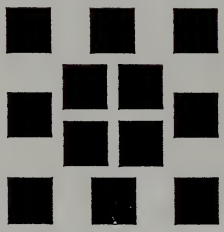

THE GLASGOW
SCHOOL OF ART

SHORT ESSAYS,

DELIVERED AND NOW DEDICATED TO THE WORKERS OF JAMES TEMPLETON & CO.'S AND J. & J. S. TEMPLETON'S CARPET FACTORIES,

BY

J. MURRAY TEMPLETON.

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"Man's nature is good, though he himself may be ignorant : it is for us, then, to endeavour to amend man's work—namely, Society—which is an artificial product, before we presume to find fault with man himself, who is a natural, and therefore divine, product."

EDWARD MAITLAND in "The Higher Law."

PREFACE.

Dear Friends,

I have here collected together some few essays, read at different times to you, and some additional thoughts that I hope may be of service. I would not have undertaken to publish them, written as they were in odd leisure moments after work, but that the request came to me from several sources for diverse reasons. Hence such weak composition or unsound logic as may be found in them, by yourselves or by any chance readers outside your own circle, I hope you and they will pardon, recognizing over all their sincerity. For outside readers they were not certainly written and delivered, yet you will see, owing no doubt to my more occasional contact with, and knowledge of, the wealthier classes, that I have sometimes turned away from you, and direct—not in admiration—upon them. Perhaps, therefore, and despite, I shall find such readers too.

I cannot profess, either, to be distinctly original, who owe so much to the mental stimulus given me by these great and true leaders of our modern thought, Emerson, Ruskin, and Carlyle; still, if I have served even momentarily as an intermediate link to the souls of these mighty men I shall have fulfilled an important office. But, indeed, my thoughts are the thoughts of very many "thinking folk" to-day, and have only found their way through me to a particular expression for your special needs.

Some of you may complain that I have assumed too great a simplicity amongst my readers—the canny, staid, well-read Radical weaver being a celebrity with his brother workmen. Others may equally blame me for a rather objectionable metaphysical bent here and there, hardly suited to the comparatively uneducated minds amongst you. Certainly this double consciousness has been present to myself, *i.e.*, the necessity to be both simple yet pointed and strong; and it has largely affected both my matter and my style. Otherwise,

I have regarded this aspect of the questions under discussion broadly, in the following way :—

People can see or understand only as much as they are fitted for at the time and have an inborn sympathy with. We are, however, beings of a progressive nature; for if we do not understand a thing or cannot learn it at one age, we may later on. You know well that a man, say at eighteen years, can read with perhaps pleasure and some benefit a book whose deeper meanings will nevertheless remain in part largely hidden from him; yet at thirty he may again read this same book, and learn far more from it than before. At the earlier age he could not, besides, have properly applied its truths to his daily life, or would have done so faultily. So it is with large bodies of men, and even with nations, when some newly-discovered truth, some political or legislative reform, is brought before them. Such truth or particular reforms, an open book, the society or nation cannot wholly grasp or understand till time has matured their intellect and perceptions.

I need not prove to you that nearly all great truths and most striking ideas, whether in pure thought, in the arts, in science or invention—as with James Watt's conception of the latent potentiality in steam—were first held by a few individuals or a minority, while scouted by the world and the majority. Thus truth or reason may be with a single man or a few individuals as opposed to a great number, with a minority as against a majority. Do not suppose I mean that *all* minorities and single "eccentrics" are in the right; but that they may be, and very often are, in spite of appearances, history clearly shows. Government therefore, which represents commonly the majority, reflecting *occasionally* their ignorant, selfish, prejudiced or conventional views, may be, must often be—though not always—in the wrong. How then shall we submit to what must not unseldom be mistaken forms and actions of governing bodies? How are these two things to be reconciled: liberty for the individual, submission to government? My belief is this—and what I am saying always bears a reference to your favourable or unfavourable criticism of the views I am laying before you—by all means permit the majority through their representatives to govern and restrain, *but leave still to the individual and the minority full power to speak and teach as they will.* Truth ever, sooner or later, gains a hearing and victory, and becomes universally accepted, though often slowly enough. And happily so, for a newly-announced truth or

fresh fact is not of perfect and right service till it is really and thoroughly comprehended. Too speedy legislative or other progress might place new ideas, new powers, in the hands of those unable to appreciate and use them, in the hands of the unseeing and the unfitted. I say, then, let the individual teach the truth he knows, let a minority such as yourselves, or of such, but more important, societies than your own, spread abroad their views; and when others who at present are of the majority, composing the bulk of the nation, are fit to see they will see. Only as this point is attained does the teaching reach that stage which should imply State recognition or direction, and the adoption by the nation of the truth, the ideas, or the reforms of the minority just merging into a majority. This period at which the minority becomes converted into a majority is a well-marked stage on the road to a true perception of things by the people at large, and gauges their general intelligence, their genuine comprehension of and fitness for reform.

It will be clear to you, then, that it is the duty to-day of those who differ from the majority, as in my case and your own, to speak out frankly. Thus I have spoken to you as *I* think, leaving my words as seeds to fall on such ground as will receive them. Many of you will be in sympathy with me, can see with me. Those who do not, or who find me too serious, too dry, or metaphysical, will perhaps twelve years later think otherwise, or by a strange chance have brought me possibly to a changed condition of mind. Life is still yet as a book to me also, I know, whose leaves are but partly turned, and whose text may contain many a hidden truth.

I daresay that, on the other hand, some good people will blame me for a few of the notions suggested. In what concerns class prejudices, or the embitterment of feeling between rich and poor, I think I have been careful to point out that there are faults on both sides; that envy or malice will bring no future good; that only the alteration of each individual, rich or poor, in his or her most inward being, the substitution of altruism (or the love of others) for egoism (or the love of self); that such are the true and only ways to enduring and complete reform. As to any other of the opinions I have expressed in these essays, I do not care if I thereby introduce a limited degree of discordance or pain into some minds. Discord, suffering, and pain generally are of a quickening nature. Herbert Spencer says that "there are three phases through which human opinion passes—the unanimity of the ignorant, the disagreement of the inquiring,

and the unanimity of the wise. It is manifest that *the second is the parent of the third.*" My part may perhaps be to introduce disagreement in order that a future unanimity can be reached. Even mistaken opinions earnestly expressed will help to elucidate truth and should be welcome.

I have referred to suffering as a good, as at any rate being of a quickening nature, an argument that I have largely used in one of my essays. Recently I have read Hinton's *Mystery of Pain*, which is devoted to an exposition of the same view in a most remarkable and profound, yet simple fashion; and one member of your D.M.I. Society having questioned me on the subject, I would recommend it to him and to the other two or three—not more—who are possibly interested in such speculations. Other much more practical and more useful books I have already recommended to you, and can do so again at another time.

You will find added to the collection an article on "Aestheticism," written for a school magazine; for, therefore, a class of readers differing in age and education widely from your own. But I have included it here, although containing more or less a repetition of argument, because it may prove attractive to some of the hundred designers in either factory. The other additions speak for themselves.

Finally, let me plainly say that I have addressed you wholly as a private individual—an art student if you will—not now in any connection whatever with the factories or their management. I gladly agreed on your own request to speak simply as a friend, and having spoken freely I trust there may also have been some words you will not entirely forget or find wholly valueless.

J. MURRAY TEMPLETON.

PARIS, *October* 22, 1886.

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MUSIC AND ITS RELATION TO LIFE.

" Riches and poverty are a thick or thin costume ; and our life—the life of all of us—identical. For we transcend the circumstance continually, and taste the real quality of existence."

EMERSON.

" Gives a thing but small delight that never can be dear."

" Mount from the earth ; Aspire ! Aspire !
So pleads the town's cathedral quire."

WORDSWORTH.

" *That which music expresses is eternal, infinite, ideal ;* it does not express the passion, the love, the desire of this or that individual, but passion, love, desire themselves."

WAGNER.

"But be filled with the Spirit, speaking one to another in psalms (or songs, really, the word meant to the Jews—not essentially ecclesiastical or devotional) and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord ; giving thanks (thus in singing) ALWAYS FOR ALL THINGS."

EPHESIANS vi. 19.

" For music (which is earnest of a heaven
Seeing we know emotions strange by it,
Not else to be revealed) is as a voice,
A low voice calling fancy, as a friend,
To the green woods in the gay summer-time,
And she fills all the way with dancing shapes."

BROWNING.

MUSIC AND ITS RELATION TO LIFE.

[Preliminary remarks were first made with regard to the occasion of meeting, which was a social gathering of the members of the Dunfillan Musical Association, who, with some few friends, numbered about two hundred. The order of the evening was given—first, an opening address; next, solo music and a light tea served by the members themselves; and afterwards a romp for the juveniles, followed by dancing, intermingled with songs. Reference was also made to the success of the society's concert, attended by nearly a thousand of the factory workers, and hopes of still greater success in the future were expressed if the association would proceed on a basis of steady and earnest work. And then, the above title having been announced, the following paper was read, January 14th, 1885.]

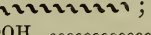
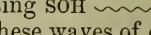
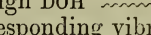
After all, life—our life—the sense in ourselves of being and doing, is the most interesting subject we can talk of at any time. Everything that relates to it, that tends to help or harm it, has its corresponding value, and deserves accordingly our attention. Now, music may help our life very much in many ways, and we should therefore try to think how it does so.

But we all possess a double life: first, the life of the body, of the physical frame, all of which you can touch and see, or could handle if you were medical students and given to dissection; and, second, there is the life of the soul or spirit, which we cannot touch or see, but of which we feel the existence in our consciousness and our thoughts.

Please remember once and for all that in speaking of the soul I do not speak copying, as it were, ecclesiastical commonplaces, but either from a more abstract point of view, into which I cannot enter, or from a quite practical work-a-day position, such as concerns your every-day life.

Music affects these two lives, the life of the body and the life of the soul, yet principally the soul through the body. Later we may consider how music is related to the life around us, to social life.

And first, then, I must explain how music affects the body. In your ears is an exquisite instrument called the tympanum. I may liken it to a drum or to a most delicate piece of skin and nerve parchment tightly stretched behind each ear. This drum-like surface or membrane is divided into innumerable and invisible threads arranged as the strings of a harp or as on the keyboard of a piano, which render it the more responsive to sounds reaching the ear's

entrance. That is, all noise or sounds reaching and passing the entrance of the ear immediately strike the tympanum behind, or, as after this I will simply call it, the drum, which trembles or quivers in sympathy. Why this drum in your ear so trembles is because *all sound or music comes through the air in waves*, just pretty much as if the drum of the ear were the sea-shore, and music the waves beating on it, long or short, big or little, loud or soft. This explains noise, but music is something finer. It is really noise that is numbered, sounds that are worked out like a sum of arithmetic in figures. Take, for instance, low DOH. When I make this noise I excite a long line of air-waves which curl towards all the drums in all your ears at a certain easily calculated rate, *say* 20 waves between my lips or the piano and your ears. But if I sing high DOH I excite waves which pass to your ears at exactly twice that previous rate—or 40. SOH, which is between the two, between low and high DOH, excites waves which go from me or the piano to you at half-speed—or 30. Represented by lines, these waves may be shown thus—When I sing low DOH  ; when I sing SOH  ; and when I sing high DOH  . All these waves of different rates cause a corresponding vibration, an equal rate of trembling in the drum of your ears, which rate of trembling or vibration is carried from the ear to the brain by the nerves. It is therefore upon the arithmetical relation or rate of sound-waves that the harmony of music is founded and affects us bodily. Notes which excite waves running at simple proportional rates, as 2, 4, 6, are in harmony or accord. A discord or unharmonious sound is created when the waves interrupt one another by less proportional rates, as, say, 2, 3, 7, or otherwise when the waves pass and cross each other in a mixed manner. It is quite possible for a man who does not absolutely know one tune from another to sit down and write out from figures a true musical, harmonious composition. We each enjoy sensuously or can judge scientifically the harmony and melody of music just as far as the drums of our ears feel the delicacy and number of these waves. Some people don't appear to have any kind of drum at all unless for noise. These we must pity, not despise.

So music affects the life in our body, our flesh and bone, by air-waves. Just before I pass to the effect of music upon the higher life, upon the soul, let me make an allusion to colour, about which some of you surely must have thought when at work. Colour is closely related to sound, and its effect upon our eyes is as music on the ear. You fancy, don't you, that something in your eyes reaches out to the coloured object, or that your eyes are like looking-glasses? They are much more like another form of drum, to which very fine colour-waves are reaching of different rates. Thus all the green on the wall sends waves to your eyes of a certain length, the yellow on the forms of another.

But, to proceed, you have understood that sounds affect our body

by causing trembling or vibration in the drum of the ear, which rate of vibration is carried to the brain. In the brain, or connected with it by some mysterious link, lie our faculties or our powers of observation and thought, of memory, imagination, and worship. And music pleasantly stimulating the brain, all these powers or faculties, and especially the memory, are brought into play. Over these broods our soul, our very inmost self and highest life; and presently, as it is moved by strange sympathies, we may be brought nearly to the point of weeping, or perhaps almost to laughter, or at another time we may be so solemnized as to feel that our fittest attitude were prayer; and yet again we must perforce make fools of ourselves, and throw out our legs and arms as if we were mad. All of which means, does it not, simply this, that music has the power to make us feel our life more keenly and vividly, and to lift us from the dull level of our every-day existence to a momentary height of active, loving, bold, hopeful, or sympathetic frame of mind. This in itself is a pleasure. Such feelings—to be made to laugh, dance, sing, and so on—are pleasurable in the greatest degree, and are perfect and pure, for they do ourselves good and hurt no others. There is a girl (or girls) who sing occasionally in our Crownpoint Road winding-room, keeping time with the machinery, and I am sure their fellow-workers feel the happier, scarcely less than themselves. It is as if in winter some stray birds from the woods and sunshine of summer had begun to sing of the coming spring. Then, again, such musical pleasures are good, because to enjoy them we have to employ instead of our hands and feet and weary body all the powers of our soul—thought, observation, memory, imagination, and reverence. Now, as some day you will leave the worn-out body, which is mortal, behind you, it is as well to put the soul-powers, which are immortal, into occasional training for eternal use.

Yet music does more than this for us. We all know that we could be better, wiser, truer than we are; that we have within us the capacity to improve upon our ordinary thinking and doing; we know, in fact, that our desires to do and our actual deeds differ most desperately. Sometimes only are we what we can be in brightness or cleverness, in love or truth. But music can make us for a few minutes feel our best, realize our desires. For instance, to take a simple example, the singing of a love song. It is not necessary that you should have actually been in love to appreciate that, as you all know; and often, as the song is sung with tender words of affection and admiration, we are so impressed by the music that we too really pass through the emotions of a lover. When a man loves a woman well, he thinks her the gentlest and best of all women, and seeks accordingly, or should seek, to be worthy of her. Thus, when a man is in love, he is often as near his best, his inward ideal, as he is ever likely to be. Now I said that in listening to a love song you share for the moment the emotions of a lover: you share, therefore, as well in the lover's sense of aspiration and success-

ful endeavour; or, if it were a war song, in the warrior's sense of courage and so on. For some minutes, while the music lasted, you have realized your desires, your particular capacities, your inward conception or idea of what you should be in love or war or sympathy. But then, you will say, the impression is immediately gone. No! you cannot forget, for you have had your best self brought nearer and made clearer, and just ever so little more you will try to act up to that standard, not your dull every-day debased one. And music performs this almost unconsciously and always pleasantly, not as does the terrible sounding of some of the elaborate questions in the catechism.

Yet still this is talking tamely. Who shall say, what is not in the power of music, and wherein the secret of this power may lie? Beyond the pleasures of mere regular rythym and swelling sound, undoubtedly it depends largely upon association. When the Highlandman on the field of battle hears the bagpipes, his whole being thrills to their wild cry. All his home and ancestral associations surge through his soul, the voices of his children, the memory of mountain and glen, of all his own youth; all are felt in one keen moment. What wonder if in the next charge he dare more bravely die for honour and his home. And again, how is it that in church music may express for and to us so much that is sacred, and otherwise unspeakable? Whence comes this wondrous power and touching influence we cannot say. Many feel it differently. I myself regard great music as a voice between heaven and earth, as something suggesting the harmony and peace of heaven. One great writer, Jean Paul Richter, has said of music, and I think sometimes you will agree with him when you are tired and toil-worn—"Thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have not found and shall not find."

The old Greeks, in some ways the grandest of all nations, made music form a great portion of their education, more so almost than the three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. One of their wisest men had this idea about music and its relation to our life. He believed that our soul existed before we were born, and then belonged to the regions of the stars, and there had heard and mingled with the divine harmonies, with the angels whose voices were music. Thence, the soul descending and being born on earth, music always recalled in a dim, vague way this previous existence, and inclined the soul to seek return starwards, to long after a more perfect condition of things. But it is quite enough without such longings if music does this—if it makes us sympathize with others. If we learn to sorrow with a sad song, surely we will the readier share the real sorrows of our fellow-beings; and if we sing merrily, surely, too, we can more merrily aid in the happiness of others. It gives us also a purely personal pleasure. In a song may be summed all the experiences of life; and, as we listen, all our own soul's history, our past, our present, and the uncertain future rise as in a vision before us.

Thus far I have been very "moral" and serious, and I humbly apologize; but then you made me President, and you must accept the consequences. Besides, too, music is a serious subject, and deserves your very best thought. But I still want your attention, and more than before. I have spoken of music in relation to our own life: first, from its bodily flesh and bone point of view; and second, from its more mental and spiritual aspects. And now I want to speak of music in relation to the life of the community, to the life of those around you, to its effect upon masses of people. And this forces me to mention a subject every one thinks about sooner or later. Why are things so unequal in this world; why is one person always rich and another poor, one ever apparently happy, another seemingly sad? None can escape this knowledge of the inequality of life, and we are verily puzzled. Some few, of course, hardly think at all, and consider things all right as they are—the poor are meant to be poor, and to work and struggle; it is their lot, just as it is the lot of rich people to be idle and happy. But none except the careless can think this. *There is* an inequality, there is an apparent injustice, there is surely great evil in the present order of things. I have said there is *apparently* injustice. You would not accuse God of creating an unjust and permanently unequal order of things; then must the fault be man's (if not God's), and it may be corrected, may be greatly remedied by ourselves. Many ways of amendment have been suggested at different times by different men. And an utterly impossible way it would be of giving an equal happiness to all at any rate. Because, for one reason, while I say that it is possible for men to be in many ways much more equally happy, it is not possible they can be equally wise or clever. Greater wisdom and cleverness imply greater capacity to do and feel, therefore to enjoy, things. A wise man who has thought, who is well educated, and who knows how properly to use money, how to employ it judiciously for his own good and that of others—that man, the wise man, *deserves*, and, other things being equal, always will have a greater share of money and this world's goods than the less wise and ignorant.

But if there must be an inequality of what is after all chiefly mere outward bodily show, there may be, I say again, almost an equality of happiness, almost an equality of power to enjoy life, an equality of the inward man, of the mind and soul. And how there may be this I will try to express to you. First, I must condemn the conduct of those who toil and work only that they may be the richer. Most of you have just to work to make your bread and butter, but nevertheless you sigh to be rich, to have money. This is a false aim, and would bring little more *happiness* to your life. If you wished to be wiser, to know and feel and think more, then your aim would be true, then you might hope to be happier and to right what there may be at present of wrong in the world. By weary uninteresting work you might get a little richer and climb a step upon the ladder of wealth, though

only to find step after step of this ladder of riches yet before you, still unsatisfactory, always something higher and always at the expense of dull days of endless drudgery. But, did you devote part of the same work to being wiser, to learning and knowing things, such extra work would in part be pleasurable itself, and each step you took upon this ladder of wisdom would create fresh wonder at the beauty and the secrets of the earth. There would always be more knowledge and beauty to aim at, and always an increasing pleasure in the gaining. *It is not necessary to have riches to purchase the most of the pleasures of the wise.* Such pleasures may be had nowadays for a few pence. They are therefore within the reach of those who have even little money, as yourselves. There are many men who are rich who are also wise, and do you think that much money can add a great deal to their real happiness? Hardly at all. For what are the pleasures of the wise? To think, to watch, and influence the people and life about them, to read books and write them, to study art, to play and hear music, and so on. These are the best pleasures of the wise, and although they are rich they can have no more or hardly enjoy them better than if poor.* Well, *you* can to-day have these same pleasures of the wise man; they lie within your grasp, and instead of thinking of the impossible and weary task of making rich, aim at being able to employ what is so near to you, ready for use, ready to give you an equal enjoyment with any man in the kingdom though wealthy as a lord. Now look here. These sheets of most beautiful music cost me twopence, and I am quite sure if I were the Prince of Wales I could hardly have anything that would please me much more, nor could you if you *really* cared for music. So in this small matter you have the power latent in yourselves to be equally happy with the Prince of Wales, always, that is, if you have a real love of music. And here again is a drawing for which I paid threepence. You fancy because it is cheap it

* At the time this essay was delivered, and since, it has been said to me that I overlook such important items in the lives of rich and wise men as their ability to travel, their power to take holidays for the gaining of health, even their "freedom to lie in bed in the morning," and many other simple pleasures, as, for example, the keeping of a garden, etc., etc. While I am chiefly referring to art, music, and literature in what follows, because they are the most common and the highest pleasures in many men's lives, yet, I suppose that it will be understood that the same arguments may be applied to all quiet, healthy, elevating interests, and certainly to such a pursuit as the keeping of a garden or to an occasional bit of travelling. But it may be said: these are expensive pleasures, more expensive than art, music, or literature, and therefore out of many men's power to obtain. I am not so sure. Bear, first, in mind that what some of you spend in drink in a few years would, when saved, realize to you many higher joys. Besides, most *genuine* pleasures are, if still undiscovered to you, yet open in some simple fashion to all, *or should be.* What I am anxious to suggest in these essays is a communism of happiness, of that interior joy which is apart from position or wealth. This is the true and only communism open to humanity in its present epoch of evolution, and differs as essentially from the communism of the French Revolution as does our living and immortal soul from its temporal habitation. If the term Christendom were not a mockery one might hope more from those who can further it.

is not worth much any way. I tell you that in truth you may go into drawing-room after drawing-room in the wealthy West-end and you will not find a prettier piece of art work. Yet you could have bought and owned it, or something similar you liked better, for a few pence. It is cheap because there are many of the same, all beautiful. But is the truth and beauty in the Bible any the less because there are so many copies of it? Certainly not. And yet again another pleasure of those who are wealthy and wise—reading. This book that I hold (Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*), one of a great number, is published at sixpence, and is to be had at fourpence-halfpenny, a sum every one can afford. In these pages lie perhaps the greatest happiness that many wise men have obtained in reading, or from any source; but—this is the sad fact—you could not make proper use of the book if you bought it, and if you had this music you could not sing it because you have not taken the trouble to train your ear and voice. Now at last, perhaps, you see what all this talk is leading to. It is this, that the chief happiness of the rich and wise may also be yours equally, and that in the present instance we are concerned with the happiness which is to be found in music. Love it, and in so far you can inwardly laugh at the rich man, who in that way can have no more. And you too, *being rich*, could obtain no truer pleasure. Therefore I say it is worth your while to attend these musical classes, seeking to know more of and to enjoy music, making others like it. For it seems to me that music, art, books, and such things, are God's special gifts to man, which in the days to come shall tend greatly to unite and equalize human happiness—in those days when each person shall find his and her happiness mainly in themselves, that is in their own natural and simple powers of enjoyment, with the observation and love of others. I hope you have caught my meaning—the relation of music, in the third place, to life, to our social life, is that it assists to make a pure and perfect happiness common and open to all equally.

I have thus harped long enough upon my subject, music—melody—set to a radical measure, and must now draw to a conclusion, so that we may have time for some singing before tea, and then afterwards—merriment.

A sagacious American, speaking of the good that is in gaiety, even more sometimes than is in medicine, put it thus:—"There's not much phun in fysic, but a great deal of fysic in phun." We will now proceed to take the physic.

"To teach people not how 'to better themselves,' but how 'to satisfy themselves.' And in order to teach men how to be satisfied it is necessary fully to understand the art and joy of humble life—this at present of all arts or sciences being the one most needing study. Humble life—that is to say, proposing to itself no future exaltation, but only a sweet continuance ; not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore-sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for coming days : so also, not excluding the idea of providence or provision, but wholly of accumulation—the life of domestic affection and domestic peace, full of sensitiveness to all elements of costless and kind pleasure ; therefore chiefly to the loveliness of the natural world."

RUSKIN.

SOCIAL JOY.

[Though this is little more than a reference to some ideas expressed at greater length in the essay immediately following, yet for the sake of one or two words towards the end, it is here included.]

. . . ABOUT nine months ago we had a most enjoyable evening together. To-night we propose to occupy ourselves somewhat similarly, exercising only more discretion as regards time. After all, discretion or moderation in our pleasures is quite, or nearly, as important a matter as is the choice whether they be good or evil. But a perfect pleasure or pure happiness should not be exhausting, and I am inclined to think that most of you felt tired for a day or two after dancing till one o'clock, and then rising at half-past five. The present entertainment is chiefly to differ from that last successful evening by our breaking up much earlier—about eleven—hoping, therefore, to repeat it the sooner and oftener. I think this, the idea of the committee, a very wise one.

You will remember I before set forth to you the possibilities, and to a certain extent the equality of happiness that lay within the reach of all, whether well or ill-off—in music, books, pictures, etc. I said that much of the rich man's happiness was within every one's reach, and tried to show you how. I would like to show now that such or some forms of happiness and gaiety are absolutely necessary. I have no time to enter into a proof of that statement. You will all feel with me that besides our work, including by that term also heavy home duties, we require some variety in jollity or amusement. It is true we can manage to live without it, but certainly never serve God or man so well as when with it in moderation. Happiness is nearly as great a necessity for the mind as food for the body and religion for the satisfaction of the soul. The need of it is a God-implanted human want, and yet how little it seems to be considered in this the East-end of Glasgow! It is almost a fact that away from your homes there are in winter only two means to it—if they are means at all—the public-house and low-class theatre. While music, books, etc., may attract you, yet I fear that after ten hours' work they may be found rather too serious or studious forms of pleasure, and therefore it is proposed that we vary our musical nights by a number of short, bright, social even-

ings, involving the lowest possible expense and trouble. We will seek the happiness that comes from within—from our own inward and united resources. Why then should we pay excessive attention to, for instance, fine clothing—the exterior part of ourselves, which relates only, or mainly, to the body, and is not an essential in the affair as long as we are content to be, and are, clean and respectable? And why, particularly, should we need to consume together a quantity of unhealthy pastry? That might be done as well, or better, at leisure in private; and besides, it is quite a lower or animal form of happiness. Not that a little simple, healthy meal to give strength is objectionable, but rather is perhaps exhilarating. The happiness we want, however, is in the touch of mind with mind, soul with soul, and the enjoyment of sympathetic humour, gaiety, and exercise. They cost nothing, and are pure gain every way. Let us remember, too, that if we can make these evenings successful for ourselves, they may well be extended to others, and add much to the happiness of a far greater number. So let us try this evening to make the most of each other, and then to-morrow flood our world, the factories, with an added cheerfulness.

TEMPERANCE AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

"The ideal form of human society is democracy. A nation—and were it even possible, a whole world—of free men, lifting free foreheads to God and Nature; calling no man master, for One is their Master, even God; knowing and doing their duties toward the Maker of the universe, and therefore to each other; not from fear, nor calculation of profit or loss, but because they have seen the beauty of righteousness, and trust, and peace; because the law of God is in their hearts. Such a nation—such a society—what nobler conception of moral existence can we form? Would not the kingdom of God be come on earth?"—WALT WHITMAN.

[While calling no man master, we might yet reverence other men as they revealed more of the Divine, of God, in them, than belonged to ourselves, and we would therefore mentally bend our knees reverently, and call such men Master! in a different and deeper sense than hitherto.]

"If I could only persuade you of this, that the chief duty of the civilized world to-day is to set about making labour happy for all."

"A dignified daily life, that life of mutual trust, forbearance, and help, which is the only real life of thinking men—*art which is to be made by the people* (as carpets) and for the people, as a happiness to the maker and user. . . . . There are two virtues necessary for this in modern life—honesty and simplicity of life—the opposing vice of these is luxury. Also, I mean by honesty, the careful and eager giving his due to every man, *the determination not to gain by any man's loss*, which in my experience is not a common virtue—if we are fixed in the principle of giving every man his due, how can our self-respect bear that we should give too much to ourselves?"—WILLIAM MORRIS.

"Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent:
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear."—LONGFELLOW.

"To have to do with nothing but the true,
The good, the eternal; and these not alone,
In the main current of the general life,
But small experiences of every day,
Concerns of the particular hearth and home.
To learn not only by a comet's rush,
But a rose's birth—not by the grandeur, God—
But the comfort, Christ. All this, how far away!"—BROWNING.

"Know Thyself." "Obey Thyself."—GREEK MAXIMS.

TEMPERANCE AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

[Delivered to the Dunfillan Mutual Improvement Society.]

. . . I WAS given to understand that in addressing you the most acceptable subject would be that of the Society itself, its objects and ideas. These are, according to Rule II.—first, to promote Temperance; second, to act as a Savings Bank; and third, to encourage Social Meetings as a means of mutual improvement. I do not profess to be able to say by any means the fittest and best words on these subjects, but inasmuch as I have seen more of the world and read more of the thoughts of its cleverest men than most of you may have done, in so far I may be permitted to frankly state my opinions, and ask you to gather what benefit you can out of them, rejecting, if you like, all that, after consideration, you do not find yourselves inclined to accept. I will not either limit myself to the exact subjects on hand, but attempt as well to suggest thought in other ways.

First, then, the promotion of Temperance.

Here we must so far all be pretty much of one mind—namely, that drunkenness is a degradation, and the source of an immense amount of misery to the man himself and of far more to a large circle beyond him; that, therefore, moderation in strong drink, if not complete abstinence, is advisable, and is surely a duty. But to have any clear opinion, and to act upon it with consistent determination, are two different things, as some of you must at once confess in this special matter, and people generally speaking will allow. Why then do, or can, we not stick to our opinion or convictions ?—if we hold them firmly, which is not so certain, for other opinions equally strong may be at variance therewith. Replying to such a question I am plunged at once into one of the very deepest of mental and moral problems. For this great conflict between what we hold in thought and what we really do is one of the strangest elements of our existence on earth, suggesting amid other ideas man's infinite possibility of progress to perfection, and therefore to happiness, because we often find that our very greatest and purest men are the most conscious of this, their weakness in action in comparison with their thought, or in comparison with that which can and will be some day. Let us consider, however, this weighty subject—

the difference of aim and deed, or even of wish and wish, the clashing of opinion and act common to us all. The first explanation that presents itself is the natural one, that our opinions and aims concern the future, and being distant, or involving distant and vague effects, are apt to be set aside; whereas our deeds and acts are more often the outcome of everyday decisions as to immediate results. And many men are so weak, or wanting in a strong apprehension, imagination or thought of the future, that they only can see the immediate and present, drifting accordingly. These must learn otherwise: time will teach them that the graver issues of life and its more constant joys depend upon forethought. They have not considered life as a whole; nor do we either often enough, who yet exercise ourselves in a fair measure of discretion and premeditation. But the foregoing explanation—one only of several—is subordinate, and should be subsequent to such as are founded upon every man's particular views of life, upon such questions as these:—Whether life as a whole is to be, and can be, happy or not? if happy, how? whether we are to recognize the necessity of well-doing, of obedience to the soul's silent whisper, which might include the acceptance of misery? or whether and to what degree the ardent, overpowering longing of the body and mind and intuitions after happiness may be right, should be gratified? and finally, in what way these apparently opposing tendencies may be reconciled, if at all? Hence, *from our views upon such questions results the difference between our best thought and our acts, as we go with strength or weakness in various directions after our several ideas of happiness*—directions that often leave us undecided between two ideal goals. Some, however, view life as not intended to be happy in any case, for they say we cannot truly be happy if we have the consciousness of continual failure, of arrest before our ideal; and to be good we must have somewhat of this consciousness. Nor, if we are simple-minded in a world where there are plenty of unscrupulous men, are we likely to escape deception and loss, for we know the pure and innocent are often entangled in the meshes of misfortune woven by the guilty. While surely, on the other hand, are we not told, and do we not find that with sin is sorrow, and in worldly happiness much pain? So that in the Bible itself, with this great question before the inspired writer, it is written—"Wherefore, I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive." "What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun?" "For there is a man whose labour is in wisdom, and in knowledge, and in *equity;* yet to a man that hath not laboured therein shall he leave it for his portion. This also is vanity and a great evil." "All things have I seen in the days of my vanity; *there is a just man that perisheth in his righteousness*, and there is a wicked man that prolongeth his life in his wickedness." And again, on the other side these lines: "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that *he should make his*

soul enjoy good in his labour. This also I saw, that it was from the hand of God." "*Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart, for God now accepteth thy works.*" All this and much else in other books reveals in the first place apparently conflicting notions concerning our life and its happiness; and in the second place, shows us that there is in man a desire for happiness which is sometimes unobtainable, and does not always go as a certainty with goodness. It has been, too, my object in making these remarks and quotations to point out to you that not only do we desire, but that we are all in the actual search of happiness. In that search we find ourselves face to face with, amongst other things, the question of Drink—a minor form of happiness. Many, as I have already said, believe that life is nothing but a vale of tears, and so believing, live in self-righteous sorrow, content to suffer and to acknowledge such suffering as human fate for aye. But I say, speaking humbly and hopefully, that we were meant to be happy, and that, taking life as a whole, we may be often extremely so. *The desire to be happy is God-implanted: it is too deep a part of our nature to be otherwise.* It is in deciding what happiness shall be obtained, and whether by spasmodic or through determined effort, that the differences between our best thought and our action arise. Now, where and what kinds of happiness shall we find here, near the Gallowgate and Tron Cross of Glasgow? how satisfy our pent-up feelings in this neighbourhood of mills and dirty streets, with our foggy, wet climate, and our long working hours of machine labour that leave little enough of energy for the evenings? Is it a wonder that, when this instinct is so strong within us, and circumstances often so much against certain individuals or portions of the human race—is it a wonder that this instinct often goes astray and seeks in the nearest remedy a sudden draught of what, however unconsciously felt, appears related to our ultimate possibilities, to some final good or form of happiness? May we not feel that happiness being man's due, any means—perhaps the only means to it—not condemned by society are justified? Where there is not much happiness, where there is no consciousness of the proper use of this God-given instinct to be happy, and where there is no true means to its satisfaction, the result, unless in exceptionally fine natures, is a craving falsely gratified—as, with reference to our subject so far to-night, in Drink.

My first position, then, is that of leniency and sympathy, rather than scorn, for the mistaken course of those that are driven, from weakness of mind and an unthinking immediate desire of relief, to satisfy the true instinct for happiness in drink. Not for one moment do I say that the drowning of care in deep drinking is permissible or in any way a good, but that perhaps it is more excusable and comprehensible, from conflicting desires, conscious or unconscious, and abortive wishes, in this East-end of Glasgow than elsewhere.

I would emphasize and repeat again the statement that we

require *only in a less degree than religion*, the sense of happiness and amusement; and again I ask where these may be easily obtained in this smoky, closely-populated part of the town unless in the good fellowship of the public-house. It is not astonishing that a man goes often where alone his many friends may be found, and once there that with the weariness of toil still weighing on his shoulders, a load of care at his home, and pleasant company near, he drinks deeper and deeper, till quickly the demon of delirious and short-lived joy has laid hold on him, with its penalty of after-pain. It is, then, not always to get drunk a man goes to the public-house: what else he might do belongs to my third division of the subject. In the meantime I may shortly say that were it easy to have access to other amusements with a less deadly admixture of evil, then this instinctive necessity in our nature to find happiness and good fellowship might be satisfied without the accompaniment of whisky-drinking and consequent degradation. I often think that if a few of the sectarian people who quarrel over dogma, and build their separate half-empty kirks, would do something instead in the way of providing, from their surplus wealth, for the happiness of the East-end, they would do more of real good. There is no reason in the world why, if our climate is so much worse than that of the Continent, matters should not be more equalized, as, for instance, by the building of a people's palace, or in the doming over with glass, against the rain, of large healthy squares capable of electric illumination, etc., etc. Science, if consulted, can do a very great deal to equalize conditions. You have representatives in the Town Council with power. They should exist to consult the happiness of the majority (the working-classes), but more frequently dabble, only in polite respectable reform, dreading to pass the limits of West-end notions, the notions of men who are carelessly comfortable, and grudge, even in wealth, an extra tax to help those who first helped them *in part* to their position. But however that may be, it is always best that people should think out a thing and act for themselves. Thus I consider you yourselves deserve all credit for the present associated movement and the meetings held here every Friday night. Surely happiness is to be found without an abnormal stimulation of the system by whisky, resulting in a condition that levels man with the brute creation—possessed of no reason. Rather let us seek forms of happiness and fellowship that will raise us to a dignity befitting the realm of mind and spirit. Once gain such a position and drunkenness will have died a natural death.

I have spoken in such a way as to appear almost to excuse public-house drinking. I only justified the desire for happiness—happiness which is as nearly necessary to us as religion and work. But if we do right and obey the laws of our nature and of God in seeking happiness, we are all the more bound to see that the happiness we find is true, noble, and pure; of the kind, that is, which first of all, while satisfying our instinct, does no harm to others. Now, if there is

anything more awful in drink than another, it is the fact of the terrible suffering it brings upon innocent people, presently and in the generations to come. Of late years there has been created a new science, the science of heredity, which is an examination of the laws that govern the transmission of qualities, evil or good, from parents to children. The results have been remarkable, and go far to prove the exact literal truth of that part of the Second Commandment which says, "Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations." It is being found that almost every marked feature of a man's or woman's character is inherited more or less strongly by their children, that every strong tendency, such as drink and any special education such as music, or any event in the parent's life, set an irrevocable destiny upon the children, either of evil or good, only to be conquered, if evil, by great internal struggle. I ask you to consider what a hell in heaven it would make for a man to see in his innocent children the terrible and unalterable effect of his own careless action. Hence, too, we may imagine the "angels sometimes bending in pity over those" whom we punish most severely. Many of us, in our present ceaseless striving with the devil in our natures, unconsciously labour under the inheritance of ages. But this science, if it proclaims punishment, also holds out the hope that as man becomes aware of his powers and responsibilities he may gradually conquer evil, and in generations yet unborn evolve that condition of things when

> "Lust, avarice, envy—liberated man,
> All difference with his fellow-mortal closed,
> Shall be left standing face to face with God."

Just before leaving this question of temperance I would refer to what I once expressed in a letter to your secretary. The most of you are extreme Liberals, and showed a good deal of feeling some six months ago about the House of Lords, joining in the Glasgow demonstration of the trades. Now, before we have a right to condemn any such body of men, on the whole possessed of correct (*sic*) and respectable, if not brilliant, morality—as *society* and the Church judge of affairs (!) we ought to be above everything that is of so low a nature as intemperance, which deprives us of true reason, and should debar anyone from all exercise of govermental or voting power. If you would have a "government of the people, by the people, for the people," then the people must first qualify themselves for the responsibilities of such government. Whereas, as Shakspeare says—

> "Ungrateful man, with liquorish draughts
> And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
> And from it all consideration slips."

From the word temperance used in the Society's constitution I gather that you are not all total abstainers. Personally I may say that I myself believe in moderation, *extreme* moderation, rather than

teetotalism,* and the position I would have you adopt on the subject would be that of mutual help, so that it might be considered a disgrace amongst you to drink brutishly and an honour to be moderate. Nevertheless I see no course but complete abstinence open to him who is of exceedingly weak will, or has acquired by long habit or inherited disposition an irresistible tendency to drink overmuch.

The second object of your Society is "to act as a Savings Bank." This is a most laudable endeavour, one that, carried out thoroughly, would be of inestimable use. In the first place, it teaches habits of frugality and thrift; and next, provides you with funds for the working of the Society itself. Thus it is really a form of co-operation, and is, together with stern men and strong minds, the secret of enormous power. By clubbing together, much can at once be obtained for a number that is unattainable by the individual. Extend this idea and you have the future strength of the democracy. I trust that while part of the funds may contribute to a pleasanter holiday at the Fair, they may not be devoted in some cases to making up for lost drinking-time. I would suggest that some small sum should be spent weekly in providing good literature, such as the illustrated papers, some books with interesting and instructive matter, and a magazine or two—that is, if you do not care to go in to the Mitchell Free Library in Ingram Street, where these may be found. With reference to your D. M. I. Savings Bank, I am glad to say, with authoritative permission, that if you desire it and only express a wish for it, such another bank as has been instituted at William Street Factory could also be started at Crownpoint Road.† While speaking of this, let me add that if any

* Having since then written to the Society rather differently, and having above stated my personal opinion, it may be right I here add that the ideas of moderation or temperance I hold give simply for result entire abstinence unless so far as wine in countries where the water is bad, etc., is concerned. Some of my reasons are quite apart from the teetotaller's, and I need not explain them now as argument to yourselves, though many you can read if you wish in Axel Gustafson's pamphlet, "Thoughts on Moderation." Otherwise, simply I find *all* stimulants rather the reverse of an aid to work: *they certainly are quite unnecessary to the perfect health of normal manhood*, and being so they should surely be set aside in a crisis of evil like the present if they possibly influence, however little, some other men for the worse. I will add also Mr. Guthrie's argument, equally my own strong feeling:—"That there are plenty of things such as books, trips in the country etc., etc., which I want to enjoy, require, or know it is my duty to possess or give away before indulging in beer, brandy, or wine." A book to read and love for almost an eternity, or ten minutes spasmodic excitement over a toddy tumbler—which will you have?

† This offer you rejected, thereby showing, I hold, some foolishness, though you may think it was of no particular value. The William Street Bank gives five per cent. on all deposits, and it was arranged that the weekly wages be paid therefrom by coupon in order to facilitate and tempt depositors or savings. The result in point of deposits, or in this your refusal to recognize the boon, however small therein, is not encouraging to those who so kindly bethought themselves of the idea: yet, in that idea, a valuable one, lay a germ capable of great expansion, pregnant of vaster issues.

*** The above note has been happily proved unnecessary, the offer of a bank system of wage payment having been since accepted.

think this arrangement to pay the wages at William Street from a bank was in the self-interest of the firm, they could not be more mistaken.

And now I come to the third object of the Society, "Mutual Improvement," the most important because it in a manner includes the other two. You cannot improve in your ideas and power of life without recognizing the necessity of saving money to procure still further advancement in education and true, pure happiness; and still more must you feel that intemperance is the greatest opponent of all progress towards a better and higher life. Therefore I ask you to excuse my serious disquisition, and to permit me to impress upon you as far as I can the many excellences of mutual improvement.

Unfortunately, before a man young in years or burdened with a family can well think of such a thing as improving his mind, he must first have gained a position that entitles him to some leisure, he must first have procured these sad yet comfortable necessities of life—food, clothing, and house-room. And often enough it takes the whole of a man's time and thought to arrive at this position of independence which allows of attention to the finer flavours of life. I will suppose, however, that you are all able and willing to give so many hours a week to leisure, and that some of these are intended to be devoted to mutual improvement. In passing, let me say that if you read the works of the great social reformers of the day, you will find that one of their most earnest appeals is for more rest and time to the working-man, that he may improve, educate, enjoy himself, and become conscious of his individuality, accepting then "the duty of rising into human destiny."

There is no more ridiculous idea than to suppose that education ends with school, with boyhood or girlhood. One acquires when young at school the means of learning and education, not these things themselves. Many successful men will tell you they but began to learn in leaving school, and continued throughout life to learn upon the basis of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Such found education later, *their greatest and an increasing pleasure.* Therein is the secret of success in improvement, mutual or personal—that it should be a true pleasure increasing with time. I said and insisted in the earlier part of my address that man's nature demands happiness, pleasure, amusement, contentment, or perfection, as the term may be; and that he continually seeks to satisfy this instinct, often falsely, and brutally as with drink. In how many other of our so-called pleasures do we not afterwards find the sting of lingering pain. But we concluded, a few sentences back, that in one form of happiness many found what was in itself delightful and innocent, and yet something which gave them with increasing years increasing pleasure. This was the joy obtained in the sense of improvement, progress, and education. If this be so, and we may really find in mental improvement a proper object upon which

to direct our instinct for happiness, then let us strive to cherish every impulse towards it, and seek to comprehend it.

Men are, as a rule, inclined to regard things intellectual and improving as dry and uninteresting. They have this impression still left upon them from that which is connected in their minds with the real dryness of the sums and history-dates and copy-book maxims of their school days. Generally these remain meaningless, or are applied to mere money-making; while it is only when we commence to feel the strange mysteries of life, the beauty and wonder of the world, the hidden ways of God, that these teachings of our youth become of the highest service. At school we were trained to think, and now, possessing also the power to observe and to read, we should discover a thousand interesting subjects to attract our notice. We were born curious, and find in almost all things a never-ending riddle; we delight in everything new, in knowledge and truth, and lo! these lie at our very door-step. Yet so many are blind or careless, or, it may be, fond of drink, that these higher things of the soul are not seen, or loved, or sought for; thus, the great joy they can give, unknown. Remember too, as some one has said, that "those who place their affections at first on trifles" (or sins) "for amusement, will find these later become their most serious concerns."

You will see that my wish is to suggest to you mutual improvement as a happiness, not a task. I want you, as well, all to become philosophers in a quiet, modest fashion, performing the necessary duties of life with reasoning attention, and otherwise finding as much to love and think upon and hope for as you can. As philosophers your first need is to know yourselves, your peculiarities, powers, and weaknesses, the circumstances that have moulded your character, the history of the labouring classes, the influence of machinery upon work and produce, and the possibilities of the future every way. Then only you will be able to judge rightly of what is around you, and may proceed to do what you can to alter and improve the people and present condition of things, which do indeed require much improvement; and each of you can do something. For all you can tell, the very starting of this Society, if properly carried out, might be an important enough matter, extending in its influence far beyond your own small circle. Then, as philosophers, perceive its action, for according to science no force whatever can be lost, but at the most is only changed from one kind to another. So may travel your whole and each one's force or influence in radiating waves down far into the distant ages; as in the same way you to-day all stand hardly yourselves in personality and thought, but built up and possessed of all preceding efforts and ideas.

It is necessary to know yourselves thoroughly in order to save labour and time trying what you cannot do, or others can do better. In such a society as this there must be a few with special character-

istics and capabilities; indeed, every one has, no doubt, their particular excellence if they only could find it out. Make use of reverence, and tolerate one another. Such a society as this especially requires toleration for varied and new truths amongst its members. The word mutual implies it, and much more, as, for example, the sub-division of labour and co-operation. Every one is responsible for their gifts. Let the musical amongst you provide of their ability, the reader and speaker of his. Set one man perhaps to get up a subject, and then let him tell you in some months the results of his inquiry: so is time and labour saved. Ask another, for instance, to pay attention to the best light amusements that may be cheaply procured, such as expeditions or walks to places of interest near at hand. Bodily exercise in the fresh air must not be forgotten, or else the mind will suffer. Persuade Mr. Guthrie or any one else to give you some of his ideas on books, or art, or religion, or whatever is suitable. Go up and see the Art Galleries now open with their annual exhibition of pictures. Some of you ought to like and be judges of colour and form after studying the same so closely in your work ten hours a day. Have none liking enough for carpet weaving to be interested in its history, its artistic and useful qualities? whence the industry originally came, and how developed? Even your ten hours work might be happier if you could know these things, and appreciate the art-meanings of decorative design. Heaven help mankind if one half is to be thoughtless and little more than part of a machine. Have you no desire to know how your French and German fellow-workmen live? how, for instance, they view and have already acted in face of such a question as the "Abolition of the Lords"?* I said before it should be your object to aim at shorter hours so as to give you time for education, the great necessity of the human race. But your Continental slave-driven neighbours work 12, 13, and 14 hours a day; and with such competition as we manufacturers now have to fight against you cannot get less than 10, say 8 hours, without a corresponding diminution abroad to 11 or 10 hours a day.

Then in your search after improvement, or true happiness, there is above most things worth study the beauty and poetry of nature, the complex and exquisite expression of the human face. No man can really understand and feel poetry, for instance the poetry of Burns, till he has himself bent in tender reverence over the flowers of the field, listened to the lark, and pitied the timid, innocent animals to whom we often enough cause needless pangs of fear. Does the perception of the gentleness and sweetness of woman die with your youth or her marriage? Surely not; and you will be the manlier man if you can continue in age to see this and all the poetry of nature, aye, and of the town, for some is still left us here in spite of smoke and brick walls. What little beauty there is to be seen here or anywhere, see it; for everything beautiful paints by contrast in darker hues the hideousness of evil, making good conduct easier. Send out your

* Then a common subject of debate and cause of processions.

sympathy and help to others, for they need you. It may be sad work, but of benefit. Outside on the very streets near us are children with an inheritance, through carelessness, weakness, or sin, of crooked, almost useless, legs and emaciated frames. Poetry, art, music, books, good plays, which I have been recommending to you, seem almost as a study incompatible with such neighbouring misery. Yet while these may give a quite personal sensuous pleasure, they also teach one sympathy.

> "For don't you mark, we're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see;
> And so they are better painted—better to us,
> Which is the same thing.
> And was given for that—
> God uses us to help each other so,
> Lending our minds out."

The above I got on loan from your old friend's (George Dechman's) book on "The Art of Acting," who had it on loan from Browning, the poet. I now lend it to you, and will add this other from Mrs. Browning :—

> "The poet suddenly will catch them up
> With his voice like a thunder: 'This is soul,
> This is life, this word is being said in heaven,
> Here's God down on us! what are you about?'
> How all these workers start amid their work,
> Look round, look up, and feel, a moment's space,
> That *carpet-dusting, though a pretty trade,*
> *Is not the imperative labour after all.*"

This last, though so very apt with its introduction of the carpet element, shows less precisely what I mean than the following, also from Mrs. Browning :—

> "Patient children—think what pain
> Makes a young child patient—ponder!"

Poetry here in a pathetic sentence impresses upon you the peculiar sadness of the street children I referred to above, and ever would attract your notice of like sorrows. One bye-word : People talk of Loch Katrine water and constant oatmeal causing rickets. Is it not a far more simple and truer explanation to think that such diseases and many similar weaknesses are the result of the inter-marriage of mill-workers, the natural result of not more than two generations of constant machine labour for man and woman under the conditions of long hours, monotonous occupation, hot close air, and city life?

You may consider these remarks come scarcely well from a rich man's son, and rightly perhaps. It is certainly true the comparatively poor are often kindest to the very poor. But I may wish to point out that in giving of your love, there can be added a touch of reason, philosophy, and pathos, the sense of the poetry and dependence of our human relationship, of the divine attributes common and

equal in us all. In heaven, it is said, we shall be as near to one another and to God as we have learned to love each other, our brother-men, in our life on earth.

If I have formerly *per contra* advised you to study nature and man in order to appreciate the more deeply Burns or other poetry and prose, much more let me point out to you the need to study these in order to know God. It is said in the Bible, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." What is the kingdom of God? Does it entirely consist in a conventional morality, with attendance two or three times on Sunday at church and prayer meetings in the week? Such searching certainly is a form of goodness, but the kingdom of God has also a wider meaning. Is not the earth His creation and kingdom; is not its beauty an expression of God's nature; is there not in the blue sky and sunlight, in the song of birds, in the might of the ocean, in all the laws of science and order of the universe, some reflection of the working of God's Spirit? Seek therefore to know something, however little, of science. There are books written simply, people's editions and primers on astronomy, botany, geology, nearly every subject relating to nature and life. These things *are* of God's kingdom, and when we have reverently studied and loved them, then and after we may more heartily and truly praise Him in the church.

I have no doubt wearied you with my rather prolix and moral talk, not just perhaps the kind you wished. I have my reasons for making it so, and assure you I would willingly if I could help the Society otherwise in more acceptable fashion. Before concluding, let me say a word on our present relation to the past and future, not inconsistent with the ideas that should dominate such a society as your own. We, the people and workers in this latter half of the nineteenth century, stand, it seems to me, in a great and remarkable period of transition. Behind us lie the centuries during which brute force and material strength in great part, at any rate outwardly, governed the advance of Europe; during which the history not of nations but of kings and their cruel wars has been written; during which woman has been, not the equal of man, but the slave of his comfort and vices; during which thought has been narrow, and one half the world hating or unconscious of the other half's existence. But now, beginning and extending beyond us we see the approaching reign of spirit and mind, the expansion of law and love over the entire globe, brute force and feudal authority at an end, woman man's equal and co-mate, the power of the people and the unity of the whole human race. These, the ideal children of this, your own century, born of the suffering of the few in the past, depend for their quick furtherance and actual arrival upon the people—yourselves—understanding and working together reasonably for their realization. Feel this fact and thoroughly absorb it intelligently, and you each assume a dignity formerly unknown. The radius or line which you now or hitherto have drawn from this centre (Mile-end) to a limited circle or

circumference of thought is then extended in every direction, and will bring you in sympathy with the great dead of this old world and with the thinkers of the "coming race." Do not forget that as we know good has evolved itself from evil, joy from sorrow, and results from labour, so, too, are great events from patient beginnings, and improvement from *determined* effort.

All this that I have said, you will say, is very well in its way, but not very practical. I know it; yet possessed of such ideas, the practical becomes more lovable. I feel very much more could be still advanced, but dare not trespass on your patience. Perhaps in talking together afterwards, we can discuss matters concerning the working of the Society.

In conclusion, let me refer to the adjective "mutual" you have employed. It embraces the grandest yet simplest of Christ's teachings. No word could be happier. I say no more, for that side of the subjects we have gone over should be the clergyman's. But I will end in repeating to you, with regard to the meaning in this word "mutual," a few lines from the American poet, J. Russell Lowell, now United States Minister to England:—

> "Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
> In other men, asleep, but never dead,
> Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
> Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
> Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
> And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone."

INTEMPERANCE.

[The advice of the *wisest* of Greeks, Socrates, who lived 400 years before Christ, upon the subject of Intemperance—related by another Greek—translated by Ed. Levien, M.A.]

"I now proceed to set forth the means he adopted to make his associates more practical men of business.

"As he considered temperance to be an incalculable advantage to any one who was about to engage in any important enterprise, he, more than any man, gave evidence to his disciples of practising it in his own person, and also in his discourses inculcated upon them its observance, as being more necessary than anything else. Accordingly, he was both himself continually mindful of whatever conduced to this virtue, and never ceased directing the attention of all his followers to it; and I know that on one occasion he held a conversation with Euthydemus upon the subject, somewhat to the following effect:—

"'Tell me, Euthydemus,' he said, 'whether you regard freedom as a valuable and honourable possession for an individual or a State?' 'I regard it as more so than any other possession,' replied the other. 'If a man, then, is under the control of his bodily

pleasures to such a degree that he is powerless to act according to his highest instincts, do you consider him to be free?' 'By no means,' said Euthydemus. 'For, probably acting in the best possible way appears to you to constitute freedom, and the being under the control of influences that prevent one's so acting you regard as an indication of want of freedom?' 'Certainly,' replied Euthydemus. 'The intemperate, then, appear to you to be, in every respect, as people who are without freedom?' 'Yes, by Jupiter,' exclaimed Euthydemus, 'and naturally so.' 'And do the intemperate seem to you merely to be prevented from acting in the best possible way, or to be forced to do those things that are most disgraceful?' 'They appear to me,' replied he, 'to be no less compelled to do the one than they are prevented from doing the other.' 'And what do you think of those masters who prevent men from doing what is best for them, and coerce them into doing that which is most injurious?' 'That they are the worst masters possible.' 'And what sort of slavery do you consider the most grievous?' 'That,' said he, 'under the worst masters.' 'And do not the intemperate suffer the most grievous kind of bondage?' 'So it appears to me,' answered the other. 'And does not intemperance, by repelling men from wisdom, which is their chief good, seem to you to precipitate them into its opposite evil? Does it not, likewise, appear to you in reference to what is useful to them, that it hinders them from acquiring a knowledge of it by seducing them to pleasure, and frequently, by diverting from their duty even those who know the difference between good and evil, lead them to prefer the worse to the better course?' 'That is certainly the case,' replied Euthydemus. 'And of whom can it be predicated that he is less under the influence of sobriety of mind than it can of the intemperate man? for, I take it that the actions resulting from sobriety and intemperance are diametrically opposite to each other.' 'I assent to this proposition also,' said Euthydemus. 'And do you consider that there is anything which makes men disregard everything that is decorous more completely than intemperance?' 'I do not, indeed,' replied he. 'And do you think anything can be worse for a man than that which induces him to select such things as are hurtful to him in preference to those which are beneficial, which prompts him to court the one and neglect the other, and which urges him on to a course totally opposite to that which is pursued by the sober-minded?' 'I do not think anything can be worse,' said Euthydemus. 'Is it not probable, therefore,' continued Socrates, 'that temperance will produce in men effects just the reverse of those which are produced by intemperance?' 'Certainly,' replied the other. 'Is it not probable, then, that such habits as produce those contrary effects would be most beneficial to a man?' 'It is so, Socrates,' said he. 'And have you ever reflected upon this fact, Euthydemus?' 'Upon what fact?' asked the latter. 'That intemperance does not actually lead men to those pleasures to which

it pretends to lead them, whereas temperance produces more real pleasure than anything else.' 'How so?' asked Euthydemus. 'Because intemperance, by its never permitting men to feel the want of food, or drink, or sleep (the longing for which alone causes men really to enjoy eating or drinking, and makes them lie down and sleep tranquilly), prevents their deriving any pleasure, which can properly be so called, even from the most necessary and ordinary acts. Temperance, on the other hand, as she alone renders men capable of resisting excess in such matters as I have mentioned, so also she alone enables them to find any gratification, which is really worthy of the name, in those actions of which we have spoken.' 'Your statements are, in every respect, incontrovertible,' said Euthydemus. 'But, moreover, a man, by learning what is honourable and good, and applying his mind to some branch of knowledge, which enables him to train his own body properly, and to manage his domestic affairs judiciously, and to make himself useful to his friends or to the State, but grievous to his enemies* (from which knowledge not only the greatest advantages but the highest pleasures accrue), the temperate derive from such actions a gratification, in which it is impossible for the intemperate to participate. For of whom can we more confidently affirm that he is less in a position to attain to the accomplishment of any of these ends than we can of a man who is always anxious to seize upon any species of pleasure that may be nearest at hand?'

"Then said Euthydemus—'You seem to me to maintain, Socrates, that he who is dominated by his love of bodily pleasure cannot be possessed of any virtue whatever.' 'And pray, Euthydemus,' asked Socrates, 'in what respect does an intemperate man differ from the most ignorant brute? For if any one, instead of regarding his highest interests, seeks invariably to avail himself of any pleasure that comes within his reach, what distinction is there between his conduct and that of the most unreasoning beasts? But the temperate alone have the power of weighing what is best in every transaction, and by classifying each particular pursuit, both in their deeds and their words, according to its own proper essence, of selecting such as are good, and rejecting whatever is evil.'

"And it was this power, he declared, that rendered men most virtuous and happy, and most capable of reasoning; for he said that the phrase 'to reason' was derived from the practice of people's holding conferences for the purpose of debating on various matters, and distinguishing between them according to their several natures. Wherefore, he thought that it behoved every one to render himself an adept in the art of reasoning, and to study it as diligently as possible; for that, by means of it, men became most estimable, best fitted to guide others, and most skilful in argument."

* A sentence such as this marks the difference between the Greek faith and the revelation of Christ.

"A NOBLE HAPPINESS."

"Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all and by the help of all: but luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant; the cruelest man living could not sit at his feast unless he sat blindfold."

RUSKIN.

"Authentic chaos come up into this sunny cosmos again; and all men singing *Gloria in Excelsis* to it." (This by Carlyle concerning machinery competition and some modern forms of commerce may be put against the following; and a mean—the future good—found between them.) "Steam, rapidly enough overturning the whole old system of society; and for Feudalism and Preservation of Game, preparing us, by indirect but sure methods, Industrialism and the Government of the Wisest. Truly a thinking man" (reading and writing by means of the steam-press) "is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have."

"God is perfect. Perfection cannot be the author of Imperfection."

"L."

"This is the perfection of law, that it includes all possible contingencies, and insures implicit obedience; and of this kind are the laws of nature, which are the volitions of God."

HERSCHEL.

"God overlooked all that he had made, and behold it was very good."

GENESIS.

"Too apt has the world ever been for the sake of life to cast away the reasons for living."

"That greatest of all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience."

SHAKSPEARE.

"Pain, it may be plausibly suggested, is an advantage acquired by our ancestors in the course of their struggle for existence. It would be useless to the fortunate animalcule, which, if you chop it in two, is simply two animalcules instead of one. But as soon as the organism is complex enough to suffer partial injury, and active enough to check or avoid such injury before it has gone far, *the pain becomes a useful warning*, and the sense of pain is thus one of the first and most generalized of the perceptive faculties which place living creatures in relation with the external world."

FRED W. MYERS in *Nineteenth Century*.

"A NOBLE HAPPINESS."

[Addressed on the 23rd December, 1885, to the Dunfillan Temperance and Mutual Improvement Society.]

I HAVE chosen for to-night's lecture a title which I fancy you will find attractive, whatever may chance to follow. It is "A Noble Happiness," or, in a minor sense, I might even use an apparent paradox and call it the happiness of discontent. On several other occasions I have already spoken of a joyous or a philosophic happiness; but to-night the accompanying adjective, *noble*, bears a very qualifying, earnest meaning, which I trust you will be better able to appreciate as I go on. I cannot expect you all to agree with me. Remember, though, that I speak far more as your friend than as your quondam *governor*; and accordingly in friendly fashion it may well be that we agree to differ.

To reach my subject proper I must lead you by a rather roundabout road, at times theological, which I hope you will forgive; and I will begin by speaking of a phase of our physical and mental or moral life that no doubt the most of you have often considered. This is the large range of thought touching upon what we may call the anomaly of sin and suffering in the world of an omnipotent and all-good God. I take it you cannot have escaped an overwhelming conviction of the inevitable misery and sorrow that is around you, for some constant, for others and ourselves, I trust, not too frequent. This being the case, we are driven to ask the cause or its *reason for being*. The still common and ancient orthodox answer is founded largely on the idea of conflicting powers at work throughout the universe, on the idea of a God, defined as infinite and omnipotent, yet who was Himself thwarted and angered by man acting under the suggestion of another very powerful god, by name the Devil. As a result of man's obedience to this other, the Devil's power in the universe, God in His wrath cursed the offspring of those who had fallen, which curse still, or in part, rests on us to-day as in sorrow and sin. And this curse or heritage of woe God gave to the world, although the Fall must have resulted from some inherent weakness or latent capacity in His own first creation of man, for very apparently, according to Calvin at any rate, the Fall was contrary to God's expectations. But all anger and all disappointment (which is implied by the word "thwarted") are to any clear mind quite incompatible with the true

meaning of the term omnipotent. Therefore, I say, we have just reason to doubt the consistency and truth of this the form of belief generally accepted by the generations immediately preceding our own. The one point, however, I have mentioned in this theology, and the essential, upon which we are all agreed, is the omnipotence or almightiness of God. Let us see what we may justly reason out from this essential.

Very plainly an absolutely Omnipotent Creator must have thought of, known, or pictured to himself all possible results from the beginning, must have indeed determined that all things which now happen should be. There can be no question of a Fall perchance. If it did occur, it was so ordained *in the beginning*, and even sorrow and sin, suffering and death, are in the "eternal order." Similarly, if there be a devil-in-chief (?), he too must exist according to God's will, and never can thwart or anger Him from whom all things come. Now, in addition to, or as part of, God's omnipotence, we think of Him (so far as we can from the human and finite standpoint) as being Almighty in goodness and love, as the "All-Good": that therefore all things which have been created are also good; for all things, or *the possibility* of them, are from God, originate from God. Believing Him to be One beyond all momentary weakness and above limited foresight, we find ourselves forced to seek some explanation of the existing sin and suffering in the world, other than that generally given by theologians. They hold sin and pain to be either entirely bad and evil or a natural outcome, as I said before, of God's ancient wrath upon a single occasion, and credit the Devil with an overwhelming power in the affairs of this earth. Yet, coming as sin and suffering do *indirectly* from the Creator of all things, from One who is All-Good and loving, there must be, to repeat again, even in such guise some form of good, whether for present or future purposes. I must not for a moment be supposed to condone with sin. However, I might point out that it is "overruled for good," or however in the course of my talk I may speak philosophically and calmly of its existence, understand that, as it concerns the innate consciousness of each individual, it is simply or should be that which of all things is most vile and abominable. Nevertheless for my purposes to-night I mean to argue, *with perfect justice*, from this basis, that in sin is the "germ of good," that in suffering and sorrow are the elements of happiness. The main object in my address will be to show this good, and how as consequent at present a noble happiness is possible which will lead to a more natural and joyous future for all in the distant years. But it is no immediate good my going any further unless in a measure you can agree with my first conclusion. That point must be settled. For if you will still hold that our God, almighty in love and power, lost His temper and cursed mankind for an almost endless duration of earthly time, there is no use of my uttering another word. If you believe this it is only natural we labour in sorrow and see misery around us: nothing can be done. But if with reason and intuition

we believe otherwise of the almightiness of God our Father, and think of all things as conceived in the beginning for some definite end and good, then it behoves us to see this underlying good as much as possible, and to place ourselves as far as we can personally in sympathy with its action and order.

While I have argued the foregoing position from the standpoint of reason alone, without revelation, yet I think you will not find the conclusion opposed to, but in harmony with the deeper truths of the Bible, and especially of Christ's message, though perhaps it appears contrary to certain words in Genesis when literally and not spiritually apprehended. I must avoid, however, any evangelical discussion, for I am not here to preach to you. I will go on to say that this conclusion just given of suffering and sorrow being a good, and even sin containing the "germ of good," is at any rate very largely acknowledged or hinted at by most thoughtful writers. Here are a series of quotations on the subject, thus:—"It is what is not happy that speaks to men of God (or, of the good). Happy men think of their coffers, of their children, of their appetites: they are content with all that." "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." "Human suffering arises from disobedience to laws that may and ought to be obeyed"—that is, suffering therefore teaches or leads to obedience of God's laws, which again would imply happiness. And this, even, by the "heathen" Plato—"Of suffering and pains cometh help, for it is not possible by any other way to be ridded of our iniquity." Again—"Out of the suffering come the serious mind." "For tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." And by a great Church of England clergyman this—"Anguish is corrective; which would you choose—the torture of a divided limb granulating again (that is, re-forming or joining itself again), and by the very torture giving indications of life, or the painlessness of mortification, which means death?" I have heard my father speak of and explain some forms of apparent evil in this way:—While, for instance, the ocean is on the whole subject to man, or subservient to his purposes, yet it possesses an unknown energy which may at any moment cause loss of life. This occasional evil—the horror of shipwreck—is that which has mainly forced man to evolve the modern ship and means of communication between continents. Had the sea been always calm, always gentle, then the race might have been content with little beyond a dug-out. I might resolve this and previous quotations into a definition, thus:—That suffering, and even in a way sin, is that which gives man upwards and onwards the maximum (greatest amount) of stimulus with the minimum (least degree) of friction or loss. The terms sin, sorrow, and suffering, which I have time about employed with seeming unreason, are so closely related to one another as to very nearly express the same thing. So far as I can myself see, *almost all, if not really all, the suffering in the world has its origin in sin*, in the wrong-doing of one or the many. There is never a sin, whether

intentional and conscious, or committed in ignorance, that does not sooner or later draw down pain upon the guilty person, and upon the many human souls related to him, however distantly and even innocently. Men may sin unconsciously, ignorantly dealing death and misery around them. But whether thus, or from mal-intention, suffering remains as an effect. Hence from a too real consciousness at least of the effect, namely suffering, arises discontent and the desire to know its origin, to be quit of the cause, which is sin, or an ignorance of the higher and best laws of our being. During the evolution of the race certain tendencies carried to excess give evil. This evil speedily grows till it becomes desperate, and remedy is required. It is very much the same with human society as it is with the individual; the pain of any member of the body drawing attention to and involving the whole in weakness till a cure is found. If it is the oppression and slavery or unjust misfortunes of a class, the sin of the oppression continues till the oppressed gain might in their pain and extremity, necessitating attention and change. So *from discontent in suffering caused by sin* has been born in great measure all advance in legislation and the good of the people. Who will say that such discontent is not divine—divinely planned—if God be not rather "indwelling and ever-present."

To quote again loosely:—"It is the discontented to whom we owe all progress; they it is who improve the social order." With this saying for a foundation, I may take a new departure in my argument. I will not now speak particularly to yourselves, but as if I were addressing working-men generally, for above all things let unity and sympathy mark your feelings and endeavours. That which affects the lower members of your class should also affect yourselves. I said it was the discontented who bring about all progress. Have, then, you not great reason to be discontented? You cannot say certainly you are content? And it is a greater and a different discontent than an earthly yearning after the infinite, after a visionary bliss. It is the discontent of dire distress, of soreness of body and sorrow of mind. There can be no doubt that suffering in life is to-day a constant factor in the condition of the very poor. For yourselves, who are not the very poor, but—thanks to the legislation of the last twenty years—gain a fair livelihood of from twenty-five to thirty shillings a week, which should, unless in exceptional circumstances, procure a man more than the absolute necessities of life—for yourselves, too, nevertheless, I find that much is wanting to make life at all what it ought to be; and there should be even some equivalent in comfort for the harder manual and occasional uncleanly work you have to undertake. To some extent a man is, I think, entitled to wealth according to his knowledge and capacity, but not to the extent in difference now existing. You surely have no idea of seeking "to take," as Herbert Spencer fears, "from the worthy the things they have laboured for, in order to give to the unworthy the things they have not earned." Unfortunately, it is not the best or worthy men who

have always become wealthy, but those often who were hard and narrow, who dared employ in every way the great existing abuses connected with competition (or as Carlyle calls it, "the rule of the-devil-take-the-hindmost") and capitalism. And having thus gained wealth and position, a great many such unite with the landed owners to retain the laws of the past, to prevent those beneath them having proper opportunities to rise in life, and obtain some simple comforts. Let me add, many do so ignorantly, unconsciously. Man has progressed, *they* say : fortunes are made and knowledge has increased ; but still, I ask, are *you* in consequence, or the savage, or the American Indian, the happier ? Is your lot much higher than the mediæval vassal's ? Have we anything more to-day than a new species of serfdom for the factory-hind ? If it is civilization and progress that makes you work ten or twelve hours a day, from earliest morning till well nigh night all the year round, and gives you labour, too, of such kind that the energies are sapped, and little pleasure is possible in the evening in a city of soot, devoid almost of entertainments mental and physical—if it is civilization that forces you to stand before, for instance, a machine for making the same eternal pin-head all day and all your years—if it is progress that gives you this or like pursuits possessing no interest ; in which you can make but little improvement ; in which you cannot have even "the gratification of seeing the raw material perfected to its end, bearing throughout the impress of your will" ; and from which is absent the stimulus arising from the hope of sharing special profits, the due equivalent of honest work. If again, I say, it is civilization which has so much brutality an attendant upon its progress that you have no time left to remember, much less carry out, any such definition of life as that "we live by admiration, hope, and love" ; and which causes you to forget that "man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from God," in nature, in the revelations of science, history, and the arts—if, finally, your soul has become more an encumbrance to your mechanical work than otherwise ; and with many another bodily hardship, this is the result, or part, of civilization, and shall be so—then, honestly, I think some forms of barbarism are preferable. The African grows up free. Though he sometimes must fast, he has a glorious liberty and independence in his life amidst nature, whether occupied in hunting or agriculture, and enjoys the full return of whatever work he undertakes. He does not at fourteen years of age begin to fashion himself into a machine, and having in a few short years acquired the knack of turning some handle 3,000 times a day, or other simple operation, see himself thenceforward doomed to a constant monotony of occupation. You *more* than he, the savage, therefore suffer.* If you cannot

* From the cheap lodging-houses, from the railway arches, from the crowded streets, rises an ever-increasing volume of inarticulate and unquenchable misery. Compared with the nomadic tribes of tropic countries, where the curse of civilization is unknown, the nomads of London are but miserable

feel this in some degree in your own work (not of the worst kind), or perceive its terribly deadening effect upon others, then I can only pity you who must in this case live in hardened ignorance or unawakened sensibility. And if you suffer, there has been sin; for suffering, I said, has always its origin in sin. And whose sin?

Frankly, while I believe much lies at the door of the unfortunate class, more sin lies with the wealthy and indolent; for the indolence of any one man (or *woman*), or the superfluous wealth of any other spent upon quite unnecessary and frivolous objects, always imply elsewhere a corresponding degradation. Such so-called happy men force want, and employments that lower the human sensibilities, upon their fellows; and they, the careless rich, sin accordingly. I do not proclaim the acquirement of wealth, to be moderately and justly used providing means of respectable comfort and power to the individual to educate himself, as a wrong; but I do denounce the ill-gotten surplus devoted to tawdry amusements or put aside in order to increase in useless bulk when all comfort and assurance in life have already been secured. These men are the sinners, and many others must perforce unwillingly or unwittingly sin with them. It is not, however, easy to carry conviction to the minds of such men of the error of their ways, and it is therefore left to yourselves to set about putting the wrong right. You are, or should be, the discontented, an overwhelming majority—discontented through suffering caused by sin; and, let me emphasize again, *from the discontented comes reform*, reform which should affect you more than any other section of humanity. Progress hangs by the working class. One cannot judge of the general happiness of society by its best and rarer examples, but by its weaker, even its weakest members. The chain of real social improvement depends upon the strength of its weakest link, the poor and labouring man.

Perhaps I should enter into a clearer explanation of my accusation against the rich, justifying in a degree my position; and very shortly I will do so on the one immediate point that affects so closely your everyday life. I need not refer to the question of their unwarranted assumption that some are to be entitled to exemption from the common burden of humanity, labour,* in one form or another, whether of

savages. Capable of greater suffering, they are condemned to acuter pain. . . . Misery and despair, loathing of the curse of life, mocked with the vocabulary of religion, groanings that cannot be uttered, an ever-growing torrent of children poured into an environment of wretchedness and vice, are some of the chemicals seething in the cauldron of civilization.—Quoted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, November, 1886.

* The word *labour* which I use here requires some explanation, for I think it is often understood by working-men and Radicals in a most limited sense. One such thus vaguely employs it in a definition of the grounds upon which the labour reform movement rests. He says:—1. Everything which God has created for man's use—the land, the light, the air we breathe, etc.—should be free. 2. All wealth is produced by labour. 3. The productions of labour belong of right to the labourer. I will not enter into the merits or demerits of his definition,

the mind or of the body. I say simply that, apart from criminal life, idleness is almost the only mean occupation, all true work of whatever kind, necessary to society, though it were the sweeping of mud-heaps, being honourable. What I will try to show is the unjust use of machinery that has been made by the rich, the effect of this injustice upon yourselves.

The name of Robert Owen of the New Lanark Mills must be known to you. He was the founder of co-operation. To him we are chiefly indebted for the Factory Acts and for many another important social change. His ideas indeed are the inspiration in different ways of many of the reformers of to-day. The following is a paragraph from his writings :—"Since the discovery of the enormous, the incalculable, power to supersede manual labour, to enable the human race to create wealth by the aid of the sciences, it has been a gross mistake of the political economists to make humanity into slaves to science instead of making, as nature intends, science to be the slaves and servants of humanity. And this sacrificing of human beings with such exquisite physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual and practical organs, faculties and powers, so wondrously combined in each individual, to pins, needles, thread, tape, etc., and to all such inanimate materials, exhibits at once the most gross ignorance of the nature and true value of humanity, and of the principles and practices required to form a prosperous, rational, and happy state of society, or the true existence of man upon earth." That is, we owe to science the invention of machinery—machinery, which was to be of inestimable service to humanity, because it saved or lessened labour, should therefore have given but did not give increased leisure and ease to the majority. No word more aptly describes the benefit originally and really inherent in the invention of machinery than "labour saving." But as Mr. Dudley J. Medley says, in a pamphlet upon *Socialism: Its Values and Dangers*—"Labour-saving machinery has come to mean machinery 'which saves the cost of labour' (that is, to the capitalist) by rendering production cheaper and the maintenance of so large a number of hands unnecessary." Instead of benefit to the working man, the saving which was made was made mainly in the cost of labour, and went into the pocket of the capitalist, while the labourer plodded on as before, so many hours and so many pence a day—or worse

but would point out that it is a most difficult thing to say who is the best labourer, who is the truest and real creator of wealth; therefore deserving it. Certainly it is not only and supremely the man who works with nothing but his hands and feet and a modicum of brain ten hours a day. All that subtle and intellectual or spiritual labour which creates the best conditions for healthy, honest, remunerative work, employing and developing man's and the earth's resources, must be taken into count. A century hence working-men will know Darwin to have been one of their greatest benefactors. Yet many a working-man in Darwin's youth might have seen him for ten or fifteen years, leading apparently a quite easy-going, comfortable, quiet life, riding out on horseback each day, pottering in his garden, and writing only a few notes each morning. Yet in that man's mind a labour was going on beyond almost all estimation in gold or material wealth. Idleness is another thing.

than before—for the mechanical and uninteresting superseded skill. Machinery, therefore, instead of saving labour for the majority, has only saved money for, or the cost of labour to, a very small minority, chiefly mill owners and capitalists. Out of the saving wrongly made in *the cost* of labour, only those who had already money made themselves richer still, while the worker toiled on as of old. If before the days of machinery one man made a certain fair profit from his own skilled labour, enabling him to live decently, then on its invention, which enormously increased his single productive powers, there should surely have been some *related*, therefore remarkable, increase in his wage, or decrease in his time at work, besides the undoubted blessings bestowed upon the world from a larger supply of many articles in daily consumption—though we may pay too dearly for this last, at the expense of other men's bodies and souls. The increase of wage or decrease of working time might certainly have been there for the working man, but it was not so; the benefit went elsewhere. Who does not know of the immense fortunes made by the "Lancashire cotton princes from 1764 till 1833. During that time not only adults but young children were working from 15 to 16 hours a day, and the production of surplus value was enormous." (*Westminster Review.*) Did the workers benefit then, do they still in a just proportion? Of course the guiding power of highly-educated men must be highly, and very highly, paid for, being indispensable to success; yet it might be in a more rational degree. Very little thought will enable you to see whence in part come often, though not always, the fortunes of our plutocrats in this present year of grace. Since 1800, however, some amelioration in the condition of the working man has taken place, chiefly because of certain laws which have restrained the unbounded egotism (occasionally unthinking) and exceeding selfishness of the few. Nevertheless, I contend injustice and unhappiness still exist. Some poetical enthusiasts rush consequently into condemnation of the invention of machinery as altogether a misfortune for the world. It is not so; but the abuse of its promised and inherent advantages, the diversion of its blessings unequally and mainly towards one class, is the wrong.

And that wrong came of selfishness, when not through thoughtlessness, or in some measure also through the unfitness of the labouring classes to understand and make use of the change dawning upon their lives. *The richer classes were generally as well the more educated.* EDUCATION enabled them to see ahead, to dream a golden dream of wealth, and presently to devote all their energies to its realization. They did not stop in justice to consider the working man's point of view; and for himself the working man, *uneducated*, without foresight, could do little. Soon, though, he saw vaguely something wrong, whether through machinery or his masters he scarcely knew. Thence his blind alarm took shape in the mill-riots of the North of England. (This, indeed, is one explanation at least, and a justification of these riots, however

falsely and illegally they were conducted, and however a much more stupid dread of machinery on other baseless grounds was in the workers' mind.) Education, besides selfishness, therefore affected largely the new order of things entered upon with the invention of machinery. Is it not then, as regards the first, education, sufficient for me to point out to you its advantages, giving power to foresee the future, to guard your rights; and for the second, selfishness, may I not sternly and strongly warn you against its unrighteous, cruel spirit? Let your education be in the law of Love, as well as in the capacity to judge and think, so that events may not repeat themselves in the lives of those of you who aspire to some higher lot.

I quoted not far back a paragraph from Robert Owen. It will interest you to know that I may claim his grand-daughter, Miss R. Dale Owen, as a dear friend. Like her grandfather, she too thinks "the labour question the pressing practical enigma of the day." But, as a woman, she enters into this question from a much more subtle and spiritual point of view. I fancy you will care to hear the following from a private letter referring to the relations of employer and employed, even although her remarks are more applicable elsewhere than to yourselves. She writes to this effect:—"It is false to hold that money and labour are equivalents. All the money in the world could be swept out of it with only temporary inconvenience: if labour were stopped death would ensue, and the last survivor, surrounded by heaps of gold, would realize fully that gold is a lifeless, senseless metal, while labour is an expenditure of life-force. The man who transforms a tree into a door has put so much of himself into his work as represents the difference between the tree and the door; his vigour and his brain have created it, and must for ever remain a part of that door. When an employer believes he has paid fully for that work with a coin, he makes a mistake. If this be true of one man, how much more true is it in the many cases today where hundreds or thousands of men all work to support one family. Employers must return unto their workers some vital living effect besides the money that is owed. What do not often the heedless rich generally, and wealthy employers in particular, owe to these people who feed them, who clothe them and their families, without whom they would all go naked and hungry, and who stand as God's representatives fashioning the possibilities He has supplied into usable shape? Gratitude is owed to them (besides coin); sympathy, or to use the word which enhances all the rest, *love* is owed to them; for that alone, added to the money, can make the money equal to the labour. So I not only feel that I must pay my weekly wage (as in one instance to my domestic servants), but also my weekly love to those upon whom, in part, my existence depends. And love will teach wisdom and justice in administration, for it comprises all these." They say this is a Christian country: if so, the above quotation should not appear particularly unusual.

All this time you must have been wondering what connection there

exactly lay between my previous remarks and the words "A Noble Happiness," which I gave out as my title. To the subject proper I now come, and will only speak very shortly upon it, that is, as shortly as I can.

If you have reason to be discontented, as I have said, and ought to aim at reform, it cannot be done, or would be imperfectly and unjustly done, by violence, as has been, and may be yet again, the case in France. Though a very exceptional crisis might demand decided action, I believe that the true means, the only means, and the way which history shows has been that through which all great ends have been accomplished, is by silent, unhesitating sacrifice. Almost no human good has come but has been based on sacrifice or mediation, generally of the few or one for the many; and it is to this I wish even now to attract you; for, in a life of sacrifice, a life devoted to the pursuit of the ideal good, the highest good, the permanent good of the whole, rather than to mere selfish interest, there is indeed a happiness which I may well call "noble." It is noble, because it bestows upon the life of the man who so lives a dignity and a value which cannot otherwise be obtained. I have spoken to you elsewhere of an equality of happiness being far more possible than is supposed between rich and poor. I now say that it is possible that you, belonging to the less wealthy classes, may have it in your power, not physically, but mentally and spiritually, *to rise higher*, and to live on a loftier and more perfect plane of being than those who perhaps inwardly despise you. I say spiritually and mentally, for you must know that the only *true* standard of worth hangs thereby, not by the body or physique. I will translate a passage to you from a great French writer, Madame De Stael:—"A sacrifice of whatever kind is more beautiful, *more difficult*, than all the successes of sentiment and thought." That is, he who in any form makes a sacrifice, a "conscious voluntary sacrifice," passes in the eyes of all true men and of God on to a platform where neither wealth nor wisdom may approach but in humility. The man's action may not even amount to an actual sacrifice—may be merely an aim, an attempt. Then hear what Robert Browning says—"'Tis not what a man does that exalts him, but what man would do." And again—"Ah! but a man's reach should exceed his grasp." Then listen to this other remark pointing in the same direction as Madame De Stael's—"The best man is he who most tries to perfect himself" (which is impossible without self-sacrifice), "and the happiest man is he who most feels that he is perfecting himself." Do not forget either the underlying corollaries, that our ideas and efforts will be successful, and acknowledged as such, according to the tendency and power of our being; that our happiness is proportionate and will be given according to our innate perceptions, needs, and possibilities; and that an omnipotently-just God will above all things weigh each action by the laws that govern the life of each individual, not by any uniform standard. Hence he may die a hero and live so eternally who to-morrow is for

gotten in this world's dream, while the hero crowned and courted by man perchance will pass elsewhere into oblivion.

To proceed, in order to accomplish reform, for which you and the times are ripe, it will be necessary, I say, to make sacrifices. Perhaps such sacrifices as may bring no apparent return to yourselves, but that will benefit only those who come after you. If we may hereafter lift the veil and look again on mortal life, then heaven would indeed seem sweet to us; but I will not appeal to you from that point of view. In such case, that is if even no apparent benefit accrue to yourselves, there must be here presently an exaltation and a dignity of life which may be placed beyond all other measure of bliss. This I declare to be a "noble happiness," and such happiness lies near to all.

Nor are the sacrifices that might be expected of you so very great. In reality it is almost despicable to apply the word sacrifice to what amounts to little more than an effort at self-control. I will try to enumerate a few of the more prominent ideas you should keep before you and attempt to carry into action. First, then, you must try and live as much as possible in intelligent sympathy with the men about you, and carry to their minds a conviction of the beauty of organization and union. You must not regard all the petty political and work questions that crop up from the selfish point of view—not how will this affair affect me momentarily and particularly, but how will it affect the highest and general interests of my fellow-workingmen, and myself or my descendants later on. Think of the ultimate truths or results, not the passing, the shallow and egotistic. I can show you best the necessity of my advice by quoting an instance where reverse principles played their unlucky part. I refer to the refusal of the Glasgow voters, chiefly composed of working-men, to accept the Free Libraries Act for the town. The question was one of the slightest present sacrifice for much future good, perhaps as well for an immediate good, and they, or you, were not capable of making it. The fact is, most of you do not deserve to rise in the scale of being and happiness. Perhaps the masters whom not long ago we were running down might retaliate with justice in some ways. I have heard stories of miners and ship-rivetters drinking their champagne in a dirty home, driving for a season with a carriage and pair, spending every extra pound they made improvidently, yet suffering hardships in another year. These tales, if exaggerated, are not all untrue. Why give increase of power to such men then—better let them remain "wage-slaves." For you and they do not know really what happiness is, what you desire; and you have not patience, that is, cannot sacrifice a little in time, money, and thought to understand your wants and bring about their accomplishment. One of your simplest and first wishes must be that any member of your class, or many if they had the brains, should have every opportunity of acquiring knowledge and gaining another platform in life. Not that the seeking to rise in the false code of social position is at all worthy your thought:

I mean the desire to gain in dignity of life. I might put this, your wish otherwise:—In a democratic land where it is true there is equality of body but a great inequality of wisdom and corresponding social position, that there should be given to every man as equally as possible the chance of developing and using his capacities, all perfected capacity to be accompanied by public recognition and position, so that even any man might pass, if he had it in him, from peasant's son to premiership. Such opportunity would be best given by free education, or an approach to it, with passes and scholarships from one school or college level to another. Free Libraries would also in this case be indispensable, separate altogether from the pride and pleasure that each of you personally take in using them yourselves, or in trusting that your children may. And yet, for the odd penny in taxes, you refused to make the libraries free to all. You could well have afforded this and other small sums, or should be able to, though there is here again a sad lack of knowledge amongst you on the subject of thrift.

A few paragraphs back I condemned modern civilization or some of its results, in so far as it had for a component part the destruction of the individual and thinking man, and inasmuch as it concerned the undue benefits from machinery which had accrued to the employer when compared with the working-man. And rightly so; yet the last fifty years have not necessarily been altogether without progression. Here is the other side of the question at its utmost (bearing no relation to the accompanying losses or to the gains going elsewhere) in some figures from *The Daily News*. It is a comparison between these present days and the first of machinery, not between to-day and pre-mechanical times. You will see that at any rate your lot is more bearable than your brother-workman's abroad:—"In the textile factories the hours of labour per week are with us 56; in the United States they are 60; in Holland, Belgium, France, and Germany, 72; in Italy from 69 to 90. In wages England shows to equal advantage as compared with Continental countries. Take Belgium, our most formidable rival in more than one branch of industry. Forty years ago the average amount of wages paid to artizans, miners, ironworkers, averaged 1s. 3d. to 1s. 4d. a day. In England the average at the same period would be at least double that amount. At the present time the wages paid in the same employment are 2s. 6d. to 2s. 8d. per day in Belgium and 4s. 6d. to 5s. per day in England. It would seem, therefore, as if the differences in the rates of wages as between the two countries remain to-day much what they were forty years since. But if we add to the increase of English wages the reductions that have taken place in the hours of working, we shall find that the relative cost of labour in Belgium, where twelve hours' work is still the rule per day, is even less now than it was then; or, in other words, that, measured by the wages cost alone, Belgium is now in a better position to compete with England than ever"—that is, screws more labour at a less wage from the working-man, giving

cheaper manufactured goods than in England, with due profits. "Nor does the gain of the English workman stop here. Whilst on the Continent the price of the necessaries of life has, thanks to Protection, increased considerably, with us the contrary has been the case. The condition of labour in England during *the last twenty years* has been improved to the extent of 24 per cent. as regards wages and 28 per cent. as regards the cost of the more important items of domestic consumption."

You understand this means that while you have fewer hours of labour you get more pay than the Belgian, and that, lastly, even if he received equal pay with yourself, you could still purchase, penny for penny, one quarter more food. Is then the Belgian starved or the Britisher stuffed? Rather, I may surely conclude, you have it in your power, with self-control *and thrift*, to save a little money, some small surplus to devote to good and philosophic purposes, such as Free Libraries and, for instance, Trades' Unions.

These last may be ignorantly employed to do much mischief, but far more, they contain undoubted good, and are bound to give an equivalent for your first outlay or sacrifice. In the first place Trades' Unions are a means to the guarantee of constant wage, or a certainty of livelihood; and next, they may be useful in stimulating legislation—legislation, as an example, concerning the reduction of the working hours. They might in a measure control the excesses of competition, and in various ways relieve the pressure of the strong upon the weak, or of special circumstances upon the individual. And all the time you would be increasing the sympathetic and intelligent unity of your own class, so that it might finally force the social laws to a more complete and just action.

To co-operation I have in a former essay and in speech slightly referred, as has also Mr. Guthrie. From many books any information you may desire is to be gleaned on this subject, as see any one of the several on "The Maison Leclaire," etc. I think I need not now explain the ideas included by the term. But, as it affects the working of large and intricate businesses, I fear that, with human nature as it is *for the time* constituted, mere moral obligation would be insufficient to incite the managers to put their best foot foremost in the press of competition (as competition exists); and upon their good or bad generalship all profits depend. I think that principals or managers require some greater interest, perhaps obligations, than a stated salary with related profits. Nevertheless, I would advise your attention to this subject and the means of making it possible and universal when competition and business morality are different.

There might be, again, co-operation amongst yourselves, for example, in order to procure cheaply the necessaries of life—food, etc. Here, in all likelihood, would be no sacrifice of money, but of thought. It is possible you might fail in your endeavours and first efforts. But some failures are greater than successes, and such would not be without their return of noble happiness.

I fear I am sadly trespassing on your good nature. Yet, there is so much to say that I cannot well shorten my words. I might go on suggesting many ways in which apparent sacrifices would one way or another prove beneficial. Such sacrifices, however, would not amount to Madame De Stael's ideal one, which should be uncalculating of return at its best. But, as my time is limited, I will choose one that you may like least of all, but which is too important to be left out of consideration—I mean the question of woman's labour and wage. You are aware, in many factories such as your own, there are even more women employed than men. Mere justice, and, in a still greater degree, affection should induce some reference here. If I advised at an earlier stage your sympathy with all grades of working men and your unity in action and feeling, far more do I advise you to think and act for woman, whose cause is really your own. I insist that in different ways man and woman are absolutely equal—possess equal rights; and even when, as sometimes happens, they labour on competitive platforms, yet are their interests indissolubly connected. Whatever harms woman, in more subtle and terrible fashion will harm the man. To the man is given a preponderance of positive qualities—the qualities and power to act forcibly, reasonably, and publicly—and he therefore is bound in many things to act for the gentler, more retiring woman. Consider then, is not the lot of our women of the labouring classes harder than the men's? The hours may be said to be the same for both; in some kinds of work she is nearly as useful as the man; yet, what are her wages? From 7s. to 15s. a week. About, or less than, the half of a man's. And out of this she shall keep herself healthy and beautiful, according to the common creed that requires similarly other characteristics in man's exterior. I do not say that the wages of men and women should be equal, even where there is an approach to equality of work (as in design), and for several reasons, such as the probable loss of the woman's services on her marriage day; but I do say that so great a difference of wage is unjust, however it is to be rectified. As a rule working men act selfishly in regard to working women, and resent every step she takes towards freedom of life, occupation, and general independence. What a woman can do *healthily* and lightly about as well as yourselves, you should be ashamed to debar her from. Turn rather, if necessary, to manlier work yourselves. Think of her as the mother of the race, and unite to further the progress of humanity, so largely dependent upon healthy, happy maternity. If it is deadening to a man's sensibilities to be *machinified* (to coin a word), to suffer from long hours and little happiness, much more is woman's extremely sensitive body and soul tried by these conditions. You know well that many women turn from their factory labours to household cares—to house-cleaning, provisioning, nursing, and clothes-making—while yourselves, the better paid, hardy men, go to the beer shop!

Just before I end, one word upon the manufacturer's difficulties.

Competition and dishonest work have tied the hands of many who would willingly advance amendments in the relation of capital and labour. No large manufacturer, *not a specialist*, could alone face the question of the reduction of hours with wages to remain as they are. Here too, in another class, amongst manufacturers, there must be education, a great deal of education, and unity of action with some sacrifice. Of the manufacturer's difficulties, I will give you an instance founded on my own apprentice experiences of the carpet trade, and which should therefore appeal to yourselves. When it comes to the sale of goods from patterns, the point which finally settles an order is generally price, not either quality of design or fabric, though these may be slightly considered. One penny off the price per yard will gain an order from most dealers or upholsterers. They can manage as a rule to hoist on to the public shoulders whatever they have in cheap stock, and after that their chief consideration is to extract the uttermost farthing of profit anyhow not legally unlawful. Thus, really honest and good work in these days may often become thankless; and it is necessary, if one will live and keep your workmen from idleness, to think of other things, such as quantity, not quality, and how to evolve the most taking temporary appearance from the least amount of thoughtful labour with the barest use of good raw material, *all of which affects and degrades the worker both in the kind of labour with length of hours and in the hire he receives.* The men who almost drive manufacturers to this, sin also deeply, perhaps deeper than they know, for they it is who *partly* cause this terrible press of production at the lowest figure, and involve the needy worker out of his distress in inadequately paid and unhappy work. Perhaps this is rather hard upon the buyer of goods, for he may justly enough claim that he does as the public wishes, providing accordingly commonplace goods at the lowest of cheap rates. One word then to yourselves. Do as you would be done by, and purchase good, substantial, honest work when you can, and go not always seeking for cheapness regardless of excellence. If all were more careful in this, then we might hopefully anticipate the consideration by the nation, and probable legislation in the direction of Mr. William Morris' claim for labour blended with art. Put shortly it is this, "It is right that all men should have work to do, which shall be *worth* doing, and be of itself pleasant to do, and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious." Or, as he puts it again in other words, "In a properly ordered state of society every man willing to work should be ensured, first, honourable and fitting work; second, a healthy and beautiful house; and third, full leisure for rest of mind and body." The claim is not an impossible, though an ideal, one. Mr. Morris carries it successfully into practice with his 70 odd men, but has special advantages in competition, as personal reputation and a diminutive establishment, etc.

And now I will conclude by quoting to you from a lecture, by

Alfred Tapley, upon "Lamennais, the Prophet of Democracy," who lived and died in the beginning of this century. In a few words are given the substance of my essay. "Lamennais writes—As charity (or love) is the root of all good, so is egotism the root of all ill; and he asks why is it that the people have not conquered their rights and held them fast, seeing that the privileged classes are simply contemptible in point of numbers? The reason he assigns is that the people, while having in their hands that which overthrows, have not had in their hearts that which builds up; they have sometimes been wanting in justice, always in charity. Look, he continues, into your own souls and nearly all of you will find this secret thought there: I work and I suffer, while yonder man lives a life of idleness and pleasure; why he rather than I? And the desire that you nourish is to be in his place, to live and act like him. Now this would not be to destroy the evil, but to perpetuate it. The evil is in the injustice, and not in any one man rather than another profiting by the injustice.

"Do you wish to succeed? Think of your brethren as much as of yourselves; let their cause be your cause, their good your good, their wrong your wrong; see yourselves and think of yourselves only in them; let your indifference be transformed into profound sympathy, and your egotism into self-sacrifice. Then you will no longer be scattered individuals with whom a few persons more closely united can do what they will; you will be one, and when you shall be one, you will be all; and from that day *who* shall interpose between you and the end to which you aspire?"

STARS AND ATOMS.

"Most of us feel a breath of our childhood in the twilight. . . . The first star that shows itself in the blue sky sends a sudden mighty thrill through us as we wonder what we are doing on this earth, and makes us mistrustful even of our own home."

PAUL HEYSE in *The Children of The World.*

"Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: 'Here is a story-book
Thy father has written for thee.

Come wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untried;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale."

LONGFELLOW on *Agassiz.*

STARS AND ATOMS.

[From the French of the well-known writer, Camille Flammarion in the Paris *Figaro* for September 25, 1886.]

"LAST night, by the calm silence of midnight, during the sleep of entire nature, I observed through the telescope a little fixed star lost amidst the multitude of the celestial lights, a pale star of the seventh magnitude at an almost immeasurable distance from the world.

"My thoughts were carried away to it. I thought that this star is not visible to the naked eye; that one may count eighteen stars of the first magnitude, sixty of the second, one hundred and eighty-two of the third, five hundred and thirty of the fourth, sixteen hundred of the fifth, and four thousand, eight hundred of the sixth (which gives a complete total of about seven thousand stars visible to the naked eye); but those of the seventh magnitude, to which the star I had observed belongs, are counted up to the figure of thirteen thousand, those of the eighth to the figure of forty thousand; so that the numbers increase progressively as we pass beyond the natural vision. Thus the addition of the stars of the ten first magnitudes lead to the number of five hundred and sixty thousand, those of the twelve first magnitudes to more than four millions, and we pass forty millions when we attain to the fifteenth magnitude.

"Without losing myself through the profundity of the infinite in perspective, I draw myself up by the thought, concerning this simple star of the seventh magnitude of the constellation of the Great Bear, which hardly ever descends beneath the horizon of Paris, and which we may observe every night in the year, that it beams at eighty-five *trillions* of leagues from here (a league equals about two and a half miles), at a distance, that is, which would take an express train, going at a constant speed of seventy miles an hour, not less than three hundred and twenty-five millions of years to accomplish.

"Transported to this distance, the blazing sun which illuminates our earth would have lost its splendour and its glory. Not only would our sun then be invisible to the naked eye and would be absent from the beaming stars of the night, but it would be even much inferior in brilliancy to the star of the seventh magnitude as it appears to me on earth, and would only be accessible to the most

minute of telescopic investigations. Thus we may realize that this little star (that of the seventh magnitude), which is only like a brilliant point punctuated on the dark sky of midnight, is, in truth, an immense sun, tremendous, much more considerable in size than that by which all life on earth is supported. This last is already three hundred and twenty-four thousand times heavier than the earth, and one million two hundred and eighty thousand times more voluminous. In admitting, for the little star, a superior weight of a million of times that of our planet, and a volume equal to that of several millions of united earths, we would certainly understate the truth.

"These ideas, which, relating to a simple star, forgotten, unnoticed in the midst of her sisters, and transporting us in presence of the most formidable realities of the constitution of the universe, do not represent, however, as yet the most interesting aspect of our contemplation. This is the remarkable fact, unknown to the ancient philosophers, fantastic, and scarcely conceivable by the careful soul who will seek to comprehend it in its entire value, that these small stars, the suns of infinitude, far from being fixed as they appear to be on account of their immense distance, are rushing through space with unimaginable speeds: the star of which we have been speaking runs, flies, precipitates itself through immensity with a speed of about eighteen millions of miles by day (thirty million kilometres).

"Yes, seven millions of *leagues* each day! Two billions five hundred and twenty four millions of leagues each year! And yet, in ten years, in fifty years, in a hundred years, it seems scarcely as if this star had moved across the sky. As the speed of a bullet, of a ball fired by one of our most powerful cannons, does not exceed the rate of eight hundred yards in the second, and as that of the star exceeds three hundred and twenty thousand, one may see that the speed of the star surpasses that of the cannon-ball in the proportion of four hundred and fifty-seven to one. Can the most audacious imagination conceive such a flight?

"The star would cover in five days and some hours the distance of about ninety millions of miles (thirty-seven millions of leagues) which separates us from the sun, a distance that a cannon-ball would take nearly seven years to accomplish. One may see that such speeds tend towards the fabulous, yet, nevertheless, they exist, and have been measured by most delicate and precise operations. They cannot be less than the figures we have just given.

"This speed is a symbol, and it is in the following words I would present it here. *All the stars are animated by analogous, related movements,* more or less rapid, and not only all the stars—of which every one is a sun, and of which the greater number must be the centre of planetary systems (as our sun) of light, heat, and harmony round which gravitate habitable earths, actual places of residence, past or future, for different terrestrial beings and things—not only, I said, all the stars are launched thus in immensity, but also all the planets,

all the satellites, all the worlds, all the systems, all that which exists in creation.

"The earth goes round the sun, carried at a speed of six hundred and forty thousand leagues by day (multiply for miles by $2\frac{1}{2}$), turning at the same time upon its own axis animated by eleven different kinds of movement, lighter and more mobile than the balloon of a child floating in the air, solicitated by the various attractions of the nearest stars, a veritable plaything of the cosmical forces which carry us into an immense eddy. The moon turning round about the earth, deranges us constantly in our course, submitting us to various inflections. The sun draws us with all his system towards the constellation of Hercules, so that, since the earth has existed, it has never passed twice over the same road, describing in space not a pure closed ellipse, but ever advancing in spiral motion. The suns neighbouring our own move with their systems towards different directions. The constellations disperse themselves century after century, each star being animated with a particular movement in virtue of which the figuring of the sky modifies itself constantly. Thus everything displaces itself, everything moves, everything circulates, everything precipitates itself with dizzying speed towards an unknown end that is never attained.

"This is no romance, a dream of pure contemplation, an idea beyond us; it is our own history, fatal and inevitable. Since one o'clock, each of us, reader or writer, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, infant or old man, whether asleep or in action—since one o'clock, each one of us has passed over, in the ways of the heavens, an invisible route of more than sixty thousand miles, because our planet describes not less than three hundred and eighty millions of miles by its single revolution round the sun; and a centenarian has traced in space a road of more than five billions of miles. That is, we find that these speeds are the constant condition of the stability of the universe; the stars, earths, planets, worlds, suns, stellar systems, groups of stars, milky ways, and distant universes, sustain themselves mutually together by the equilibrium of their reciprocal attractions; they are all placed upon the Void, and sustain themselves in their ideal orbits because they turn sufficiently quickly to create a centrifugal force equal and contrary to the attraction which calls them, so that thus they remain in an unstable yet perpetual equilibrium.

"Long ago people distressed themselves, not without reason, as to the solidity of the foundations of the world, because, before the isolation of our planet in space and its movement round the sun had been discovered, it appeared indispensable to accord to the earth an immovable base reposing upon some infinite roots. But as the stars rose and set, and passed under the earth, it became necessary to renounce those foundations, which, besides, did not satisfy those minds careful to go to the bottom of things. It is quite impossible for us to conceive a material pillar sufficiently thick, and as large as one would desire, were it even of the earth's diameter, based upon

the infinite, because one cannot admit the real existence of a staff without an end. However far our spirit might descend towards the base of this material pillar, it would arrive at a point where the end must be defined, the void solely being infinite. The pillar, therefore, would serve for nothing, because it sustained itself without support. The modern conception of dynamics, dynamic force, opposed to the ancient and vulgar idea of matter, has to-day an approval of philosophy such as is without precedent in all the history of the sciences. We are taught, it teaches us, and proves, that the material universe, visible and palpable, reposes upon the invisible, upon the immaterial, upon imponderable force—upon force, that is, having no sensible weight.

"We have here a fact against which the vulgar and deceiving witness of the senses will never henceforth prevail. The earth which one believed stable at the base of creation, is sustained by nothing material, but by invisible force. The void extends above as below us, on the left as on the right, and into the infinite in every direction. It is the solar (sun's) attraction which sustains it—through attraction and movement. It is the same with all the worlds and all the stars, with all that which composes the universe, in the secret constitution of our bodies as well as in the sidereal (star) systems. Let us enter an instant into some details.

"Here is a strong rafter of iron, one of those which are employed so generally now-a-days in buildings. It is poised upon space at a height of fifteen feet between two walls, on which rest its two ends. It is certainly solid! In the middle will be placed a weight of two, four, twenty thousand pounds, and this enormous weight the rafter seems scarcely to feel; there scarcely appears even a bend in the level.

"Nevertheless, this rafter is composed of molecules, atoms, which do not touch one another, which are in perpetual vibration, which distance one from the other of themselves under the influence of heat, and close upon each other under the influence of cold. Recently, in broad sunshine, its temperature attained to forty-eight degrees; last winter it was below thirty-two degrees, or freezing point. It is seven millimetres longer in the first condition than in the second, and one could make the difference greater by heating the iron more intensely. Tell me, if you please, what constitutes the solidity of this bar of iron? Its material atoms? Assuredly no, because they do not touch one another. This solidity rests in molecular attraction; that is to say, in an immaterial force.

"It is calculated that in the head of a pin there are no less than eight sextillions of atoms—let us say eight thousand billions of billions—and that these atoms are separated one from another by distances incomparably greater than their dimensions, these dimensions, therefore, being reduced to the infinitely small. If one wished to count the number of atoms contained in a pin-head, detaching by thought a billion each moment, it would take for this operation two hundred and fifty-three thousand years to accomplish the enumeration.

"By the study of molecular actions—the movement of atoms—it has been calculated that in an imperceptibly minute drop of water separated by the aid of a needle-point, a drop invisible to the naked eye, measuring the thousandth part of a millimetre cube, there are more than two hundred and twenty-five thousand millions of atoms or molecules.

"Absolutely speaking, solidity does not exist. Let us take between our hands a heavy iron ball; this ball is composed of invisible molecules, which do not touch each other, which again are composed of atoms which do not touch each other any more. The continuity which the surface of this ball appears to have and its apparent solidity are then pure illusions. For the mind which analyzes its more secret construction it is a whirlwind of midges, recalling those that twist and turn in the summer atmosphere.

"The study of molecular physics has led to the admittance that in a centimetre cube of air, the molecules which compose it occupy only the third of a millimetre cube, that is to say, occupy only the three thousandth part of the total volume apparent.

"All these molecules, all these atoms, are in *perpetual movement*, as are the worlds in space; and the structure of the body is organized by invisible force. In hydrogen, with an ordinary temperature and pressure, each molecule is animated by a speed of movement, of vibration, of circulation, of about one mile a second.

"All bodies, organic or inorganic, air, water, plant, *animal*, *man*, are similarly formed of molecules in motion.

"Our own body is not more solid than the rest. (See in Huxley's 'Lay Sermons,' his essay on 'The Physical Basis of Life.') Each globule of our blood is a world, and we have about five millions of them to the millimetre cube, which without stoppage or intermission, in our arteries, veins, flesh, brain, march on, circulate always. Everything precipitates itself in a whirlwind proportionally vital, as quick as those of the heavenly bodies. Molecule by molecule, our brain, our skull, our eyes, our nerves, our flesh, everything renews itself without arrest, and so rapidly that in some months our body is entirely changed. The analysis, study of the movement of atoms governed by forces, or the infinitely small, speaks to us in the same language as the infinitely great.

"The name of Materialist, still carried to-day by men who see no further than the vulgar appearances of things, would not be considered by the thinker as more than a superannuated expression without meaning. The visible universe is not at all that which it appears to our senses, and it is the invisible universe which constitutes the essence and support of creation. In fact, *this visible universe is composed of invisible atoms*, which do not touch each other; *it rests upon the void*, and the forces which govern it are in themselves immaterial and invisible. Look for matter; you will find it nowhere: it is a mirage which retires as fast as one advances; and is a spectre which fades away each time one believes one has

seized it. It is even the same with *force*, of the dynamic element; it is invisible and imponderable force which we find on our last analysis, and it is that which represents the base, the support and the essence even of the universe.

"In the silent and profound night everything moves, touched by a divine breathing. In these hours of tranquil retirement, do we not hear the voice of the infinite? Night is the state of immense space, and we have only day during the semi-rotation of the earth because we happen to be habited in the immediate neighbourhood of a star (the sun). Night fills everything, but it is not obscurity; it is the soft light emanating from millions of stars. Then we can better feel how much everything is in vibration. The movements of every atom, on earth and in heaven, are the mathematical resultant of all the ethereal modulations which arrive at it, with time, from the abysses of infinite space. The moon attracts the earth, the earth attracts her sisters the planets, those again solicit and appeal, the stars attract the sun, and as grains of dust which one sees oscillating and vibrating in a beam of sunshine, so slide, turn, circulate, fly, vibrate, and palpitate all the worlds and all the universe until the infinite, in the bosom of the void which is without bourne and without depth.

"A geometrician has dared to say that in extending his hand he disturbed the moon in her course. That was to give an imaginative expression of the extreme mobility of things, and to show that the most feeble displacement of a centre of gravity has its effect at a distance. When the moon passes over our heads, she lifts the whole earth, displacing the waters of the ocean; and each of us weighs a little less than when she is at the horizon. The difference is of some eighteen milligrammes.

"When Venus passes at twenty millions of miles from here, when Jupiter passes at three hundred millions, both alter the entire earth from its usual normal position.

"Have you ever approached a piece of iron to a magnetic needle suspended freely? What a marvellous spectacle is the ensuing mobility, its palpitations, precipitations, this sensitiveness of the needle to the influence of one object inert in appearance, and which acts upon it at a distance! We observe, say, a mariner's compass in a box hermetically sealed. A regiment passes in a neighbouring road and the compass moves, influenced at a distance by the bayonets of steel. Should an *aurora borealis* take place in Sweden, the compass will feel it at Paris. What did I say? The movements of a magnet are in relation with the solar spots and eruptions. The new physics are the proclamation of the invisible universe.

"It is under this aspect that it has appeared interesting to me to contemplate to-day the visible universe, in inviting to this contemplation those of our readers who love to think occasionally of the more profound verities. Stars and atoms place us in the presence of an immense harmony. Those who only see the orchestra without

hearing anything are deaf. Behind the visible universe our spirit should feel the presence of the invisible universe, upon which we are placed. All that we see is only an appearance; *the real is the invisible* force, energy, which moves everything, carries everything, in infinity and to eternity.

"And in effect, we are well placed in infinity and for eternity. The small star of which we spoke in the beginning, a tremendous sun surpassing more than a million times the volume of the earth, floats at a distance such that an express train would take no less than three hundred and twenty-five millions of years to reach it. It is, nevertheless, one of our neighbouring stars. One might continue beyond in the same way, go still farther, still again, and advance with any speed whatever, during any number whatever of centuries, towards any direction whatever of the heavens, without ever approaching any end, and *without ever advancing a single pace*—the centre being everywhere, the circumference nowhere, and eternity even being insufficient to conquer the infinite."

The above was very hurriedly, but literally, translated and adjoined to the foregoing essays for its own sake alone, with no thought of the following extract from the U.S. *Echo* newspaper. But this latter I now add, thinking it may explain to you what puzzled myself—Monsieur Flammarion's almost unnecessary paragraph devoted to the demolition of the ancient conception that the earth had its foundation upon a pillar. He has had in his mind the fact that theologians for long must have held some such view, and many similar, cruelly persecuting those who thought differently, thereby retarding the progress and evolution of humanity. I have a further reason in quoting this extract, which shows that a narrow and realistic belief based upon the *literal* words of the Old Testament is to-day impossible. The reason is this, with reference to a previous argument, that just as in physical matters Genesis literally apprehended is wrong, so also in other traditional and moral questions it may also be a doubtful source of information, as witness its testimony to the curse which has fallen upon humanity from a *jealous* God through man's obedience to the devil. I believe myself the Bible to be a holy, divine, and an inspired book; yet reading it one must be careful to read, accepting the spirit thereof, not the letter, allowing as well for the sometimes too human element.

The extract is as follows:—"In the first chapter of Genesis, the writer represents God as being employed for five days in making this little globe, and yet forming the countless millions of celestial orbs in one day. Five days spent by Omnipotence in framing and adorning this tiny atom; and the universe, with its millions of mighty suns, formed at a breath, and carelessly dismissed with the five little words, 'He made the stars also'! The same writer informs us that there were three evenings and mornings upon the earth before the sun was made, though one reason given for its

creation is 'to divide the day from the night.' It would be just as reasonable to represent apples growing before trees had an existence, or trees before the earth, or children before their fathers, as this. There is the best reason for believing that the earth is the child of the sun, and that our great luminous centre existed for ages before the earth came into being.

"The Bible writers speak of the stars falling from heaven and falling to the earth (Matt. xxiv. 29; Rev. vi. 13; Isa. xxxv. 4), when it is certain, if one fell, there would be no room for another; and since most of the stars are larger than the earth, if there was any falling, by the law of gravitation, the earth would fall to the stars. Genesis teaches that there is a firmament, which God called heaven, dividing the waters that are on the earth from the waters that are above the earth, consequently the firmament is below the clouds; and that in this firmament are set the sun and moon; there are windows in it, which are opened to allow the rain to fall through, and shut again, that the earth may be blest with fair weather. The sun and moon are therefore below the clouds, and on a fine day cannot be more than four or five miles high! See Gen. i. 6, 14-18, vii. 11, viii. 2."

The *Echo* concludes its argument as follows:—

"The geography of the Bible is quite as incorrect as its astronomy. It speaks of the 'ends of the earth' in Jer. x. 13, and in more than twenty other places; *of the 'foundations of the earth' in Isa. li. 13, and in a dozen other places; the 'pillars of the earth' in Sam. ii. 8, and two other places;* and David assures us in the ninety-third Psalm 'that the world is established, that it cannot be moved.' Under the earth, some of the Bible writers supposed there was a large collection of water, inhabited by various animals (Ex. xx. 4), and that on this subterranean ocean God had founded the world (Ps. xxiv. 1). The man who wrote the account of the Deluge saw no difficulty in the way of drowning the world when the 'fountains' of this 'great deep were broken up.'

"Its geology is no nearer the truth. It teaches that God made the earth and all upon it, the heavens and all therein, in six days, about six thousand years ago (Ex. xx. 11; Gen. 1). According to King James's Bible, the one in common use, from Adam to the Flood was 1,656 years; from the Flood to Jesus, 2,348 years; and thence to us, 1869 years—making in all, 5,873 years. Since Adam was made on the sixth day, the 'beginning' was but one week previous to this! What says science? Astronomy teaches that there are stars so distant that light would take millions of years to travel from them to us. Geologists teach that the earth has existed for millions of years. Lyell, speaking of them, says—'All have arrived at the same conclusion respecting the great antiquity of the globe, and that, too, in opposition to their earliest prepossessions, and to the popular belief of the age.'"

"ÆSTHETICISM."

"To give people pleasure in the things they must perforce *use*, that is one great office of decoration; to give people pleasure in the things they must perforce *make*, that is the other use of it."

William Morris.

"Simplicity of life, begetting simplicity of taste, that is a love of sweet and lofty things, is of all matters most necessary for the birth of the new and better art we crave for; simplicity everywhere, in the palace as well as in the cottage. I believe that art has such sympathy with cheerful freedom, open-heartedness, and reality, so much she sickens under selfishness and luxury—that she will not remain the servant only of the cultured few."

William Morris.

"The neglect of art as an interpreter of divine things has been of evil consequence to the Christian world. . . . Ministers, holy men, . . . recommending the love of God to us, refer but seldom to these things in which it is most abundantly and immediately shown; though they insist much on His giving of bread and raiment and health (which He gives to all inferior creatures), they require us not to thank Him for that glory of His works which He has permitted us alone to perceive."

Ruskin.

"Beauty is the form under which the intellect prefers to study the world; . . as fast as he sees beauty, life acquires a very high value."

"Any real increase of fitness to an end is increase of beauty."

Emerson.

"ÆSTHETICISM."

"Angedenken an das Schöne, Ist das Heil der Menschensöhne."—GOETHE.

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THERE has been recently perhaps no subject outside of politics which has for so long attracted in a way so much general attention as Æstheticism. All of us who read, or pretend to know anything of the topics of the day, have heard of it; and to every one, philosopher, poet, artist, worker, or child, it has given food for talk and thought, laughter and sarcasm. The ridicule and humour which surround it have proved attractive where all else serious might have failed; and to day, when from that point of view it commences to pall upon us, it concerns us to discover what there is of real interest left, what there has been of good in it in the past, and what we may hope from the proper pursuit of it in the future. Throughout we propose boldly to employ the word used in our heading, for reasons given later, even though it will to some minds convey so much meaning of a temporary and varying nature.

Most people are now prepared to admit that there is some value in this fashion, or craze, as it is called; being conscious of increased means of finding what is beautiful in art, furniture, and dress; and they may also be curious or dubious as to its cause and probable results. Of the people who admit this much, many there will be to whom the subject was first brought under their notice by *Punch*, the play of "The Colonel," and operetta of "Patience." Indeed, it should be distinctly said that, excepting for the fun so universally taken out of its absurd devotees, little might have been known to the general public of the subject, and thus consequently long years lost. Putting aside the question of music, those who went to "Patience" went to see a novelty and to laugh—and had their laugh rightly enough; yet beyond this, a certain number must have confessed to some unusual impression, an inquisitive admiration excited by much of the colour worn on the stage; and to those who had a sensitive perception of colour, there was extreme delight. If the delight was entirely a new one, hardly known to them before, it must have been quite an event in their artistic lives. We can all laugh at Bunthorne and his lackadaisical moods and manners, but

we pause before choosing pure purple, magenta, emerald, orange, etc., the garments of the Philistines and the past, in preference to the delicate sunset and horizon hues, light blue-greens, soft golds, dark peacocks, and brown-pinks of the school best known as "Æsthetic." Those, again, who were naturally possessed of a strong or cultivated taste, but who had till then been in doubt, had the conviction borne in upon them of certain new truths—or truths old, beautiful, eternal if one likes—lying behind, as in "The Colonel," a very fair comedy on the world's husk of vanity. We may say old, beautiful, and eternal, for in nature such colours have always existed, and in art been handled by the great masters. It is an undeniable fact that many people walk half-blind through life, with a vision that, were its attention only roused, would find much more of truth and beauty than they carelessly or indolently suppose to exist. And often, till a truth has been pointed out explicitly to them by another, or by a chance accident thrown in their path, they disbelieve entirely in its existence. Once seen or realized, however, and they are possessed of any earnestness, their eyes are in so far open for always on that subject. This is perhaps one of nature's happy laws, which permits us to be fairly satisfied with the commonplace while the better remains unknown. But once known, we must have, or deal with it; we cannot go easily back to former contentment: we have tasted of the tree of the knowledge of *good* and evil. Thus in these burlesques for colour, and in Du Maurier's pen-and-ink sketches for form, those who could see, found certain qualities of harmony and simple grace amongst much spurious matter; and for many, it was this seeing and meeting of a new truth—and never again could the villainous in harsh, violent, or earthy chalky colour content their awakened sense, for thence was bred extreme dissatisfaction with what they had meekly suffered in the past. Some such crude colours as I have mentioned in the beginning, or their immediate affinities, were worn not so long ago, and, slightly modified, do still here and there haunt the streets.

But there is another class—it may be dangerous to say the large majority—to whom certain truths or parts of the beautiful are never known or can be known; not necessarily again, be it said in the meantime, a misfortune, but rather of providence; and this class, if of sound practical sense, is often prepared to follow those who, with the characteristic convictions of their entire being, would impress facts upon them; or, if of a weaker stamp of mind, are but too ready to follow the fashion and reigning thought of the day. Here unquestionably then, for once, fashion did good service, and the theatre unwittingly—or it may be, perhaps with a measure of intention!—performed its task. Side by side with the ridiculous, what there has lain of good in this movement was sown broadcast over the land, and as assuredly as there is in it an amount of good, so certainly it has been seen and will live.

Thus it has come to us in the north, away from the centre of

England's most advanced thought, unable to hear and see what the innermost coteries of London Society might think and do in this matter. But there, in London, as on our stage, the good and the bad, the real and its abortion have existed some time together; for the representation of that æsthetic life as we know it, is too rich not to have been borrowed from actualities. One may take as typical men Oscar Wilde representing the one side, the corrupt aspect; and for the other, William Morris, the poet, who has given so much soul to the movement, yet performed more than almost any other from a practical point of view. And here it would be well for us to inquire into the origin of the movement, going back upon the past, some twenty-five or thirty years, to the time when Rossetti, Burne Jones, and some fourth, all poets or artists, were young and full of true fervour. They were men who, if of the general stamp of our easy-going race, and not possessed of great enthusiasm, of visionary ideas as they would then be called, could never have dreamt of going into trade and opening an "every-day" shop to sell "out-of-the-way" beautiful articles. Yet this they did, Mr. William Morris especially continuing himself to give time and thought to the shop and works for a long period (some ten years) without making any or almost no profit. That one of our acknowledged first living English poets should have done this, is one of the brightest episodes in these days, so full of the worship of Utilitarians, "Barbarians," (see Matthew Arnold), and Plutocrats. Through him and his fellow-workers the poetry of art and decoration then emanated in a more distinct practical form from their workshops, and now lends so much more grace and glow of beauty to our English homes, supplying them with something of originality and difference from the white and gold, crimson and chiffoniered adorning of the standard French salon. After long waiting, as other influences and time brought observation, there came a following, and speedily a few cultivated and artistic people taking up the original ideas, there arose again a weaker set of would-be imitators and novelty-hunters to make the thing a fashion. Some peculiar habits the immediate and true spirits of this movement certainly had, such as the wearing of flannel shirts and soft hats, the love of a loose coat, the dread of stiff collars and black funereal garb, and a certain neglect of some of the correct conventionalisms of select society; but, appealing to the earlier thoughts of our untrammelled boyhood, is not this just what we then approved, and do we not all of us secretly feel the galling of the chains that have since enslaved us? Only we are correct and do as the world does, while these men braved its scorn. When the so shallow ridicule approached, they rather shrank from observation; though Oscar Wilde, however, with his followers, who would have the world wait on its circuit, that their particular fastidiousness might be soothed, delighted in the notoriety, and gave real cause for much laughter. Yet even for him it is possible and right to say a good word. There is, after all, a better deed done, as he actually did, in

carrying a lily, so perfect an expression of nature's beauty, through the smoky London streets to an artist friend as a gift and token of gratitude, than in walking down a country lane, slashing with a fashionable stick the flowerheads from their tender stems, which we often do. Even more might be said for one who at least feels the sensuous truth of colour and form, if he yet condescends to trifle with them, and degrades himself in so doing.

It is difficult to say in what measure other influences were at the same time at work, though this shop and man for the present time furnish us with an exact starting-point, but we may mention as also very largely contributing—the wealth of ancient art, treasured up and thrown open to the public use at South Kensington—the good accruing from International Exhibitions; from pre-Raphaelitism; from the writings and lectures of Ruskin, supported recently in a minor point on the question of exact drawing by photography; from the books of the Walter Crane and Kate Greenaway school; from the revelations in Japanese natural decorative art; and lastly, not least, from the general and quicker spreading of knowledge and means of travel, which within thirty years has forced nearly every one of moderate means and intelligence to become acquainted with what was formerly known only to the few. There is much, too, of all these contributing elements to be ascribed farther back to the wave of Romanticism which swept over civilized Europe in the beginning of this century, ushered in by Goethe, Sir Walter Scott, and Victor Hugo in literature; by Pugin and others in architecture; by Wagner, with some more partly classical masters, in music. All these influences have assisted, and now, to-day, we find the results, such as they are, undoubted, though not yet by any means universal or more than a beginning.

Beyond what everyone, who cares at all, must have felt during the last few years of change and possibilities in dress, decoration, art, and architecture, there is the simple fact of an acknowledged position the English are now taking in such matters abroad. Paris once gave London all her fashions, whereas in a few things this recently has been directly reversed. For the tide has turned, and if we would swim with it, let us discriminate in the abuse we heap upon "Æstheticism." Surely no person is unconscious of the vast improvement in the illustrations of our papers and books. In that, where we were last, we now excel, unless in America, where the same and other influences have been at work, producing even greater changes. There, and at home, we have almost the creation of a new style, founded upon all *true* classic and mediaeval work, including the natural, not grotesque, Japanese, depending chiefly upon nature and the beauty of its irregular balance, rejecting the false ideals of the Rococo, Watteau, and Louis Treize, etc., styles, and promising in the future something that may indeed be worthy of the term *Renascence* (which name by some has already been given to it). Would that we could at the first have used this or some other name

to separate such true good from the absurdities also included in the term "Aesthetic." It is hardly possible to use the word for fear of misunderstanding; though if we happen to read in the books of some years ago, we find it employed in the most simple, delightful sense, applicable to the domain of the beautiful and to all good taste, which last it really means. Better to-day, however, let the word remain, being so inextricably bound up in the public mind with this real change, and let us accept the bad with the good, rather than see nothing or denounce the whole affair. The bad is only an eddy in the current.

All artists are of "Æsthetic" tendency, but few worship Oscar Wilde. Can we not allow to our artists some authority on questions of taste? Alma Tadema, Sir Frederick Leighton, G. F. Watts, —artists of distinguished position on the Continent, as well as in England—are, if anything, in their own homes, "Æsthetes," so far as decoration goes. Irving and Ellen Terry at the Lyceum revel in colour akin to that used in "Patience," and the public have there approved what elsewhere it has laughed at. If we would only look at the best pictures, and carefully analyze their composition, we would find an entirely "Æsthetic" range of colour employed—vivid, primary, or harsh hues only in small masses, concentrated and led up to. Yet at all times muddiness, a real "washed-outedness" is to be avoided, a fault often ascribed to the Æsthetic school, occasionally with justice, but in reality seldom existing. Those who have no special feeling for colour, and who have been accustomed to primaries or hard secondaries, will naturally enough find, on first seeing tertiaries, that they appear dull; nor is this supposed dulness at once redeemed by a perception of the delicacy and far greater variety and suggestion of tone and idea possible in such soft shades. Æstheticism is bringing, or has brought, the abolition of the constant use of *pure* (*i.e.*, aniline blue wash) white in ladies' dresses, particularly in their frillings, for a small example. What a variety of tone in lace, etc., we have to-day as compared with the single old dead-level collar white of not so many years ago. And now, consider what our artists have preached for so long in their pictures, where no white is to be found, no matter how fair the neck and fine the lace, excepting where it is used in exceedingly small points, or for some such purpose as the typifying of purity. Æstheticism, in its days of namelessness, was the solitary opponent of crinolines and chignons, and is to-day the friend of all that serves to ennoble the dignity, or rather to prevent the desecration, of the human form divine. It would away with all shams and false values, declaring, for instance, the beauty in colour and form of many a simple and cheap ornament, necklace, photograph, engraving, or whatever it might be, as high in real value above the ornaments which represent so many pounds, shillings, and pence. How much of the prevailing jewellery worn possesses but this one last and really poor distinction? Silver, for instance, unless when in very old, toned, or fine filigree work, is generally objectionable, as

it is a cold colour, and harmonizes with nothing but black and greys. It will be difficult for any one to remember a picture, if any, where the artist has deliberately chosen silver to ornament his sitter or model. Any of the exquisite and cheap Oriental necklaces, bracelets, rosaries, etc., now so easily obtained, are in their colour incomparably more lovely. True art and thorough the rich man often cannot place in harmony around him, while the poor man with some taste builds his home in exquisite beauty. Many of these points just alluded to are small enough matters, but how many greater are far from being perceived, and wait perception. And for the term "*new* shades," which our fashionable shopkeepers or others have introduced, as has been hinted before, it merely serves to show their ignorance of the best that has been seen and done in past centuries. Though, at the same time, the word has another real enough meaning, in this way, that these colours, within utilitarian times and the age of steam, never before got beyond pictures and artists' rooms.

In connection with colour, an enunciation of Ruskin in "Modern Painters" may be quoted. "I think that the first approach to viciousness of colour in any master is commonly indicated chiefly by a prevalence of purple, and an absence of yellow. I think Nature mixes yellow with almost every one of her hues, never, or very rarely, using red without it." So also distinctly does "Æstheticism," not either forgetting such things as the beauty of purple cloud-shadows, and hill-distances, and the exquisite harmony of a purple twilight, nor the endeavour by some few of the very great artists to use pure, strong primary colours, so far as compatible with their colour compositions.

There is, therefore, in this movement which concerns importantly one of the several sides to our life, and stimulates that higher law in our members, the spirit, much of exceptional good, and a promise of still more to follow. Some may perhaps fear, and needlessly, that it would become, as it has been with the Oscar Wilde portion of "Æstheticism," a side of our life cultivated to a disproportionate degree. But our sturdy British training makes that a dim unlikelihood. We must keep the period of the *early* Renaissance in view, and remember that simplicity will make it, luxury mar it; and we must trust that for the truest and greatest art we have a better basis in the purity and poetry of our English homes and literature than in all the technical ability of the French and mis-spent passion of the South. Of all the excellences in the movement, we should rejoice most in the development of the *general*, as well as the individual taste, and in the increased means of *cheaply* gratifying such taste. Beautiful colour and form are placed more, or should be more, within the reach of every one, even the very poor. We learn to look for that beauty in nature, and find our taste may be gratified in a flower, in the changing skies, in a chimney vase or milk jug, in nearly every surrounding we have to do with; and what a grand thing it is that thus promises, as do all things intellectual and

imaginative, the inheritance of every man, to add to the equality and sum of healthy human happiness.

This is written in hope, more hope than older, wiser, and more experienced men can hold out: but what shall we young Academicians make of life if we cannot start with some enthusiasm, and trust that in our particular day and generation there shall be yet greater strides made than heretofore on the path of progress. Let us believe this, and so work in the many different ways open to us, looking for the germ and meaning of ideas, upholding the fresh and true, and remembering, as Matthew Arnold has so lately preached on the American shores, what small minorities have given birth to great majorities.

[From the *Academician*, a Glasgow school magazine.]

THE LABOUR PROGRAMME OF AMERICA.

[I happened to come across The American Labour Programme as underneath in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of May 6, 1886, and borrow it now for those who may be interested.]

"THE following is the text of the programme of reforms demanded by the Knights of Labour Brotherhood, based on the principle that all men are brothers except lawyers, bankers, rum-sellers, and professional gamblers :—

PREAMBLE.

The alarming development and aggressiveness of great capitalists and corporations, unless checked, will inevitably lead to the pauperization and hopeless degradation of the toiling masses.

It is imperative, if we desire to enjoy the full blessings of life, that a check be placed upon unjust accumulation and the power for evil of aggregated wealth.

This much-desired object can be accomplished only by the united efforts of those who obey the Divine injunction: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Therefore we have formed the Order of the Knights of Labour for the purpose of organizing and directing the power of the industrial masses, not as a political party, for it is more—in it are crystallized sentiments and measures for the benefit of the whole people—but it should be borne in mind, when exercising the right of suffrage, that most of the objects herein set forth can only be obtained through legislation, and that it is the duty of all to assist in nominating and supporting with their votes only such candidates as will pledge their support to those measures, regardless of party. But no one shall, however, be compelled to vote with the majority, and, calling upon all who believe in securing "the greatest good to the greatest number" to join and assist us, we declare to the world that our aims are :—

I. To make industrial and moral worth—not wealth—the true standard of individual and national greatness.

II. To secure to the workers the full enjoyment of the wealth they create, sufficient leisure in which to develop their intellectual, moral,

and social faculties; all of the benefits, recreation, and pleasures of association; in a word, to enable them to share in the gains and honours of advancing civilization.

In order to secure these results, we demand at the hands of the State:—

III. The establishment of bureaus of labour statistics, that we may arrive at a correct knowledge of the educational, moral, and financial condition of the labouring masses.

IV. That the public lands, the heritage of the people, be reserved for actual settlers; not another acre for railroads or speculators; and that all lands now held for speculative purposes be taxed to their full value.

V. The abrogation of all laws that do not bear equally upon capital and labour, and the removal of unjust technicalities, delays, and discriminations in the administration of justice.

VI. The adoption of measures providing for the health and safety of those engaged in manufacturing and mining, building industries, and for the indemnification of those engaged therein for injuries received through lack of necessary safeguards.

VII. The recognition by incorporation of trade unions, orders, and such other associations as may be organized by the working masses to improve their condition and protect their rights.

VIII. The enactment of laws to compel corporations to pay their employés weekly, in lawful money, for the labour of the preceding week, and giving mechanics and labourers a first lien upon the product of their labour to the extent of their full wages.

IX. The abolition of the contract system on national, State, and municipal works.

X. The enactment of laws providing for arbitration between employers and employed, and to enforce the decision of the arbitrators.

XI. The prohibition by law of the employment of children under fifteen years of age in workshops, mines, and factories.

XII. To prohibit the hiring out of convict labour.

XIII. That a graduated income tax be levied.

And we demand at the hands of Congress:—

XIV. The establishment of a national monetary system, in which a circulating medium in necessary quantity shall issue direct to the people, without the intervention of banks; that all the national issue shall be full legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private; and that the Government shall not guarantee or recognize any private banks, or create any banking corporations.

XV. That interest bearing bonds, bills of credit, or notes shall never be issued by the Government, but that, when the need arises, the emergency shall be met by issue of legal tender, non-interest bearing money.

XVI. That the importation of foreign labour under contract be prohibited.

XIVI. That, in connection with the Post Office, the Government shall organize financial exchanges, safe deposits, and facilities for deposit of the savings of the people in small sums.

XVIII. That the Government shall obtain possession, by purchase under the right of eminent domain, of all telegraphs, telephones, and railroads, and that hereafter no charter or licence be issued to any corporation for construction or operation of any means of transporting intelligence, passengers, or freight.

And while making the foregoing demands upon the State and national Government, we will endeavour to associate our own labours :—

XIX. To establish co-operative institutions such as will tend to supersede the wage system, by the introduction of a co-operative industrial system.

XX. To secure for both sexes equal pay for equal work.

XXI. To shorten the hours of labour by a general refusal to work for more than eight hours.

XXII. To persuade employers to agree to arbitrate all differences which may arise between them and their employés, in order that the bonds of sympathy between them may be strengthened, and that strikes may be rendered unnecessary."

"THE FRENCH REPUBLIC."

Liberty — Equality — Fraternity.

CITY OF PARIS.

A FREE Course of Commercial Education for Young Men. Every evening from 8 until 10 o'clock.

These courses are designed for young men who, having terminated their "primary studies" (the equivalent of Board School teaching), desire to complete their education by acquiring the knowledge necessary to commercial or bank employés.

The teaching is divided into two degrees; an elementary degree comprising two years' studies, and a superior degree comprising one single year.

The certificates are delivered after a public examination to those who justify their claim to a knowledge of the subjects inscribed below in each of the two degrees of commercial instruction. Pos-

session of the elementary certificate is not required as admission to examination for the superior degree.

Attendance at all of the courses is not obligatory. Each pupil remains free to follow only the subjects which he deems useful. Nevertheless, the young men who desire to enter for the certificates of commercial study are warned that they can only having a sufficient preparation for examination by taking up all the subjects as indicated below.

PROGRAMME OF THE CLASSES.

Elementary Classes.

1st Year.	
Writing	2 hours.
Practical Arithmetic	2 ,,
Bookkeeping	1 ,,
French (Grammar)	2 ,,
General Geography—France and Colonies	1 ,,
Industrial and Commercial Technology	1 ,,
Modern Languages—English, German, or Spanish Italian	3 ,,
Total class time per week	12 hours.

2nd Year.	
Writing	2 hours.
Practical Arithmetic	2 ,,
Bookkeeping	1 ,,
Commercial Correspondence	1 ,,
Geography—Agricultural, Industrial, and Commercial of France and its Colonies	1 ,,
Industrial and Commercial Technology	1 ,,
Modern Languages—English, German, or (Spanish Italian)	3 ,,
Ordinary Law	1 ,,
Total per week	12 hours.

Superior Degree.

Single Year.

Commercial Arithmetic	2 hours.
Accounting	2 ,,
French (composition and style from a business point of view)	1 ,,
Economical Geography of the five world Continents	1 ,,
Notions of Political Economy	1 ,,
Modern Languages as before	4 ,,
Legislation: Commercial Law	1 ,,
Weekly,	12 hours.

Classes in the winter months from 8 to 10 in the morning, and 7.30 to 9.30 in the evening. Students must be over 14 years of age.

Paris, Sept. 1886.

[Having spoken of Free Education, I translate the above from an advertisement on all the Paris bill boards. Similar free classes for women and girls, and for a more general and higher education, including many free libraries, exist, which are largely availed of. Naturally one of these certificates would give the individual who won it a just right to speedy promotion and employment.]

FOOD VALUES.

Sago contains	18	parts of water and	82	of solid matter.
Maize Meal,	12	,,	88	,,
Wheat Meal,	15	,,	85	,,
Wheaten Bread,	35	,,	65	,,
Oatmeal,	12	,,	88	,,
Rye,	15	,,	85	,,
Barley,	15	,,	85	,,
Rice (Patna),	10	,,	90	,,
Rice (East Indies),	14	,,	86	,,
Peas,	15	,,	85	,,
Lentils,	15	,,	85	,,
Haricots,	14	,,	86	,,
Beans,	14	,,	86	,,
Fat Calf,	60	,,	40	,,
Fat Ox,	45	,,	65	,,
Fat Sheep,	40	,,	60	,,
Fat Pig,	39	,,	61	,,
Store Sheep,	57	,,	43	,,
Store Pig,	55	,,	45	,,
Cheddar Cheese,	36	,,	64	,,
Skim Cheese,	44	,,	56	,,
New Milk,	86	,,	14	,,
Skim Milk,	88	,,	12	,,
Eggs,	74	,,	26	,,
Potatoes,	76	,,	24	,,
Onions,	91	,,	9	,,
Turnips,	91	,,	9	,,
Cabbage,	91	,,	9	,,
Sea-Kale,	93	,,	7	,,
Gooseberries,	86	,,	14	,,
Strawberries,	87	,,	13	,,
Grapes,	80	,,	20	,,
Plums,	80	,,	20	,,
Apples,	82	,,	18	,,
Figs,	17	,,	83	,,
Dates (without stone),	20	,,	80	,,
Chestnuts,	49	,,	51	,,
Walnuts,	44	,,	56	,,

The tables placed above deserve your notice, for a better knowledge of the relative values of articles of food in daily consumption might be the means of considerable saving in household outlay. How other than by some such knowledge and less meat do your Continental neighbours manage to live well and healthily, working twelve to thirteen hours a day, on from an average of seven to thirteen shillings a day? The great Krupp at Essen, who has, if I remember aright, some 20,000 employés, pays a first-class hand

thirteen shillings, and labourers of the second class only ten shillings. I am not going to recommend vegetarianism, which, however, has many healthy adherents, as I know from comradeship; and very many eminent supporters in science and medicine, as Baron Cuvier, Linnaeus, Professors Lawrence and Newman, Dr. Richardson, Sir Henry Thomson, and so on. It is, besides, the mode of diet of two-thirds of the entire human race; and was, indeed, the diet largely of our own ancestors, who were no weaklings. But I am anxious to show that the stress laid upon meat as the chief and only means to a healthy, strong life is quite of a mistaken kind. For every 100 parts there are more parts of water in meat than there are in many of the cereals and nutritious vegetables, as peas, beans, lentils, and haricots. Meat may be a little more quickly digested, perhaps, but that is about all its particular value. If you have read the preceding translation, "Stars and Atoms," carefully, and Huxley's essay on "The Physical Basis of Life," which is in the D.M.I. Library, you must know that everything in nature may be reduced to atoms, these atoms assuming different appearances, according to certain unknown conditions. Our physical bodies, the bodies of animals and the bodies of plants (so to speak) and vegetables are built up of atoms or protoplasm, similar in each and with all. To sustain his body man requires a constant supply of these atoms, which he may take from either the animal or vegetable worlds, for both animal and vegetable physically are really identical, if outwardly differing. Flesh is merely vegetable matter in an altered form—a biological or psychical difference constituting appearances. One proof of this, apart from scientific and chemical investigations, is that, as I have said, two-thirds of the human race live as well upon one as upon the other. But observe that while they do so, every particular race is careful to choose some article of food that is pre-eminently nutritious and climatic. Our own ancestors lived on oatmeal, which has the remarkable strength of 88 parts out of 100 of solid matter, 12 only being of water. The Irish took, unfortunately, to a less healthy diet, chiefly of potatoes, which have in their composition 76 parts of water—though you may not quite see it—and only 24 parts of solid good food; and they, the Irish, have suffered accordingly. The Indians, Hindoos, make rice almost their sole food: and one of the healthiest, strongest races of the world, the Arabs of the desert, live on figs and dates; the Italian peasantry often on chestnuts, cheese, and macaroni—a kind of wheaten flour. Note how figs and dates contain so much more nutrition than other fruits; and place this against such slight eating as turnips, onions, etc. Besides all this, permit me to point out to you what of course you know, the difference in price between meat at tenpence a pound and, for instance, maize, which costs a penny or half-penny a pound, or for wheat, which is sold at three halfpence a pound. We, however, could not live on figs and dates, which supply little heat-giving force. The Arabs have plenty of natural sunlight; we

can have it stored up or concentrated in butter, oils, fats, and other heat-giving foods necessary with a Scotch climate.

At the very utmost meat more than once a day is both useless and costly, occasionally diseased feeding—and it may be is very little required at all. I cannot here go into the details of some experiments I have carried out myself, nor give you further information as to the various constituents of the solid matters of food, heat and force-giving or tissue-forming, and whether composed of albumenoids, carbo-hydrates, fat, sugar, starch, ash, or fibre. Something more than I have noted here would be necessary to guide you in your choice of cheaper foods; and some knowledge of the relation that vegetables, such as cabbage, cauliflower, and onions should bear to the stronger food in haricots, lentils, etc., which last taken alone might prove stimulative in one direction only. To those interested I would recommend a reading of some of the many quite inexpensive pamphlets published at the Depot, 56 Peter Street, Manchester. What I would be at is simply to draw your attention to the subject, for I think with better knowledge, even while taking meat, according to particular needs, that there is yet room both for thrift and improvement in your health and lives.

SONG OF THE UNIVERSAL.

1.

Come, said the Muse,
Sing me a song no poet yet has chanted,
Sing me the universal.

In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection.

By every life a share or more or less,
None born but it is born, conceal'd or unconceal'd the seed is waiting.

2.

Low ! keen-eyed towering science,
As from tall peaks the modern overlooking,
Successive absolute fiats issuing.

Yet again, lo ! the soul, above all science,
For it has history gather'd like husks around the globe,
For it the entire star-myriads roll through the sky.

In spiral routes by long detours,
(As a much-tacking ship upon the sea,)
For it the partial to the permanent flowing,
For it the real to the ideal tends.

For it the mystic evolution,
Not the right only justified, what we call evil also justified.

Forth from their masks no matter what,
From the huge festering trunk, from craft and guile and tears,
Health to emerge and joy, joy universal.

Out of the bulk, the morbid and the shallow,
Out of the bad majority, the varied countless frauds of men and states,
Electric, antiseptic yet, cleaving, suffusing all,
Only the good is universal.

3.

Over the mountain-growths disease and sorrow,
An uncaught bird is ever hovering, hovering,
High in the purer, happier air.

From imperfection's murkiest cloud,
Darts always forth one ray of perfect light,
One flash of heaven's glory.

To fashion's, custom's discord,
To the mad Babel-din, the deafening orgies,
Soothing each lull a strain is heard, just heard,
From some far shore the final chorus sounding.

O the blest eyes, the happy hearts,
That see, that know the guiding thread so fine,
Along the mighty labyrinth.

4.

And thou, America,
For the scheme's culmination, its thought and its reality,
For these (not for thyself) thou hast arrived.

Thou too surroundest all,
Embracing, carrying, welcoming all, thou too by pathways broad and new
To the ideal tendest.

The measur'd faiths of other lands, the grandeurs of the past,
Are not for thee, but grandeurs of thine own,
Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all,
All eligible to all.

All, all for immortality,
Love like the light silently wrapping all,
Nature's amelioration blessing all,
The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain,
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening.

Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith,
In thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold not from us,
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Is it a dream?
Nay but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.

WALT WHITMAN.