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THE USE OF LIFE



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THIRTY-FIRST THOUSAND

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CHAPTER I

THE GREAT QUESTION

THE most important thing to learn in life, is how to live. There is nothing men are so anxious to keep as life, and nothing they take so little pains to keep well.

This is no simple matter. "Life," said Hippocrates, at the commencement of his medical Aphorisms, "Life is short, Art is long, Opportunity fleeting, Experiment uncertain, and Judgment difficult."

Happiness and success in life do not depend on our circumstances, but on ourselves. "More men have ruined themselves than have ever been destroyed by others: more houses and cities have perished at the hands of man, than storms or earthquakes have ever destroyed." There are two sorts of ruin; one is the work of time, the other of men.

Of all ruins, the ruin of Man is the saddest, and a Man's worst enemy, as Seneca said, is the one in the breast. "Many men," says La Bruyère, "spend much of their time in making the rest miserable." In too many cases "lusty blood in youth hath attempted those things which akyng bones have repented in age,"¹ for "what is past and done, Clotho cannot weave

¹ Lilly.

again, nor Atropos recall." ¹ Men love themselves, not wisely but too well.

I am sometimes accused of being optimistic. But I have never ignored or denied the troubles and sorrows of life: I have never said that men are happy, only that they might be; that if they are not so, the fault is generally their own: that most of us throw away more happiness than we enjoy. This makes it all the more melancholy.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been." ²

In many cases what we call evil is good misapplied, or carried to excess. A wheel, or even a cog, out of place throws the whole machinery out of gear, and if we place ourselves out of harmony with the constitution of the universe we must expect to suffer accordingly. Courage in excess becomes foolhardiness, affection weakness, thrift avarice. It is proverbial that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. No one has ever been able to show that any change in the laws of Nature would be for the better. A man falls and breaks his leg, but no change in the law of gravity would be an improvement.

The Persians attributed happiness to Ormuzd, the Spirit of Good, and misfortune to Ahriman, the Demon of Evil. But in reality we bring the troubles of life on ourselves, by our own errors—errors in both senses, by doing what we know all the time to be wrong; but also, and perhaps almost as much, by our mistakes. So far as the first class of errors are concerned, we have implanted in us an infallible guide. If we do wrong it is with our eyes open; for if they are not open, unless indeed we have wilfully shut them, we may act unwisely, but it is not sin.

¹ Lucian.

² Whittier.

As regards the second class of errors, we must trust to reason ; to that of parents, of elders, of friends ; to our education and to ourselves. Indeed our education is part of ourselves ; we have all at any rate one pupil whom we must teach and educate.

What we teach ourselves, becomes much more a part of our being than what we learn from others. Education does not end when we leave school ; it has indeed scarcely begun. It goes on through life. "How well it would be," said Seneca, "if men would but exercise their brains, as they do their bodies, and take as much pains for virtue as they do for pleasure."

Some races are indeed fatalists. Everything in their view is ordained, and what will happen must happen, whether they will or no. Man they regard as an automaton, the mere plaything of a superior power. The first point then to be considered is whether there is or is not a Science of Life. Can we steer our ship over the Ocean of Time, or are we condemned to drift ? The answer is clear. "Man is man, and master of his fate," or if he is not, the fault lies at his own door. "What you wish to be, that you are ; for such is the force of our will, joined to the Supreme, that whatever we wish to be, seriously, and with a true intention, that we become."¹

If then we have this power over our destiny it becomes of the utmost importance to ask ourselves what we wish to be, and how we can make the most of the rich estate of Life. Some men have a purpose in life, and some have none. Our first object should be to make the most and best of ourselves. "The aim of every man," said Humboldt, shall be to secure "the highest and most harmonious development of his powers to a complete and consistent whole" ; to quote Jean Paul Richter again, "to make as much out of oneself

¹ Jean Paul Richter.

as could be made out of the stuff." We must not, however, attempt this merely with a selfish object, or we are foredoomed to failure. "No man's private fortune," as Bacon said, "can be an end any way worthy of his existence." The best and greatest minds—Plato and Aristotle, Buddha and St. Paul—would never have been content to perfect themselves merely for themselves.

I will assume then that we are to make the best of ourselves for the sake of others; and let me at once point out what an interesting task we have in that case set before us. The well-known Greek maxim *γνῶθι σεαυτὸν* points to the importance as well as the difficulty of knowing ourselves. Montaigne says in his quaint way, "Je n'ai vue monstre ou miracle au monde plus exprès que moi mesme"; and Sir T. Browne, whose life was as little eventful or exciting as a life could well be, assures us that to himself it seemed "a miracle of thirty years which to relate were not history but a piece of poetry, and would sound like a fable."

To offer advice has proved a somewhat thankless task from the days of Rehoboam to those of Lord Chesterfield; nor do I forget the sad fate of the New Zealand convert of whom his chief told the missionary that "he gave us so much advice that at last we put him to death." Yet those who will not accept "counsel at first hand cheap, will buy repentance at second hand dear."¹ My object then is to make some suggestions, in their own interest, to those who wish to be, and to do, something; to make the most of themselves and of their lives.

It is sad, indeed, to see how man wastes his opportunities. How many could be made happy, with the blessings which are recklessly wasted or thrown away!

¹ Lilly.

Take care that your pleasures are real and not imaginary. We do many things because they are called pleasure, which we should hate if they went by any other name. Many people think they are having pleasure, merely because they are doing nothing useful. Others seem to use the word as if it applied only to the senses, while, on the contrary, the pleasures of the mind are both more exquisite and more lasting.

We neglect, or recklessly injure, the only body we have, and on the health of which that of the mind so greatly depends; we do not derive half the enjoyment we might from works of Art; I wonder what proportion of our people in London have ever been to the National Gallery? we do not train ourselves to appreciate the interest of Science; how many have been to the British Museum? or have prepared themselves to appreciate it; we do not enjoy the beauties of the Earth on which we live, or of the Sky over our heads; we make perhaps more use of music, though much less than we might; we boast that, while Animals have instinct only, Man is a reasoning Being, and yet how little our boasted intellect has added to the happiness of Mankind. It might even be doubted, it has indeed been questioned by Cynics, whether, on the whole, the possession of a mind has not been a *damnosa hereditas* a source of suffering rather than of enjoyment. Animals do not distress themselves, and we do. "Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain." We torment ourselves with doubts and fears, cares and anxieties. Mystery encompasseth us on all sides, but we must not be impatient at it.

Yet though we need not be anxious, we must be on our guard. We must be watchful even in matters where we fancy ourselves least liable to err. "There is, I believe," says Lord Chesterfield, "more judgment

required for the proper conduct of our virtues, than for avoiding their opposite vices. Vice in its true light is so deformed, that it shocks us at first sight, and would hardly ever seduce us if it did not, at first, wear the mask of some virtue." We have all met persons, who, with much that is good, have allowed themselves to be seduced into uncharitableness and hardness of heart. Lord Palmerston once brought on himself some theological criticism, by asserting that all children were born good; but, at any rate, it really takes some trouble before any one becomes altogether wicked.

"In the vicious ways of the world, it mercifully falleth out that we become not extempore wicked, but it taketh some time and pains to undo ourselves. We fall not from virtue, like Vulcan from heaven, in a day."¹

And if we turn from the individual to the race, is not the neglect of our advantages even more startling? Mankind may still confess with Newton, that we are but as children playing on the sea-shore, and gathering here and there a prettier shell or a more delicate seaweed than usual, while the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before us. There is no single substance, the full uses and properties of which are yet known to us: we labour from morning to night; and yet if we could but avail ourselves more fully of the properties of matter and the forces of Nature, it is probable that an hour or two would fully supply all our bodily and reasonable wants, and leave us ample time for the cultivation of the mind and the affections. Steam is even yet far from fully utilised: the uses of electricity were unknown in our childhood, and we are only now beginning to understand them; the force of rivers still runs in the main to waste. What terrible

¹ Sir T. Browne.

sufferings might have been avoided if Anæsthetics had been sooner discovered! It would require a volume to complete the illustrations which might be given. No one can doubt that a thousand other discoveries lie before us, even perhaps under our very eyes. Is it not then astonishing that the so-called Christian nations waste, and worse than waste, millions of money to ruin one another, and fight like beasts for territory, "while the great ocean of truth lies undiscovered before them"?

In the last generation we were content to let many of our children grow up without knowing how to read and write. Even now, we hear some persons deprecate "over-education," though, to do them justice, what in most cases they really mean, is an education out of relation to the daily life. Some there still are, who grudge the expense, not perceiving that Ignorance costs more than Education. But if our children have now nearly all some education, it may well be doubted, though I will not here enter into the question, whether we have yet adopted the most suitable system. I will only say that we seem to have unduly neglected moral education in our schools, and one result has been a very common theory, that if you break some of the commandments you will no doubt be doing very wrong, and will probably make others miserable, but you will, at least in this life, add to your own happiness and be yourself the better off: that self-indulgence, avarice, intemperance, idleness, and other "pleasant vices" may be unjustifiable, but would be for one's own benefit though at the expense of others; that a life of ease and pleasure is what every one, if he thought only of himself, would naturally desire; and that to be good and virtuous, however right and noble, involves much self-denial even of innocent amusements, and, taken as a whole, is a life of self-sacrifice.

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless muse ?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?¹

The very reverse is the truth. So far from its being the privilege of vice to be without restraint and confinement, the evil man is, on the contrary, a slave to the worst of masters—his own passions.

So, again, some young men have an idea that there is something "manly" in vice. But any weak fool can be vicious. To be virtuous you must be a man ; to be virtuous is to be truly free ; vice is the real slavery. A particular course of conduct does not degrade because it is wrong ; it is wrong because it degrades. If by some extraordinary subversion of morals, wrong became right, it would still be fatal to happiness and peace of mind.

I will not quote any theologian in support of the thesis that sin and sorrow are inseparable, but on such a point will rather rely on the evidence of a consummate man of the world, Lord Chesterfield, who in one of his letters to his son, after some other wise advice, concludes by saying, "Such are the rewards that always crown virtue, and such the characters that you should imitate, if you would be a great and good man, which is the only way to be a happy one."

Descartes embodied his rules for practical life in four maxims : one to submit himself to the laws and religion in which he was brought up ; another, to act on all those occasions which call for action promptly and according to the best of his judgment, and to abide the result without repining ; the third, to seek happiness in limiting the desires, rather than in attempting

¹ Milton.

to satisfy them ; while the last is to make the search after truth the business of his life.

Lilly, in his once very popular *Euphues*, thus sums up his counsel : "Go to bed with the Lambe, and rise with the Larke ; be merry, but with modesty ; be sober, but not too sullen ; be valiant, but not too venturous ; let your attire be comely ; your diet wholesome, but not excessive ; thy pastime as the word importeth, to pass the time in honest recreation ; mistrust no man without cause, neither be credulous without proof ; be not light to follow every man's opinion, neither obstinate to stand in your own conceits ; serve God, fear God, love God, and God will bless you, as either your hearts can wish, or your friends desire."

Nor is it only the thoughtless, the selfish, the wicked, who in the unscrupulous pursuit of what they suppose to be their own interests, make both themselves and others miserable. It must be admitted that many worthy people, and many good books, with no doubt the best intentions, fall into, what is in essence, a very similar error. They have represented a life of sin as a life of pleasure ; they have pictured virtue as self-sacrifice, austerity as religion. The Inquisition was of course an extreme case ; many of the Inquisitors were, I doubt not, excellent people, kind and even merciful in their nature, but they entirely mistook the very essence of Christianity. Even in everyday life we meet with worthy people who seem to think that whatever is pleasant must be wrong, that the true spirit of religion is crabbed, sour, and gloomy ; that the bright, sunny, radiant nature which surrounds us is an evil and not a blessing ; a temptation devised by the Spirit of Evil and not one of the greatest delights showered on us in such profusion by the Author of all Good.

Cowper in two beautiful lines has told us that

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.

It is no doubt true that we cannot go through life without sorrow. There can be no sunshine without shadow. Even apart from the griefs which the limits of life bring on us all inevitably in the loss of those we love, our existence here is so complex, the world is still so young, we are as yet so far from comprehending the necessities of our own existence, the nature and properties of the substances and forces which surround us, that we must expect much sorrow and suffering. But Cowper asserts that the path of sorrow, and that path "alone," leads to heaven, so that a happy life here must inevitably involve misery hereafter. That entirely erroneous idea has caused much anxiety, trouble, and self-questioning to many anxious souls. Many a bright young nature has suffered pangs of self-reproach, and tormented itself merely on account of its own happiness, whereas it should be thankful for such a gift, and feel that it has the inestimable privilege of brightening the path of others who from sorrow or ill-health have no longer in themselves the same well-spring of joy and sunshine. Cowper was very far indeed from being a Puritan, yet is not his teaching tinged with the spirit of those who, as Macaulay tells us, objected to bear-baiting, not because it caused pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators?

Many people distress and torment themselves about the mystery of existence. Yet "a good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieve for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it."¹

¹ Southey.

The riddle of the world is understood
Only by him who feels that God is good.¹

There is no duty, said Seneca, "the fulfilment of which will not make us happier, nor any temptation for which there is no remedy." Accuse not Nature, says Milton,

She hath done her part, do thou but thine.

We may be sure that the Creator would not have made all Nature beauty to the eye, and music to the ear, if we had not been meant to enjoy it thoroughly, and "it is almost impossible to estimate what peace a man brings to others, and what joy to himself by managing himself aright."²

If this age be, as in many respects I think it is, the most wonderful, interesting, and enlightened the world has ever seen, that is our good fortune, not our own doing; it is something, not to be proud of, but to be thankful for.

While, however, we should be grateful, and enjoy to the full the innumerable blessings of life, we cannot expect to have no sorrows or anxieties. Life has been described by Walpole as "a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." It is indeed a tragedy at times and a comedy very often, but as a rule it is what we choose to make it. No evil, said Socrates, "can happen to a good man, either in Life or Death," certainly the Prophets of Hope have been justified much more often than the Prophets of Evil; but we are too apt to let years of happiness pass unnoticed, while we count every moment of sorrow or pain.

We cannot always expect to succeed; even Nature fails at times. But "lift not up thyself with arrogance

¹ Whittier.

² *Imitation of Christ.*

in thy health and prosperity ; nor despair of good in any adversity.”¹

A well-known passage in the Bible tells us that “wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.”

But this I think is often misapplied. We are not told that the right way is more rough and painful ; only that it is narrow, and not easy to find. No doubt there is but one right road, with bypaths diverging on all sides. A ship at sea has only one true course ; all the other points of the compass would lead her away from “the haven where she would be.” But it does not follow that the right course is more rough or stormy than any other.

Of course it cannot be denied that what is wrong or unwise is often very pleasant, sometimes even delightful, for the moment. To do so would be absurd ; it would be to question the very existence of temptation. All I wish to show is, that in yielding to such impulses we are buying a momentary pleasure at the expense of future sorrow ; that we are giving up a great deal for the sake of comparatively trivial gain ; that we are selling our birthright, like Esau, for a mess of pottage ; and “buying the merry madness of an hour, by the long penitence of after years.” In fact, it is not going too far to say, and I am speaking now only of this life, that if we wish to be happy we must try to be good. More happiness is to be gained by self-denial than by self-indulgence.

Prosperity and happiness do not by any means always go together, and many people are miserable who have, as it would seem, everything to make them

¹ King Alfred's translation of Boethius.

happy. "Fortune can give much, but it must be the mind that makes that much enough."¹

My mind to me a Kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find.²

"It is not," said Vauvenargues, "in every one's power to secure wealth, office, or honours; but every one may be good, generous, and wise." The true wealth does not consist in what we have, but in what we are; and the advantages which we enjoy entail corresponding responsibilities." The present state, says St. Chrysostom, "is merely a theatrical show, the business of man a play; wealth and poverty, the ruler and the ruled, and such like things, are theatrical representations. But when this day shall have passed, then the theatre will be closed and the masks thrown off. Then each one shall be tried, and his works; not each one and his wealth, not each one and his office, not each one and his dignity, not each one and his power, but each one and his works." Let us hope that our works will stand the test.

And what will the test be? Not how much we have done, but how much we have tried. Not whether we have been what is called successful in life, but whether we have deserved to be so.

How happy he is born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought;
And simple truth his utmost skill.³

In fact, the wise and virtuous life, not the wicked and self-indulgent, will be the truly happy life, and sin is the real self-sacrifice.

¹ Boyle.

² Dyer.

³ Wotton.

“My son,” says Solomon,

My son, forget not my law ;
But let thine heart keep my commandments :
For length of days, and long life,
And peace, shall they add to thee.¹

¹ Proverbs.

CHAPTER II

TACT

FOR success in life tact is more important than talent, but it is not easily acquired by those to whom it does not come naturally. Still something can be done by considering what others would probably wish.

Never lose a chance of giving pleasure. Be courteous to all. "Civility," said Lady Montague, "costs nothing and buys everything." It buys much, indeed, which no money will purchase. Try then to win every one you meet. "Win their hearts," said Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, "and you have all men's hearts and purses."

Tact often succeeds where force fails. Lilly quotes the old fable of the Sun and the Wind: "It is pretily noted of a contention betweene the Winde and the Sunne, who should have the victorye. A Gentleman walking abroad, the Winde thought to blowe off his cloake, which with great blastes and blusterings striving to unloose it, made it to stick faster to his backe, for the more the Winde encreased the closer his cloake clapt to his body: then the Sunne, shining with his hot beams, began to warm this gentleman, who, waxing somewhat faint in this faire weather, did not only put off his cloake but his coate, which the Wynde perceiving, yeilded the conquest to the Sunne."

Always remember that men are more easily led than driven, and that in any case it is better to guide than to coerce.

What thou wilt
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.¹

It is a good rule in politics *pas trop gouverner*.

Try to win, and still more to deserve, the confidence of those with whom you are brought in contact. Many a man has owed his influence far more to character than to ability. Sydney Smith used to say of Francis Horner, who, without holding any high office, exercised a remarkable personal influence in the Councils of the Nation, that he had the Ten Commandments stamped upon his countenance.

Try to meet the wishes of others as far as you rightly and wisely can; but do not be afraid to say "No."

Anybody can say "Yes," though it is not every one who can say "Yes" pleasantly; but it is far more difficult to say "No." Many a man has been ruined because he could not do so. Plutarch tells us that the inhabitants of Asia Minor came to be vassals, only for not having been able to pronounce one syllable, which is No, and if in the Conduct of Life it is essential to say "No," it is scarcely less necessary to be able to say it pleasantly. We ought always to endeavour that everybody with whom we have any transactions should feel that it is a pleasure to do business with us and should wish to come again. Business is a matter of sentiment and feeling far more than many suppose; every one likes being treated with kindness and courtesy, and a frank, pleasant manner will often clinch a bargain more effectually than a half per cent.

¹ Shakespeare.

Almost any one may make himself pleasant if he wishes. "The desire of pleasing is at least half the art of doing it:"¹ and, on the other hand, no one will please others who does not desire to do so. If you do not acquire this great gift while you are young, you will find it much more difficult afterwards. Many a man has owed his outward success in life far more to good manners than to any solid merit; while, on the other hand, many a worthy man, with a good heart and kind intentions, makes enemies merely by the roughness of his manner. To be able to please is, moreover, itself a great pleasure. Try it, and you will not be disappointed.

Be wary and keep cool. A cool head is as necessary as a warm heart. In any negotiations, steadiness and coolness are invaluable; while they will often carry you in safety through times of danger and difficulty.

If you come across others less clever than you are, you have no right to look down on them. There is nothing more to be proud of in inheriting great ability, than a great estate. The only credit in either case is if they are used well. Moreover, many a man is much cleverer than he seems.

It is far more easy to read books than men. In studying character the eyes are a great guide. "When the eyes say one thing and the tongue another, a practised man relies on the language of the first."² Do not trust too much to professions of extreme goodwill. Men do not fall in love with men, nor women with women, at first sight. If a comparative stranger protests and promises too much, do not place implicit confidence in what he says. Even if he is not insincere, he probably says more than he means, or perhaps wants something himself from you. Do not therefore believe that every one is a friend, merely

¹ Chesterfield's *Letters*.

² Emerson.

because he professes to be so : nor assume too lightly that any one is an enemy.

We flatter ourselves by claiming to be rational and intellectual beings, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that men are always guided by reason. We are strange inconsistent creatures, and act quite as often, perhaps oftener, from prejudice or passion. The result is that you are more likely to carry men with you by enlisting their feelings, than by convincing their reason. This applies, moreover, to companies of men even more than to individuals.

Argument is always a little dangerous. It often leads to coolness and misunderstandings. You may gain your argument and lose your friend, which is probably a bad bargain. If you must argue, admit all you can, but try to show that some point has been overlooked. Very few people know when they have had the worst of an argument, and if they do, they do not like it. Moreover, if they know they are beaten, it does not follow that they are convinced. Indeed it is perhaps hardly going too far to say that it is very little use trying to convince any one by argument. State your case as clearly and concisely as possible, and if you shake his confidence in his own opinion it is as much as you can expect. It is the first step gained.

Conversation is an art in itself, and it is by no means those who have most to tell who are the best talkers ; though it is certainly going too far to say with Lord Chesterfield that "there are very few Captains of Foot who are not much better company than ever were Descartes or Sir Isaac Newton."

I will not say that it is as difficult to be a good listener as a good talker, but it is certainly by no means easy, and very nearly as important. You must not receive everything that is said as a critic or a

judge, but suspend your judgment, and try to enter into the feelings of the speaker. If you are kind and sympathetic your advice will be often sought, and you will have the satisfaction of feeling that you have been a help and comfort to many in times of anxiety and distress.

Do not expect too much attention when you are young. Sit, listen, and look on. Bystanders proverbially see most of the game; and you can notice what is going on just as well, if not better, when you are not noticed yourself. It is almost as if you possessed a cap of invisibility.

To save themselves the trouble of thinking, which is to most people very irksome, men will often take you at your own valuation. "On ne vaut dans ce monde," says La Bruyère, "que ce que l'on veut valoir."

Do not make enemies for yourself; you can make nothing worse.

Answer not a fool according to his folly,
Lest thou also be like unto him.¹

Remember that "a soft answer turneth away wrath"; but even an angry answer is less foolish than a sneer: nine men out of ten would rather be abused, or even injured, than laughed at. They will forget almost anything sooner than being made ridiculous.

"It is pleasanter to be deceived than to be undeceived." Trasilaus, an Athenian, went mad, and thought that all the ships in the Piræus belonged to him, but having been cured by Crito, he complained bitterly that he had been robbed. It is folly, says Lord Chesterfield, "to lose a friend for a jest; but, in my mind, it is not a much less degree of folly to

¹ Proverbs.

make an enemy of an indifferent and neutral person for the sake of a bon-mot."

Do not be too ready to suspect a slight, or think you are being laughed at—to say with Serub in *The Beaux's Stratagem*, "I am sure they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly." On the other hand, if you *are* laughed at, try to rise above it. If you can join in heartily, you will turn the tables and gain rather than lose. Every one likes a man who can enjoy a laugh at his own expense—and justly so, for it shows good-humour and good sense. If you laugh at yourself, other people will not laugh at you.

Have the courage of your opinions. You must expect to be laughed at sometimes, and it will do you no harm. There is nothing ridiculous in seeming to be what you really are, but a good deal in affecting to be what you are not. People often distress themselves, get angry, and drift into a coolness with others, for some quite imaginary grievance.

Be frank, and yet reserved. Do not talk much about yourself: neither of yourself, for yourself, nor against yourself; but let other people talk about themselves, as much as they will. If they do so it is because they like it, and they will think all the better of you for listening to them. At any rate do not show a man, unless it is your duty, that you think he is a fool or a blockhead. If you do, he has good reason to complain. You may be wrong in your judgment; he will, and with some justice, form the same opinion of you.

Burke once said that he could not draw an indictment against a nation, and it is very unwise as well as unjust to attack any class or profession. Individuals often forget and forgive, but Societies never do. Moreover, even individuals will forgive an injury much more readily than an insult. Nothing rankles

so much as being made to look absurd. You will never gain your object by putting people out of humour, or making them ridiculous.

Goethe in his *Conversations with Eckermann* commended our countrymen. Their entrance and bearing in Society, he said, were so confident and quiet that one would think they were everywhere the masters, and the whole world belonged to them. Eckermann replied that surely young Englishmen were no cleverer, better educated, or better hearted than young Germans. "That is not the point," said Goethe; "their superiority does not lie in such things, neither does it lie in their birth and fortune: it lies precisely in their having the courage to *be* what nature made them. There is no *halfness* about them. They are *complete* men. Sometimes complete fools also, that I heartily admit; but even that is something, and has its weight."

In any business or negotiations, be patient. Many a man would rather you heard his story than granted his request: many an opponent has been tired out.

Above all, never lose your temper, and if you do, at any rate hold your tongue, and try not to show it.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:
Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.¹

For

A soft answer turneth away wrath:
But grievous words stir up anger.²

Never intrude where you are not wanted. There is plenty of room elsewhere. "Have I not three kingdoms?" said King James to the fly, "and yet thou must needs fly in my eye."³

Some people seem to have a knack of saying the

¹ Psalms.

² Proverbs.

³ Selden's *Table Talk*.

wrong thing, of alluding to any subject which revives sad memories, or rouses differences of opinion.

No branch of Science is more useful than the knowledge of Men. It is of the utmost importance to be able to decide wisely, not only to know whom you can trust, and whom you cannot; but how far, and in what, you can trust them. This is by no means easy. It is most important to choose well those who are to work with you, and under you; to put the square man in the square hole, and the round man in the round hole.

“If you suspect a man, do not employ him: if you employ him, do not suspect him.”¹

Those who trust are oftener right than those who mistrust.

Confidence should be complete, but not blind. Merlin lost his life, wise as he was, by imprudently yielding to Vivien's appeal to trust her “all in all or not at all.”

Be always discreet. Keep your own counsel. If you do not keep it for yourself, you cannot expect others to keep it for you. “The mouth of a wise man is in his heart; the heart of a fool is in his mouth, for what he knoweth or thinketh he uttereth.”

Use your head. Consult your reason. It is not infallible, but you will be less likely to err if you do so.

Speech is, or ought to be, silvern, but silence is golden.

Many people talk, not because they have anything to say, but for the mere love of talking. Talking should be an exercise of the brain, rather than of the tongue. Talkativeness, the love of talking for talking's sake, is almost fatal to success. Men are “plainly hurried on, in the heat of their talk, to say

¹ Confucius.

quite different things from what they first intended, and which they afterwards wish unsaid: or improper things, which they had no other end in saying, but only to find employment to their tongue.

And this unrestrained volubility and wantonness in speech is the occasion of numberless evils and vexations in life. It begets resentment in him who is the subject of it; sows the seed of strife and dissension amongst others; and inflames little disgusts and offences, which, if let alone, would wear away of themselves."¹

"C'est une grande misère," says La Bruyère, "que de n'avoir pas assez d'esprit pour bien parler, ni assez de jugement pour se taire." Plutarch tells a story of Demaratus, that being asked in a certain assembly whether he held his tongue because he was a fool, or for want of words, he replied, "A fool cannot hold his tongue." "Seest thou," said Solomon,

Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words?
There is more hope of a fool than of him.²

Never try to show your own superiority: few things annoy people more than being made to feel small.

Do not be too positive in your statements. You may be wrong, however sure you feel. Memory plays us curious tricks, and both ears and eyes are sometimes deceived. Our prejudices, even the most cherished, may have no secure foundation. Moreover, even if you are right, you will lose nothing by disclaiming too great certainty.

In action, again, never make too sure, and never throw away a chance. "There's many a slipt 'twixt the cup and the lip."

It has been said that everything comes to those

¹ Dr. Butler's *Sermons*.

² Proverbs.

who know how to wait ; and when the opportunity does come, seize it.

He that wills not, when he may ;
When he will, he shall have nay.

If you once let your opportunity go, you may never have another.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.¹

Be cautious, but not over-cautious ; do not be too much afraid of making a mistake ; “a man who never makes a mistake will make nothing.”

Always dress neatly : we must dress, therefore we should do it well, though not too well ; not extravagantly, either in time or money, but taking care to have good materials. It is astonishing how much people judge by dress. Of those you come across, many go mainly by appearances in any case, and many more have in your case nothing but appearances to go by. The eyes and ears open the heart, and a hundred people will see, for one who will know you. Moreover, if you are careless and untidy about yourself, it is a fair, though not absolute, conclusion that you will be careless about other things also.

When you are in Society study those who have the best and pleasantest manners. “Manner,” says the old proverb with much truth, if with some exaggeration, “maketh Man,” and “a pleasing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation.”² “Manner is something

¹ Shakespeare.

² Bacon.

with everybody, and everything with some.”¹ “Merit and knowledge will not gain hearts, though they will secure them when gained. Engage the eyes by your address, air, and motions; soothe the ears by the elegance and harmony of your diction; and the heart will certainly (I should rather say probably) follow.”² Every one has eyes and ears, but few have a sound judgment. The world is a stage. We are all players, and every one knows how much the success of a piece depends upon the way in which it is acted.

Lord Chesterfield, speaking of his son, says, “They tell me he is loved wherever he is known, and I am very glad of it; but I would have him be liked before he is known, and loved afterwards. . . . You know very little of the nature of mankind, if you take those things to be of little consequence; one cannot be too attentive to them; it is they that always engage the heart, of which the understanding is commonly the bubble.”

The Graces help a man in life almost as much as the Muses. We all know that “one man may steal a horse, while another may not look over a hedge”; and why? because the one will do it pleasantly, the other disagreeably. Horace tells us that even Youth and Mercury, the God of Eloquence and of the Arts, were powerless without the Graces.

¹ Bishop Middleton.

² Lord Chesterfield.

CHAPTER III

ON MONEY MATTERS

ECONOMY is not, I fear, sufficiently appreciated in England. Our countrymen work hard and make good incomes, but other nations excel us in thrift. "It's what thee'll spend, my son," said a wise old Quaker, "not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not." The very word "thrift" tells its own tale, being derived from the word "to thrive."

Apart from any question of being rich, it is wise and right to save, so as to provide for future needs. It is a mean proverb that, "When poverty comes in at the door, loves flies out at the window"; but it would be sad to see wife or children in want of food, or clothing, or medical attendance, or rest and change of air, and to feel that if you had been reasonably industrious, or had but denied yourself some, innocent perhaps, but unnecessary, indulgence, you might have saved them from suffering and anxiety. Economy for the mere sake of money is no doubt mean, but economy for the sake of independence is right and manly.

Always keep accounts, and keep them carefully. I do not mean that it is worth while to put down every detail, but keep them so that you may know

how the money goes and how much things cost you. No man who knows what his income is, and what he is spending, will run into extravagance. Spendthrifts begin by shutting their eyes to what they are doing. No one would face the precipice of ruin with his eyes open.

Whatever you do, then, live within your income. Save something, however little, every year. But above all things, do not run into debt. If a man, says Dickens (and though he puts the advice into the mouth of Mr. Micawber, it is none the less wise), has an annual income "of twenty pounds, annual expenditure, nineteen, nineteen, six; result happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds, annual expenditure, twenty pounds, nought and six; result misery."¹ And yet the difference is only a shilling.

It is not too strong to say that debt is slavery. "Who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing." Many things in life are disagreeable. Horace Greeley, a man of great experience, well and truly said, "Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproaches, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than them all. Never run into debt. If you have but fifty cents and can get no more a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar."

The world, said Cobden, "has always been divided into two classes,—those who have saved, and those who have spent—the thrifty and the extravagant. The building of all the houses, the mills, the bridges, and the ships, and the accomplishment of all other great works which have rendered man civilised and happy, have been done by the savers, the thrifty; and those who have wasted their resources have always been their slaves. It has been the law of nature and

¹ *David Copperfield.*

of Providence that this should be so ; and I were an impostor if I promised any class that they should advance themselves if they were improvident, thoughtless, and idle."

The Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, said Plutarch, "gives asylum and security from their creditors to debtors, when they take refuge in it ; but the asylum and sanctuary of frugality is everywhere open to the sober-minded, affording them joyful and honourable and ample space for much ease." Do not borrow then, and do not lend, except of course in the way of business. You will get neither your money nor thanks, for debtors always think themselves injured. Give then what you can afford liberally, but do not expect it back.

If money comes in slowly at first, do not be discouraged ; it is a long lane which has no turning ; and if it happens that money at first comes easily, do not spend it all, but lay up some for a rainy day, remembering that good lanes have their turnings as well as bad ones ; and that as time goes on you will probably have more and more demands on your purse. Many a man in business has been ruined by being too fortunate at first.

Do not be in a hurry to get rich. If, says Ruskin, "you do not let the price command the picture, in time the picture will command the price."

Do not make yourself anxious about money. Though few can expect to make large fortunes, any one with industry and economy may make a livelihood. We often hear of riches not honestly come by, but the fact is, that poverty is seldom honestly come by either. The poor are not those who have little, but those who want much.

Sir James Paget in one of his interesting addresses gave statistics as regards his own pupils, whose careers

he had followed. Out of 1000, 200 left the profession, came into fortunes, or died early. Of the remaining 800, 600 attained fair, some of them considerable success. Out of the whole number only 56 entirely failed. Of these 15 never passed the examinations, 10 broke down through intemperance or dissipation, and out of the whole 1000 only 25 failed through causes apparently beyond their control. You may rest assured that in other walks of life, as in medicine, if you make yourself useful, you will be used.

In fact, no one need have much anxiety about the real necessities of life. Nature needs little and gives much. Luxuries, on the other hand, are very expensive, and, as Franklin said, "What keeps one vice would bring up two children."

Remember that, as the Duke of Wellington wisely said, high interest means bad security.

Do not put too many eggs in one basket. However well you may be advised, however carefully you may have looked into the matter, something may occur to upset all calculations. The wisest merchants and bankers make mistakes. All that any sensible man of business expects, is to be generally right. We learn in our earliest years that two and two make four; but they also make twenty-two. As an arithmetical expression it is perfectly true that if we add two and two we get four, but in the conduct of life it is a delusion, and an injudicious application of the lesson has wrecked many a promising career.

Take things quietly. We are told that Lord Brougham never could sit still enough to be photographed, and always came out a blur.

Bagehot used to say that in business many men were ruined because they could not sit still in a room.

Every one is in one sense a man of business whether he wishes it or no. We all have duties to

perform, a house to manage, our expenses to regulate ; and small matters are sometimes as difficult and troublesome as large ones.

Success in business depends happily much more on common-sense, care, and attention than on genius. "Keep your shop," says an old-fashioned proverb, "and your shop will keep you." Xenophon tells a story to the same effect : "The King of Persia, wishing to have a fine horse fattened as soon as possible, asked one of those who were supposed to know most about such subjects, what would fatten a horse soonest, and was told 'his master's eye.'"

It is very important to cultivate business-like habits. An eminent friend of mine assured me not long ago that when he thought over the many cases he had known of men, even of good ability and high character, who had been unsuccessful in life, by far the most frequent cause of failure was that they were dilatory, unpunctual, unable to work cordially with others, obstinate in small things, and, in fact, what we call unbusiness-like.

In small matters as in great, order and method are very important. The right thing in the right place, is a golden rule, and a little trouble in putting things away when you have done with them will save a great deal when you want them again.

Disorder, says Xenophon, "seems to me something like as if an husbandman should throw into his granary barley and wheat and peas together, and then, when he wants barley bread or wheaten bread, or pea-soup, should have to abstract them grain by grain, instead of having them separately laid up for his use."¹

He quotes the case of a ship in illustration. "For there is no time, when heaven sends a storm over the

¹ Xenophon's *Economics*.

sea, either to seek for what may be wanting, or to hand out what may be difficult to use; for the gods threaten and punish the negligent; and if they but forbear from destroying those who do nothing wrong, we must be very well content; while if they preserve even those that attend to everything quite properly, much gratitude is due to them.”¹ Keep everything then in its proper place.

Philosophers, not all of course, but many, from Aristotle to Carlyle, have decried those engaged in trade and commerce; or rather perhaps I should say Trade and Commerce themselves, as mean and almost degrading. Plato excluded all traders from citizenship in his Republic. Such a degrading occupation was to be left to foreigners, if any chose to engage in it. Trade and Commerce, however, being necessarily the occupations of many, it would indeed be grievous if their influence on the character was necessarily injurious and incompatible with intellectual culture. But happily it is not so. Of course business men can only give their spare time to other pursuits, but, taking illustrations from Science and Literature only, I might mention Nasmyth, the astronomer and manufacturer; Grote, banker and historian; Sir J. Evans, papermaker and President of the Society of Antiquaries, as well as Treasurer of the Royal Society; Prestwich, merchant, and afterwards Professor of Geology at Oxford; Rogers, banker and poet; Praed, banker and poet; may I say my own father, banker and mathematician, for many years Treasurer and Vice-President of the Royal Society; and many others.

Carlyle objected vehemently to the principle of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. He suggests that in some unexplained manner we should fix “our minimum of cotton prices,” and I

¹ *Ibid.* p. 106.

suppose of others ; that we should say, " We care not, for the present, to make cotton any cheaper " ; that we should not under-sell other nations. " Brothers, we will cease to under-sell them ; we will be content to equal-sell them. " This is not only impracticable, but it is unsound. If we sell fewer cotton goods, we must buy less food. Carlyle assumes that more could be sold at a lower price, so that if his rule were followed there would be human beings in need of clothes, but unable to afford the price agreed on. We could afford to take less, and yet he would have us refuse to do so, and to that extent deprive others of their clothing and our own people of food. It is the very basis of commerce to give what you can produce cheaply in exchange for what you cannot. To buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market is not only then the necessary rule of trade, but is best for all ; because in doing so you buy from those who most require to sell their produce, and sell to those who are most in need of your goods. Any other course would approximate to the proverbially useless proceeding of carrying coals to Newcastle.

Many of the greatest and happiest and best of men have been very poor. Wordsworth and his sister lived for many years on 30s. a week, and, I believe, it was one of the happiest periods of his life.

If it is not your lot to be rich, association and affection may make some homely spot, some small cottage, some sweet face, the whole world to you.

It is, indeed, astonishing how many great men have been poor, even if we cannot go so far as to say with Mahomet, that " God never took a prophet save from the sheepfolds. "

It is a common error to exaggerate what money can do for us.

Is it in the matter of food ?

" If a rich man wishes to be healthy, he must live

like a poor one."¹ What can we have better for breakfast than tea or coffee, bread and butter, with perhaps an egg or a herring, or some honey? What is a better lunch than bread and cheese and a glass of beer? A plain dinner well cooked, and with a good appetite, will give as much pleasure as a Lord Mayor's feast. The wholesomest and best things to eat cost comparatively little while they are in season, and out of season have little flavour. An egg is generally as good as a feast, and sometimes better.

Is it in books? A man must be poor indeed if he cannot buy as much as he can read. The best books—the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, etc.—can be bought now, as the saying is, "for a song."

Will money buy health, genius, friends, beauty, or a happy home?

The Duke of Tse, says Confucius, "was immensely rich, and nobody loved him; Pei-kè died of hunger, and even now the people mourn him."

Above all—

Can wealth give happiness? Look around, and see
 What gay distress, what splendid misery;
 I envy none their pageantry and show,
 I envy none the gilding of their woe.²

Men in great fortunes, says Bacon, are strangers to themselves, and while they are "in the puzzle of business, have no time to attend to their health, either of mind or body."

All fetters are bad, even if they be made of gold. Money is no doubt a source of much anxiety. It has its cares as well as poverty, and in the case of many rich men, they are really the slaves, and not the masters, of money. Riches in many cases, as Bishop

¹ Sir R. Temple.

² Young.

Wilson said, "become not only the care, but the torment, of those that possess them."

Many a man, no doubt, has been ruined by money, and on the whole, probably the rich are more anxious about money matters than the poor. To none but the wise can wealth bring happiness. The man who is too eager to be rich will always be a poor fellow. "It is probably much happier," says Ruskin, "to live in a small house, and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle, and have nothing to be astonished at."

To enjoy riches, do not set your heart upon them. Enough, said Sadi, "will carry you, more you must yourself carry."

I ride not on a camel, but am free from load and trammel,
To no subject am I lord, but I fear no monarch's word ;
I think not of the morrow, nor recall the gone-by sorrow,
Thus I breathe exempt from strife, and thus moves my tranquil
life.¹

"It is a miserable state of mind," said Bacon, "to have few things to wish for, and many to fear."

If thou art rich, thou'rt poor ;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.²

Why then—

Why lose we life in anxious cares
To lay in hoards for future years ?
Can these, when tortured by disease,
Cheer our sick hearts, or purchase ease ?
Can these prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death ?³

Wealth is a great temptation to avarice ; as we learnt long ago at school : "Crescit amor nummi,

¹ Sadi.

² Shakespeare.

³ Gay.

quantum ipsa pecunia crescit ;” or, as Oliver Wendell Holmes wittily puts it—

I care not much for gold or land :
Give me a mortgage here and there,
Some good bank-stock—some note of hand,
Or trifling railway share :
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I can spend.

The poor man, said Seneca, “ wanteth many things, but the covetous man wanteth everything.”

It has been satirically observed that there would be more good Samaritans, if it were not for the twopence and the oil.

A continual and restless search after Fortune, says Bacon, “ takes up too much of their time, who have nobler things to observe ” ; for wealth is only good as far as it adds to life, not life as it adds to wealth. Poverty has been called the scholar’s bride, and “ he can well spare his mule and panniers who has a winged chariot instead.”¹

Our very expressions about money are significant. We constantly hear of a man making money, or made of money, or rolling in money, never of “ enjoying ” money, and those indeed who make money rarely make it for themselves. “ He heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.”

In Xenophon’s banquet, Charmides maintains that poverty is better than riches, for—

“ It is acknowledged that to feel secure is better than to be in fear ; that to be free is better than to be a slave ; to be trusted by one’s country better than to be distrusted ; but, when I was a rich man in this city, I was afraid, in the first place, lest somebody should break into my house, seize upon my money, or do me

¹ Emerson.

personal harm. . . . Now I can lay myself down to sleep. I am not called upon to serve in the parish ; I am not rich enough to be suspected by the Government ; I am at liberty to leave the city, or to stay in it at pleasure. When I was rich, people reproached me for associating with Socrates and other low philosophers. Now I can choose my friends ; for, since I am grown poor, nobody pays any further attention to me. When I had much, I was always unhappy, because I was always losing something ; now I am grown poor, I lose nothing, for I have nothing to lose ; and yet I am constantly consoled and cheered with the hopes of getting something."

There was a great deal of truth in what Charmides said, but it was not the whole truth. Moreover, Charmides, when he said it, had just enjoyed a good dinner, enlivened by music.

If wisely used, money may do much. Gold is a power. "Money," said a witty Frenchman, "is the Sovereign of Sovereigns."¹ Money gives us the means of acquiring what we wish. If fresh air, a good house, books, music, etc., are enjoyable, money will buy them ; if leisure is an advantage, money enables us to take it ; if seeing the world is delightful, it will pay for our journeys ; if to help our friends, to relieve those who are in distress, is a privilege, money confers on us this great blessing.

"Keep it then," said Swift, "in your head, but not in your heart."

The miser is the man who loves money for its own sake ; who carries economy to excess ; who is a mere covetous machine. One lesson we have to learn in life is to keep ourselves free from mean and petty cares, and love of money is one of the meanest.

The great thing is to use wealth wisely. "There

¹ Rivarol.

is that scattereth, and yet increaseth," says Solomon ;
 "and there is that withholdeth more than is meet,
 but it tendeth to poverty."

The well-known epitaph on Edward Courtenay,
 Earl of Devonshire, says—

What we gave, we have ;
 What we spent, we had ;
 What we left, we lost.

Or, as another version of the same idea has it—

What I saved, I lost ;
 What I spent, I had ;
 What I gave, I have.

Be liberal, though not lavish.

There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing.
 There is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.

He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth unto the Lord ;
 And that which he hath given will he pay him again. ¹

The advice given by Christ to the rich young man may perhaps be considered as of individual application, for we must remember our children as well as the poor. Your income is indeed your own, but what you have inherited from your ancestors does not belong to you alone.

Those who have money are like the servants to whom their Lord entrusted the talents in the parable. We shall have to account for it. It is a trust committed to us. Money is nothing to be proud of.

"Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.

¹ Proverbs.

“That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.

“Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.”¹

It is not money, but the love of money, which the Bible tells us is the root of all evil. “If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.” In the Sermon on the Mount the same reason is given.

“Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon 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. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”

¹ 1 Timothy.

CHAPTER IV

RECREATION

ALL work and no play is proverbially admitted to make Jack a dull boy. If the work is indoor work it will also tend to make him a delicate boy and a weak man. Games are by no means loss of time. They are important in developing the body, and especially the upper part,—the arms and the chest, which many of our ordinary avocations tend rather to contract than to expand.

Games not only keep a man in health, but give him spirit for his work; they teach him how to get on with other men: to give way in trifles, to play fairly, and push no advantage to an extremity.

They give moral, as well as physical, health; daring and endurance, self-command and good-humour,—qualities which are not to be found in books, and no teaching can give. The Duke of Wellington truly said that the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing-fields of Eton. Many of the best and most useful lessons of public schools are those which the boys learn in the playground. Only let games be the recreation, not the business, of life.

As regards the importance of games to health, I will quote two of our greatest physiological authorities:—"Games," says Sir James Paget, "are admirable in

all the chief constituent qualities of recreations ; but, besides this, they may exercise a moral influence of great value in business or in any daily work. For without any inducement of a common interest in money, without any low motive, they bring boys and men to work together ; they teach them to be colleagues in good causes with all who will work fairly and well with them ; they teach that power of working with others which is among the best powers for success in every condition of life. And by custom, if not of their very nature, they teach fairness : foul play in any of them, however sharp may be the competition, is by consent of all disgraceful ; and they who have a habit of playing fair will be the more ready to deal fair. A high standard of honesty in their recreations will help to make people despise many things which are far within the limits of the law. . . . Now, I think that if we look for the characteristics which may be found in all good active recreations, and on which their utility chiefly depends, we shall find that they all include one or more of these three things : namely, uncertainties, wonders, and opportunities for the exercise of skill in something different from the regular work. And the appropriateness of these three things seems to be, especially, in that they provide pleasant changes which are in strong contrast with the ordinary occupations of most working lives, and that they give opportunity for the exercise of powers and good dispositions which, being too little used in the daily business of life, would become feeble or be lost."

Professor Michael Foster, Secretary of the Royal Society, in his recent Rede lecture has told us that "even in muscular work the weariness is chiefly one of the brain ; and we are all familiar with a weariness of the brain in causing which the muscles have little or no share. All our knowledge goes to show that

the work of the brain, like the work of the muscles, is accompanied by chemical change; that the chemical changes, though differing in details, are of the same order in the brain as in the muscle; and that the smallness of the changes in the brain as compared with those of the muscle is counterbalanced, or more than counterbalanced, by the exceeding sensitiveness of the nervous substance. . . .

“If an adequate stream of pure blood, of blood made pure by efficient co-operation of organs of low degree, be necessary for the life of the muscle, in order that the working capital may be rapidly renewed and the harmful products rapidly washed away, equally true, perhaps even more true, is this of the brain. Moreover, the struggle for existence has brought to the front a brain ever ready to outrun its more humble helpmates; and even in the best regulated economy, the period of most effective work between the moment when all the complex machinery has been got into working order and the moment when weariness begins to tell, is bounded by all too narrow limits. If there be any truth in what I have laid before you, the sound way to extend those limits is not so much by rendering the brain more agile as by encouraging the humbler helpmates so that their more efficient co-operation may defer the onset of weariness.”

Hunting, shooting, and fishing in common language monopolise the term Sport. Even those of us who do not take our exercise and recreation with the Hounds, the Gun, or the Rod, still feel the fascination. We have inherited it from our ancestors, who not only lived to a great extent by and for “sport” in this world, but looked forward to it as the greatest happiness in the next. The wild boar, says Ossian :

The wild boar rushes over their tombs,
But he does not disturb their repose.

They still love the sport of their youth,
And mount the wind with joy.

Though so much has been written about our debt to pure Water, yet we owe quite as much to fresh Air. How wonderful it is! It permeates all our body, it bathes the skin in a medium so delicate that we are not conscious of its presence, and yet so strong that it wafts the odours of flowers and fruit into our rooms, carries our ships over the seas, the purity of sea and mountain into the heart of our cities. It is the vehicle of sound, it brings to us the voices of those we love and all the sweet music of nature; it is the great reservoir of the rain which waters the earth, it softens the heat of day and the cold of night, covers us overhead with a glorious arch of blue, and lights up the morning and evening skies with fire. It is so exquisitely soft and pure, so gentle and yet so useful, that no wonder Ariel is the most delicate, lovable, and fascinating of all Nature Spirits.

“For of all things,” says Jefferies, “there is none so sweet as sweet air—one great flower it is, drawn round about, over and enclosing, like Aphrodite’s arms: as if the dome of the sky were a bell-flower drooping down over us, and the magical essence of it filling all the room of the earth. Sweetest of all things is wild-flower air. Full of their ideal, the starry flowers strain upwards on the bank, striving to keep above the rude grasses that pushed by them: genius has ever had such a struggle. The plain road was made beautiful by the many thoughts it gave. I came every morning to stay by the starlit bank.

“Not till years after, was I able to see why I went the same round and did not care for change. I do not want change. I want the same old and loved things, the same wild-flowers, the same tree and soft ash-green, the turtle-doves, the blackbirds, the coloured yellow-

hammer sing, sing, singing as long as there is light to cast a shadow on the dial, for such is the measure of his song, and I want them in the same place . . . all the living staircase of the Spring, step by step, upwards to the great gallery of the Summer—let me watch the same succession year by year.”

Our fields do not contain the same rich variety of flowers as those of Switzerland, but at times they glow with buttercups,

And Ladysmocks, all silver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight,¹

while woods are perhaps even more beautiful, more enchanting—

So wondrous wild the whole might seem,
The scenery of a fairy dream.

We often hear of bad weather, but in reality no weather is bad. It is all delightful, though in different ways. Some weather may be bad for farmers or crops, but for man all kinds are good. Sunshine is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind braces us up, snow is exhilarating. As Ruskin says, “There is really no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of good weather.”

Rest is not idleness, and to lie sometimes on the grass under the trees on a summer's day, listening to the murmur of water, or watching the clouds float across the blue sky, is by no means waste of time.

Moreover, air and exercise generally go together, so that you will combine both advantages. There is nothing so good for the inside of a man as the outside of a horse. Every one indeed ought to make it a primary and sacred duty to be at least two hours of the day in the open air.

Fresh air is as good for the mind as for the body.

¹ Shakespeare.

Nature always seems trying to talk to us as if she had some great secret to tell. And so she has.

Earth and Sky, Woods and Fields, Lakes and Rivers, the Mountain and the Sea, are excellent schoolmasters, and teach some of us more than we can ever learn from books. But more than this, if you go away into the country, row yourself on a river, gather flowers in a wood, or fossils in a pit, pick up shells and seaweeds on a shore, play cricket or golf, or give yourself fresh air and exercise in any other way, you will find that you have not only gained in health, but that your cares and troubles and anxieties are wafted away, or at any rate greatly lightened. Nature calms, cools, and invigorates us. She renders the mind more serene, more cheerful.

A life devoted to pleasure and recreation would of course be not only selfish, but intolerably insipid. Games should never be the business of life, but in moderation enjoyment is not idleness.

And what are the elements of Recreation? There are true pleasures and false pleasures. Plato makes Protarchus ask Socrates, "And true pleasures, Socrates, which are they?"

Socrates.—"Those from beautiful colours, as they are called, and from figures, and most of those from odours, and those from sounds, and any objects whose absence is unfelt and painless, while their presence is sensible and productive of pleasure."

But while the senses can give true pleasure, this is not the highest good. Philebus, he continues, maintained "that enjoyment and pleasure and delight, and the class of feeling akin to them, are a good to every living being, whereas I contend that not these, but wisdom and knowledge and memory, and their kindred, right opinion and true reasonings, are better and more desirable than pleasure for all who are able to partake

of them, and that to all such who are or ever will be, they are the most advantageous of all things."

The true pleasures are almost innumerable. Relations and Friends, Conversation, Books, Music, Poetry, Art, Exercise and Rest, the beauty and variety of Nature, Summer and Winter, Morning and Evening, Day and Night, Sunshine and Storm, Woods and Fields, Rivers, Lakes, and Seas, Animals and Plants, Trees and Flowers, Leaves and Fruit, are but a few of them.

We ask for no small boon when we pray for "the kindly fruits of the earth, so that we may enjoy them." Moreover, it may even be possible that "there are many new joys unknown to man, and which he will find along the splendid path of civilisation."¹

It is our own fault if we do not enjoy life. "All men," says Ruskin, "may enjoy, though few can achieve."

One of the greatest talismans in the *Arabian Nights* is the Magic Carpet, on which if a man sat, he was transported wherever he wished to be. Railways do this now for all of us, and "as we increase the range of what we see, we increase the richness of what we can imagine."²

Again, I should rank a good talk very high among the pleasures of existence. It is an admirable tonic, food both for mind and body. Herrick vividly acknowledges his debt to Ben Jonson, and describes their suppers—

When we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad ;
And yet, each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

When Johnson wished to describe a pleasant evening, "Sir," he said, "we had a good talk." And I have often found an hour with Darwin or Lyell,

¹ Mantegazza in *Ideals of Life*.

² Ruskin.

Kingsley or Ruskin, Hooker, Huxley, or Tyndall, as invigorating as a draught of fresh air.

There are few gifts in which men differ more than in the Art of Conversation. I have known very clever men,—men, too, who could be made most interesting,—but from whom nothing was to be expected unless it were absolutely extracted from them. A good talker is always welcome. Like everything else, the art can be cultivated. No one can expect to talk well without practice.

“The first ingredient of good talk,” says Sir William Temple, “is truth, the next good sense, the third good-humour, and the fourth wit,” and the first three at any rate are in the power of any one.

Many people have learned much of what they know from conversation. “He that questioneth much,” says Bacon, “shall learn much and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge.”

We do not sufficiently cultivate in children, or, for that matter, in ourselves either, the sense of Beauty. Yet what pleasure is so pure, so costless, so accessible, indeed so ever present with us! One man will derive the keenest delight from scenery, trees and foliage, fruit and flowers, the blue sky, the fleecy clouds, the sparkling sea, the ripple on the lake, the gleam on the river, the shadows on the grass, the moon and stars at night. To another, all this is nothing. The moon and stars shine in vain; Birds and Insects, Trees and Flowers, River and Lake and Sea, Sun, Moon, and Stars give him no pleasure.

For of the Soule the bodie forme doth take;
For Soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.¹

¹ Spenser.

Our artificial colours are "good enough for the splendour of lowly pride, but not good enough for one wreath of perishing cloud, nor one feather in a wild duck's wing."¹

"There is yet a light," says Ruskin, "which the eye invariably seeks with a deeper feeling of the beautiful,—the light of the declining or breaking day, and the flecks of scarlet clouds burning like watch-fires in the green sky of the horizon." The colours of the sky seem to lighten up the earth, and "the orange stain on the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunset of a thousand years." Sunsets are so beautiful that they almost seem as if we were looking through the Gates of Heaven.

The Talmudic Commentators tell us that in Manna every one found the taste he liked best, and so in Nature every one who seeks will find what he most enjoys.

I have no idea, however, of attempting to exhaust the long list of true pleasures. And where there are so many innocent pleasures, why choose any which are bad, or even doubtful? At any rate exhaust the good, if you can: it will then be time enough to think of others.

Those who have, as the saying is, "seen life" and think they know "the world," are very much mistaken; they know less of the realities of existence than many a peasant who has never left his own parish, but has used his eyes wisely there.

A life of indulgence, a "gay life," as it is falsely called, is a miserable mockery of happiness. Those who have fallen victims to it complain of the world, when they have only themselves to blame. "Lorsque les plaisirs nous ont épuisés, nous croyons que nous avons épuisé les plaisirs."² "I am young," said De

¹ Hamerton.

² Vauvenargues.

Musset, "I have passed but the half of the road of life, and already weary, I turn and look back." What a melancholy confession! If he had lived wisely he would have looked back with thankfulness, and forward with hope.

The worth of a life is to be measured by its moral value. "Further, the Soul and Body make a perfect Man, when the Soul commands wisely, or rules lovingly, and cares profitably, and provides plentifully, and conducts charitably that Body which is its partner and yet the inferior. But if the Body shall give Laws, and by the violence of the appetite, first abuse the Understanding, and then possess the superior portion of the Will and Choice, the Body and the Soul are not apt company, and the man is a fool and miserable. If the Soul rules not, it cannot be a companion: either it must govern or be a slave."¹

¹ Jeremy Taylor.

CHAPTER V

HEALTH

THE soul is of course the noblest part of man, but in the present conditions of our existence at any rate, it can only act through and by the body. An amusing illustration is afforded by the first experiment of our great countryman Faraday. He began life as a boy in a chemist's shop, and being one day sent to a customer, he could not make any one hear when he rang the bell. He put his head through the railings to try to see whether any one was at home, and then the question occurred to him, on which side of the railings he really was? He decided that a man was where his head was, but at that moment the door was suddenly opened before he could move out of the way, and squeezed his leg against the railings, bringing forcibly home to him the truth of the old parable about the head and the other members.

The conditions of our life render the study of health now especially important. Our ancestors lived more in the country, more in the open air, more in agricultural operations. We are to a much greater extent concentrated in cities, work much more in houses, shops, and factories; our occupations are sedentary and stooping, and are a greater tax on the brain and nervous system. It can, I fear, hardly be doubted that

the people of our great cities are less vigorous than their forefathers. No one can drive through the poorer parts of London, or any other great manufacturing centre, without being struck by the want of vitality, the pale faces, and narrow chests of both men and women. Moreover, our very sanitary improvements are in one respect a danger, by keeping alive the weak and the diseased. Much of the misery of disease is due to causes which might be obviated by a little care and attention, and some elementary knowledge of the laws of health.

Even in the earliest times of which we have any record, wise statesmen paid much attention to the subject of health. They realised the great importance of the *Mens sana in corpore sano*.

The care of our health is a sacred duty. It is sometimes said that the hygienic rules of Moses formed a considerable part of his religious teaching. This, I think, is hardly correct. We must remember that what we have in the Bible is a code of laws—civil and social, as well as religious. Nevertheless, the laws of health, if not strictly a part of religion, have always been regarded as coming near to it. "What! know ye not that your body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?"¹ The Egyptian reverence for the body was wiser than the mediæval contempt, and there is no inherent virtue, but really the reverse, in rags and dirt.

The Greeks "made physical as well as intellectual education a science as well as a study. Their women practised graceful, and in some cases, even athletic exercises. They developed, by a free and healthy life, those figures which remain everlasting and unapproachable models of human beauty."²

¹ St. Paul.

² Kingsley.

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant ;
More life, and fuller, that I want.¹

Cleanliness is next to Godliness, says the old proverb, and the modern discoveries in medical science not only confirm the old adage, but explain clearly the reason, and show why it is so.

We now know that many diseases are not primarily due to any abnormal condition of the tissues, but are actual invasions by other organisms; that cholera, small-pox, and probably several other diseases cannot originate of themselves, but that the germs must be planted in us. Hence the great importance of cleanliness, not only in ourselves, but in the houses we live in, the clothes we wear, the water we drink, and the air we breathe.

The human body is indeed a standing miracle! Consider for a moment the marvellous amount of knowledge stored up in the brain! Consider the rapidity with which the muscles answer to the will! Sir James Paget has told us that a practised musician can play on the piano at the rate of twenty-four notes in a second. For each note a nerve current must be transmitted from the brain to the fingers, and from the fingers to the brain. Each note requires three movements of a finger, the bending down and raising up, and at least one lateral, making no less than seventy-two motions in a second, each requiring a distinct effort of the will, and directed unerringly with a certain speed, and a certain force, to a certain place.

The skin is a delicate and most elaborate organ, built up of millions of cells, and containing miles of veins and ducts, capillaries and nerves. It is continually renewing itself, and, to fulfil its functions properly, requires a reasonable amount of care, and

¹ Tennyson.

plenty of water. The use of the brush is, moreover, almost as necessary for the skin as for the hair. To preserve this wonderful organism in health, the parts must be kept in use.

It may be said of many an invalid, as it was by Milton of Hobson, that "ease was his chief disease."

"The luxuries of Campania weakened Hannibal, whom neither snows nor Alps could vanquish: victorious in arms, he was conquered in pleasure."¹

The senses—full of innocent delight as they are—will no doubt, if we yield to them, wreck us, like the Sirens of old, on the rocks and whirlpools of life. We bring many diseases on ourselves by errors of diet. The word drink is often used as synonymous with Alcohol—the great curse of northern nations. In some cases a valuable medicine, but yet so great a temptation as to be the source of probably half the sin and misery and suffering of our countrymen. Honest water never made any one a sinner, but crime may almost be said to be concentrated alcohol. "Where Satan cannot go in person," says an old Jewish proverb, "he sends wine."

Once the demon enters,
Stands within the door;
Peace, and hope, and gladness
Dwell there never more.²

"Wine," says Pliny, "maketh the hand quiver, the eye watery, the night unquiet, evil dreams, a foul breath in the morning, and an utter forgetfulness of all things." Sir W. Raleigh quotes this passage, and adds "Whosoever loveth wine shall not be trusted of any man, for he cannot keep a secret. Wine maketh man not only a beast, but a madman; and if thou love it, thy own wife, thy children, and thy friends will despise thee."

Shakespeare has several excellent passages in condemnation of drink.

¹ Seneca.

² Challis.

Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths
 To steal away their brains ! that we
 Should with joy, pleasance, revel and applause,
 Transform ourselves into beasts.

“To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast.” This is, however, really unfair to beasts.

On the other hand, how rich is the reward of moderation !

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood,

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly.”¹

Surprise has sometimes been expressed that the evils of drunkenness are not more often denounced in the Bible, but we must remember that it was written in a hot country. Drunkenness is especially a vice of cold climates. It is, however, denounced by Solomon—

Who hath woe ? Who hath sorrow ?
 Who hath contentions ? Who hath babbling ?
 Who hath wounds without cause ? Who hath redness
 of eyes ?

They that tarry long at the wine ;
 They that go to seek mixed wine.
 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red,
 When it giveth his colour in the cup :

At the last it biteth like a serpent,
 And stingeth like an adder.²

There are some grounds for hope that drunkenness is a decreasing evil. The greater opportunities for intellectual occupations, the easier access to music,

¹ Shakespeare.

² Proverbs.

pictures, and books, the more respectable and comfortable homes of our people, have done, and are doing, much to encourage temperance.

But if the evils of alcohol are more conspicuous, those of over-eating are also very common. Probably nine people out of ten eat more than they need, more than is good for them. An occasional feast matters little; it is the continual daily over-loading ourselves with food which is so injurious, so depressing. It is easy to eat too much; there is no fear of eating too little.

Moderation should run through the whole of life. "In truth, refining the gold of both knowledge and vigour, it increases tenfold the value of both, and adding gentleness to strength, and temperance to enthusiasm, is perhaps the great secret of success in work."¹

Moderation is strength, not weakness; it implies self-command and self-control.

Do not linger long over meals, but do not eat quickly. It is said that you should always rise from the table feeling as if you would wish for more. The brain cannot work if the stomach is full. "After dinner rest awhile" is a good rule, but it is a poor life if you eat so much that you have to rest from one meal to another. Eat to live, but do not live to eat. Long meals make short lives.

When savages wish to become "medicine men," one of the preparations is a long fast. The result is an increased activity of the nervous system, which they take for inspiration. They carry it, no doubt, too far; but any one who tries, will find that he can do better mental work if he keeps down the amount of his food.

A light stomach, moreover, makes a light heart. High feeding means low spirits, and many people suffer as much from dyspepsia as from all other ailments put together.

¹ Miss Sewell.

“Beware,” says Bacon, “of any sudden change in any great point of diet, and if necessity enforce it, fit the rest to it, to be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat, and of sleep and of exercise is the best precept of long lasting.”

“If you wish to be well,” said Abernethy, “you must live on 6d. a day, and earn it yourself.” This wise saying comprises in a few words the requisites both as to diet and as to exercise. You can buy, especially in these cheap times, sufficient food for 6d.,—good wholesome food,—but you cannot get drunk, and you are not likely to over-eat yourself. It emphasises also the necessity of exercise.

As we are now situated, scarcely any time spent in the open air can be said to be wasted. Such hours will not only not be counted in life, but will actually add to it,—will tend to make “your days long in the land.” The Romans had an excellent proverb—*In aëre salus*, and you can hardly be too much out of doors.

Pure water is as important as fresh air. Plenty of water, cold if you can stand it, and both outside and in. Even what may seem minor matters, such as attention to the teeth, may make no small difference to the comfort of life.

Health is much more a matter of habits and of diet than of medicine. Our ancestors used to take drugs to keep off disease. Not only the College of Physicians, but even Bacon, recommended them. Yet it was a radical error. Locke seems to have been the first to point out the fallacy. The very name of Medical Science seems to point to the use of drugs. But if we live sensibly we shall require to spend very little on medicine.

Give Nature fair play, and let her alone. “Do not,” said Napoleon, “counteract the living principle :

leave it the liberty of defending itself: it will do better than any drugs."

With plenty of air, plenty of water, and moderation in diet, most of us may enjoy the glorious feeling of health and strength, and even retain the spring of youth until far on in age.

But health is not merely a matter of the body. "Anger, hatred, grief, and fear are among the influences most destructive of vitality."¹ And, on the other hand, cheerfulness, good-humour, and peace of mind are powerful elements of health.

We are told that Lycurgus dedicated a little statue to the god of Laughter in each of the Spartan eating-halls. Most people, said Buffon, "might live to be older, but they die of conceit and chagrin." He was speaking of his own countrymen, but it is true of others also.

When we are out of sorts things get on our nerves, the most trifling annoyances assume the proportions of a catastrophe. It is a sure sign that we need rest and fresh air.

We often hear of over-pressure in children, and of older people who have worked themselves to death. I believe such instances are rare. In most cases it is not honest work, but excitement, worry, and anxiety which ruin the constitution. Idleness, dissipation, and self-indulgence have killed many more than good hard work. The brain requires exercise as well as the muscles. If you train yourself to early hours, temperance, and wise habits, work, even hard work, if only not excessive, will do you more good than harm.

Most of us have at some time or another to pass through a period of sleeplessness. It is certainly most depressing; one feels as if some great misfortune were impending; little difficulties, which at other times it

¹ Dr. Richardson.

would be a pleasure to surmount, appear insuperable ; the mind seems to fly from everything pleasant, and broods over anything which has gone, or possibly may go, wrong. Do not, however, despair ; I believe sleeplessness never killed any one. But above all do not take drugs ; that is the real danger. Be as little in the house and as much out of doors as you possibly can, take things as easily as you may, and depend upon it, the blessing of sleep will one day return. If the sleeplessness has not lasted too long, you will be to a great extent repaid, for you will have learnt to know the blessing of sleep, which as a rule we do not half appreciate.

Many bodily ailments have their origin in the mind. Medical men have not to consider physical symptoms only, but will often find themselves face to face with the question—

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart ? ¹

Moreover, health is not only a great element of happiness, but it is essential to good work. It is not merely wasteful but selfish to throw it away.

It is impossible to do good work,—at any rate, it is impossible to do our best,—if we overstrain ourselves. It is bad policy, because all work done under such circumstances will inevitably involve an additional period of quiet and rest afterwards ; but apart from this, work so done will not be of a high quality, it will show traces of irritability and weakness : the judgment will not be good : if it involves co-operation with

¹ Shakespeare.

others there will be great possibility of friction and misunderstandings. Let any one try to make a sketch, and he will see at once that his hand is not steady, not under proper control, and this is not merely a matter of muscular fatigue, but of nervous exhaustion. Labour ought to be enjoyed; and to enjoy it, we must work steadily and energetically, but not incessantly, not neglecting food and rest, exercise and holidays.

The weakening and lowering tendency of ill-health is especially marked when it is self-incurred. On the other hand, there are some who, through no fault of their own, are born to a life of suffering. In such cases it often seems as if Nature compensates for the weakness of the body by the clearness and brightness of the mind. We have all met some great sufferers, whose cheerfulness and good-humour are not only a lesson to us who enjoy good health, but who seem to be, as it were, raised and consecrated by a life of suffering.

CHAPTER VI

NATIONAL EDUCATION

FROM the earliest times of which we have any record, the wisest of men have urged the importance of education.¹

“Of all treasure,” says the Hitopadesa, “knowledge is the most precious, for it can neither be stolen, given away, nor consumed.” “Education,” says Plato, “is the fairest thing that the best of men can ever have.”

Montaigne stated broadly that ignorance was “the mother of evil.” “Learning,” said Fuller, “is the greatest alms that can be given.”² “Pouvoir,” said a French moralist, “sans savoir est fort dangereux.” An ignorant life must always be comparatively a dull one. It has been well said that Man needs knowledge, not merely as a means of livelihood, but as a means of life.

Petrarch said that what he cared for most was to learn, and Shakespeare probably expressed his own views in the words which he put into the mouth of Lord Say, that

Ignorance is the curse of God ;
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

¹ It is, however, rather remarkable that, so far as I know, no book has been expressly written for children until quite within recent years.

² Fuller's *Worthies*.

Solomon in a beautiful passage tells us that—

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding :
For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of
silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies :
And all the things thou canst desire
Are not to be compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand ;
And in her left hand riches and honour.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.¹

And again—

Wisdom is the principal thing ; therefore get wisdom :
And with all thy getting get understanding.

And yet the prevailing opinion was long in the opposite direction, especially as regards girls. There was a German saying that the wardrobe was the library of women, and a French proverb that girls should be kept either within the four evangelists or four walls. It is not so long since it was thought that neither poor people on the one hand, nor gentlemen on the other, had anything to do with education. It was supposed to be a mere matter for priests and monks. The very word "clerk" conveys this idea.

Even so wise and good a man as Dr. Johnson laid it down almost as a self-evident axiom, that if every one learnt to read it would be impossible to find any one who would do the manual work of the world. Dr. Johnson was a great literary authority, and did not realise the dignity of labour.

That was one stage. A second was that education had special reference to the business of life. That it

¹ Proverbs.

was necessary to be careful lest children should be raised above their station. That reading, writing, and arithmetic only, were necessary for poor children,—reading and writing for the details of business, and arithmetic in order to keep accounts.

This view was extended to all departments of business. Lord Eldon is reported to have selected his bankers (who must have been very different from the present members of the firm) because, he said, they were the stupidest bankers in London, and that if he could find any stupider he would move his account. Hazlitt maintained that boys who were intended for business should not be taught anything else. Any one, he said, “will make money if he has no other idea in his head.”

That is the second stage.

Now we advocate Education, not merely to make the man the better workman, but the workman the better man. Victor Hugo well said that “he who opens a school, closes a prison.”

“Most of our children,” said a Swiss statesman, “are born to poverty, but we take care that they shall not grow up to ignorance.” We also, in England, are now beginning to appreciate the importance of education. Gray could not now say of our rural population that

. . . Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Matthew Arnold tells us in his *Culture and Anarchy* that there are still many who think that culture and sweetness and light are all moonshine. But this was written in 1869.

The year 1870, the year of the passing of the Education Act, was a most important epoch in the

social history of our country. At that time the number of children in our elementary schools was 1,400,000. It is now over 5,000,000. And what has been the result? First let me take the criminal statistics. Up to 1877 the number of persons in prison showed a tendency to increase. In that year the average number was 20,800. Since then it has steadily decreased, and now is only 13,000. It has, therefore, diminished in round numbers by one-third. But we must remember that the population has been steadily increasing. Since 1870 it has increased by one-third. If our criminals had increased in the same proportion, they would have been 28,000 instead of 13,000, or more than double. In that case then, our expenditure on police and prisons would have been at least £8,000,000 instead of £4,000,000. In juvenile crime the decrease is even more satisfactory. In 1856 the number of young persons committed for indictable offences was 14,000. In 1866 it had fallen to 10,000; in 1876 to 7000; in 1881 to 6000; and, according to the last figures I have been able to obtain, to 5100. Turning to poor-rate statistics we find that in 1870 the number of paupers to every thousand of the population was over 47. It had been as high as 52. Since then it has fallen to 22, and in a parenthesis I may say I am proud to find that in the metropolis we are substantially below the average. The proportion, therefore, is less than one-half of what it used to be. Our annual expenditure on the poor from rates is £8,000,000, and, supposing it had remained at the former rate, it would have been over £16,000,000, or £8,000,000 more than the present amount. If, then, we were now paying at the same rate as twenty years ago, the cost of our criminals would have been £4,000,000 more than it is, and our poor-rate £8,000,000 larger.

I may add that the statistics of the worst crimes are even more remarkable and satisfactory. The yearly average of persons sentenced to penal servitude in the five years ending in 1864 was 2800, and that number has steadily fallen, being for last year only 729, or but one quarter, notwithstanding the increase of population. In fact eight of our convict prisons have become unnecessary, and have been applied to other purposes.

As showing the close connection of crime and ignorance, I may also observe that, according to the last returns which I have been able to obtain, out of 157,000 persons committed to prison there were only 5000 who could read and write well, and only 250 who were what could be called educated persons.

The following table¹ illustrates in a striking manner the great and progressive decrease in the number of sentences for serious crime, and it will be seen that the figures are all the more striking because, while the number of criminals has been falling, the population, on the other hand, has been rapidly rising:—

Yearly average number of persons sentenced on indictment to penal servitude in England and Wales.		Estimated average population of England and Wales.
During 5 years ending—		
31st December 1859	2589	19,257,000
Do. 1864	2800	20,370,000
Do. 1869	1978	21,681,000
Do. 1874	1622	23,088,000
Do. 1879	1633	24,700,000
Do. 1884	1427	26,313,251
Do. 1889	945	27,830,179
Do. 1892	791	29,055,550

¹ Report of the Dir. of Convict Prisons, 1893.

It will not, however, I hope, be supposed that I should look at the question as a mere matter of £ s. d. I have only referred to this consideration as a reply to those who object on the score of expense.

Of course, I am aware that various allowances would have to be made, that other circumstances have to be taken into consideration, and that these figures cannot claim any scientific accuracy; at the same time they are interesting and very satisfactory.

The fact is that only a fraction of the crime of the country arises from deliberate wickedness or irresistible temptation; the great sources of crime are drink and ignorance. The happy results which have been obtained are due, not only to the good which the children are taught in school, the habits of cleanliness and order which they acquire, but to the fact that they are not learning the evil lessons of the streets, but are protected from the fatal teaching and example of the criminal and the loafer.

We are beginning then to feel the advantage of Education in the diminution of the poor-rate¹ and the emptying of our prisons, showing the diminution of paupers and criminals, and especially, I may add, of juvenile crime.

It may, however, well be doubted whether we have yet devised the best system of education. There are three great questions which in life we have over and over again to answer. Is it right or wrong? Is it true or false? Is it beautiful or ugly? Our education ought to help us to answer these questions.

Nearly two centuries ago Bacon spoke of those who "call upon men to sell their books and buy furnaces, forsaking Minerva and the Muses as barren virgins,

¹ Of course I am here speaking of the rate for the maintenance of the poor. Many other expenses are included in what is technically called the "poor-rate."

and relying upon Vulcan." We must not forsake Minerva and the Muses, but yet we have never sufficiently based our education on the Bible of Nature.

Reading and Writing, Arithmetic and Grammar do not constitute Education, any more than a knife, fork, and spoon constitute a dinner. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob could neither read nor write, and probably were quite ignorant of the rule of three.

I have been often accused of attacking classical education. This, however, I have never done. The Classics are a most important part of education, which it would be absurd to undervalue or neglect; but they are not the whole, and our Education, as Charles Buxton observed, "too often consists in merely learning the words which dead gentlemen of 2000 years ago would have used." To neglect other subjects is, to use Cicero's metaphor, as if a man took care of his right side only, and neglected the left. Much of our so-called classical education is, however, not even classical. So much attention and time are devoted to the grammar, that the sense of the classical writers is lost. It is, in fact, a branch of Science, viz. Grammar,—not, however, always taught scientifically, or in the most interesting manner. Moreover, in our present system our boys are not taught to speak Latin or Greek; and as an acme of absurdity, as a last precaution to render the instruction as useless as possible, they are trained to pronounce the words very differently from the Romans or Greeks themselves, or indeed from the people of any other country, and even from the Scotch.

The system fails to give any love of classical literature. Thackeray, in his notes of a journey from Cornhill to Cairo, imagines the Greek Muse coming to him and asking if he were not charmed to find himself at Athens, to which he replies with more truth than

politeness, "Madam, your company in youth was made so laboriously disagreeable to me that I cannot at present reconcile myself to you in age."

But, important as they are, the Classics are only one side of Education. The very expression "Literæ humaniores" shows how much in the old view Education should be allied to human sympathy—to the wider kinship which unites man to man. Shakespeare, we are told, had "small Latin and less Greek." Books, even with all the help they can receive from meditation and discourse, can supply only part of education. The boy who has studied books only, who knows nothing of Nature, nothing of the world in which we live, cannot grow into a whole man; he can never be more than a mere fraction.

It has, moreover, been justly observed that much of our so-called education is "like reading a treatise on Botany to a flower-bed, to make the plants grow."¹

We have not only much to learn, but much to unlearn.

While making these remarks I am far indeed from being ungrateful to schoolmasters. Theirs is a most laborious, exhausting, and responsible profession. Nothing is more delightful than playing with children. To teach them is a different matter.

To give instruction in grammar and arithmetic is perhaps fairly easy. "Yes, this is easy; but to help the young soul, add energy, inspire hope, and blow the coals into a useful flame; to redeem defeat by new thought, by firm action: that is not easy, that is the work of divine men."²

Education is not intended to make Lawyers or Clergymen, Soldiers or Schoolmasters, Farmers or Artisans, but Men. "I call a complete and generous education," said Milton, "that which fits a man to

¹ *Guesses at Truth.*

² Emerson.

perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

Philosophers have always been too ready to suppose that questions of fact can be settled by verbal considerations. Plutarch has an amusing discussion on the question, Which came first? the Hen or the Egg? and one consideration brought forward is that the hen came first, because every one speaks of a hen's egg and no one says an egg's hen.

It cannot be right to let our children grow up, so that

Unknown to them the subtle skill
With which the artist eye can trace
In rock and tree, and lake and hill,
The outlines of divinest grace.¹

"If any imagine," says Jefferies, "that they will find thought in many books, they will be disappointed. Thought dwells by the stream and sea, by the hill and in the woodland, in the sunlight and free wind." Unfortunately, however, the streams and sea, the forests and sunlight and fresh air, are less accessible to us than we could wish. Moreover, thought no doubt dwells in books too. But they must be used with judgment. Language is a very imperfect instrument of expression. It is not every boy that grows into a man. Even the truths of Arithmetic must be used with caution.

It is probably from the defects in our system which I have just alluded to, that so many fail to carry on any systematic self-education after leaving school. No doubt we go on learning as long as we live: "Live and learn," says the old proverb; but the question is whether we learn in a haphazard manner scraps of information which we light on in a newspaper or in a

¹ Whittier.

novel ; or whether we carry on anything which can fairly be called self-training and education.

I have elsewhere¹ given the views of one high authority as to what might reasonably be expected, and will here quote the very similar opinion given by Professor Huxley :—

“Such education should enable an average boy of fifteen or sixteen to read and write his own language with ease and accuracy, and with a sense of literary excellence derived from the study of our classic writers : to have a general acquaintance with the history of his own country and with the great laws of social existence, to have acquired the rudiments of the physical and psychological sciences, and a fair knowledge of elementary arithmetic and geometry. He should have obtained an acquaintance with logic rather by example than by precept ; while the acquirement of the elements of music and drawing should have been pleasure rather than work.”

Such information is most interesting. Many of us have felt with John Hunter, the great anatomist, and could say that “As a boy, I wanted to know about the clouds and the grasses, and why the leaves changed colour in the Autumn. I watched the Ants, Bees, Birds, Tadpoles, and Caddis Worms ; I pestered people with questions about what nobody knew or cared anything about.”

“I will only,” observes Locke in his treatise on Education, “say this one thing concerning books, that however it has got the name, yet converse with books is not, in my opinion, the principal part of study ; there are two others which ought to be joined with it, each whereof contributes their share to our improvement in knowledge ; and those are meditation and discourse. Reading, methinks, is but collecting the

¹ *The Pleasures of Life.*

rough materials, amongst which a great deal must be laid aside as useless. Meditation is, as it were, choosing and fitting the materials, framing the timbers, squaring and laying the stones, and raising the buildings; and discourse with a friend (for wrangling in a dispute is of little use) is, as it were, surveying the structure, walking in the rooms, and observing the symmetry and agreement of the parts, taking notice of the solidity or defects of the works, and the best way to find out and correct what is amiss; besides that it helps often to discover truths, and fix them in our minds as much as either of the other two."

CHAPTER VII

SELF-EDUCATION

EDUCATION is the harmonious development of all our faculties. It begins in the nursery, and goes on at school, but does not end there. It continues through life, whether we will or not. The only question is whether what we learn in after life is wisely chosen or picked up haphazard. "Every person," says Gibbon, "has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one more important, which he gives himself."

What we teach ourselves must indeed always be more useful than what we learn of others. "Nobody," said Locke, "ever went far in knowledge, or became eminent in any of the Sciences, by the discipline and restraint of a Master."

You cannot, even if you would, keep your heart empty, swept, and garnished; the only question is whether you will prepare it for good or evil.

Those who have not distinguished themselves at school need not on that account be discouraged. The greatest minds do not necessarily ripen the quickest. If, indeed, you have not taken pains, then, though I will not say that you should be discouraged, still you should be ashamed; but if you have done your best, you have only to persevere; for many of those who

have never been able to distinguish themselves at school, have been very successful in after life. We are told that Wellington and Napoleon were both dull boys, and the same is said to have been the case with Sir Isaac Newton, Dean Swift, Clive, Sir Walter Scott, Sheridan, and many other eminent men.

Evidently then it does not follow that those who have distinguished themselves least at school have benefited least.

Genius has been described as "an infinite capacity for taking pains," which is not very far from the truth. As Lilly quaintly says, "If Nature plays not her part, in vain is Labour; yet if Studie be not employed, in vain is Nature."

On the other hand, many brilliant and clever boys, for want of health, industry, or character, have unfortunately been failures in after life, as Goethe said, "like plants which bear double flowers, but no fruit"; and have sunk to driving a cab, shearing sheep in Australia, or writing for a bare subsistence; while the comparatively slow but industrious and high-principled boys have steadily risen and filled honourable positions with credit to themselves and advantage to their country.

Doubts as to the value of education have in some cases arisen, as Dr. Arnold says, from "that strange confusion between ignorance and innocence with which many people seem to solace themselves. Whereas, if you take away a man's knowledge, you do not bring him to the state of an infant, but to that of a brute; and of one of the most mischievous and malignant of the brute creation,"¹ for, as he points out elsewhere, if men neglect that which should be the guide of their lives, they become the slaves of their passions, and are left with the evils of both ages—the ignorance of the Child, and the vices of the Man.

¹ Arnold's *Christian Life*.

No one whose Education was well started at school would let it stop. It is a very low view of Education to suppose that we should study merely to serve a paltry convenience, that we should confine it to what the Germans call "bread and butter" studies.

The object of a wise education is, in the words of Solomon—

To know wisdom and instruction ;
 To perceive the words of understanding ;
 To receive the instruction of wisdom,
 Justice, and judgment, and equity ;
 To give subtlety to the simple,
 To the young man knowledge and discretion.¹

A man, says Thoreau, "will go considerably out of his way to pick up a silver dollar; but here are golden words, which the wisest Men of Antiquity have uttered, and whose worth the wise of every succeeding age have assured us of."

A sad French proverb says, "Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait"; and a wise education will tend to provide us with both requisites, with knowledge in youth and strength in age. Experience, said Franklin, "is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."

It is half the battle to make a good start in life.

Train up a child in the way he should go ;
 And when he is old, he will not depart from it.

Begin well, and it will be easier and easier as you go on. On the other hand, if you make a false start it is far from easy to retrieve your position. It is difficult to learn, but still more difficult to unlearn.

Try to fix in your mind what is best in books, in men, in ideas, and in institutions. We need not be

¹ Proverbs.

ashamed if others know more than we do; but we ought to be ashamed if we have not learnt all we can.

Education does not consist merely in studying languages and learning a number of facts. It is something very different from, and higher than, mere instruction. Instruction stores up for future use, but education sows seed which will bear fruit, some thirty, some sixty, some one hundred fold.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom:
And with all thy getting get understanding.¹

Knowledge is admittedly inferior to wisdom, but yet I must say that she has sometimes received very scant justice. We are told, for instance, that

Knowledge is proud that she has learnt so much;
Wisdom is humble that she knows no more.²

But this is not so. Those who have learnt most, are best able to realise how little they know.

Even Bishop Butler tells us that "Men of deep research and curious inquiry should just be put in mind, not to mistake what they are doing. If their discoveries serve the cause of virtue and religion, in the way of proof, motive to practice, or assistance in it; or if they tend to render life less unhappy, and promote its satisfactions; then they are most usefully employed: but bringing things to light, alone and of itself, is of no manner of use, any otherwise than as an entertainment or diversion."

It has again been unjustly said that knowledge is

A rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds.

He would be a poor architect, however, who was

¹ Proverbs.

² Cowper.

careless in the choice of materials, and no one can say what the effect of "bringing things to light" may be. Many steps in knowledge which at the time seemed practically useless, have proved most valuable.

Knowledge is power. "Knowledge of the electric telegraph saves time; knowledge of writing saves human speech and locomotion; knowledge of domestic economy saves income; knowledge of sanitary laws saves health and life; knowledge of the laws of the intellect saves wear and tear of brain; and knowledge of the laws of the Spirit—what does it not save?"¹

"For direct self-preservation," says Herbert Spencer, "or the maintenance of life and health, the all-important knowledge is—Science; for that indirect self-preservation which we call gaining a livelihood, the knowledge of greatest value is—Science. For the due discharge of parental functions, the proper guidance is to be found only in—Science. For that interpretation of national life, past and present, without which the citizen cannot rightly regulate his conduct, the indispensable key is—Science. Alike for the most perfect production and highest enjoyment of Art in all its forms, the needful preparation is still—Science. And for purposes of discipline—intellectual, moral, religious—the most efficient study is, once more—Science."

"When I look back," says Dr. Fitch, "on my own life, and think on the long-past school and college days, I know well that there is not a fact in history, not a formula in mathematics, not a rule in grammar, not a sweet and pleasant verse of poetry, not a truth in science which I ever learned, which has not come to me over and over again in the most unexpected ways, and proved to be of greater use than I could ever have believed. It has helped me to understand better the books I read, the history of events which are occurring

¹ Kingsley.

round me, and to make the whole outlook of life larger and more interesting."

Lastly, I will quote Dean Stanley. "Pure love of truth," he says, "how very rare and yet how very beneficent! We do not see its merits at once: we do not perceive, perhaps, in this or the next generation, how widely happiness is increased in the world by the discoveries of men of science, who have pursued them simply and solely because they were attracted towards them by their single-minded love of what was true."¹ Well then may Solomon say that

A wise man will hear, and will increase learning.²

There is hardly any piece of information which will not come in useful, hardly anything which is not worth seeing at least once. There are in reality no little things, only little minds.

"Knowledge is like the mystic ladder in the Patriarch's dream. Its base rests on the primeval earth—its crest is lost in the shadowy splendour of the empyrean; while the great authors who for traditional ages have held the chain of science and philosophy, of poesy and erudition, are the angels ascending and descending the sacred scale, and maintaining, as it were, the communication between earth and heaven."³

It is sad, however, to remember in how many cases the authors of great discoveries are unknown; sad, not on their account, but because we should wish to remember them with gratitude. Great discoverers have seldom worked for themselves, or for the sake of fame.

"For Truth with tireless zeal they sought;
In joyless paths they trod:
Heedless of praise or blame they wrought,
And left the rest to God.

¹ Stanley's *Life*.

² Proverbs.

³ Lord Beaconsfield.

But though their names no poet wove
 In deathless song or story,
 Their record is inscribed above ;
 Their wreaths are crowns of glory.¹

Attention and application to your studies are absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of life. If you give only half your mind to what you are doing, it will cost you twice as much labour.

It is sad to think how little intellectual enjoyment has yet added to the happiness of Man, and yet the very word school (*σχολή*) meant originally rest or enjoyment. It is most important, says Mr. J. Morley, "both for happiness and for duty, that we should habitually live with wise thoughts and right feelings."

The brain of Man should be

The Dome of thought, the Palæe of the Soul.²

We are, says Donne—

We are but farmers of ourselves, yet may,
 If we can stoek ourselves and thrive, uplay
 Much good treasure for the great rent day.

There is much in the creed of Positivists with which I cannot agree, but they have a noble motto—"L'amour pour principe, l'ordre pour base, et le progrès pour but."

There are, however, says Emerson, many "innocent men who worship God after the tradition of their fathers, but whose sense of duty has not extended to the use of all their faculties."

Man measures everything by himself. The greatest mountain heights, and the depth of the ocean, in feet ; our very system of arithmetical notation is founded on the number of our fingers. And yet what poor creatures we are ! What poor creatures we are, and

¹ Dewart.

² Byron.

how great we might be! What is a man? and what is a man not?

A man, says Pascal, is "res cogitans, id est dubitans, affirmans, negans, pauca intelligens, multa ignorans, volens, nolens, imaginans etiam, et sentiens."

Man, he says elsewhere, "is but a reed, the feeblest thing in Nature; but he is a reed that thinks (*un roseau pensant*). It needs not that the Universe arm itself to crush him. An exhalation, a drop of water, suffices to destroy him. But were the Universe to crush him, Man is yet nobler than the Universe, for he knows that he dies; and the Universe, even in prevailing against him, knows not its power."

What qualities are essential for the perfecting of a human being? A cool head, a warm heart, a sound judgment, and a healthy body. Without a cool head we are apt to form hasty conclusions, without a warm heart we are sure to be selfish, without a sound body we can do but little, while even the best intentions without sound judgment may do more harm than good.

If we wish to praise a friend we say that he is a perfect gentleman. What is it to be a gentleman? asked Thackeray, "is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be brave, to be wise; and possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner?" A gentleman, he adds, "is a rarer thing than some of us think for." Kings can give titles, but they cannot make gentlemen. We can all, however, be noble if we choose.

"That man," says Archdeacon Farrar, "approaches most nearly to such perfection as is attainable in human life whose body has been kept in vigorous health by temperance, soberness, and chastity; whose mind is a rich storehouse of the wisdom learned both from experience and from the noblest thoughts which

his fellow-men have uttered ; whose imagination is a picture gallery of all things pure and beautiful ; whose conscience is at peace with itself, with God, and with all the world, and in whose spirit the Divine Spirit finds a fitting temple wherein to dwell."

The true method of self-education, says John Stuart Mill, is "to question all things : never to turn away from any difficulty ; to accept no doctrine either from ourselves or from other people without a rigid scrutiny by negative criticism ; letting no fallacy or incoherence or confusion of thought, step by unperceived ; above all, to insist upon having the meaning of a word clearly understood before using it, and the meaning of a proposition before assenting to it :—these are the lessons we learn." And these lessons we might all learn.

In the earlier stages of Education at any rate all men might be equal ; neither rank nor wealth gives any substantial advantage. Sir W. Jones said of himself that with the fortune of a peasant, he gave himself the education of a prince. It was long ago remarked that there was no royal road to learning : or rather perhaps it might more truly be said that all roads are royal. And how great is the prize ! Education lights up the History of the World and makes it one bright path of progress ; it enables us to appreciate the literature of the world ; it opens for us the book of Nature, and creates sources of interest wherever we find ourselves.

And if we cannot hope that it should ever be said of us that

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again,¹

¹ Shakespeare.

it might at any rate be true that

He hath a daily beauty in his life,

for have we not all immortal longings in us ?

If Education has not been in all cases successful, this has been the fault not of education itself, but of the spirit in which it has been too often undertaken. "For men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite, sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight, sometimes for ornament and reputation, but seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason to the benefit and use of men. As if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to rest itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale, and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."¹

¹ Bacon.

CHAPTER VIII

ON LIBRARIES

A GREAT Englishman, Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, writing in praise of books more than five hundred years ago, well said: "These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if, investigating, you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you. The library, therefore, of wisdom is more precious than all riches, and nothing that can be wished for is worthy to be compared with it. Whosoever, therefore, acknowledges himself to be a zealous follower of truth, of happiness, of wisdom, of science, or even of the faith, must of necessity make himself a lover of books."

And if he could say this with truth so long ago, how much more may we do so. Let us just consider how much better off we are than he was then. In the first place, to say nothing of the advantages of print, how much cheaper books are. For the price of a little beer, or one or two pipes of tobaccco, a man can buy as much as he can read in a month; in his day, on the contrary, books were very expensive. Again, while our books are small and handy, theirs were ponderous,

immense, very inconvenient either to hold or read. Even our most learned books are in one sense light reading. But, what is far more important, we have not only all the most interesting books which De Bury could command, but many more also. Even of ancient literature, much had been lost and has been re-discovered. In his day one might almost say that the novel was unknown. As regards Poetry he lived before Shakespeare or Milton, Scott or Byron, to say nothing of more recent authors. We have the delightful and fascinating voyages of Captain Cook, Darwin, Humboldt, and many other great travellers and explorers. In science, chemistry and geology have been created, and indeed the progress of discovery has made all the other sciences,—natural history, astronomy, geography, etc., far more interesting.

Schopenhauer has observed that though his Science never brought him in any income, it had saved him a great deal of expense. As a nation, we must gratefully admit that science has not only enormously increased our income, but has greatly reduced our expenditure in various ways. Money spent on schools, libraries, and museums is rather an investment than an expense. We do not, however, advocate schools and Public Libraries because they save our pockets, but because they do so much to lighten and brighten the lives of our fellow-citizens. There is but little amusement in the lives of the very poor.

I have been good-humouredly laughed at more than once for having expressed the opinion that in the next generation the great readers would be our artisans and mechanics.

But is not the continued increase of Public Libraries an argument in support of my contention? Before a Free Library can be started a popular vote must be taken, and we know that the clergy and the lawyers,

the doctors and the mercantile men, form but a small fraction of the voters. The Public Libraries are called into being by the artisan and the small shopkeeper, and it is by them that they are mainly used. Books are peculiarly necessary to the working-men in our towns. Their life is one of much monotony. The savage has a far more varied existence. He must watch the habits of the game he hunts, their migrations and feeding-grounds; he must know where and how to fish; every month brings him some fresh occupation and some change of food. He must prepare his weapons and build his own house; even the lighting of a fire, so easy now, is to him a matter of labour and skill. The agricultural labourer turns his hand to many things. He ploughs and sows, mows and reaps. He plants at one season, uses the bill-hook and the axe at another. He looks after the sheep and pigs and cows. To hold the plough, to lay a fence, or tie up a sheaf, is by no means so easy as it looks. It is said of Wordsworth that a stranger having on one occasion asked to see his study, the maid said: "This is master's room, but he studies in the fields." The agricultural labourer learns a great deal in the fields. He knows much more than we give him credit for. It is field-learning, not book-learning—none the worse for that.

But the man who works in a shop or manufactory has a much more monotonous life. He is confined to one process, or, perhaps, even one part of a process, from year's end to year's end. He acquires, no doubt, a skill little short of miraculous, but, on the other hand, very narrow. If he is not himself to become a mere animated machine, he must generally obtain, and in some cases he can only obtain, the necessary variety and interest from the use of books. There is happily now some tendency to shorten the hours of labour,

except, indeed, in shops, and what is less satisfactory, there are times when work is slack. But the hours of leisure should not be hours of idleness; leisure is one of the grandest blessings, idleness one of the greatest curses—one is the source of happiness, the other of misery. Suppose a poor man has for a few days no work, what is he to do? How is he to employ his time? If he has access to a Library it need no longer be lost.

The reasons for educating our children apply equally to the grown-up. We have now all over the country good elementary schools. We do our best to educate our children. We teach them to read, and try to give them a love of reading. Why do we do this? Because we believe that no one can study without being the better for it, that it tends to make the man the better workman, and the workman the better man. But education ought never to stop, and the library is the school for the grown-up. There is a story that King Alfred, when a child, once set his heart on a book. "He shall have the book," said his mother, "when he can read it;" and by that title Alfred won it. Our children have learnt to read; have they not also the same title to books? Many of those who are not Socialists in the ordinary sense, would be so if they thought Socialism would have the effect which its advocates anticipate. It is because we do not believe that Socialism in the ordinary sense would promote "the greatest good of the greatest number," that we are not Socialists. But the difficulties we feel do not apply to books. It is said that a poor woman on seeing the Sea for the first time was delighted. "It was grand," she said, "to see something of which there was enough for everybody." Well, there are books enough for every one, and the best books are the cheapest. Reading is a pleasure as to which wealth gives scarcely any advantage. This applies to few

other things. We who are engaged in the "puzzle of business" seem always to wish for rather more than we have. But in books fortune showers on us more than we can possibly use.

We are beginning to realise that education should last through life, that the education of our children should not be a mere matter of grammar and of words, but should include some training of the hand and eye; so, on the other hand, the life of the grown-up man and woman should not be altogether devoted to work with the hands, to the pursuit of money, but they should devote some time to the acquisition of knowledge, and the improvement of their minds. Why should not every one, moreover, add something to the sum of human knowledge? however humble his lot in life, he may do so. We do not yet appreciate the dignity of manual labour, and there seems a general impression that science is something up in the clouds; all very well for philosophers and geniuses, and those who have the means of buying expensive apparatus, but for them only. This is quite a mistake. To whom do we owe our national progress? Partly, no doubt, to wise sovereigns and statesmen, partly to our brave Army and Navy, partly to the gallant explorers who paved the way to our Colonial Empire, partly to students and philosophers. But while we remember with gratitude all they have accomplished, we must not forget that the British workman, besides all he has done with his strong right arm, has used his brains also to great advantage.

Watt was a mechanical engineer; Henry Cort, whose improvements in manufactures are said to have added more to the wealth of England than the whole value of the national debt, was the son of a brick-maker; Huntsman, the inventor of cast steel, was a

watchmaker; Crompton was a weaver; Wedgwood was a potter; Brindley, Telford, Mushat, and Neilson were working men; George Stephenson began life as a cowboy at twopence a day, and could not read till he was eighteen; Dalton was the son of a weaver; Faraday of a blacksmith; Newcomen of a blacksmith; Arkwright began life as a barber; Sir Humphrey Davy was an apothecary's apprentice; Boulton, "the father of Birmingham," was the son of a buttonmaker, and Watt of a carpenter. To these men, and others like them, the world owes a deep debt of gratitude. We ought to be as proud of them as of our great generals and statesmen.

We often hear of "civilised nations," and no doubt some are more civilised than others. But no country is yet even approximately entitled to the name. We must try to make ours a real civilisation, and the establishment of libraries is certainly one step forwards in the right direction.

When Household Suffrage was passed, Lord Sherbrooke remarked that we must educate our masters, but it is even more important to enable them to educate themselves.

There are many whose birth is a sentence of hard labour for life; but it does not follow that their life should on that account be unhappy or uninteresting. Only if they have few amusements, and little variety in their lives, all the more desirable is it that they should have access to good books.

One of our greatest men of science, Sir John Herschel, has told us that: "Were I to pray for a taste that should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for

reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man ; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters which have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him."

Books are almost living beings. "Books," said Milton, "do contain a progeny of life in them, as active as that soul was whose progeny they are." Great writers at any rate never die.

"He is not dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high.
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die."

The Duke of Urbino, who founded the great library there, made it a rule that every book should be bound in crimson, ornamented with silver.

Books are the accumulated treasures of bygone ages. Lamb used to say that there was more reason for saying grace before a new book, than before a dinner.

When, moreover, we remember how much is spent on drink, certainly no one can accuse us of extravagance on books. How little our libraries cost us as compared with our cellars ! Most people look a long time at the best book before they would give the price of a bottle of wine for it. It is rather sad to think that when we speak of a public-house, we think of a place for the sale of drink. I am glad, however, to know that on all sides public-houses are now rising for the supply, not of beer, but of books.

CHAPTER IX

ON READING

Books are to Mankind what Memory is to the Individual. They contain the History of our race, the discoveries we have made, the accumulated knowledge and experience of ages; they picture for us the marvels and beauties of Nature; help us in our difficulties, comfort us in sorrow and in suffering, change hours of ennui into moments of delight, store our minds with ideas, fill them with good and happy thoughts, and lift us out of and above ourselves.

There is an Oriental story of two men: one was a king, who every night dreamt he was a beggar; the other was a beggar, who every night dreamt he was a prince and lived in a palace. I am not sure that the king had very much the best of it. Imagination is sometimes more vivid than reality. But, however this may be, when we read we may not only (if we wish it) be kings and live in palaces, but, what is far better, we may transport ourselves to the mountains or the sea-shore, and visit the most beautiful parts of the earth, without fatigue, inconvenience, or expense.

“Give me,” says Fletcher—

“Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I

Converse with the old sages and philosophers ;
 And sometimes for variety I confer
 With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels ;
 Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
 Into a strict account ; and in my fancy
 Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
 Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
 Uncertain vanities ? No, be it your care
 To augment a heap of wealth ; it shall be mine
 To increase in knowledge."

Books have often been compared to friends. But among our living companions, inexorable Death often carries off the best and brightest. In books, on the contrary, time kills the bad, and purifies the good.

"The wise
 (Minstrels or sage) out of their books are clay ;
 And in their books, as from their graves, they rise
 Angels,—that side by side, upon our way,
 Walk with and warn us !
 We call some books immortal. Do they live ?
 If so, believe me, Time hath made them pure,
 In books, the veriest wicked rest in peace—
 God wills that nothing evil should endure ;
 The grosser parts fly off and leave the whole,
 As the dust leaves the disembodied soul."¹

Many of those who have had, as we say, all that this world can give, have yet told us they owed much of their purest happiness to books. Ascham, in *The Schoolmaster*, tells a touching story of his last visit to Lady Jane Grey. He found her sitting in an oriel window reading Plato's beautiful account of the death of Socrates. Her father and mother were hunting in the Park, the hounds were in full cry and their voices came in through the open window. He expressed his surprise that she had not joined them. But, said she,

¹ Bulwer Lytton.

“I wist that all their pleasure in the Park is but a shadow to the pleasure I find in Plato.”

Macaulay had wealth and fame, rank and power, and yet he tells us in his biography that he owed the happiest hours of his life to books. In a charming letter to a little girl, he says, “Thank you for your very pretty letter. I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books, for when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts and cakes, toys and plays and sights in the world. If any one would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wines and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, —I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading.”

Books, indeed, endow us with a whole enchanted palace of thoughts. There is a wider prospect, says Jean Paul Richter, from Parnassus than from the throne. In one way they give us an even more vivid idea than the actual reality, just as reflections are often more beautiful than real Nature. All mirrors, says George MacDonald, “are magic mirrors. The commonest room is a room in a poem when I look in the glass.”

If a book does not interest us it does not follow that the fault is in the book. There is a certain art in reading. Passive reading is of very little use. We must try to realise what we read. Everybody thinks they know how to read and write; whereas very few people write well, or really know how to read. It is not enough to read listlessly or mechanically, to run our eye along the lines and turn over the leaves; we must endeavour to realise the scenes described, and the

persons who are mentioned, to picture them in the "Gallery of the imagination." "Learning," says Ascham, "teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely when experience maketh more miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience. An unhappy shipmaster is he that is made cunning by many shipwrecks, a miserable merchant that is neither rich nor wise but after some bankrupts. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience. We know by experience itself that it is a marvellous pain to find out but a short way by long wandering. And surely he that would prove wise by experience, he may be witty indeed, but even like a swift runner, that runneth fast out of his way, and upon the night, he knoweth not whither. And, verily, they be fewest in number that be happy or wiser by unlearned experience. And look well upon the former life of those few, whether your example be old or young, who without learning have gathered, by long experience, a little wisdom and some happiness: and when you do consider what mischief they have committed, what dangers they have escaped (and yet twenty to one do perish in the adventure), then think well with yourself, whether ye would that your own son should come to wisdom and happiness by the way of such experience or no."

The choice of books, like that of friends, is a serious duty. We are as responsible for what we read as for what we do. A good book, in the noble words of Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Ruskin in his chapter on the Education of Girls well says, "Let us be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fount of folly."

To get the greatest amount, I will not merely say of benefit, but even of enjoyment, from books, we must read for improvement rather than for amusement. Light and entertaining books are valuable, just as sugar is an important article of food, especially for children, but we cannot live upon it.

Moreover, there are books which are no books, and to read which is mere waste of time; while there are others so bad, that we cannot read them without pollution; if they were men we should kick them into the street. There are cases in which it is well to be warned against the temptations and dangers of life, but anything which familiarises us with evil, is itself an evil.

So also there are others, happily many others, which no one can read without being the better for them. By useful literature we do not mean that only which will help a man in his business or profession. That is useful, no doubt, but by no means the highest use of books. The best books elevate us into a region of disinterested thought where personal objects fade into insignificance, and the troubles and the anxieties of the world are almost forgotten.

Interruptions at such a time are a positive cruelty, against which Hamerton makes a pathetic protest. "Suppose a reader perfectly absorbed in his author, an author belonging very likely to another age and another civilisation entirely different from ours. Suppose you are reading the *Defence of Socrates* in Plato, and have the whole scene before you as in a picture: the tribunal of the five hundred, the pure Greek architecture, the interested Athenian public, the odious Melitus, the envious enemies, the beloved and grieving friends whose names are dear to us and immortal; and in the centre you see one figure draped like a poor man, in cheap and common cloth, that he wears

winter and summer, with a face plain to downright ugliness, but an air of such genuine courage and self-possession that no acting could imitate it, and you hear the firm voice saying—

Τιμᾶται δ' οὖν ἀνὴρ θανάτου· Εἶεν.

You are just beginning the splendid paragraph where Socrates condemns himself to maintenance in the Prytaneum, and if you can only be safe from interruption till it is finished, you will have one of those noble minutes of noble pleasure which are the rewards of intellectual toil."

No one can read a good and interesting book for an hour without being the better and the happier for it. Not merely for the moment, but the memory remains with us: stores of bright and happy thoughts which we can call up when we will.

"Even their phantoms rise before us,
Our loftier brethren, but one in blood;
At bed and table they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty and words of good."

Bret Harte, describing a scene at a miners' camp in the far West, says—

"The roaring camp fire, with rude humour, painted
The ruddy tints of health,
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.
Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.
And then while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the master
Has writ of 'little Nell.'

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall,
The fir-trees gathering closer in the shadow,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with 'Nell' on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way."

English literature is the birthright and inheritance of the English race. We have produced and are producing some of the greatest of poets, of philosophers, of men of science. No race can boast a brighter, purer, or nobler literature, richer than our commerce, more powerful than our arms. It is the true pride and glory of our country, and for it we cannot be too thankful.

CHAPTER X

PATRIOTISM

IF ever there was a country for which a man might work with pride, surely it is our own.

“O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart.”

As regards size, a mere speck on the Ocean; and yet more than half the ships on the Wide Seas fly the British Flag.

No doubt the geographical position is favourable. Our climate is genial and yet bracing; and the silver streak has saved us from many wars.

“This sceptr'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection, and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.”¹

An orator in the United States is said to have

¹ Shakespeare.

described his country as being bounded on the South by the Equator, on the East by the Atlantic Ocean, on the North by the Aurora Borealis, and on the West by the setting sun ; we can say with more truth that the Sun never sets on the British Empire.

“ Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o’er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.”¹

In the words of an American Statesman, “ Her flag waves on every sea and in every port, and the morning drum-beat of her soldiers, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous strain of the martial airs of England.”

But we may reflect with still greater satisfaction that our soldiers are everywhere present not as enemies, but as friends and protectors. The motto of our Volunteers, “ Defence, not Defiance,” is equally applicable to our Army and Navy.

This great Empire has grown up gradually. We owe it to the energy and industry of our forefathers, and we must indeed be degenerate, if we do not feel that “ Come what come may,” we are bound to hand it down to our children, not merely unimpaired, but strengthened and improved.

In our history there has no doubt been much to regret. But yet as contrasted with that of other nations, it has been comparatively bloodless.

Apart from actual war, no country with so long a history has been stained by so few crimes ; we have had no massacres, no Reign of Terror, no Sicilian Vespers.

In war we have shown much generosity to our enemies. At the end of the Great Struggle with Napoleon, when the power of France was crushed, and

¹ Campbell.

the Allies occupied Paris, we agreed to terms which left France her territories and colonies intact (on the sole condition, as regards the latter, that she would agree to surrender the slave trade), and free from debt, while we ourselves had incurred one, mainly arising from the war, of over £900,000,000! When we look back on the terms, our statesmen behaved with a generosity which was perhaps hardly wise; and we can scarcely wonder that some Frenchmen claim Waterloo as a French victory. At any rate the terms of peace were far more favourable to her than to us.

I have mentioned the restoration of the French Colonies—a small part of the exertions and sacrifices made to put down the traffic in slaves. We paid Portugal £300,000 and Spain £400,000 to induce those countries to give up the traffic. For more than half a century, at a time when we had a crushing debt, and were far less prosperous or powerful than we are now, we kept a squadron on the West Coast of Africa, at an annual cost estimated by Mr. Gladstone when Chancellor of the Exchequer at £700,000 a year, and at a great sacrifice of valuable lives. We paid the West Indies and Mauritius £20,000,000 to free their slaves. Altogether the noble efforts to put down this abominable traffic must have cost the country nearly if not quite £100,000,000 sterling.

Other countries have drawn a considerable portion of their revenue from their colonies and dependencies.

The Athenians exacted a large annual contribution from their allied states; this formed, indeed, a very important portion of their revenue. With the Romans it was a cardinal principle of taxation that the provinces were to defray the expenses of the empire. When they conquered Sicily they took a tenth of the field produce, and five per cent of the value of all exports and imports. Coming down to more recent times, other

countries — as, for instance, Spain, Portugal, and Holland — have derived considerable revenues from their colonial possessions.

Very different has been the conduct of England. So far from deriving any revenue from our Colonies, we have spent enormous sums of money for their benefit. So far as I have been able to ascertain, no account has been published showing the amount spent by the mother-country in the Colonies before the year 1859; but from 1859 to 1869 it amounted to more than £41,000,000, and no doubt for many years previously the amount was much over £4,000,000 a year.

Moreover, the actual expense to the mother-country was considerably greater, because the return does not include the cost of arms, accoutrements, barracks, hospital and other stores, nor any proportion for recruiting expenses, head-quarter expenses, or non-effective charges.

It may be said that our Mediterranean military expenditure can hardly be called “colonial,” and it is of course true that we could not expect such stations as Malta and Gibraltar to pay their own expenses. On the other hand, our great reason for keeping them up is in order to protect our communications with India and Australia; and we might well ask why the burden of keeping up these communications should fall altogether on us,—why some part of the cost should not be borne by India and the Australasian colonies. Moreover, the above-mentioned expenditure refers only to the troops on service out of the mother-country; but inasmuch as even the troops at home are available in case of need (and after due provision has been made for our own safety) for colonial purposes, we might well expect to receive some contribution towards the permanent expenses.

Our national accounts show no sum devoted nominally to naval expenses on account of our Colonies; yet, in fact, this country bears almost the whole of the naval expenses, which, if the Colonies were independent, would fall on them. For them we act as the police of the seas; their shores are protected at our expense. What a saving this is to them, little consideration is required to show: 35,000,000 of Englishmen in Great Britain and Ireland pay £20,000,000 a year for naval purposes; 300,000,000 of our fellow-countrymen in the Colonies and India pay scarcely anything.

Take, again, the case of India. It is hardly necessary to say that India makes no direct contribution to the general expenses of the Empire, nor to those home charges from which she, like our Colonies, derives great advantage. No English labourer, no English tax-payer, derives a penny of direct advantage, or pays a penny less towards the revenues of the country, because we hold India.

So far as military expenditure is concerned, the greatest care is taken that India should pay nothing beyond what is necessary for the troops actually on duty there. It is amusing, if so serious a subject can be amusing, to see how energetically the India Office resists any application made by the War Office for any charge beyond what the Indian authorities regard as absolutely necessary.

As regards the Navy also, India is treated with the utmost liberality. That she derives a great advantage from our fleet cannot be doubted. It saves her from a heavy expense, which she must have otherwise incurred; she contributes to it, however, only the small sum of £70,000 a year, in addition to which she spends about half a million on steam-tugs, inland vessels, pilotage allowances, port charges, etc.

Our honest effort and desire has been to govern India for the benefit of the people of India. We may have made mistakes there, as we have made mistakes at home, but these have been the principles on which we have governed India.

That they have benefited hitherto by our rule cannot, I think, be denied. Dr. Hunter¹ tells us that in Orissa the Rajah's share was 60 per cent of the crop; the mildest native governments took 33 per cent; our Government costs only from 3 to 7 per cent. No one can doubt that the taxes of our Indian fellow-countrymen are lighter, their lives and property more secure, than if they had remained under native rulers; and it is at least certain that India does not contribute a penny to our English revenue. That we are loved in India cannot perhaps be maintained, and would be probably too much to expect. That our Government is respected will hardly be denied.

That our rule is moreover not unpopular was, I think, clearly shown during the Mutiny. Our countrymen behaved like heroes from the highest to the lowest, but yet if our Government had been characterised by avarice and injustice—if, on the whole, we had not been trusted and respected by the population of India—we must then have been swept into the sea. The bravery of our gallant troops, the skill of their officers, would, under such circumstances, have availed little. The people of India did not, however, take any active part against us, and their behaviour in that crisis was a magnificent testimony to the mode in which we have fulfilled our great trust.

An eminent Frenchman, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, late Foreign Secretary in M. Thiers's Government, has borne generous testimony to the beneficence

¹ *Our Indian Empire.*

and justice of our rule in India, which, he says, "mérite que tous les amis de l'humanité et de la civilisation en souhaitent le succès. Faire l'éducation politique et morale de deux cent cinquante millions de nos semblables est une tâche prodigieuse, qui, noblement commencée avec ce siècle, exigera, pour être entièrement accomplie, une suite d'efforts dont on ne saurait préciser la durée."¹ We have to face, he truly says, a difficult problem, but it is very gratifying to be assured that we have the "applaudissements sincères de tous les esprits éclairés et impartiaux."¹

The opinion which other races have formed of our rule is well shown by the history of such cases as Hong-Kong and Singapore. In the former, says Mr. Wood, "we find a small barren island, which, at the time of its cession to Britain, was inhabited by a few handfuls of fishermen, now crowded by tens of thousands of Chinese, who have crossed from the mainland because they know that under British rule they would be free from oppressive taxation, would be governed by just laws, and would be able to carry on a thriving and profitable trade." Again, in the once almost uninhabited island of Singapore, we see an immense population attracted from China, the Malay Peninsula, and India, by a similar cause.

Take, again, the case of Java. "During the five years of the British possession," says Heeren, "so wise and mild an administration was exercised that after the restoration it seems to have been difficult for the natives and Europeans to accustom themselves again to Dutch dominion. During the short time it was in the possession of Britain, a clearer light was shed over this remarkable island than was done during the two whole centuries of the dominion of Holland."

Passing to America, I may quote the striking

¹ *L'Inde Anglaise.*

testimony of an American bishop, Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, who thus contrasts the relations of the United States and of Great Britain with the Indians in their respective territories:—

“On one side of the line (he says) is a nation that has spent \$500,000,000 in Indian wars; a people that have not 100 miles between the Atlantic and the Pacific which has not been the scene of an Indian massacre; a Government which has not passed twenty years without an Indian war; not an Indian tribe to whom it has given Christian civilisation; and which celebrates its Centenary by another bloody Indian war. On the other side of the line are the same Anglo-Saxon race, and the same heathen. They have not spent one dollar in Indian wars, and have had no Indian massacres. Why? In Canada the Indian treaties call these men ‘the Indian subjects of Her Majesty.’ When civilisation approaches them they are placed on ample reservations, receive aid in civilisation, have personal right in property, are amenable to law and protected by law, have schools, and Christian people send them the best teachers.”¹

It is sometimes said—most unjustly—that Ireland has been hardly dealt with. On the contrary, she has a much larger representation than she is entitled to, either by population or by her contribution to the Imperial revenue; her taxes are the same as ours, except that we pay some that are not levied in Ireland, namely, Land Tax, House Duty, Railway Tax, Assessed Taxes amounting to over £700,000 a year, and others; till this year her farmers have paid a lower rate of Income tax than ours, and Irish land is taken at a lower figure for valuation than English: she has had subventions in aid of rates far larger in proportion than England or Scotland; and liberal grants of money—as, for instance, £8,000,000 at the time of

¹ See Appendix.

the famine. It is sometimes said that the duty on Spirits presses unduly on Ireland. But while the duty on Beer is almost entirely paid in England, even as regards the duty on Spirits, Great Britain pays 92 per cent, Ireland only 7.90 per cent. I am sure it is the wish of Englishmen and Scotsmen to treat Ireland with justice and all reasonable liberality.

Peace, we know, hath her victories as well as war, and if we turn to the history of human progress we have equal reason to be proud of our forefathers.

The English tongue is rapidly spreading and bids fair to become the general language of the human race. Yet it is not so very long ago that Bacon asked Dr. Playfair to translate *The Advancement of Learning* from English into Latin, because "the privateness of the language wherein it is written, limits my readers," and its translation into Latin "would give the work a second birth."

No country can boast a brighter, purer, or nobler literature. Perhaps it may be said that as an Englishman I am prejudiced. By common consent, however, Shakespeare stands out unique and pre-eminent in the literature of the world. Chaucer, Bacon, Milton, Spenser, and many others, to say nothing of more recent authors, are also a glory to our nation. Recently a leading Italian Journal instituted a vote as to the best books in the world. A large number, indeed several hundreds, of subscribers gave their views, and out of the first eight books—one being the Bible—no less than four were English.

In the history of Invention and Discovery the name of Watt will be always associated with the Steam Engine, of Stephenson with the Locomotive, Wheatstone with the Electric Telegraph, Arkwright with the Spinning Machine, Hargreaves with the Jenny, Fox Talbot with Photography.

In Medicine the circulation of the blood was discovered by Harvey, Vaccination by Jenner, Anæsthetics were brought into use by Simpson, and the antiseptic treatment in cases of wounds and operations by Lister. In Science we have many great names: Bacon and Newton, Young and Darwin, Davy, Dalton, Cavendish, Faraday, Herschel, William Smith, Lyell, Murchison, and many others.

I do not mention these facts as any credit to us. They are a great honour to our fathers, and we are proud of them, but they impose on us a great responsibility.

Well then may we all join in Milton's prayer: "O Thou, who of Thy free grace didst build up this Brittanick Empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter islands about her, stay us in this felicitie." But we must not be content to pray only for this great boon; we must endeavour to deserve it. We must remember that the deepest force is the stillest: that "not by material, but by moral force, are men and their actions governed."¹

England has a right to expect that "every man will do his duty." She says to us all, "I have done all this for thee; what hast thou done for me?"

Indeed, when we look back on the whole history of the past, it is not, I think, too much to say that our country has exercised its great trust in a wise and liberal spirit, and governed the Empire in a manner scarcely less glorious than the victories by which that Empire was won. Is it a dream to hope that the time may come when the whole English-speaking people may form one great nation!

I may perhaps be thought to be too partial to, and too proud of, my own country. The facts, however, speak for themselves. Moreover, as Maurice well says, "that man is most just, on the whole, to every other

¹ Carlyle.

nation, who has the strongest feeling of attachment to his own." The love of one's country elevates the conception of citizenship, raises us above the petty circle of personal and even family interests, to the true width and splendour of national life. The real imperial spirit is not one of vainglory, but of just pride in the extension of our language and literature; of our people, and our commerce, on land and sea; and a deep sense of the great responsibility thus imposed upon us.

CHAPTER XI

CITIZENSHIP

WE are all part of the Government of the country, and one of the most important of our duties is to fit ourselves for that great responsibility. This requires study and thought as well as mere good-will. The very magnitude and extent of our Empire is itself a source of danger. We govern many races of men, some of them with ideas and aspirations very different from our own. Look at India. The population is nearly ten times as large as that of England, and is broken up into races very different in race and creed. The true Hindoo belongs to the same great race of men as we do: he speaks a language not only similar in origin and in structure, but even retaining some of the same words. The word "poor," with which so many Indian words end, corresponds to our "borough," and is as common a termination as with us. But the Hindoos are only a section of the Indian population; they are more nearly allied to us in blood than to the Dravidian races of the South, or the Malayo-Chinese of the East, though time and distance have created great differences. They are in sharp religious conflict with the Mohammedans, who were, and would probably be again if we left, the dominant power.

But India, though perhaps the greatest, is only one

of our responsibilities. All over the world we come in contact with other great nations. Questions arise, and will continue to arise, which require tact, moderation, and forbearance on both parts. Our statesmen must know when to give way, and where to stand firm, and the people must know whom to support.

The history of Man has shown us a succession of Great Empires which have crumbled to the dust. Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Rome, have risen and sunk. In more recent times Genoa and Venice have flourished to a great extent as we do now by "ships, colonies, and Commerce." If we are to escape their fate, we must avoid their mistakes.

"A thousand years scarce serve to form a state ;
An hour may lay it in the dust."¹

As regards our foreign policy, it is no less our interest than our duty to maintain the most friendly relations with other countries. Nations often unfortunately regard others as enemies. And yet a clearer light shows that we are human, and ought to be friends. A Welsh preacher once illustrated this in a homely and yet striking manner. He was out walking one day, he said, and on the opposite hill he saw a monstrous figure ; as he approached he saw it was a man, and when he came up close, he found it was his brother.

Other nations are not only Men, but brothers, and their interests are in many ways bound up with ours. If they suffer, we suffer with them ; whatever benefits them, benefits us. The greatest of British interests are the peace and prosperity of the world. The glamour of War has dazzled the imagination of Mankind. We are told of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," that every soldier carries a Field-

¹ Byron.

Marshal's Baton in his knapsack, etc., and we fail to realise the infinite misery which it has inflicted on the human race.

The carnage and suffering which war entails are terrible to contemplate, and constitute an irresistible argument in favour of Arbitration. The present state of things is a disgrace to human nature. There may be some excuse for barbarous tribes who settle their disputes by force of arms, but that civilised nations should do so is not only repugnant to our moral, but also to our common sense. At present even the peace establishments of Europe comprise 3,500,000 men; the war establishments are over 10,000,000, and when the proposed arrangements are completed, will exceed 20,000,000. The nominal cost is over £200,000,000 annually, but as the Continental armies are to a great extent under conscription, the actual cost is far larger. Moreover, if these 3,500,000 men were usefully employed, and taking the value of their labour only at £50 a year, we must add another £175,000,000, bringing up the total expenditure of Europe on military matters to £375,000,000 a year! Of course there are deeper and graver considerations than questions of money; but yet money represents human labour and human life. It is impossible for any one to contemplate the present naval and military arrangements without the gravest forebodings. Even if they do not end in war, they will eventually end in bankruptcy and ruin.

The principal countries of Europe are running deeper and deeper into debt. During the last twenty years the debt of Italy has risen from £483,000,000 to £516,000,000; that of Austria from £340,000,000 to £580,000,000; of Russia from £340,000,000 to £750,000,000; of France from £500,000,000 to £1,300,000,000. Taking the Government debts of

the world together, they amounted in 1870 to £4,000,000,000—a fabulous, terrible, and crushing weight. But what are they now? They have risen to over £6,000,000,000, and are still increasing.

By far the greater part of this enormous, this appalling, burden is represented by no valuable property, has fulfilled no useful purpose; it has been absolutely wasted, or what, from an international point of view, is even worse, thrown away on war, or in preparation for war. In fact, we never now have any real peace; we live practically in a state of war, happily without battles or bloodshed, but not without terrible sufferings. Even in our own case, one-third of our national income is spent in preparing for future wars, another third in paying for past ones, and only one-third is left for the government of the country. Our interests at stake are enormous, and the interests of nations are so interwoven that every war now is in fact a civil war.

Though not a “peace-at-any-price” man, I am not ashamed to say I am a peace-at-almost-any-price man. No doubt there are some vital questions which cannot be referred to Arbitration, but Earl Russell, a very high authority, said that there had not been a war for the last hundred years which might not well have been settled without recourse to arms.

The last time I saw M. Gambetta, we talked over this subject, and he said in his usual animated manner that if the present rate of expenditure be maintained the day will come when Frenchmen will all be “beggars in front of barracks.” It has not only been maintained but increased.

The condition of Europe cannot then be viewed without alarm. Russia is honeycombed with Nihilism, Germany alarmed with Socialism, France in a panic from Anarchy, and rapidly tending to bankruptcy.

There is no justification, no excuse, for recent Anarchist crimes, but nothing happens in this world without a cause. Continental workmen are working terribly long hours for very low wages. If any one will read the recent reports from Italy he will see the miserable condition of agricultural labourers in that country; the wages of workmen in continental countries are very low, and their hours long; while the small proprietors in France and elsewhere are no better off.

I sympathise very much with the desire for an eight hours' day, but the resolution passed in Hyde Park the year before last wisely insisted that it should be international. If, however, the present military system is maintained no relaxation of hours is possible. The only way to secure the "eight hours" is to diminish military expenditure. The necessary taxation to support the army and navy compels every man and woman in Europe to work, at least, an hour a day more than they otherwise need. In fact, the religion of Europe is not Christianity, but the Worship of the God of War. We cannot, alas! prevent war, but we may at least throw our weight into the scale of peace; endeavour ourselves to maintain friendly relations with foreign nations, and treat them with courtesy, justice, and generosity.

Many countries attempt to wage war upon one another, quite as foolishly, by fiscal restrictions.

Cowper observes that—

"Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

But the worst barriers are those which nations have raised against one another: barriers of duties and customs, and worst of all, unfounded jealousies and ill-

will, each attributing to the other injurious designs, which neither of them perhaps in reality entertains.

The same spirit of jealousy and hostility which too often characterises international relations, sadly embitters also internal politics. But abuse is no argument; it is rather a confession of weakness. Happy will it be for us when, as between party and party, between nation and nation, we lower and degrade ourselves to

“ No threat of war, no savage call
For vengeance on an erring brother,
But in their stead the Godlike plan
To teach the brotherhood of man
To love and reverence one another.”¹

It is sometimes said that Revolutions are not made with rose-water. Greater changes, however, have been made in the constitution of the world by argument than by arms; and even where arms have been used, in most cases the pen has wielded the sword. Ideas are more powerful than bayonets.

“In the comparatively early state of human advancement,” says Mill, “in which we now live, a person cannot, indeed, feel that entireness of sympathy with all others which would make any real discordance in the general direction of their conduct in life impossible; but already the person in whom the social feeling is at all developed, cannot bring himself to think of the rest of his fellow-creatures as struggling rivals with him for the means of happiness, whom he must desire to see defeated in their object in order that he may succeed in his.”

In order to perform the part of a citizen wisely and well it is needful, in the words of Burke, “carefully to cultivate our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity every sort of generous and honest feeling

¹ Whittier.

that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the Commonwealth, so to be patriots and not to forget we are gentlemen. . . . Public life is a situation of power and energy; he trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy." Think rather of performing your duties than of claiming your rights.

Lord Bolingbroke in his essay "On the Spirit of Patriotism" quotes with approbation a remark of Socrates that "though no man undertakes a trade he has not learned, even the meanest, yet every one thinks himself sufficiently qualified for the hardest of all trades, that of Government." He said this upon the experience he had in Greece. He would not change his opinion if he lived now in Britain.

We have indeed a great variety of pressing problems. We are trying to educate our children, but probably no one would say that our system is yet perfect; the struggles between capital and labour are starving our commerce, hampering our manufactures, and if they continue will assuredly lower wages by checking the demand for labour; the health of our great cities leaves much still to be desired; in Science we have but made a beginning.

Moreover, apart from any question of progress, the daily life of the Community requires constant labour. The consultations of Parliament, the conduct of local affairs, the administration of the Poor Law—in fact, the affairs of the Community, as a whole, require as much care and attention as those of Individuals, and the tendency, whether wisely or unwisely, is in the direction of increased communal organisation.

The poor again we have always with us, and it is greatly owing to the numerous charitable agencies, the greater sympathy between rich and poor, though partly

also to our Poor Law, Free Trade, and the less unsatisfactory physical conditions, that there is no such feeling in favour of Socialism and Anarchy as exists in some other countries.

Enthusiasm no doubt is the lever which moves the world, but it is sad to reflect how much time and money have been wasted on vain experiments—on experiments which have failed over and over again before, and which have been worse than useless, because they have done harm instead of good to those for whose benefit they were intended. It has not been sufficiently borne in mind that work for the poor demands an effort of the mind as well as a sentiment of good-will.

It is not money that is chiefly wanted. Indeed a very high authority, Miss Sewell, says: "It sounds a paradox, but it is I believe true, that the poorer the neighbourhood, the less money is wanted for it, at least to be spent directly." Thought and love are more than gold. Those who give time do more than those who give money. In fact, there is considerable danger that money and enthusiasm, without experience and training, may do more harm than good; for more harm may come of work ill done than of work left undone.

It is much better to give hope and strength and courage, than money. The best help is not to bear the troubles of others for them, but to inspire them with courage and energy to bear their burdens for themselves and meet the difficulties of life bravely. To help others is no easy matter, but requires a clear head and a wise judgment, as well as a warm heart.

We must be careful not to undermine independence in our anxiety to relieve distress. There is always the initial difficulty that whatever is done for men takes from them a great stimulus to work, and weakens

the feeling of independence; all creatures which depend on others tend to become mere parasites. It is important, therefore, so far as possible, not so much to give a man bread, as to put him in the way of earning for himself, not to give direct aid, but to help others to help themselves. We should ask ourselves whether we are destroying a man's responsibilities or helping him to bear them. The world is so complex that we must inevitably all owe much to our neighbours, but, as far as possible, every man should stand on his own feet.

We cannot expect others to conform to our ideal; what we have to do is to help them to realise all that is best in their own; to encourage them in their efforts at self-improvement. Where money is unwisely given it is generally by those who are lavish, rather to save themselves trouble, than from any real sympathy, and yet work for the Community in the long run brings its own reward; we probably derive more happiness from work for others, than from what we do for ourselves. To work for others consecrates even the humblest labour.

However lowly the work may be, throw your heart into it.

“What part soever you have taken upon you,” says Sir T. More, “play that as well as you can and make the best of it . . . if you cannot, even as you wolde, remedy vices, which use and custom hath confirmed, yet for this cause you must not leave and forsake the common wealthe; you must not forsake the shippe in a tempest, because you cannot rule and keep down the windes. . . . But studye and endeavour, as much as in you lyethe, to handle the matter wyttelye and hand-somelye to the purpose, and that which you cannot turne to good, so to order that it be not very badde. For it is not possible for all things to be well unless

all men were good. Whyeh," he adds, "I think will not be yet this good many years."

The more all men do their duty, however, the nearer, and the sooner, we shall approach it. Indeed we hardly perhaps realise how happy we might be if we would all try.

We cannot all be heroes,
 And thrill a hemisphere
 With some great, daring venture,
 Some deed that mocks at fear ;
 But we can fill a lifetime
 With kindly acts and true.
 There's always noble service
 For noble souls to do.¹

It is a great privilege to be an Englishman. No country enjoys greater individual liberty.

Every man is equal before the Law.

Every man is accounted innocent until he is proved guilty.

No man is liable to be tried a second time for the same offence.

All trials must be in public, and the prisoner is entitled to meet his accusers face to face.

No man is a judge in his own case, nor may he take the law into his own hands.

To work then for our country at whatever cost, or risk, is a solemn duty, and "he is not worthy to live at all, who for fear of danger or death, shunneth his country's service or his own honour, since death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue immortal."²

Our country's service, however, in comparatively few cases is one of danger. What it demands is some sacrifice of our ease and leisure; some time devoted to duties and work, which may seem unheroic

¹ C. A. Mason.

² Sir H. Gilbert.

and even tedious, but which are none the less necessary.

Public business—Committees, Elections, Meetings, Speeches, Vestries, County Councils—these are not very romantic; they do not dazzle the imagination, or stir the blood, and yet a vote in peace is like a stroke in battle, and none the less effective because it is peaceful and bloodless. The vote is not a right, but a duty; and to prepare ourselves for giving it is a duty also.

The amount of unpaid work which is done for the public is astonishing, and long may it continue so.

No one has any right to enjoy the benefit of all this labour without contributing, if not his fair share, for some have not the same leisure or opportunities as others, at any rate something to the common welfare.

“No man’s private fortune,” says Bacon, “can be an object in any way worthy of his existence.” Houses and food and clothing are not the only things needful, nor are they even needful in the highest degree.

Even in the narrowest and most selfish point of view, time so spent will not be lost for “the love of our neighbour, the impulse towards action, help, and beneficence, the desire for stopping human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing the sum of human misery, the noble aspirations to leave the world better and happier than we found it,—motives eminently such as are called social, and contribute not only to the happiness of others, but also to our own.”¹

There are blessings in life, said Bishop Butler, “which we share in common with others: peace, plenty, freedom, healthful seasons. But real benevolence to our fellow-creatures would give us the notion of a common interest in a stricter sense: for in the

¹ Arnold, *Culture and Anarchy*.

degree we love another, his interests, his joys and sorrows, are our own. It is from self-love that we form the notion of private good, and consider it as our own: love of our neighbour would teach us thus to appropriate to ourselves his good and welfare; to consider ourselves as having a real share in his happiness. Thus the principle of benevolence would be an advocate within our own breasts, to take care of the interests of our fellow-creatures."

Let then, in the noble words of Marcus Aurelius, "let the deity which is in thee be the guardian of a living being, manly and of ripe age, and engaged in matters political, and a Roman, and a ruler, who has taken his post like a man waiting for the signal which summons him from life, and ready to go, having need neither of oath nor of any man's testimony."

The time we give to public duties is no mere sacrifice. It brings its own reward. We

Learn the luxury of doing good.¹

"It is a great thing in times of trial to have merged in some respects our private interests in the greater interests of the common life."²

Some men give trouble, and some men take trouble. All if they choose may be brave men and worthy patriots; every one may take a part in at least some movement for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, to help them to live healthier, happier, and better lives.

And it is only by doing so that you will be able to give a satisfactory answer to the question, which sooner or later you will assuredly ask yourself—

What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth,
For God and Man,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth
To Life's mid span?³

¹ Goldsmith.

² Horsfall.

³ Whittier.

CHAPTER XII

SOCIAL LIFE

It is our proud boast that every Englishman's House is his Castle, but it ought to be more; it ought to be his Home. That it is his castle is his right by law, to make it a real home depends upon himself.

What makes a "Home"? Love and sympathy and confidence. The memories of childhood, the kindness of parents, the bright hopes of youth, the sisters' pride, the brothers' sympathy and help, the mutual confidence, the common hopes and interests and sorrows; these create and sanctify the home.

A House without Love may be a Castle, or a Palace, but it is not a Home; Love is the life of a true home. "A home without Love is no more a home, than a body without a soul is a man."

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.
Better is little with the fear of the Lord,
Than great treasure, and trouble therewith.
Better is a dinner of herbs where love is,
Than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith,
Than an house full of sacrifices with strife.¹

¹ Proverbs.

We value the Home now, not as a castle of Refuge from the arbitrary power of the Great or of the State, but from the cares and anxieties of life; as a Haven of Repose from the storms and tempests which we must expect to encounter in our voyage through the world.

In even the most successful career such times will come, and prosperity alone can by no means ensure happiness or peace.

Man was not made to live alone, not even in the Garden of Eden. "Que ferait une âme isolée," says Bernardin de St. Pierre, "dans le ciel même?" His heart must be at home, but it is well to have work outside. We are not intended entirely either for society or for solitude. Both are good, I might say necessary.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
 Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
 News from the humming city comes to it
 In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
 And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
 The windy clanging of the minster clock;
 Although between it and the garden lies
 A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,
 That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
 Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
 Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge,
 Crown'd with the Minster-towers.¹

The beauties of Nature are a joy for ever, but sunshine in the sky is little, unless there be sunshine in the heart also.

To the family we owe the sentiments of attachment, reverence, and love. It is the basis and origin of civilisation; the true school of all that is best, it appeals

¹ Tennyson, *The Gardener's Daughter*.

to all our nobler feelings and our highest nature. What could Angels do more than make others happy?

Your home may be humble, ugly, unpoetic, even cold and uncongenial, but your place and your duty lie there; and the greater the difficulties, the richer will be the reward.

Patient endurance of worry or injustice is more difficult than hard work; it is a living sacrifice, more difficult to make than that of money, time, or labour.

Few people really wish to make others unhappy, and those few would not be likely to read what I am saying. But it is probable that on the whole more unhappiness is caused by want of thought, or of tact, than by want of heart. Receive every one with a bright smile, kind words, and a pleasant welcome. It is not enough to love those who are dear to us. We must show them that we do so. Many of us, through ignorance, thoughtlessness, or want of judgment, wound those whom we love best, and most wish to help.

We all know ourselves how much we are helped and strengthened by a few words of encouragement.

"I have often thought," said Lord Chesterfield, "and still think, that there are few things which people in general know less, than how to love and how to hate. They hurt those they love, by a mistaken indulgence, by a blindness, nay, often a partiality to their faults. Where they hate they hurt themselves, by ill-timed passion and rage."

Even among friends our life tends to isolation; "we are stationed with regard to each other as upon different islands, locked up within prison bars of the bones, and behind the curtain of the skin."¹

How little we know our friends, or even our relations! Even members of the same family often

¹ Jean Paul Richter.

live in practical isolation ; their minds move as it were in parallel lines and never meet ; they are not really in touch with one another.

Not e'en the tenderest heart and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh.¹

We discuss the weather, the crops, the last novel, the state of politics, the health and failings of our neighbours, anything and everything which has no relation to the true and inner life. In fact, the more trivial, the less important anything is, the more it seems to be talked about ; and those often seem to talk most who have really least to say.

Few people realise that conversation is a great art. That a family should be really united, really in sympathy, requires not merely affection, and good intentions, but sympathy and power of giving out, and drawing out, ideas. If people do not amuse you, try to amuse them.

People often pride themselves on saying just what comes into their minds, and no doubt every one should be truthful and candid, but conversation is like other things, and if we wish to make it interesting we must take some pains with it.

We may all do much to make the home happy.

To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With power to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies ; but Heaven decrees
To all, the gift of ministering ease ;
The gentler offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery and all praise above.²

A bad-tempered man punishes himself, no doubt, more than others.

¹ Keble.

² Hannah More.

Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased,"¹

and being never pleased, he is never happy. But unquestionably he does much to make others unhappy also. To make those around us happy does not require any great sacrifice ; but mere good intentions are not enough. It requires tact and study and practice. To do anything well, good or bad, you must practise.

A kind and sympathetic manner will do wonders. An old proverb tells us that "Manners makyth man," and it is doubtless true that many a man has been made by his manner and many ruined by the want of it. Even when a Prime Minister selects his Cabinet, he does not look altogether to wisdom or eloquence or ability or character, but partly also to manner,—to those who can get on well with others.

Roughness is not strength ; it is indeed often the cloak of weakness. Shakespeare makes Mark Antony say of Brutus—

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man !"

"Concord and Discord are sometimes supposed to be connected with a chord in music. They have really a deeper meaning—a Union or Jarring of hearts."²

And if it is necessary to find fault, at least speak kindly ; especially to children, for "the little cradle of the child is more easily darkened than the starry heaven of the man."³ Rubens, we are told, was able by a single stroke to convert a laughing into a crying child. In life we can all do so. Even a word is enough. In all cases

¹ Pope.

² Sir H. Maxwell's *Meridiana*.

³ Jean Paul Richter.

Speak gently ! 'tis a little thing
 Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
 The good, the joy that it may bring,
 Eternity shall tell.¹

It is also a good rule to blame in private, and praise in public. What is said in private will be accepted in a better spirit, will be felt to be kindly meant, and will really have more effect ; while praise in public is much more inspiring, and a richer reward.

Above all things, if you have occasion to find fault, do it gravely, and with regret ; never show anger or annoyance if you can help it. "I would have punished you," said Archytas to his slave, "if I had not been angry." If you are angry, at least pause and think before you speak. Matthew Arnold quotes as characteristic of the highest culture "its inexhaustible indulgence, its consideration of circumstances, its severe judgment of actions joined to its merciful judgment of persons."

Death will soon make all equal. Anticipate this then, and treat every one with courtesy, as befits a gentleman.

If you can help it, never leave a friend in anger, or even in coolness. Remember that any parting may be the last.

Some words are like rays of sunshine, others like barbed arrows or the bite of a serpent. And if hard words cut so deep, how much pleasure can kind ones give !

Good words, said George Herbert, "cost little and are worth much," for

Many a shaft at random sent
 Finds mark the Archer little meant !
 And many a word at random spoken
 May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

¹ Langford.

It is not always necessary even to speak. When Peter had denied Christ, we are told that "the Lord looked upon Peter." That sad look of reproach was enough. Peter went out and wept bitterly.

As it is true that a look can give acute pain, so also one kind glance of the eye will often make a heart dance with joy. After a long separation how we yearn for the warm welcome on which we know that we can reckon; while as we meet in the morning a kind smile will brighten the darkest day.

"Etre avec ceux qu'on aime, cela suffit."¹

Do not be too reserved. Do not be afraid of showing your affection. It is not enough to love, if you seem cold. Be warm and tender, thoughtful and affectionate. Men are more helped by sympathy, than by service; love is more than money, and a kind word will give more pleasure than a present.

When Benjamin West was asked what had made him a painter, "It was," he said, "my mother's kiss." "If the Home duties," said Confucius, "are well performed, what need is there to go afar to offer sacrifice."

Be very careful in the selection of your friends, "the most valuable and fairest furniture of life."² Keep good company, says George Herbert, "and you will be of the number." "Tell me whom you live with," says a Spanish proverb, "and I will tell you who you are." A man who is not a good friend to himself cannot be so to any one else.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.³

The wise choice of female friends is quite as important. Many wise men have been wrecked by the Sirens, since the time of Solomon.

¹ La Bruyère.

² Cicero.

³ Denham.

Whose heart, though large,
 Beguiled by fair idolatresses fell
 To idols foul.¹

Friendship, said Lilly, "is the jewel of human life," and a friendless man is much to be pitied, especially as it is probably his own fault.

No one is so accursed by fate,
 No one so utterly desolate,
 But some heart, though unknown,
 Responds unto his own.²

Surely it cannot be necessary, as Keble sadly says, that we should all be isolated and alone.

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe
 Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart,
 Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow
 Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart,

though no doubt it is well to have the option of sometimes being alone, for it is difficult to love your neighbour if you can never get away from him.

It will almost inevitably happen that from time to time you will think you have cause of complaint. If so, be patient and reasonable. Look at it from your friend's point of view. Do nothing in a hurry. Nature never does. "Most haste, worst speed," says the old proverb. But, above all, never quarrel in a hurry. Think it over well. Take time. However vexed you may be overnight, things will often look very different in the morning.

If you have written a clever and conclusive, but scathing letter, keep it back till the next day, and it will very often never go at all.

Make the very best friends you can. A bad friend is much worse than none at all.

¹ Milton.

² Longfellow.

Enter not into the path of the wicked,
 And go not in the way of evil men.
 Avoid it, pass not by it,
 Turn from it, and pass away.

For they sleep not,
 Except they have done mischief ;
 And their sleep is taken away,
 Unless they cause some to fall.

For they eat the bread of wickedness,
 And drink the wine of violence.

But the path of the just
 Is as the shining light,
 That shineth more and more,
 Unto the perfect day.¹

But though it is a great mistake to make friends of the wicked and foolish, it is unwise to make enemies of them, for they are very numerous.

Lamb wittily observes that "presents endear absents," but kindness and patience and sympathy will do much more.

Friends may well claim all that you can afford to give ; but they are not entitled to ask you to lend.

Neither a borrower nor lender be,

says Shakespeare,

For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

And Solomon warns us,

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it ;
 But he that hateth suretyship is sure.²

Friends will protect you from many dangers, and ward off many sorrows. When Augustus was brought

¹ Proverbs.

² *Ibid.*

to shame by his daughter Julia, "None of these things," he said, "would have happened to me if either Agrippa or Mæcenus had lived."

And when you have made good friends—keep them.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.¹

Give them no cause of complaint, however slight.

And if death separates, there is still the sweet hope of seeing them again. It cannot make up to us for the loss, but still

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.²

The most important step in life is marriage. Love seems to beautify and inspire all Nature. It raises the earthly caterpillar into the ethereal butterfly, it paints the feathers in spring, it lights the glowworm's lamp, it wakens the song of birds, and inspires the poet's lay. Even inanimate Nature seems to feel the spell, and flowers glow with the richest colours.

A man, says Simonides, "cannot have any greater blessing than a good wife, or any greater curse than a bad one."

A continual dropping in a very rainy day
And a contentious woman are alike.³

It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top,
Than with a brawling woman in a wide house.⁴

As regards the selection, it is probably not easy to give advice of much value. Some considerations indeed are almost self-evident. It is not well to marry too

¹ Shakespeare.

² Keble.

³ Proverbs.

⁴ *Ibid.*

early. When two very young people marry, it is, says Sir H. Taylor, "as if one sweet-pea should be put as a prop to another." Do not marry *for* money, nor *without* money. Those who marry for money "show themselves to be less than money by over-valuing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives: and when they have counted the money and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy with the loss of all that money" ¹ the life they have sold.

Do not imagine that in marriage you can go on living your "own substantive life with the additional embellishment of some graceful, simple, gay, easy-hearted creature, who would lie light upon the surface of one's being, be at hand whenever solitude and serious pursuits had become irksome, and never be in the way when she was not wanted. Visions these are; merely dreams of our Epicurean youth." ²

Homer, says Jeremy Taylor, "adds many soft appellations to the character of a husband's duty. Thou art to be a Father and Mother to her, and a Brother: and with great reason, unless the state of marriage should be no better than the condition of an orphan. For she that is bound to leave Father and Mother and Brother for thee, either is miserable like a poor fatherless child, or else ought to find all these, and more, in thee." ³

If you have the least doubt about it, do not marry. The married state is either very happy or very miserable.

Marriage is a great responsibility. Do not trust altogether to, or be beguiled by, the eye, for "marriages are not to be contracted by the hands and eye, but with reason and the hearts." ⁴

¹ Jeremy Taylor, *The Marriage Ring*.

² Sir H. Taylor, *Notes from Life*.

³ *The Marriage Ring*.

⁴ Jeremy Taylor.

A good wife is a helpmeet, not in material things only, but in those of the mind also. "Base men," says Shakespeare, "being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them." And if even base men are so powerfully affected for good, how much more those who have nobility already in their nature! For

. . . there are souls that seem to dwell
Above this earth, so rich a spell
Floats round their steps, where'er they move,
From hopes fulfilled and mutual love.¹

"Marriage," says Jeremy Taylor, "is divine in its institution, sacred in its union, holy in the mystery, sacramental in its signification, honourable in its appellative, religious in its employments: it is advantage to the societies of men, and it is 'holiness to the Lord.'"²

If a marriage is happy, says Tertullian, "how are we to find words to express that happiness? . . . Together they pray, together they worship, together they fast . . . together in difficulties, in adversities, in refreshments. Neither hides anything from the other, neither is a burden to the other. Christ joys when He sees such things. To these He sends His peace. Where two are, there is He, and where He is, the evil one is not."

You take your wife, in the solemn and beautiful words of our marriage service, "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death you do part."

"A happy marriage," says Stanley, "is a new beginning of life, a new starting-point for happiness and usefulness; it is the great opportunity once for all to leave the past, with all its follies and faults and

¹ Keble.

² *The Marriage Ring.*

errors, far, far behind us for ever, and to press forward with new hopes, and new courage, and new strength into the future which opens before us. A happy home is the best likeness of heaven ; a home where husband and wife, father and mother, brother and sister, child and parent, each in their several ways, help each the other forward in their different course as no other human being can ; for none else has the same opportunities ; none else so knows the character of any other ; none else has such an interest at stake in the welfare, and the fame, and the grace, and the goodness of any one else as of those who are bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, in whose happiness and glory we ourselves become happy and glorious, in whose misery we become miserable, by whose selfishness and weakness and worldliness we are dragged down to earth, by whose purity and nobleness and strength we are raised up, almost against our will, to duty, to heaven, and to God."

Finally, children are a great, but none the less a delightful responsibility. They are sometimes spoken of as "sent," and improvident parents excuse themselves by saying that "if God sends mouths, He will send food to fill them," but Matthew Arnold justly observes that there is no justification for bringing poor little children into the world whom you cannot keep decently, in reasonable comfort and not too precariously.

Let them grow up in the sunshine of love ; if their childhood is blest with the genial warmth of affection, they will better endure the cold of life.

"No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges ; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so

many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society ; but he that loves not his Wife and Children, feeds a Lioness at home, and broods a nest of Sorrows ; and Blessing itself cannot make him happy ; so that all the Commandments of God injoyning a man to *love his wife*, are nothing but so many Necessities and Capacities of joy." ¹

¹ Jeremy Taylor.

CHAPTER XIII

INDUSTRY

NEVER waste anything, but, above all, never waste time. To-day comes but once and never returns. Time is one of Heaven's richest gifts; and once lost is irrecoverable.

Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
For what has been, has been; and I have had my hour.¹

Do not spend your time so now, that you will reproach yourself hereafter. There are no sadder thoughts than "Too late," and "It might have been." Time is a trust, and for every minute of it you will have to account. Be "spare of sleep, spare of diet, and sparest of time."

Nelson once said that he attributed all his success in life to having always been a quarter of an hour before his time.

"The young," said Lord Melbourne, "should never hear any language but this: you have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you starve or not."

Industry, moreover, is not only essential to success, but has a most healthy influence on the moral character.

¹ Dryden.

“Never be idle,” said Jeremy Taylor, but “fill up all the places of thy time with a severe and useful employment; for lust easily creeps in at these emptinesses where the soul is unemployed, and the body is at ease; for no easy, healthful, idle person was ever chaste if he could be tempted; but of all employments, bodily labour is the most useful, and of the greatest benefit for driving away the devil.”

Time and Earth, in the words of Keble, “are the preparations for Heaven and Eternity; and such as we make our moments here, such will God make our ages in the world to come.”

To do something however small, to make others happier and better, is the highest ambition, the most elevating hope, which can inspire a human being.

Pietro Medici is said to have once employed Michael Angelo to make a statue out of snow. That was a foolish waste of precious time. But if Michael Angelo's time was precious to the world, our time is just as precious to ourselves, and yet we too often waste it in making statues of snow, and, even worse, in making idols of mire.

“We all complain,” said the great Roman philosopher and statesman, Seneca, “of the shortness of time, and yet we have more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few; and acting as though there would be no end to them.”

It is astonishing what can be done by economy of time. “Nehemiah could find time to dart up a successful prayer to the Throne of Grace whilst he stood waiting behind the King of Persia's chair.”

And yet, fill up our time as well and as wisely as we may, even the most fortunate of us must leave

many things undone, many books unread, many a glorious sight unseen, many a country unvisited.

One great, I might almost say the great, element of success and happiness in life is the capacity for honest solid work. Cicero said that what was required was first audacity, what was second was audacity, and what was third was audacity. Self-confidence is no doubt useful, but it would be more correct to say that what was wanted was firstly perseverance, secondly perseverance, and thirdly perseverance. Work is not of course, any more than play, the object of Life ; both are means to the same end.

Work is as necessary for peace of mind as for health of body. A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work. Worry upsets our whole system, work keeps it in health and order. Exercise of the muscles keeps the body in health, and exercise of the brain brings peace of mind. "By work of the Mind one secures the repose of the Heart."¹

"Give a girl any true work that will make her active in the dawn, and weary at night, with the consciousness that her fellow-creatures have indeed been the better for her day, and the powerless sorrow of her enthusiasm will transform itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace."²

Do what you will, only do something. Even attempts to find the philosopher's stone and to square the circle have borne some fruit.

"Words," said Dr. Johnson, "are the daughters of Earth, and Deeds are the sons of Heaven," and whatever you do, do thoroughly. Put your heart into it. Cultivate all your faculties : you must either use them or lose them. We are told of Hezekiah that "in every work that he began, . . . he did it with all his heart, and prospered."³

¹ Jancourt.

² Ruskin.

³ 2 Chronicles.

“The story of genius even, so far as it can be told at all, is the story of persistent industry in the face of obstacles, and some of the standard geniuses give us their word for it that genius is little more than industry. A woman like ‘George Eliot’ laughs at the idea of writing her novels by inspiration. ‘Genius,’ President Dwight used to tell the boys at Yale, ‘is the power of making efforts.’”¹

Begging is after all harder than working, and taking it all together, does not pay so well. Every man, moreover, should stand upon his own feet. A ploughman on his feet, says Franklin, is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

Cobbett, speaking of his celebrated English grammar, tells us that : “I learned grammar when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of the guard bed, was my seat to study in ; my knapsack was my bookcase ; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table ; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil ; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. . . . Think not lightly of the farthing that I had to give, now and then, for ink, pen, or paper. That farthing was, alas ! a great sum to me : I was as tall as I am now ; I had great health and great exercise. The whole of the money, not expended for us at market, was two-pence a week for each man. I remember, and well I may, that upon one occasion I, after all absolutely necessary expenses, had, on a Friday, made shift to have a halfpenny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a red herring in the morning ; but, when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had

¹ Garnett.

lost my halfpenny! I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child! And, again, I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth to find an excuse for the non-performance?"

Cobbett had no money, but he had energy and courage. "Most men," says Bacon, "seem neither to understand their riches nor their strength: of the former they believe greater things than they should; of the latter much less. Self-reliance and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labour truly to get his living, and carefully to expend the good things committed to his trust."

There is an Oriental proverb that

Good striving
Brings thriving:
Better a dog that works
Than a lion who shirks.

"Work," says Nature to Man, "in every hour, paid or unpaid; see only that thou work, and thou canst not escape the reward: whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only it be honest work, done to thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the senses as well as to the thought; no matter how often defeated, you are born to victory. The reward of a thing well done, is to have done it."¹

The great wizard Michael Scott, as Sir Walter Scott has told us, found he could only secure himself against his familiar Devil by constantly providing him with employment. The same applies to us all. The Evil Spirit, having been driven out of a man, returned

¹ Emerson.

when he found the house empty, and entered in with seven other spirits worse than himself.

Idleness is not rest. It is more tiring than work. The Romans had a proverb, "Difficilis in otio quies." It is difficult to rest if you are doing nothing.

Never hurry. Nature never does. The first piece of advice which a Swiss guide gives to a young mountaineer, and that to which he returns most often, is that one should go "immer laugsam," slowly and steadily; or "plus doucement on monte, plus vite on arrive au sommet," not trying to walk too fast, but not loitering. By all means pause now and then; even the strong ox requires to do so, and the furlong, or "furrow long," measures the distance after which it is well to give him a rest. But in life also the great secret of progress is never to hurry and never to loiter. "Haste," says an Eastern proverb, "cometh of the Evil One, but patience openeth the gate of felicity."

Many people seem to think that they can save time by hurrying. It is a great mistake. It is well to move briskly; but it is far more important to do a thing well, than to get through it quickly.

Moreover, even as regards the work itself, if it is done irregularly, by fits and starts and in a hurry, it is much more exhausting, much more really laborious, than if taken slowly, steadily, and regularly, without hurry or bustle. Hurry not only spoils work, but spoils life also.

"Work without haste and without rest," was Goethe's maxim, though our word "rest" does not exactly express his idea.

Haste not, let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then, and know thy might;

Haste not, years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not, Life is sweeping by,
Go and dare, before you die :
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time ;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have pass'd away.¹

Work hard then, but do not hurry, do not fuss, and do not be anxious.

“Interest yourself,” says Mr. Francis Galton, “chiefly in the progress of your journey, and do not look forward to its end with eagerness. It is better to think of a return to civilisation, not as an end to hardship and a haven from ill, but as a thing to be regretted, and as a close to an adventurous and pleasant life. In this way, risking less, you will insensibly creep on, making connections, and learning the capabilities of the country as you advance, which will be found invaluable in the case of a hurried or a disastrous return. And thus, when some months have passed by, you will look back with surprise on the great distance travelled over ; for if you average only three miles a day, at the end of the year you will have advanced 1000, which is a very considerable exploration. The fable of the hare and the tortoise seems expressly intended for travellers over wide and unknown tracts.”

Rise early, give to muscles and brain their fair share of exercise and rest, be temperate in food, allow yourself a reasonable allowance of sleep, take things easily, and depend upon it your work will not hurt you. Worry and excitement, impatience and anxiety, will not get you on in your work, and may kill you in the end, or at any rate hand you over a victim to

¹ Goethe.

some attack of illness; but if you take life cheerfully and peacefully, intellectual exertion and free thought will be to the mind what exercise and fresh air are to the body: they will prolong, not shorten your life.

Perseverance . . .

Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.¹

Perseverance "is the Statesman's brain, the Warrior's sword, the Inventor's secret, the Scholar's 'Open sesame.'"² Our gracious Queen has been one of the very best sovereigns in History. And why? no doubt she has great judgment and tact, but she has spared herself no labour. The spirit in which she has worked is indicated in a remark to Lord Monteaule, quoted in Mrs. Jameson's Memoirs. In reply to some expression of regret on his part that he was obliged to trouble her on business, she said, "Never mention to me the word 'trouble.' Only tell me how the thing is to be done, to be done rightly, and I will do it if I can."

Whatever then your duties or business in life may be, try to do it as well as it can be done.

The Duke of Wellington owed his victories almost as much to his being a good man of business as a great General. He paid the most careful attention to all the details of his supplies and commissariat; his horses had plenty of fodder, his troops were well supplied with warm clothes, strong boots, and good food.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business," says Solomon; "he shall stand before kings"; and St. Paul

¹ Shakespeare.

² Davenport Adams's *Plain Living and High Thinking*.

tells us to be "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Industry brings its own reward. Columbus discovered America while searching for a western passage to India; and, as Goethe pointed out, Saul found a kingdom while he was looking for his father's asses.

"Resolve," said Franklin, "to perform what you ought, and perform without fail what you resolve."

It is sometimes supposed that genius may take the place of work. We read of men at College who idled their first years, who only worked at high pressure for a short time, with a wet towel round their heads, and yet took a high degree. Depend upon it they paid dearly for the wet towel afterwards. But even so, they had to work. Many of the greatest men have owed their success to industry rather than to cleverness, if we can judge from their school record. Wellington and Napoleon, Clive, Scott, and Sheridan are all said to have been dull boys at school.

No doubt some men are much more gifted than others. But let two men start in life, the one with brilliant abilities, but careless, idle, and self-indulgent; the other comparatively slow, but industrious, careful, and high-principled, and he will in time distance his more brilliant competitor. Labour without genius will do more in the long run than genius without labour. No advantage in life, no cleverness, no rich friends or powerful relations will make up for the want of industry and character.

Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, and a great statesman, had an idle brother who once came and asked to be made a great man. "Brother," replied the Bishop, "if your plough is broken, I'll pay for the mending of it; or, if your ox should die, I'll buy you another; but I cannot make a great man of you;

a ploughman I found you, and I fear a ploughman I must leave you."

Milton was not merely a man of genius, but of indomitable industry. He thus describes his own habits: "In winter, often ere the sound of any bell wakes man to labour or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or to cause them to be read till the attention be ready, or memory have its full freight; then, with clear and generous labour, preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty."

Do not look on your work as a dull duty. If you choose you can make it interesting. Throw your heart into it, master its meaning, trace out the causes and previous history, consider it in all its bearings, think how many, even the humblest labour may benefit, and there is scarcely one of our duties which we may not look to with enthusiasm. You will get to love your work, and if you do it with delight you will do it with ease. Even if you find this at first impossible, if for a time it seems mere drudgery, this may be just what you require; it may be good, like mountain air, to brace up your character. Our Scandinavian ancestors worshipped Thor wielding his hammer; and in the old Norse myth Voland is said to have sold his soul to the Devil, in order to be the best smith in the world; which, however, was going too far.

It is a great question how much time should be given to sleep. Nature must decide. Some people require much more than others. I do not think it possible to diminish the amount which Nature demands. Nor can time spent in real sleep be said to

be wasted. It is a wonderful restorer of nervous energy, of which those who live in cities never have enough.

Sir E. Coke's division of the day was—

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer—the rest on Nature fix.

Sir W. Jones amended this into—

Six hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to Heaven.

Neither six nor seven hours would be enough for me. We must sleep till we are so far refreshed as to wake up, and not down.

In times of sorrow, occupation, which diverts our thoughts, is often a great comfort. "The happiness of life consists in something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."¹ Indeed many of us torment ourselves in hours of leisure with idle fears and unnecessary anxieties. Keep yourselves always occupied.

So shall thou find in work and thought
The peace that sorrow cannot give.²

"Every place," says old Lilly, "is a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind."

Work, moreover, with, and not against Nature. Do not row against the stream if you can help it; but if you must, you must. Do not then shrink from it; but Nature will generally work for us if we will only let her.

"For as in that which is above Nature, so in Nature itself: he that breaks one physical law is guilty of all. The whole universe, as it were, takes up arms against him, and all Nature, with her numberless and unseen powers, is ready to avenge herself upon him, and on

¹ Dr. Chalmers.

² Stirling.

his children after him, he knows not when nor where. He, on the other hand, who obeys the law of Nature with his whole heart and mind, will find all things working together to him for good. He is at peace with the physical universe. He is helped and befriended alike by the sun above his head and the dust beneath his feet: because he is obeying the will and mind of Him who made sun, and dust, and all things: and who has given them a law which cannot be broken.”¹

¹ Kingsley.

CHAPTER XIV

FAITH

WE are told in statistical works that out of 1,500,000,000 of human beings there are 400,000,000 Buddhists, 350,000,000 Christians, 200,000,000 Hindoos, and 150,000,000 Mohammedans; but Selden,¹ though he goes into the opposite extreme, was doubtless nearer the mark when he observes that "men say they are of the same religion for quietness' sake; but if the matter was well examined, you would scarce find three anywhere of the same religion on all points." It is no wonder that this should be so, for as we know in reality so very little even about our own world, we cannot expect to be better informed about another.

"The wonderful world," says Canon Liddon, "in which we now pass this stage of our existence, whether the higher world of faith be open to our gaze or not, is a very temple of many and august mysteries. You will walk, perhaps, to-morrow afternoon into the country; and here or there the swelling buds, or the first fresh green of the opening leaf, will remind you that already spring is about to re-enact before your eyes the beautiful spectacle of her yearly triumph. Everywhere around you are evidences of the existence and movement of a mysterious power

¹ *Table Talk.*

which you can neither see, nor touch, nor define, nor measure, nor understand. This power lives speechless, noiseless, unseen, yet energetic, in every bough above your head, in every blade of grass beneath your feet."

Doubt is indeed the very foundation of philosophy. We live in a world of mystery; and if we cannot explain the simplest flower, or the smallest insect, how can we expect to understand the infinite? "We acknowledge," says Dr. Martineau, "space and silence to be His attributes; and when the evening dew has laid the noonday dust of care, and the vision strained by microscopic anxieties takes the wide sweep of meditation, and earth sleeps as a desert beneath the starry Infinite, the unspeakable Presence wraps us close again, and startles us in the wild night-wind, and gazes straight into our eyes from those ancient lights of heaven."

"Human existence," says John Stuart Mill,¹ "is girt round with mystery; the narrow region of our experience is a small island in the midst of a boundless sea, which at once awes our feelings and stimulates our imagination by its vastness and obscurity. To add to the mystery, the domain of our earthly existence is not only an island in infinite space, but also in infinite time."

But if we find ourselves continually compelled to remain in ignorance, and to suspend our judgment, we need not on that account lose hope.

And so we say that in the dim hereafter,
Or be it dawn or twilight, noon or night,
The thread of that great scheme whereof this life
Is, as a something tells us, but a part,
Shall not be lost, but taken up again
And woven into one completed whole.

We feel much which we cannot explain. This is not confined to theology. "If you ask me," said St. Augustine, "what is Time, I cannot tell you; but I know quite well, if you do not ask me."

Wesley described himself as

Wearied of all this wordy strife,
 These notions, forms, and modes, and names,
 To Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
 Whose love my simple heart inflames—
 Divinely taught, at last I fly,
 With Thee and Thine to live and die.

"Those who tell me," says Martineau, "too much about God; who speak as if they knew His motive and His plan in everything; who are never at a loss to name the reason of every structure, and show the tender mercy of every event; who praise the cleverness of the Eternal economy, and patronise it as a masterpiece of forensic ingenuity; who carry themselves through the solemn glades of Providence with the springy steps and jaunty air of a familiar; do but drive me by the very definiteness of their assurance into an indefinite agony of doubt and impel me to cry, 'Ask of me less, and I shall give you all.'"

Dean Stanley described one great object of his life as being to do "something to break the collision between the beliefs and the doubts of the age, and to fix our gaze 'on the hills from whence cometh our help.'"

"Amid the mysteries," says Herbert Spencer, "which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that man is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."

We must then be content to feel, we cannot define.

Many of the differences which separate men into

sects are factions, rather than religions. In defiance of St. Paul's warning, they persist in saying, "I am of Paul, and I am of Apollos."

"The kingdom of God does not," says Jeremy Taylor, "consist in words, but in power, the power of Godliness. Though now we are fallen upon another method, we have turned all religion into faith, and our faith is nothing but the production of interest or disputing; it is adhering to a party and a wrangling against all the world beside; and when it is asked of what religion he is of, we understand the meaning to be what faction does he follow, what are the articles of his sect, not what is the manner of his life: and if men be zealous for their party and that interest, then they are precious men, though otherwise they be covetous as the grave, factious as Dathan, schismatical as Korah, or proud as the fallen angels."

Men of science are often attacked for want of faith, though Thoreau says that "as a matter of fact there is more religion in science, than science in religion."

But the man of science who doubts, does so in no scoffing spirit; it is an expression, not of disdain, but of reverence. As Tennyson has well said—

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Let me refer, for instance, to two representative men. "When I attempt," says Professor Tyndall, "to give the Power which I see manifested in the universe an objective form, personal or otherwise, it slips away from me, declining all intellectual manipulation. I dare not use the pronoun 'He' regarding it; I dare not call it a 'Mind'; I refuse to call it even a 'cause.' Its mystery overshadows me." Professor Huxley is

one of our ablest thinkers ; he is, moreover, an Agnostic, and no friend of religious institutions in the ordinary sense, but he has told us that he could "conceive the existence of an Established Church which should be a blessing to the community. A Church in which, week by week, services should be devoted, not to the iteration of abstract propositions in theology, but to the setting before men's minds of an ideal of true, just, and pure living : a place in which those who are weary of the burden of daily cares, should find a moment's rest in the contemplation of the higher life which is possible for all, though attained by so few ; a place in which the man of strife and of business should have time to think how small, after all, are the rewards he covets compared with peace and charity. Depend upon it, if such a Church existed, no one would seek to disestablish it."

This seems to me not far removed from the Church of Arnold and Maurice, Kingsley, Stanley, and Jowett. The Church of England is gradually approximating to this ideal, and the more it does so, the stronger it will grow.

Theologians necessarily endeavour to express themselves in language which can be understood, and we do them an injustice in expecting that we can take them literally. When poets speak of the "sunrise" we do not accuse them of ignoring astronomy ; nor can any one be justly accused of "blaspheming" Shakespeare or Tennyson if he maintains that it is the Earth and not the Sun which moves. Even the discoveries of science require a language of their own, and if we cannot describe a flower or a stone accurately without the use of newly-coined phrases, we may feel sure that it is impossible for human language to comprehend the Infinite. Nor can we wonder if, in accordance with the general opinion of the times, ancient writers in

some cases attributed to the agency of Demons, results which we now know to be due to nervous disease.

There can be no merit in believing something which you can neither explain nor understand. There can be no merit in believing a fact for which we have no sufficient evidence; or in persuading ourselves that we believe something which we do not comprehend. Indeed, it is surely impossible to believe anything for which we are conscious that there is no good evidence. On the contrary, our duty is to believe that for which we have sufficient evidence, and to suspend our judgment when we have not. Many people seem to suppose that they must either believe a statement or disbelieve it. And yet in a great many cases we have no sufficient grounds either for belief or disbelief.

True faith is no mere intellectual exercise. The faith which is enjoined on us is a living faith, and faith without works is dead. Selden¹ compares faith and works to light and heat: "Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat; yet put out the candle, and both are gone." The references to faith in the magnificent eleventh chapter of Hebrews are to actions. By faith Abel offered his sacrifices; by faith Noah built the Ark; by faith Abraham left his home. They surely all had, or at any rate every one will admit that they thought they had, sufficient reason for what they believed and for what they did. They were commended because, finding themselves face to face with a painful or laborious duty, they did not flinch, but faithfully performed what they believed to be right. One of our duties, however, and by no means the easiest, is to suspend our judgment, when the evidence is inconclusive. There are many cases in which doubt, if not a virtue, is certainly a duty.

¹ *Table Talk.*

Our little systems have their day ;
 They have their day and cease to be :
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.¹

The veil is slowly rising, but as regards innumerable questions we must be content for the present to remain in ignorance.

“Our happiness as human beings must hang on our being content to accept only partial knowledge, even in those matters which chiefly concern us. . . . Our whole pleasure and power of energetic action depend upon our being able to live and breathe in a cloud ; content to see it opening here, and closing there, delighting to catch, through the thinnest films of it, glimpses of stable and substantial things ; but yet perceiving a nobleness even in concealment, rejoicing that the kindly veil is spread where the untempered light might have scorched us, or the infinite clearness wearied.”²

For, as Professor Huxley says, “Whoso calls to mind what I may venture to term the bright side of Christianity—that ideal of manhood, with its strength and its patience, its justice and its pity for human frailty, its helpfulness to the extremity of self-sacrifice, its ethical purity and nobility, which apostles have pictured, in which armies of martyrs have placed their unshakable faith, and whence obscure men and women, like Catherine of Siena and John Knox, have derived courage to rebuke Popes and Kings—is not likely to underrate the importance of the Christian faith as a factor in human history.”³

St. Mark tells us that one of the scribes came to Christ and asked Him which was the greatest Commandment. “And Jesus answered him, The first of

¹ Tennyson.

² Ruskin.

³ *Science and Christian Tradition.*

all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment. And the second is like unto it, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these. And the scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth: for there is one God; and there is none other but he: and to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbour as himself, is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

CHAPTER XV

HOPE

I HAVE often heard surprise expressed that Hope should be classed as a virtue with Faith and Charity. Faith could perhaps be understood, or misunderstood, and Charity is obviously a virtue, but why Hope?

It is, however, certainly wrong to despair: and if despair is wrong, hope is right. Endurance and tenacity of purpose imply hope; and endurance is a much better test of character than any single act of heroism, however noble. Many a devoted and suffering woman is a real martyr.

Do not lay things too much to heart. No one is ever really beaten unless he is discouraged.

'Tis not the least disparagement
To be defeated by th' event ;
Nor to be beaten by main force ;
That does not make a man the worse ;
But to turn tail and run away
And without blows give up the day,
Or to surrender to th' assault,
That's no man's fortune, but his fault.¹

With his characteristically humorous common-sense, Sydney Smith gave excellent advice when he said that

¹ Butler.

if we wish to do anything in the world worth doing, we "must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can." It is curious that men are seldom afraid of real dangers: they are much more affected by those which are imaginary. They are, for instance, absurdly afraid of being laughed at.

Never give way to false shame. Peter boldly faced the Pharisees and the soldiers, but could not stand the jeers of the maids and the servants in the hall of the Chief Priest.

Towards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.²

Don Quixote hanging by his wrist from the stable window imagined himself over a terrible abyss, but when Maritornes cut him down, found he had only been a few inches above the ground.

The very lions which frightened Mistrust and Timorous in the *Pilgrim's Progress* were found by Christian to be chained when he walked boldly up to them.

How many armies which have been victorious in battle, have taken to flight in a panic during the night! The very word "panic" has come to mean a terror without a cause. And even in bright daylight are not fears and anxieties often equally without foundation?

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did not we rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

¹ Shakespeare.

There's many a sorrow
 Would vanish to-morrow,
 Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings ;
 So sadly intruding,
 And quietly brooding,
 It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.¹

The discontented man should ask himself with whom he would change. He cannot expect to take one man's health, another's wealth, and the home of a third. If he is dissatisfied he must change all in all, or not at all.

Coleridge when in great trouble wrote to Sir Humphrey Davy that "amid all these changes and humiliations and fears, the sense of the Eternal abides in me, and preserves unsubdued my cheerful faith that all I endure is full of blessings."

Never then despair. Everything may be retrieved, except despair. "Woe to him that is faint-hearted," said the son of Sirach.

If courage is gone, then all is gone !
 "Twere better that thou hadst never been born."²

"To bear is to conquer our fate."³

Beware of desperate steps : the darkest day,
 Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.⁴

Every one makes mistakes. The man, it has been well said, who never makes a mistake, will make nothing. But we need not fall into the same error twice. Let your mistakes be lessons, and so you may make them stepping-stones to a better life.

Joseph Hume used to say that he would rather have a cheerful disposition than an estate of £10,000 a year.

For action the present is all-important, but there is

¹ G. Clark. ² Goethe. ³ Campbell. ⁴ Cowper.

a sense in which it is wiser to live in the past and the future. Many of the miseries of life are due to our sacrificing the future for the present ; the happiness of years that are to come, for the satisfaction of the moment. No doubt it is true that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush ; but then the chances are that the bird in the bush may never be in the cage, while the future, on the contrary, is sure to come, and those men are most happy whose "pleasure is in memory, and their ambition in heaven."¹

We could hardly go far wrong if we lived in the future ; for man "hath but to forsake the Transitory and Perishable with which the True Life can never associate, and thereupon the Eternal, with all its Blessedness, will forthwith descend and dwell with him."

Man should, I was almost about to say above all things, be manly, and have

The will to do, the soul to dare.²

For

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.³

Courage is not only a virtue, but even part of the very essence of a man. A man to be a man must be brave, just as a woman to be a woman must be gentle ; though of course men should be gentle as well as brave, and women brave as well as gentle.

Recklessness is not courage. Courage does not consist in despising danger, but in facing it bravely. There is no courage in running unnecessary risk ; but when danger comes, cowardice adds to it : to face it boldly and coolly is the true path of safety. To run

¹ Ruskin.

² Scott.

³ Shakespear.

away from an enemy in battle is the way to get killed, especially for those who, like Achilles, are vulnerable only in the heel.

“To make anything very terrible,” says Burke,¹ “obscurity seems in general to be necessary. When we know the full extent of any danger, when we can accustom our eyes to it, a great deal of the apprehension vanishes.” In the old fable, the deer frightened by feathers fell into the hands of the hunters, and the troops, who, on the raising of the dust by a flock of sheep, took them for the enemy, fell into an ambush.

Keep cool and courageous.

Out of the nettle, danger, pluck the flower, safety,

and, according to the Eastern proverb, “draw the feet of contentment under the skirt of security.”

Do not expect too much. “To know how to expect little,” said Goethe, “and enjoy much, is the secret of success.”

Do not expect too much, and do not expect it too quickly. “Everything comes to those who know how to wait.” It has been well said that the darkest shadows of life are those which a man makes when he stands in his own light. Still, do what we will, sorrows must come, and it is for us to bear them bravely.

“Call up,” said Richter, “in your darkest moments the memory of the brightest.”

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

We have, moreover, always the consolation of knowing that

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.¹

¹ *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful.*

² Shakespeare.

For, as George MacDonald says—

For things can never go badly wrong,
If the heart be true and the love be strong ;
For the mist, if it comes, and the weeping rain,
Will be changed by the love into sunshine again.

“After winter followeth summer, after night the day returneth, and after a great tempest, a great calm.”¹ However dark our path may seem, remember that Time will soothe the greatest sorrows. “Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining :
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.²

If any change happens, which at first seems like a misfortune, make sure at least that it is so. Appearances are often deceptive ; we do not live in a world in which we can afford to be discouraged by trifles, and we never know what we can do till we try. Trouble and sorrow are often friends in disguise. Nelson turned even his blind eye to advantage when he did not wish to see the signal for retreat. There are many, says Sir M. Grant Duff in his charming life of Renan, “for whose lives we should not have cared, but whose death we envy.” And in history, quite as many owe their immortality to the scaffold as to the throne. If we suffer, it is either for our own fault or for the general good.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.³

¹ *Imitation of Christ.*

² Longfellow.

³ Shakespeare.

While, moreover, we may be thankful for and enjoy to the full the innumerable blessings of life, we must not look upon sorrows and sufferings as unmixed evils. No one would be the better for constant and unvaried success ; even if it were not too great a trial, it could not but enervate and weaken. To overcome difficulties, to resist temptation, to bear sorrows bravely—raises, strengthens, and ennobles the character.

“Face to face with Eternity, the great thing is to walk grandly towards it.”¹

We may thoroughly enjoy the soft air and bright sunshine of summer, but Nature owes much of its grandeur and beauty to the snows and storms of winter.

Kingsley in a noble ode does justice to the north-east wind—

Let the luscious South wind
 Breathe in lovers' sighs,
 Whilst the lazy gallants
 Bask in ladies' eyes.
 What does he but soften
 Heart alike and pen ?
 'Tis the hard gray weather
 Breeds hard English men.

But the black North-easter,
 Through the snowstorm hurled,
 Drives our English hearts of oak
 Seaward round the world.
 Come : and strong within us
 Stir the Viking's blood :
 Bracing brain and sinew :
 Blow, thou wind of God.

¹ Geikie.

Troubles are a moral North-easter. They strengthen and brace us—

Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown.
This is the hero's complement and crown ;
This missed, one struggle had been wanting still,
One glorious triumph of heroic will.¹

“What do you think,” says Epictetus, “that Hercules would have been if there had not been such a lion, and hydra, and stag, and boar, and certain unjust and bestial men, whom Hercules used to drive away and clear out? And what would he have been doing if there had been nothing of the kind? Is it not plain that he would have wrapped himself up and slept? In the first place, then, he would not have been a Hercules, when he was dreaming away his life in such luxury and ease; and even if he had been one, what would have been the use of him? and what the use of his arms, and of the strength of the other parts of his body, and his endurance and noble spirit, if such circumstances and occasions had not roused and exercised him?”

When Socrates was condemned, Apollodorus lamented that he should suffer so unjustly. “Would you then,” said the philosopher, “have had me guilty?”

This, says St. Peter, is praiseworthy, “if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.”

¹ Henry Taylor.

CHAPTER XVI

CHARITY

WE should not only do to others as we should wish them to do to us, but think of others kindly as we should wish them to think of us. If we make no allowances for them, how can we expect them to do so for us? Moreover, on the whole, we shall find that a charitable construction of others is more likely to be the right one than not.

“Some persons think to get through the difficulties of life, as Hannibal is said to have done across the Alps, by pouring vinegar on them.”¹

Others are ready to make sacrifices, but they neglect those little acts of kindness and affection which add so much to the brightness and happiness of life.

Even if we have reason to complain, the offence is seldom so serious as we suppose, and to resent injuries only makes them worse. Revenge does us more harm than the injury itself; and no one ever intended to hurt another, but he did at the same time a greater harm to himself, “as the Bee shall perish if she stings angrily.”²

The vulture, we are told, scents nothing but carrion, and the Snapping turtle is said to bite before it leaves the egg, and after it is dead.

¹ *Guesses at Truth.*

² King Alfred's translation of Boethius.

Some people go through the world looking for faults. It is far wiser, however, to admire than to criticise, nor is carping really true criticism. Even if there be a skeleton in the cupboard, it is probably not the only thing there. The bones do not make the man. Criticism may be true, but is it the whole truth? It is very interesting to be behind the scenes, but it is not the best place for seeing the play. Try to look out for the good and not the evil, both in people and in life, and you will see what you look for.

Always be patient. We know that if children are fractious it is in nine cases out of ten because they are suffering; and men and women are but grown-up children in this respect, as in others. In most cases, if we knew all the circumstances, if we knew what they were feeling, we should be sorry for, and not angry with, people who are cross.

If we know that any one is ill, how considerate we become. Nothing is grudged. Everything is done that can be thought of. They are spared all possible annoyance or irritation. But why then only? How much better it would be if we were always as kind and considerate.

We do not know the anxious cares, the weight of sorrow, the secret sufferings of others. If then you think you have reason to complain, make allowances. You need not be afraid of making too many. Make the best of everything and everybody.

“*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*” is a good maxim, but why confine it to the dead? How is it that for one kind word, one good deed told of others, we hear so many ill-natured stories or unfavourable comments? How much better would it be if people would speak of the living as they do of the dead.

Do not then condemn others hastily, if at all.

Judge not ! The workings of his brain
 And of his heart thou canst not see ;
 What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
 In God's pure light may only be
 A scar, brought from some well-won field,
 Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.¹

There may be, there certainly will be, occasions on which it is necessary to express disapproval ; but as a rule, if it is impossible to say anything kind and charitable, it is better to say nothing at all. Sydney Smith is reported to have sent a message to an acquaintance who had been abusing him in his absence, that he was welcome to kick him also when he was not there. Most of us, however, would rather be found fault with, if at all, to our faces, and are especially sensitive to what is said of us when we are not there to defend ourselves. People may laugh and seem amused at having ill-natured things said about others, but depend upon it they will draw the natural inference that their turn will come next, and will like you none the better, however they may laugh with you at the moment.

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler, sister woman,
 Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
 To step aside is human.

Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it ;
 What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.²

I must also put in a word for animals. Seneca truly observes that "what with hooks, snares, nets, dogs (and we must now add guns), we are at war with

¹ A. A. Procter.

² Burns.

all living creatures." It is apparently a necessity of our existence that we should live to some extent at the expense of other animals. Since then we owe them so much, we ought all the more to avoid inflicting on them any unnecessary suffering.

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.¹

And so "if thy heart be right, then will every creature be to thee a mirror of life, and a book of holy doctrine."²

We do not now, most of us, believe that animals have souls, and yet probably the majority of manhood from Buddha to Wesley and Kingsley have done so.

Birds indeed have something especially ethereal. St. Francis, "perfectly sure that he himself was a spiritual being, thought it at least possible that birds might be spiritual beings likewise, incarnate like himself in mortal flesh; and saw no degradation to the dignity of human nature in claiming kindred lovingly, with creatures so beautiful, so wonderful, who (as he fancied in his old-fashioned way) praised God in the forest, even as angels did in heaven."³

But however this may be, assuredly animals should be treated with kindness and consideration; it is a crime to inflict on them any unnecessary suffering.

Wordsworth calls—

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

And Coleridge truly says—

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best

¹ Wordsworth.

² Thomas à Kempis.

³ Kingsley.

All things both great and small ;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

Among all his splendid passages, there is none more magnificent than that in which Shakespeare tells us that

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest ;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice.

Charity is too often taken as synonymous with the giving of alms, and no doubt it is true, as in the celebrated Greek lines, that

Strangers and poor men are all sent from Zeus,
 And alms, however small, are sweet.

But yet alms-giving is only one form of charity ; by no means the chief, and one which, unless judiciously exercised, may do, and often does, more harm than good.

Much more important is the feeling of sympathy and affection.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the faults I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.¹

¹ Pope.

Forget injuries, but never forget a kindness.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.¹

“How many there are who are unworthy of the light of day, and yet the sun rises.”²

Those who do not forgive others cannot expect to be forgiven themselves.

“Suppose yourselves under the apprehension of approaching death; that you were just going to appear, naked and without disguise, before the Judge of all the earth, to give an account of your behaviour towards your fellow-creatures: could anything raise more dreadful apprehensions of that judgment than the reflection that you had been implacable, and without mercy towards those who had offended you: without that forgiving spirit towards others, which, that it may now be exerted towards yourself, is your only hope? And these natural apprehensions are authorised by our Saviour's application of the parable: ‘So likewise shall My heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your heart forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.’”³

The divine precept to forgive injuries and love our enemies, though not altogether absent from other systems of morality, is yet especially Christian. The Bible urges it over and over again. “For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.”⁴

Nay! forgiveness is not enough. We must go further.

“I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute

¹ Shakespeare.

² Seneca.

³ Dr. Butler.

⁴ St. Matthew.

you ; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven : for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and upon the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.”¹

“Charity,” says St. Paul,

Charity suffereth long, and is kind ;
 Charity envieth not ;
 Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,
 Doth not behave itself unseemly,
 Seeketh not her own,
 Is not easily provoked,
 Thinketh no evil ;
 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth ;
 Beareth all things, believeth all things,
 Hopeth all things, endureth all things.

“Charity never faileth : but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. . . . Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity.”

¹ St. Matthew.

CHAPTER XVII

CHARACTER

AS a mere question of getting on in the world character and steadiness will do more for a man than cleverness. I would not of course base the importance of character mainly on any such consideration, still it is none the less true. It is more important to do right than to know it, and whether we wish to be good, or to be prosperous and happy, we should follow exactly the same course. Golden deeds make golden days.

The worth of a life is to be measured by its moral value. "Once make up your mind never to stand waiting and hesitating when your conscience tells you what you ought to do, and you have got the key to every blessing that a sinner can reasonably hope for."¹

You will never in the long run increase your happiness by neglecting or evading a duty. It is as characteristic of the wise man as of the good one, that

He holds no parley with unmanly fears ;
Where duty bids, he confidently steers ;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.²

What is necessary for true success in life? But "one thing is needful. Money is not needful; power

¹ Keble.

² Wordsworth.

is not needful; cleverness is not needful; fame is not needful; liberty is not needful; even health is not the one thing needful; but character alone—a thoroughly cultivated will—is that which can truly save us; and, if we are not saved in this sense, we must certainly be damned.”¹

Your character will be what you yourself choose to make it. We cannot all be poets or musicians, great artists or men of science; “there are many other things of which thou canst not say, I am not formed for them by nature. Show those qualities then, which are altogether in thy power; sincerity, gravity, endurance of labour, aversion to luxury, benevolence, frankness, no love of superfluity, freedom from trifling, magnanimity. Dost thou not see how many qualities thou art immediately able to exhibit, in which there is no excuse of natural incapacity and unfitness, and yet thou still remainest voluntarily below the mark? or art thou compelled, through being defectively furnished by nature, to murmur, and be mean, and to flatter, and to find fault with thy poor body and to try to please men, and to make great display, and to be restless in thy mind? No, by the Gods: but thou mightest have been delivered from these things long ago. Only, if in truth thou canst be charged with being rather slow and dull of comprehension, thou must exert thyself about this also, not neglecting it, nor yet taking pleasure in thy dulness.”²

Never do anything of which you will have cause to be ashamed. There is one good opinion which is of the greatest importance to you, namely, your own. “An easy conscience,” says Seneca, “is a continual feast.”

Franklin, to whom we are indebted for much good advice, adopted a plan which I cannot recommend.

¹ Blackie.

² Marcus Aurelius.

After a clear and concise summary of the virtues, he says, "My intention being to acquire the habitude of all these, I judged it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on one of them at a time; and when I should be master of that, then to proceed to another, and so on, till I should have gone through the thirteen" (Temperance, Silence, Order, Resolution, Frugality, Industry, Sincerity, Justice, Moderation, Cleanliness, Tranquillity, Chastity, and Humility). It seems difficult to imagine that he can really have acted on this theory; for "if you take home one of Satan's relations, the whole family will follow."

How astonished we should be, said Bishop Wilson, "to hear one, upon giving monies to a poor body, bid him go to the ale-house and spend it, go and venture it in gaming, go and buy yourself some foolish toy! Why then should you do that yourself, which you own you should be laughed at to bid another do?"

Look up and not down. "The man," said Lord Beaconsfield, "who does not look up, will look down, and the spirit which does not dare to soar, is destined perhaps to grovel."

Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerve to brace, the heart to warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from youthful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part.¹

No doubt, having regard to the realities of existence, the ordinary forms of ambition seem quite beneath our notice, and indeed our greatest men, Shakespeare and Milton, Newton and Darwin, have owed nothing to the

¹ Joanna Baillie.

honours or titles which Governments can give. One great drawback of ordinary ambition is that it can never be satisfied. As in the ascent of a mountain, when we reach one summit we find another before us. The greatest conquerors, Alexander and Napoleon for instance, were never contented. Victims of misplaced ambition, they could not "rest and be thankful." "He that is used to go forward," says Bacon, and "findeth a stop, falleth out of his own favour, and is not the thing he was."

It is, however, going too far to say with the Poet that

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Selfish ambition is like a will o' the wisp, a glittering deception.

'Tis a glorious cheat,

It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy
And lifts his humble window, and comes in.
The narrow walls expand, and spread away
Into a kingly Palace, and the roof
Lifts to the sky, and unseen fingers work
The ceilings with rich blazonry, and write
His name in burning letters over all.

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And what is its reward? At best a name.
Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear,
Gold—where the senses it should please are dead,
Wreaths—where the hair they cover has grown gray,
Fame—when the heart it should have thrilled is numb;
All things but *love*, when love is what we want;
And close behind comes Death, and ere we know
That even these unavailing gifts are ours,
He sends us, stripped and naked, to the grave.¹

What can rank alone do? Marie de Medicis, Queen

¹ N. P. Willis.

of France, Regent of France, mother of the King of France, of the Queen of Spain, the Queen of England, and the Duchess of Savoy, was deserted by her children, who would not even receive her into their dominions, and died at Cologne in misery, almost of hunger, after ten years of persecution.

All crowns are more or less crowns of thorns. The better and more conscientious the wearer, the more heavily do the responsibilities of power weigh on him. It is impossible not to feel anxious when an error of judgment may bring misery to thousands. -

No doubt with progress, however slow, life is interesting, without it, almost unendurable. For

There are times when all would fain aspire,
And gladly use the helps to raise them higher,
Which Music, Poesy, or Nature brings.¹

Man was meant to grow, not to stand still. Many of us at any rate cannot stand still; we must go forward or die. In aspiring, however, be scrupulous about the means as well as the end. An apparent rise, if obtained by evil means, is really a fall.

How then can we reconcile these two necessities of our nature? Our ambition should be to rule ourselves, the true kingdom for each one of us; and true progress is to know more, and be more, and be able to do more. In this progress there need be no stop; with every step it becomes safer, not more hazardous. The first and highest ambition a man can have is to do his duty.

No pomp poetie crowned, no forms enchained him,
No friends applauding watched, no foes arraigned him;
Death found him there, without grandeur or beauty,
Only an honest man, doing his duty.²

It is said that the word "Glory" does not appear

¹ Trench.

² Mrs. Craik.

once in the Duke of Wellington's despatches. "Duty" was the watchword of his life.

Without excluding ambition then, let yours be that of the Saint and Sage. For

Vanity herself had better taught
A surer path even to the fame he sought,
By pointing out on History's fruitless page
Ten thousand conquerors for a single sage.¹

A hundred years hence what difference will it make whether you were rich or poor, a peer or a peasant? but what difference may it not make whether you did what was right or what was wrong?

"What we think, or what we know, or what we believe, is in the end," says Ruskin, "of little consequence. The only thing of consequence is what we do."

But where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?
Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Neither is it found in the land of the living.
The depth saith, It is not in me;
And the sea saith, It is not with me.
It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls:
For the price of wisdom is above rubies.

The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
And to depart from evil is understanding.²

Be honest and truthful. "The first sin on the earth," says Jean Paul Richter—"happily the Devil was guilty of it, on the tree of knowledge—was a lie." Honesty is the best, as well as the only right, policy.

¹ Byron.

² Job.

A false balance is abomination to the Lord :
But a just weight is his delight.¹

“Truth,” said Chaucer, “is the highest thing a man can keep.” Clarendon observes of Falkland that he was “so severe an adorer of truth, that he could as easily have given himself leave to steal, as to dissemble.”

“To depart from the truth affords a testimony that one first despises God, and then fears man.”²

It is well to be ashamed of yourself if you are in the wrong ; but never be ashamed to own it.

“There are innumerable qualities which make the man, and fit him for that work in life which he is meant to do. But there is one quality which is essential, without which a man is not a man, without which no really great life was ever lived, without which no really great work was ever achieved—that is truth, truth in the inward parts. Look at all the really great and good men. Why do we call them great and good? Because they dare to be true to themselves, they dare to be what they are.”³

This above all,—To thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.⁴

Two things, said Wordsworth, “contradictory as they may seem, must go together ; manly dependence, and manly independence ; manly reliance, and manly self-reliance.” Learn to obey and you will know how to command. Drill is good discipline both of mind and body, and a bad soldier will never make a good general.

If success attends you
Do not give way to pride.

¹ Proverbs.

³ Max Müller.

² Plutarch.

⁴ Shakespeare.

Pride goeth before destruction,
And an haughty spirit before a fall.¹

We often associate passion with action and patience with inaction. But this is a mistake. Patience requires strength, while passion is a sign of weakness and want of self-control.

If you are placed in authority, be scrupulously just, and courteous. Sadi tells us that an Oriental monarch once gave an order to put an innocent person to death. He said, "O king, spare thyself. I shall suffer pain but for a moment, while the guilt will attach to thee for ever."

Power brings with it responsibility. But in any case do not think what you would like to do, but what you ought to do. This is the only true road to happiness.

If there is a doubt between two duties, take the nearest. Some worthy people neglect their Family for the sake of the Heathen; but Sympathy, like Charity, should begin at home.

Everything in this world makes for righteousness. Of this we can easily convince ourselves. We talk of punishment for sin. Who punishes us? We punish ourselves. The world is so arranged that goodness brings joy, and evil sorrow. To sin and not to suffer, would involve an interference with the laws of nature.

Forgiveness of sin does not mean that we shall not be punished. That is not only an impossibility, but would be a misfortune. In fact there is no greater misfortune than prosperity in evil. If you do what is wrong the memories of the past will haunt you in the future. Those you have injured may forgive you, but in so doing they will heap coals of fire on your head, for their generosity will make your offence seem all the blacker.

¹ Proverbs.

Conduct is life: in the long run happiness and prosperity depend upon it. External circumstances are of comparatively little importance; it does not so much matter what surrounds us, as what we are. Watch yourself then day by day. Habit is second nature. "Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny." We all grow a little every day, either better or worse. It is well at night to ask oneself which?

"Mankind," said Emerson, "divides itself into two classes—Benefactors and Malefactors." If you belong to the latter you turn friends into enemies, make memory a pain, life a sorrow, the world a prison, and death a terror. While, on the other hand, if you can put one bright and good thought into the mind, one happy hour into the life of any one, you have done the work of a good Angel.

It would be a great thing if every one would shut himself up for an hour every day—for one hour—even for half an hour of peace and meditation. It is impossible to say there is not time. Sir R. Peel used to read a chapter of the Bible every night after he came back from the House of Commons, though I must admit that the House did not sit as long in those days as it does now.

Think on what is good and you will not do what is evil.

On death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.¹

And great is the reward.

My son, forget not my law;
But let thine heart keep my commandments:
For length of days, and long life,
And peace, shall they add to thee.²

¹ Sir W. Raleigh.

² Proverbs.

Do not put it off. Do not make youth an excuse. "We shall all be perfectly virtuous," said Marguerite de Valois, "when there is no longer any flesh on our bones."

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." To die as we should wish, we must live as we ought. To the good man Death has no terrors. Bishop Thirlwall during his last illness occupied himself by translating into seven languages: "As Sleep is the brother of Death, thou must be careful to commit thyself to the care of him who is to awaken thee, both from the Death of Sleep and from the Sleep of Death."

When Socrates was before his accusers he did not speak, says Cicero, "as a man condemned to death, but as one ascending into heaven."

What will you gain, said Seneca, "if you do your duty bravely and generously? You will gain the doing of it—the deed itself is the gain." We ought to do what is right, not from hope of the promises, or fear of punishment, but from love of what is good, because "thy testimonies are the very joy of my heart."

Fuller, speaking of Sir Francis Drake, says he was "chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, merciful to those that were under him, and hating nothing so much as idleness; in matters especially of moment, he was never wont to rely on other men's care, how trusty or skilful soever they might seem to be, but always contemning danger and refusing no toyl, he was wont himself to be one (whoever was a second) at every turn, where courage, skill, or industry was to be employed."

We know that we cannot be perfect, but yet we should aim at perfection in character as in everything else. Moreover, we have all implanted in us a sure

guide, and if we follow Conscience we cannot go far wrong. Every one who chooses may lead a noble life.

Always then place before yourself the highest possible ideal.

Unless above himself he can
Exalt himself, how poor a thing is man.¹

Thus, perhaps, and if at all thus only, can you train yourself so that, if a man, it may be eventually said of you as Shakespeare makes Mark Antony say of Cæsar,

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

And if a woman, that you may become

A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command.
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light.²

Sir W. Scott's last words to Lockhart on his death-bed were: "Be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will be any comfort when you come to lie here."

Even Balaam wished, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

¹ Vaughan.

² Wordsworth.

CHAPTER XVIII

ON PEACE AND HAPPINESS

PROSPERITY and happiness do not by any means always go together, and many people are miserable though they have, as it would seem, everything to make them happy. Nature may give everything she can to "her darling the strongest," as Professor Huxley says, but she cannot make him happy. He must do that for himself. A life of earthly success is full of perils and anxieties. If a man has not got the elements of happiness in himself, not all the beauty and variety, the pleasures and interests of the world can give it him. To one man, says Schopenhauer, "the world is barren, dull, and superficial; to another rich, interesting, and full of meaning." Happiness is a thing to be practised, like the violin. If we take the right means it will come, but we must not seek it too curiously. Our greatest joy goes back to Hades, "if Orpheus-like, we turn to look at her."¹ "Fly pleasures and they will follow you."²

—Do not think too much of yourself; you are not the only person in the world.

Do not seek for amusement, says Ruskin, "but be always ready to be amused." It is a great thing to

¹ Dallas.

² Franklin.

make life a succession of pleasures, even if they are little ones.

The sense of humour, for instance, is a gift peculiar to man. There is some doubt whether animals have reason, but they apparently have not the gift of merriment, and "the most completely lost of all days," said Chamfort, "is the one in which we have not laughed." What a pleasure it is to hear a merry laugh! How it lightens everything up.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.¹

"Good humour," said one of our Bishops, "is nine-tenths of Christianity"; and if you are put out, "let not the sun go down upon your wrath."² It takes two to make a quarrel, do not you be one of them.

Some people are always grumbling; if they had been born in the Garden of Eden, they would have found much to complain of. Others are happy anywhere; they see beauties and blessings all around them.

To what a heaven the Earth might grow,
If fear beneath the Earth were laid,
If hope failed not, nor love decayed.³

Cheerfulness is a great moral tonic. As sunshine brings out the flowers and ripens the fruit, so does cheerfulness—the feeling of freedom and life—develop in us all the seeds of good,—all that is best in us.

Cheerfulness is a duty we owe to others. There is an old tradition that a cup of gold is to be found wherever a rainbow touches the earth, and there are some people whose smile, the sound of whose voice, whose very presence, seems like a ray of sunshine, to

¹ Shakespeare.

² Epistle to the Ephesians.

³ Morris, *Earthly Paradise*, ii. 122.

turn everything they touch into gold. Men never break down as long as they can keep cheerful. "A merry heart is a continual feast to others besides itself."¹ The shadow of Florence Nightingale cured more than her medicines; and if we share the burdens of others, we lighten our own.

It seems to be supposed by some that cheerfulness implies thoughtlessness; there is, however, no necessary connection between them. The lightest spirits, says Arnold, "which are indeed one of the greatest of earthly blessings, often play round the most earnest thought and the tenderest affection, and with far more grace than when they are united with the shallowness and hardness of him who is, in the sight of God, a fool."²

There are many whose very birth is a sentence of hard labour for life. But that does not apply to the poor only. The rich now work quite as hard, or even harder. Moreover, how many there are whose very money makes them miserable,—in whose life there is no rest, no calm, no peace! We cannot in this world avoid sufferings, but if we choose we may rise above them. To do so we must hang the chamber-walls of our memory with beautiful pictures and happy recollections.

All wish, but few know how, to enjoy themselves. They do not realise the dignity and delight of life.

Do not magnify small troubles into great trials. "What trouble is there in this life," says Cicero, "that can appear great to him who has acquainted himself with eternity and the extent of the universe? For what is there in human knowledge, or the short span of this life, that can appear great to a wise man? whose mind is always so upon its guard that nothing can befall him which is unexpected."

We often fancy we are mortally wounded when we

¹ C. Buxton.

² Arnold, *Christian Life*.

are but scratched. A surgeon, says Fuller, "sent for to cure a slight wound, sent off in a great hurry for a plaster. 'Why,' said the gentleman, 'is the hurt then so dangerous?' 'No,' said the surgeon, 'but if the messenger returns not in post-haste it will cure itself.'" ¹ Time cures sorrow as well as wounds.

"A cultivated mind, I do not mean that of a philosopher, but any mind to which the fountains of knowledge have been opened, and which has been taught in any tolerable degree to exercise its faculties, will find sources of inexhaustible interest in all that surrounds it; in the objects of Nature, the achievements of Art, the imagination of Poetry, the incidents of History, the ways of mankind, past and present, and their prospects in the future. It is possible, indeed, to become indifferent to all this, and that too, without having exhausted a thousandth part of it; but only when one has had from the beginning no moral or human interest in these things, and has sought in them only the gratification of curiosity." ²

We live in a world of flowers and trees and grass, rivers, and lakes and seas, mountains and sunshine. Nature is bright to the bright, comforting to those who will accept comfort.

Still was the sunny morn and fair,
 A scented haze was in the air ;
 So soft it was, it seemed as spring
 Had come once more her arms to fling
 About the dying year, and kiss
 The lost world into dreams of bliss.³

But to appreciate the beautiful, we must have the sense of beauty. We hear much of the intelligence of the Dog and the Elephant, but there is no reason to

¹ *Holy and Profane State.*

² John Stuart Mill.

³ W. Morris.

suppose that the most beautiful view in the world would give them any pleasure.

We sometimes hear people complain of being dull,—that they have nothing to do; but in that case the dulness is in themselves. “If a man of education, who has health, eyes, hands, and leisure, wants an object, it is only because God Almighty has bestowed all those blessings upon a man who does not deserve them.”¹

Neither wealth nor rank will ensure happiness. Without love and charity and peace of mind, you may be rich and great and powerful, but you cannot be happy.

There is a Persian story that the Great King being out of spirits consulted his astrologers, and was told that happiness could be found by wearing the shirt of a perfectly happy man. The Court and all the prosperous classes in the country were searched in vain. No such man could be discovered. At last a labourer coming from his work was found to fulfil the condition; he was absolutely happy. But, alas! the remedy was as far off as ever. The man had no shirt.

I have already shown that, as the wisest of men have been agreed, happiness cannot be bought with money, neither can it be grasped by power. The crowns of kings are lined with thorns. The greater part of mankind, said Hiero to Simonides, “are deluded by the splendour of royalty; I am not at all surprised, for the multitude appear to me to judge of people as happy or miserable principally from what they see. And royalty exhibits to the world conspicuously, and unfolded fully to the view, those objects which are esteemed of the highest value; while it keeps the troubles of kings concealed in the inmost recesses of the soul, where both the happiness and the misery of mankind reside. For my own part I know from

¹ Southey.

experience extremely well, and I assure you, Simonides, that kings have the smallest share of the greatest enjoyments, and the largest share of the greatest of evils." ¹

If you are unhappy, many will find consolation in Massillon's suggestion, "D'où vient cela? O Homme! ne serait-ce point parce que vous êtes ici-bas déplacé; que vous êtes fait pour le ciel; que la terre n'est pas votre patrie, et que tout ce qui n'est pour Dieu n'est rien pour vous."

"But to tell of the varying lights of pleasure, and all the winning ways of goodness, we are wholly at a loss; and the most we can say of the greatest goodness is, that there is an unknown indescribable charm about it; the most we can say of the highest bliss, that it is unutterable." ²

If we look aright, we may all say with Dante—

And what I saw was equal ecstasy;
 One universal smile it seemed of all things;
 Joy past compare; gladness unutterable;
 Imperishable life of peace and love;
 Exhaustless riches, and unmeasured bliss.

Everything in Nature is regulated by wise and beneficent law, everything is linked together and works for good. If we suffer, it is either our own fault or for the general welfare. There is no duty, said Seneca, "the fulfilment of which will not make you happier, nor any temptation for which there is no remedy."

According to Cicero, Epicurus laid it down that there were "three kinds of desires; the first, such as were natural and necessary; the second, such as were natural but not necessary; the third, such as were neither natural nor necessary. And these are all such that those which are necessary are satisfied without

¹ Xenophon.

² Bacon.

much trouble or expense ; even those which are natural, and not necessary, do not require a great deal, because nature itself make the riches, which are sufficient to content it, easy of acquisition and of limited quantity : but as for vain desires, it is impossible to find any limit to, or any moderation in them."

Thoroughly to enjoy life, however, we must be prepared to deny ourselves, to forgo many tempting pleasures.

More delight is gained by self-denial than by self-indulgence. The senses, full of true delight as they are, will, if we yield to them, wreck us, like the Sirens of old, on the rocks and whirlpools of life.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will :
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.¹

It is one of the misfortunes of our age that we have so little leisure. We live in a perpetual whirl. How many women, and for that matter men too, have felt with Portia, "My little body is awearry of this great world" !

Good work, however, cannot be done in a hurry ; thought requires time and quiet.

"I know," says Kingsley, "that what we all want is inward rest ; rest of heart and brain ; the calm, strong, self-contained, self-denying character ; which needs no stimulants, for it has no fits of depression ; which needs no narcotics, for it has no fits of excitement ; which needs no ascetic restraints, for it is strong enough to use God's gifts without abusing them ; the character, in a word, which is truly temperate, not in drink or food merely, but in all desires, thoughts, and actions : freed from the wild lusts and ambitions

¹ Wotton.

to which that old Adam yielded, and seeking for light and life by means forbidden, found thereby disease and death. Yes, I know that; and know too that that rest is found only where you have already found it."

"As Zeus has ordained," says Epictetus, "so act; if you do not, you will suffer the penalty, you will be punished. And what is the punishment? The not having done your duty; you will lose the character of modesty, fidelity, propriety. Can there be greater penalties than these?"

"We complain," says Ruskin, "of the want of many things; we want votes, we want liberty, we want amusements, we want money. Which of us feels or knows that he wants peace? There are two ways of getting it, if you do want it. The first is wholly in your own power; to make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. . . . None of us yet know, for none of us have yet been taught in early youth what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts; which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us,—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in."

The last watchword given by the good and great Emperor Antoninus, when dying, to the officer of the watch was "*Æquanimitas*." Nothing ever broke the serenity of Christ's life.

"Forgo desire," says St. Thomas à Kempis, "and thou shalt find peace." We are almost as much vexed in life by little things, as grieved by great ones.

Of all bad things by which Mankind are cursed,
Their own bad temper surely is the worst.¹

¹ Cumberland.

We must not look outside for our happiness, but in ourselves, in our own minds. "The kingdom of heaven is within you." If we cannot be happy here, why should we expect to be so hereafter? Will Providence watch over us then more than now? If we do not make for ourselves peace on earth, how can we expect to find it in heaven? What deprives us of it? Pride and Avarice, Selfishness and Ambition. But for these and their like, we might be happy here, and with them we can be happy nowhere. If we are anxious here lest we should lose what we value, how much more keenly anxious should we be in heaven! If we cannot live in peace with others here, what hope have we of doing so elsewhere? If we base our peace and happiness on outward things, and look exclusively to another world, should we not in a second life look forward to a third, and so on for ever.

No doubt, indeed, as Happiness may be thrice blessed, in Anticipation, in Fruition and in Memory, one pure and great source of happiness may be in looking forward: in hoping to meet again those whom we have loved and lost, to see clearly much that is now hidden from us. Against this source of comfort and of joy, I have nothing to say, but we must not undervalue, or be ungrateful for, present blessings.

Try then so to manage yourself that you may be able to say with Keble—

O Lord my God, do Thou Thy holy will—

I will lie still ;

I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm

And break the charm

Which hulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,

In perfect rest.

So only can you enjoy the calm of Nature—

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.¹

Then will angels come to you in your own homes, as they did to Abraham of old, on the plains of Mamre, long ago.

It may even be possible that "there are many new joys unknown to man, and which he will find along the splendid path of civilisation."²

"For then the Soul and Body make a perfect Man, when the Soul commands wisely, or rules lovingly, and cares profitably, and provides plentifully, and conducts charitably that Body which is its partner and yet the inferior. But if the Body shall give Laws, and by the violence of the appetite, first abuse the Understanding, and then possess the superior portion of the Will and Choice, the Body and the Soul are not apt company, and the man is a fool and miserable. If the Soul rules not, it cannot be a companion; either it must govern, or be a slave."³

It is our own fault if we do not enjoy life. "All men," says Ruskin, "may enjoy, though few can achieve." To keep the mind peaceful and happy you must fill it with wise and noble thoughts. The Divine, says Plato in *Phædrus*, "is beauty, wisdom, goodness, and the like; by these the wing of the Soul is nourished, and grows apace, but if fed on evil, it wastes and withers away."

Make then a wise choice, and

So take Joy home,
And makè a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her,
Then will she come and oft will sing to thee,

¹ Wordsworth.

² Mantegazza in *Ideals of Life*.

³ Jeremy Taylor.

When thou art working in the furrows ; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hours of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad—
Joy is the grace we say to God.¹

“The best man,” said Soerates, “is he who most tries to perfect himself, and the happiest man is he who most feels that he *is* perfecting himself.”

¹ Jean Ingelow.

CHAPTER XIX

RELIGION

IF the Religion of Theology is still a mystery even to the most learned, the Religion of Duty is plain even to a child.

“The lines of Duty,” says Jeremy Taylor, “are not like the oracles of Apollo, double in their sense, intricate in their expression, secret in their meaning, deceitful in their measures, and otherwise in the event than they could be in their expectation. But the word of God, in the lines of duty, is open as the face of heaven, bright as the moon, healthful as the sun’s influence; and this is certainly true, that when a thing becomes obscure, though it may oblige us to a prudent search, yet it binds us not under a guilt, but only so far as it is or may be plainly understood.”

What Locke says of children, will apply indeed to most grown-up people: “Instil into them a Love and Reverence of this Supreme Being. This is enough to begin with, without going to explain this matter any further; for fear lest by talking too early to him of Spirits, and being unseasonably forward to make him understand the incomprehensible Nature of that Infinite Being, his Head be either filled with false, or perplexed with unintelligible, Notions of Him. Let him only be told upon Occasion, that *God* made and governs all things,

hears and sees everything, and does all manner of Good to those that love and obey Him; you will find that, being told of such a *God*, other Thoughts will be apt to rise up fast enough in his Mind about Him, which as you observe them to have any Mistakes, you must set right. And I think it would be better if Men generally rested in such an Idea of God, without being too curious in their Notions about a being which all must acknowledge incomprehensible—whereby many, who have not Strength and Clearness of Thought to distinguish between what they can, and what they cannot know, run themselves in Superstition or Atheism, making *God* like themselves, or (because they cannot comprehend anything else) none at all."

Lowell used to quote with especial admiration the saying of Johnson, that "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings."

Theology and Dogma are the science, but not the essence, of religion. Religion in daily life is a rule of conduct, a safeguard in prosperity, a comfort in adversity, a support in anxiety, a refuge in danger, a consolation in sorrow, a haven of peace. Religion is in one sense a matter for the body as well as for the soul. The body as well as the mind should be treated with all honour.

"Religion," Fichte truly says, "is not a business by and for itself, which a man may practise apart from his other occupations, perhaps on certain fixed days and hours; but it is the inmost spirit, that penetrates, inspires, and pervades all our Thought and Action, which in other respects pursue their appointed course without change or interruption."

The Bible does not bewilder us with abstruse

definitions, but rather turns our thoughts from such speculations.

“For this commandment,” said Moses, “which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off: it is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.”¹

Jesus said to the lawyer who questioned Him, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.”²

“Pure religion,” says St. James, “and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.”

We may not be able to tell whence we came or whither we go, we may not be sure what to think or believe, but in our hearts we almost always know well enough what we ought to do. The duty to our Neighbour is part of our duty to God. The mediæval brigand who described himself as “the friend of God and the enemy of mankind,” did not more entirely mistake the true spirit of Christianity than many who have less excuse. The love of God is best shown by the love of man.

If we are sometimes disposed to complain of others, we should remember that “if thou canst not make

¹ Deuteronomy.

² St. Matthew.

thyself such an one as thou wouldest, how canst thou expect to have another in all respects to thy liking?"¹

And even if we have just cause of complaint, we are to forgive, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven; not "until seven times," as Peter suggested, but "until seventy times seven."²

On many minds the fear of pain acts more energetically than the hope of happiness. There is a quaint old epitaph in Faversham Church which runs as follows:—

Who so him bethoft
Inwardly and oft
How hard it were to flit
From Bed unto the Pit;
From Pit unto pain
That ne'er shall cease again;
He would not do one sin,
All the world to win.

We must neither neglect the warnings nor despise the promises. "Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth."³

"Therefore every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it." But, on the other hand, "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that

¹ Thomas à Kempis.

² St. Matthew.

³ St. John.

house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock." ¹

And above all, woe to the man who misleads others, and especially the young.

"It is impossible but that offences will come: but woe unto him through whom the offence cometh! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones." ²

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" ³

But yet, however much we have sinned, passage after passage, promise after promise, forbid any one to despair.

Christianity is a religion of Hope, rather than of Fear. We may indeed wisely combine both in our thoughts, as Raleigh suggests—

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs do well.

But men can be more easily led than driven: example is better than precept. And many who would scorn all the terrors of the Inquisition, will feel the truth of Drummond's remark that "Ten minutes spent in Christ's society every day, ay, two minutes, if it be face to face, and heart to heart, will make the whole life different."

Think on what is good, and you will not do what is bad. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." ⁴

¹ St. Matthew.

³ St. Matthew.

² St. Luke.

⁴ Philippians.

“Do not,” said Seneca, “ask anything of God, which you would not wish man to know ; nor anything of man, which you would not wish God to know.” But when we consider what ephemeral and infinitesimal beings we are in the infinities of time and space, we may well ask with Spenser—

And is there care in Heaven ? and is there Love
In Heavenly Spirits to these creatures base ?

Truly does the Psalmist say : “When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained ; What is man, that thou art mindful of him ? or the son of man, that thou visitest him ?”

But there is comfort in Coleridge’s answer that

Saints will aid, if men will call,
For the blue sky bends over all.

Are we not promised, “Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you” ?¹

And again : “Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do.”² “If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.”³ We are told also that to God “all hearts are open, all desires known” ; that He despiseth not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desires of such as are sorrowful ; that you may “cast all your cares upon him ; for he careth for you.”⁴

We must not indeed look to aid from above as any excuse for our own idleness, but yet we are not only assured of help, but told that “Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it : except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.” That “every good gift and every

¹ St. Matthew.

² St. John.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ 1 Peter.

perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.”¹

Christianity does not call on us to sacrifice this world in order to secure the next. On the contrary, “to love that which is commanded and desire that which is promised” would add to our happiness here as well as hereafter. There is no real difference between worldly and heavenly wisdom. For religion consecrates daily life.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.²

“I pray not,” said Jesus of His disciples, “that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.”³

There are noble sentiments in Plato and Aristotle and Epictetus, in Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, but there is no such Gospel of Love as that in the New Testament.

Truly said Jesus that His was a new religion. “A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another ; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.”⁴

And again : “These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full. This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life

¹ St. James.² Keble.³ St. John.⁴ *Ibid.*

for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.”¹

The advent of Christianity was announced as “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”²

Jesus specially contrasted it with the teaching of Moses, as enjoining repeated forgiveness, and love even to enemies.

“Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the 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. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.”³

We must expect trouble and sorrow and anxiety, but we may “glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope.”⁴ And we are assured that “the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us:”⁵ that “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the

¹ St. John.² St. Luke.³ St. Matthew.⁴ Romans.⁵ *Ibid.*

things which God hath prepared for them that love him." ¹

"In the place of all other delights," says Epictetus, "substitute this, that of being conscious that you are obeying God; and that, not in word but in deed you are performing the acts of a wise and good man." And yet how little men will do for their religion! They will "wrangle about it, dispute about it, call names, worry their neighbours and burn them; fight for religion, and lay down their lives for it; indeed do anything but live up to it. Very few even try to do that." ²

"For a small payment," says Thomas à Kempis, "a long journey will be undertaken: for everlasting life many will scarce once lift a foot from the ground." And in another place: "Write, read, mourn, keep silence, pray, suffer crosses manfully; life everlasting is worthy of all these, yea, and of greater combats." And yet how little is demanded of us! "For what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" ³

But even if much more were expected of us, if great sacrifices were demanded, if we were called on to give up everything in this world, how short life is!

As shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass;
And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone. ⁴

We must of course ask in a right spirit.

¹ 1 Corinthians.

² Friswell.

³ Micah.

⁴ Bryant.

Still will I strive to be,
As if thou wast with me :
Whatever path I take,
It shall be for thy sake.¹

Such a spirit is its own reward. For the promises of religion are not confined to the next world. They begin here, now, and at once. Each one of us possesses a well of living water in his own soul, if he will only keep it pure—

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven.²

Cicero very truly says: "If it be true that no one except a good man is happy, and that all good men are happy, then what deserves to be cultivated more than philosophy, or what is more divine than virtue?"

It seems difficult to believe, though it is no doubt substantially true, that men are not tempted beyond endurance, but that "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."³

Yet so weak is man that we are also told to "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak."⁴

We must aim at perfection. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." And the reward is immediate, as well as immeasurable. Most of our troubles arise in ourselves. "Man inquieteth himself in a vain shadow." We can most of us say with Daniel, "The visions of my head troubled me." Yet if we would, we might be at peace: it is our own fault if we are not. Religion promises us rest and safety, peace of mind and freedom from care, even

¹ Thoreau.

² Scott.

³ 1 Corinthians.

⁴ St. Matthew.

in this world. Heaven is not merely in the futurity and distance : heaven is within you.

If you are tired and overworn, are you not invited, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"?¹ "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me."² To be distressed by doubt is to be wanting in faith.

We have been told that we have no real cause for fear: "For though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me." Nor for anxiety. "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? . . . And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"³

"Seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink. . . . For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. But seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you."⁴

The same lesson is inculcated, the same promises are made, over and over again. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves

¹ St. Matthew.

² St. John.

³ St. Matthew.

⁴ St. Luke.

do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." And again: "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them." Riches, in fact, and not poverty, are a real cause for some anxiety. "How hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Those to whom Heaven is promised in the Sermon on the Mount, are the merciful, the meek, the peace-makers, the pure in heart.

We are told not to fear God: that He is our Father, and perfect love casteth out fear.

We need not fear man. "In God have I put my trust; I will not be afraid what man can do unto me."¹

Indeed nothing will injure us. "All things work together for good to them that love God."²

We are assured that throughout all the troubles and anxieties and difficulties of life, "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God," and the blessing of God will be with you and remain with you always.

And these promises are made to us all. Not merely to the rich, and great, and clever, and learned, but to us all, for "God is no respecter of persons."³

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."⁴

We alone can deprive ourselves of these advantages.

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."⁵

Thus, and thus only, will life be bright, peaceful, and happy.

¹ Psalms.

² St. Paul.

³ Romans.

⁴ St. Mark.

⁵ Romans.

Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right,
For this shall bring a man peace at the last.

And so may you hope to be among those "whose names are written in the Book of Life."

So may you hope to be happy whatever your lot in life may be, and wherever it is cast, for

All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.

Be good, in the noble words of Kingsley—

And let who will be clever,
Do noble things—not dream them all day long,
And so make Life, Death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

APPENDIX

THE *North American Review* for April 1896 contains a very able article by the great American Economist, Mr. Wells, on the Imperial policy of Great Britain. He refers first to our exertions for the abolition of slavery. Passing on to Egypt he points out that "at no previous period, since Egypt began to have a name, has the fellah lived under a government so careful to protect his rights.

"Under such circumstances Egypt has never, certainly not within a recent period, enjoyed so large a measure of prosperity."

Mr. Wells then proceeds to discuss our government of India. After referring to the tyranny and constant war in former times, he continues: "To-day the humblest Indian peasant is secure in the possession and control of his property, and if wronged in any way can appeal to and find protection in the courts which England has established. As one result of this policy the buried treasures of India are beginning to come forth and seek investment in England's interest,—bearing securities. Under native and Mogul rulers, the only compulsory contribution was an assessment on land, which averaged about twelve shillings per acre. To-day the land tax of India, which the Government has been obliged to maintain for general revenue purposes, does not average more than two shillings per acre.

"Under native rule the population of India was kept down by war and local feuds to a great extent; but under the British rule of peace it has increased.

“Has anything like this ever been done by any other civilised and Christianised Government ?

“The present population of India would not have found food under any previous Government of that country ; and its very existence has been made possible only through the conditions of food production and distribution established by England’s Government.

“In short, there is no Government in the world whose administration is more honestly conducted, and which is doing more for the material good of the governed, than the present English Government of India.”

Mr. Wells then proceeds to discuss our commercial policy. Fifty years ago, he says, the commercial policy “of all countries claiming to be in any degree civilised, was based on the theory that commerce could benefit one country only to the extent that it injured another ; and this is the theory that to-day characterises the commerce and trade policy of all nations—especially the United States—except England.” Great Britain alone opens her ports, and imposes no restrictions on the trade of other countries, nor seeks to exclude their productions.

“In this respect England stands alone. No other nation that has ever existed, or now exists, has ever adopted a similar policy.”

Mr. Wells then proceeds to apply this argument to two cases,—the Hawaiian Islands and Venezuela.

“It is alleged,” he says, “that if the United States does not speedily annex the Hawaiian Islands, England or some other European power will grab them. Let us see what certainly would happen if the United States, or any of the great European powers, except England, should grab. The first thing that they would do would be to draw a line about the islands, restricting to a great degree all commercial intercourse between them and other nations. If the policy advocated by Mr. McKinley were to prevail, the restriction on the part of the United States would amount almost to prohibition. If France were to grab them, her commercial regulations would probably be patterned after the provisions

for conquered Madagascar, which make that great island an almost exclusive French province, and absolutely prohibit the importation of great staple articles from any other country than France and her colonies.

“If Russia should obtain possession of these islands, and establish her home policy over them, no importations would be allowed that Russian producers would like to supply; no language would be officially tolerated except Russian, and no religion except that of the Greek Church.

“If Spain grabbed we know what her policy would be from the experience of Cuba. On the other hand, if the island should pass under the sovereignty of England, restrictions on trade and commerce, foreign and domestic, would be reduced to a minimum; popular government, in which all nationalities would participate, would be established, with English common law as its basis.”

Passing on to Venezuela he points out that “the bearing also of the commercial policy of England upon the Venezuelan question, which thus far has hardly attracted the attention of the people of the United States, is really the only involved point that materially affects their interest, and as such is more worthy of their serious consideration than any other.

“Apart from certain minor considerations, the real reason of disagreement has been, that England wants free navigation of the Orinoco and Venezuela does not.

“But Great Britain has never sought any exclusive control of the Orinoco. She has only sought to make it free to the commerce of all nations.

“On the other hand, the letter of Senor Paraza warrants the assumption that Venezuela does not want the Orinoco to be free, but exclusive to herself. She has already chartered a purely speculative company looking to a monopoly of the river and its adjacent territory, of which the President of Venezuela is reported as one of the largest stockholders.

“The real and only issue of importance in this problem of Venezuela to the people of the United States is, will they unite with the British Government in securing to all nations the perpetual right to the free commercial use of this mighty

river, which constitutes the only available access to the great northern interior of South America ; or allow its control to pass to a Government which is one of the most unstable of all countries ; whose commerce is little more than barter, and whose history is one monotonous record of revolutions accomplished through bloodshed, and a remarkable ferocity on the part of all antagonising political parties ?

“In conclusion,” Mr. Wells says, “the general result of England’s governmental and commercial policy may be thus fairly and comprehensively stated.

“Wherever her sovereignty has gone, two blades of grass have grown where one grew before. Her flag, wherever it has been advanced, has benefited the country over which it floats, and has carried with it civilisation, the Christian religion, order, justice, and prosperity. England has always treated a conquered race with justice, and what under her rule is the law for the white man is the law for his black, red, or yellow brother. And here we have one explanation for the fact that England alone of the nations has been successful in establishing and maintaining colonies ; and of the further extraordinary fact that a comparatively small insular country containing less than 40,000,000 inhabitants, can successfully preside over the destinies of about 360,000,000 other members of the human race.”

THE END

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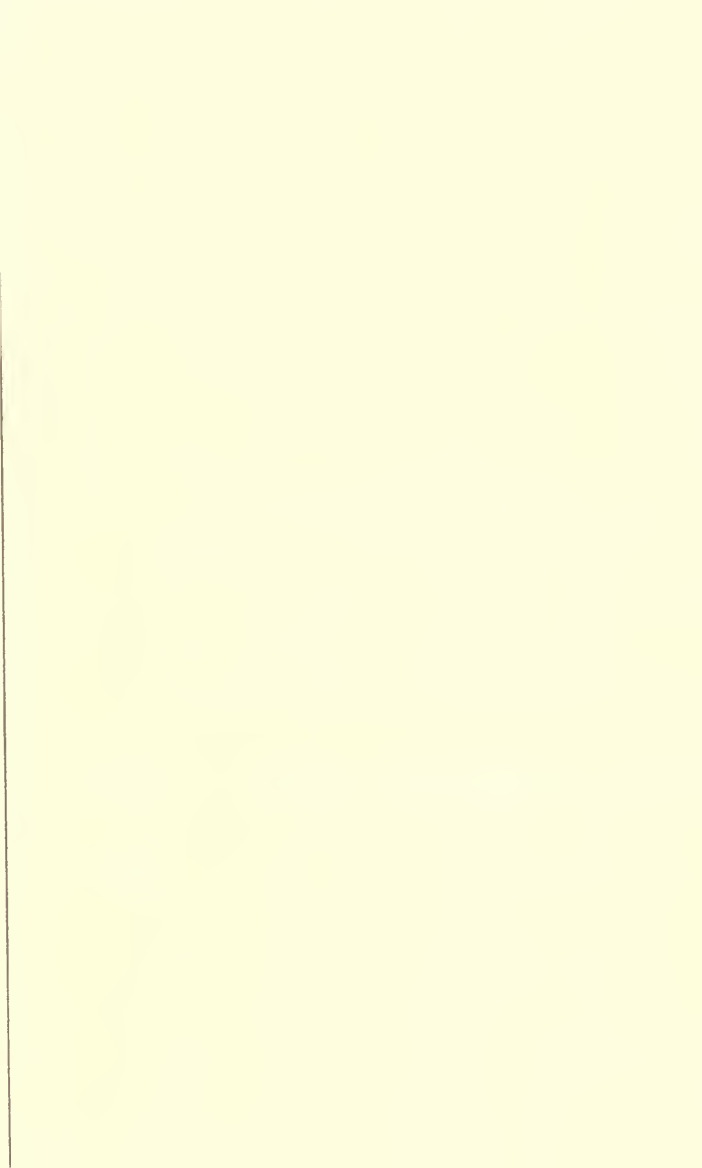
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