THE WAY TO HAPPINESS

THOMAS R SLICER

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BY

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

TO

EVERY FRIEND

WHO ALONG THE WAY HAS ADDED

"SUNSHINE TO DAYLIGHT"

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CONTENTS

A FOREWORD TO THOSE WHO SEEK THE WAY

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IN the Diary of Crabbe Robinson there is the record of a conversation with Wordsworth about Coleridge. The Poet had said that Coleridge's mind was "of greater power than any he had ever known." He then added, "*No one has completely understood me, not even Coleridge; he is not happy enough!*" This is a complete biography!

It is evident that the wisest and simplest poet of England from Milton's day to his own held very firmly the conviction that Happiness is necessary to the complete integrity and grasp of the human mind. If this be so, then Happiness, which we so often treat as an accident of circumstance or an element of temperament, must be far above all accidents, and takes its place among the absolute necessities of our earthly life. To think of Happiness as a duty seems strange to

those who have always supposed that Happiness was necessarily allied to good fortune or good health.

But it is as much above these as the soul is greater than its surroundings, either of body or place in life. If to have a good understanding of such poetry as Wordsworth wrote is impossible to an unhappy man, then it becomes an obligation to cleanse the lenses of vision of all dimness, and to see clearly with glad eyes what the world has to show. Power of mind is not enough to sustain our weary thoughts; we must have *lift of soul;* the wings of thought must not droop, but spread, to give buoyant flight to the high thoughts upon which our very power and effectiveness in life depend. Of course there are many who will not take this view of the dependence of the mind upon its climate. Those who have always associated wisdom with gravity will find it difficult to believe that the highest wisdom is reached through delight. And yet, what is the type of the Kingdom of Heaven? It is the gladdest of all God's creatures: "a little child" — "Whoso shall not receive the Kingdom of Heaven as a

little child shall in no wise enter therein!" So it would seem to be true that the way to Happiness, and the way into the Kingdom of Heaven, must lie close to each other in the fields of mind. And it seems not without significance that the very first chapter in the Story of Creation should close with the statement that "God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good." Is it possible that we may have missed the intention of the Creator that we should find this a good world in which we dare be glad? It seems to be reasonable to suppose that if the result in an ordered world be Beauty, the result in an ordered life must be Joy. In spite of all the sorrow, cruelty, and sin, of human life, men hold to life with both hands. There must be, under all its dreadful aspects, some promise of

"One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

I shall not argue this point, nor debate it with any one who feels compelled to a life of sadness or gloom. I shall, for answer, only transcribe here one of Henry van Dyke's later poems of

"God's Good Outdoors." It seems to me to be the normal attitude to a world which "is very good"!

"Thou who hast set Thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above with starry lights,
And set Thy altars everywhere, —
On mountain heights,
In woodland valleys dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And in the curving capes of every stream —
Thou who hast taken to Thyself the wings
Of morning, to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea,
And on far islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshippers to come to Thee
In Thy great out-of-doors!
To Thee I turn, to Thee I make my prayer,
God of the Open Air!

"From the prison of anxious thoughts that greed has builded,
From the fetters that envy has wrought, and pride has gilded,
From the noise of the crowded ways and the fierce confusion,
From the folly that wastes its days in a world of illusion,

(Ah, but the life is lost that frets and languishes there)
I would escape and be free in the joy of the Open Air!

"So let me keep
These treasures of the humble heart
In true possession, owning them by love;
And when at last I can no longer move
Among them freely, but must part
From the green fields and from the water clear,
Let me not creep
Into some darkened room and hide
From all that makes the world so bright and dear;
But throw the windows wide
To welcome in the light;
And while I clasp a well-beloved hand,
Let me once more have sight
Of the deep sky and the far-smiling land, —
Then gently fall on sleep,
And breathe my body back to Nature's care,
My spirit out to Thee, God of the Open Air!"

Of course you may say that the poet who wrote this is also a preacher and teacher bound to believe in goodness; that he is a fisherman, and a hunter, who delights to dwell in the woods and walk by mountain streams; a man well-placed in life and congenially employed as a well, strong

man delights to be. All this is true. But shall we say that the happy outlook on the world depends on these accidents of condition? Is it not rather proof that when an ordered life is matched to an ordered world, we have the normal state of man, and his creed of happiness?

But that this appeal to a glad world may not seem to be exceptional, let us ask the opinion of a sick man, an exile in pursuit of health, a man living among South Sea Islanders, to whom he becomes friend and champion, who now lies buried far above the Pacific, his mountain grave a shrine for pilgrims of all nations who love a brave spirit which refused to be imprisoned by its bodily weakness and pain. It was Robert Louis Stevenson who wrote:—

"Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality! they are the perfect duties. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say 'give them up,' for they may be all you have; but conceal them, like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better men."

Let us not forget how much of the power of life is derived from the education of the emotions.

We boast of our minds, and lose sight of the fact that their chief constituents are the emotions. There is no path to any of the highest experiences through the intellect alone. *None of the best things in life can be proved.* Love defies analysis and God hides Himself from speculation. The thoughtless child needs no conversion, and the man repents, not of his wrong thinking, but of his emotions gone astray. Herbert Spencer declares truly that the emotions are the masters and the intellect the servant; it is a vain thing, therefore, to educate the servant and leave the masters uninstructed. This is a wise saying which in many ways shall find illustration as we go along the Way to Happiness. For this reason, these pages are dedicated not to wise and learned teachers of the lessons of life, but *to every friend who, along the way, has "added sunshine to daylight."*

THE CALL TO THE WAY

THE SEARCH

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THAT "the greatest happiness to the greatest number is the foundation of all morals and legislation," is the corner-stone of that philosophy which boasts the title *Utilitarian.*

I am not concerned as to whether this is true, but obviously the proposition is debatable. This time is not in need of more critics, but of more singers of the beautiful life, of singers who shall refuse to speak of themselves as "idle singers of an empty day." There is a call to happiness in the air, and men who have wearied the heavens with their prayers, seeking relief from their woes, are now looking far afield for a gladness that they feel belongs of right to their earthly life. These hear the Call of the Way to Happiness; these are adventurous Spirits in search, not of a Holy Grail, but the Joy of Life.

What do we mean by the search for happiness? We mean pretty much everything referable to human instinct and human effort. It is a law of nature that its unimpeded, undiverted, unsophisticated functions are functions of delight. I cannot tell you with any positiveness whether the singing of the birds in June is the product of joy or not, but it sounds like it. A speculative Frenchman says a bird sings because it is in pain, but the poets do not agree with him. I suspect that when the mother bird is brooding her eggs and her mate sings from the neighboring bough, it is a part of that general echo of the declaration that "God saw all things He had made, and behold they were very good"! That is the view the poets and idealists hold, and the ministers of religion who are not too much occupied to go outdoors are apt to believe it to be true.

All nature seems keyed to happiness. Think for a moment what would happen, in the general impression of the world, if, instead of the foliage and fields being green, they had all been scarlet, or yellow, or light pink. We should have accustomed ourselves to it, but we should have had

different organs of vision, as people who live now in desert or arctic expanses, or dwellers in underground caverns, get a different adjustment of vision toward the things that surround them. If, in spite of the whole teaching of nature that we should be glad, it is still to many a sad world, that is not the fault of the natural world. Of course you immediately quote the earthquake in Calabria — but people should not build their homes where earthquakes are in the habit of breaking through. Or you quote the volcanic upheaval of Mont Pelee — but they planted their vines on the side of the crater because the ash of previous eruptions was good for the vines; they did as people do in the commercial world, took the largest risk for the sake of the largest interest. Even the dreadful tragedy in California had a scientific announcement long before it occurred. Nature has nothing to do with those results. Nature provides that a falling body shall fall downwards, and that its impact with the point of contact shall be painful; but nature in all its moods that are familiar to us is keyed to joy. Who shall come back after a summer of delight,

and not say that it is good to be out of doors? Who does not feel like quoting with Stevenson: "There is no music like the music of a little river, and though one should be grateful for friends and home, there is no place so homelike as God's good outdoors"? Who shall stand, in the radiant autumn, after "the effulgent summer," and not say that the aspect of nature, taken in the large with perspective enough, is an aspect of delight? If proof is needed, think how reluctantly you came home to the city, how you hated to come into the confines of narrow walls, you who had had the horizon for your bound.

And all the instincts of human life are native to joy. If you take the natural desires, from the lowest appetites to the highest intellectual aspirations, they are all keyed to joy. Hunger is what keeps the world alive, and God has ordained that it shall be accompanied by taste, and from this elemental passion to keep alive in terms of delight by the low joys of the palate all the way to the intellectual processes of life, they invite to delight as the simple reward of their exercise. Here is the explanation why some people, while

not glad to be poor, are content to be poor. Keats wrote the most beautiful ode the English language possesses, the Ode on Melancholy, not because he was consumptive, or miserably poor, or weak and hectic, but because these things put away from him the possibility of the delight of marriage with Fanny Brawn. There are no finer lines than these final lines of the Ode:—

"Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung."

And yet you could not have bought Keats's joy of him for any price you could have named. The mere exercise of the intellectual faculty is a delightful thing, and you might run through the categories of charm, delight, and happiness, and you would find that nature has provided that every desire is the prophecy of its fulfilment, and the signal of supply. It is even true in those great arctic wastes, where a fluttering pennant shows

against the colorless air and sky, that somebody has been that way and "cached" under the ice a supply for the next explorer, who is expected to arrive. And from that to the simplest risings of desire in the human mind, there is the register that nature has deposited an equivalent for every note she has issued. This is our ground for the search for happiness. It has penetrated our minds, entered our powers, flooded our circulation, spoken to our strong nerves, that we were meant to be happy; and that we are not wholly so.

Note how we seek to achieve this. The unconscious happiness of perfect health is not given to many, and yet when it appears, what a delight it is to the beholder. We even hide the fact that we do not feel quite well for fear we shall be suspected of not being in perfect health. We would rather be the constant herald of verve and joy and energy, than be suspected of being a "creaking door upon the hinge." When you see a perfectly well child or youth, or one of the modern contestants in the amphitheatre, a perfect animal, his muscles moving under the silk of his skin, every motion indicating that his weight has been

eliminated, an acrobat who seems not to weigh a pound unless his will weighs that much, you say that the mere fact of bodily health and strength is a joy in itself. Or note with what energy and devotion we try to recover our lost days. I suppose the vast majority of the human family to-day, under the provisions of civilization's methods, are devising means to recover their health.

Not only this, but the search for happiness involves the effort to find perfect adjustment. I suppose, in a single phrase, much of the endeavor of the world might be summed up as the effort to reduce the friction of life. It is true of human life as of machinery; on every machine sit two sprites, Friction and Rust; and Rust says to the machine, "If you stop, I will eat you up," and Friction says, "If you keep going, I will wear you out!" and that is the situation in which the human mechanism finds itself: it has either to be worn out with friction in activity, or eaten up with rust in inertia, or else find a lubricant to reduce the friction and quicken the paralysis of inactivity; and this is what causes the search for happiness: it is the effort to secure

a self-lubricating human life. This is not a pretty figure, perhaps, but there is more "mechanism in morals," to use the phrase of Oliver Wendell Holmes, than we think. So the search for happiness is an effort to find a self-lubricating machine that will keep going for the longest possible time with the best possible results. We wish to live in a house where the colors are harmonious, where the arrangement shall delight us, and even when our efforts seem more or less absurd, they all tend in the same direction. Human life is comedy, and the only thing that can keep it from being a tragedy is to have it comic to the performer and not only to the looker-on. So we furnish our houses and distribute ourselves in them, and order our wants and make the adjustment of all our relations only for one purpose at bottom — that we may be happy. Take for instance the very difficult matter in which the acme of happiness seems to be, that of finding, not only a home, but a mate. The happy homes on that ground are the homes that are naturally provided, where you shall not go out and think too much about the kind of mate that is to be in the home. Crowned heads do

that, and are not happy. Marriages for state reasons, for family reasons, for reasons of finance, for social reasons, they all belong to the artificial protest against the search for happiness, which simply dictates that two wholesome people, wholesomely adjusted to each other and life, shall grow up together in a life in which they shall divide their burdens and multiply their joys; and, thank God, there are hundreds of thousands of people still doing just this. So when people grow excited over the divorce question, I cannot join the excitability, because nature, somehow or other, corrects its own mistakes, sometimes with social disorder, and often with infinite personal pain, but the fundamental law is that every human being is entitled to a happy life under some condition or other, and the effort to provide by inflexible legislation for human happiness never succeeded yet. Uniform legislation there may be, but that we are not ready for, even in the mind of the wisest people, until we have a uniform civilization that shall apply to South Dakota as well as to the Imperial State of New York.

Take another aspect. Think of the boundless

patience of the world. For the most part, patience is not entertained upon principle at all. There is a kind of patience that comes of weakish circulation and slow motion, but that is rather lack of impressibility than patience — the patience that was indicated by the Dean of St. Paul's when he saw the child patting a tortoise on the back, and he said: "That does not please the tortoise any more than if you were to pat the dome of St. Paul's with the idea that you were pleasing the Dean." That is simply being impervious to impression. We speak of "the patience of Job." We do not speak of it, however, after we have read the book with any attention, because Job's utterances were the expressions of the righteous man's dilemma, and not the utterances of an infinitely patient man. Patience pays its tribute to the search for happiness in that we would rather comply ten times over, than once have the friction of resistance — would rather submit to conditions that seem to be the very sum of patience, with the feeling that it is better to bear than to fight. Can you imagine why the tenement-house population submitted, and still submit to some extent,

to their conditions, except as the consequence of an unorganized search for happiness that does not know how to organize? This runs through all classes in the world — an infinite compliance, a feeling that we will make shift to get on if we can, but at least to secure some luminous margin to our dark days on which to go out and sun ourselves where we may be let alone. It is part of the search that we bear so much without complaint. We are afraid to lose an opportunity that may have the seed in it of some future joy, so we grasp the thorns in the hope that inside may be some seed of happiness to come.

Note now two circumstances that grow out of this general search. I make the broad statement that nearly all that people are doing, seeking, wishing for, nearly all these things, are aspects of the general search for happiness. We have an abiding conviction that we are meant to be glad; we have a feeling that what came in with a sob at the beginning of our lives ought to go out with a smile. Every function we have, as I have said, from the lowest to the highest, is in some way ordained to win its own reward; every desire is the

signal of nature that somewhere there is its supply. And then there appears this very singular collateral law, alongside of the fact that every desire has its promise of fulfilment, that it is a note issued by nature upon the common bank of resource, the law that *any function served for itself alone turns to pain*. Think of it for a moment. I have used the simple illustration of the physical force being supplied by food, the stoking of the engine to keep the machinery running. It is a marvellous thing, when you stop to think of it, that what is so vulgar in the market is so splendid in the poet who ate what came from the market; that subtle alchemy in the human system has turned by the process of digestion into thought, emotion, expression, all this which was in the ground or on the earth a week ago. That is a splendid transfiguration of forces. But, let a human being devote himself to the delights of the table for themselves! Let him live to eat instead of eating to live, and what results? I remember what a shock my little boyhood had in that book upon which most good children have been brought up, the story of Slovenly Peter whose appetite causes the dismemberment of his

system! What happens in adult age is that any human being devoted to the pleasures of the palate becomes vulgar, then obese, then dull-headed, then incapable of feeling, and finally is relegated to annals of morbid pathology. That is one primary appetite which, followed for its own sake, brings ruin. Take the legitimate appetite for mere pleasure. It is incontrovertible that we have the right to be glad; the child, the kitten, the puppy, the lamb, the bird, in the natural enjoyment of the normal functions, cannot keep still for very gladness. Only sick children and little prigs keep still. Healthy products of the normal life of the world are in motion with delight. Vibration is a fundamental fact in nature. But let a human being elect to be always in a state of exhilarant delight for its own sake and I need not describe the result. Some one described a pessimist as "a man who had just left an optimist." That is the result of intentional optimism, the determined optimism of the man who has just learned that we have a right to be glad, and is determined to be glad in a manner utterly unbecoming to the seriousness of life. Every function, normal and rewarded

in its essence, *followed for itself alone is its own revenge.* What shall we do, then? I have already indicated what nature does about it. She translates the common things into things higher, by a process of transfiguration. Why does a wheel run down hill? Because it is trying to recover its centre of gravity. What are the conditions of society that are continually perturbed? Simply society seeking its equilibrium; and the law of human life is, first, that the search for happiness is normal, and secondly, that intention to make the search an end in itself revenges itself by loss of happiness.

"Man never is, but always to be blest," says Pope. The problem is to translate the search for happiness into something that is other than happiness. The normal instinct is to be translated into a principle of action. There are only two fundamental instincts of life, self-preservation and the reproduction of life. It is an instinct to be hungry. Why should I eat? Because food tastes good? That goes a little way; but followed on its own lines, you get the epicure, probably the lowest productive animal in the world. Why

should I eat? Because I have work to do. It is said that when the Divine Providence found the prophet fasting in the wilderness, he was fed from on high, and then "he went in the strength of that meat many days." It is said of the Master of the Art of Living that when he had struggled with the temptations in the wilderness, he was "an hungered," and that "angels ministered unto him"; and some such thing has to be the offset of every appetite in life. I need not name them all, or dilate upon them. If you belong to the discipleship of that Master of Life, some angelic interposition must on the basis of the normal appetite superimpose a divine use. That is the reason we cannot take much interest in a six days' race on a track in Madison Square Garden, for instance. Nothing seems to come of it. And that somewhat explains our feeling about war; to set a man up to be shot at seems to be about the worst use you can make of him; and yet there is a Cause which transfigures and raises every death into martyrdom, and every danger into heroism. Everything then, *followed for its own sake,* becomes abnormal and corrupt, and revenges itself

upon the seeker; but there is nothing so low but that, transfigured, it joins the great forces that are making over the world into the Kingdom of God. It seems to me that that was the lesson that was taught that blundering Apostle in his trance on the housetop. Peter dreamed he saw a sheet let down from heaven, with all manner of beasts, and he heard a voice saying to him that he should "rise, kill, and eat." That is the normal voice that sounds through our subconscious selves all the time. And he said, "No, not so, Lord, I have never eaten anything common or unclean." There spoke, not the man, but the Jew, intent not upon Life but upon its Ritual. Then he heard a voice saying, "What God hath cleansed call not thou common"! and that voice too sounds in the ears of every searcher after happiness in the world, the voice that drew Wordsworth to the bank of the lake where he saw the daffodils, the voice that says that the business of God is the cleansing of the lower things by leading them to higher uses, taking life out of the morass and putting it on the peak, raising the soiled and stained until the airs of heaven shall bathe it clean, "What

God hath cleansed call not thou common!" There is no appetite that in the divine regard can be unclean, no desire but in His regard shall be normal. All shall be used as in His presence, and under His eye; all life by this process of evolution going on in the world, by which at last we shall make a human soul to be the sum of life, shall find its apotheosis and culmination in the sight of God, whose creatures we are. This was the meaning of Kipling's boast: —

> "He shall paint the thing as he sees it
> For the God of things as they are."

THE WAY OF THE STOIC

HAPPINESS BY SELF-CONTROL

THE WAY OF THE STOIC

HAPPINESS BY SELF-CONTROL

THIS is not an introductory history of philosophy. It is meant to have a practical bearing, therefore it has not seemed worth while to deal at length, except by way of inference and reference, with that great movement of asceticism in pagan lands known as the school of the Cynics. The reason for this omission is plain. There is no room nowadays for a Cynic. There is place for the Stoic, and unhappily there is much place occupied by the Epicurean, but there is no room for the Cynic. I do not know whether it is because we are not enough open to asceticism and self-denial, not ready to go forth as the messengers of Zeus, as the Cynics felt themselves to be; but in any case there are few in this day, outside of the Roman Catholic church, who feel called upon to "cry out and spare not" against the evils of the time.

But the Stoic is quite another style of man. He has an ancient lineage and modern representatives. He had his beginning with Zeno in the fourth century before Christ, and persisted through the phases of Greek thought before the Christian era, but came to his finest expression in Epictetus in the first century of the Christian era, and in Marcus Antoninus in the second. For while the apostles of Jesus were going through Asia Minor, proclaiming the gospel, Epictetus was a wandering missionary of stoicism, and the story of Antoninus is familiar, with its unexplained stoicism, in spite of an infamous wife, and a brutal, cruel, and dastardly son. Stoicism, in the briefest outline, commends itself to the modern thought for certain elements in it not to be found either in the Cynic or among followers of Epicurus.

In what, then, did the Stoic seek happiness, for his search was real? It was for *happiness by repression* that he sought, not the repression of the ascetic, but of the philosopher; the conviction that nothing mattered that was matter. So much so, that President Hyde in his book "From

Epicurus to Christ," in the chapter on The Stoics, has expressed the thought that people who in this time claim there is no such thing as a material world are the lineal descendants of the Stoics. One differs from President Hyde in the belief that those phases of modern menticulture in which a material world is at a discount and the mental world at a premium constitute a basis of comparison; one cannot well compare an air plant with an oak. We may inherit philosophic tendencies, but we cannot therefore claim their lineage until we can show their philosophic results. The Stoics thought that the material world was not the field of activity. The mental rule was the rule to which everything was referred. Was it sickness? The soul was not sick. Was it pain? The pain did not invade the soul. Said Epictetus to his master, — he was, you know, a slave, — "If you keep turning that instrument of torture, you will break my leg," and when another twist was given and the bone broke, he said simply, "I told you so." Pain was foreign to his mind. When driven out of Rome because he carried the badge of philosophy in his long cloak and beard,

he went, not because he would not have gone clean-shaven, or naked, or in more fashionable garments, but because to alter upon demand was to put pressure on his mind. Did a man's friend die? Hear what Seneca says: "It is a low construction of providence that I shall more grieve that my friend is taken away than rejoice that I have had him. What is past we are sure of; nothing can make it not to have been." These three great names succeeding the time of Christ — Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius — have become a steadying influence to wavering and uncertain souls because they have gathered in their search from afar, and set them to study at the heart of a divine content. These are not "philosophers with their eyes at the ends of the earth," and they are not easily invaded by anything from the outside. They put into a single investment all the resources of life and call it the wealth of the individual mind. Even death, to them, is a part of the expected things in life — the only thing they are sure of, except the past, and therefore an event for which they wait, going on with the work in hand, meanwhile. One of them describes what

he would like to be found doing when death should come, and he enumerates, not any great heroic achievements, but just the ordinary activities of daily life, and the sanctities of the commonplace. Death was an aspect of nature to them. How did they arrive at this state of contentment that makes so real an appeal to the modern mind? In the first place to them the mind was more than the body. In modern phrase they believed that "Man has a body, but man is a spirit." The whole spiritual world was vital and real to them; God was the universal presence. One of them declares that the universe is personal and real and conscious; it is the sum of things that he calls God. In that marvellous hymn of Cleanthes to Zeus you have the highest expression of the poetic and religious thought of stoicism, in which all tribute is paid to God, in which the gods can be no better employed than in hymning to Zeus, the things that have come from his universal power. The mind is the man; everything else is external and accidental, riches a mere incident,—poverty no less an incident. And when you realize how the statistics of economics show the small provision that is necessary to hu-

man life, you can understand how the Stoic, from his observation of men in that democratic age which found expression first in Greece and then in Rome, ascertained how little a man might live upon and how much beside would therefore be incidental, accidental, purely fortuitous to the man. You find the same thing in Emerson. He said, when they reproached him with having no disciples, "It is my boast that I have taught for twenty-five years and have no disciples; if they came to me, I should have to send them back to themselves." This is the true Stoic doctrine; nothing matters but the essential man. Everything else is incidental, occasional, and trifling. This is brought about first by the bringing of consciousness to its highest expression, but also in the adoration of the order of the world. Here you recognize the aspect of the modern scientific mind. To the Stoic, God was not a sovereign of arbitrary will: the gods themselves were under obedience to law; the Fates, those gray sisters, cast their shadow upon the throne of Zeus; it was the Calvinism, if I may use a modern term, of an ancient time, interpreting its confidence

in the beneficence of the world in terms of an inexorable order of the universal law. It did not provide for miracle, for it provided for no mistakes; it did not expect special interference, for it provided for no lapses of judgment in the order of the world. Christianity, building upon miracle prophecy, special interference, divine providence for special needs, found no support in the systems of the time. Stoicism had, however, a theory of altruism, and I would emphasize the word *theory*, because when one is keeping house so snugly as a Stoic did, one is apt to forget to open the door for the passing guest. But they had a theory of altruism. There was a theory of fraternity and brotherhood in their speech, but it was first the man himself, and then the other man, and the tendency of stoicism, in spite of its theory, was to harden the mind to the aspects of the world. That is true of all its variations. There was no moral passion, as in the Jew. Such a cry as the Psalmist uttered: "As panteth the hart for the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, oh God!" was unknown to the Stoic mind. The Stoic was as calm when he addressed Zeus as

when discussing the State, and was just as likely to turn away from adoration as to turn from administration of the State, saying that it was not well for men to be diverted from the reflections of the human spirit. There was a consequent hardening of the sensibilities. Its later expression appeared in the Puritan of the English Commonwealth and in the time just preceding the Puritan, when men read the scripture of the Old Testament especially, neglecting the Beatitudes, and then shut the Book and went into battle with it lying over their hearts. The Puritan is the lineal descendant of the Stoic; and most of all in that cruelty of nature in which he is in singular contrast even on the shores of the life of this country to the Pilgrim who was his next neighbor; for between Plymouth Bay and Massachusetts Bay they were at times removed in tone and temper more than by geographical miles — they were "apart by celestial diameters." This is the defect of stoicism then, that whilst it has its assets easily convertible, it has lost its account of what may be given away. That this brought a certain happiness is unquestionable, and that it has in it the elements of happiness for

us is equally incontrovertible. I should say that as I look abroad upon the Christian world as a whole, with its vacant stare into the future for a good it is not accorded in the immediate present; with its dependence upon special providence for individual needs; with its church organizations that often show no adequate results for what they have cost and for the time they have claimed from common life; as I look out upon the world at large — not upon the individual church or Christian — I believe it would be a vast advance in moral character to substitute the system of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus for the so-called Christianity of to-day. It would be a substitution that would not be final, but that would for the time be extremely wholesome, for it would lead to a renunciation that makes for regeneration, and not to a renunciation that makes for self-indulgence. Let it not seem, therefore, unjust that I say that modern Christianity, so-called, might find in stoicism an ethical revival. It reaches the centre of a strong control dominating the mind in the presence of the accidents of life; and the function of happiness lies far along that way. What

is it disturbs us? There are just two things for which there are no methods of relief except their abolition, two things that invade our happiness and destroy our peace: *worry* and *sin*. There is no way of mending worry. It is a weed that goes to seed in the mind and raises by self-planting the crop of the next season. Weed it out. It is the only thing to do. The remedy for worry is the abolition of worry. The nature must be cleansed. But what of sin? The Stoic was not strong in his definition of sin. But you and I know it is a real experience. We know perfectly well that any explanation that looks like apology or excuse or extenuation may be heard with a degree of interest by those anxious to show that we have not sinned, but when all is said, we lift our faces and cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and all the vain explanations are cut like gauze by the stroke of the keen edge of our distress. The Stoic reënforces life at these two points. As to worry, he insists that where he is at all there he shall be altogether, as John Burroughs said of Emerson; and the soul undivided shall be the unit of measure for every occasion of

life. He does not fret himself away, as a moth frets a garment, as the worry of life gnaws at the integrity of the mind. He goes out to each task knowing that nothing matters that has not its area in the mind. I remember, as a boy, hearing an old man, a minister of religion, talking with a young woman about the frivolities of life, and as I listened, having no part, as a child, in the conversation, I heard him say, with infinite tenderness and seriousness, "My dear, you cannot prevent the birds from flying over your head, but you must not let them make nests in your hair." It was a homely but true expression. Any head can spare a hair or two in spring for a bird to weave into a nest somewhere else, but let the bird fly over your head to that somewhere else. That was a Stoic's attitude. Nothing matters until its area is within the mind, and the worries of life are infinitely reduced by that consideration. And for sin: they said, there is nothing that enters into the world except good-will; this was the Stoic's fundamental doctrine. Good-will is everything. Think of all the sins that in their horrid panorama may pass before the mind, and you will end by saying, as

Stanley Hall has said, "Selfishness is the sum of them all!" Sins of sensuality, of hypocrisy, of brutality, of, avarice, — all the vile category, — through its whole bloody, slimy, nasty length it is only selfishness uncoiling itself, link by link, to gorge itself and feed its own venom. All sins in their last analysis are referable to selfishness. There is no good except good-will therefore, said the Stoic. It is unquestionable that the path of happiness lies along this road. That it alone does not make all the way we shall discover as we unfold our theme.

What, then, is the defect of the Stoic position? Its first defect is that it makes no gradations in virtue or its favor. It says, "Whoso offendeth in one point is guilty of all." It makes no difference between the stealing of a pin and the stealing of a State; and, in theory, that is true; but it is not true as to the constitution of society in its total effect. Stoicism has no gradations of worth or unworth. There is virtue, and virtue is sufficient happiness. No happiness need be applied for except by the virtuous man. He has in his virtue all the happiness he needs. The other defect ap-

pears in contrast with the Epicureans; it has no abandon to the beauty of the world. It speaks in some vague way of the beauty of the world, but has no power to let itself go; and, in this, happiness has laid upon it a most important limitation; for the man who cannot let himself go, who boasts any philosophy that builds barriers so strong that they cannot be broken down by the floods of emotion, or so high that they cannot be overleaped in moments of exaltation, has cribbed and cabined the world more than the world will long bear. And stoicism lapses at length into the sensuousness of the Eastern Empire. These are the two defects by which it failed; how nobly it planned to succeed, how splendidly it aspired, let that great Hymn of Cleanthes, to which reference has been made, attest: —

Hymn to Jove[1]

BY CLEANTHES

Most glorious of all the Undying, many named,
girt round with awe!
Jove, author of Nature, applying to all things the
rudder of law —

[1] Translation by Thomas Davidson.

Hail! hail! for it justly rejoices the races whose life is a span
To lift unto Thee their voices — the Author and Framer of Man.
For we are Thy sons; Thou didst give us the symbols of speech at our birth,
Alone of the things that live, and mortal move upon earth.
Wherefore Thou shalt find me extolling, and ever singing Thy praise;
For, Thee the great Universe, rolling on its path round the world, obeys: —
Obeys Thee, wherever Thou guidest, and gladly is bound in Thy bands,
So great is the power Thou confidest, with strong, invincible hands,
To Thy mighty, ministering servant, the bolt of the thunder, that flies,
Two-edged, like a sword and fervent, that is living and never dies.
All Nature, in fear and dismay, doth quake in the path of its stroke,
What time Thou preparest the way for the one Word Thy lips have spoke,
Which blends with lights smaller and greater, and pervadeth and thrilleth all things,
So great is Thy power and Thy nature — in the Universe, Highest of Kings!
On Earth, of all deeds that are done, O God! there is none without Thee,

In the holy æther not one, nor one on the face of the sea;
Save the deeds that evil men, driven by their own blind folly, have planned,
But things that have grown uneven are made even again by Thy hand.
And things unseemly grow seemly; the unfriendly are friendly to Thee,
For so good and evil supremely Thou hast blended in one by decree.
For all Thy decree is one ever — word that endureth for aye,
Which mortals, rebellious, endeavor to flee from and shun to obey —
Ill-fated, that, worn with proneness for the lordship of goodly things,
Neither hear nor behold in its Oneness, the law that Divinity brings;
Which men with reason obeying, might attain unto glorious life,
No longer aimlessly straying in the paths of ignoble strife.
There are men with a zeal unblest, that are wasted with pursuit of fame,
And men with a baser quest, that are turned to lucre and shame.
There are men, too, that pamper and pleasure the flesh with delicate stings:
All these desire beyond measure to be other than all these things.

Great Jove, All-giver, dark-clouded, great Lord
of the thunderbolt's breath!
Deliver the men that are shrouded in ignorance,
dismal as death.
O Father, dispel from their soul the darkness, and
grant them the light
Of Reason, Thy day, when the whole wide world
Thou rulest with might,
That we, being honored, may honor Thy name
with the music of hymns,
Extolling the deeds of the Donor, unceasing, as
rightly beseems
Mankind; for no worthier trust is awarded to
god or to man
Than forever to glory with justice in the law that
endures and is One.

THE WAY OF THE EPICUREAN

HAPPINESS BY PLEASURE

THE WAY OF THE EPICUREAN

HAPPINESS BY PLEASURE

IT was inevitable that, having spoken of Stoic philosophy and its modern representatives, we should turn to some treatment of what might be dignified by the name of Epicureanism; for three great words in human philosophy represent three great forces in human life: Cynicism, Stoicism, and Epicureanism. But it must be remembered that the ancient Cynic is the modern ascetic, not the modern cynic, who is simply a man who has suffered a hemorrhage of his emotions and had his veins filled with water; he has no share in the cynicism of the Greek thought. The Philosophic Cynic was an ascetic who believed that the things of earth were essentially evil, and that man must live above and apart from them. He was an ascetic, able to build his own cloister out of the air; he did not need to

be walled in with stone; he was apart from the world and yet the boundaries of his cloister were translucent to the eye. The Stoic was the real philosopher, both of the fourth century before Christ and the second century after, having his foundation of thought in Zeno, who was a little later than Plato and Aristotle, and having his last expression in Julian of the fourth century, but his best expression in Marcus Antoninus, as in those *Meditations* that begin, "The Emperor Antoninus with himself."

Also, when we speak of Epicureanism, we must distinguish what Epicurus understood it to be from what we understand it to be; for Epicurus, though a materialist and making no boast of religion, was, with Aristippus, the exponent of a real philosophy of contentment; the watchword of Epicureanism in the third and fourth centuries before Christ was *imperturbability*. If you would find out what it came to mean to the classical mind, Greek and Roman, you must go back to the century preceding Christ, and read, on the one hand, Lucretius, and on the other, Horace, both legitimate descendants of Epicurus — with a difference.

They are the poetic and graceful expression of a rather severe philosophy that had to do with emotions and pleasures of life. Epicurus could not sing his thought; Horace could. Epicurus could reason out his thought, so, in verse, could Lucretius; but the motto that might be inscribed on all the more ancient forms summed up under the name of Hedonism is *imperturbability*. Very briefly, this was the method: the Cynic thought nothing good; the followers of Epicurus thought all things perilously good. The Cynic said, "I must deny myself"; the Epicurean said, "I must control myself." The Cynic said, "I will stop all means of ingress to the soul, and it shall look out of its windows upon a gray world." The Stoic said, "The world is good, and God is immanent" — he almost uttered the modern phrase that "God is the soul of the atom as He is the soul of the man." But the Epicurean said: "All this world that seems gray is really blinding with excess of light; it is a refulgent day, saturate with good, but it must not minister to me so that I shall not be able to measure the portion that I take. I have my scales of measurement perfectly adjusted; I

must have my appetite for pleasure perfectly in hand, to receive into myself that which I have determined that I can assimilate of the delights of life; and even the delights that are normal must be measured by the normal man." So the normal man, to the Epicurean, was the perfectly balanced man, to whom the delights of life were real, but who refused to "let himself go." Now, the *duty of man*, not simply his privilege, *is happiness;* the search for happiness is his inevitable destiny; the appetite for happiness is a normal passion of the mind, and further, in this little contribution to the memory of Epicurus, I will say that it is not only our duty to be happy, but a man is entitled, not only to happiness as a privilege, and as a duty, but he must be just as glad, and have such invoice of joy laid at the door of his soul as he can command, and not lose himself. For it is true of pleasure, as of everything else, that no right passion can be pursued for its own sake. While every appetite has its correlative supply, it is not a black flag floating from the top of a volcanic mountain; it is rather the beacon flaming on the shores of Greece, to tell where home and native

land may be for those that wander on the sea; and while every natural desire is proof and prophecy of a correlative supply, being followed for itself alone it falls to dust, crumbles in the hand, and is without satisfaction. There must be some translation of these normal desires and appetites of life into terms that are ideal; they must be lifted out of the common dust into which they are fallen, and interpreted in terms of the laws of the mind. Since this is so, we are entitled to be just as glad as we can. With Stevenson we would say, "Gentleness and tenderness, these come before all morality. They are the perfect duties. If your morals make you dreary, they are wrong. Do not give them up, but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better men." It is our business to be glad, the very purpose of religion is to add zest to life. The pursuit of pleasure, not for its own sake but because we are in the running, is a part of the legitimate function of life. It used to be said that religion was meant as a kind of insurance; that has lost its significance, first in theology and now in practice. No such view of religion has any value; it is

the business of man to be glad, and he is so organized that what came in with his life as a sob is meant to go out with a song. No wonder Wesley, seeing that he had accomplished the great task of his life, exclaimed, "Our people die well."

But let us return to Epicurus. To him there were three kinds of wants known to the normal man: First were the needs that were natural and indispensable—hunger, for instance. At the other extremity of thought and experience were the wants that were artificial and imaginary. Midway between lay the wants that were natural, but not indispensable. The first are fundamental instincts of the material and mental life, and cannot be denied. The next, according to Epicurus, must be easily disposed of and dismissed. They are not to complicate life, to be the unnecessary baggage of people that must "travel light" if they are to go into battle unimpeded. Upon the third group, the wants that are natural, but not indispensable, the human spirit must exercise its power of choice, must choose the things that will give the greatest pleasure without any associated

pain. We must not be swept by passion of any kind, because that leaves us unstrung and spent. Now what was the difficulty in this, as a scheme of life? The difficulty lay first in the fact that it was entirely individual, the pursuit of pleasure was for the man himself. One of the singular things about human life, this beautiful human life, is that what we pursue as pleasure only must be individual only; for the moment we pursue it for another it is translated at once from pleasure into Good, from the brass into the gold, from the glittering gem of paste into the heart of fire in the diamond. You can only pursue pleasure for yourself. Attempt to pursue it for any one else, and it becomes Good. Watch in the next five years the organizations that will be made. Observe how already one magazine that has been engaged in tearing down reputations now invites the public attention with a series of articles which it calls, "The Soldiers of the Common Good." It is a significant sign. Only the other day a man spoke to me about a scheme he had for the common people, which he called the Brotherhood of the Commonwealth. I have had a similar dream for

years; that since we could not agree upon theological distinctions and definitions, we might agree to be good, to be useful, and that the brotherhood of the Common Life might be in all the churches, and should have for its conditions only *personal purity, freedom of thought,* and *the help of the next man.* So, in the coming five years, we may expect that out of this raging flood of selfishness, out of this debauch of self-seeking, not only in the search and pursuit of pleasure, but in the greed and gluttony of wealth and work — for they go together in this time — out of these shall arise sporadic processes and occasional attempts to lift life until there is formed a steady rising tide of feeling which shall rebuke the pursuit of pleasure for the one by translating it into Good for the many. For the one, and not for the other, is the doctrine of Epicurus. I recognize the fact that Jesus, in his second great commandment, was not oblivious of the dignity that belongs to the first person. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor *as thyself*" was his altruistic challenge. Obviously, thou shalt love thyself, so that he who receives your love in his turn shall find the type and pattern

which has satisfied your own soul. How am I to "love my brother" unless I know how to love myself so well, that I shall brim with affection, so that his soul shall be slaked with what has quenched my own? This, then, is the line of the pursuit of pleasure that separates us in our century from the Epicurean type, both in its ancient and modern form.

The second difficulty attendant upon Epicureanism appears in the fact that it not only limited itself to the individual, but that it did not recognize the individual as a person. It said: "All pleasures flow my way. The lay of the land is that way. The sluiceways are built to end in my soul, and all the floods of delight are out. I will put a strainer over the mouth of the conduit, and only let through the things that I can accommodate." That is not personality, that is individuality. A person cannot be separated from his kind; the moment he is, he becomes simply an individual. Personality is the background of individuality. Personality has its essential basis in humanity, it is only the individual that can become inhuman. Individuals are tyrannous.

"It is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

It all resolves itself, in the last analysis, into egotism. This is the second objection, that it not only stops with the individual, but it makes him individual, and denies him the dignity of personality. There are three objections to the pursuit of pleasure either in the moderate form of Epicureanism or in the abandon of modern life; it ignores the sense of duty — in this the Stoic was supreme, and the Cynic a pattern of what a man ought to do and be, but the ease-seeker, looking only for the welfare of the individual and his delight, must essentially ignore the sense of duty. You can even be religious alone; pleasure may find its centre in a single nature, but the moment morality appears, the other man appears with it. Pleasure which is limited in its survey of the individual precludes the idea of duty, because duty has its field always, in part at least, in the other man. Recall an old illustration: I have no doubt that Robinson Crusoe had many joyous moments alone on his desert island; I dare say he had lived in a

great city, and liked being in the country by himself for a while. But there was no duty involved; he had enough to do, enough to employ him, he had his own thoughts, he could carry out to his heart's content any "single tax" theory he may have had. But one day "Friday" appeared, and immediately the second table of the law went into effect. And it is this, in the ultimate analysis, that constitutes the joys of society. Epicurus said, "Why should I eat alone when I might eat with my friends?" But Epicureanism carried out to the end, in the modern search for happiness, disintegrates society, impairs its structure, and impairs its healthy organism. Why? Because it is all very well to say that the individual cell is not a tissue; the tissue is that cell multiplied by itself many times. And the perfection of the individual as a human soul, multiplied by itself times enough, gives a social state that will stand. All else falls to pieces by its own weight of decay. Society, in its best sense, is an organism of which we are each a part, an organism in which every cell has conciousness; thus, society is the divinest thing we have; and the search for pleasure, in itself, is its death

because it cannot be organized merely in terms of delight any more than you can organize the sea in terms of its crested, rolling waves.

Still another objection to Epicureanism, ancient and modern, is that it refused to be moved by the highest as well as by the lowest interests. All life marches together, "horse, foot, and dragoon"; all are aligned; all are under the same marching orders; the man below is as important as the man above. No sympathy can be felt with churches that say they "must have some place for clean people to go to." The Epicurean is a dilettante. Many useless types exist in the world, but I suppose the dainty man — I do not say the dainty woman — the dilettante man, the picker and chooser of nice morsels of life, is about as nearly vacated of mind as anything can be; and the tendency of the pursuit of pleasure for itself is to make it go up to vacancy or go down to sin. I am not speaking of the windows open to the east or of those wide slopes to the south in which fruit and flowers grow at their best; no, these are the influxes of delight from Him who looked upon His work and "found it good." I speak of the ferret

that follows pleasure to its hole, of the blasé type that have exhausted all the emotions, that have a very moderate range and programme of the sins that life still holds and that still remain to live their vacant lives.

Now, a final objection to the pursuit of pleasure for itself. It provides only for mortality. No pleasure-seeker, *per se*, can be other than a materialist. Of course there are delights of mind, and there are joys of social intercourse and all the rest that I need not enumerate. It is possible to seek pleasure so moderately that it shall last a long while; but, in the last analysis of the search for pleasure for its own sake, it is the act of a materialist, and it sometime or other must end, because the materialist is always mortal. Epicurus said: "Why should I be disturbed about death? The pain is in anticipation, for when life is, death is not, and when death is, life is not." There are people who would like that phrase, people who think they have cured the internal injury when they have affixed a strip of something that adheres to the outward wound.

Turn again to Robert Louis Stevenson and let

me quote those familiar lines in which a better attitude to life is shown, and remember that Stevenson was an invalid with small resources of strength, who must coin the measure of his days into terms of happiness or sink into the melancholy of permanent invalidism:—

"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness,
If I have moved among my race,
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain —
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake!
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in."

Here was a man who knew that the destiny of man is happiness, and knew also that that destiny is in his own keeping.

THE WAY OF THE ALTRUIST

ONE'S SELF AND THE OTHER

THE WAY OF THE ALTRUIST

ONE'S SELF AND THE OTHER

NO consideration of happiness would be more than begun unless altruism,—*the sense of the other*,—upon which happiness so much depends, should have constituted a part of the discussion. Somebody has said cleverly, and, I think, truly, that "one can bear trouble alone, but it takes two to be glad." It is an echo of that statement in the very beginnings of religious history where it is recorded in Genesis that "it is not good for man to be alone," therefore did God make "a help *meet for him*" — that is, according to Plato's definition, He completed the sphere of life by furnishing the other hemisphere.

In the presentation of the subject of one's self and the other, we must determine first of all what is due to one's self. There is a large group of people who think that when you have vacated the

self, you have arrived at blessedness. There is a selfishness — or, since that word has fallen into such disrepute, let us say *a selfness* — that is an obligation upon every human being. For Jesus knew what he was saying when he said, "Thou shalt love the other as thyself." How shall I know what that means unless I love myself nobly, strongly, cleanly? If I am afraid to be alone, if I am in bad company when I am alone, if my noble hours are only distinguished from my ignoble by the fact that my noble hours are spent with others, if I have to shut up my mind so that I cannot open it except in company, if the desolation of life is with me when I am in the sterile desert of my own ineffectiveness, and life blooms when some other hand has planted the flowers, then of my life it must be written, "The glory has departed." Why should all nature, through immemorial æons, have been building a human soul if the soul is not divine in its consciousness, if it is not the very flower of creation? Thou shalt love the other as thyself when thou shalt apprehend the dignity which is in thyself. Why should only the failures love the other, why should

only the emaciated souls love the other, why should the anæmic spirits love the other, and we think that we are only capable of generosity when we have emptied the mind, and that we are only able to distribute the largess of life when we have impoverished ourselves? That is the difficulty with the three forms of philosophy which we have been considering. To the Cynic the world was not good, so he could not be happy; the Stoic was a man to whom the immanence of God was so real that his whole attention was taken up by the divine communion and the raising of barriers against the inroads of life; whilst the Epicurean of the older type discriminated between the wants which are natural and inevitable, the wants natural but not inevitable, and the wants that are superficial, so that he might reach *imperturbability*. That is the difficulty with these classes of thought. Now we come to the real Christian doctrine — Christian doctrine is never a speculative proposition. There is not one Christian doctrine on which Christian life depends that is derived from the area of speculative philosophy — not one! It would require much argument and a great volume

for the complete demonstration of this fact; for the human mind has constructed so many theories that it would take many pages to contain the inquisition, and to trace them to their roots and show that no one of them was essential to the welfare of the human soul. Essential Christianity does not consist in speculative belief. Entertaining, interesting, exciting as these theories may be, they are not essential. Christian religion consists only in one relation, with its corollary: *the relation of the soul to God*, and the inevitable obligation of the soul to promote that relation in other souls. But first of all the soul must be sure of itself. I speak of this with the more insistence, because so much poor work is done by men poorly equipped in mind or body or estate; so many people go out to look for "the other" when their own lives are so ill-charted that they can hardly find their way back. They have no philosophy of life, no attitude toward life; they have merely an impulse, tendency, and locomotive power to carry them on. Nothing comes finally of such effort but distress; some spasmodic good is done perhaps; some sporadic good may be done in this

scattering way; but how can I organize my endeavor, who am myself fallen into disorder? It is first necessary that the soul shall be sure of itself. Then, next, that it shall find the centre of its integrity in itself; that it shall have a constant integrity; I do not mean by that a perfect character but an integrity of being — that it shall be all there; that it shall be so equipped, organized, focussed for its work, that life shall become effective, because it has in it a dynamic power. Thus it appears that in the helping of others to happiness the first business is with myself.

But it is also imperative to remember that as every other impulse *served for itself* decays, as every other noble aspiration followed *on its own lines* evaporates, so this consciousness of integrity, of nobility, of self-power and effectiveness, if it end there, brings moral paralysis and fails of purpose. You remember how the irregularities of the French Revolution, the vagaries of Rousseau's thought in the springing up and intemperance of the French philosophy, gave point to what Matthew Arnold says of George Sand: —

"How the sentences from George Sand's works

of that period still linger in our memory and haunt the ear with their cadences! Grandiose and moving, they come, those cadences, like the sighing of the wind through the forest, like the breaking of the waves on the seashore." And then he quotes, after two other passages, a short one which he describes as the "doctrine" of Jacques, "Life is arid and terrible, repose is a dream, prudence is useless; mere reason alone serves simply to dry up the heart: there is but one virtue, the eternal sacrifice of one's self."

That is immensely strong, and all the stronger because it is a current so powerful and tempestuous that it is in danger of breaking down the banks of rationality.

What is the true mean then between these two extremes of a selfishness that ends with self, and an altruism that takes the form of eternal sacrifice? How should one expect to be happy who has no self-centred interests, no conscious power? Do you not know that happiness depends in the first instance upon effectiveness and strength? If the reason halts, how can any one be happy? If the effectiveness be below par, who can be use-

ful or happy? The perfection of happiness which is sought in the other has for its beginnings the consciousness of self. But there is a larger truth to which this leads the way; it is true, doubtless, that God will be glad to get us back to Him with whatever is left of us, but we will come to Him with a springy step and with a song upon our lips, *the more there is left of us.* "The prodigal" came back sick and haggard, emaciated and ragged and starved, and was taken into the arms of love; but what happiness would have been in the house if from his far journey he had returned and, instead of "This is my son who was dead and is alive again," the father had welcomed him saying, "He that went forth from us alive has *come back with life abundantly.*" When this central power has been established, duty becomes plain. The only purpose of knowing *is to teach;* the only purpose of having is to have wherewith *to give;* the only purpose of being strong *is to lift* some part of the weight of the world! The man who simply knows and has no instinct to teach is an intellectual egotist, a prig; the most detestable thing on earth probably is the man who has poured

into his mind from the resources of the world, as though he had sat at the gate of tribute and the world had laid its treasures at his feet, who has accumulated these treasures and then gone away and shut himself up in his house that no one might share them or know the benefit of his possessions. Happily, there are few such! God has ordained the human mind so that its angle of reflection is equal to its angle of incidence, and the human mind has a kind of delight in stating what it knows; sometimes indeed from cerebral congestion, sometimes perhaps from the desire to show that the desire is there. So that much good knowledge is, in fact, put out without good motive. Or take the man of wealth who simply *has*. Nature has been kind to him, the laws of commerce have worked his way, interests of trade have been in his favor, he has been careful and strong and wise to follow; or maybe he has not even worked or been wise, maybe somebody has left money and estates to him, and the poor creature has been born into the world with that responsibility and no training to meet it: these are the men who simply *have*. All my boyhood I heard Johns Hopkins berated

for his meanness. He had much; all manner of stories were told about his meanness, — some of them were not true, perhaps, some of them had occasion, — but when he died he had managed to get together several millions for a great purpose, and everybody felt like apologizing for the jests which were proved unjust. He had a great purpose and kept it to himself; one imagines he might have had a happier life, and have made others happier, if his watertight mind and watertight treasure had sprung an occasional leak. The man who has, and does not know how to give, gathers to himself with his gathering wealth a great peril, unless it is offset in his mind by a great purpose; and a man must have an awful life who has no purpose to distribute, or who has a secret purpose and then dies without warning, so that he has never told any one what it is; I should think his ghost would be restless to think how he missed imparting his joy to other men. The business of life, so far as riches are concerned, is to hold them in the hand of a divine and splendid purpose, and to revise your will once in twelve months, to make the gain match the purpose. A man makes

a will for all time, and counts on never gaining in his mind or soul, when a thousand things may come into existence in a twelvemonth. The purpose of knowing then is to teach; of having, to give; of being strong, to lift. These are truisms, all believe them; but the difficulty is to get people to act as though they believed them. It is illustrated by the reply of the village "natural," when asked by some visitors, as he sat outside the church door at the end of the service, whether it were "all done." — "No," said he, "it's all said; it's *to be* done!"

So we come to the duty to "the other" as the ground of happiness. What of this *other?* What form shall concern for the other take? In the first place, human interest is a different thing from human interests. Human interests are interesting; people's affairs are engrossingly, absorbingly interesting when they are real and important, but it is the folk that make them so. Take an uninteresting, stupid man — what do I care what happens to him, as far as his affairs go? He is stupid and dull, a mere stick driven into the earth, why should I care what happens to him?

Nothing that happens to uninteresting people seems interesting. Why? Because the interest in the affairs of folk is due to the kind of folk they are. Two men die side by side in some disaster; the one is just the ordinary clay mixture, the other a man intent upon the welfare of the world, part and parcel of some great enterprise, and you find yourself in the one case moved by the disaster, in the other simply commiserating, pitying one more victim of accident. It does not depend, as in battle, even, on the rank of the person killed or injured, but upon the spirit and inner self of the person hurt in the battle of life. The commonest thing to hear is, "Why should this one be taken away when there are so many we could spare?" What does it mean? It is an unconscious philosophy of the speaker that makes him feel that people are interesting as to what happens to them only by virtue of the kind of people they are. Now, here we get our first lesson. *Human interest is ideal*, not human interests; interest in the possibilities of human nature itself. Imagine two men. Both have been born, as we say, at a disadvantage. Out of the one you could have

made nothing but filling, so far as you can see: he could never have been used in building life; he would not serve as a stone in the wall or a brick in the house. But when you come to the other, you find possibilities in his nature, you find the alertness of his mind, the sensitiveness of his spirit, and you understand why no disadvantage has been able to keep him down. Our belief in the possibilities of human nature is challenged; and that is the reason we cannot believe in "the total depravity of man." The Bible does not teach it (if anybody cares about that); Jesus did not recognize it; even Paul, with all his rabbinical knowledge, never felt it incumbent upon him to teach it. So even "Bible-Christians" do not have to believe in "human depravity." We cannot believe that man is incapable of good except by a grafting process after he comes to years of responsibility. It is a spiritual being that we are dealing with, from the beginning, not a mere thing of flesh and blood. And upon the basis of our interest in humanity *as humanity* we ground our happiness in the service of the other. That is, we are not in an "insurance investigation," not

trying to make things right that have gone wrong, building up from the bottom something that has fallen into decay, but doing as the Master of Life did, taking man as he is, because he is man; building on sound foundations the structure of his life, and I do not see what gospel — good news — there can be which is not based on human perfectibility.

Let us consider a little the conditions that human nature finds itself in. There is nothing in itself regenerative in sorrow or suffering. We find it difficult to believe that a man is going to have clearer faith, feel more keenly, act more nobly, because he is racked with pain. Certain kinds of pain quicken the intellect and take tribute out of some other parts of the system. If we could bring it about in a single day, we would probably be foolish enough to try to organize a state of things in which nobody should be a sufferer. *If* suffering be regenerative, why should we have that feeling or desire? Why should we try to relieve suffering? Let it go on and regenerate the world! That would seem to be logical. But if suffering is a black flag flying on some pirate craft that

sails the current of the blood, if it is the smoke that rises from some smouldering, volcanic height, the wreck left from some irremovable disaster or incurable blunder, then I have every reason to get down to work for "the other." Then there is a reason for working for "the other"; and I do not believe there is a single wrong or pain in the world that is not given to us in charge to relieve in our measure, and the self that is up to its task — not some emaciated self hanging over the margins of life, or some self-indulgent self, but the real self that is up to its task — has enough work to keep it at its best, and will get its best happiness from doing that work.

Now I come to the third and last particular. The happiness of working for the other comes from the motive. There is a doing of duty that is almost as ineffectual as the leaving it undone. Who wants to be loved to order? Who wants to be served because one must? "Not with eye-service," says the apostle, "as men-pleasers, but as doing the will of God from the heart." Splendid discrimination! For the world is divided into three classes of people: the first class

— a great class — are the people who do good because they ought to do it, because it is on the programme and they feel ashamed not to do it; they say: "I must do this thing, it has to be done, I must do it in self-defence; if we let poverty grow, nobody will have anything; if we let sickness rage in the close quarters of the city, it will get up to Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue and the West Side; we must support the police department;" and the whole attitude is simply one of self-defence; they work for the good of others because of the defence it procures for themselves. The city of New York will spend next year just short of one hundred and eighteen million dollars largely upon the work of self-defence. It is the feeling for work that the artisan has who suspends his hammer at the stroke of the clock, that your own helpers in domestic life have when they do not sweep in the corners. No happiness comes of that kind of work, except from the fact that contagious diseases do not get ahead and poverty does not seem to increase. We have found a way to put our finger on the leak in the dike, but it is a paralyzing effort to stop the leak thus to keep

it from inundating the fields. The next class of people are those who are really interested in men and women, who want to work for "the other," who believe in service, but who are never quite sure that it is worth while unless they hear something from it. They want to see it succeed. They want to know that it has been effective; they want to have, not "engrossed resolutions," perhaps, but "appreciation." The world is full of very good and useful people whose happiness depends largely upon the recognition of their services, with no unworthy motive for the most part, but simply the feeling that if they plant something, they want it to grow and to bloom; and when it happens they have made a mistake and planted a succulent root that turns out to be a vegetable and grows down out of sight, they are not content. The third class of people doing good are the people who get the real happiness out of service. Thank God there are some in every community, almost in every large family, but they are not so common yet as to have held conventions or organized happiness-clubs. They are the people who do good simply for the fun of it, who

say, ' What a wonderful thing it is that God has given me this knowledge, that I can go and tell it; I must tell to the first man I meet, this news concerning the great things that have been revealed ;" or who say, " What a wonderful thing it is that I have prospered so in trade, trade that is so unpoetic, or in some profession, so that I have gathered much wealth; now let me see what things I can do." These are the people who get all the returns from the thing done. It is so beautiful that it would seem as if it were worth while for more of us to be like that, that we might go into the enrichment of life, not to do good in order that it may be done, or to gain appreciation, but just for the doing of it, just as you love a child for its "childness," because it is a blossom from the tree of life. That is where the happiness comes in, when we can feel such self-hood in ourselves that there is nothing to do but to do the will of God for the other. And to that happiness I commend you!

THE WAY OF WORSHIP

HAPPINESS BY INSPIRATION

THE WAY OF WORSHIP

HAPPINESS BY INSPIRATION

THERE is a path to Happiness which I shall call *The Way of Worship.* I believe that there is such a thing as an adoring man whose face may shine by virtue of what he finds in prayer. The way of worship, as a means to happiness, is what we will now consider. The psalm which rises to the high-water mark of Hebrew poetry is the one hundred and thirty-ninth. The psalmist speaks of God as everywhere that the soul may go. And lest it should seem that thinking of God as in the heavens, where the soul may go, in the grave where the body may lie, in the underworld to which the spirit may depart: "Though I take the wings of the morning and fly unto the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me;" feeling that all this may make God seem too

remote, he says, "How precious are thy thoughts unto me, how great is the sum of them;" that is, not the man's thoughts of God, but the thoughts of God that reached the man in his moments of adoration. How precious also the Omnipresent is *when He is near.* "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake I am still with thee:" as though God had thought on his sleeping child—"I am still with thee." It is what the child might say that waked in its mother's arms, what the infant might feel that knew its mother's bosom under its cheek when it awoke.

What is the happiness that comes with worship? Note, first, the act of worship is not only a state of mind, it is a *transaction* of the spirit. If it be relegated simply to a state of mind, it is apt to become vague, and, being inarticulate, to become unconscious. It is more than a state of mind, though adoration be the attitude of one who is enamored of some goodness before which the spirit prostrates itself; it is more than this, it is a transaction, it is something that happens. It is the pas-

sage from one pole of central energy to another. It is an act of the vital human spirit, seeking the sources of its supply, seeking the ground of its being, seeking the meaning of its days, seeking to interpret itself by seeing itself in the mirror of the soul. It is an act of the human spirit, not simply the state that comes over the spirit, and is undefined and vague. This act has run the whole gamut of human emotion. First of all it was fear that drove the trembler to the feet of his God; and he sought to make terms with him, sometimes by playing off one deity against the other, in order that where Mercury was too cunning Zeus might be strong, or Minerva wise; making terms with Juno, of whom Jupiter was really afraid; making terms with the Fates, the Gray Sisters who stood behind the Gods. "For fear," said the primitive man, "I will seek God." The first act of worship was a running to cover, an effort to shelter one's self from the Gods. For that reason, men have very largely prayed at a diabolical shrine; they have worshipped a devil, because they were afraid of the Gods. It has seemed sometimes to the primitive man easier to make terms with the

demons, as being next of kin with a depraved humanity, than to get into good relations with the Gods, and the proof of this is found in the habit of mind of people to-day, not on good terms with their Heavenly Father, who, if you say to them, "The Devil is dead," will act as if a member of the family had passed away. I have heard people called atheists because they did not believe in the Devil. It is the reflection in the mind of to-day — if that can be called mind which reflects so poorly — of the age-long fear that kept the soul in perpetual oscillation between the gods that were not kind and the demons that were wicked, so that the poor soul was driven into an atheism of reaction; and we find ourselves in the position of the little girl who had heard of Heaven as a home of such tame delights, that she asked if she would sometime be able to have a half-holiday when she got there, to go to the other place.

After the man whose worship is an act of fear, comes the man to whom it is an act of magic, a species of necromancy. With him it means getting into touch and being on terms with the powers that be, so that some process, not defined,

can make things different for him. Out of this grows that dreadful doctrine of "a special providence." I have known profoundly good people who believed that God had every item of their lives in His immediate care — as in one sense He undoubtedly has — as one keeps a set of books with its debit and credit side; and they speak of God as so immediately interfering that the only thing that keeps it from being a miracle is the insistence of the commonplace. It ceases to be wonderful, first because it often fails, and secondly, because it has to do with things that the believer should have done for himself. We answer, at our best, many of our own prayers, and our Providence takes the form of personal industry. With these people, God is approached as a shrine might be approached where some word of Apollo might be heard, and where the people wondered whether the Python would respond or not. I said to my guide in Venice, "Antonio, do you think this is really the finger of St. Thomas with which he touched the side of the Saviour?" And he said, "I do not know; many gentlemen have seen it in many places." No, St. Thomas must not be con-

founded with the "many-handed" of the pagan myth. The crowds kiss the relics enclosed from their lips by the prudence of the Church. This magic of worship is natural but it is not final. The use of the divine powers which we do not understand, as a form of magic for our relief, runs the whole gamut of human ignorance and of human devotion. But whether the inspiration be fear, or a confidence that God can interfere, or whether it be the soul's approach with love, whether it be the act of St. Anthony who lived a cloistered life because of the sin that might assail him in the world, or of Jesus, who lived the common life, the women following him from Galilee into Judea, ministering unto him in the common ways of food and companionship — whatever be the way, and whatever be the motive, the act is the same; it is *the bridging over of the space between God and man.* I may cross the bridge quaking with fear till all the structure of my worship tremble with my agitation, or I may wait until God shall manifest Himself, being sure I shall not wait in vain; but in any aspect, it is not to be regarded as an act of levy upon heaven

if one would be happy in it. It is not the making out of a bill of tribute upon my part to the greatness on His part that it may be honored by Him in proof of His greatness by the gifts He may give. Worship at its best and happiest is God at hand. So we draw ourselves out of this quag and morass of fear, and some mystical song is sung where only, in earlier days, was heard the cry of distress; some such song as this: —

"Dear Lord, since Thou didst make the earth,
Thou mad'st it not for grief, but mirth;
Therefore will I be glad,
And let who will be sad.

"For if I load my life with care
What profits me the buxom air,
And what the sweet birds' choir
Or Heaven's azure fire?
Lord, as 'tis Thine eternal state
With joy undimmed to contemplate
The world that Thou hast wrought
As mirror for Thy thought,
So every morning I would rise,
And offer Thee for sacrifice
A spirit bright and clear
As the wide atmosphere.

"For, Lord, since all is well with Thee,
It cannot well be ill with me."

Now that is as remote and apart and beyond mere petition for some good I need as the love of a child that cuddles down is beyond the love of a child that teases to have its way. This is the supremest act of the spirit. It is beyond thought. It is not the range of our thoughts that brings us peace. It is not the profundity of our philosophy that brings us calm. Our philosophy is born of our calm. It is not mere emotion, it is emotion sinking to quiet. It is the soul relating itself to the soul of God; it is no longer prayer importunate, but the "peace of God which passeth understanding." So Jesus said, "These things have I said unto you that my joy may be in you and your joy may be filled." So the sea might say to all the little pools ashore, "The tide is rising, the sea is full, the great waves are rolling toward the shore, let all the little shallow reaches, let all the little swimming creatures that pant for breath in the little pools, rejoice; the tide is up and shall fill you unto your brimming measure." "These things have I said unto you that my joy might be in you, and that your joy might be full."

"The Man of Sorrows and Acquainted with

Grief," as we call the Master of the Art of Living, was a glad spirit, so remote from sorrow that he had no sorrows of his own — and the sorrows of another do not wear us to the bone; the sorrows of another are partly mitigated for us by the care we take of them, so that we bear them for that other, and have the joy of strength as well as the burden of solicitude. So of this glad spirit, this Master of the Art of Living, it is said: "Because thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." It was he who said, "I and my Father are one;" and, "I am not alone, for the Father is with me." This is the normal state of the spirit at-one with God. The at-one-ment is the Atonement.

Now consider for a moment, behind the act of worship is its object. You have no God except the God you select. There is a choice even among ideals, how much more among idols. Shall I go to India and select for the ornamentation of the high-ideal place some gruesome figure that filled with dread the Indian worshipper, or to Rome or Greece and find some graceful form,

Apollo with his lyre or bow, and place the figure where it will give me pleasant thoughts? These are only the representations of a state of mind out of which they were created. No God is better than the worshipper. Of course, the unthinking immediately say then there is no God, that if I create the being I worship that being does not exist until I create him. But that is a most unphilosophical statement, a fallacy with which people who are disinclined to pray, who are averse to worship and do not know the happiness of divine communion, try to avoid a plain duty, and thus miss a great joy because they have not yet understood a great privilege. It is in religion as in common things; the proof of development is in common things shown when people have gone beyond the point where they are made to rally round a grievance, and can be collected around a benefit. That marks a great growth in the popular mind, and the climax is reached when the benefit around which they rally is the benefit to another man. And it is so in religion. Is it not Mrs. Browning who says, how many say "God be pitiful!" who ne'er said "God

be praised"? We are apt to summon our God for moments of "first aid to the injured!" Our worship is often a relief process in the emergency of life's accidents; and it is not true worship so long as it rests upon that plane. No. The soul creates a beautiful object of worship, it does not create the Reality for which this beauty stands. Our knowledge grows. We were once taught that there were only a few elements that made up the ground plan of the world; now we know there are more than seventy such. There are a hundred million worlds known to astronomy that were only seen in the glitter of the few we could observe with the naked eye when we were children. But they were always there, though we did not see them. We only worship what we can conceive. That is the reason that an inhuman theology is a hindrance to religion. If God be not beautiful, the soul cannot pray. If God be hideous, the beauty-loving soul turns away, for our instincts Godward are the flight of the best that is in us. God is as great as our conception of Him; though He is infinitely more than we can conceive. I feel sure that worship stands for a

great human instinct, and that, whether it be in some Alaskan remoteness where the totem stands, or in some southwestern Indian tribe where the medicine man and the priest together prescribe the terms of divine communion, or in any other remote effort to find the way of God, or in the highest and best who worship the Beauty of Holiness — from lowest to highest — from hideous superstition to ineffable glory — there is no prayer that is not heard by the Being that made the man who prays. Does the savage wear an amulet? You wear a cross. The ancient people of Israel in Russia are being stripped in the Russian cities to see if upon their breasts they wear a cross, and they are accounted fit for massacre if the cross be not there. It is all a part of the soul's agony to find its source, and it only knows its source sometimes by finding its symbol. It is the running of the stream to the ocean that it may be sucked up into the sky again! It is the effort to get back again to the beginnings; *and the object of our worship will make our worship noble or ineffectual.*

And now, how does the happiness which is the

answer come? I have spoken of the act, and of the object, and of the temper in which the way of worship shall be followed that there may be a happy spirit in communion with God. What is the answer? I do not deny for one moment that the path is clearer to his object for the man who prays than for the man who goes blundering in the conceit of his own wisdom, for he is surer who leans upon his guide than he who goes feeling his steps in the darkness. So far, a divine providence may be counted wise and a good thing to believe in. But when I know God is in every atom as in every man, when I know that there is nothing without God, then all things in the world grow sacred, and I cannot lift my eyes but it is His vanishing I behold, or listen, but it is His footfall that I hear, or breathe, but it is His breath that I feel on my lips, and the heartbeat of to-day is the register of that great tide that rolls round all the world, and so I am answered, as I wait and hear the echo of my thought. It was a wise impulse of Wordsworth to speak of Duty as "the daughter of the voice of God." It is what the Hebrew meant by

Bath-Kol: the daughter of the voice. The soul that is responsive is like a sensitive plate upon which things fall to register themselves; and as there is nothing from which God is absent, the first answer that comes to the soul is in the consciousness of God. Why should I be conscious of business, of my friends, of the pain of bodily illness, of the insistent pervading habit of life from below, conscious of all these things, and not conscious of God? It is as though a man should say: "I am conscious of everything but the atmosphere, conscious of everything but the light, conscious of everything but the invading things that make the world, conscious of all things but that which is everything." Such a man would be accounted foolish; and God is "nearer than hands or feet."

What shall the answer be in one other particular? The ultimate reality to which we are to find our way is *Personal.* Many go astray here, because they have not known the difference between the personal and the individual. The world is full of individuals, and has grown a few persons — just a few. The great

mass of men and women, round what centre do they gather, to what end do they move? Some great soul has appeared upon the shore of their life, has held up the signal of what they have been thinking and have not been able to say, has registered the feeling that they in a dim and undefined way had been conscious of, has spoken the word which in them was inarticulate — A Person has appeared among the individuals of life, and life is measured henceforth in terms of soul. You can take a photograph of an individual, but only the heart is sensitive enough to take the impression of a person. God is personal, He is not enshrined in body and parts. He is infinite, and infinity knows no parts. "All energy is one, all forces are its modes of manifestation;" the infinite life that registers itself in rock and stone for the underpinning of this little world, the infinite life that breathes in plant and fruit and vine, the infinite life that in the animal world takes the form of the fleeing doe or the pursuing panther, that gives to the world in diverse ways the impulse of its being, in man takes the form of personal consciousness, of personality.

A man may be an individual of this or that kind, he is only personal in the conscious life of his inmost being. The Ultimate Reality is personal in that sense. I do not doubt that it is a million things besides; but man at his best is simply conscious, so conscious that he does not need to speak; he needs only to place himself where God seems to be near, and he feels all the winter of his life thaw as that spring approaches, feels all the dulness of his spirit wake as that word is spoken, feels all the lethargy of his being fall away as that inspiration draws near. Man at his best is supremely conscious of God. His self-consciousness rises to God-consciousness. God for him *must be* always the conscious and personal God, *whatever more He may be.* The path of happiness is upward through the reaches of personality and consciousness of divine things. There wait our crowns of joy, and there are waiting for us the pæans of our victory. To be human souls is to be glad in the Soul of All that is! "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number

than the sand; when I awake I am still with thee!" The tides of Thy great Being have set my way, and all my spheres swim in thy coming; and when for very excess of happiness I sleep, I shall "wake" to find myself "still with thee!"

THE WAY TO THE HOLY PLACE

HAPPINESS AT HOME

THE WAY TO THE HOLY PLACE

HAPPINESS AT HOME

THE most delicate and important question in our human life is: What makes Home? The instinct of association has its root in the common instincts of life, of which there are at bottom but two, the two primary instincts of nature, self-preservation and reproduction. They sum up the fundamental facts of human life, and the study of human life as distinguished from brute life is to procure self-preservation by virtue of a self that is fit to survive by reproducing itself. I must dismiss this branch of the subject with the generalization that the home is fundamentally a natural institution. But, as I have said in an earlier chapter, there is no instinct that can be served for its own sake alone. The sublimest impulse of the human mind, followed for its own sake alone, falls into degradation; it must be

followed for some motive higher than itself, to ends sublimer than its origins. A number of illustrations of this were suggested. Let me repeat some of them briefly. Things do not persist on their own levels. Take the common appetite for food which keeps the world alive. It is rather hunger, I should say, not food, that keeps the world alive. It is the normal appetite, the telegraphing of exhausted tissues that they need to be replenished. So fundamental is it that it works its own process, so wise that it has learnt by experience of the race which does not know any chemistry what to select for food, and so normal that if you were to present a chemical analysis of the things that would be nourishing, the appetite for them would disappear. Let this fundamental appetite be served for itself and you get the glutton, or the epicure, or the gourmet, or some one of the lower creatures that has learned to walk erect. But the moment it dawns upon a man that he has to get work out of himself, and must stoke his fires in order to make the machinery go properly, that he has a piece of work on hand by which the things "on the hoof" yesterday

may be on the wing to-morrow, he goes to the table as to a sacrament, and the gathering of the family is a love-feast, the reëstablishment of the old *agapé*, in which the early church gathered round the common meal because they had work to do for their common Lord. It is the marvellous translation of human life which brings about this result, and there is seen a higher law acting upon the plane of a lower law and transforming it to something better than it was at the beginning. That is seen all through. That is the problem set in the home — to take the common instincts which created it and lift them until they create a new thing. That is the reason you cannot apply the word *home* either to the harem of the Turk or to the polygamous household of the Mormon. There you get the instincts on their own lines. In the Anglo-Saxon home the birth of a child is an incarnation, and the great God has expressed in terms of a new life the love of pure people for each other.

What makes the home? Well, at least two people. Lowell has a very acute phrase in which he says, "Many make the household, one makes the home." That is, the one for the other makes

the home. You cannot have really a home with one person. And that is the reason that if the single life is to be glorified, it must have an absorbing mission that takes the place of marriage and children. That is what saves the great multitude of unmarried women from the decline of happiness, that most of them have some absorbing ministry that has elevated their womanhood to a higher function. These unmarried women: I have known them over and over again to carry upon their bosom the children of other women, rearing families not their own, and ministering under conditions not theirs the sweet sacraments of the home, and establishing in terms of maidenly suffering the sanctities that might have belonged to their motherhood. That is the reason that we can follow the Master of the Art of Living, Jesus of Nazareth, though he was unwed; he was married to a great design; so great that it rose above the levels of his own life; and his mother, and his brothers and sisters followed him, wondering whither his insanity, as they thought it, would lead. And so with the Buddha. This is the splendid fact, and it shows beyond all quibble and ques-

tion that the marriage which makes the home is an experience of the soul. Jesus, who had not where to lay his head, we love as though he had been the head of a household and father of many children; and the Buddha commands the millions of Buddhism because he put from him the endearments of his home in a way that the Anglo-Saxon mind cannot understand, and that therefore prevents any Anglo-Saxon from becoming a Buddhist as long as he is sane. Jesus said: "He that doeth the will of my Father, the same is my mother and sister and brother." Jesus found the great consecration; Buddha pointed to the great renunciation.

That home-love is of the soul appears also in this: that great spiritual happiness seems to be consistent sometimes with conditions inimical to domestic peace. I am sorry that Marcus Antoninus had to write his *Meditations* opening with the phrase: "The Emperor Antoninus with himself," but I remember that his wife was infamous, and that Commodus was his son and that all the conditions of the imperial life were as lonely as those of Epictetus who wandered with

his roll of Plato under his arm through Italy and along the shores of Asia. What I want to bring to realization is that the home is the sacredest place in the world, and that human happiness normally is dependent upon it, and it is for that reason that I have named the things that might possibly be without it, a great purpose that engrosses the nature and marries the soul to it, as St. Catherine to her Lord, or a great power of self-levitation, as in Marcus Antoninus, that made him forget his shameless consort, and comfort himself in spite of the brutalities of his son. And I remember also that when John Wesley had left his acerb and difficult domestic life to come out into the damp and cold of the early morning on the heaths, he went to proclaim the good news of God to the miners and the poorer people, and by virtue of the good news he could give them he could forget temporarily the bad news of his home. But the normal condition is to set the man in the domestic group and raise his happiness, term by term, as that group understands the sanctities of its mission. In that state, what makes the Home? In the first place, it is the effort of

two human beings to adjust their souls together. Everything below that falls away from the word Home. Having an establishment does not make a home; being blessed with the birth of a child does not make a home — you do not go out to your dog's kennel and look at the newly arrived puppies and say that it is a home, the mere power of reproduction in life does not make a home; it is the singular fact that nature is so true to herself that her lower functions persist when her higher uses have not been discovered. Home is the effort of two human beings to adjust their souls together. And I suppose that the sublimest thing that can happen in human life is that. One may have a genius for friendship, but he does not depend upon his friends; one may have associates, but they can be spared when some higher work is on hand; but for all their lives these two people have undertaken to live together, which means that the deficiencies of the one shall be complemented by the superabundancies of the other, that the irregularities of their minds shall fit to each other to make a perfect unseamed and perfectly unbroken whole, and when you realize the millions of the

Anglo-Saxon race to whom that has become an ideal, you do not wonder at the dominance of that race. And I say with all seriousness that I believe the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon race in the world will depend largely upon the integrity and sanctity of the Anglo-Saxon home. That is subject for debate, of course, and we cannot debate it now. But when you have compared the brawn of people, and found the brute races stronger, when you have adopted the statement of Tacitus that "God is with the biggest battalions," and yet find Napoleon at St. Helena as the result, you may turn from those instances to think what happened after the Civil War in the United States, when in 1865 a million men went back to their homes from the passions of war, — and nothing evil happened. The lover went back to his sweetheart, and the father to his boys too young to serve, on both sides of the great division, the sons went back to their fathers and mothers, and a million men dropped back into the grooves of common life with scarcely a seam left in the welfare of the nation, aside from the great desolation of war. The war, instead of turning a million

men into tramps and thieves, simply sent them back as though nothing had happened. That is the difference. A predatory, migratory people does not recover itself like that. Every man in that war had somebody waiting for him who had given hostages to liberty; and Dr. Bellows would never have discovered what he did discover in the conduct of the sanitary commission if he had not been the child of an American home. He discovered that a soldier is not a fighting machine but a man *away from home* on the errands of the Republic.

The secret of a home then is the adjustment of two souls together, so that they shall make each other richer by the veins of treasure they discover in the mine of each. It is marvellous how two souls thus adjusted grow in happiness. They do not think very deeply perhaps in the beginning, they were following the instinct of nature; mere proximity may have enkindled their affection, but if they are right-minded and self-adjusted in this sacrament of the heart, they will set themselves each to the other "like perfect music unto noble words." "How do I love thee?" says Mrs. Browning —

"I love thee to the level of each day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight,"

and so through the most marvellous love-poems of any nation, the Sonnets from the Portuguese. These two people together then discover in each other sources of happiness. It is amazing how rich we grow in the eyes of the other, how our cleverness is emphasized. It is just as with the children — nobody's children are so clever as the children that love looks on as its own, — and so the people who are adjusting their souls to each other discover great vistas of unexplored beauty, the best in them is brought out; if there is a vein of chivalry in the man, it is uncovered; he is not much of a fellow down town perhaps, but he is a great man at home; to have somebody believe in you, brings out the best that is in you, and if there is any happiness in finding yourself better than you supposed, the love of a good woman will realize it.

What makes home, in another sense, is that in this adjustment of two souls together — I must repeat that the happiness of all human relations depends on their spiritual interpretation — it is

made first by the absolute adjustment of one to the other and then later on of both to the children. I like that phrase of Edward Everett Hale's, when, his own children growing up, he wanted some boys to grow up in his home, "We will try to make them enjoy their lives." Now, servitude is inconsistent with enjoyment. If you want to see how a poor home may be happy, read Emerson's essay on the Domestic Life, that splendid passage in which he makes a transcription of his own home as a boy, after his father's death, — poor, studious, pinched, but happy. Do you remember how he said he read his Latin at the top of the house, wrapped from the cold in a woollen coat, and how the page ever after was associated with a "woollen smell"? In a happy home there must be absolute justice. It should begin even before there is a home, in the conviction that there is one rule of morals for man and woman. I know what some doctors, and scientific people, and psychologists say — but most psychology has no more relation to human life as it is than an incubator has to a hen — and I ask, is it possible that a man shall be at his best as the

husband of a good woman, who has not kept himself at his best until he came to be her husband? I am saying that in face of the dreadful tragedies of life. It is to be borne in mind that the sanctities of life depend, before the home begins, on an absolute law of morals for the man and the woman. I know it is said that men are sobered by responsibility. I have known such instances; but the subject with which I am dealing is human happiness, and I say that human happiness depends very largely on what you can show to the people you love best of your whole nature when they have the right to see its depths. If you have pictures that you must turn face to the wall, or some room into which the rest of the household may not enter, it may be your misfortune, but it is a fleck upon your happiness. Absolute justice then! I never could understand why a woman, just because she marries a man, should be his slave. She has her own soul, and it is so different from a man's that he ought to spend his days finding out what it is. It is a subject of study that he will not get through with if he lives to be eighty. And why should there not be absolute justice between

them? Why should a woman, for instance, not share his means, so that she should not have to ask for every dollar she spends? Why should she not be allowed to serve her own tastes? Why should she not delight in music if he knows no delight in it? She may have no eye for color or form, why should he therefore be debarred from having pictures?

But more important still: The people who live together must meet in something higher than either of them. I do not say it need be religion, though I think that is the highest, and something that you cannot miss without losing the full sphere of your nature. There are more homes the happiness and daily comfort of which are affected by their having ceased to pray than are conscious of the fact. So long as religion is a part of human nature, you have to attend to it or suffer loss. Just as well say you should not cultivate your memory or trust your judgment as that you may neglect your religion. Religion is an essential faculty of human nature, and demands that it shall have its rights. But, religion aside, people who are bound to grow old, if they live long enough

together, must change. The curve of their beauty will relax, and the staff of their strength will be broken. He has told all his stories, and she has played all her little devices of art and charm; and if they are not to grow tired of one another, they must meet in something that is higher than either of them, as a source of supply. I would say, though you might not agree with me, that it is very important that no day go by, considered perfect or finished, in which these two people could not kneel before God together in prayer and speak to the source of their life about what their life demands. I do not mean that necessarily they should be seen together by their children kneeling beside the bed, though it might be well; the children will believe in prayer whose parents pray, and the enthusiasm of the adult mind is contagious to the young. I should say, though I do not ask you to take it as a dogmatic statement, that the day is best ended that has ended in the presence of the great God by hearts that are near and dear to one another. It is a relation of souls, mark you, that we are considering, not mere juxtaposition of circumstances,

and it behooves souls to know the way to some common ground of meeting and source of supply, some great purpose, some great imagination, some engrossing passion of the soul. Why is it that you were patient with one another after the child came? Because the child was something outside yourselves, higher than yourselves, something to care for, to think for, to save for, to labor for. If human life is not to grow stale, if we are not to weary of one another, we must meet in something higher than either of us. And it is a law of the human mind that will have a sanctifying influence on the home. The best place on earth, the sacredest place on earth, is a well-conducted home. That is a reason why we hold this faith that we do hold, believe that Jesus of Nazareth was born as children are born in poor people's homes the world over. If he were a miracle, he would not know those laws of life; if he were a phenomenon never to be repeated, his story would not need to be repeated, for it would not apply to our human life. He was the child of Joseph and Mary. That woman knew what she was saying when, in the story in John's

gospel, they found him in God's House feeling his way to his great task, and she spoke to him and said, "Why hast thou dealt with us thus? *Thy father and I* have sought thee sorrowing." It is the great mission of the human heart to give itself away to another human heart, and they two together in some aspect of our varied life, but most normally in the home, are to strike out the secret of God's love in the soul of man, and to build the new conditions of the higher life for the home.

You wonder why I have said nothing about marriage and divorce, and whether divorce is proper. I would rather not talk about the thing that mars my theme; I would rather not go into the tragedy that offsets it. Why should I, in speaking of the paradise in which God has set man and woman, be betrayed into speaking of the desert into which they go out, driven of their sin? The simplest, sweetest, wholesomest way, the recital that never has been written, but that every soul knows by heart, of the place sacredest on earth, has been my theme, and I say once more, with all conviction, that upon the conditions of that place, the place we call *Home*, depends the happiness of life for human souls constituted as we are.

THE WAY OF FREEDOM

HAPPINESS BY LIBERTY

THE WAY OF FREEDOM

HAPPINESS BY LIBERTY

HAPPINESS and freedom belong together. No slave can be essentially happy; he may be without care; it is quite certain, for instance, that the negro population of the United States before the Civil War had less care than they have had since, and were less care to everybody else, but that they were not happy in any essential meaning of the word is to be seen when you recall their condition when they found themselves free; they discovered they were unfit to be made happy on their own terms; and he who is happy on the terms of another's mind is not happy in his own right. Essential happiness requires revolution of the moral being around a centre that is identical with the centre of human gravitation; and as surely as the mind is not centred and does not coincide in its interests

with the interests of the world, you get what happens in any machinery improperly centred, you get friction, undue heat, retarded motion, and all the other things that show the machinery is not properly adjusted. It is a law of the development of the human race that its happiness is served by development, devotion, upon its highest terms. To illustrate this law: when you come to the ascending series called *animal*, you find man at the highest point of the series. Everything after man arrived is interpreted in terms of man, everything else is subordinate, contributory, and unimportant, in comparison with the service of the world in terms of man. When you come to man, and he begins to climb up, through the endless series that marks his progression, the last term for him is *mind*. *Mind*, as applied to man, acquires a new meaning in the animal world. In the ascending series called man, mind is the last term, and all things are interpreted in terms of mind; but the mind itself is an ascending series, and the final term in that is called *the moral sense*, and everything else is interpreted in terms of morals. The universe is moral to its

centre. All the terms being moral, the bond between them must be moral. The moral sense takes the emphasis. Thus, when you speak of freedom, you are not dealing simply with one kind of thing. There is a freedom that has its range and area in the animal; the freedom that the horse desires when it resists the breaking it in to harness, the freedom that is in the blood of the wild beast that would rather starve than be fed in a cage. There is a physical freedom that has no moral value whatever, the feeling that dictates to the hermit spider that he shall go into the ground and shut the trapdoor after him, so that nobody shall go in. It is purely an animal instinct, the instinct that lies at the base of all revolutions which, if they do not rise above it, are simply the first chapter of anarchy; and all serious people, who are reading the daily papers just now, are more concerned about the developments in Russia in terms of rebellion than they dare express to themselves, because they see the normal instinct on the lowest plane of its development reaching out to a higher plane, and *unorganized to that end.* So the instinct for freedom, unless it becomes

ideal, shall never become a fact that brings progress to the race. One has to ascend above the plane of animal rebellion to attain this. Therefore said Jesus, the Master of the Art of Living, "If the son shall make you free, then ye shall be free indeed." He meant that the filial relationship between God and his children is the ground of the only freedom that could be permanent. So any freedom that is worth considering as an element in happiness must be on the highest plane that the human creature knows. There is a freedom of vice. But we do not allow it to be free in organized society. There is no question but it is better for the progress of the race that men shall make their mistakes on terms of their own devising, and that they shall find the easy descent along the slopes of crime and ignominy and wrong rather than be forcibly held permanently by any power on the crest above the descent. All police arrangements are a testimony that we are not yet free in any fine way, and that freedom sought on the lower lines is a menace to the higher freedom. The illustrations are not far to seek. Take any community, take any

family, take any boy. Impose on the boy external restrictions, keep him in a moral strait-jacket, bind him hand and foot with regulations, leave him to think his rebellions — and then release him and see what he will do. We all know what he will do; we know perfectly well he will find the angle of reaction equal to the angle of repression, that the pendulum of his agitated mind will swing as far one way as the other. All police restraint, all repression from without, being removed, the fact appears at once that no education has taken place, no development has occurred. True freedom must be upon the highest planes. What are the highest planes? First of all, *the spiritual life.* We know how little congenial any discussion of the spiritual nature of man is to this time. We understand it almost not at all. We understand good morals, we know what prosperity means — we are so prosperous just now that it is almost impossible to get any one to do a bit of painstaking everyday work — we understand everything better than that "man *has* a body, but man *is* a spirit," and that he has come through the procession of immemorial creation to have a

human soul. All nature has been working through endless ages to make a human soul. The first element of freedom which commands attention is that which brings a soul to possession of itself. That brings the spiritual nature to the front. I do not know whether this impresses other people as it does the minister of religion. There are people that think the ministry is simply a profession; it is far from this, it is an agony of solicitude to the man who finds people, in the main, right-minded, well-placed, cultivated along certain lines of their nature, but when he seeks the spiritual nature in them, the hatred of sin — of the sin that is not inconvenient and that does not bring reprobation socially, even the sins that are a dalliance in the mind and leave a stain of earth on the soul — when you look for this, and do not find it, you feel that these people, for the purposes of the freedom of men in the highest terms, have lived in vain. And yet, there is no poetry in the world but has been made under the inspiration of the human soul, no music except what the human soul discourses. You can put it together mechanically, and play it by mechanical rules, but the

thing that moves you is something deeper. You talk of temperament — what is temperament? Is it a nice adjustment of nerves, or an accident of creation? It is that which makes the song move you, the thing that is capable of all the discoveries of the spiritual life; it is not an excuse for gravitation toward wrong. No man is free who still has a sneaking desire to sin as nearly as he can without being found out. The freedom of the human soul is the freedom that gives itself to God. It is beyond doubt that unless we believe we belong to God utterly, from centre to circumference of our being, in every motion of the mind and every action of life, we are not living the life of freedom on the highest plane. Intellectual revolt is only a means to that end. Give yourselves away to God if you would be free of sin. He who declared, "I and the Father are one," said also, "My joy I give unto you."

The second element is the necessity of freedom to *mental integrity.* "There are two sorts of people in the world," says President Eliot, "the imitators and the creators. And the purpose of education is to transfer people from the class of

the imitators to the class of the creators." Now the imitation comes up from our long simian ancestry. Read Kipling's jungle story of the "banderlog," the great tribe, first cousins of our remote ancestry, who cannot remember what they were going to do even while they start to do it. That is the imitative faculty in its beginnings; no power of application, no focus of the mind, but continual motion, incessant agitation and transition from place to place. The imitators make up the great body of the human race, people who repeat after others the thing that has been said, while it conveys to their own inner sense no meaning. The free spirits are the creators, the people who have initiative, who know that "two and two sometimes make five," who know, as Browning says, that when the hand is placed upon the keys to produce a chord, not a new note, "but a star," shines in the sound. They will understand that the elements are given them to combine in infinite variety. It is fundamental to the progress of the race. Twenty-six letters of the alphabet, and all literature from the infinite combinations of them. This little range of notes in the scale,

and all music as the result. Just certain motions of the hand of the painter or the sculptor, and all art the result of the initiative of him who by his mental freedom can wield the hand. It is said that one of the Italian painters painted his angels, prostrate on his knees, and we still stand in gentle wonder before his gold background and the luminous face against it, but the painter of to-day knows he must do more than that; he cannot simply work in his studio on his knees, he must work on the material of human life, wherever he finds the achievement of human life by the initiative of the free mind. That is the difference between a man who creates and a man who copies. I saw a man in Antwerp Cathedral copying the "Descent from the Cross," who told me he had copied that picture one hundred and fifty times. He had copied it, and copied it, until his copy was as accurate as a photograph and as dead as the Christ in the painting, and when he had done, somebody would buy his work perhaps, but the man who knew, and had stood worshipping before that moving picture, would feel the difference between the work of the hand that had fol-

lowed the lines, and that of the soul that had guided the hand in the beginning. All the world is divided into imitators and creators, and the business of education is to pass people over from the first class into the second, and human initiative, the right to do even a foolish thing if it is your own, is essential to the integrity of the intellect. The people who go and repeat a creed or a liturgy, or a form of faith, or some genuflection, or keep time, or march to music, are doing well, but it is no part of the ultimate freedom of the human soul; the liturgy is not effective until you shall believe it with a difference, because you are a different man in a different age. Nature has decreed that this is so, since it has been ascertained that no tradition maintains its integrity for a hundred years. So the freedom of the mind is essential to its right action. People go to a minister of religion with the most crude questions that were ever heard, but the man of experience is not embarrassed. Let the most foolish questions be asked; you know that the freedom to inquire, to doubt, to question, is leading to happiness, for though the discoverer may be lost,

the land he discovers becomes the heritage of the future; the most blundering pioneer fells the forest that a field of grain may grow there. The field is reaped that men and women may have bread, the bread is eaten that men in healthy bodies may have sane minds, and the last achievement of these minds is the discovery of their sovereign right in God.

One step further. Freedom as an element of happiness is essential to the *integrity of society.* Autocracy cannot last. Absolute monarchy is feeble exactly in the ratio of its continuance. The social state is made up of free men. Mark how singularly instinctive was the action of the Pilgrims and Puritans together. They had a theory of the total depravity of man, that man "had fallen from original righteousness," and when they had worked it out into a system which even the Pilgrims were not free from holding, and which the Puritans held on to with both hands, they provided two things, a church without a creed, that people might have freedom of worship, and universal education, which, if human nature were totally depraved, was surely a very great risk

to take. A church without a creed, that the soul might have initiative, and universal education that society might be formed on terms of equality. Now let me say a word which applies to our present state. We feel a panic come over us, if we are not well instructed, when a new theory of government or of economics or of ethics is proposed. But all these things are a feeling after the ideal state. Why should we be alarmed? It is simply one more mind that has discovered that man was meant not to be driven in harness but to go willingly toward a good end. It is the effort of the human mind to reconstruct society on terms of happiness, though it is a mistake to suppose that when you have changed conditions or altered a law, you have changed the human mind. But the mistake is no greater than that of supposing that there must never be any change or deviation from the ways of the fathers. The happiness of the whole depends on the freedom of the individual; so, better any mistake than that men should not have the freedom even to make mistakes.

And finally, freedom as a means to happiness is the *guarantee of nobility of nature.* I must have

the right to make my dreams come true. I shall not dream and wake to drudgery or staleness or any of the common ways of life; I must have the right to make my dreams come true. That is what the human mind means when it claims happiness in terms of freedom. No nobility is possible except the absolute liberty of the individual is granted. You say there is no such thing as absolute liberty for the individual. Yes; there is the liberty of the individual to follow the lines of his own development, conscious of the next man to whom he owes the best service he can give. The world was never made richer as a whole by a community of slaves; it is only permanently enriched by the coöperation of free men.

THE WAY TO THE HEIGHTS

THE VISION AND THE DREAM

THE WAY TO THE HEIGHTS

THE VISION AND THE DREAM

WHEN Paul declared to Rome's Imperial Representative, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," he challenged enthroned Materialism to believe in the Ideal. But even the most enthusiastic idealist must inquire the difference between the "vision" and the "dream," and it will be observed that this chapter has not for its title "Visions and Dreams"; this is not an exhibit of any form of psychic phenomena. It is *The Vision* and *The Dream* that we are to consider; and to differentiate between the two is of the utmost importance. We dream when we are "not all there"; whether we sleep or wake we dream when we are not all there — when we are not focussed to action. But the Vision may be the very superlative of energy. The dream belongs normally to the sleeping time, when the

eye is shut and when sleep is not complete; those who sleep best dream least, but the Vision is for waking hours. Next day your dream may become true, or the day after, or a year after; but the vision is true now. To the expectant soul it is constructed out of the soul's own material; it is not a sign, as the dream is, of an irregularly acting mechanism, but of focussed power in the human soul. I see the vision when all the powers of my nature are brought to focus and life appears in perspective. So, very properly, in the announcement of the good time that was coming, one of the prophets of the Old Testament — Malachi — said that good time should be marked by two peculiarities: "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." It is the statement of the review of experience that delights in looking back on good achievements and good history, and of the looking out from the walls of youth for the coming time; the young men shall see visions and be prophetic, whilst the old men shall dream dreams and be reminiscent. So, there is a radical difference between the vision and the dream, and the problem of life

from start to finish is to wake people from their dreams and to inspire them to see visions. "Open thou mine eyes," said the Psalmist, "that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." The experience of the Apostle Paul, which he calls "the heavenly vision" was an experience that came to him at midday, when his every energy was alert, and all the nether powers of hate exposed and active, as he was "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" against the believers in the Christ; he was on the way to his evil work when the vision came, and it is a singular thing that it is quite possible for a man on the way to something evil, if he be altogether alert, to have a vision of something good which shall arrest him and rally him to something better; that is much more likely to happen than that the dreamer in some cool and shady place in life shall see anything, either of good or of evil. It is "the ungirt loin and the unlit lamp," Browning says, that is to be charged upon these ineffectual souls. In the "Statue and the Bust," the poet seems, to the careless reader, to be supporting evil, because at least evil that may be applauded is not stagnant; but they read him

carelessly who have not discovered that, in his belief, the one incurable, hopeless condition, is not the peace that reflects the sun, but the stagnation that gathers its scum of poison and of death.

What then shall we say for the vision, since nothing much is to be said for the dream, except that those who are in the quiet of age may review the past and think how God has led them to that hour; — for if God has not led them, it will not be dreams they will have to visit them, but the convulsion of a distress too great to be relieved. What shall be said for the vision?

In the first place, *it comes to the expectant soul.* May I once again remind you how long it has taken to make the human soul. I revert to this again and again, because I believe as I believe in God that the one business nature has had from immemorial time has been the building of the human soul. You cannot imagine any human creature the better for another arm or another eye. You cannot imagine any change in the perfection of nature's forms that would improve their symmetry or enlarge their function, or emphasize their grace. But you cannot cease to imagine

what will happen to the human soul under the teaching of nature and of opportunity if it be plastic to that hand. Nature has been through immemorial æons building the human soul. It is therefore only natural that when it has come to consciousness, when it has realized itself, that it should "know its noble from its ignoble hours"; when it takes account of its functions and powers, when it realizes what it means in a world moral to the centre, it should be expectant and outlooking. Its path is forward, its Eden lies beyond; and no soul instructed believes that man began with perfection and fell into decay. "The Ascent of Man," is the new challenge of man's ascending. The Apostle John says, "*Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.*" That is, having such a start as that, we may go anywhere, to any length — "*now* are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we *shall* be, but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." This is the declaration of the expectant soul. Jesus said to his disciples: "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might

be in you, and that your joy might be full. My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you. . . . Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Think of that command issuing from the undisturbed centre of his divine enlightenment and peace. And so through all the scripture the promise is to the expectant soul. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for" — the *substantia* that underlies all things that are — "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." I like, too, the definition of one of our contemporaries, who says: "Faith is the conviction that there is in the universe something that corresponds to my best." The man who has that conviction goes to seek this "best." It is the belief from the out-cropping that the vein of gold is there that leads a man to camp beside that crevasse on the side of the mountain, and live there for years in searching expectancy. "There is something in the universe that corresponds to my best;" the expectant soul reads the promise of its vision in the records of its own

beginnings and progress. Now you see at once, there is no vision for the soul that has no history. If you have just been happening from day to day, just dropping along as many people walk, in a way that is not exercise but merely a slow progression without evident intention, if you have just happened along, you will see no vision and have had no history; for this reason it is better to have had a history of unremitting sorrow than to have lived a superficial life. That which makes the soul is the thing that turns to vision before the eye, and out of the records that were illumined when we wrote them, and that, when we turn to them now, we find blotted with our tears, or the records that were written with our blood, the records that seemed the very prose of tragedy as we wrote them, and that have turned to poetry now, we make our visions. The vision comes to the expectant soul, and the soul has the right to be expectant; for human nature has been preparing its powers through immemorial periods. We are not of yesterday, and we shall not cease to-morrow. More than this, the vision is made up of what we have accumulated, not only of experience as the

basis of expectancy, but of what we have gained of treasured memories. It would be difficult to estimate how much of our unhappiness comes from what we remember; so much, that one of the great arts of life is to learn to forget. The thing that is part of you you will never forget, it is "bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh," its stain has flowed down the channels of your blood; but the injuries done *to* you, the mistakes you have made that can never be corrected, the incurable blunders that you did not know enough to avoid, all these may well be forgotten; let them leap together into the chasm that threatens your peace, and see it close over them. That does not mean that we are to become superficial by forgetting the real things. You cannot forget a scar. But no scar is ever left where the true flesh has not been pierced; superficial abrasions are healed over and forgotten; and it ought not to be possible for any external thing that is not of the soul, any agony in your life that is not of the soul, to wound you enough to leave a scar. Scars come after long bleeding from wounds that went deep, and for the most part they are the wounds inflicted by our own

hands. So do you wonder that I say it would be difficult to estimate the unhappiness that comes from the things we remember? One business of our earlier life, in fact one of its chief occupations, should be to hang the walls of the mind with pictures that shall delight us when we are old; not with pictures that we shall have to turn with their faces to the wall to hide from our dim eyes as the evening of life draws near. When I hear the vulgar speech of young men, when I see the frivolous employment of many young people, see good stuff going to waste for want of thought, I cannot help grieving for what shall later hang on the walls of their minds. It is an awful thing to be old and live in a prison hung with pictures we hate, instead of dwelling in a palace filled with visions of radiant remembrance; that is a tragic destiny; and they are making it now who are not husbanding, garnering, saving up with almost the avarice of fear lest they be left desolate, the precious things they shall be glad to remember when they are old. If I saw a youth struggling with the question of sin, I should say to him: "Fill your mind with such

thoughts of goodness as shall make sin seem foreign to you, with such apprehension of human relationships as shall, with the Roman poet, lead you to say 'Nothing that is human is alien to me,' and make all the wall space of the chambers of your mind shine with pleasant things in colors that will stay, dyed through and through; let the tapestries be not merely the painting of evanescent colors that the first rush of tears will wash away;" and I should hope that when this youth came to be forty, the one thing he would remember of me would be that I made him collect a gallery of pleasant memories. So, I say, our happiness depends largely upon what we remember in this vision of the soul.

The vision depends greatly upon the energy of our nature. Of course there are temperaments that have no energy, but I do not think they are very common; there are very few people that are really born tired. Of course, the great middle range of society is loaded down with the burdens that they have acquired from the two useless classes in the world, the pauper class and the leisure class. Their burdens have fallen on the

rest of us. But we would rather carry them than belong to either class. There is a "menace in privilege," but it is not much felt by the industrious. The discontent and social unrest of our day is not felt for the most part by those who know that they have unlimited "day's work" in them. A man who realizes that he has an unexhausted brain and a sound body knows he cannot be driven into a corner in this good land. The corners are filled with people that have slunk into them, and there is the more room in the middle of the arena for those who fight the battle of life. So I say our visions are born of our energy, and the energy need not be enclosed in either herculean frames or tireless physical bodies. The energy of the mind is the thing essential — I am using the word most familiar to the scientific world — there is "one energy and all forces are modes of its manifestation"; this is an axiom of the modern scientific man. So our energy is not simply the combustion of the blood that shows in molecular activity; it is not the tense nerve that, stretch it as you may, still sings responsive; but the energy of the soul of one who thinks that things are worth

while. If I thought I were of yesterday and should not be to-morrow, I do not know what the programme of the day would be, but it would not be this that I am doing, for things would have ceased to be worth while. I marvel when I am in the woods that the ephemera think it good to live their little day; they were hatched by the sun of the morning, and they will die in the rain of the night; but they are as busy as though they meant something to somebody besides themselves, and they are a lesson to us, since we are not ephemera, not of a day but "comrades of the immortals," that we should act as though things were worth while. Am I spent to-day? I shall rest to-morrow. "To-morrow is another day." If I made a mistake with good material that I would work into some object of beauty in my apprenticeship and task of life, I will remember that the material was good, the fault was in my awkward working; I shall have learned by failure, and to-morrow I shall work it over again to better ends; and the day shall come sometime when I shall go to the master of my guild and say, Behold my "experience" of all these years in which I have

worked to make this perfect thing. I have made "things as I saw them for the God of things as they are." And I shall receive my certificate as a journeyman, and in some æons yet unmeasured I shall go upon the road to do the things a workman may. Our happiness and our vision is born of our energy. Most of the failures are made by the careful people, not by the impetuous. The most impetuous people seem to poise and almost always light upon their prey. Why? Because they have trained minds and hearts and powers and energies, and they have expectancy; it is as though a path through which the leopard springs had been charted for them. But the path was there always — the spring was their own. That is not what happens to the careful people. The familiar verse is not good poetry, but it is sound sense: —

"A glorious thing is prudence, and they are useful friends,
Who never make beginnings until they see the ends.
But give us now and then a man, that we may make him king,
Just to scorn the consequence, and just to do the thing."

These words might be said by many a man who has suffered because he would not take advice. As a matter of fact you cannot assimilate advice unless it is correspondent to something in your own nature. If it is not that, it is simply laid on the outside of your mind, and is worthless to you. So the great lesson to the man of vision is to *let himself go.* Every explorer runs the risk of being lost, but nations come into possession of the lands he surveyed. Every voyager may go down at sea before he finds the Fortunate Isles, but he believes they are there, and is concerned only that he shall keep an undeviating course and that the wind shall hold until he comes to his own. It is the most painful sight in life to see people who are living lives uncomfortable in the present, and without vision for the morrow, just because their whole concern is of the conventionalities of their place in the world. I do not wonder that Wordsworth said: —

"Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Before Herod Agrippa, one of the unspeakable Herodian kings, with Festus, Cynic and sceptic by his side, Paul stands, bound hand and foot; but he holds in those bound hands the future of the Christian church, and in his mind the vision of the crucified Christ, and in his purpose the determination to "die daily" and offer himself upon the altar of a great renunciation, while he says: "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." And when he went into prison at Rome, where no ray of light could penetrate, where the sword hung over his head ready to fall, he wrote to the church which mourned for him, "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice." His vision had come true, and when the blood of his martyrdom flowed, it mingled with those streams of regeneration that make brave souls believe they shall not die in vain.

THE END OF THE WAY

BLESSEDNESS AND PEACE

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THE conclusion seems inevitable that essential happiness is not an accident either of circumstances or of temperament. Some people indeed are happier than others, because some have better-regulated physical condition or are born of clearer-minded and healthier ancestry. It is a fine thing to have clean blood; it is a fine thing to have the functions of life so automatic that they do not report their presence by their derangement; it is also well, though not so well, that human beings should be so placed in life that they do not have to try too hard to be happy. I suppose that the motive in wishing to be comfortable is that you may not have to think about it. Whatever lifts human life away from the struggle of which it is more or less constantly aware, leaves it free for the better life. That is

the reason automatic trades often produce philosophers; the old-style cobbler furnished the village philosophy, and was always ready to settle the affairs of the universe. It is more or less true of all conditions of life that are free from worry; the only reason for being free from worry is that you may grow, and rejoice in your growth.

But happiness does not after all depend on that; it is not, as I have said, an accident either of temperament or of circumstance. Happiness, no matter in what measure it is realized, is an obligation laid upon every human being. It is not simply my privilege to be happy if I am allowed to be, but it is my duty if I can possibly achieve it. It is certainly true that the integrity of intellect depends upon it, that the lubrication of all life's machinery depends upon it. The problem is to get a life-machine that will do the work it is destined to do; and there is no greater waste than to spend most of your capital on repairs, so that you have nothing left for production. Happiness is a duty. Let us recall the statement of Wordsworth who attributed to Coleridge the "most stupendous intellect he had ever encountered"

yet declared that Coleridge was not able to understand his poetry fully, "because he was not happy enough." From that penetrating judgment of one poet concerning another grew this little book upon the duty of happiness, which has its first justification in the search for happiness. It is the fundamental fact that underlies all other tendencies in the human mind, regnant over every phase of human life. The search for happiness gnaws like a hunger, parches like a thirst, moves like a current of the blood, beats with the automatic action of the heart, stirs in the cells of the brain, is the constant "imperial pushing propensity" of every human life; and so it ought to be. And when you have said for religion its finest thing, you must say that the business of religion is to add to the zest of life. Serious people have no interest in religion as a process of insurance, or as a pledge of salvation; no interest in it except that it shall justify itself as spiritually efficient in one human soul so that it may realize itself in the moral relation of that soul to other souls. It must add to the zest of life, so that our benevolences shall not be like broken victuals at

the gate, but be the overflow of our own brimming cup, in which we shall "take the cup of salvation and pay our vows" to God as we hand it to some other thirsting child of God.

We have seen that the ancient methods were not sufficient; the method of the Cynic was to exclude the joys of life in the interest of the integrity of life, as though a fragment of life would satisfy the demand of a whole man. The Cynic has never commended himself to the human mind — certainly not the modern cynic, the man who has suffered a hemorrhage of the emotions and has had his veins filled with water. The ancient Cynic, who has his modern representative in the ascetic, the monk, the nun, dedicated to God, has never commended himself to the normal man; for his attempt at happiness is incomplete. The Stoic failed also; to him God was central to all things, God was not remote; let the Hymn of Cleanthes to Zeus be the statement of the best Stoic thought when the Stoic was at his best, and he is at his best always who sincerely is in the rapt moments of worship. But he was not complete. Then there was the way of the Epicurean, not the modern epicurean,

who is a poor thing, who, as late as Paul's time, said, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die." No. Epicurus was of a different temper. The Epicurean of the ancient type divided life into three classes of wants: the wants that were natural and inevitable, the wants that were natural and not inevitable, the wants that were superficial. Those that were natural and inevitable he must provide for; those that were natural and not inevitable he might select from; those that were superficial he must ignore. His one struggle in life was to rule his condition by this eclectic process in the attempt to attain imperturbability. *Imperturbability* was his watchword. The unperturbed person may be himself in some degree happy, in so far as he is not perturbed; but who else can be happy with him? His calm becomes a reproach, and his self-sufficiency a signal for attack. No. Imperturbability is the condition of a bear that is hibernating in winter. He is not even a bear at his best, for the woods do not know him, and the bees do not fear him, and the raspberries are not waiting for him; he is sleeping in his hole. The older epicureanism is as

little to be desired as the modern; though the Epicurean of old was more decent. The modern epicurean cannot maintain his decency, his way is simply the way of pleasure. And it must be repeated, once more, that no pleasure, no instinct, no intention, *followed for its own sake*, can last. It must be followed for a motive higher than itself to an end more noble than itself, and from this motive and end it must record itself for the happiness of life. It has been insisted also that happiness is the way of freedom, for only the man who can grow can be happy. One is little instructed in the philosophy of childhood who does not know that the child is unfolding as the flowers do, and these blossoms on the tree of life must have air and light that they may come to fruit when the blossom time is done. It is possible to order behavior, to regulate deportment, to discipline life, to march to music, and to keep step, but it is not possible to be happy by repression. And for that reason, from the child to whom the one tiresome word is "don't," to the adult who falls under the incurable vice of a nagging associate, there is no happiness, no chance to grow;

repression is an acid that eats into the fair flesh of our joy. And the great business in life is to let those about us have the liberty, and to claim for ourselves the right, to go wrong if love will allow, and to recover from the wrong if love can command; there is no repressive process that can be a substitute for love.

The way of worship has also been considered. We are not simply human beings, but human souls. That the difference between us is not the difference of our resemblance and its reverse; that we are not known among those who are our friends as really by the difference of our faces and manner as by the difference of our souls. Consider how much happier you will be when you think of yourselves as children of the living God, entitled to the life that is in Him. We have rights in God. They are our natural rights by virtue of the fact that we are human souls. We cannot be denied them, we are " bound up in the bundle of life " with Him. I know of no way in which the Eternal can be rid of me. And we claim our rights in God as human souls — not simply as merchants, as masters, as laborers, as

citizens, or servants, as fathers or mothers, or children, these are all the accidents of life; the one normal term in life is *the children of the living God.* Then it would seem inevitable, if this be true, that happiness must be by way of worship, in which speculation is forgotten and petition unregarded, and divine union reaches heaven and returns, as clouds come back in the little streams that feed the sea. And if you do not love to speak to God, if you feel that you are not on good terms with your Heavenly Father, it behooves you to know that you have laid an embargo upon that source of happiness that belongs to the child that is happy in its home with those who love it.

And so we were brought to consider the sacredest place in the world, *the home*, and there also we laid the stress upon the reality of the human soul. Everything else is incidental; all home-failures are by virtue of the denial of that. Divorce is due to spiritual failure. The holy sacrament of two hearts that are in spiritual affinity makes it impossible that they shall turn from that union of the soul as long as the spiritual relation remains. Age becomes beautiful in that aspect,

and weakness only an incentive to tender service, and where the delights of life fail and fade, the fidelities of life are magnified and regnant, and the sweet amenities that were for joy's sake become gentle ministries that carry in their hands the secret of happiness. This is the sum of the whole matter, *We ought to be happy.* How can we bring this about?

The first way to bring it about is *not to let your centre of gravity be transferred.* Why should I shift my centre of gravity into another mind, into some paltry circumstance, into my bank account, into my business enterprises, into my pleasures that are only half pleasures because I can only half enjoy them, exhausted as the busy man is when he goes to them. It should be said to men of affairs, with all seriousness, that if they are unhappy because they are too busy, their first business after making this discovery is to be less busy, that they may be happy. That does not apply to the responsibilities we take for others but to the endeavor we make for ourselves. It is quite possible to be overwhelmed with care for others, but did any

woman ever feel she was not happy because her child must be watched day and night when it was sick; she was grieved and hurt and in an agony with the great motherhood of the world, but she was not unhappy. And if the child lived, that was all she asked, that was her happiness; bearing it, nursing it, caring for it if it only may be part of the world's life, that is joy; and so in the work for others that we must assume if we be unselfish, directorship that directs, and responsibility that is a daily thought, not responsibility, delegated without any sufficient accounting for the trusteeship that the trustee has evaded — in all this one may be happy that the world's work is going on. The centre of gravity remains within the soul of such a man; he is at equipoise between the centrifugal forces of his endeavor and the centripetal forces of his conscience. Do not give away your centre of gravity. If I am forever running after my evading responsibilities, if I have pawned my days, loaned my endeavor, given my name, forfeited my possession in the only thing a man may take, my good repute, have put all these in the keeping of others, how

can I be happy? Then, the first requisite upon the way to happiness is not to lose one's own centre of gravity.

Besides this, *do not undertake more than you can accomplish.* The unhappiness of life lies in the fret of it; not in its work, but in its worry. Good, strong, well-ordered work never killed a man; but the worry of it, the loading up of an hour with two hours' work, the loading up of an evening with too many engagements, being avaricious of pleasure and greedy of delight, will make us unhappy. Joy ceases to be joy when it is not conveniently handled and easily carried. That is the reason when we go out into nature and look into the sky and listen to the blessed birds, they seem to be so happy in their business; the hedge-sparrow that sits on the wall and sings to his mate upon her nest, so that the very air, the air of June, seems to be palpitating with his love, is the very spirit of joy. You go out to a lake in the Adirondacks, and you watch two loons get up and circle, up and up until they find their direction and then bear away like ships in full sail, with the ease of doing what they can do

so well; part of the happiness of life comes in the ease of every faculty, letting one's self go upon every task, and being in full possession of every power; which is a very different thing from being in full eruption of the nerves.

How shall we be happy? *Most of all in that generous attitude towards others that leaves us no arrears of regard.* Our happiness is drawn out of the mind within. Nobody can make you happy. Anybody may make you glad; but gladness is like daylight, it is gone when the night falls. The real secret of happiness that culminates in blessedness is like a great quiet that rests between two friends who do not have to speak because they understand one another. That sublime tranquillity, that "wise passiveness," as Wordsworth calls it, while we climb the steps of light by a way practicable to the heights, comes most of all by living in a fine, genial, sweet, wholesome goodwill. Recall what was earlier said of the three classes into which people are divided in the matter of doing good — those who do good because they must, to whom duty is imperative and conscience a terror, who have perhaps inherited the Puritan

conscience without any infusion of the Huguenot conscience, the first cast in steel, the other iridescent and luminous and sweet; next those who do good expecting, having done it, that there shall be some return, at least of appreciation; and last, those who do good for the good that is in it — for the joy there is in it. The Master whom we so often call the "Man of Sorrows and Acquainted with Grief" was the happiest man that ever came to make a day of light in the world, — the "Sun of Righteousness." His history was summed up in the fine phrase: he "went about doing good, for God was with him." Our happiness depends largely upon such an interpretation of life. Let us then be rid of our anxieties about ourselves; not be too insistent upon ourselves. We are far less important even to ourselves than we imagine. We are part of a perfectly ordered world. Let us not even be weary of ourselves; but live the wholesome, natural, simple life as far as, in these complicated times, we can. And to our feet shall open THE WAY TO HAPPINESS! "GREAT PEACE HAVE THEY WHO LOVE THY LAW AND NOTHING SHALL CAUSE THEM TO STUMBLE!"

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