott Osborne has been trying to establish the principle of self-government among the prisoners of Sing-Sing, there was actually a danger that (under an extension of the system) the prisons might become self-supporting. And at once trade interests did everything they could to get it condemned ; the contractors were afraid of losing their State contracts.

That is just one little glimpse of what we are up against where vested interests are concerned—interests so strongly represented in the legislatures even of "free nations." But we are up against something much bigger than that. We are up against a moral reluctance of the whole community to pronounce the word " Brother." For if the State is going to show a really understanding mind toward the criminal, it has got to show it just as much to the whole social problem of poverty and disease.

And that is going to cost the State more money than it is prepared to spend on anything—except on War.

Crime is sometimes a very shameful thing But is not the record of the way powerful States have dealt with crime in the past more uniformly shameful even than crime itself? Has not that record stood out as a ghastly blind spot in the conscience of Christian Society?

People of conservative mind are so extraordinarily ready to make excuses for organised Society which they will not make for the individual. "That was a cruel age," they will say, when you recall the judicial horrors perpetrated against human nature three hundred, two hundred, one hundred years ago; it was tradition, it was custom. But there were nations, professing Christianity—a doctrine having exactly the same basis then as now—the same creed, the same gospel, the same divine life of compassion and mercy exemplary of what Heaven required in the conduct of man to man; and there were rulers and administrators with minds and power of reason just as capable as our own—giants of intellect some of them—who, with all their profession of Christianity—interpreting it to the supposed needs of the State—have left to us this ghastly record of a penal code worse than the crimes it was set to remedy That penal code—the obsequious servant of State-authority—stood hundreds of years behind the average individual conscience of the

community. And yet in moral authority we exalt it above the individual! In age after age the conscience, the living conscience of this country went to prison and to execution to bring it just a little more up-to-date. Revolting juries refused to convict because of its savageries; and still it moved slowly and reluctantly, cruel in its fear of the human nature it did not understand.

Less than a century and a half ago a girl of fourteen was sentenced in this country to be burned alive for counterfeit coining; only eighty-five years ago a boy of nine was sentenced to death for breaking a pane of glass and stealing two pence. The sentences were not carried out, but they were pronounced. I suppose it was still considered "exemplary" to remind the criminal classes of what powers the law had over them.

Now let us imagine that some individual caught a boy indulging in petty theft; and to punish him—in hot blood perhaps—took him and hung him up by the neck till he was dead. Should we not be inclined to say that so rabid a wild beast must be exterminated from the face of the earth, lest he should have descendants like himself?

Yet that is what our own Courts of Justice—the authorised instrument of the people of England—were doing in cold blood to young boys in the time of Charles Lamb. They had not the excuse of national danger, or war; yet we don't think that our ancestors ought to

have been abolished off the face of the earth for doing it, or for allowing it. We manage to forgive them, because after all they were—our ancestors. When it comes to a State-act, the individual shares the responsibility with so many that he is able to shift it from his conscience.

But in that process what had the State done to itself? In so dealing with the criminal—it had become a criminal, making of itself a moral monstrosity—all the more foul because in the perpetration of such acts it declared that it was doing no wrong!

How, one may ask, was it possible for such penalties as these, and others even more savage than these, to become embedded in the penal code of a civilised and a Christian State?

Mainly for two reasons I believe: first the fact (referred to before) that the doctrine of unreformative punishment, as expressive of the Justice of God, was part of its religion; and secondly, that the State based itself then, as now, on the Will to Power, and not on the Will to Love. And seeking its safety in terms of power it perpetrated these atrocities. From those two premises the results were only natural.

Are we going to salve our consciences to-day by mere degrees of comparison, by saying: "We are not so bad as that now"? Perhaps we are not so bad; but the basis on which we continue to act has not altered. The Will to Power (for which the State still stands) must always lag behind the Will to Love in its under-

standing of human nature. And while it lags behind the penal code of the State will always be a drag upon the social conscience.

Now so far we have been considering this doctrine of punishment in relation to the criminal section of society—force and punitive treatment being necessary, we say, for the discipline and control of the waste products of our civilisation. But in the whole body politic what does it all come to ? What type of mind is finally evolved by the State which so deals with its human material ? What is the final moral aspect of the State itself ?

Examine that question from the international point of view. Why is every State armed ? Because every State, when all is said and done, is a potential criminal whom other States cannot trust. And though these States look down upon their criminals, they are proud of themselves.

We are grouped to-day, many States together, in armed alliance for what (when we took up arms) we believed to be a great and a just cause ; and while we are so grouped we speak well of our Allies. But the groupings of to-day are not the groupings of yesterday ; and the international spectacle which we have presented age after age has been simply this : that no nation could trust any other nation to behave morally, justly, humanely, and for the good of the whole, where single self-interest was concerned.

So like to its own criminals did each nation remain, that all the others had ever to keep their

instruments of punishment ready to hand in case of need.

Is not that an extraordinary commentary on the law of punishment; that not merely does it fail to do away with the criminal within its own jurisdiction, but reproduces his likeness in all the high places of the world—giving him his justification by showing him that, where community of interest ends, States are no other and no better than he?

We all agree that war is a very horrible thing. But at one point it has a moral value which is not shared so obviously by other penal codes; a value which people are coming more and more to recognise to-day, and which will—more than anything else perhaps—help to put an end to war.

For when you seek to punish wrong by going to war, then you yourself have to share the punishment. Innocent and guilty alike must agonise and suffer and die. To inflict that punishment you must choose out your bravest and your best, and send them to share equally with those you would punish the sentence of suffering and death.

All punishment, inflicted by penal codes, really comes back to the community; but only in war do we see it shared: actively and voluntarily by some, passively and unavoidably by others. And perhaps it is that more than anything else which will eventually persuade civilised man that war is intolerable—that he cannot punish without sharing the punishment.

It may sound fantastic to suggest that a like condition should be definitely attached to our civil and penal system, in order to bring home to us that all punishment is shared, that what we manufacture in our prisons becomes a staple commodity.

But I can think of no device that would so quickly and effectively get rid of that separation of interest which punishment seems to establish. Imagine that for every prisoner sentenced, a lot fell on someone else, calling upon him or her to go and share in that demonstration of society's failure to produce only good citizens. Imagine the Prime Minister, about to make an important statement in the House of Commons, called suddenly by lot to share the incarceration of a defender of the liberty of the press or of a robber of hen-roosts! Should we have to wait a month—a week—to have our prisons transformed into places where human nature was no longer thrown to waste, with its energies cut off from sane employment and development? Would it not bring home to us—as perhaps nothing else would—the mill-stone weight on the life of the nation of all punishment that is not purely reformative and curative? Would it not very soon put an end to punishment in the old sense altogether?

You may look upon this suggestion as a fantastic parable; but spiritually it is what we shall have to do.

"There is only one sin," said the unknown writer of one of the most beautiful and famous

books of devotion produced during the middle-ages—the Theologia Germanica. "The only sin is separation."

We shall never get rid of the criminal till we cease to separate ourselves from him, till we make his interest our interest, till we share, willingly and consciously, the responsibility of the society which has produced him.

CHRISTIANITY A DANGER TO THE STATE

(1916)

THE State, which accepts the proposition that force is a remedy, has logical ground for employing force to secure its ends, until worsted by the forces opposed to it, or by some other power.

Such a State, naturally and logically, claims the assistance of its subjects in pursuing a course for which, in time of peace, and with their apparent consent, it has made great preparation, entailing a vast expenditure of the nation's wealth and energy.

This claim of the State for the personal service of its citizens is always latent even in peace-time; but in peace-time the great majority of the services it requires are rendered upon a voluntary basis, and generally in exchange for a monetary equivalent.

Only, therefore, when the State is pressed by necessity to make an extreme assertion of its claims for personal service does it find itself actively opposed by citizens who have never in their own lives and consciences accepted the proposition that force is a remedy for evil.

It is true that many of these objectors have paid taxes without resistance for the upkeep of Army and Navy. If they have done so

conscientiously and not merely negligently, it has probably been upon the lines of "rendering to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," and from a recognition that all the devices of barter and exchange (including a coin-currency) are a material convenience devised by the State, which may legitimately be given to or withdrawn from the control of the individual without affecting his personal integrity. Men so minded may say quite plausibly: "My worldly goods you can take or leave; my pockets you may fill or empty; but my body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and if I am called upon to give personal service for the infliction of legal penalties, for the suppression of civil commotion, or for the prosecution of war, then I am asked for service in a form which I can only render if my conscience approves."

Faced by this contention, the State has often thought wise to admit, or to make allowance for, a claim which nevertheless it will not recognise by law. People who object to jury-service for the enforcement of a penal code which is against their conscience, are frequently excused without fine or penalty. The same allowance would probably be made to excuse any one opposed to capital punishment from assuming the office of hangman. Yet capital punishment only exists because a majority in the State believes it to be essential to public safety; and if there were a dearth of hands ready to undertake the task, it would

then become a test of good citizenship for all to offer themselves; and the conscientious objector, whose argument was tolerated and respectfully listened to the day before, would suddenly become a disreputable object to all law-abiding men, unless the State were weak enough, or wise enough, to provide him with the right of exemption. If it did so he would immediately cease to be disreputable in the eyes of the law, his right to a conscience being granted.

That concession has frequently been made in the past to people who, calling themselves Christians, have held tenets subversive of State-authority. When religious conformity was considered necessary to the spiritual security of the State, Nonconformists resisted, till the State made allowance for them. When the taking of an oath was considered necessary for the security of truth in the witness-box, Quakers resisted, till the State made allowance for them. When the coercion of Ulster was considered necessary for the well-being of Ireland, men who had taken the oath of military obedience threatened a conscientious strike, and the State made allowance for them. Incidentally they became the heroes of that party which is to-day most strenuous in its detestation of those later conscientious objectors who refuse to take the oath of military obedience; but nobody was sent to prison for uttering propaganda in their praise!

Now the reason why the State could tolerate

them was not a moral reason ; it was simply upon the calculation that, while still pursuing its policy of physical force, it could afford to do without them. It could allow non-conformity based upon Christian teaching, or upon conscientious scruples, to streak the current of its policy, without thereby suffering any deflection of its course.

But it is quite different when the State, driven by its belief in the rightness and the remedial value of physical force, comes to commit the whole of its resources to the prosecution of war. The existence of the conscientious objector then becomes a more inconvenient factor in the situation ; it may even, from the State's point of view, become a dangerous one. Then those insidious Christian idiosyncrasies, which have so often been allowed to withstand authority, must have all possible ground cut from under them, lest it should afford standing to a new social ideal. We have it on the authority of the public prosecutor himself that, if all men became conscientious objectors, war would no longer be possible ; and from such a catastrophe the State must, of course, be saved by all possible means.

It is at this point, therefore, that the latent claim (which in peace time is often more honoured in the breach than in the observance) becomes insistent and active. The State must have—if it can get it—the personal service of all its able-bodied citizens. And

thus, practically for the first time, the rival claims of law and conscience upon a man's allegiance come to be fought out in public on a large scale; and if the Nation is engaged in a popular war, or in one where the vast majority believes that it has righteousness upon its side, then there will inevitably be much prejudice in the public mind against the conscientious objector; whereas there might be much sympathy for him (though not really on the principle for which he contended) if he were refusing to fight in a war which happened to be unpopular, or which a great number of people regarded as unjust.

But if we want to get to the true basis of the principle against which the conscientious objector is contending (a principle which cannot logically be separated from any form of government built up on force) we must not colour our view with the rightness or wrongness (in our own estimation) of the war in which we are engaged, since we obscure thereby that quality of allegiance which is claimed by the State.

The State's claim—latent in peace-time and liable to emerge whenever war or crisis shall arise—is not that its citizens should fight for it when the cause is just and right, but that they should fight for it in any case, if it orders them. That claim, made by every State with more or less urgency, we are now invited to view with horror operating at its full efficiency throughout a Prussianised Germany. Thus exalted and

perfected, it has become, we are told, a danger to the world; in such a State the moral conscience of the individual has become atrophied by subordination, and he is not free to choose between right and wrong. But war only brings home to us the logic of a situation which in peace-time we have burked; and now, in order to combat the evil, in its fullest manifestation, men in this country are asked to give their souls into similar keeping—to accept, that is to say, the over-riding of individual conscience by the law of State-necessity. It is a claim which any State, founded on force, is bound eventually to make; it is a claim which anyone who believes force to be evil is bound to repudiate. The follower of the one school draws his ethics from the established rules of the body politic to which he belongs; the follower of the other draws them, it may be, from the personal example and teaching of One whom the body politic of his day regarded as a criminal, and put to death; of One whose followers, it may be said further, were persecuted in the early centuries of the Christian era, not because of their opinions, but because, in practice, they were a danger to the State. The Roman mind was very logical; and only when Christianity had become absorbed in the State system and had accepted the view that physical force and persecution were good social remedies, only then did Christianity cease to be an apparent danger and a fit subject for persecution.

But the primitive Christian standpoint is always liable to emerge; and when it does, then we get the opposing principles of two incompatible schools. And we must keep these principles in mind—the principle of conduct based upon a personal example rejecting force, and the principle of conduct based upon a social edifice relying upon force for its well-being and advancement; otherwise we confuse the issue, and weaken our appreciation of the moral position which each side assumes. It is surely quite evident that the State, while based upon force, cannot (except as an indulgence) countenance the claim of any individual to make the morality of its action the test for personal allegiance and service. And so this State–claim must be unequivocably defined, otherwise we do not really know where we are.

Now many fervent supporters of the doctrine that State-necessity must stand supreme above individual conscience, confuse matters by importing the moral equation, and by arguing for the compelling principle from particular instances where moral considerations seem to favour it: "Our Cause is just; therefore, etc.," is the line on which they contend. But the State's claim stands independent of the justice of its cause; and "My Country right or wrong!" is the real motto which the objector to conscientious liberty is called to fight under.

All that the State-backers say as to the obligation for Englishmen to fight Germany

to-day, applies equally to the obligation for Germans to fight England. So while we continue to assert that a man must fight here with us for the cause of liberty, honour, righteousness—in a word, for God—we assert equally that in another country he must subject his conscience to the claims of the State, and fight for oppression, dishonour, unrighteousness—in a word, for the Devil (and that in spite of the baptismal vows which oblige him to "fight manfully under Christ's banner," not merely against sin, as he individually is concerned, but sin spiritually combined in its symbolic representative, and defended by the temporalities of the world). From which we must argue that, if Christ were here on earth to-day, born of German parents, he would be called upon to fight in the ranks of Germany; that if he were born of English parents he would be called to fight for England; while, if again, born of Jewish parents, he might be accorded the alternative privilege of fighting for England which was not his country, or of being deported to Russia to fight for the persecutors of his race.

The conscientious objector, on the other hand, feels bound to take the moral equation of all such particular instances as a guide to his diagnosis of the evils of war; and he comes thus to regard the expedient of war as altogether so bad a remedy for evil that he dares to doubt whether Christ would be seen bearing arms on either side; and he is probably

strengthened in that conviction by the fact that modern conditions of war tend more and more to involve the weak, the innocent, and the helpless in the ruin and suffering wrought by industrial and financial exhaustion, invasion and blockade, and that "arms of precision" are so unprecise and blind in action that they are quite as likely, when directed against towns, to destroy the non-fighters as the fighters. And the conscientious objector finds a difficulty in seeing Christ serving a gun for the artillery of either side (however righteous the cause) which may have for immediate result the disembowelling of a mother while in the pains of child-birth, or the dismembering of young children.

He holds further (and it is a tenable argument addressed to any Power which maintains despotic sway over an alien race, declaring such sway to be acceptable to the people concerned, while treating as "seditious" any reluctance to regard it as acceptable), he holds that, if the worst comes to the worst, submission to force, or mere passive resistance thereto, is more life-saving, both morally and physically, than the setting of force against force even for the defence of "liberty." He holds, probably, that Finland, in her policy of passive resistance to Tsarist domination, has better conditions and prospects to-day than Serbia; that the present fate of India, as the result of submission to a stronger Power is preferable to the present fate of Belgium; even though the

Government forced upon it be more alien to the genius of its races than is the German to the Flemish. He may believe that in the long run India is more likely to escape from being Britainised by bowing to the subjugating Power, than Britain is likely to escape from being Prussianised by a hurried adoption of a similar system to that which she has set out to destroy. He may even think (for there is no limit to the contrariety of his views) that if England wins handsomely in this war by adopting the Prussian system of militarism, she is more likely to retain it than if she gets beaten. In a word he thinks war the most hazardous of all remedies for the evils it sets out to cure.

The State, on the other side, sees the very gravest danger to that edifice of worldly power which is summed up in the word "imperial," if once it allows the individual conscience to pick and choose the moral terms of its allegiance. And the better the argument the conscientious objector can present from political parallels in other countries, or from the failures and blunders of past history, the more dangerous becomes his propaganda and the more rigorously must it be suppressed.

The State's claim to our duty to-day is precisely the same, neither more nor less, than it would be if it required our services for the prosecution of a second Boer War, a second Opium-trade war against China, or a second war against the Independence of America.

The causes of the war might be no more reputable than in these cases, but the State's claim on our allegiance would remain the same. "It is not for you," the State says, in effect, "to judge whether I am right or wrong, if I come to claim your services for war."

Now nobody, I presume, is so convinced of the perennial purity of his country's motives, or that its foreign policy has in the past been so safe-guarded by democratic control, as to claim that it has never waged foolish or unjust wars. Most reasonable people will admit that the State is, in matters of morals, a fallible authority. The claim is, therefore, that of a fallible authority for the unquestioning obedience of its citizens in a course of action which may involve the ruin, torture, and death of an innocent people, or the subjugation of a liberty-loving race. That claim by a State which stands based on the doctrine that Might is a surer remedy and defence than Right, is a perfectly logical one. I have not a word to say against it.

But when that claim is made for the State by followers of Christianity on Christian grounds, then I am anxious to relieve the State of the entanglement they would thrust upon it. I am sure that a State which bases its authority on Might is weakened and not strengthened by any attempt to sanction its claim as being compatible with the Christianity taught by Christ. The less Christianity a State pretends to when it goes to war, the more

is it likely to conduct its war effectively, and to find no mental hindrance in its way as it advances to its true end—the destruction of its enemies.

Because our counsels were mixed with a certain modicum of Christianity, we had a reluctance early in the war to use asphyxiating gas, exploding bullets, and certain other improved devices for adding to the frightful effectiveness of war. We still hesitate to smear phosphorus on our shells so as to make wounds incurable, or to starve our prisoners because we hear that our fellow countrymen are being starved in Germany. In some instances with the help of the *Daily Mail* the doctrine of " an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth " has carried the day for us ; but it is not a Christian doctrine, and elsewhere Christianity, or its shadow, still holds us by the leg. The *Morning Post*, seeing the national danger we were in from these divided counsels, rightly demanded a Government that would " stick at nothing," but has only partially succeeded in securing what it wants.

Now the conscientious objectors have been trying to do us the service, which we have ignored, of pointing out from the very beginning that war is not and cannot be Christian, and so showing us that when a nation goes to war Christianity is the real danger. The bigger the bulk of genuine and practical Christianity in any country, the more impossible is it for that country to adopt effective methods of war.

The reluctance which we feel to shell out phosphorus, or to starve civilians, will in the genuinely Christian State make itself felt at a much earlier stage of warlike practice, long before those particular devices have been applied or even thought of; and it will arise (to the discrediting of all power which places Might above Right) from the assertion that "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is not Christian doctrine, and is, in result, no remedy for the evil it sets itself to avenge.

This is the real parting of the ways; it is fundamental. Christianity, based upon the personal example and teaching of Christ, is too individualist to be in accordance with Society as at present constituted. Institutional Christianity, on the other hand, has obviously transferred its allegiance in certain matters of moral guidance from Christ to Cæsar; and claims that those matters have been left for Cæsar to decide. I heard it argued, for instance, quite recently, by a Roman Catholic, that as Christendom in all ages had tolerated war, all question of conscientious objection thereto by a Catholic falls to the ground. The answer of the Christian individualist, I conceive, would be, that Christendom also tolerated torture for the extraction of truth, and slavery for the extraction of labour; and that, nevertheless, the conscientious objection of resistant minorities succeeded, in spite of the supineness of Christendom, in placing those monstrosities outside the pale of civilized convention. No

doubt while those devices flourished under the countenance of Mother Church, Christians opposed to their abolition would have cried then, as they cry now about war, "How are you to do without them? How can you extract truth from an unwilling witness, or labour from a subjugated race, except by compulsion and force?" The answer to that apparently insoluble problem now stands written in history—a history which has not eliminated untruth from the witness-box, or indolence from the labour market; yet torture and slavery alike have ceased to be practical politics, except where the State still answers with regard to war as it used to answer with regard to these: "I cannot do without." There, in their last real stronghold, unaffected by Christian ethics, slavery and torture still stand.

But we have to remember that the State's claim, if we accept it as a binding principle, comes much closer home to us than it would do if it arose only in time of war. Military service, once we are in it, involves us in such things as the firing at Peterloo on defenceless citizens, in the murder under superior orders of Sheehy Skeffington; in the shooting, if we are ordered to shoot them, of conscientious objectors—men who are themselves sworn not to take life. Military service, loyally rendered in Tsarist Russia, involved the riding down, the sabring to death, and the drowning of those meek crowds who stood before the Winter

Palace in January, 1905, asking for their "Little Father" to come and speak to them words of comfort.

These are things unfortunately which Christians cannot do with a good conscience, but which the State for its safety may say that it requires. Let those of us who agree with the State's claim to our personal service, irrespective of conscience, do our utmost to separate it from the weakening effects which true and genuine Christianity is bound to have on it.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

(1918)

IT is a curious commentary upon the confusion of tongues which has descended upon us in our efforts to build towers reaching to Heaven, that you would have been misled had I given this address its true title. Had I called it "the Value of Purity" most of you would have imagined that I was going to speak of what is usually called—with such strange one-sidedness—the "social evil"; just as we call the liquor traffic "the Trade." You would have thought, probably, that I was going to speak about Regulation 40 D, or some other aspect of the sex problem with which the word "purity" has become conventionally allied. It would, indeed, be one-sided in the other direction, to exclude such considerations from the scope of so embracing a theme; but my intention is rather to disencumber the word "purity" from the narrow and puritanical meaning to which it has become limited; and the "Salt of the Earth" does bring us nearer by its salutary implication to what purity should really mean.

For if purity is not a good sanitary principle of fundamental application to all ethical problems alike, it is merely a pious fad which may easily become a pious fraud—a religious tenet pigeon-holed by crabbed age for the affliction

of youth. To departmentalise it in a particular direction leads to impurity of thought; for we destroy the balance of life and degrade its standards if we do not use our moral weights and measures consistently in all relations alike. And if you allow a particular implication of purity to impose its claim in a society whose impurity in other directions makes it entirely impracticable, then you are reducing your social ethics to mere pretence and mockery; and honest youth will find you out, and will turn away from your religions and your ethical codes with the contempt which they deserve.

Is not that what is actually happening—more apparently to-day, perhaps, than ever before? Has not that departmental code to which I refer broken down and become foolish in the eyes of honest men and women, largely because purity is nowhere established in the surrounding conditions of our social life?

What is the true aim of social life and social organisation in regard to the individual? What claim has it upon his allegiance if it does not offer the means of self-realisation and self-fulfilment equally to all? And suppose, instead of doing this in a large majority of cases, it does the reverse: starves his imagination, reduces his initiative, cripples his development, makes practically impossible (at the time when desire awakes and becomes strong) the fulfilment of his nature instinct for mating; how does the claim stand then? If you can only

offer him marriage conditions which are themselves impure, unequal laws which are themselves a temptation, houses incompatible with health or decency, wages insufficient for the healthy support of home, and wife, and children; if that, broadly speaking, has been the marriage condition which society offers to wage-earning youth, what right has it to babble about "purity" in that narrower and more individual relation, while careless to provide it in its own larger domain?

If you have employments—such as that of bank-clerk or shop-assistant—which demand of those engaged a certain gentility of dress and appearance, but offer only a wage upon which (till a man is over thirty) domestic establishment at the required standard of respectability is quite impossible—if that is the social condition imposed in a great branch of middle-class industry—if you tolerate that condition and draw bigger profits from your business, and bigger dividends from your investments upon the strength of it—what right have you to demand of your victims an abstinence which is in itself unnatural and penurious, and therefore impure?

Yet what proportion of sermons, think you, have been preached during the last hundred years in churches and chapels against that great social impurity of underpaid labour, and underfed life which have between them done so far more to create prostitution than any indwelling depravity in the heart of youth?

Thwarted life, and sweated labour, those have been the makings of the "social evil," so called; and they lie at the door of an impure system which has made its money savings at the cost of a great waste of life.

That particular instance, which I refer to merely in passing, has to do with our ordinary application of the word purity. But I want to show how all social purity really hangs together, and how, unless you have a great fundamental social principle pure throughout, corruption will carry infection from one department to the other, making useless or impracticable any ideal of purity which you try to set up in one particular direction. If you do—to put it plainly and colloquially—the doctrine won't wash; honest minds will find out that the part is inconsistent with the whole.

What, then, is the whole social ideal which lies at the root of the modern State? Is it pure, or is it impure? Is it the true "Salt of the Earth" which, if equally applied, will benefit all nations and all peoples alike: those to whom, in President Wilson's phrase, we wish to be just, and those to whom we do not wish to be just? Does any modern State really present within its own borders, and in its treatment of all classes and interests, an example which, if extended, would make the world safe for Internationalism—an end which I am inclined to think is more important than making it safe for Democracy?

The phrase "Salt of the Earth," which I have taken to illustrate the meaning and value of social purity, has come to us from that wonderful compendium of ethical teaching known to Christians as the "Sermon on the Mount"; that body of coherent, consistent, and constructive doctrine from which Christianity—so soon as it had allied itself with Cæsar and the things of Cæsar—made such haste to depart. And the whole process of that departure was (from the pure ethical standard of the Sermon on the Mount) a process of adulteration—of impurity—an adaptation of a spiritual ideal to a secular practice of mixed motives. But the process really began earlier. It began in the attempt to identify the God of the Sermon on the Mount with Jahveh, the tribal God of Hebrew history. And in that attempted identification (incompatible ethics having to be reconciled) ethics became confounded.

The Rabbinical training of St. Paul, the Hebraistic tendencies of the early Christian Church (whose first device was to prosyletize the Jews on the old nationalistic assumption that they were the Chosen People), all combined to give an impure vision of God to the followers of the new faith. The nationalism of Judaism corrupted the internationalism of the Day of Pentecost; and the primitive Mosaic code uttered from Sinai, and adapted to the mission of racial conquest there enjoined, stultified the teaching of Calvary.

The two were incompatible ; yet, somehow or another, the Christian Church had to evolve an ethic which embraced both. And it did so through allegiance to the State, and the setting-up of a compromise between things secular and things spiritual which has existed ever since.

You can see for yourselves which of the two is to-day the more recognised and observed among nations which call themselves Christian. The old tenets of Judaism—based on the Mosaic law and summed up in the saying, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"—can be observed by any one to-day in practical entirety with the full approval of the State. A strict observance of the Sermon on the Mount, and a practical belief in the teaching of Calvary land a man in prison or may even render him liable to be shot.

Rightly or wrongly he is regarded as a danger or a weakness to the modern State. Personally, I think that he is rightly regarded so ; for I do not see how the modern State could exist if everyone were a sincere believer in that great peace-offensive, the Sermon on the Mount, and in its great practical exposition, the Death on Calvary. The only thing I am in doubt about is whether the modern State is the better alternative.

Christianity, sincerely and whole-heartedly practised, might have strange social results ; it might, on the other hand, be unexpectedly pleasant and workable. But of one thing I feel

quite sure; it would not—as humanity is at present constituted—be practised by any but a very small minority; and it would have to work entirely without State aid. But that minority would fulfil, for the purposes of demonstration, the condition which, I think, is necessary for all great ethical adventures: it would be pure and unadulterated. It would succeed or it would fail standing upon its own feet and not upon Cæsar's, not relying on mixed motives or compromise, but on a single principle—the principle of loving your neighbour as yourself, and converting him from evil ways by a process of peaceful penetration. And being—and remaining, a decisive minority in the world's affairs, its part therein would resemble the part played by salt in the chemical sanitation of the soil out of which grow the clean or the unclean things of earth which feed or which poison us.

And that is the first point which I ask you to consider; the extraordinary value to society, and to the whole evolution of the human race of minorities holding extremist opinions—so extreme that they do not seem at the present day to be practical politics—and yet having a chemic influence (which would not be otherwise obtainable) for bringing into being the mind of to-morrow, which has always been, all down the ages, the work of minorities, and generally of persecuted minorities.

For the Salt of the Earth is only one single constituent, which enables a better standard

of life to become established where the virtue of its presence is felt. Salt is not, and cannot be, the general constituent of life; its essence always remains a minor quantity, and yet quite definitely it affects the generality of things around it. But in itself it is an extreme, an uncompromising element; its most striking characteristic is its saltness.

It would be foolish, therefore, to blame it for not being sweet, or for not being acid, or for not being capable of taking the place of beef or mutton in the dietary of the human race, or for not making the whole human race in its own image. (The only person I ever heard of who was turned into an image of salt was Lot's wife; and as a human being it made her entirely useless). And yet, as, quite literally, the substance salt has helped the earth to become habitable, and the human race to become human, so has that symbolic salt of the earth, helped the human race to become humane, and to envisage (though not to obey) a new ethic of conduct based upon an ideal conception of the brotherhood of man.

It was the extreme expression of a new and higher moral plane to which evolution is only gradually bringing us. Had it started upon compromise it would have been useless. Its special value was, and still is, in its uncompromising enunciation of a principle which we still regard as impracticable.

But it had, at least, when it was first uttered, this degree of practicability—it appealed to

men's minds; and it has gone on appealing to them ever since.

Had it been uttered to neolithic man, it would have been merely unintelligible, with no imaginable relation to the experiences of life; whereas it has a very obvious relation now. Earth was then in the toils not of a moral but of a physical problem, demanding a straightforward physical solution; and the salting of the earth consisted then very largely in the indomitable courage and obstinacy with which man—the crude struggling biped—stood up against the larger and more powerful forms of life which barred the way of his advance toward civilisation—just as previously, the salting of the earth (the preparing it for a higher form of life) depended upon the huge and uncouth antediluvian monsters which devoured and trod down the overwhelming growths of marsh and jungle.

And from that first salting of the earth, lasting through so many ages, it is no wonder that much of the old physical recipe still survives; and that the history of civilisation has shown us a process in which ruthless extermination by war was regarded as the best means of establishing God's elect upon earth. The doctrine that force is a remedy, or a security for moral ends, dies a slow death in the minds of men. Institutional Christianity has, by its traditions and its precepts, done all it could to keep it alive. We still have read to us in our churches—for our approving accept-

ance—a proposition made by the Children of Israel to a neighbouring tribe, precisely similar to that made five years ago by Germany to Belgium. And the inference left on the minds of Christian congregations, generation after generation, has been that God quite approved of it (and of the ruthless devastation which followed) as a means for making his chosen people the salt of the earth.

It is not without significance that the Christian Church all down the ages has allowed that sort of teaching to enter the minds of the common people. It is not without significance that the common people five years ago rose superior to their Bible-teaching, and regarded its reproduction in the world of to-day as a moral outrage.

And yet if the world's affairs, and its racial problems are to be solved by physical force, it was a perfectly consistent thing to do; and the inconsistency lies in our moral revolt against it.

The truth is, of course, that we are in a period of transition. We are indignant with people who regard successful force as a justification for wrong; but we are almost equally indignant with those who will not regard it as a remedy for wrong. And we are slow to see that while the school of justification by force remains rampant in the world, there may be some chemic value for the spiritual development of the human race in the school which denies the efficacy of remedy by force. Yet

is it not possible that as the past belongs to the one, so the future may belong to the other ?

When we started upon this war we declared that it was a war to end war ; and it was quite a popular thing to say that if it did not result in the ending of war, then the cause of the Allies would stand defeated. But that was only another way of saying that we should suffer defeat if in the near future the whole world were not converted to the point of view of the conscientious objector. But that would have been a very unpopular way of putting it, so it was not said.

Surely this sort of contradiction in which war lands us is only another proof that we are in an age of transition. Transition makes consistency difficult.

But the inconsistency, which conditions of war bring into prominent reality, lies embedded in our social system (which is itself a compromise between two incompatible principles)—the Will to Love and the Will to Power ; and there will always be that inconsistency till the world has definitely decided whether Love or Power is to form the basis of our moral order. It has not decided it yet. In our own country (leaving out all question of foreign relations) we have not decided it yet.

It is the condition of impurity resulting from that indecision—and permeating more or less the whole of our social organisation—which I ask you now to consider.

How it came about is really not difficult to explain. When primitive man began to develop the rudiments of society (the group, or the herd) he did so mainly for self-preservation. In the struggle for existence co-ordinated numbers gave him a better chance; and giving him a better chance of life, they gave him also a better chance of self-development and self enjoyment. But into that early society man brought not only his social instincts but his predatory instincts as well. And while the group helped him to prey more effectively on those left outside, it did not prevent him from preying in a certain measure on those within. The exceptionally strong man had an exceptional value in his own tribe; and he exacted an exceptional price for it—in wives, or in slaves captured in war, or in the division of the spoil. It was the same, as society developed, with the exceptionally resourceful leader; brain began to count above muscle; and the men of exceptional ability acquired the wealth. And you know perfectly well, without my going further into detail, that out of the price exacted within the community (whose broad interests were in common) separate and conflicting interests arose; the interest which secured political control exacted from all the dependent interests an unfair price for its services; and wherever slavery was an established part of social development, man did not love his neighbour as himself, he only loved him as his chattel.

You may take a big jump through history, from primitive to feudal, from feudal to modern times ; and you will still find the same interests strong in every state, using their inherited control of wealth, of organisation, and of law, to extract advantage to themselves from the weaker, and the less educated members of the community ; and always doing it in the name of the commonwealth—the strength and stability of the State. Only the other day (in a State as advanced as any in its democratic faith and its doctrine of equality for all —the United States of America) the moment there was a temporary breakdown in the legal safeguards against child-labour—there was a great organised rush in certain States of conscripted child-labour into industry—conscripted not by the State but by capital, exploiting the increased need of the wage-earning classes brought about by the raised prices of war.

The men who do that kind of thing (and they are men of great power and influence in the State) still only love their neighbours as their chattels, and still take advantage of all forms of law, or absence of law, to keep established as far as they can the conditions of social slavery. You may say that a thing like that lies outside the law, or that it is an abuse which legislation has not yet overtaken and put an end to ; but what is more important and more significant is that it is an abuse which public opinion in those States where it was done had

not overtaken and put an end to, or not merely put an end to, but made impossible. It makes it impossible for a black man over there to marry a white woman ; and if it can do the one it can do the other.

But what are those people doing ? They are merely reflecting in their own personal affairs an ideal which lies engrained in every State which puts self-interest above the interest of the whole human race. And that, in our present transitional stage, is the standpoint of every country to-day. In our heart of hearts we still hold Nationalism more important than Internationalism. And " my country right or wrong " is still for some people the last word in morality ; rather than admit their country to be in the wrong they will let morality go.

In that matter, indeed, the world to-day seems to be divided into two schools. There is one school which so exalts the idea of the State as to say that the State can do no wrong : that if morality and State-interest conflict morality must go under, or rather that morals only exist to subserve State-interests,—and being a State-product, the State has the right to limit their application. We are fighting to-day against a race which is charged with having taken up that attitude ; and the pronouncements of some of its most distinguished writers, as well as certain methods which it has employed in war, seem to bear out the charge. But when it comes to war, that particular school of State-ethics gives

itself away by protesting that the other States which are in hostile alliance against it are behaving very wrongly indeed—though by its own doctrine (States being above morals) they are incapable of wrong. It cannot stick to its own thesis.

But what are we to say if that other school, which admits that the State can do wrong; but is not going to allow the State to be punished for doing wrong if that State happens to be its own? It is not that this school does not believe in punishment; it believes in it enthusiastically, rapturously, so long as it is directed against the wrong-doing of some other State. Punishment is good for other States, when they do wrong; without punishment the justice of God would not be satisfied. But for their own particular State punishment is bad, and is no longer to be advocated. And so you may say—looking back in history—that your country was quite wrong in waging such and such a war; but patriotism forbids the wish in that case that right should have prevailed and the justice of God been satisfied.

Now that school was very vocal in England during the Boer War; and I daresay during the Opium War with China; and I daresay, also, during the American War of Independence—very loud that we were in the wrong; but not at all admitting, for that reason, that it would be good for us to be beaten. But I think it should be one of our proudest boasts that, in the long run (not immediately—not perhaps

for a generation or two) the political and moral good sense of this country goes back upon the teaching of that school. I believe that on the whole we are glad that we were beaten in the war with America ; and that we are glad we were beaten because we were in the wrong. And, perhaps, some day—not yet, for our fear of the Yellow Race is still greater than our fear of any white race you can name—but, perhaps, some day we may be sorry that we were not beaten to a standstill in our opium war with China. (I see, incidentally, that to-day we are addressing a sharp remonstrance to the Chinese Government, because it is now doing that very thing which we then compelled it to do at the point of the bayonet —permitting, namely, the opium trade to be revived. That remonstrance only came, however, after we had sold to China sufficient opium to last its medical needs for 140 years !)

Now those acts of our national past, which we now reprobate, were only bad prominent expressions of the fundamental idea on which the modern State runs its foreign policies—reflecting outwardly something which lives strongly engrained in our midst—the Will to Power. It is because that principle is more firmly established in the world of diplomacy than either the Will to Serve or the Will to Love, that our policies have been able to shape themselves. It was not because we wished to give the Heathen Chinee a good time that we forced our opium upon him ; it was because

we wanted to give our opium trade good returns. And that was merely a faithful reflection of what was going on at home. It was because we wanted—or because our ruling classes wanted—to give capital good returns, that the working classes were not allowed to combine, that child-labour, and sweated industries remained like institutions in our midst, that legislation in the interests of labour and of women and children fell hopelessly into arrears. Democracy, you may say, has done away with all that: well, with some of it. In proportion to the broadening of its power in the State, Democracy has looked after its own interests. But so long as the average human mind is bent upon securing advantage to the detriment of others, or upon securing for itself privileges not to be shared by others, that mind will inevitably be reflected in the way we work our State institutions, and the form we give to our foreign policies. And always, and in every instance, you will find, if you follow it out, that this inclination to secure advantage to the detriment of others always lands you in an ethical contradiction unless your ideal is entirely inhuman and non-social. It is inconsistent with that community of interest to which social order pretends. We set up laws for the good of the State; and we call them equal laws. And if they are good laws, and if we love our country, we must necessarily love the laws which are for the good of our country, and embrace them with equal fervour, whether

they touch us or whether they touch our neighbours. But when a member of our own family commits a theft, or a forgery, we do everything we can to save him from the operation of that law which we think so good for others. And if we do; then our affection or respect for the law is entirely one-sided and impure. And the people who make laws and devise punishments upon those unequal premises are not at all likely to make their laws just, or their forms of punishment wise.

Our whole prison system is bad just because it is not really designed first and foremost to do the criminal good, and to develop him into a useful citizen; but only to repress him and make him a discouraging example to others.

Our prisons are impure because they are lacking in good-will; we have regarded power instead of love as the solution of the crime problem; and we have been contented to apply an impatient, unintelligent, and soul-destroying remedy to the crimes of others, which we would not wish to see applied in like case to those of our own family.

Of course, I know that our prisons have been greatly improved; because, as I said before, we are in a state of transition, and a new school of thought, whose basis is Love and Service, is fighting an old school of thought whose basis is Power, and gradually—only very gradually—getting the better of it.

It is the same with Education; the old idea of education was largely based on dominance

and power—the power of the teacher to punish. The new idea is largely based upon the power of the teacher to interest, and upon trust in youth's natural instinct to acquire knowledge. It is a tremendous change; the old system was impure in its psychology, and corrupted alike the mind of the teacher and the taught. Nobody in the old days was so unteachable as a school-master; and yet his whole profession is really—to learn of youth. And the ethical impurity of the old system came at the point where there was a lack of goodwill—a lack of mutual confidence.

In trade again, how much co-operation has been over-ridden by competition—manœuvres of one against the other, designed to the other's detriment. We have been told that competition is absolutely necessary to keep us efficient in business; it is precisely the same school of thought which says that war is necessary to keep us efficient as a nation.

But in a family you don't need competition; where there is goodwill, co-operation and the give-and-take of new ideas for the common stock are enough.

To-day we are beginning to wake up to the possibility of co-operation taking the place of competition. It is the purer idea; and being the purer we shall probably in the end find it the more economical.

And what shall we say about politics? Does anyone pretend that our politics are pure; or that the system on which we run

them is anything but a vast system of adulteration ?—which may perhaps be thus expressed :—Two great bodies of opinion trying to misunderstand each other and trying to make the general public share in their misunderstanding, in order that their own side may attain to power.

When you start on a discussion, what is the pure reason for that discussion ? To try to arrive at a common understanding—mental co-operation. But is it for that purpose that we raise our party cries and run a general election ?

We are being threatened with that great boon in the near future. And when it takes place a great wave of impurity will rise and will flood through the land ; and men will be strenuously misrepresenting the words and thoughts and motives of their opponents—and very often men will be misrepresenting their own motives—because their end is really power—power over others instead of goodwill to others. And out of that process we shall draw together the Council of the Nation !

That process—which we see quite well is an impure process—is forced upon us because we are in a stage of transition ; it is difficult as a matter of practical politics to suggest a better.

But ought not that obvious fact to make us very humble about our present stage of political development—and humble in general about the position to which we have attained in our moral evolution ? Is it not a little

premature to call ourselves a Free Nation? Is any Nation really free till it has found itself on peace and good-will to all?

Now I have put before you these sorry spectacles to show that where the true social ideal of brotherhood and goodwill breaks down, you arrive at some ethical absurdity of which you have to be ashamed—you find yourself driven into inconsistency, into impurity. And the only thing that is consistent and is pure (once you have started with the social idea) is that we are all one brotherhood—and that harm to one member of the community is harm to all. And when you have once got a nation that has really taken that idea to heart and made a practice of it, such a nation will never rest content till there is a Society of Nations of like mind extending over all the world.

I referred just now to the Sermon on the Mount. To most of the world its teachings sound impracticable. They are the extreme statement of an ideal; and it is hard in this world to live ideally. But that statement has about it this merit of commonsense—it is pure, it is consistent—it is a united whole; and it is based on something of which we have never yet really allowed ourselves the luxury—a trust in human nature. A belief that if you set yourself whole-heartedly to do good to others—to do good even to your enemies—human nature will respond.

We cannot all love our neighbours as ourself—that individual emotion is beyond us. But

if we can love our country enough to die for it, we can also love it enough to give to it laws and institutions and policies that shall prepare the way for the universal brotherhood of man.

THE RIGHTS OF MAJORITIES

(1912)

IN every age some fetich of government has been set up designed to delude the governed, and to induce a blind rather than an intellectual acceptance of authority.

To set up in government some point over which you must not argue, is always very convenient to those who govern ; and so you will note, throughout the world's history, that the manipulators of government have always tried to impose some incontrovertible proposition as the basis on which their authority shall rest ; and then, having done so, to get the strings of it into their own hands, and work it to their own convenience.

In the present day " majority rule " is the pretended fetich ; a majority whose qualification is almost automatic, whose registration is all done for it by the party agents, and whose free and independent vote is brought up to the polling-booth very largely by the bribe of a free ride in a motor-car.

Scores of elections, that is to say, are turned by the indifferent voter, and on this sort of cookery recipe the moral products of majority rule are served up to us as " a dish fit for a king," and as giving moral sanction to government. And whatever indigestion comes to us as the result of our swallowing it whole we are

to sit down under. If the majority has decided, the matter (we are told) is beyond argument.

That is the fetich, the superstition on which, in theory, government rests to-day.

In other times there were other fetiches, quite as respectable. "The King can do no wrong," was one of them. And we have had staged before our eyes, in due order, the divine right—or the divine sanction; it is all the same—of Kings, of Property, of Inheritance, of Slavery, and of War.

All these have been maintained as necessities of government—infallible doctrines, based on Scripture and the will of God.

Some of them present rather a battered front to-day. The fetich which has taken their place is the "Right of Majorities."

We do not exactly say "Majorities can do no wrong." But we do incline to say (often for the sake of a quiet life, and for no better reason) "Majorities must be allowed to do as they please." And that means in effect—those must be allowed to do as they please who can pull the wires by which majorities are manipulated.

I need hardly remind you that to-day the wire-pullers are the statesmen, the leaders of party, who have secured more and more the control of the party-machine, and with it the control of the education of the electorate.

Having secured this control, they let loose upon you the astonishing doctrine that, if you

have numbers, there you have your right cut and dried ; that if you have not numbers your right (politically speaking) does not exist.

Now every student of history knows that in the past majorities, more especially manipulated majorities—or their counterpart *force majeure*—have done great crimes.

But we do not to-day maintain that those majorities had a " right " to sack cities, to violate women, to massacre, to exterminate, and to bring others into subjection. The most we say is that these happenings are an extreme, and, under some circumstances, an inevitable expression of certain bad elements in human nature. Is it not, then, perfectly absurd to imagine that under internal and domestic conditions all such bad elements have departed from majorities ; and that a consensus of vice, of self-indulgence, of unfairness, of a desire for domination, may not spread through very large sections of the community, even through whole peoples where the opportunity so to indulge is accorded—especially if it be accorded by law or embodied as a State doctrine ?

Clearly, therefore, there must be some limitation or check imposed upon the so-called " rights " of majorities ; and some of them may be limitations which those majorities would not choose for themselves, but will, all the same, submit to without revolt if they are properly rubbed home ! One of the essential conditions for majority rule (if it is to carry with it any moral sanction at all) is that it must

be ready to submit to the same conditions which it imposes upon others; and that it must not set up qualification, or prohibition from qualification, without any liability of that prohibition falling upon itself. It must make the liability fairly equal.

The specious excuse and justification for government by majority, as put forward by the materialists, is that, latent, within it, lies the physical force of the nation. (I may say, in passing, that the physical force of the nation lies latent in every form of government which secures the assent of the governed; and only ceases to be latent when some of it gets on to its hind-legs and insists on another form of government; and to be effective, that "some of it" need not always be a majority.)

But it is no use talking of physical force being the basis and the moral justification of majority rule—it is no use invoking the physical force argument—unless your majority is also prepared to go to the trouble of exercising it and paying the price for exercising it. And the main phenomenon of our present form of government by majority is that the majority won't take any trouble at all; that, taken in the bulk, they care very little, and won't put themselves to inconvenience—certainly won't risk physical discomfort and pain—unless government has very seriously incommoded them by damaging or by neglecting their interests.

If the physical force basis is to be your full

sanction of government—if that is really your argument—then that basis, that sanction, is possessed equally by king or despot, so long as he has his organisation at his command. There are his numbers, obeying him just as, with us, M.P.'s, 700 strong, obey the party-whips, often against their principles, but from no physical compulsion whatever.

What the preachers of physical force seem to ignore in arguing about the basis of government, is the aim of government. What, in the minds and consciences of those who believe in government, is government aiming for? Is its aim only to keep order or to be just? Does it seek to repress humanity to the utmost extent, or to develop it? To wrap its talents in a napkin, or to make it spiritually a ruler of cities?

What is humanity out for? To what is it evolving? What has been its impulse, its motive force in pressing for, and in extracting from reluctant authorities Representative Government, with its accompanying symbol—the voice of the majority?

It has been seeking humane government—in the belief, surely, that the nearer you get to really humane government the more will unrest and revolt and crime cease; and, by the consequent reduction of the police and of the forces of repression now needed, repay the State a hundred-fold for the liberties it has established. And majority rule is merely a device to get nearer to humane government,

to open up the mind of man to his own humane possibilities, and to develop his trust in others by reposing trust in him. The more you spread government as an organization of the people themselves, the more humane, upon that working basis, are likely to be its operations—on one condition : that such organisation of the people, whatever its numbers, submits to the operation of its own laws and shares equally in the conditions which it imposes—that, if it provides a qualification for citizenship, it provides also the means for all to qualify.

Now this brings us to the relative duties of those who govern and of those who are governed ; and, whereas, fundamentally their duty is the same, in one important respect it differs. In each case, broadly and fundamentally, their duty is toward their neighbour—to do to him as they would he should do unto them. That axiom, rightly carried out, covers all the law and the prophets, being greater than either ; nay, if it were rightly and universally carried out, the law and the prophets might safely be shelved. Law merely exists as an expedient, because men have not yet learned thoroughly to do, or even to wish to do, their duty toward their neighbour ; and as law is an imperfect thing, only existing because of, and only applicable to, imperfect conditions, the law and its upholders are not, and never can be, a perfect expression of that duty which is mutually owed by all. Law is

only an expedient for averting greater evils which might, and probably would, take place without it in our present very imperfect stage of human development.

But there is one obvious difference between the governors and the governed. In the action of the former there is an assertion of authority —an underlying assumption of a power to improve matters by regulating them. In the governed there is no such assumption of moral superiority; the governed are there whether they like it or no; and the laws which condition their lives are laid upon them by a power beyond themselves, even when—under a representative system—they have secured some minute voice in regard to their shaping.

The governors, therefore, by their assumption of an ability to improve matters, are in a fiduciary position to the rest of the community —the *onus probandi* of their beneficence rests upon them and not upon the people. It is their duty to pacify the governed; it is not the duty of the governed to pacify them; and if they fail in the work of pacification, which is their main *raison d'être*, they, and not the community, have to meet the charge of functional incompetence.

Government is a function; being governed is not a function. Humanity in all stages of civilization or of savagery has fallen subject to government without being asked to show any certificate of its fitness to be governed. It is

therefore, the governors who have to prove themselves fit—not the governed; and if a penal code be found, or declared, necessary to enable the governors to secure peace and order, then (if your system be just and equal) the penal code should be applicable in at least equal severity to the governors who impose it, when instead of producing contentment, it produces unrest and disorder. Liability to impeachment and condemnation under laws of an equal stringency would be, I think, a very wholesome corrective to the legislative action of M.P.'s voting coercive measures which only result in failure. I fancy that under such conditions there would have been, for instance, a far smaller majority for the "Cat and Mouse Act," the futility of which soon became so ridiculously apparent. Imprisonment with compulsory starvation, followed by release upon a medical certificate, and then by a fresh term of imprisonment would have been a most enlightening form of vacation for certain members of Parliament. And until we have secured in this country a much more equal adjustment of the relations between governors and governed, some such corrective for vindictive legislation is certainly needed.

It is not a sufficient equivalent, or safeguard to popular liberty, to be able merely to dismiss from office a Minister of the Crown who has by his administrative blunders brought citizens to death and property to destruction, or who has sedulously manufactured criminals out of

a class whose will is to be law-abiding. He, if anybody, deserves punishment; and Parliaments (backed by whatever majority) which, through maintaining political inequalities, produce such results, are under the same condemnation. The *onus probandi* of their beneficence rests upon them; and if, commissioned to secure peace and order, they produce only unrest and disorder, then the proof is against them.

Listen to these remarkable words by so great a supporter of constitutional authority as Edmund Burke:

"Nations," he says, "are not primarily ruled by laws, still less by violence. Whatever original energy may be supposed in force or regulation, the operation of both is, in truth, merely instrumental. Nations are governed by the same methods and on the same principles by which an individual without authority is often able to govern those who are his equals or his superiors—by a knowledge of their temper, and by a judicious management of it. I mean—when public affairs are steadily and quietly conducted: not when government is nothing but a continued scuffle between the magistrate and the multitude, in which sometimes one and sometimes the other is uppermost, in which they alternately yield and prevail in a series of contemptible victories and scandalous submissions. The temper of the people amongst whom he presides ought, therefore, to be the first study of the statesman.

And the knowledge of this temper it is by no means impossible for him to attain, if he has not an interest in being ignorant of what it is his duty to learn."

And further on he says :

" In all disputes between them (the governed) and their rulers, the presumption is at least upon a par in favour of the people. Experience may perhaps justify me in going further. When popular discontents have been very prevalent, it may well be affirmed that there has been something found amiss in the constitution or in the conduct of government. The people have no interest in disorder. When they do wrong, it is their error and not their crime. But with the governing part of the State it is far otherwise. They certainly may act ill by design as well as by mistake. . . . And if this presumption in favour of the subject against the trustees of power be not the more probable, I am sure it is the more comfortable speculation ; because it is more easy to change an administration than to reform a people."

There, then, is a great authority, Edmund Burke, maintaining that governments are more liable to wilful error than those whom they govern—and the main value of majority rule is that it tends to bring the presumption round to the side of government, by making the voice of government also the voice of the people. I do not think the claims of majority rule can be put on any higher footing than that—that if

the government is really expressive of a governed majority (and not merely of a majority to whom the constitution has accorded licence and privilege above its fellows) then the favourable presumption in any conflict comes round to the side of government.

But if government claims its sanction from a majority, then we must enquire further into the composition and character of that majority; and yet further whether the mandate of that majority is the output of its conscience or merely of its self-interest; we must watch its workings, and see what really brings it to the poll—its moral sense, its pleasure in motor-cars, or its inclination (based on a national love of sport) to select and to back the winner.

At whose bidding to-day, and for what motive, are we really being governed? Our duty toward government can never be greater than toward that voice of sanction on which it rests. And short of a voice of the whole people conscientiously uttered, and so conditioned as to be really free and equal, I do not see whence an entire sanction of government is to come—though you may have (under such and such circumstances) a large increase of presumption in its favour.

But obviously there are degrees. We in England clearly recognise that. We have recognised it in our own history; we recognise it in looking abroad upon other countries. And we rather approve—most of us—of

revolution against a Russian or a German government which has refused so to aim that the people shall be in some sort their own governors.

Similarly, in this country, the sanction may be imperfect—we may have secured the form but not the substance. If so—if the form is so manipulated as to be virtually of no effect—the moral sanction is by so much lessened. Universal franchise—on the unattainable qualification, let us say, of standing on one leg for a fortnight, would be a mockery deserving of instant revolt. And there is some mockery in setting up any qualification of which a willing and painstaking citizen cannot avail himself—or herself. Perhaps there is also some mockery —some cheapening of citizenship—in setting up a qualification which requires no willingness and no pains.

The moral sanction of government, therefore, is ever fluctuant and variable—conditioned always by the sincere relationship of theory to practice, of form to fact. No amount of form or theory, however just in appearance, or legal in fact, will condone unjust government. And as we would wish to be condemned and punished were we so to impose on others—so must we act towards any government which seeks to impose on us by substituting form for substance. If its moral sanction is imperfect it cannot claim perfect obedience.

Now if there is not a full and honest wish among those who govern to do as they would

be done by—claiming no advantage or privilege for themselves, and not attempting to keep in order one section of the community rather than another by framing laws which penalise this section rather than that—if there is not this honest wish, there will all the more be an attempt on the part of the governing section to give to its government in form that virtue which it lacks in practice,—to say to objectors: "See how safeguarded on all hands are your interests, how perfectly you are represented, how obviously you are the masters of the situation, and we only the servants." And the nearer the governed are to an intellectual awakening and apprehension of their true condition, the more elaborate and plausible will be the pretence that the real ultimate power rests—not there in the hands of the governors, but here in the hands of the governed. And best of all—because most deceptive of all—will be the device which does actually put the means of reforming or of overthrowing government into the hands of the governed, while so nullifying the application of those means that the fair form, so fruitful in seeming, shall be in reality an empty husk.

Now, if it be true—as from history I have contended—that the moral sanction of government is variable, and depends on honest conditions and relations, obviously it is not the mere plausible form which shall decide whether this or that government be deserving of obedience or not. That form which is estab-

lished by law must bring forth fruit to the satisfaction of the governed—producing, as proof of its claim, peaceful conditions and general content. If it fail to do this then it must be suspected, enquired into, and, if need be, disowned.

But it must breed something more than the acquiescence of a majority. The contentment, or at least the acquiescence of minorities is one of the signs of good government. For while it takes little to make minorities critical, it takes much to make them revolt—if for no other reason than that the chances are against them. And it is not in human nature to face so heavy odds except for some grave cause.

Consider first, then, in any given case, " Are those in the minority seeking to keep or filch liberty from you, or only to obtain such liberty as is already yours ? Are they seeking to set up equality of condition or inequality ? Are they pressing for privilege or only for common ground ? "

And if the answer to such questions be that they seek only a like liberty upon common ground and equality with yourselves—then, I care not how large the majority against them—you must open or make available to them that same standing which you claim as your due ; and on whatever basis of public service or private worth you have obtained your right,—that means, that test, that qualification must be open also to them, else your majority rule is nothing more than brute force, a despotism

extended from the embodiment of one or of a few to an embodiment of 10, 15, or 20,000,000. But if you sanction that and make it your base, then, to be logical, you must sanction also (at least as a test) the employment of force by a minority to make its position untenable. And remember, that if among a minority some ten per cent. are willing to die, as against only some one or two per cent. in a majority, that minority is likely to win, and all your numbers will be vain.

That fact puts no undue or dangerous power into the hands of minorities. Consent, on a just basis, can be obtained to government whose acts are little to the liking of individual minds or of minorities. But if, after long trial of expedient, persuasion, or coercion, consent cannot be obtained, then the weight of evidence (based on the unfailing document of human nature) has shifted against government; and it rests more with the government than with the rebel to prove that its claims are just.

When governments establish inequalities affecting the lives and liberties of any, however few, I see no sanction whatsoever in majorities. One runaway slave had not to wait upon a majority of his fellow-slaves in order to establish his right to escape from slavery—still less upon a majority of the nation which owned him. If he could find a path along which to escape, that was the highroad appointed for him by God from of old; and if he died in the attempt his grave was

still a monument to Liberty. Not the will of a million could destroy the right of that one. And though I admit that a society which sanctions slavery must treat as a murderer the slave who kills in his effort to escape,—nevertheless, by posterity, and in a society which has repudiated slavery, that act will be very differently regarded ; and so long as the man's aim when he committed that legal offence was freedom, we, who have repudiated slavery, look upon him not as a murderer but as a fighter in a just cause.

We are in a society to-day which tolerates and even sanctions things which to-morrow will be regarded as slavery is regarded now. While society thus chooses to establish evil it is driven in self-defence to treat those who rebel as criminals. But posterity will not so think of them ; and the greater the forces of the majority which stood against them when they struck—the more will it admire and reverence, and approve. Surely a startling commentary on the " rights " of majorities : approval of the minority in an inverse proportion to its size !

Now, you might have a State almost equally divided into what were, broadly speaking, opposed interests ; under certain circumstances, for instance, (circumstances which have actually occurred in the past) manufacturing and agricultural interests might be opposed. If, then, you accepted majority rule as a blind dogma, those two interests

would have the right alternately to prey upon and to bleed each other, according to the fortunes of the polls—and they might do it by putting forward legislative programmes which would bribe the electoral wobblers first to this side and then to that. Where, on such a device does moral right come in? Was ever anything so ludicrous as a doctrine?

As a doctrine of right, majority rule has but doubtful ground to stand on. As an expedient, for practical use under sound conditions, there is much to be said for it. But when once you recognise it as a mere working expedient, then its workings must be watched, proved, and sometimes corrected and checked —by a minority.

Majority rule is only tolerable when it has the equal rights of man and woman firmly fixed as its goal; and it is as tending to the establishment of that doctrine that majority rule is acceptable (with some caution and reservations) to our progressive sense of citizenship.

In the great historic moments of upheaval which have brought it about, it has consciously or subconsciously been an attempt to get rid of the bad principle of dominance over others. It expresses the hope, or it embodies the probability, that a majority will be so broadly made up of all sorts and conditions—of the whole chemical composition of human society, that is to say—that in a government prompted and directed by a majority there will be no

dominance of one section over another section: that they will, in the long run (or, if efficiently checked, in the short run) correct each other, strike a balance, and prevent the rigid and continuous existence in the body politic of any subjected section.

But if a majority could so sort its materials as to select for rigid and permanent subjection one section of the community, then the reason for its existence, and the grounds for its moral sanction would be gone.

If, then, two-thirds or three-quarters of the community can secure a greater apparent measure of comfort for themselves by forcing the remaining one-third, or one-quarter, to wait upon them and minister to their needs, the actual size of that dominant majority confers upon it no moral right whatever. There would, indeed, be more semblance of right, or at least more tenable ground, if a minority could so impose on a majority; because in that case the power of imposition would arise not from mere brute force so much as from superior ability; and a minority which can manipulate to its purpose the bulk material of a community has shown better ground for the rule of others (not very good ground, I admit) than the mere weight of numbers can supply. Weight of numbers as a ground for dominating others gives you no moral or efficient basis at all. Weight of capacity does give you an efficient basis, if not a moral one.

Now, if your two-thirds majority is extracting comfort on unequal and compulsory terms from the remaining one-third, you surely cannot deny the right of the remaining one-third so to diminish the comfort thus compulsorily extracted as to bring it to vanishing point, or to make it even a minus quantity. And the bigger the majority which is thus extracting sustenance from the minority, and exploiting it to its own ends, the more you will admire the minority if it rises in revolt, and makes the imposed and one-sided bargain unprofitable to the majority. And should the contention be carried to extremes (as it will be if both sides are sufficiently resolved) then the majority will have to exterminate the minority, and (if it wishes to continue government on the same lines) will have to extract for exploitation a new minority from its own body—give up one of its own ribs to servitude—and so become a diminished people in its perpetuation of a bad system.

Now, these considerations of moral right are irrespective of numbers. It may be the bounden duty of one man to resist the will of hundreds, or thousands, or millions. Indeed, every religious system admits, and history gives clear evidence, that that is so. A man must obey his conscience; that is his one ultimate guide. That statement expresses what one may call the atomic theory of human society. It suggests, at first sight, an impossible splitting to pieces of all systems of law

and order ; but it is not so in reality, because —and this is the really wonderful thing and the spiritual root of the whole matter— conscience is the most infectious and convincing force in life. In a community there is really a far greater agreement of conscience than of desire or of opinion. A conscientious resister may, of course, be mistaken ; but if he is prepared to go on resisting, making sacrifice, and enduring suffering for his scruples —that process is the least fallible as a test, and the most converting in its tendency of all the processes of propaganda that the human mind can conceive ; and by recognizing the moral right of the individual to put himself to that test before the eyes of his fellow citizens, and so at the same time to test their consciences in the matter, you are not really encouraging a course which leads to disunion and anarchy, but a course which, on the whole, will best bring about a general consensus of opinion. A community which recognises the moral worth of such tests of its own and of the individual conscience, will be far less likely to arouse such demonstrations of revolt than one which altogether ignores and despises them ; for the simple reason that such a community will be better based in its duty toward its neighbour ; it will wish each man to do that which it would claim the right to do itself in a like case, if faced by a superior power backed by greater numbers than its own.

If I know that my conscientious resistance

will be respectfully considered (though not made easy or cheap to me), that my test of other consciences may be tried and may be adjudged to fail—I shall not be more inclined to enter into conflict with so considerate a majority, but less; for it is not open-minded justice but close-minded injustice which arouses opposition and rebellion.

But while human nature makes it safe, in the main, that men and women will not in any appreciable numbers submit themselves voluntarily to continuous discomfort, deprivation, loss of liberty and ease, except for a just cause or a high motive worth looking into, considering, and making allowances for: human nature does not make it safe that those in authority will not be overbearing and unjust, unless they too are liable to a like test.

And here again we come to consider the duty of the law and of law-makers to individuals.

The law should be prepared wherever its fallibility stands proved—where, for instance, it has done hurt and damage to innocency by its operations—at least to make full reparation. It is not an honourable position, for that which holds fiduciary together with compulsory powers, to say to one whom it has falsely imprisoned or unjustly charged—"You, on the whole, benefit by government, and, therefore, must yourself bear this hurt of government which has fallen upon you." The State or the community which permits

such individual hardship to result from its imposition of a fallible code is not just in its government or dutiful to its neighbour. And if it so acts, it undermines in the governed their sense of its moral sanction. The State cannot so do hurt to its citizens and retain an unimpaired claim on their allegiance; nor can it with any moral decency claim reparation from its enemies abroad, if it does not make full reparation for its own miscarriages of justice at home.

"One," it is sometimes argued, "must suffer for the general good." But the general good is not so served. In this connection general good only means "general cheapness." The State, and not the citizen, must pay the price of its presumption—or it must look for an altered mind in every citizen whom it so afflicts from its position of immunity. Nay, it may be well that its supposed immunity should occasionally be disproved by a determined and self-sacrificing citizen, entirely for the general good, and the State forced to pay in extra upkeep for the bad condition of its laws.

The careless self-allowance of majorities in wrong done to minorities, or even to individuals, is not to the general good; and one could rather wish to a State that its minorities should be alert and pugnacious, than its majorities self-satisfied and indifferent on the score of mere numbers.

Numbers, uncorrected by conscience and uncontrolled by penalties, may be the cheapest,

nastiest and most unscrupulous form of tyranny. The indifference or acquiescence of hundreds to conditions by which they themselves are not consciously affected cannot have the same moral weight as the discontent of one or of a few who are so affected. That is a consideration which must always qualify the " rights " of majorities. In such circumstances the sanction of mere numbers is not sufficient.

Are minorities, then, always to have their way? By no means. We know that they cannot.

Countless minorities in our political controversies have contended, have failed, and have acquiesced in their failure. Time has tested them, and has measured the depth of their grievance by the scale of human nature.

But other minorities, which have persistently refused to acquiesce have won. Time has tested them also; and human nature, not numbers, has in the long run proved their case.

Medical science tells us that there is in the human eye a blind spot, by the existence of which alone we are enabled to see. If that blind spot were absent the eye would be without focus.

In human nature (however much we hold by the principle of ordered government) there is a point of revolt which standardises the relations of the individual to government. It cannot be brought into play by mere

artifice or calculation, except for brief spells; but when naturally aroused it lasts.

It is that point of revolt, latent at all times in a freedom-loving people, but only aroused by unjust conditions—it is the existence of that point of revolt in human nature which secures good government.

Minorities, if determined, can make unjust government an economic extravagance, and can indicate to majorities (with some trouble and cost to themselves) the limitation of their rights.

The sleeping partner of good government is the spirit of revolt.

To-day we have not good government; and that is why the sleeping partner is awake.

DISCREDITABLE CONDUCT

(1915)

DISCREDITABLE conduct, according to its right derivation, is conduct provocative of disbelief. It is that kind of conduct which makes us doubt the professions of its agents, because it is practically inconsistent with the things that they preach.

Many things are done in this world which are very reprehensible, vindictive, cruel, narrow-minded—I might go through a whole catalogue of the vices; but they are not therefore "discreditable." A man who has gone about the world expressing his undying hatred for another man, and then ends by killing him, has done nothing discreditable from his own standard. He has not made you believe less in his professions, but more; for he actually did mean what he said, and has become by his act a creditable witness to the faith that was in him—the dark gospel of hatred. But if, while nourishing a personal hatred, he was at the same time laying it down as the duty of all men to love their enemies, then we have not to wait for the murder in order to look upon him as a tainted and a discredited witness. It is not so much the blood upon his hands as the hatred within his heart which has discredited him as a preacher to others.

Or, put the case otherwise; without pretending to such a counsel of perfection as that he can love his enemies, a man may yet assert that human life is sacred, and that he has no right to take the life of his fellow. Having done so he begins to set up exceptions: "Though I may not do it at my own," he says, "I may do it at the bidding of others." And this not by orders that he is compelled into on pain of death or torture (when he might plead a natural human infirmity as his excuse for wrongdoing) but by voluntary enlistment in an army, or by voluntary acceptance of the post of public hangman, or of a judgeship, or of service upon a jury in cases involving the death-penalty.

Now, it may be very commendable to take human life at the bidding of others; but it is not consistent with the unqualified statement that "all human life is sacred." The one proposition—it is not my concern here to defend or attack either of them—becomes discredited by the other. The advocate of the judicial extinction of life under the institution of capital punishment, or of wholesale extinction under the institution of war—if he wishes to be heard as a credible witness, and to avoid the imputation of discreditable conduct when he gives a hand to it—must reshape his statement something after this manner: "Human life is so important a thing that one man must not take it on his own responsibility; but Society may." And then he will have to

make up his mind what he means by Society, and why he thinks Society is more to be trusted than himself. And if he finds himself in a community which permits or even inculcates moral evils which he individually cannot tolerate, then he must puzzle out for himself why he will trust such a community with the power to kill, when he sees it make so vile and miserable a misuse of the power to keep alive—or to keep from life in any form that is worth having—so many millions of his fellow-creatures. And he will find presently that his assertion that human life is sacred must—if it is to mean anything—extend from the comparatively easy and simple problem of the death-penalty to those far greater problems, which lie all around him, of the cruel life-penalties tolerated or exacted by Society.

So before long what he will find himself up against is this—the necessity of being a creditable or a discreditable witness to the value of Society itself—of that thing to whose apron-strings he has tied his conscience. For you cannot assert that it is right for Society to unmake human life unless you also assert that Society is making human life in a form that is worth having, in a form, too, that would be imperilled were its power of judicial murder to be taken from it.

But the point of departure I have wished to bring you to is this: man did not begin to doubt his own moral right to kill other men until there entered into his being an idea of

something better able than himself to judge, to control, and to provide. And so long as he believed in that idea as protective of a morality superior to his own, and productive of the fruits of life in better quality, he could without discredit put into its hands powers which he dared not himself exercise.

But when, on the contrary, a man comes to the conclusion that the products of Society as constituted have in them more of evil than of good, he may quite creditably, in a strict sense of the word, start an attack upon Society, or upon great social institutions, and seek to bring them to dissolution. Such a course of action may be arrogant, or may have an insufficient basis of fact, but it is not discreditable. Rather does it prove the man's faith in his professions. History gives record of many such characters, and posterity has approved of deeds which in their own day were regarded as violent, arrogant, and unjustifiable.

Martin Luther attacked a far greater social institution of his own day than was comprised under any single form of government. He attacked something much bigger than the English or the American Constitution. In deciding to attack it he was more arrogant (if single unorganised action against large and organised numbers be the proof of arrogance) than you or I could be if we attacked any institution to-day that you like to name, even the institution of war. Now, the result of that great attack was that it succeeded—not

unconditionally, not universally, but (broadly speaking) racially and territorially. About one-third of Europe was conquered by it; and about two-thirds remain to this day—not indeed unaffected, but certainly not conquered by Lutheranism. If you are to judge of sacred causes by mere numbers, there are still more nominal Catholics than nominal Protestants in the world; and, therefore, by numbers, up to date Luther is condemned.

Luther's real conquest—the thing that he really did bring about, and in which numbers are now on his side, would have horrified him. Luther was the root-cause why there are to-day more nominal Christians in the world who pick and choose doctrines to suit their own taste, than Christians who submissively take their doctrines wholesale from others whether from Luther or from Rome. It is due to Luther, as much as to anybody, that so many Roman Catholics who have no leanings to Lutheranism, are only nominal Catholics. Luther, that is to say, has brought into existence an enormous number of discreditable Christians who will not openly admit that they are free-thinkers.

You have clergy of the Church of England, for instance, who read themselves into their pulpits with the Thirty-nine Articles, and do not believe half of them.

The average young man who enters the ministry of the Church of England has been reasonably mothered by a university education; and when he takes the plunge it is not total

immersion. His mother—his Alma Mater—still holds him by the heel. It is in consequence, with a sort of heel of Achilles that he enters upon divinity ; and over this he draws a stocking with a large hole in it just where the wear of the heel comes hardest. That stocking (containing forty stripes save one) is the Thirty-nine Articles. It has been loosely knit, it is warranted to shrink the longer he wears it, and the hole in consequence gets larger.

There you have the weakness of the Church of England. Nobody to-day in his senses is prepared to die for the Thirty-nine Articles. Yet to hold ministry in the Church he has to swear by them, and thus at the very beginning of his ministerial career discreditable conduct is imposed on him.

It is no wonder that upon that basis the Church of England is permeated with unbelief in the things that it professes. A Church, a religion, may be full of credulity, bigotry, superstition—and with all those things it may yet have a true and a living faith : it may breed martyrs and inquisitors in equal numbers and with equal facility ; but, in order to do so it must have at its back something definite and distinctive that its members are prepared to die for. And if it has not that, it is bound to become before long a discredited institution.

It is an interesting and a hopeful trait in human nature that it will only believe obstinately, continuously, and in spite of persecution. in those things which seem greatly to matter,

When they no longer seem to matter, belief falls away from them. And, broadly speaking, we have come to see that things do not greatly matter unless they affect life and conduct.

"The Kingdom of Heaven" is within you; and if your doctrinal test does not produce good ethical results, you begin to doubt—not the Kingdom of Heaven—but the doctrine on which it was made to depend.

Similarly, if a doctrine obviously lays itself open to grave abuse, or presents strong temptation to the infirmities of human nature, you begin to doubt whether it is so heavenly in origin as it pretends to be.

The doctrine held by some cannibal African tribe that the bride's mother shall provide the wedding-breakfast in her own person, is so clearly a truckling to the prejudice against mothers-in-law—which exists even in this country—that such a religious tenet immediately becomes suspect, and we guess that it emanates not from the gods but from their maker, man.

Notice, too, how the gradual displacement of miracle has been brought about. So long as miracles appealed to the human mind as a moral and not a licentious expedient for the Creator of the universe to indulge in, they remained acceptable to the human understanding and were easily believed. Their real dethronement began when it was seen that a belief in them gave the greatest possible assistance to the cruel, grasping, and criminal

instincts of the human race—that, from the social point of view, they opened a way for the terrorising of the weak, for fraud, for covetousness, for murder, for theft—in a word for priest-craft in all its worst forms.

The belief in miracle enabled Samuel, with his punitive threats of divine vengeance, to terrorise first Eli and then Saul, and bring Israel to such a pass under his priestly government that at no period of that people's early history were they more in subjection to their enemies.

The belief in miracle enabled Elisha to cajole Elijah into the wilderness and there murder him, persuading subsequent inquirers that he had gone up to Heaven in a chariot of fire. Everybody believed him except the children; and when they mocked him and told him to go and do likewise, he threatened that bears would come and eat them. And Scripture, as a warning to us against like conduct, tells us that they did.

That is how miracle was played under the old dispensation; and (as long as it could possibly be maintained) under the new also. Then, as the bad social results of a belief in miracles became accumulatively apparent—when carried outside the canon of Scripture into contemporary life—then it began to dawn upon some people how bad also a belief in them was for the mind of man in relation to the Deity. It began to be seen that the institution of a law of nature (in conjunction with an arbitrary suspension thereof whenever

divinely convenient) was not compatible with what men have now come to regard as " moral conduct." It was literally " discreditable " ; for it made men disbelieve the law of their own being. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand a man was to be guided by experience, by thought, reason, and conscience—by a belief in cause and effect. Then —in the off case—unreason and inexperience were to descend upon him like a thunderbolt,and either beat him to dust, or lift him, an ingenuously amazed Ganymede to the seats of bliss.

Now, we may admit—indeed we must—that there are many mysteries and secrets of nature which man has not yet fathomed ; there may be many of which as yet he has no suspicion. A sudden exhibition of any of those powers and mysteries might even to-day seem " miraculous." When in the past some fortuitous circumstance brought them about, " miracle " was the only explanation of them which human understanding was able to offer.

But now we are coming more and more to believe that if blind men have suddenly received their sight it has not been by miracle but by law ; if faith has removed mountains literally, or caused the sun and the moon to stand still, it has done so by reliance on sources which lay hitherto untapped in the general order of things, and implicit ever since the creative scheme was established. For if any other explanation is to be offered, then the work of creation is discredited, and the meaning

and the moral values of those processes which we sum up in the word "life" become cheapened, because we can no longer regard them as a law, but only as a sort of police-regulation, arbitrary, capricious, and provocative of misconduct, in that we are unable to depend upon them, or to have any guarantee that they will be impartially administered.

Miracle discredits the ordered scheme of creation; and quite as much does it do so if you believe creation to be the work of a personal Deity. Creation (science shows us more and more) was from its inception a process of absolutely related causes and effects—a whole system reared up through millions and millions of years upon a structure involving infinite millions of lives and deaths—and the whole a perfect sequence of causal happenings.

That is "life" as it is presented to man's reason and understanding; and if his reason and understanding are not to faint utterly, he must in his search for a moral principle "find God (as the Psalmist puts it) in the land of the living," or not at all. For as he estimates the moral value of things solely by that empyric sense which has been evolved in him through a faithful recognition of the inevitable laws of cause and effect, so must he become demoralised, if he is to be taught that what he has regarded as inevitable can be capriciously suspended by a power independent of those laws which life has taught him to reverence.

Do not think, for a moment, that I am

questioning the power of faith or the power of prayer. It is a tenable proposition that they are the most tremendous power in the world; and yet we may hold that they take effect through the natural law alone, and have come into existence through the courses of evolution —or, if you like to put it so—in a faithful following of the Will which, in the act of Creation, made a compact and kept it.

But if the compact of Creation was not kept, if that impact of spirit upon matter (which through such vast eras and through such innumerable phases of life worked by cause and effect) was ever tampered with so that cause and effect were suspended, then the whole process becomes discredited to our moral sense, and its presiding genius is discredited also.

Are we to suppose that through the earlier millions of years, when only the elementary forms of life were present upon this globe, cause and effect went on unsuspended and unhindered, and that these processes, having once been started (engendered, let us assume, by the Immanent Will), held absolute sway over the development of life for millions and millions of years, until a time came when humanity appeared, and the idea of religion and a Deity entered the world; and that this process then became subject to a dethronement? Are we to believe that then intervention in a new form, and upon a different basis (not of cause and effect) began to take place? If that is the proposition, then, it seems to me, we are

asked (having accepted the idea of a Creator) to impute to Him discreditable conduct—to believe that a point came in these causal processes which He had instituted when He could no longer " play the game " without arbitrary interference with its rules, and that the appearance of man upon the globe was the signal for a fatal weakening to His character.

I have seen a clergyman cheat at croquet. He was the by-word of the neighbourhood for that curious little weakness ; but I assure you that the spectacle of that reverend gentleman surreptitiously pushing his ball into better position with his foot instead of depending upon the legitimate use of his mallet, was no more ignoble a spectacle than that which I am asked to contemplate by believers in miracle when they present to my eyes a Deity who (upon their assertion) does similar things.

Test upon this basis of morality the most crucial of all events in Christian theology.

The idea of the Incarnation of God in human form as the final and logical fulfilment of the Creative purpose and process—the manifestation of the Creator in the created—has had for many great thinkers a very deep attraction. But if the process which brings Him into material being—the so-called Virgin-Birth—is not a process implicit in Nature itself and one that only depends for its realisation on man's grasp of the higher law which shall make it natural and normal to the human race—if the Virgin-Birth is miracle instead of perfectly

conditioned law revealing itself, then, surely, such a device for bringing about the desired end is "discreditable conduct"—because it discredits that vast system of evolution through cause and effect which we call "life." From such an Incarnation I am repulsed as from something monstrous and against nature; and the doings and sayings of a being so brought into the world are discredited by the fact of a half-parentage not in conformity with creative law.

Now when one ventures to question the moral integrity of so fundamental a religious doctrine, and to give definite grounds as to why adverse judgment should be passed on it, there will not be lacking theologians ready to turn swiftly and rend one something after this manner: "Who are you, worm of a man, to question the operations of the Eternal mind, or dare to sit in judgment on what God your maker thinks good?"

The answer is "I don't. It is only your interpretation of those operations that I question." But on that head there is this further to say: "By the Creative process God has given to man a reasoning mind; and it is only by the use of the reason so given him that man can worship his Maker." To give man the gift of reason and then to take from him the right fully to exercise it, is discreditable conduct.

That tendency I attribute not to the Deity but to the theologian—more especially as I read in the Scriptures that where God had a special revelation to make to a certain prophet

who thought a prostrate attitude the right one to assume under such circumstances, divine correction came in these words, "Stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee." Some people seem to think that the right attitude is to stand upon their heads.

It is told in some Early Victorian memoirs that a group of Oxford dons were discussing together the relations of mortal man to his God, and one postulated that the only possible attitude for man to assume in such a connection was that of "abject submission and surrender." But even in that dark epoch such a doctrine was not allowed to go unquestioned. "No, no," protested another, "deference, not abject submission." And though it is a quaint example of the Oxford manner, surely one must agree with it. Reason being man's birthright, "Stand upon thy feet and I will speak to thee," is the necessary corollary. Even if there be such a thing as divine revelation—the revelation must be convincing to man's reason, and not merely an attack upon his nerves, or an appeal to his physical fears.

Similarly any form of government or of society which does not allow reason to stand upon its feet and utter itself unashamed is a discreditable form of discipline to impose, if reason is to be man's guide.

Now I do not know whether, by characterising the device of a "miraculous" birth as discreditable to its author, I am not incurring the penalty of imprisonment in a country which

says that it permits free thought and free speech (at all events in peace-time). A few years ago a man was sent to prison—I think it was for three months—for saying similar things: a man who was a professed unbeliever in Divinity. And quite obviously the discreditable conduct in that case was not of the man who acted honestly up to his professions, but of this country which, professing one thing, does another. And the most discreditable figure in the case was the Home Secretary who, though entirely disapproving of this legal survival of religious persecution, and with full power to exercise the royal prerogative of mercy which has now become his perquisite, refused to move in the matter, and said he saw no reason for doing so. His discredit was, of course, shared by the Cabinet, by Parliament and by the Country—which (without protest except from a few distinguished men of letters and leaders of religious thought) allowed that savage sentence to stand on grounds so antiquated and so inconsistent with our present national professions.

Nationally we are guilty of a good deal of discreditable conduct on similar lines. We profess one thing, and we do another.

Our politicians tell us that they rely upon the voice of the people, yet often they employ the political machine which they control, for the express purpose of evading it. A few years ago a Liberal statesman was appointed to Cabinet-rank, and had in consequence to go to

his constituency for re-election. He belonged to the party which makes a particular boast of its trust in the popular verdict. But in order to make his election more safe—before his appointment became public property—he communicated to his party agent his ministerial knowledge of the coming event so that the date of the bye-election could be calculated. And the agent proceeded to book up all the public halls in the constituency over the period indicated. Then, in order that the scandal might not become too flagrant he generously released a proportion of his bookings to his Conservative opponent, but refused to release any at all to his Labour opponent; and on those nicely arranged conditions he fought his election—and got beaten.

Now that was surely discreditable conduct, for here was a statesman who, while ostensibly appealing to the voice of the people was doing his level best behind the scenes to deny to it a full and a free opportunity of expression. Yet the whole political world was in so discreditable a condition that there were actually people who thought then—and perhaps still think to-day—that that budding politician was unfairly and hardly treated when he was thereafter pursued from constituency to constituency by his cheated opponent, and successfully prevented from re-entering Parliament even to this day. Probably in other branches of life he was an upright and honourable man, but politics had affected him, as religion or

social ambition has affected others, and made him a discreditable witness to the faith which he professed.

Now when you have great organisations and great institutions thus discrediting themselves by conniving at the double-dealings of those whom they would place or keep in authority—you cannot expect the honestly critical observer to continue to place their judgment above his own, or to believe (when some difficult moral problem presents itself) that there is safety for his own soul in relying upon their solution of it.

The sanction of the popular verdict in a community which is true to its professions is very great and should not lightly be set aside. But the sanction of a community or of an organisation which is false to its professions is nil. And it is in the face of such conditions (to which Society and religion always tend to revert so long as their claim is to hold power on any basis of inequality or privilege) that the individual conscience is bound to assert itself and become a resistant irrespective of the weight of numbers against it. And so, in any State where it can be said with truth that the average ethical standard for individual conduct is better than the legal standard, the duty of individual resistance to evil law begins to arise. " Bad laws," said a wise magistrate, " have to be broken before they can be mended." And to be broken with good effect they must be broken not by the criminal classes but by the martyrs and the reformers. It is not without

significance that every great moral change in history has been brought about by law-breakers and by resistance to authority.

When the English Nonconformists of two or three centuries ago were fighting governments and breaking laws, they were doing so in defence of a determination to hold doctrines often of a ridiculous kind and productive of a very narrow and bigoted form of religious teaching—a form which, had it obtained the upper hand and secured a general allegiance, might have done the State harm and not good. But, however egregious and even pernicious their doctrine, the justice (and even the value) of the principle for which they contended was not affected thereby. The life of the spirit must take its chance in contact with the life material, and Society must have faith that all true and vital principles will (given a free field and no favour) hold their own against whatever opponents. That is the true faith to which Society is called to-day—but which it certainly does not follow—especially not in war time.

We talk a great deal about liberty, democratic principle, and government by majority ; but if those ideals have any real meaning, they mean that—given free trade in ideas and in propaganda on all ethical and moral questions—you have got to trust your community to choose what it thinks good. And to refuse to the general community the means of deciding for itself by the utmost freedom of discussion, is—in a State based on these principles—the most discreditable conduct imaginable.

But of what worth, you may ask, is this moral sanction of a majority? I am not myself greatly enamoured of majority rule in the sense of a majority exercising compulsion on a minority. Compulsion by a majority I should often think it a duty to resist. But to the testimony of a majority that refrained from compulsion I should attach the greatest possible weight. There you would get a public opinion which by its own self-restraint and scrupulous moderation of conduct would be of the highest moral value. For Society fearlessly to admit the full and open advocacy of that which it disapproves is the finest proof I can imagine of its moral stability, and of its faith in the social principles it lives by.

Broadly speaking—with the exception I have already referred to—that view is now admitted in matters of religion; you may hold and you may advocate what religious principles you like. But you are not so free to hold and advocate social and ethical principles. The veto of Society has shifted, and you are far less likely to incur opprobrium and ostracism to-day if you advocate polytheism than if you advocate polygamy or pacifism. And the reason for this, I take to be, that the religion of modern Society is no longer doctrinal but ethical; and so our tendency is to inhibit new ethical teaching though we would not for a moment countenance the inhibition of new doctrinal teaching.

That is our temptation, and I think that in the coming decade there will be a great fight

about it; we are not so prepared as we ought to be to allow a free criticism of those social institutions on which our ideas of moral conduct are based, even when they cover (as at present constituted) a vast amount of double-dealing.

Take for instance this Western civilization of ours which bases its social institutions of marriage, property, and inheritance on the monogamic principle, but persists in moral judgments and practices whose only possible justification is to be found in the rather divergent theory that the male is naturally polygamous and the female monogamous.

These two ideals, or social practices, make mutually discrediting claims the one against the other. I am not concerned to say which I think is right. But on one side or the other we are blinking facts, and are behaving as though they had not a determining effect upon conduct and character which Society ought straightforwardly to recognise.

The man who maintains that it is impossible for the male to live happily and contentedly in faithful wedlock with one wife and then goes and does so, commits himself by such matrimonial felicity to discreditable conduct—discreditable to his professions, I mean. And it is, of course, the same if his inconsistency takes him the other way about.

There may, however, be an alternative and more honest solution to this conflict of claims; both may contain a measure of truth. It may be true that monogamy—or single mating—

faithfully practised by man and woman alike, is ideally by far the best solution of the sex-relations, and the best for the State to recognise and encourage by all legitimate means; just as vegetarianism and total abstinence may be the best solution of our relation to food, or non-resistance of our relation to government, or abject submission of our relation to theological teaching. But though these may be ideals to strive for, it does not follow that human nature is so uniformly constructed upon one model as to justify us in making them compulsory, or in turning round and denouncing as moral obliquity either plural mating or the eating of meat, or the drinking of wine, or rebellion against civil authority, or free thought in matters of religion.

If the community deliberately decides that one of these courses gives the better social results, it is within its power to discourage the other course, without descending to compulsion; and I am inclined to think that this may, in the majority of cases, be done by treating the desires and appetites of resistant minorities as taxable luxuries. If the State finds, for instance, that alcoholism increases the work of its magistrates and police, and diminishes the health and comfort of home-conditions, it may quite reasonably tax beer, wine and spirits, not merely to produce revenue but to abate a nuisance. But it would be foolish, were it to go on to say that everybody who incurred such taxes was guilty of moral obliquity.

In the same way, if the State wishes to discourage vegetarianism and temperance, it will tax sugar, currants, raisins, tea, cocoa and coffee, and will continue to tax them till it has diminished the consumption ; and incidentally it will let meat go free. But it will not pass moral judgments—having the fear of human nature before its eyes—on those who conscientiously bear the burden of those taxes rather than give up what they think good for them.

I could imagine the State, in its wisdom, seeking to discourage luxury and the accumulation of wealth into the possession of the few, by imposing a graduated income tax of far more drastic severity than that which is now depleting the pockets of our millionaires—but not therefore saying that all who incurred income tax above a certain scale were guilty of moral obliquity.

We have seen a State which required an increase of its population setting a premium on children so as to encourage parents to produce them ; and I can imagine a State which required a diminution in the increase of its population setting a tax on children, but not therefore joining in the cry of the Neo-Malthusians that every married couple who produced more than four children were guilty of a kind of moral depravity. And further, I can imagine a State which wished to encourage pure and unadulterated monogamy putting a graduated tax, practically prohibitive in price, on any other course of conduct productive of

second or third establishments. But I do not see why the State, as State, should concern itself further, or why Society should concern itself more deeply about sexual than it does about commercial and trade relations, wherein it allows far more grievous defections from the ideal of human charity to exist.

Leaving it to the individual is not to say that your views as to the desirability of such conduct will not influence your social intercourse, and perhaps even affect your calling list. A great many things affect our calling lists, without any necessity for us to be self-righteous and bigoted about the principle on which we make our own circle select. There are some people who will call upon the wives of their doctors, but not of their dentists; there are others who will not call upon the organist who conducts them to the harmonies of Divine Service on Sunday, but would be very glad to call upon Sir Henry Wood, who conducts their popular concerts for them during the week. We make our selection according to our social tastes and aspirations, and sometimes those social tastes may include a certain amount of moral judgment. But that moral judgment need not make us interfere; if it keeps us at a respectful and kindly distance from those whom we cannot regard with full charity, it keeps us sufficiently out of mischief.

Take the public hangman, for instance. I, personally, would not have him upon my calling list. I would like to put a graduated tax upon

him and tax him out of existence. I think he is lending himself to a base department of State service; but I also think that the State is tempting him; and I think that, in a symbolical way, all of you who approve of capital punishment ought to put the public hangman upon your calling list—or not exclude him because of his profession (which you regard as useful and necessary), but only because he happens to be personally unattractive to you. If you exclude him, because of his profession, while you consider his profession a necessity—you are guilty, I think, of discreditable conduct, and in order to stand morally right with yourselves you had better go (I speak symbolically) and leave cards on him to-morrow.

What I mean seriously to say is this: there is a great danger to moral integrity in any acceptance of social conditions which you would refuse to interpret into social intercourse. If you believe prostitution to be necessary for the safety of the home—which is the doctrine of some—you must accept the prostitute as one who fulfils an honourable function in the State. If you accept capital punishment, you must accept the hangman. If you accept meat, you must accept the slaughterman; if you accept sanitation you must accept the scavenger. If you accept dividends or profit from sweated labour, you must accept responsibility for sweated conditions, and for the misery, the ill-health, the immorality and the degradation which spring from them.

We may be quite sure that far worse things come from these conditions on which we make our profit than are contained in the majority of those lives which, because of their irregularities or breaches of convention, we so swiftly rule off our calling lists. If we are not willing to forego the dividends produced for us out of our tolerated social conditions, why forego contact with that human material which they bring into being? But if you accept contact there, then you will have a difficulty in finding any human material of greater abasement to deny to it the advantage of your acquaintance.

I have purposely put my argument provocatively, and applied it to thorny and questionable subjects, because I want to reach no halfway conclusion in this matter, and because the real test of our spiritual toleration is now shifting from matters religious to matters social, from questions of doctrine to questions of daily life. To-day we must be prepared to tolerate a propaganda of social ideas—the products of which, if they succeeded in obtaining a hold, would in the estimation of many be as regrettable as were the products of Calvinism or Puritanism in the past, when they were much more powerful than now.

Our hatred of these new social ideas may be just as keen as the hatred of Catholicism for Protestantism or of Protestantism for Catholicism, in days when religious doctrine seemed to matter everything. More keen it could not be. The dangers these new ideas

present could not be greater in our eyes than in the eyes of our forefathers were the dangers of false doctrine three centuries ago. But the principle which demands that they shall be free to state their case and to make converts remains always the same. Nevertheless it is unlikely to be granted without struggle except by an intelligent minority.

The religious movement of the twentieth century, I say again, is not doctrinal but social; and its scripture is not the Bible or any written word, but human nature itself.

We are on the brink of great discoveries in human nature, and many of our ethical foundations are about to be gravely disturbed. The old Manichee dread of the essential evil—the original and engrained sin—of human nature remains with us still, and there will be a great temptation, as there always has been, not merely to controvert (which is permissible) but to persecute and suppress those who preach new ideas. It is against such discreditable conduct that we have now to be on our guard.

At the threshold of this new era to which we have come, with our old civilisation so broken and shattered about us by our own civilising hands, the guiding spirit of man's destiny has its new word to say, to which we must listen with brave ears. And first and foremost it is this, "Stand upon thy feet—and I will speak with thee."

WHAT IS WOMANLY?

(1911)

THE title of my lecture has, I hope, sent a good many of you here—the women of my audience, I mean—in a very bristling and combative frame of mind, ready to resent any laying down of the law on my part as to what is or what is not "womanly." I hope, that is to say, that you are not prepared to have the terms of your womanliness dictated to you by a man—or, for that matter, by a woman either.

For who can know either the extent or the direction of woman's social effectiveness until she has secured full right of way—a right of way equal to man's—in all directions of mental and physical activity, or, to put it in one word, the right to experiment?

There are, I have no doubt, many things which women might take it into their heads to do, which one would not think womanly at their first performance, but which one would think womanly when one saw their results at long range. No rule of conduct can be set up as an abstract right or wrong; we must form our ethics on our social results; and in the world's moral progress the really effective results have generally come by shock of attack

upon, or of resistance to, some cherished conventions of the day.

Take, for example, a thing which has seemed to concern only the male sex, but which has really concerned women just as intimately —the history of our male code of honour in relation to the institution of duelling. There was a time in our history when it would have been very difficult to regard as manly the refusal to fight a duel. But it is not difficult to-day to see in such a refusal a very true manliness. We in this country have got rid of the superstition that honour can in any way be mended by two men standing up to take snap-shots at each other; and now that we are free from the superstition ourselves, we can understand, looking at other countries —Germany, for instance—that it must often require more courage to refuse to fight than to consent. But we have arrived at that stage of enlightenment only because in our own history there have been men courageous enough and manly enough to dare to be thought unmanly and cowardly. And as with our manhood so with our womanhood; you cannot judge of what is womanly merely on the lines of past conventions, produced under circumstances very different from those of our own days. You must give to women as you give to men the right to experiment, the right to make their own successes and their own failures. You cannot with good results lay upon men and women, as they work side by

side in the world (very often under hard competitive conditions) the incompatible rules which govern respectively a living language and a dead language. A living language is constantly in flux, inventing new words for itself, modifying its spelling and its grammatical construction, splitting its infinitives. In a dead language the vocabulary is fixed, the spelling is fixed, the construction is fixed; but the use and the meaning often remain doubtful. And so, if you attempt to determine the woman's capabilities merely by her past record, and to fix the meaning of "womanliness" in any way that forbids flux and development, then you are making the meaning and the use of the word very doubtful.

Now, obviously, if to be "womanly" means merely to "strike an average," and be as like the majority of women as possible—womanliness as a quality is not worth thinking about; it will come of its own accord, and exists probably a good deal in excess of our social need for it. It stands on a par with that faculty for submission to the unconscionable demands of others which makes a sheep sheepish and a hen prolific. To be what Henry James calls "intensely ordinary" is, from the evolutionary point of view, to be out of the running.

We see this directly we start applying the word "manly" to men. For we do not take that to mean merely average quality—if it did, over-eating, over-drinking, and that form of

speech which I will call over-emphasis—would all be manly qualities—and the evolution of the race would, according to that doctrine, lie on the lines of all sorts of over-indulgence. But when we say "manly," we mean the pick and polish of those qualities which enable a man to possess himself and to develop all his faculties; and if it denotes discipline it also denotes an insistence on freedom—freedom for development, so that all that is in him may be brought out for social use.

Now, the great poverty which modern civilization suffers from, is the undevelopment or the under-development of the bulk of its citizens. And the great wastage that we suffer from lies in the misdirection toward the over-indulgence of our material appetites—of the energies which should make for our full human development. And you may be quite sure that where in a community of over-population and poverty such as ours, the average man, as master, is demanding for himself more of these things than his share, there the average woman (where she is in economic subjection) is getting less than her share. Yet there are many people who (viewing this problem of woman's subjection where the savage in man is still uppermost) will tell you that it is "womanly" to be self-sacrificing and self-denying; they will say that it is the woman's nature to be so more than it is the man's; for, like Milton, in his definition of the ideal qualities of womanhood, they put the word

"subjection" first and foremost. That condition, which, according to Scripture, only followed after the curse as its direct product, was, you will remember, predicated by Milton, quite falsely, as essential even to the paradisal state; and when in *Paradise Lost* he laid down this law of "subjection" as the right condition for unfallen womanhood, he went on to describe the divinely appointed lines on which it was to operate. The woman was to subject herself to man—

> "with submission,
> And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay."

Those, surely, are the qualifications of the courtesan for making herself desired; and it is no wonder, if he had such an Eve by his side as was invented for him by Milton, that Adam fell.

Where true womanliness is to end I do not know; but I am pretty sure of this—that it must begin in self-possession. It is not womanly for a woman to deny herself either in comforts or nourishment, or in her instincts of continence and chastity in order that someone else—whether it be her children or her husband—may over-indulge. It *is* womanly (it is also manly), when there is danger of hurt or starvation to those for whom you are responsible, to suffer much rather than that they should suffer; but it is not in the least womanly or manly to suffer so that they may indulge. The woman who submits to the

starving of herself or of her children by a drunken or a lazy husband is not in any positive sense womanly—for she is then proving herself ineffective for her social task. And she would be more effective, and therefore more womanly, if she could, by any means you like to name, drive that lazy husband into work, or abstract from that drunken husband a right share of his wages. And if by making his home a purgatory to him she succeeded, she would be more womanly in the valuable sense of the word than if (by submission to injustice) she failed, and let her children go starved.

Then, again, a woman may see that the children she and her husband are producing ought never to have been born. And if that is so, is it womanly for her to go on bearing children at the dictates of the man, even though St. Paul says, "Wives, obey your husbands"? Is she any more womanly, if she knowingly brings diseased offspring into the world, than he is manly in the fathering of them?

But now, come out of the home into Society—not into any of those departments of unsolved problems where humanity is seen at its worst—pass all those by for the moment—and come to the seat of administration—into that great regulator of Society, the law-courts (in the superintendence and constitution of which woman is conspicuous by her absence). There, as in matters connected with the male code of honour, any duty of initiative on the part of women may seem,

at first sight, to be far removed. But let us see! In the law-courts you meet with a doctrine—a sort of unwritten law—that there are certain cases to which women must not listen. And occasionally "all decent women" are requested to leave the court, when "decent" men are allowed to stay. Now, in the face of that request it must be a very painful thing indeed for a woman to hold her ground—but it may be womanly for her to do so. It may be that in that case there are women witnesses; and I do not think our judges sufficiently realise what mental agony it may be to a woman to give evidence in a court where there are only men. I am quite sure that in such cases, if the judge orders women generally out of court, he ought to provide one woman to stand by the woman in the witness-box. How would any man feel, if he were called before a court composed only of women, women judges, a woman jury, women reporters, and saw all men turned out of the court before he began his evidence? Would he feel sure that it meant justice for him? I think not.

Now these cases to which women are not to listen almost always specially concern women; yet here you have men claiming to deal with them as much as possible behind the woman's back, and to keep her in ignorance of the lines on which they arrive at a conclusion. Surely, then, it would be well for women of expert knowledge and training to insist that

these things shall not be decided without women assessors, and to be so "womanly" as to incur the charge of brazenness and immodesty in defending the woman's interest, which in such matters is also the interest of the race.

But it is only very gradually—and in the face of immemorial discouragement—that this communal or social spirit, when it began to draw woman outside her own domesticity, has fought down and silenced the reproach raised against it, of "unwomanliness," of an intrusion by woman into affairs which were outside her sphere. The awakening of the social conscience in women is one of the most pregnant signs of the time. But see what (in order to make itself effective) it has had to throw over at each stage of its advance—things to which beautiful names have been given, things which were assumed all through the Victorian era to be essential to womanliness, and to be so engrained in the woman's nature, that without them womanliness itself must perish. The ideal of woman's life was that she should live unobserved except when displayed to the world on the arm of a proud and possessive husband, and the height of her fortune was expressed in the phrase enviously quoted by Mrs. Norton, "Happy the woman who has no history." Now that ideal was entirely repressive of those wider activities which during the last fifty years have marked and made happy, in spite of struggle, the history of woman's social develop-

ment; and every fresh effort of that social spirit to find itself and to become effective has always had to face, at the beginning of each new phase in its activity, the charge of unwomanliness.

Compare that attack, fundamental in its nature, all-embracing in its condemnation, with the kind of attack levelled against the corresponding manifestations of the social or reforming spirit in man. In a man, new and unfamiliar indications of a stirring-up of the social conscience may earn such epithets of opprobrium as "rash," "hot-headed," "ill-considered," "impracticable," "utopian"—but we do not label them as "unmanly." Initiative, fresh adventure of thought or action in man have always been regarded as the natural concomitant of his nature. In a woman they have very generally been regarded as unnatural, unwomanly. The accusation is fundamental: it does not concern itself with any unsoundness in the doctrines put forward; but only with the fact that a woman has dared to become their mouthpiece or their instrument. Go back to any period in the last 200 years, where a definitely new attempt was made by woman toward civic thought and action, and you will find that, at the time, the charge of "unwomanliness" was levelled against her; you find also that in the succeeding generation that disputed territory has always become a centre of recognised womanly activity. Take, for instance, the establishment of higher training

for girls; there are towns in this country where the women, who first embarked on such a design, were jeered and laughed at, and even mobbed. And the same thing happened in an even greater degree to the women who sought to recover for their own sex admission to the medical profession: and while the charge levelled against them was "unwomanliness," it was yet through their instincts of reserve and sex-modesty that their enemies tried to defeat them. Even when they gained the right of admission to medical colleges there were lecturers who tried, by the way they expressed themselves in their lectures, to drive them out again.

Or take the very salient instance of Florence Nightingale. When she volunteered to go out and nurse our soldiers in the Crimea, the opposition to a woman's invasion of a department where men had shown a hopeless incompetence at once based itself on the plea that such a task was "unwomanly." Though in their own homes from time immemorial, women had been nursing fathers, brothers, sons, uncles, cousins, servants, masters, through all the refined and modestly-conducted diseases to which these lords of creation are domestically subject, directly one woman proposed to carry her expert knowledge into a public department and nurse men who were strangers to her, she was told that she was exposing herself to an experience which was incompatible with womanly modesty. Well, she was prepared to

let her womanly modesty take its risk in face of the black looks of scandalised officials of Admiralty or War Office ; and she managed to live down pretty completely the charge of unwomanliness. But the example is a valuable one to remember, for there you get the claim of convention to keep women from a great work of organisation and public service, although already, in the home, their abilities for that special service had been proved. And so, breaking with that convention of her day Florence Nightingale went to be the nursing mother of the British Army in the Crimea, and came home, the one conspicuously successful general of that weary and profitless campaign, shattered in health by her exertions, but of a reputation so raised above mistrust and calumny that through her personal prestige alone was established that organisation of nursing by trained women which we have in our hospitals to-day.

Take again the special and peculiar opposition which women had to face when they began to agitate against certain laws which particularly affected the lives of women and did cruel wrong to them even in their home relations. Read the life of Caroline Norton, for instance—a woman whose husband brought against her a public charge of infidelity, though privately admitting that she was innocent; and when, after that charge was proved to be baseless, she separated from her husband, refusing to live with him any more, then he, in consequence of

that refusal cut her off absolutely from her children, though they were all under seven years of age. That wrong, which our laws had immemorially sanctioned, roused her to action, and it was through her efforts, so long ago as 1838, that the law was altered so as to allow a mother of unblemished character right of access to her own children during the years of early infancy!

And that is how the law still stands to-day—a woman's contribution—the most that could be done at the time for justice to women. But there is no statue to Caroline Norton in Parliament Square—or anywhere else, so far as I know.

But what I specially want to draw attention to is this—that when she wrote the pamphlet with which she started her agitation all her relatives entreated her not to publish it, because it would be an exposure to the world of her own private affairs. By that time, however, Caroline Norton had learned her lesson in "womanliness," and she no longer said 'Happy is the woman who has no history." Her answer was: "There is too much fear of publicity among women: with women it is reckoned a crime to be accused, and such a disgrace that they wish nothing better than to hide themselves and say no more about it." Does not that set forth in all its weakness the conventional womanly attitude of the period? The Bill which, through her efforts, was brought three times before Parliament, was at

first defeated. How? By the votes of the Judges, to whom the House of Lords left the matter to be decided. And Lord Brougham, in speaking against that Bill used this line of argument: There were, he said, several legal hardships which were of necessity inflicted on women; therefore we should not relieve them from those which are not necessary—the necessary hardships being the greater; and it being bad policy to raise in women a false expectation that the legal hardships relating to their sex were of a removable kind! Was ever a more perverted and devilish interpretation given to the Scripture, "To him that hath shall be given, and from her that hath not shall be taken even that which she hath."

Let us remember that we are the direct descendants and inheritors of the age and of the men who pronounced these unjust judgments, and that no miracle has happened between then and now to remove the guilt of the fathers from the third and the fourth generation. Heredity is too strong a thing for us to have any good ground for believing that our eyes, even now, are entirely opened. There are many of us who cannot drink port at all, because our grandfathers drank it by the bottle every night of their lives.

We inherit constitutions, personal and political—we also inherit proverbs, which express so vividly and in so few words, the full-bodied and highly-crusted wisdom of former generations. Those proverbs expressed

once—else they had not become proverbs—an almost universal contemporary opinion. Some of them are now beginning to wear thin, have of recent years been dying the death, and will presently be heard no more. But their source and incentive are still quite recognisable; and their dwindled spirit still lives in our midst.

There was one, for instance, on which genteel families were brought up in the days of my youth—a rhymed proverb which laid it down that—

> A whistling woman and a crowing hen
> Are hateful alike to God and men.

Now let us look into the bit of real natural history which lies at the root of that proverb. A crowing hen is a disturbance, but so is a crowing cock. But the hen is not to crow because she only lays eggs, and because the bulk of hens manage to lay eggs without crowing. They make, it is true, a peculiar clutter of their own which is just as disturbing; but that is a thoroughly feminine noise and a dispensation of Providence; and they don't do it at all times of the night, and without a reason for it, as cocks do. But as a matter of fact it is far more easy to prevent a cock from crowing than a hen from cluttering; you have only to put a cock in a pen the roof of which knocks his head whenever he rears himself up to crow and he will remain as silent as the grave, though he will continue to do that spasmodic duty by his offspring which is

all that nature requires of him. But no such simple method will stop the cluttering of a hen when her egg is once well and truly laid; the social disturbance caused by the pomp of masculine vain-glory is far less inevitable than the disturbance caused by the circumstances of maternity. Yet the normal masculine claim to pomp of sound is more readily allowed in our proverbial philosophy than the occasional feminine claim.

And that is where we have gone wrong; it is really maternity which under wholesome conditions decides the social order of things; and we have been fighting against it by putting maternity into a compound and setting up paternity to crow on the top rail. We have not learned that extraordinary adaptability to sound economic conditions which we find in many birds and in a few animals. There exists, for instance, a particular breed of ostriches, which mates and lays its eggs in a country where the days are very hot and the nights very cold; and as it takes the female ostrich some 13 or 14 days to lay all her eggs and some weeks to incubate, she cannot as she does in other countries deposit them in the sand and leave the sun to hatch them, because after the sun has started the process, the cold night comes and kills them. The mother bird finds, therefore, that she cannot both produce and nurse her eggs; yet directly they are laid somebody must begin sitting on them. Well, what does she do? She goes

about in flocks, 13 or 14 females accompanied by an equal number of the sterner sex. And on a given day, all the hens lay each an egg in one nest, and one of the father birds is selected to sit upon them. And so the process goes on till all the males are sedentarily employed in hatching out their offspring. And I would ask (applying for the moment our own terminology to that wonderfully self-adaptive breed of sociologists) are not those male ostriches engaged in a thoroughly "manly" occupation? Could they be better engaged than in making the conditions of maternity as favourable and as unhampered as possible? Yet how difficult it is to make our own countrymen see that the strength of a nation lies mainly—nay, entirely—in eugenics, in sinking every other consideration for that great and central one—the perfecting of the conditions of maternity.

But let us come back for a moment to whistling. It is an accomplishment which, as a rule, men do better than women; it is the only natural treble left to them after they reach the age of puberty; and they are curiously proud of it; perhaps, because women, as a rule, have not the knack of it. Now, the real offence of a woman's whistling was not when she did it badly (for that merely flattered the male vanity) but when she did it well; and no doubt it was because some women managed to do it well that the proverb I speak of was invented. We should not have

been troubled with such a proverb if crowing hens and whistling women had been unable to raise their accomplishment above a whisper. Yet whistling is really quite beautiful, when it is well done; and why is woman not to create this beauty of sound, if it is in her power to create it, merely because it finds her in a minority among her sex? Does it make her less physically fit, less capable of becoming a mother—less inclined, even, to become a mother? No; it does none of these things; but it distinguishes her from a convention which has laid it down that there are certain things which women can't do; and so, when the exceptional woman does it, she is—or she was the day before yesterday—labelled "unwomanly."

I do not suggest that whistling is a necessary ingredient for the motherhood of the new race; but, as a matter of fact, I have noticed that those women who whistle well have, as a rule, strength of character, originality, the gift of initiative and a strong organising capacity; and if these things do go together, then surely we should welcome an increase of whistling as a truly womanly accomplishment—something attained—which has not been so generally attained hitherto.

Let us pass now to a much more serious instance of those artificial divisions between masculine and feminine habits of thought and action which have in the past seemed so absolute, and are, in fact, so impossible to

maintain. For you can have no code or standard of manhood that is not intimately bound up with a corresponding code or standard of womanhood. What raises the one, raises the other, what degrades the one degrades the other ; and if there is in existence, anywhere in our social system, a false code of manliness, there alongside of it, reacting on it, depending on it, or producing it, is a false code of womanliness.

Take, for example, that matter of duelling already referred to, in relation to the male code of honour, and the manliness which it is supposed to encourage and develop. You might be inclined to think that it lies so much outside the woman's sphere and her power of control, as to affect very little either her womanliness or her own sense of honour. But I hope to show by a concrete example how very closely womanliness and woman's code of honour are concerned and adversely affected by that "manly" institution of duelling—how, in fact, it has tended to deprive women of a sense of honour, by taking it from their own keeping and not leaving to them the right of free and final judgment.

Here is what happened in Germany about seven years ago. A young married officer undertook to escort home from a dance the fiancée of another officer; and on the way, having drunk rather more than was good for him, he tried to kiss her. She resented the liberty, and apparently made him sufficiently

ashamed of himself to come next day and beg her pardon. Whether she would grant it was surely a matter for herself to decide; she accepted his apology, and there, one would have thought, the matter might have ended. But unfortunately, several months later, word of this very ordinary bit of male misdemeanour reached the ears of the lady's betrothed. It at once became "an affair of honour"—his affair, not the lady's affair—his to settle in his own way, not hers to settle in her way. Accordingly he calls out his brother officer, and, probably without intending it, shoots him dead. The murdered man, as I have said, was married, and at that very time his wife was in expectation of having a child. The child was prematurely born to a poor mother gone crazed with grief. There, then, we get a beautiful economic product of the male code of honour and its criminal effects on Society; and if traced to its source we shall see that such a code of honour is based mainly on man's claim to possession and proprietorship in woman—for, had the woman not been one whom he looked upon as his own property, that officer would have regarded the offence very lightly indeed. But because she was his betrothed the woman's honour was not her own, it was his; she was not to defend it in her own way—though her own way had proved sufficient for the occasion—he must interfere and defend it in his. And we get for result, a man killed for a petty offence—the offence

itself a direct product of the way in which militarism has trained men to look on women —a woman widowed and driven to the untimely fulfilment of her most important social function in anguish of mind, and a child born into the world under conditions which probably handicapped it disastrously for the struggle of life.*

Now, obviously, if women could be taught to regard such invasions of their right to pardon offence in others as a direct attack upon their own honour and liberty—a far worse attack than the act of folly which gave occasion for this tragedy—and if they would teach these possessive lovers of theirs that any such intrusion on their womanly prerogative of mercy was in itself an unforgivable sin against womanhood—then such invasions of the woman's sphere would quickly come to an end. They might even put an end to duelling altogether.

See, on the other hand, how acceptance of such an institution trains women to give up their own right of judgment, to think even that honour, at first hand, hardly concerns them. Is it not natural that, as the outcome of such a system from which we are only gradually emerging, we should hear it said

* It may be noted that the war has caused a recrudescence of this brutal " code of honour " in our own country. But here it has not troubled to resume the obsolete form of the duel. The " defender of his wife's honour " simply commits murder, and the jury acquits.

of these conventionally womanly women that they have " a very low sense of honour."

Low it must naturally be. For that attitude of complaisant passivity on the part of the woman while two male rivals fight to possess her is the normal attitude of the female in the lower animal world; but it is an attitude from which, as the human race evolves into more perfect self-government, you see the woman gradually drawing away. While it pleases something in her animal instincts, it offends something in her human instincts; and while to be fought over is the highest compliment to the female animal, it is coming to be something like an insult to the really civilized woman—the woman who has the spirit of citizenship awake within her. One remembers how Candida, when her two lovers are debating which of them is to possess her —brings them at once to their senses by reminding them that it is not in the least necessary that she should be possessed by either of them; but she does in the end give herself to the one who needs her most. That may be the truest womanliness under present conditions; as it may once have been the truest womanliness for the woman to give herself to the strongest. But it may be the truest womanliness, at times, for the woman to bring men to their senses by reminding them that it is not necessary for her to give herself at all. To be quite sure of attaining to full womanliness, let her first make sure that she

possesses herself. In the past men have set a barrier to her right of knowledge, her right of action, her right of independent being; and in the light of that history it seems probable that she will best discover her full value by insisting on right of knowledge, on right of way, and on right of economic independence. So long as convention lays upon women any special and fundamental claim of control—a claim altogether different in kind and extent from the claim it lays upon men—so long may it be the essentially womanly duty of every woman to have quick and alive within her the spirit of criticism, and latent within her blood the spirit of revolt.

USE AND ORNAMENT

(OR THE ART OF LIVING)

(1915)

I SUPPOSE you would all be very much surprised if I said that not use but ornament was the object of life.

I refrain from doing so because so definite a statement makes an assumption of knowledge which it may always be outside man's power to possess. The object of life may for ever remain as obscure to us as its cause. It seems, indeed, likely enough that the one ignorance hinges necessarily on the other, and that without knowing the cause of life neither can we know its object.

The writers of the Scottish Church Catechism, it is true, thought that they knew why man was created. The social products of their cocksure theology cause me to doubt it. I would prefer to worship more ignorantly a more lovable deity than the one which is there presented to my gaze.

But though we may never know why we are here, we may know, by taking a little thought and studying the manifestations of the life around us, what aspects of it make us glad that we are here. And gladness is as good a guide as any that I know to the true values of life.

Examining life from that standpoint I know of nothing that gives me more delight than the decoration and embellishment with which man has overlaid all the mere uses of existence —things which without those embellishments might not delight us at all—or only as a dry crust of bread delights in his necessity the starving beggar, or ditch-water one dying of thirst.

I can scarcely think of a use in life which I enjoy, that I do not enjoy more because of the embellishment placed about it by man, who claims to have been made "in God's image." Nothing that my senses respond to with delight stays limited within the utilitarian aspect on which its moral claims to acceptance are too frequently based—or remains a benefit merely material in its scope.

When we breathe happily, when we eat happily, and when we love happily, we do not think of the utilitarian ends with which those bodily instincts are related. The utilitarian motive connects, but only subconsciously, with that sense of well-being and delight which then fills us; and the conscious life within us is happy without stooping to reason.

Underlying our receptivity of these things is, no doubt, the fact that our bodies have a use for them. But were we to consider the material uses alone, our enjoyment would be less; and if (by following that process) we absorbed them in a less joyous spirit, our

physical benefit, so science now tells us, would be less also.

For some reason or another, which is occasionally hard to define, you find pleasure in a thing over and above its use; and I want to persuade you that the finer instinct, the genius of the human race, tends always in that direction—not to rest content with the mere use of a thing, but to lay upon it that additional touch of adornment—whether by well-selected material, or craftsman's skill, or social amenity, which shall make it a thing delightful to our senses or to our intelligence.

Take, for instance, so simple a thing as a wine-glass, or a water-glass. Materially, it is subject to a very considerable drawback; it is brittle, and if broken is practically unmendable. From the point of view of utility, strength, cheapness, cleanliness, it has no advantage over hardware or china. But in its relation to beverages beautiful in colour and of a clear transparency, glass has a delightfulness which greatly enhances the pleasure of its use. There is a subtle relation between the sparkle of the glass, and the sparkle produced in the brain by the sight and the taste of good wine (or—let me add, for the benefit of temperance members of my audience —of good ginger-ale). I think one could also trace a similar delight to the relations subsisting between glass in its transparency and a draught of pure water.

That relationship set up between two or

more senses (in this case between the senses of sight, taste and touch) brings into being a new value which I ask you to bear in mind, as I shall have a good deal to say about it later —the value of association. The more you examine into the matter, the more you will find that association is a very important element for evoking man's faculties of enjoyment; it secures by the inter-relation of the senses a sort of compound interest for the appeal over which it presides. And it is association, with this compound appeal, which again and again decides (over and above all questions of use) what material is the best, or the most delightful, to be employed for a given purpose. You choose a material because it makes a decorative covering to mere utility. That beauty of choice in material alone is the beginning of ornament.

When I began, I spoke for a moment as though use and ornament were opposite or separate principles; but what I shall hope soon to show is that they are so interlocked and combined that there is no keeping them apart when once the spirit of man has opened to perceive the true sacramental service which springs from their union, and the social discordance that inevitably follows upon their divorce. But as man's ordinary definition of the word " use " is sadly material and debased, and as his approval and sanction of the joys of life have too often been limited by a similar materialism of thought, one is obliged, for the

time being, to accept the ordinary limiting distinction, so that the finer and less realised uses of beauty and delight may be shown more clearly as the true end to which all lesser uses should converge.

Life itself is a usage of material, the bringing together of atoms into form; and we know, from what science teaches of evolution, that this usage has constantly been in the direction of forms of life which, for certain reasons, we describe as "higher." Emerging through those forms have come manifestations or qualities, which quite obviously give delight to the holders of them; and we are able to gather in watching them, as they live, move, and have their being, that for them life seems good. It is no part of their acceptance of what has come that they are here not to enjoy themselves.

Thus we see from the upward trend of creation a faculty for enjoyment steadily emerging, and existing side by side with fears, risks, and hardships which the struggle for existence entails—probably an even increased faculty for enjoyment, as those fears and risks become more consciously part of their lives. And I question whether we should think that the wild deer had chosen well, could it resign its apprehension of death at the drinking-place for the sake of becoming a worm—the wriggling but scarcely conscious prey of the early bird.

Man (the most conscious prey of death)

has also his compensations; but, wishing to eat his cake and have it, he insists that his increased self-consciousness is the hall-mark of an immortality which he is unwilling to concede to others. He sees (or the majority of those see, who preach personal immortality after death) no moral necessity for conceding immortality to the worm because the early bird cuts short its career, or to the wild deer because it enjoys life, shrinks from death, and endures pain; or to the peewit, because she loves her young; or to the parrot, because it dies with a vocabulary still inadequate for expressing that contempt for the human species with which the caged experience of a life-time has filled its brain. Yet, for these and similar reasons applied to himself, man thinks that immortality is his due.

In doing so, he does but pursue, to a rather injudicious extent, that instinct for the ornamentation and embellishment of the facts of life which I spoke of to begin with. For whether it be well-founded or not, a belief in immortality gives ornament to existence.

Of course, it may be bad ornament; and I think it becomes bad ornament the moment he bases it upon the idea that this life is evil and not good. If he says "Life is so good that I want it to go on for ever and ever," and thinks that he can make it better by asserting that it will go on for ever and ever, that is a playful statement which may have quite a stimulating effect on his career, and

make him a much more charming and social and imaginative person than he would otherwise be. But if he wants a future life merely because he regards this life as a "vale of misery"—and wants that future life to contain evil as well as good—a Hell as well as a Heaven (in order that he may visualise retribution meted out on a satisfactory scale upon those whom he cannot satisfactorily visit with retribution to-day) then, I think, that it tends to become bad ornament, and is likely to make him less charming, less social, and less imaginatively inventive for the getting rid of evil conditions from present existence than he would be if he had not so over-loaded his brain with doctrinal adornments.

Still, it is ornament of a kind; and with ornament, good or bad (the moment he has got for himself leisure or any elbow-room at all in the struggle for existence) man cannot help embellishing the facts of life—the things that he really knows.

Now that instinct for embellishment is of course latent in Nature itself, or we should not find it in man; and it comes of Nature (the great super-mathematician) putting two and two together in a way which does not merely make four. When two and two are put together by Nature, they come to life in a new shape; and man is (up-to-date) the most appreciative receptacle of that fact which Nature has yet produced. Man builds up his whole appreciation of life by association—

by studying a method of putting two and two together which comes to something very much more than a dead numerical result.

This, as I have said, is Nature's way of giving to our investments in life a compound interest. Man throws into life his whole capital, body, soul, and spirit; and as a result of that investment Nature steadily returns to him year by year—not detached portions of his original outlay, but something new and different. Out of every contact between man's energy and Nature's, something new arises. And yet, though new, it is not strange; it has features of familiarity; it is partly his, partly hers; and if his spirit rises above the merely mechanical, it is endeared to him by and derives its fullest value from association. All beautiful work, all work which is of real use and benefit to the community, bears implicitly within it this mark of parentage—of the way it has been come by, through patience, skill, ingenuity, something more intimate and subtle than the dead impenetrable surface of a thing mechanically formed without the accompaniment either of hope or joy.

This creation of new values by association (which you can trace through all right processes of labour) is seen even in things which have very little of human about them.

The germ of its expression is to be found in that simplest of arithmetic propositions to which I have just referred: two and two make—not two twos but four, which is, in

fact, a fresh concept; and the mind that can embrace so much—the idea of four as a number with an identity of its own has already raised itself above the lowest level of savagery. In that mind something has begun out of which the social idea may presently be developed; for the man who has conceived the number four will presently be identifying his new concept with a variety of correspondencies under fresh aspects: he will discover that certain animals have four legs, whereas, until then, his view of them was rather that of the child who said that a horse had two legs in front two legs behind, and two at each side—a statement which shows, indeed, that the horse has been earnestly considered from as many points of view as are sometimes necessary to enable a Cabinet Minister to make up his mind, but, for all that, never as a whole; and in such a mind, though the identity of the horse may be established from whatever point of view he presents himself, the thought of the horse, as a being of harmoniously related parts, having order and species, has not yet been established. Until a man can count, and sum up the results of his counting in synthesis, Nature is composed merely of a series of units —and the mind cannot begin that grouping and defining process which leads to association and from that to the development of the social idea.

You will remember in *Alice through the Looking Glass*, when the two Queens set to

work to test her educational proficiency—you will remember how the White Queen says (in order to discover whether Alice can do addition) "What's one, and one, and one, and one, and one, and one?"

"I don't know," says Alice, "I lost count."

"She can't do addition," says the White Queen.

Well—she "lost count," and, therefore, that series of ones failed to have any fresh meaning or association for her.

In the same way the primitive savage loses count; beyond three, numbers are too many for him—they become merely a "lot." But war and the chase begin to teach him the relative value of numbers; and he finds out that if one lot goes out to fight a bigger lot, the smaller lot probably gets beaten; so that, before long, calculation of some sort becomes necessary for the preservation of existence. He finds out also (and this is where ornament begins to come in) that a certain amount of wilful miscalculation has a beauty and a value of its own. So, after going out to fight ten against ten, and defeating them, he comes back and says to his wives and the surrounding communities by whom he wishes to be held in awe—"My lot killed bigger lot—much, much bigger lot." And so, when he comes later on to set down his wilful miscalculations in records of scripture, he provides delightful problems for the Bishop Colensos of future ages—problems the undoing of which may

shake to the foundations the authority of documents which some mid-Victorian school of Christianity has hitherto held to be divinely and verbally inspired—not realising that the normal tendency of human nature is to be decorative when writing its national history or when giving its reasons for having plunged into war.

You begin now, then, to perceive (if you did not before), the importance of ornamental association, even when confined to matters of arithmetic; and the moral value to future ages not merely of calculated truths but of calculated untruths.

But this merely figurative illustration of the quickness of the human brain, in its primitive stage, to use mathematics to unmathematical ends (or science to ends quite unscientific) does not bring us very far upon the road to that self-realisation, in ornament rather than in use, which I hope to make manifest by tracing to their most characteristic forms of expression the higher grades of civilization.

And I shall hope, by and by, to show that you cannot be social without also being ornamental; it is the beginning of that connecting link which shall presently make men realise that life is one, and that all life is good.

Take, to begin with, the earliest instruments by which primitive man began raising himself from the ruck of material conditions; his

weapons—first of the chase, and then of war. No sooner had he proved their use than he began to ornament them—to make them records, trophies, and so—objects of beauty. He cannot stop from doing so; his delight in the skill of his hands breaks out into ornament. It is the same with the arts of peace the work of the woman-primitive—she moulds a pot, or weaves a square of material, and into it—the moment she has accomplished the rudiments—goes pattern, beauty, something additional and memorable that is not for use material, but for use spiritual — pleasure, delight.

And that quite simple example, from a time when man was living the life, as we should now regard it, of a harried and hunted beast —with his emergence from surrounding perils scarcely yet assured to him—goes on consistently up and up the scale of human evolution; and the more strongly it gets to be established in social institutions, the more noble is likely to be the form of civilization which enshrines it. And the less it shows, the less is that form of civilization likely to be worthy of preservation, or its products of permanent value to the human race.

It is not the millionaire who leaves his mark on the world so that hereafter men are glad when they name him; it is the "maker" who has turned uses into delights; not the master of the money-market, but the Master of Arts. The nearest thing we have on earth

to that immortality which so many look to as the human goal lies in those forms of ornament—of embellishment over and above mere use—which man's genius has left to us in architecture, poetry, music, sculpture, and painting. Nothing that stops at utility has anything like the same value, for the revelation of the human spirit, as that which finds its setting in the Arts—the sculptures of Egypt and Greece, the Gothic and Romanesque cathedrals of France, England, Germany and Italy, the paintings of the Renaissance, the masterpieces of Bach and Beethoven, the poems and writings all down the ages of men comparatively poor in monetary wealth, but rich beyond the dreams of avarice in their power to communicate their own souls to things material and to leave them there, when their own bodies have turned to dust. In the embellishment they added to life they bestowed on the age in which they lived its most significant commentary. There you will find, as nowhere else, the meaning and the interpretation of the whole social order to which these forms were as flower and fruit. Ancient Greece is not represented to us to-day by its descendants in the flesh (as an expression of that life they have ceased to exist) but by those works of art and philosophy through which men —many now nameless—made permanent the vision of delight to which, in the brief life of the flesh, they had become heirs. The self-realisation of that age—all the best of it

that we inherit—comes to us through embodiment in forms transcending material use.

Run your mind's eye through the various peoples and nationalities of Europe—of the world—and you will find that their characteristic charm—that which is "racy" of their native soil, marking the distinction between race and race, lies in the expression they have given to life over and above use. If we had kept to use, race would have remained expressionless. Race expresses itself in ornament; and even among a poor peasant people (and far more among them than among the crowded and over-worked populations of our great cities where we pursue merely commercial wealth) comes out in a characteristic appreciation of the superabundance of material with which, at some point or another, life has lifted them above penury. In the great civilizations it extends itself over a rich blend of all these, drawn from far sources; and the more widely it extends over the material uses of life, the higher and the more permanent are the products of that form of civilization likely to be. What does it mean but this?—man is out to enjoy himself.

Having said that, need I add that I put a very high interpretation upon the word "joy"?

To that end—man's enjoyment of life—all art is profoundly useful. I put that forward in opposition to the specious doctrine of Oscar Wilde that "all art is entirely useless." But it is usefulness extended in a new direction;

leaving the material uses, by which ordinary values are measured, it shifts to the spiritual; and by the spiritual I mean that which animates, vitalizes, socializes.

To that end it may often be—and is generally the case—that, in the material sense, art is a useless addition or refinement upon that which was first planned merely for the service of man's bodily needs. Yet where the need is of a worthy and genuine kind, art never ceases to rejoice at the use that is underlying it. This can be clearly seen in architecture, where the beauty of design, the proportion, the capacity of the edifice—though far transcending the physical need which called it into being—remain nevertheless in subtle relation thereto, and give to it a new expression—useless indeed to the body—but of this use to the mind, that it awakens, kindles, enlivens, sensitizes—making it to be in some sort creative, by perception of and response to the creative purpose which evoked that form. You cannot enter a cathedral without becoming aware that its embracing proportions mean something far more than the mere capacity to hold a crowd; its end and aim are to inspire in that crowd a certain mental attitude, a spiritual apprehension—to draw many minds into harmony, and so to make them one—a really tremendous fact when successfully achieved.

Now nothing can be so made—to awaken and enlarge the spirit—without some apparent

wastefulness of material or of energy. A cathedral will absorb more stone, and the labour of more men's lives, before it is finished, than a tenement of equal housing capacity which aims only at providing warmth and a cover from the elements. To provide so much joy and enlargement to the human spirit, a kind of waste, upon the material plane, is necessary; and the man without joy or imagination in his composition is likely to say on beholding it: "Why was all this waste made?"

Bear in mind this accusation of waste which can constantly be made, from a certain standpoint against all forms of joy evolved by the art of living—possibly against all forms of joy that you can name; for all joy entails an expenditure of energy, and for those who do not realise the value of joy such expenditure must necessarily seem wasteful.

But when a man employs hand or brain worthily, straightway he discovers (latent within that connection) the instinct of delight, of ornament. He cannot rejoice in his craftsmanship without wishing to embellish it—to place upon it the expression of the joy which went with the making. All that he does to this end is apparently (from the material point of view) useless; but from the spiritual it is profoundly useful; and from the spirit (and this I think is important) it tends to re-act and kindle the craftsman to finer craftsmanship than if he had worked for utility alone.

Now if spirit thus acts on matter—achieving

its own well-being only through a certain waste of material, or expenditure of labour upon the lower plane, yet communicating back to matter influences from that state of well-being to which it has thus attained—may it not be that waste of a certain kind (what I would call "selective waste" *versus* "haphazard waste") is the concomitant not only of spiritual but of material growth also? May it not be that evolution has followed upon a course of waste deliberately willed and insisted on—and that without such waste, life—even material life—had not evolved to its present stage?

We see a certain wastefulness attaching to many of the most beautiful biological manifestations in the world. Up to a certain point, the construction of flower, bird, beast, fish, shows a wonderful economy of structure, of means to end (it is the same also in the arts). But there comes a point at which Nature, "letting herself go," becomes fantastic, extravagant—may one not say "wilful"?—in the forms she selects for her final touches of adornment. And is it not nearly always when the matter in hand is most closely related to the "will to live"—or, in other words, in relation to the amative instincts—that the "art of living" breaks out, and that Nature quits all moderation of design and becomes frankly ornamental and extravagant? Just at the point where to be creative is the immediate motive, where, in the fulfilment of that motive, life is found to be a thing of delight,

just there, Nature, being amative, becomes playful, exuberant and ornamental.

There are some birds which, in this connection, carry upon their persons adornments so extravagant that one wonders how for so many generations they have been able to live and move and multiply, bearing such edifices upon their backs, their heads, their tails—that they were not a crushing hindrance to the necessary affairs of life. They certainly cannot have been a help; and yet—they still persist in them!

Taking, then, these natural embryonic beginnings as our starting point, I would be inclined to trace out the living value of art and ornament somewhat upon these lines: Exuberance—the emergence of beauty and adornment, in addition to the mere functional grace arising out of fitness for use—has always been going on through the whole process of creation among animate nature. We see it established in a thousand forms, not only in bird, beast and reptile, but in the vegetable world as well. The tendency of all life that has found a fair field for its development, is to play with its material—to show that it has something over and above the straight needs imposed on it by the struggle for existence, which it can spare for self-expression.

It has been lured on to these manifestations mainly by that "will to live" which underlies the attractions of sex. That exuberance is an essential feature of the evolutionary process

at the point where self-realisation by self-reproduction is the game to play. Under that impulse the selective principle begins to assert itself, and straightway the outcome is ornament. Self-realisation (by self-reproduction under all sorts of images and symbols) is the true basis of ornament and of art: self-realisation!

The spirit of man, moving through these means, impresses itself reproductively on the spirits of others with a far better calculation of effect than can be secured through bodily inheritance. For in physical parentage there is always the chance of a throw-back to tainted origins; the sober and moral citizen cannot be sure of sober and moral children in whom the desire of his soul shall be satisfied. They may be drawn, by irresistible forces, to take after some giddy and disreputable old grandfather or grandmother instead of after him; for in his veins run the parental weaknesses of thousands of generations; and over the racial strain that passes through him to others he possesses no control whatever. But the man who has given ornament to life in any form of art—though he commits it to the risks and chances of life, the destructive accidents of peace and war—is in danger of no atavistic trick being played upon the product of his soul; he is assured of his effect, and so long as it endures it reflects and represents his personality more faithfully than the descendants of his blood.

Now for the satisfaction of that instinct,

the perpetuation of name and identity is not necessary. The artist would not (if told that his self-realisation was destined to become merged anonymously in the existence of fresco, or canvas, or mosaic)—he would not therefore lay down his mallet or his brush, and say that in that case the survival of these things to a future age was no survival for him. The maker of beautiful inlay would not lose all wish to do inlay if the knowledge that he, individually, as the craftsman were destined to oblivion. Let the future involve him in anonymity as impenetrable as it liked, he would still go on expressing himself in ornament; self-realisation would still be the law of his being.

That is the psychology of the artist mind—of that part of humanity which produces things that come nearest, of all which earth has to show, to conditions of immortality, and so presumably are the most satisfying to man's wish for continued individual existence. The makers of beauty do not set any great store on the continuance of their names—the continuance of their self-realisation is what they care about.

But the possessors of these works of beauty do very often make a great point of having their own names perpetuated, even though the vehicle is another personality than their own. And so very frequently we have the names passed down to us of these parasites of immortality—the tyrants for whom palaces, or arches, or temples were built—but not the

names of the artists who designed them, whose immortality they really are. And though the official guide may refresh our memory with snippets of history, and say this, that, or the other about the name to which the temple remains attached—the really important thing that lives, survives, and influences us is not the externally applied name, but the invested beauty which has no name, but is soul incarnate in stone to the glory of God—the self-realisation of a being who (but for that) has passed utterly from remembrance.

That, as I have said before, is the nearest thing to immortality that we know. And it comes to us, in a shape which, (so to be informed with immortality) cannot limit itself to the demands of use. When all the claims of use are satisfied, then the life of personality begins to show—the fullest and the most permanent form of self-realisation known to man on earth lies in ornament.

Of course, when I say " ornament," I use the word in a very wide sense. What I have said of sculpture, painting or architecture, applies equally to poetry, music or philosophy. I would even go further, and apply it in other directions where no material matrix for it exists. Every department of mental activity has its ornament—the culminating expression of that particular direction of the human will. Faith is the ornament of destiny, Hope the ornament of knowledge, Love the ornament of sex. Without these ornaments destiny and

knowledge and sex would have no beauty that the soul of man should desire them. Those additions or glosses were quite unnecessary to existence—up to a point; for millions of years the world did without them, and Evolution managed to scramble along without faith, without hope, without love. But Evolution itself brought them into being; and then for millions of years they existed in germ, without self-consciousness; but steadily, as they germinated, they produced beauty and a sense of design in their environment. Co-ordination, dovetailing (peaceful word!), the harmonising and gentle effect of one life upon another, as opposed to the savage and predatory, began to have effect. And in response came ornament; faith, hope and love showed their rudimentary beginnings even in the lower animals.

One of the most perfectly decorative objects that I have ever seen in the animal world (you will find it in still-life form in our Natural History Museum) is the device by which a certain small possum has taught her young to accompany her from branch to branch. Along her back she seats her litter, then over their heads like the conducting-wire of a tram-line she extends her tail—and then (each like an electric connecting rod) up go the little tails, make a loop, adjust themselves to the maternal guide-rope, and hang on. And there, safe from upset, is the family-omnibus ready to start!

Of course, you may say that is use ; but it is use in which the spiritualities, faith, hope and love, begin to appear ; and in the gentleness of its intention it forms a basis for the upgrowth of beauty. Now all the arts are, in the same way, first of all structural—having for their starting-point a sound and economic use of the material on which they are based. Music, architecture, poetry, and the rest were all, to begin with, the result of an instinctive choice or selection, directed to the elimination of superfluities, accidents, excrescences—which to the craftsman's purpose are nothing.

Nature, in her seed-sowing, has gone to work to propagate by profusion ; her method is to sow a million seeds so as to make sure that some may live ; thus she meets and out-matches the chances that are against her. The seed of Art sprang up differently ; maker-man took hold of the one selected seed, not of a dozen, or of a thousand dozen promiscuously, and bent his faculties on making that one seed (his chosen material) fit to face life and its chances : if a house—walls and roof calculated to keep out the rain and resist the force of storms : if a textile—fabric of a staple sufficient to resist the wear and tear to which it would be subjected : if a putting together of words meant to outlast the brief occasion of their utterance—then in a form likely to be impressive, and therefore memorable ; so that in an age before writing was known they might find a safe tabernacle, travelling from place to

place in the minds of men. And similarly with music—a system of sounds so ruled by structural law as to be capable of transmission either by instrument, or by voice disciplined and trained to a certain code of limitations. And being thus made memorable and passed from mouth to mouth, from one place to another, and from age to age, they acquired a social significance and importance; till, seeing them thus lifted above chance, man set himself to give them new forms of beauty and adornment.

And the governing motive was, and always has been, first man's wish to leave memorable records—beyond the limits of his own generation—of what life has meant for him; and secondly (and this is the more intimate phase) the delight of the craftsman in his work, the exuberance of vital energy (secure of its structural ground-work) breaking out into play. "See," it says, "how I dance, and gambol, and triumph! This superfluity of strength proves me a victor in my struggle to live."

Nothing else does; for if (having survived the struggle) man only lives miserably—scrapes through as it were—the question in the face of so poverty-stricken a result, may still be—"Was the struggle worth it?" And so by his arts and graces, by his adornment of his streets, temples and theatres, by his huge delight in himself, so soon as the essentials of mere material existence are secured to him, man has really shown that life is good in itself,

that he can do well enough without the assurance of personal immortality held out to him by the theologians. Whether that be or be not his reward hereafter, he will still strive to express himself; but for that end mere use alone will not satisfy him.

We have seen, then, how man, in his social surroundings, begins to secure something over and above the mere necessities of life; and so, after providing himself with a certain competence of food, clothing and shelter, has means and energy left for the supply of luxuries, ornaments, delights—call them what you will. And according to the direction in which he flings out for the acquisition of these superfluities—so will his whole manhood develop, or his type of racial culture be moulded.

Far back in the beginnings of civilization one of the first forms taken by this surplus of power and energy over mere necessity was the acquisition of slaves and wives. Civilization then began to ornament itself with two modes of body-service—the menial attendance of the slave upon his master, and the polygamous sexual attendance of the woman upon her lord.

To-day we think that both those things were, from a moral point of view, bad ornament. But you cannot look into the history of any civilization conducted on those lines without seeing that they decorated it—and that, out of their acceptance, came colour, pomp,

splendour, means for leisure, for enjoyment—for a very keen self-realisation of a kind by the few at the expense of the many. And the masterful few made that form of decorated civilization more sure for themselves by extending a good deal of the decorative element to the subservient lives around them. The slaves wore fine liveries and lorded it over lower slaves, the favourite wives lived in luxury and laziness, eating sweets and spending their days in the frivolous mysteries of the toilet.

At a certain point in the social scale this form of ornamental existence produced great misery, great hardships, great abasement. But it was not instituted and maintained for that reason. Those underlying conditions were a drawback, they were a misuse of human nature employed as a basis for that ornamental superstructure to build on. And out of that underlying misuse came the weakness and the eventual decay of that once flourishing school of ornament.

But when that school of ornament was threatened by other schools, it was ready to fight to the death for its ornamental superfluities—for polygamy, for slavery, for power over others, which had come to mean for it all that made life worth living! Life was quite capable of being carried on without those things—was, and is, happily lived by other races to the accompaniment of another set of ornaments which those races think more

enjoyable. But no race will consent to live without some sort of ornament of its own choosing; and when its choice of ornaments, or of social superfluities, over and above the needs of existence, is seriously threatened from without it declares that it is fighting not merely for liberty but for existence. Yet we know quite well that the people of invaded and conquered States continue in the main to exist—they continue even to wear ornaments; but these are apt to be imposed ornaments galling to the national pride. And so to-day, in the midst of a vast belligerency, we have committees and consultations going on, to see to it lest, at the end of the war, under German dominance, our women should have their future fashions imposed on them from Berlin instead of from Paris, a fearful doom for any lady of taste to contemplate.

The example may seem frivolous, but it is a parable of the truth; we call our ornaments our liberties, and if we cannot ourselves die fighting for them, we make others die for us.

Let us take up (for illustration of the same point) another stage of civilization—that of ancient Greece. In Greece the city was the centre of civilization, and its public buildings became the outward and visible sign of the people's pride of life and of their sense of power. The fact that their private dwellings were very simple, and that they expended nearly the whole of their artistry upon public works (things to be shared and delighted in

by all the citizens in common) had a profound influence upon their civilization. That new social ideal of civic pride found its way irresistibly into ornament. You could not have had civic pride in anything like the same degree without it.

But Greek civilization did not fall into decay because of the beauty and perfection with which it crowned itself in the public eye, but because of certain underlying evils and misuses in the body politic—in which again slavery and the subjection of women had their share. Greek civilization fell because it failed to recognise the dignity of all human nature; it reserved its sense of dignity for a selected race and class; it failed to recognise the dignity of all true kinds of service, and prided itself in military service alone—in that and in the philosophies and the arts. It built a wonderful temple to its gods, but failed in a very large degree to take into God the whole body of humanity over which it had control. And so, Greek civilization broke up into portions of an unimportant size and perished.

At a later day—and again with the city as centre to its life of self-realisation—we get the great period of the Italian Renaissance, a period in which civic and feudal and ecclesiastical influences alternately jostled and combined.

And out of these three prides arose a wonderfully complex art—tremendously expressive of what life meant for that people. And you got then (for the first time, I think),

grouped under the civic arm, a new life-consciousness—the consciousness of the guilds, the workers, and the craftsmen. The dignity of labour began to assert itself; and when it did, inevitably it broke into ornament on its own account—not at the bidding of an employer, but for the honour and glory of the worker himself. And so, from that date on, the homes and halls and churches of the guilds became some of the noblest monuments to what life meant for men who had found joy in their labour.

Now that did not come till the craftsman had won free from slavery and from forced labour; but when he was a freeman, with room to turn round, he built up temples to his craft, to make more evident that the true goal of labour is not use but delight. And only when it fell back into modern slavery at the hands of commercial capitalism, only then did labour's power of spontaneous expression depart from it and become imitative and debased.

I could take you further, and show you (among the survivals from our England of the Middle Ages) the "joy of the harvest" expressed in the great granaries and tithe-barns which still crown like abbey-churches the corn-lands of Home. Concerning one of these William Morris said that it stood second in his estimation among all the Gothic buildings of Europe! Think of it!—of what that means in the realisation of life-values by the age

which had a mind so to celebrate man's rest after the labour of the harvest! In those days England was called "merry" and foreigners who came to her shores reported as a national characteristic the happy looks of her people: even their faces showed adornment! And thus it is that beautiful use always clothes itself in beauty.

I have said that all art is useful. To many that may have seemed a very contentious statement. But how can one separate beauty from use if one holds that everything which delights us is useful? On that statement there is only one condition I would impose. The use in which we delight must not mean the misuse or the infliction of pain on others. In those periods of civilization to which I have referred (so magnificent in their powers of self-discovery and self-adornment), there were always dark and cruel habitations where the "art of living" was not applied. They were content that the beauty on which they prided themselves should be built up on the suffering, the oppression, or the corruption of others. In the lust of their eyes there was a blind spot, so that they cared little about the conditions imposed by their own too arrogant claim for happiness on the lives that were spent to serve them. And out of their blindness came at last the downfall of their power.

So it has always been, so it always must be. I believe that beauty, delight, ornament, are as near to the object of life as anything that

one can name, and that through right uses we attain to these as our goal. But it is no good claiming to possess delightful things if we do not see to it that those who make them for us have also the means to live delightfully.

If man cannot make all the uses and services of life decent and wholesome as a starting-point, neither can he make life enjoyable—not, I mean, with a good conscience. If he would see God through beauty, he must see Him not here and there only, but in the "land of the living"; else (as the psalmist said) his spirit must faint utterly.

Our life is built up—we know not to what ultimate end—on an infinite number of uses, functions, mechanisms. These uses enable us to live; they do not necessarily enable us to enjoy. You can quite well imagine the use of all your senses and organs so conditioned that you could not enjoy a single one of them, and yet they might still fulfil their utilitarian purpose of keeping you alive.

I need not rehearse to you in troublesome detail conditions of life where everything you see is an eyesore, every touch a cause of shrinking, every sound a discord, where taste and smell become a revolt and a loathing.

Our modern civilization derives many of its present comforts from conditions such as these under which thousands, nay millions, of subservient human lives become brutalised. So long as we base our ideal of wealth on individual aggrandisement, and on monetary and

commercial prosperity, and not (as we should do) upon human nature itself—making it our chief aim that every life should be set free for self-realisation in ornament and delight—so long will these things be inevitable.

But when we, as men and women, and as nations, realise that human nature is the most beautiful thing on earth (in its possibilities, I mean) then surely our chief desire will be to make that our wealth here and now, and out of it rear up our memorial to the ages that come after.

ART AND CITIZENSHIP

(1910)

THE most hardened advocate of "Art for Art's sake," will hardly deny that Art, for all its "sacred egoism," is a social force. The main question is where does your Art-training begin?

The conditions of the home, the workshop, and of social industries do more than the schools and the universities to educate a nation; and more especially, perhaps, to educate it toward a right or a wrong feeling about Art.

And if, in these departments, your national education takes a wrong line, then (however much you build schools over the heads of your pupils and intercept their feet with scholarships, and block their natural outlook on life with beautiful objects produced in past ages and in other countries) your Art-training will partake of the same condemnation.

True education, as opposed to merely commercial education, is a training of mind and body to an appreciation of right values; values, not prices. The man who has an all-round appreciation of right values is a well-educated man; and he could not have a better basis either for the love or the practice of Art than this appreciation of what things are really worth.

But, in the present age, which prides itself

on its inhuman system of specialisation as a means to economy, such a man is rather a rare phenomenon; for it is about as difficult to get out of present conditions a true appreciation of life values—a true Art-training—as it is to get a true artist. Where your national conditions shut down the critical faculties, and make their exercise difficult, there too, your creative artistic faculties are being shut down and made difficult also. They are far more interdependent than your average Art-teacher or Art-student is generally willing to admit. The idea that he has to concern himself with conditions outside his own particular department threatens him with extra trouble, and the burden of a conscience that the doctrine of "Art for Art's sake," will not wholly satisfy; and so he is inclined to shut his eyes, and direct his energies to the securing of favourable departmental instead of right national conditions.

But the man, or woman, who embarks whole-heartedly on Art-training must in the end find himself involved in a struggle for the recovery of those true social values which have been lost (or the acquisition of those which are as yet unrealised) and for the substitution, among other things, of true for false economics. He cannot afford to live a life of aloof specialisation, when the conditions out of which he derives and into which he is throwing his work are of a complementarily disturbing kind. If, that is to say, the give-and-take conditions

between artistic supply and social demand have become vitiated, if the conditions of the market, or of society, are unfavourable to the reception of products of true worth, then the artist must to some extent be an active party in the struggle for getting things set right.

That does not mean that, if he has a gift for the designing of stage-scenery, he should necessarily be involved in a struggle to secure a good drainage system (though even that should have an interest for him) but it does mean very much that he should be tremendously interested in the education of his own and the public mind to the point of receiving good drama rather than bad, in order that his art may have worthy material to work upon; and as good drama largely arises from a lively conscience and the quickening in the community of new ideas, he will wish his public a keen and open mind on all social questions.

Similarly a man who designs for textile fabrics should be very much concerned indeed in getting cleanly conditions and pure air in the towns and dwelling-houses where his designs have to live and look beautiful, or grow ugly and rot. And there you get set before you in small, the opposition between the interests of Art and the supposed interests of trade. It is—or it is supposed to be—in the interest of trade that things should wear out or get broken, and be replaced by other things. It is in the interest of Art that they should not wear out, that they should last; that every-

thing worthy which is given to man's hand to do should have secured to it the greatest possible length of life. And the reason is that the artist, if he be a true artist, realises the value of things, the life value; that he is on the side of creation and not of destruction, of preservation and not of waste. He has within his nature an instinct that the greatest possible longevity is the right condition for all manual labour; that when a man sets his hand to a thing he should have it as his main aim to give good value, to make it so that it will endure. And in this connection I would like to substitute for the words "art training" the word "education." It is in the interests of education that things should be made to last, and that only things should be made of any lasting material that deserve lasting. Nothing should be produced the value of which will become negligible before it is honestly worn out. And so it is in the interest of education, as of Art, that we should eliminate as much as possible the passing and the ephemeral, the demand of mood and fashion, the thing cheaply chosen, cheaply acquired, and cheaply let go; and substitute the thing that we shall have a long use for, and should like to keep permanently—the thing acquired with thought and care, and thoughtfully and carefully preserved because it has in itself a value.

But you won't get any broad exercise of that kind of choice between evil and good until you get a sense of right values—going far away

from what apparently touches art—in the mind, and the public and private life of the community. And so, as I started by saying, true Art is bound up with true education and social conditions. Good citizenship is one of the conditions for setting national Art upon a proper basis. A lively sense of your duty to your neighbour cannot fail to have an effect upon your taste in art.

Now I want to bring this view of things home to you. So I will ask everyone here to think for a moment of their own homes, their own living-rooms, and especially of their parlours or drawing-rooms, which are by their nature intended to express not so much our domestic necessities as our domestic sense of the value of beauty, recreation, and rest. And to begin with, how do you show your sense of duty to the architect, who has (if you are fortunate) designed for you rooms of pleasant and restful proportions? How many of the objects in those rooms help at all to give a unifying and a harmonious effect, or are in themselves in any way beautiful—things, that is to say, which (if not of actual use) we love to set our eyes on, and feel what fineness of skill in handling, what clean human thought in design went to their production? Have those things been put there quite irrespective of their price and the display they make of their owner's "comfortable circumstances"? Are they subordinated to a really intelligent sense of what a living-room should be? Or are they

merely a crowd, a litter, things flung into the room pell-mell by a house-mistress bent on securing for her parlour-maid a silly hour's dusting every day of objects—not of virtue—and for herself the recognition by her neighbours that she has money enough to throw away in making her living-room a silly imitation of a shop for bric-a-brac. Can you, even those of you who do not live in streets where you have to safeguard your privacy—can you look out of the window without being tickled in the face by lace curtains, blind-tassels, or potted palm-leaves? Can you sit down to the writing-table without entangling the legs of your chair in a woolly mat and your feet in the waste-paper basket, or get at the drawer of the cabinet without moving two or three arm-chairs, or play the piano without causing the crocks which stand upon it to jangle? Is the rest and recreation you get in that room anything else but a sense of self-complacency based upon pride of possession? I ask you to think what your furnishing of your rooms means, and remember that to every person who comes into those rooms—and more especially perhaps to the maids whom you set to dust them—you are helping to give either an Art-training or an anti-Art training, a training in true uses and values, or in misuses and mere waste and wantonness.

Of course I know that to some extent you are victims. You have dear friends who will give you presents, and you can't hurt their

feelings by not putting up another shelf, or erecting another glass-shade, where neither are wanted, or driving another peg into the wall to hang a picture where no picture can be properly seen. And probably the reason you cannot is because you have shown yourself so thoughtless and haphazard in all your ideas about decoration and house-furnishing that even in that house, which you falsely assert to be your castle, you stand defenceless before this invasion of ornamental microbes! Obviously the house is not yours if others can break in and spoil its borders with their own false taste. But I can assure you that those inroads do not happen to people whose rooms show a scrupulous sense of selection. You inspire then (even in the thoughtless) a certain dread and respect. Though they regard you as uncanny and call you a crank, you are beginning their Art-training for them.

I remember, in this connection, a Quaker acquaintance whose friends descended upon him at the time of his marriage with certain household monstrosities which he was expected thereafter to live down to. It was a cataclysm which he could not avert; but he found a remedy. He became a passive resister to the Education rate, and year by year he placed at the disposal of the distraining authorities a selection of his wedding-presents till his house was purged of them. I have said that you cannot separate Art-training from general education; and here, at all events, you find

the two happily combined—a war on bad art and on a bad educational system joined economically in one.

So much, then, for thoughtless superfluity as an impediment to a recognition of true values. I want now to come to the importance of permanence as a condition underlying the aim of all production if it is to be wholesome in its social results. I have said that an instinct for permanence is what differentiates artistic from supposed trade interests. Take architecture. Do you imagine that architects or builders are likely to design or build in the same style for a system of short leaseholds as they might for freeholds? And is the building which is calculated just to "save its face" until the lease expires likely to be so good either in design or workmanship?

Read, in that connection, what Coventry Patmore says in his essay on "Greatness in Architecture":

"The house and cottage builder of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was," he says, "fully aware that the strength of a rafter lay rather in its depth than its breadth, and that, for a time at least, a few boards two inches thick and ten inches deep, set edgeways, would suffice to carry the roof, which nevertheless it pleased him better to lay upon a succession of beams ten inches square. It is the reality, and the modest ostentation of the reality, of such superfluous substantiality that constitutes the whole secret of effect in many

an old house that strikes us as " architectural," though it may not contain a single item of architectural ornament ; and, in the very few instances in which modern buildings have been raised in the same fashion, the beholder at once feels that their generous regard for the far future is of almost as poetical a character as the aged retrospect of a similar house of the time of Henry VII. or Elizabeth. A man," he goes on, " now hires a bit of ground for eighty or ninety years ; and, if he has something to spare to spend on beauty, he says to himself : ' I will build me a house that will last my time, and what money I have to spare I will spend in decorating it. Why should I waste my means in raising wall and roof which will last five times as long as I or mine shall want them ? ' The answer is : Because that very ' waste ' is the truest and most striking ornament ; and though your and your family's enjoyment of a house thus magnanimously built may last but a tenth of its natural age, there lies in that very fact an ' ornament ' of the most noble and touching kind, which will be obvious at all seasons to yourself and every beholder, though the consciousness of its cause may be dormant ; whereas the meanness of the other plan will be only the more apparent with every penny you spend in making it meretricious."

Again, are you likely to get so good an architectural design where you cannot be fairly sure that the use for which the building is raised is likely to be permanent ? And do our modern

trade conditions and present enormous demand for thoughtless superfluities tend to make that prospect more probable? If not, then instability of trade, or trade directed to the satisfaction of frivolous and ephemeral demands is bad for architecture, and hinders any worthy development in it of national characteristics.

But there, mind you, in trade, lies to-day the very life of the nation; for the life of our teeming millions depends on it. By our industrial specialisation in the pursuit of wealth vast numbers of us have ceased to be self-supporting in the necessaries of life. And the question for artists is, are we basing our national life on conditions that cannot secure permanence and stability in the things which we produce? Is it a necessary condition of our industrial development that things should have a shorter life and we a shorter use for them than in the old days? To the artist the drawback of machine-made things is not necessarily in the mechanism of their production (for in some cases your machine relieves the human hand of a hard and wearing monotony), but there is a very obvious drawback if it imposes upon the worker merely another form of hard and wearing monotony, and at the same time shortens the life of the thing produced. If handicraft does not offer to the worker worthier conditions for hand and brain, and insure longer life in the thing produced, it is no good pinning our faith to it. Eliminate it, and let machinery take its place. You have

not, then, in the transfer, destroyed any right values, and you are not going counter to the conditions which tend to produce national Art.

But, as an example of the particular value which does sometimes attach to hand labour (irrespective of its artistic value), I have here a small unused sample of chair-cover material of English make, produced about eighty years ago, at a probable cost—so I am told by experts—of under £2 the square yard. The chairs it was made to cover are now in my possession. During the twenty-five years of my own personal acquaintance with them they have had plenty of hard wear ; but even at the corners that material has not yet begun to wear out ; and the colour has only become softer and more mellow in quality.

Within the last ten years I endeavoured to get that covering matched in a modern material, and I paid for the nearest match I could get about one-fifth of the price I have quoted. That material has already gone shabby ; and where it is most worn and faded the colour, instead of mellowing, has gone dead and dirty in quality. The older material will probably outlast my time.

There, then, are the comparative values of the old and the new material. You pay the higher price for the old, but in the end it is more economical. And it has this double advantage (or what would be a double advantage in a State where industrial conditions were sound), that it inclines its possessor to adopt a

more permanent style of furnishing, by making age beautiful and change unnecessary ; and so it sets free a great amount of human labour for other purposes ; not merely the labour of the textile workers who have not to provide new covers, but the labour of the upholsterers, who are not called upon to rip off a series of old covers and fit on new ones, dragging old nails out and driving fresh nails in, with the result that the framework of the chair itself is presently worn out and a new one required in its place. All that labour is saved.

That small example is important because it exemplifies those possibilities of permanence attaching to certain forms of hand-labour out of which can be developed a school of textile manufacture indigenous in character—indigenous in that you give it time to become embedded in its domestic setting, and to make for itself domestic history. It enables you to develop an appreciation for subtleties of colour, and to secure tones and harmonies which you cannot get ready-made in a shop : it gives to a piece of furniture life-value.

But it is bad for trade !

Now why is it bad for trade ? It is bad for trade because our modern industrial conditions have brought us to this pass, that it is no longer our national aim to direct labour and set it free for other work that really needs to be done. Our national problem is rather to find work for people, at times even to invent needs, and to create a fictitious turnover in

trade so that we may not have upon our hands an enormous increase of the unemployed problem. And as hands go begging, as we have more hands in the country than we can employ on useful and fit labour (fit, I mean, for such fine implements as these and for the brains behind them), therefore hands are inevitably put to degrading uses, and the joy goes out of work; and for the delight (or at least the intelligent patience) of true craftsmanship is substituted the soul-destroying bondage of mechanical labour at something which is not really worth producing.

You may take that, I think, as a test whether a State is in industrial health or disease—whether, namely, it tends more in the direction of setting labour free for other and higher purposes (through the permanent quality of its products), and so evolving an aristocracy of labour; or whether (owing to their ephemeral quality) it constantly tends to invent work of a lower and more trivial kind, and to provide jobs of an ephemeral character which are not really wanted.

Now bad and wasteful taste is directly productive, not so much of trade as of fluctuations in trade, because that sort of taste soon tires and asks for change; and the consequence is that thousands of workers (especially women, whose industries used to be home industries before machinery drew them out of the homes) are in this country constantly being thrown out of one useless employment into another, and very often have to pass through a fresh

apprenticeship at a starvation wage. And so, when we create frivolous demands for things that we shall not want the day after to-morrow, we are not (as we too often think) doing anything that is really good for trade, but only something much more horrible, which you will understand without my naming it.

You see, then, how very closely the artist's inclination toward permanence of taste may be connected with morality. And if that instinct for permanence (with an accompanying adaptation of material and design to making things last their full time without waste) is not present in the craftsmanship of our day, then we have not got the true basis, either in spirit or material, for Art to build upon.

Now I am going to put before you some quite homely instances, because I think they will stick best in your memories, in order to show you that the real struggle of the artist to-day is not so much to secure appreciation of beauty in line and texture, as honesty of construction, and real adaptation of form to utility and of production to lastingness. I have been noticing, with quite simple objects of domestic use, that the trade-purpose toward them seems almost the opposite. The trade purpose is to present us with an article which, apparently sound in construction, will break down at some crucial point before the rest of it is worn out. A watering can, a carving fork, a kettle, a dustbin, a coal scuttle, the fixings of a door-handle, are generally made, I find, on an

ignobly artful plan which insures that they shall break down just at that point where the wear and tear come hardest, so that an article otherwise complete shall be scrapped wastefully or go back to the trade to be tinkered.

But leave things the actual design of which you cannot control, and come to dress, our own daily wearing apparel. I do not know if the men of my audience are aware that undergarments wear out much quicker if they are tight-fitting and worn at a stretch than if they are loose, but that is so. And, in consequence, a smart shopman has the greatest reluctance to sell you anything that is, as he conceives it, one size too large for you. The reason being that the looser fit lasts longer and is bad for trade—that it makes for endurance instead of for galloping consumption.

In the majority of houses whose cold water systems I have inspected the pipes are nearly always run at the most exposed angle of the containing walls, so that if there is a frost, the frost may have a chance of getting at the pipes and bursting them, and so give the trade a fresh job. Again, every housewife knows that in the ordinary daily conflicts between tea-sets and domestic service more cups get broken than saucers. And I suppose every household in London has got some corner shelf piled with superfluous saucers (useless widowers mourning the departure of their better halves); but it is very exceptional—only in one shop that I know—that one is able to replace the cup (in certain

stock patterns) without encumbering oneself with the saucer which one does not want. The saucers continue to be made in wasteful superabundance, because waste of that sort is "good for trade."

I have been assured by an observant housewife that certain articles do now and again appear upon the market specially designed to safeguard by little constructive devices, the main point of wear-and-tear through which they become useless, and that presently these things disappear and are unobtainable, presumably because they prove too lasting, and so are "bad for trade." And they are allowed to disappear because we, as a community, have not sufficiently set our hearts and minds against waste and uselessness. We buy cheaply because we think cheaply, and because we have lost our sense of honour towards the products of men's hands, and toward that wonderful instrument itself which we are content to put to such base uses, letting the workers themselves see how much we despise the things they have made.

I have seen in London a comic music-hall "turn" in which the comedy largely consisted in a continuous breakage of piles of plates by a burlesque waiter, who, in the course of his duties, either drops them, falls against them, sits on them, or kicks them. During the turn I should say some thirty or forty plates get broken. They were cheap plates, no doubt; but it seems to me that if there is any fun in this

monotonous repetition of destruction, then the greater the cost and waste of human labour the more irresistibly comic should the situation appear; and the management which provided Worcester or Dresden china for its low-comedy wits to play upon would have logical grounds for considering that it was thereby supplying its audience with livelier entertainment more satisfying to its taste.*

Now what I want you to see is that such a production would not be entertaining to an audience which had not come to regard the labour of man's hands with a licentious indifference—which had not developed the gambler's contempt for the true relations between labour and value. And here I want to put before you a proposition which may at first shock you, but which I hope to prove true. And that is that labour in itself, apart from its justification in some useful result, is bad and degrading; the man who is put to work which he knows is to have no result comes from that work more degraded and crushed in spirit than the man who merely "loafs" and lives "naturally."

Perhaps the readiest example of that is the old treadmill system which was once employed in our prisons, where the prisoner was set to grind at a crank artificially adjusted to his physical strength, but having no useful result; and I believe that the main reason why prisoners

* *By that reckoning we in Europe are to-day the best comedians the world has ever seen. Out of peace-conditions nations produce their wars.*

on those machines were not allowed to grind their own bread or put their strength to any self-supporting industry was because it was "bad for trade" and brought them into competition with the contractors who supplied food to his Majesty's prisons. It was not the monotony half so much as the consciousness that it was without result which made that form of labour so degrading and so utterly exhausting to mind and body. You might think it was the compulsion ; but I am not sure that compulsion to work may not sometimes be very moral and salutary. At any rate, here is an instance of the same thing presented under voluntary conditions. A man out of work applied to a farmer for a job ; the farmer had no job for him, and told him so ; but as the man persisted he started him at half a crown a day to move a heap of stones from one side of the road to the other. And when the man had done that and asked what next he was to do, he told him to move them back again ! But though that man was out of work, and was on his way to earn the half-crown, rather than submit his body to the conscious degradation of such useless labour, he did as the farmer had calculated on his doing, and threw up the job.

That same quality of outrage and degradation attends on all labour that is subject, within the worker's knowledge, to wanton destruction, or is obviously of no real use or of "faked" value. And the finer the skill employed the greater the anguish of mind, or else the hard

callousness of indifference which must result. Call upon men to make useless things, or things which you mean wantonly to destroy the day after to-morrow, or to which by the conditions you tolerate you make a fair length of life impossible—call upon labour to do those things, and you are either filling its spirit with misery and depression, or you are making it, in self-defence, callous and hard.

Industrial conditions which encourage the building of houses that are only intended to last a lease; which permit the destruction of our canal system because that means of transit has proved a dangerous rival to the railway, system; which impose a quick change in fashions on which depend various kinds of ephemeral and parasitic industries; which encourage a vast production of ephemeral journalism and magazine illustration which after a single reading is thrown aside and wasted—all these things, which have become nationalised in our midst, are a national anti-Art training. We English have, as the result of these things, no national school of architecture; we have no national costume (though I myself can remember the time when in our Midland counties not only the farm labourer, but the small yeoman farmer himself went to church as well as to labour in the beautiful smock-frock worn by their forefathers) and we have killed out from our midst one of the most beautiful national schools of popular art that ever existed, the school of the illus-

trators of the 'sixties ; and we have done these things mainly from our increasing haste to get hold of something new, and our almost equal haste, when we have it, to throw it away again.

We have cast our bread upon the waters. The sort of wealth to the pursuit of which nations have committed themselves needs (it now appears) an enormous amount of protection. And it cannot have been without some demoralising effect upon the mind of the community that we have been driven by our outstanding necessities to build every year six or seven of those enormous engines of destruction called " Dreadnoughts," whose effective lease of life is about 20 years, something considerably shorter than the lease of life which we allow for our most jerry-built lodging-houses ! And on these short-lived products of industry (which are to-day the sign and symbol and safeguard of our world-power), our aristocracy of labour has been spending its strength, and the nation has now to depend on them for its safety. The cost of building a " Dreadnought " is about the same as the cost of building St. Paul's Cathedral. Imagine to yourself a nation building every year six or seven St. Paul's Cathedrals, with the consciousness that in twenty-five or thirty years they will all again be levelled to the dust, and you will get from that picture something of the horror which an artist is bound to feel at the necessity which thus drives us forward, even in peace-time, to the continuous destruction,

on such a colossal scale, of the labour of men's hands. And the more it is revealed to us to-day (by the present catastrophe) as an absolute political necessity, the more is the disorder of civilization we have arrived at condemned.

Well, I must leave now, in that example I have set before you, the wasteful aspect of modern industry, in order to touch briefly on another, and an almost equally hateful aspect, which I will call "the vivisection of modern industry." I mean its subdivision into so many separate departments, or rather fragments, that it loses for the mind of the worker all relation to the thing made—that time-saving device at the expense of the human hand and brain, which we glorify under the term "specialisation." Now, however much you may defend that system on ground of trade competition, the artist is bound by his principles to regard it as a national evil; for anything which tends to take away the worker's joy and pride in the distinctiveness of his trade and to undo its human elements is anti-Art training. And so that inhuman specialisation which (for the sake of trade cheapness) sets down a man to the performance of one particular mechanical action all his life, in the making of some one particular part of some article which in its further stages he is never to handle, or a woman to stamp out the tin skeleton of a button, with her eyes glued to one spot for ten hours of the day—all these dehumanising things are anti-Art

because they are destructive of life-values. We have erected them into a system, and while cutting prices by such means at one end, we are mounting up costs at the other. We are promoting, maybe, a quicker circulation of the currency of the realm, but we are impoverishing the currency of the race. For that hard mechanical efficiency we are paying a price which is eating up all our real profits; quite apart from its effect in the increase of lunacy and of the unfit birth-rate and death-rate among children, it is helping to implant in the whole world of labour a bitter and a revengeful spirit which we have no right to wonder at or to blame. And the results affect us not only in our workshops but in our pastimes, by driving those whose labour is so conditioned into a more consumptive form of pleasure-seeking and relaxation. You cannot put people into inhuman conditions for long hours of each day, and expect them to be normal and humane when you turn them out to their short hours of leisure. I am pointing to conditions which you know probably as well as, or better than, I do; but I am pointing to them for the express purpose of saying that you cannot dissociate them from your national appreciation of Art. The more you can connect the worker with the raw material on the one hand and the finished product on the other, the more surely you are establishing conditions out of which national Art can grow; and the more you dissociate him

from these two ends of his material the more you make national Art impossible.

I will give you an instance, quite away from sweated labour conditions, where you will see at once how wasteful and opposed to Art is this system of breaking up craftsmanship into departments. It was an architect who told me that the following system is quite frequently followed in dealing with the stone out of which we build the outside walls of our modern churches. It is hewn at the quarries into a rough surface, thoroughly expressive of the stonemason's craft, and not in any way too rough for its purpose. It is then taken and submitted by machinery to a grinding process which makes it mechanically smooth, and it is then handed over to other workmen who give back to it a chiselled surface of an absolutely uniform and mechanical character which expresses nothing. And with that wanton and wasteful lie we are content to set up temples to the God of Truth !

Now if the Church has become so blind to the values of life, and so lacking in any standard of honour toward the labour of men's hands, as to allow itself to be so clothed in falsehood, yet I do still plead that those who call themselves artists shall protest by all means in their power against the systematisation of such indignities toward handicraft. That is the sort of thing against which any national Art training we have ought to fight.

How can we fight ? Best of all, I believe,

by establishing a standard of honour toward manual labour ; and, quite definitely, wherever we have Art schools, by training all students to hate and despise shams and to loathe all waste of labour. But, perhaps, the most direct way would be for the State to set up, in every town, in connection with its Art schools and its technical schools, a standard of honesty by practical demonstration, in the staple industry of the locality. I would not trouble, so long as that industry had a useful purpose, how much or how little it was connected with Art ; but I would give the youth of that place the chance of an honest apprenticeship under true human conditions to the trade in which they might be called upon to spend their lives. I would not have those schools of labour adopt any amateurishness of method or standard ; they should not obstinately reject the aid of machinery where machinery can relieve monotony, but they should very carefully consider at what stage the dehumanising element came in, either by substituting mechanism for skill, or by separating the worker too much from his work in its completed form. And from those schools of labour I would allow people to purchase all the work of these State-apprentices which their master-craftsmen could pass as being of a standard quality. They would not compete in point of cheapness with the trade article, for their price would almost certainly be higher, but they would, I trust, compete

in point of quality and design ; and by exhibiting a standard, and making the thing procurable, they might create a demand which the very trade itself would at last be forced to recognise.

This is but a very bald and brief statement of the kind of extension I mean ; but what I want to put to you is this, that wherever a nation has turned from agriculture to trade, there, if you want national Art you must invade those trade conditions and set up your standard of honour, not outside, but in the trades themselves ; you must get hold of those who are going to be your workers and craftsmen and put into them (by exhibiting to them manual labour under right human conditions the old craftsman's pride which existed in the days of the Guilds, when the trade unions were not merely organisations to secure good wages, but to secure good work, and to maintain a standard of honour in labour. But you must not stop there. To make your training in any true sense national you must make it characteristic, or rather it must make itself. It must aim at bringing out racial and local character ; and before it can do so we must recover that love of locality which we have so largely lost. A mere multiplication of schools and classes where a departmental system evolved at some city centre is put in force, is not national : it is only metropolitan, perhaps only departmental. You can put such a system, in a certain superficial way, into the heads and hands of your local students, but

you cannot put it into the blood. Unless your Art training enters into and links up the lives of those you would teach with a larger sense of citizenship, it isn't national. They won't carry it away with them into their daily pursuits, they won't make a spontaneous and instinctive application of it; they will only come to it at class-hours, and, when class-hours are over, quit again. I have spoken of the necessity of a standard of honour toward labour, but we need also a standard of honour toward life. It is still, you see, values—life-values—that I am trying to get at as a basis for Art.

Now to some of you I must have seemed, in all conscience, gloomy and pessimistic in my outlook on present conditions; and therefore, before I end, I will try to emit a ray of hope. There are certain social developments going on around us which make me hope that we may yet emerge from this valley of the shadows through which we are still stumbling. One is that there has been in the last generation a very general breakdown of the old artificial class notion of the kind of work which was compatible with "gentility." And one meets to-day people, whose culture has given them every chance to develop that standard of honour toward life (without which their claim to be gentry means nothing); you meet with many such people nowadays who have come back to manual labour in various forms, in farming, in horticulture, and in craftsmanship—some also, I am glad to say,

who have become shopkeepers—and who are bringing, presumably, their standard of honour to bear on those trades on which they no longer foolishly look down. Among these a definite revival of handicraft is taking place, and where they are doing their work honestly and well they are undoubtedly inculcating a better taste. It is especially among this class which has come back to handicraft that one meets with domestic interiors of a fine and scrupulous simplicity which we may eventually see imitated (meretriciously, perhaps, but on the whole beneficially) even in lodging-houses which are at present the dust-hung mausoleums of the aesthetic movement of thirty years ago.

Another matter for congratulation—not a movement, but a survival—is the unspoiled tradition of beauty which still exists in the cottage gardens of England. There, in our villages, you find a note of beauty that has scarcely been touched by the evil of our modern conditions. And I take it as a proof that where, by some happy chance, we have managed to "let well alone," there the instinct for beauty and for fitness is still a natural ingredient of industrial life. That survival of taste in our cottage gardens is culture in the best sense of the word; and it is still popular. We do not yet dig our gardens by machinery; when we do they will die the death.

And two other bright points of movement, which I look to as having in them the basis of a true Art training, are the widespread

revival, in so many of our towns and villages, through the efforts of Miss Mary Neal, Mr. Cecil Sharp and others, of our old folk-songs and Morris dances, and lastly—perhaps I shall surprise you—the Boy Scout movement.

Coming into contact with these two movements, I have found that they have in them certain elements in common. Instituted with a rare combination of tact and enthusiasm, they have taken hold of the blood; they have got home at a certain point in boy and girl nature which has already made them become native. I find that these two organisations tend to develop among their members grace and vigour of movement, good manners, a cheerful spirit, a more alert interest in the things about them, a feeling of comradeship, and best of all, a certain sense of honour toward life. And therefore, even in a place technically devoted to the training of students, I say boldly that I see nowhere better hope of a sound basis for national Art than in this revival of village dancing and folk-song and in the Boy Scout movement.

The assertion may perhaps seem strange and ironic to some of you that it is not from a study of beautiful objects that the sense of beauty can be made national, but only in the recovery of an ordered plan for our social and industrial life, and in the finding of a true and worthy purpose for all that our hands are put to do. But in that connection you may remember how Ruskin maintained that great

Art has only flourished in countries which produced in abundance either wine or corn; in countries, that is to say, where the greatest industries were those with which we most readily associate that note of joy which has become proverbial, the joy of the harvest. It is perhaps too much to dream that we shall ever again see England living upon its own corn; and the greatest forms of Art may, therefore, remain for ever beyond our reach. But until a nation does honour to the human hand as the most perfect and beautiful of all instruments under the sun, by giving it only honourable and useful tasks—until then I must rather wish you to be good valuers, keen—indignantly keen—to destroy the false values which you see about you, than that you should be either good draughtsmen or good artists.

You can do honest and good work as designers and illustrators and architects, as workers in wood and metal and stone; but you are hampered and bound by the conditions of your day, and you cannot by your best efforts make Art national till you have established joy in labour. No great school of Art can ever arise in our midst in such a form as to carry with it through all the world its national character, until the nation itself has found that voice (which to-day seems so conspicuously absent, even when we close our shops to make holiday); I mean the voice of joy.

CONSCIOUS AND UNCONSCIOUS IMMORTALITY.

(1915.)

WE are frequently told (more especially by those whose profession it is to preach belief in a revealed religion), that if man be not endowed with an immortal soul, then the game of life is not worth the candle. Incidentally we are warned that if the bottom were knocked out of that belief, morals would go to pieces and humanity would become reprobate.

Now I can imagine a similar sort of claim put forward in other departments of life for other pursuits which seem to their advocate to make life more appetising.

I can imagine sportsmen saying that without sport men would cease to be manly, morals and physique would deteriorate and life be no longer worth living. I can imagine the butcher saying that without meat, and the licensed victualler that without beer, men were of all things the most miserable. I have recently seen advertisements which say that only by supporting the cinema (made beautiful by the feet of Charlie Chaplin), can we hope to be victorious in the present war.

The assertion that man cannot do without certain things which, as a matter of fact, vast numbers of his fellows are constantly doing

without—(and with no very marked set-back as regards health, efficiency, or general morals) —is a questionable way of forcing home conviction that these things or beliefs are indispensable. It is quite possible that beer, meat, the pursuit of game, the personality of Charlie Chaplin, and a belief in immortality are all alike capable of giving stimulus to the human soul (especially to those souls which have come by habit to depend upon them). But it is quite certain that other human souls have found without them sufficient stimulus to make life worth living. And though, against that fact, it may be argued that these unconsciously receive their driving force, their social and ethical standards, from those whose motive power they reject as superfluous, and that we, who do not go to see Charlie Chaplin on the films, are winning this war somewhat circuitously through the powers of those who do—the argument is hardly a convincing one, since it remains for ever in the nature of an unproved hypothesis.

But when the majority of those who believe in personal immortality are asked for the ground of their belief, it generally resolves itself into this : they have an intense individual conviction that it is so—so intense that to hold the contrary becomes " unthinkable." But that intense, individual conviction, over things we greatly care about, is a constant phenomenon of the working of the human mind, and is not limited to belief in a future

state. To a convinced Liberal it is " unthinkable " that he should ever pass into such a state of mental annihilation as to become a Conservative. To a convinced Conservative it is unthinkable that he should fall from the grace which guides him into the slough of Liberalism. It is the same with Protestant or Catholic, with Socialist, Universalist, or Sectarian : conviction always presents an adamantine front to opposing forces and arguments—so long as it lasts.

The same phenomenon constantly occurs in the domain of the amative passion. The lover (if he be really in love), believes that his love will last for ever—that nothing can possibly change it ; and all the evidence in the world that lovers of a like faith have too often lived to see the immortal dream put on mortality, will fail to convince him (while he is in the toils) that his own love is liable to any such change as theirs.

The reason is that strongly vitalised forces always carry with them a sense of permanence.

The vital spark (focused within us by strong conviction or emotion), is but an individually apprehended part of a great whole: for this thread of life passing through us has already stretched itself out over millions of years, and countless atavisms have touched it to individual ends which were not ours ; the will to live has clung to it by myriads of adhesions, feelers, tentacles, and not by human hands alone (though our palms still moisten,

and our arms fly upward to the imaginary branch overhead when danger of falling threatens us, because the instinct of our arboreal ancestry still prevails in us over reason). And through those atavisms, the struggle to secure survival for the family, the clan, the race, has left an impress which may very naturally convey from the general to the individual a sense of immortality.

For of all these constituent forces the majority knew and thought very little about death, except in their instinctive and spasmodic efforts to escape from it ; and when at last man began to envisage death consciously and philosophically, straightway, with all these atavisms behind him, he belittled it with dreams of a future life.

It was as perfectly natural a thing to do as for the lover to declare that his love for his mistress was eternal and not merely for a season, since any lesser statement would fail to convey adequately the intensity of the force by which he was moved. Moreover, though in millions of individual cases the statement and the sincere belief that the love experienced will remain changeless and eternal, are contradicted by later fact, it is at least true that the passion itself is an ever-recurring phenomenon of life, and does, by its infinite recurrence and resurrection in form beyond form through evolving generations, present to finite minds an aspect of immortality. Just as the water we drink is an imperishable thing,

though after drinking it we shall thirst again, so is that love, which satisfies the lover's soul, a principle of life extending illimitably beyond his own use for it. And if that be true about love, why should it not be true about life ?

For surely (put it thus), when across limited vision a thread passes, of which the eye can see neither the beginning nor the end, and when upon that thread, for the time being, the limited life hangs all its hopes, is it not quite natural for that clinging life to identify itself, through the closeness of its momentary contact, with the spiritually apprehended whole, and to identify with that concept of a general continuity its own present degree of individual consciousness. Moreover, in a world governed by cause and effect, it can hardly be predicated that the results either of love or hatred, individually indulged, are not, or may not be illimitable, even though the individual spirit be not there to preside consciously over their extended operations.

When, therefore, so much is true, when so many elements which pass through our lives have (by association), links and connections which to finite minds seem infinite, they may well impress us (by reason of the close identification established between us and them for the time being) with a sense that our own individual share and apprehension of them are addressed also to a universal goal.

" Universal," for surely mere continuity—a stretching out of length without corre-

sponding breadth—ought not to be the limit of our claim. Yet it is significant that, in their demand for personal immortality, so many thinkers have found sufficient satisfaction in the idea of an extended survival through time into eternity, without making a corresponding demand for extension into unity through space. They are willing, that is to say, to put up for all eternity with those limitations of personality which they enjoy—the relations of *meum* and *tuum* upon which the possessive life of the senses is based, but not with those limitations (the prospect of which they do not enjoy), the termination of those same relationships imposed by death. It seems rather a one-sided way of doing things—this narrowing of the claim in a two-dimensional direction (one might almost say in a one-dimensional), yet it has been very generally done—I shall presently hope to show why—and most of our Western theology has built up our future hopes for us entirely on those lines. Personality, the sort of personality we have learned to enjoy, is based upon limitations. Abolish limitations in your conception of future life, and for the majority of those pious minds which now clamour for it as their due you abolish personality also; it is swallowed up not in death but in a life from which the individual power to focus and to enjoy has disappeared.

It is true that there has now begun, in modern socialistic Christianity, a yeasting of

desire for an all round, or expansive, as well as a forward, or extensive personality after death; that an all-embracing and not merely an all-surviving consciousness is more and more predicated for the full satisfaction of man's spiritual need. But that was by no means the form of moral hunger which permeated primitive or mediæval Christianity, and sufficed, we are to suppose, to keep poor human nature from that depravity into which it will fall if belief in personal immortality is surrendered. Oregon, as we know, looked forward to finding in the nether groans of the damned a full completion of the orchestral harmonies of Heaven; and in the whole conception of immortality as it has illumined the path of the Church from its beginning down to quite modern times, individualism has been rampant. On that basis, so long as it satisfied his moral conscience, man did great things with it, making it shine as a great light by the unflinching witness which he bore to its efficacy through suffering and through martyrdom.

It is probably true that an individualistic form to the doctrine was then, and always will be, necessary to attract those whose lives have been run from a highly individualised standpoint; and that, for them, death-bed consolation would hardly be achieved in the presentation of a doctrine so defined as to threaten annihilation to all the fetish worship and social values of the past.

"God would think twice," said a courtly

French Abbé of the seventeenth century to a King's mistress who, upon her death-bed, was seized by spiritual qualms—"God would think twice before damning a lady of your quality." And no one who holds by class-distinctions really wishes to find in the New Jerusalem any abolition of that respect for persons or prejudices which has, in this world, been the main ground on which their self-esteem and their estimate of personality have been based.

To them the most "unthinkable" proposition would be not the contraction of the future world to narrower and more select limits than those of the one they know, but a future world conducted on any code of morals which had not their own entire approval and sanction.

We are told that the late Queen Victoria looked forward with very great interest to a future meeting with the Hebrew patriarchs, with Abraham, Moses, and Elijah, but hoped to be excused from any personal acquaintance with King David on account of his affair with Bathsheba. And when we realise how very often the hope of Heaven is really a species of self-love and self-applause, conditional on Heaven being what we ourselves want it to be, one is led to wonder whether the real condition for entry into that state of bliss may not prove to be the precise opposite, and whether the disciplinary motto upon its portal may not be those mystic words, hitherto

attributed to another place, " All hope abandon ye who enter here." That, after all, is only a more emphatic way of stating what Christ Himself laid down as the path by which man should attain ; that only those namely who were ready to lose life should find it. And I rather question whether our Christian individualists have, up till now, been honestly prepared to " lose life " in the full sense, without condition or reserve, and whether, (if they have not), they have yet attained the spiritual standpoint necessary to bring them within the terms of the promise.

So far I have dealt with the doctrine of immortality as presented to us from the individualistic basis alone. But, in some form or another, the doctrine of immortality belongs to many religions and schools (indeed, one might almost say to all) and has, therefore, most varied and even contradictory meanings attached to it. In some schools, as we have seen, it sets great store on the survival of the individual ; in others individuality is held to be of small account—a diminishing rather than a persistent factor in the ultimate ends of life viewed as a whole.

I remember in that connection discussing with the late Father George Tyrrell, in the days before Rome's excommunication fell on him, the divergent views as to immortality of Christianity and Buddhism ; and at that time he held that the superiority of the Christian faith lay in its insistence on the personal

immortality, conscious and self-contained, of every human being. Some years later, a month before his death, we discussed the matter again; and I asked him then, in what degree, if at all, his view as to personal immortality had changed. His answer gave me a curious instance of those scientific analogies by which Modernism has been seeking to deliver the Roman Church from its mediæval entanglements.

"In the main," he said, "I have only changed in my apprehension of what 'personality' really is. Just as one may find in an hysterical subject five or six pseudo-personalities which reveal themselves in turn, each one of which is a character quite separately and consistently defined, but not one of them (however completely in possession for the time) a real person, so it seems to me must we regard all those limitations of 'personality' which find expression in individual form. There is only one true personality, and that is Christ; anything less than the one all-embracing whole is but a simulacrum, concealing rather than revealing the true substance and form."

I cannot pretend to give his actual words, but I believe that I have accurately stated the sense of them; and you will see, I think, that they go a long way toward the adaptation of the Christian to the Buddhistic standpoint. That tendency, I believe, we shall find more and more at work in the Christian Church as

time goes on—not merely because by such a definition the doctrine will be better able to hold its own against the inroads of science—but because it gives also a better response to that socialising genius of the human race which is coming more and more to demand a perfect unity as the ultimate expression of good.

That, then, we shall probably find to be the future tendency of idealism. There remains, of course, the Rationalistic school of thought, by which the possibility of individual or personal survival after death is from first to last either absolutely denied or very severely discountenanced as an idea based upon wholly insufficient evidence.

Nevertheless, in some form or another, immortality, conscious or unconscious, personal or impersonal, is accepted by all schools alike; the scientific law of the conservation of energy being one form of it which human reason would now find it very difficult to deny.

Let us for one moment apply that law to our own individual lives and consciousness.

Has life convinced us that we are all self-contained persons? Through social contact we have undergone many changes, many damages, and many repairs. Parts of us have gone to other people, parts of other people have come to us. We have shed and have absorbed quite as much spiritually as materially; and though through our material changes we retain a certain likeness, so that friends

meeting us after a seven years' absence recognise us again in bodies no particle of which have they ever seen before; and though similarly we can recognise our inner selves across wider intervals of time, have we any reason to suppose that our identity is more fixed in the spiritual substance than in the material? For myself, I hope not. May one not prefer the idea of interchange between life and life, to the notion that one is to remain for ever fixed and self-possessed—a thing apart? The more we are compounded of other lives, the more we have contributed to the lives of others—the more can we recognise our entrance into the only eternal life that we can demonstrably be sure about, or that can (so it must seem to many of us), be sensibly desired or deserved. Is Eternal Bliss, in the individual sense, a more tolerable doctrine than eternal Hell-fire? Though, indeed, this latter may be but a scientific statement of fact perverted and made foolish by the theologians. For life, after all, is but a form of combustion for ever going on, and outside of it we know nothing. No doubt the atoms of our being, whether physical or spiritual, will forever form part of it; but I see no reason why our spirits should not be as diffused, through proper elemental changes, as our bodies are now being diffused from day to day; or why I should repine that I personally shall not always be there to preside over the operation and find it good. Even if, at the far end of

this earth's history, everything is again to be reabsorbed in the heat and light out of which it came, I can trust the suns and planets to fulfil their mission of progress—or the will of God—quite as well as, or better than, in my own small sphere I can trust Constitutional Governments or Established Churches. And since these lesser lights, in their foolish and providential dealings, do not confound my faith, neither do the stars in their courses fight against it. Rather do they confirm me in my sense that even the most acute perceptions with which human life is endowed fail of themselves to justify me in any claim to a larger lease of life than can naturally belong to them; for I see in the universe things far greater than any individual man, doing service and sustaining the life of countless millions, (which without them could not live at all), without any prospect of so great a reward.

The eye of the sun itself is blind; and for ever, while it dazzles us with its light, blind it must remain. Nay, what need has it for sight at all, if in blindness it be able to fulfil its mission? And yet implicit within its vast energies, there lies the gift of sight. For that blind Eye of Heaven taught us to see; our substance came from it, our eyes were made by it, and without it was not anything made on earth that was made. And if, by this gift of sight, it has opened to us so vast a space for our understanding to dwell in—bestowing so huge a conception of life on this frail vessel of

clay—if by so giving of itself through long aeons of time it has opened to us so much more than it knows itself, cannot we render back without grudging these shorter, frailer lives of ours, whose brevity, perhaps, is the very price required of us for their enjoyment, since without such limits our far-reaching comprehension of space and its possessions could never have been gained. Should there be any despair, or any depression in the thought that from the blind eye of day and from the powers of its heat was developed the human brain? For if from that apparent Blindness of our Universe came really the eyes of life by which we perceive all things, can we not commit our spirits back to its keeping with an equal trust that what lies ahead will be at least as good as what lies behind, though we be not there to see it?

But the law of the conservation of energy does not in the least satisfy the aspirations of those who are out for personal immortality in the individual sense. To these it seems a grievance that they should have been called into being for any end not wholly satisfying to that Ego which is now laying upon their consciousness the weight of its possessive limitations. This separative quality of the Ego is to them the whole principle of existence; without it they cannot see life. To them, life in any less focused or more diffused form would be no better than annihilation, an obvious setting-back of the evolutionary

process by which creation has led step by step to that degree of self-consciousness realised in the human race.

Do not these objectors forget not merely how considerable a part of human nature already moves and has its being on the lines of a diffused and rather decentralised subconsciousness, but also how largely the genius of the human race has committed to such conditions of separation from all possible enjoyment by the Ego, some of the rarest gifts and highest efforts at self-realisation that the world has ever seen ? It is a condition attaching to all the more permanent forms of expression in the arts, to everything that man designs and makes for the delight of the generations that come after. It is a condition willingly accepted by all who rejoice in their power to throw the influence of their personalities beyond the material uses of their own present existence. And in that willingness to lose out of themselves for future generations—to turn aside from mere physical enjoyment—the life-forces within them, in that willingness artist, poet, and thinker, have come far nearer to the finding of life than those who live indulgently for ends finished by their own absorption thereof.

Now it is the supporters of the individualistic school of thought who have generally urged that grave moral dangers would befall the human race were a belief in personal immortality to perish ; and it is at least

arguable (by minds that can only see values individually), that if man is not to be permanently rewarded or punished for his present and future conduct, he has no reason for conducting himself as a decent part of the social whole, and that it would be better for him to break out on entirely individual lines, live a short and merry life, and throwing all altruistic and ethical considerations to the winds, enjoy himself as much as he can while the material is to him.

On paper that consideration may seem to hold strong ground; but when it is put into practice the facts of life are found to be overwhelmingly against it. For one thing excess and self-indulgence fail to produce enjoyment, for another the socialising of life by mutual aid tends quite obviously to the increase of comfort, safety, and happiness. And where apparently it does not is mainly at that point where rampant individualism grasps and warps it to its own ends, making the social organism subserve not the goodwill of the many but the ill-will of the few.

But the ethical argument about the bad effects of non-belief in personal immortality has been considerably discounted by the growing sensitiveness of the modern conscience —more especially among those who are in a serious sense "free-thinkers"—toward the social ills lying around us. Generally speaking, our sense of duty toward our neighbour is much more lively than it was in the mid-

Victorian era; but our conviction of personal immortality is probably far less. The two things do not go together: the diminution of church attendance in the last fifty years has not worsened the conditions of labour.

It may, however, be argued that an instinct for immortality is still subconsciously at work within us, colouring our actions and directing us on right ethical lines. But if it be a subconscious direction which thus works in us for righteousness, it may equally be to a subconscious end. The subconscious impulse may merely be guiding us to a subconscious realisation which would not at all satisfy the advocates of conscious immortality after death. What works subconsciously can in all probability find satisfaction in a subconscious reward. The chemic processes of the stomach and of the blood, for instance, are largely subconscious in their operation; and their needs may be subconsciously appeased without the brain being told anything about it through the usual intermediaries of taste and mastication. We have a preference for a conscious performance of the functions of life which we have always been accustomed to perform consciously; but a very large proportion of our life-functions work themselves out subconsciously and independently of our will. Our hearts beat, our blood circulates, our nails grow, our stomachs digest, our wounds heal, whether we tell them to or no, and yet we are

quite happy about them. We do not consider (because they operate by a volition of which we are unaware), that therefore we carry about with us a body of death from which our conscious ego must needs shrink in disgust—a dead heart, dead stomach, dead blood—that the unconsciousness which accompanies health is a state nearer to annihilation, and so less to be desired, than the pains accompanying functional disturbances.

When those things happen—functional disturbances—we are conscious of something more immediately relating to death than to life: it is because of local mortification that we become so much aware of things which our immortal part helps us to use unconsciously and without thought. Virtue itself, when engrained, tends to become instinctive and subconscious instead of an effort.

There is quite as much evidence, therefore, in our own bodies that unconsciousness is the real gate to immortal life, and the condition toward which all that is best and highest in us is seeking, as of the contrary teaching that increased self-consciousness is man's final goal. In the functional working of our own bodies an enormous amount of self-consciousness has been eliminated, and we do not for our happiness or self-realisation wish it restored to us; whole tracts and areas are immune from it, or only make a spasmodic grab at our consciousness when things go ill with them. "If you go on doing that," they say, when

you misuse them, "we will make you know that we are here." And so you become conscious of them; but that doesn't make you happier. Yet in a sort of way, I suppose, a man would realise himself more completely if he had sciatica all over him, and could count up his nerves, and tell all his bones by the aches and pains attaching to them.

Now it is easy enough for a man to say (I think it was H. M. Stanley, the explorer, who did say so) that he would rather endure torment for all eternity than accept a state of annihilation. In thus protesting he is talking through his hat of something too far beyond human experience for the mind to realise. Toothache he has probably always found bearable, because he knew that in course of time it would end. On the other hand, sound dreamless sleep is probably not less bearable to him because during that sleep he has not a ghost of a notion that he will ever wake up again. He is carried, that is to say, every day of his life while in health, into a state closely resembling annihilation of consciousness, in which such annihilation has no terrors for him at all; he accepts it as a comfortable part of existence, and goes to it with delight when his faculties are tired. Its attractions for him would naturally be less while all his senses were alert and fresh.

But the waking man is not the whole man; the subconscious life, acquiescent to imposed conditions, occupies by far the larger part of

him. He can, therefore, only predicate the inclinations of his waking hours; in sleep he may revert to a very strong affinity for that annihilation of self-conscious life against which, in his waking hours, he protests his dread.

And now a further word of comfort for those moral teachers who assure us that if once we let go the idea of personal immortality, with its accompanying implications of eternal reward or punishment, the conduct of the human race is bound to degenerate, and that man's only logical motto will then be, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

To refute that deduction we have but to remember that sociology is a thing of ancestry and evolution, and has committed us to a weight of facts against which precept and theory are powerless. We have only to look back into Nature to see how persistently (without, one must suppose, any promise of future reward after death) a contrary instinct emerges from the establishment of the social bond in nest and herd and hive. And why—if that emerging instinct leads on, in man's reasoned estimation, to foolishness—why do we so specially admire the communal life of ant and bee, and incline sometimes to wonder whether (behind so marvellous an order of altruistic energy) there be not concealed more and not less of spiritual apprehension than in the more individualistic forms of insect and animal life? And why, on the contrary,

has the wise cuckoo become a sort of byword for the singular economy with which it has disentangled its life from care or responsibility ?

It is surely very unfair thus to erect the cuckoo into a moral emblem for reprobation, if it is only doing by instinct, what man would do by reason and logic were the darkness of his own destiny made clear to him.

And similarly, it is surely disingenuous on our part to exalt as a moral emblem the instinct of ant and bee to subordinate the life of the individual to the general—if we deny to ant and bee the immortality by which alone such altruism can be recompensed ; or if we are to believe that a clearer knowledge of their future lot would cause them in logic and reason to declare that life on those terms was not worth living, and that " to eat, drink, and die to-morrow " were better than to live longer and labour for a vain repetition of lives like their own indefinitely multiplied. It is ridiculous to impose the moral emblem unless you grant also the justifying conditions.

Because the bee and the ant live unconscious of their impending doom, are we, therefore, to regard them as a hoodwinked race, set to labour at the dictates of the Creative capitalist on terms which contain in them no adequate reward ? Suppose, for a moment, that revelation could descend upon ants' nest and hive, and tell these workers that beyond death the future held for them no

store—that their immortality was the immortality not of individual but of race; and suppose that thereupon they all struck and went forth to die each singly in their own way —would that moral emblem impress us, do you think, as a thing worthy of imitation or of praise?

But why (let us think) is the predication of such an event so impossible and so grotesque? Is it not because the life, the individual life of ant or bee is so impregnated with that instinct of communalism which gives the species its distinctive character, that it is impossible to sunder them, or to imagine the individual capable (while in the social *milieu*) of pursuing individual ends alone, after a following, over millions of years, of life in the communal form. Life, the thread of life which runs through them, is too much engrained with communism for separatist principles ever again to prevail.

And surely it is the same with man. Individualism, separatism, self-obsessionism, though still present in the phenomena of existence, are more and more subject to qualifications from which they cannot escape. And even the most evil form of individualism has to be parasitic or predatory; it cannot exist alone; even against its will it becomes conditioned by other lives. And the communal sense of man, implicit within the innumerable forms of life through which he has evolved, will continue to lay its hold on the parasitic and

the predatory, and will do so quite effectively on the basis of an evolutionary past, the tendencies of which were established before ever theological definitions came to give them impulse and strength.

Is it not almost ludicrous to suggest that that communal instinct will cease to play, if the hope of individual reward after death is withdrawn from the human race? Will man —because he is nobler than the beast, because at his best he does things more altruistic, more self-sacrificing, more self-forgetting, more self-transcending than any of these—do less nobly because he envisages destiny, which (if he see it as destiny) he will see as the logical outcome of evolutionary law?

It is possible, it is even probable, that all phases of theological thought have had their use in giving direction and stimulus to the human brain; if they have done nothing but stimulate rebellion against obscurantist authority they have had value of a positive kind. But we may go even further than this, for "everything possible to be believed," says Blake, "is an image of truth." And under many a concept, distorted by ignorance or guile, has lain a germ of the true life which draws man on to communal ends. In time that germ puts off the husk that seemed once (perhaps in some cases actually was) the protective armoury through which alone it could survive for the use of a later day. But though old reasons have been shed, the essential value

has not changed; and often it is less by logic and reason than by the strong and subtle links of association that we preserve what is good of past credulities.

The doctrine of conscious immortality, however much belittled by its appeal to selfish individualism, has done a work for the human race. It has held the germ of an ideal for unity which is receiving a more universal interpretation to-day than the earlier theologians would ever have allowed, or than man, in his then stage of development, could have thought it worth while to hand on to his intellectual heirs. Perhaps only because he conceived it in just such a form have its values been preserved.

I am reminded in this connection of the method by which the wild swine of the New Forest were taught to obey the voice of the horn by means of which the swine-herd, called them back each night from their free roaming in the forest. The way he did it was this. Having first formed his herd, some four or five hundred strong, he penned them in a narrow space where water and warm shelter were to be found; and there, in the allotted enclosure, according them no liberty, he fed them daily to the sound of the horn. Food and music became a sort of celestial harmony to pig's brain—when they heard the one, good reason was given them for expecting the other.

Presently, in a well-fed condition, they were

set free to roam ; and being full and satisfied they did not roam far ; and at night the horn sounded them back to an ample meal, and continued to sound while again they ate and were satisfied.

So at last, by association, the horn came to have such a beneficent meaning that the mere sound of it sufficed to bring them back at nightfall to their appointed place of rest. They might roam for miles and miles during the day, but night and the sound of the horn brought them all back safe to fold. And when that habit had become established, they did not cease to return even though the swineherd no longer supplied the food which had first given music its charm to those savage breasts.

And, similarly, I doubt not, that, though all hope of material profit or reward be withdrawn from man's mind, that call of the horn which he has heard of old will still bring his spirit to the resting-place at the appointed time ; nor will he wish either to shorten his days or debase his pleasures because the horn has ceased to provide the meal which it once taught him to expect.

Do not let anything I have said be taken as suggesting that the spiritual forces of man's nature may not be conserved, transmuted, re-assimilated, or re-distributed, as surely and with as little waste as are the material elements of life which pass through disintegration and decay into new forms. The processes by which such changes are wrought

may be, and may ever remain, a mystery to human sense. There may be yet in the making a new order or plane of evolution by which the process will be quickened and perfected. Soul of man may be in the making, though it may be very far removed from that aspect of individualism with which the anthropomorphic tendencies of theology have burdened it. But—whether life thus rises by unknown law to further ends, or whether it passes out, like the life of leaves, into the general decay with which autumn each year fertilises the bed of mother earth—of one thing I would ask you to be confident—that the bandying of words and theories, and the discussion, tending this way or that, of man's destiny after death, are not in any way likely to alter or to undo those forward-driving forces and communal desires with which, from an inheritance of so many millions of years, the life of humanity has become endowed. The will to live will still lift up the race and carry it forward to new ends, whether man thinks he sees in death the end of his personal existence, or only a new and a better beginning. And whether he claims or resigns that prospect of reward he will never be able to rid himself of the sense which revives after all failures and crimes, that man is his brother-man—or be able to refrain at his best from laying down his life, without calculation of personal benefit to himself, so that others may live.

The highest manifestations of human genius,

the most perfected forms of self-realisation in art, in literature, and science, have been given to us—and will continue to be given to us—independent of any bargain that name and identity shall for ever remain attached thereto while posterity enjoys the benefit. The artist might foresee that his name would, in a brief time, become dissociated from his work, and his memory blotted out from the book of the living; he would produce it all the same. The reformer might know that his motives would be aspersed, that his name would become after death a spitting and a reproach; but, for the sake of the cause he believed in, he would still be willing to die a dishonoured death and leave a reprobated name, to a world that had failed to understand.

That is human nature at its best; and you will not change it or endanger it through any increased doubt thrown by modern thought or science on the prospect of conscious immortality after death. For whether we recognise it or not, a subconscious spirit, not perhaps of immortality but of unity, permeates us all; and for furtherance and worship of that which his soul desires, the spirit of man will ever be ready to work and strive, and to pass unconditionally into dust—if that indeed be the condition on which he holds his birthright in a life worth living.

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