

Joy

(2nd Edition)

Well-Educated Mother's Heart Learning Library

Libraries of Hope

Joy

Compiled by
Marlene Peterson

Well-Educated Mother's Heart Learning Library
Libraries of Hope

Joy (2nd Edition)

Selected Authors

Copyright © 2020 by Libraries of Hope, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior written permission of the publisher. International rights and foreign translations available only through permission of the publisher.

Compiled from:
The Quest of Happiness, by Newell Dwight Hillis, New York: The MacMillan Co., (1902).

Beautiful Thoughts About Happiness, by Effie Chadsey, Boston: W.A. Wilde Co., (1911).

Libraries of Hope, Inc.
Appomattox, Virginia 24522

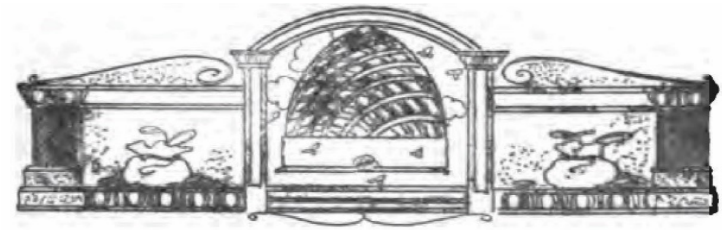
Website www.librariesofhope.com
Email: librariesofhope@gmail.com

Printed in the United States of America

CONTENTS

The Quest of Happiness..... 1
Beautiful Thoughts About Happiness 523

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS



FOREWORD

THE EDUCATION OF COMFORTAS

While Comfortas was still a child, his father the king was called to a distant province to put down a war. After many days he returned, having journeyed far and having gathered much treasure. All the city went forth to meet the king and brought him with shouts to his own city. Afterward when every man had returned to his own house, the king went into the palace to receive reports from his servants and to give presents to those who in his absence had guarded the royal interests. To the faithful officer who had kept the frontier the king gave a sword; to his own minister he gave a wedge of gold; the queen received a pearl and some silken stuffs; last of all came the young child Comfortas, whom the king loved as he loved his own life. And because the boy was to be sent to a far-off provice, that he there might learn to depend upon himself, and gather strength for ruling others, the king gave to his youngest son the costliest present of all. Calling Comfortas to his side, the king placed in his hands a small casket. "Guard it well, always remember that it holds treasures with which you can buy cities." Then having charged Comfortas not to open the casket until the end of his journey, he sent him forth into a far province where dwelt the queen's parents. Having reached the appointed city, the boy opened his jewel box to behold not gold and rubies, but only a few brown seeds with some shrunken roots and bulbs. At first, Comfortas was angry, but afterward he began to ponder what these things might mean, for he knew that some secret was hidden here. But while he mused, his heart began to burn within him, for he felt that through him

his father sent a gift to the people of that impoverished land. He saw the seed swell, aching with its sheaf; he saw the roots go toward vineyard and orchard; he saw the acorns become oaks, to which came birds and beasts and weary men for shade and shelter; he saw the people go with shouts toward threshing-floor and wine-press, while caravans came from distant lands to exchange their gold for his corn; and so he and his people passed from poverty unto plenty. In that hour Comfortas rejoiced exceedingly, for now he saw that these seeds and shrunken roots and bulbs hid treasure so great as to make gold petty and gems contemptible; and he counted that hour the greatest hour in his life, for he learned that a youth was to be like a husbandman who planted seeds and then waited a long time for the harvest. So Comfortas looked about him to see how he should plant his talents and how he should grow his gifts. And knitting his brow to the daily task, he grew strong through labor and struggle and self-reliance. But all this time Comfortas knew not that his elder brother was growing weak and effeminate, dwelling in the palace and doing easy duty at home.

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS

CHAPTER I

HAPPINESS IN ITS RELATION TO PERSONAL GROWTH, SUCCESS, AND USEFULNESS

THE quests of life are many and varied. Among them are the quest of gold, the quest of love, the quest of truth and usefulness; and above all, and crowning all, the quest of goodness and of God. To each of these high pursuits there is always and inevitably joined the quest of happiness. Man is no mere pleasure mongerer; duty is always higher than delight. Nevertheless, the quest of happiness has a certain divine sanction, in that whoever in his pursuit of gold, offices, and honors moves along a divinely appointed path, of necessity achieves another quest, and finds himself in possession of happiness. The universality of the quest, also; the fact that this instinct for happiness is as deeply embedded in man's nature as the instinct of life itself; the inner glow that accompanies all right conduct; the restlessness that follows all

wrong doing,—are other proofs that the soul was made for joy and good cheer. God has ordained that every act of obedience to His laws lends strength and resonance to those chords that vibrate joy. Life is a school; labor and sorrow, victory and defeat, toil together as teachers, but happiness is the graduating point. Even of Him whose name is above every name, it is said, that for "the joy" that was set before Him He endured His cross. If righteousness, therefore, is the supreme end and aim of life, happiness is the reward thereof.

Literature is the story of life. What the great books give us, therefore, is the story of the quests of man. Jason's fleece is the story of the quest of gold. Homer's Helen gives us the quest of love. Sir Galahad is out on his quest of goodness. Job's quest and Paul's is the quest of God. But the Bible opens with the story of a man who is out upon the quest of happiness, and closes with an outlook upon the noble spirits who have succeeded in that quest. Moving along a wrong path in pursuit of his happiness, our father, man, lost his first paradise; in the vision of a new Eden, that he is to enter, John beholds man moving along a path that leads to a happiness that is perfect, to peace and prosperity all undisturbed. After the long life journey, even the martyrs and reformers have achieved

their quest, and, forgetting their fagot fires, they enter upon the long-looked-for happiness, in the presence of One who knows neither suffering nor sin; God, who gives joy after sorrow, calm after storm, after restlessness, His rest.

But God's world is one world. If happiness is the reward of righteousness there, it should bless the children of rectitude here. The life is of more importance than the life work. Therefore happiness is a pursuit to be followed as tirelessly as the pursuit of wisdom or of wealth. He who seeks to do God's will first, who puts duty before pleasure, and ranks others before himself, cannot escape the glow of happiness that comes from the sense of God's approval. The art of living justly and kindly with one's fellows, then, is not more important than the art of maintaining for oneself the sense of joy and victory over life's troubles. The duty of self-denial is not more imperative than the duty of delight. What ripeness is to the orange, what sweet song is to the lark, what culture and refinement are to the intellect, that happiness is to man. As vulgarity and ignorance proclaim the neglected mind, so fear, unhappiness, and misery publish the neglected heart.

The intimate relation between happiness and all strong work implies the duty of happiness. Experience shows that unhappiness invents no tool, doubt and fear win no battles, discontent

and wretchedness write no song or poetry. As the gloom of his dungeon steals the color from the hero's cheek, steals the light from his eyes, and lends a pale and sickly hue to the one plant that may spring up amidst the shadows, so depression takes the nerve out of man's arm, takes the edge from his intellect, robs the heart of its hope and the life of its victory. For that reason earth's greatest achievements in art, in industry, in literature, and in religion represent the achievements of those in whose heart happiness has bubbled like a little spring. It is often said that one of the characteristics of great work is the ease with which that work is done, — as when some author writes his chapter before breakfast, as when some artist finishes his landscape before luncheon, or completes his study of saint or angel between sunrise and sunset; but another sign of good work is the happiness the worker experiences in fulfilling his task. Ask the author which is his best paragraph, and he will always mention the one into which he poured the most of passionate delight. Ask the poet to read his favorite lines, and he will always select the verses that were written in hours when happiness and the joy of the work swept through the heart with all the brightness of warm sunshine.

That his work may be the stronger and the more enduring, man is commanded to prac-

tise happiness, and amidst all the conflicts and distemperatures of life to maintain the sense of joy and victory. Whatever event, therefore, lessens man's happiness may lessen his usefulness and weaken his work. The vandal who entered the Uffizi gallery left a gash in the canvas, left a crack in the vase, left a stain on the marble; and beholding a face seamed with care, and furrowed with frets and anxiety, we remember that an enemy has wrought this injury. Not by chance, then, is the love of happiness woven into the very fibre of man's being. The heart must sing while the hand works, if good work and permanent is to be done. Of necessity, now, as in that far-off era, the morning stars must sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy. Hence the proverb, — Happiness is the grace that man says to his God.

For ages past society has floundered in the wilderness, but now has come an era when the pilgrim band dwells on the borders of the Promised Land. What the fathers desired to see, and died without seeing, has come at last, — the era when happiness is to be all but universal. Isaiah and Virgil both foretold a Golden Age when joy should move like an advancing flood over the earth. If that Golden Age has not fully come, we can at least say that if all are not happy, all may be happy. Some people speak of the "good

old times"; they ought rather to say "the bad old times," and the good new times. Once man was a drudge, little better than a serf and slave. Now tools have redeemed man from drudgery. The average family has eighty slaves working for it day and night, — slaves that never tire, iron slaves that ask neither raiment nor food nor rest. Were our eyes opened, we would behold the angels of the invisible forces standing beside each workingman, multiplying his stroke and stride. Once man was so poor that day by day he prayed for his bread. Now foods and fruits and grains have become so cheap that what yesterday was a luxury, known only to the table of the rich, has to-day become the necessity of those formerly called poor. Once the poor boy hungered for wisdom, but found the door to the library and school closed. Now no child so poor but that his feet may freely cross the threshold that leads to lecture hall and library; while the new presses, through innumerable books and magazines and papers, are sowing the land with the good seed of universal knowledge. Gone also the old mediævalism; the newer religious thinking has swept away the old scholastic rubbish, made Christianity a reasonable faith, and clothed it with sweetness and light.

Science, eloquence, music, and the arts, reform, also, and philanthropy have become the

friends of the common people. Man has sought out many comforts and conveniences; he has increased his wealth; diffused among the many, treasures that once were confined to the few; lessened the hours of labor; multiplied the opportunities of wisdom; halved the vices; doubled the virtues; and made good will an atmosphere in which rich and poor, strong and weak, alike do dwell. Indeed, opportunities have become so equal that every day we behold some man who began his career in a peasant's hut, who has climbed to the topmost round of the ladder of usefulness and success. Society has placed a thousand obstacles in the path that leads to the poor-house, the jail, and the gallows; while for the first time in man's history the youth finds open all paths that lead to the schoolhouse, the gallery, the library, and the church. Democracy has vindicated itself in the gains of the common people. Our streets are not paved with gold; but surely that era is golden in which wisdom, peace, and happiness have become possible for all classes and conditions of men.

Happiness, however, is not universal. Strangely enough, the generation that has toiled so long and so successfully upon its looms and its ships, and has so perfected its arts and industries, is now toiling upon the art of making itself miserable. Witness the development of the new science of pessimism.

Cynics are reviving the old thought that life's richest possession is the possibility of suicide. God hath fitted up for men a world as no palace was ever fitted for prince or king. For some Wordsworth or Ruskin neither seventy years nor seventy centuries are long enough for the enjoyment of the feast of good things that Nature spreads. Yet the materialist wishes to reduce this earthly palace to the dimensions of a hut, urging that life's tears outnumber its smiles, that its sorrows outnumber its joys, that the reasons for dying are more numerous and weightier than the reasons for living. Every day the moral teacher meets at least *one* pessimist, who exclaims, "I am tired of life. I believe in annihilation. When I die, that will be the end of me"; to whom there is but one honest reply: "May that wished for end be not far off." Nor is it without significance that society takes seriously every new author who from time to time proposes the old problem, whether life is worth living. When one of our lecturers returned from a tour through the cities of our land, a friend asked him how he knew when he was impressing his audience. "When more stay in than go out," was the reply.

In a world when an average of ten thousand choose to stay in the realm of life to every one who chooses to go out through the door of suicide, how superficial must be the mind that can

afford to give more than one minute, or at most two, out of its fourscore years, to the question, Is life worth living? Many have forgotten that happiness is half in the soul within, and half in the circumstances without; just as wisdom is one-half in the educated mind that reads, and half in the page of the great poet or essayist. Something wrong in the heart within explains the discontent of those who dwell in cottages; that inner discord also explains the restlessness of those who dwell in palaces. Pessimism is an enfeebling parasite, that finally destroys happiness and good cheer. On the funeral cards of many others besides James Thompson might have been written the poet's lines of hopelessness and despair:—

"Weary of erring in this desert life,
Weary of hoping hopes forever vain,
Weary of struggling in all sterile strife,
Weary of thought that makes nothing plain,
I calm my eyes and calm my panting breath,
And pray to Thee, oh, ever quiet Death,
To come and soothe away my bitter pain."

One barrier that has helped to hold back the happiness that ought to sweep over our land like an advancing flood, is found in our literature. Man's mood must needs reflect the books and philosophy he reads. If our fathers were happy in their huts and their poverty, it is because they fed their souls on the books of the great optimists, authors who saw life's

good, indeed, but also saw that evil may be overruled for good. The great minds, from Homer and Paul down to Shakespeare and Browning, have without exception been the children of exultant joy as well as genius; and every statesman and jurist of the first rank of greatness has been an optimist, sane, sweet, wholesome, healthy, and happy. All these giants have maintained the sense of victory over life's troubles, because they were conscious of their enormous intellectual and moral reserves, and felt themselves to be fully equal to any emergency. Ignorance, however, and weakness are pessimistic because of their scant resources of knowledge and of courage. Indeed, pessimism is intellectual mediocrity, confessing itself unequal to its task, and exalting that confession of weakness into the dignity of a cult and a creed. James Thompson has two talents, and Robert Browning ten; therefore Thompson writes "The City of Dreadful Night," while Browning writes,

> "God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world."

Now and then, indeed, a Schopenhauer does appear. This youth was the child of special good fortune. He received all of those gifts named great personal beauty, a high order of talent; the wealth and leisure that made it unnecessary ever to strike a blow for his daily

bread; he had all the advantages of travel and culture; to these gifts Providence added the luxury of fame that led strangers to gather on the opposite side of the street to wait for his appearance for his daily walk. Yet this man spent twenty years trying to convince himself that life is a tragedy; that there are more crows in the field than larks that sing; more sheaves of wheat that are blighted than sheaves garnered; more vines blackened with parasites than vines heavy with clusters; that the sweet babe should curse the day when it was born; that the youth and maiden approaching the bridal altar should ask the organist to play some funeral march; that the essential heart of life is evil; that man's career is a tragedy; that if another straw were laid upon the world, the universe would come crashing down in ruins. "Life is a misfortune, and none but the dead are happy," writes Schopenhauer. But the best commentary on the philosopher is his biography, and the facts of his life. The youth that insists on imitating Solomon in his deeds will at last end by echoing Solomon's lament in his death, "vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Would a man be loved of Nature? Let him first love Nature's laws, for he who would have a friend must show himself friendly. And because the books men read lend a color to their lives, the happiness of any generation will be lessened

that feeds upon the bread of misery, and daily takes its dose of diluted pessimism. Our generation will do well to close the pages of its prophets of despair, and reopen the world's great books, all of which are written by the prophets of hope and optimism.

For multitudes, unhappiness begins with doubt and questionings. Out of uncertainty and bewilderment comes "the eternal note of sadness." A little doubt, like a little knowledge, is a dangerous thing, though much questioning and study restore faith and confidence. A man's strength is in his quietness and certainty. As Augustine said, "The soul was made for God, and is restless until it finds rest in Him." Memories of the palace in which he was reared disturb man, and intimations of the paradise in which he yet may roam tantalize and allure him on. Uncertainty as to the way back home, breeds hesitancy, and hesitancy ends in sorrow and helplessness. Matthew Arnold sings the helplessness and misery of these questioning and disturbed souls: —

> "Who wander between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born,
> With nowhere yet to rest my head,
> Like these, on earth I wait, forlorn."

Unfortunately our generation seems to have been playing the part of the mad and foolish

prodigal, who left his home of luxury and comfort and went forth to wander in the desert; and now, becoming conscious of its misery, it seeks the pathway home. Many have sat at the table of each philosopher in turn, and, banqueting there, have been fed on Apples of Sodom for Apples of Paradise; and for the wine and nectar of the gods have had the bitterness of gall. Hours there are when earth reels beneath man's feet, when he wanders forth in the darkness and the storm, under skies that send ice-hail and fire-hail; and in such an hour, with infinite sadness, the brilliant Clifford exclaims, "The Great Companion is dead!" Many have been baffled and beaten by their doubts, and some have come to look upon Christianity as that young Greek who stood in the old temple, and with blinding tears beheld gods, who, in falling from their pedestals, had broken into fragments, and they reflect that "both were faiths, and both are gone." But happiness begins with hope; uncertainty breeds restlessness; intellect and imagination ask for assurance. If the sculptor, toiling upon a statue that he knew was to be placed in a dark niche, where its beauty could never be seen, comforted himself by the thought that the gods would see good work, remember it, and understand, how much more does man need the faith that final recognition awaits all good work, either here or there.

The hero easily survives to-day's defeat, in view of to-morrow's victory. Therefore, recognizing that unhappiness comes through doubt, every wise man will exclaim with Wordsworth : —

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

In losing our sense of leisure, our generation has also lost happiness. Many have forgotten how to rest. Modern civilization is very complex, competition is fierce, and life is full of fret and fever. In a kind of frenzy men rush through the weeks, not living life, but simply consuming it. The trains are never still, the fires in the factories never go out; even at midnight the thunder of commerce is heard upon the street. The commercial spirit so dominates our era that many are mere patent, animated machines, doomed to wait on bales of goods and tend their bonds and books. An age of telephones and railways, when industries are highly specialized, when the modern newspaper is as large as an ancient book, involves high-pressure brain action. If the Indians are dying out because brain and nerve are too soft for our highly complex civilization, many of our own people

are going down with nervous wreckage through life's fierce strain. The nervous excesses of to-day are responsible for much unhappiness and depression.

In our country, where the resources are as yet undeveloped, and wealth may still be made rapidly, the stimulants to ambition and avarice are excessive, as compared with other lands. If to-day we note the number of man's interests and the range and scope of his emotions and sympathy, we see that the modern citizen lives more in a single year than did his ancestors in a score of years. Modern education, too, is increasing the tension. Before the boy is sixteen years of age he is expected to be a master of two or three languages, to have studied carefully a score of sciences, not to mention the arts, literature and history. Rising up early and sitting up late, parents stimulate ambition in their children. "You must get on," whispers the Tempter in every boy's ear. In the Republiconly eight Presidents can be chosen in a generation, and there are eighty millions of people; and yet, daily, every schoolboy is told he may yet rule his nation or his state. Education has become an irritant. It excites, when it should soothe. Knowledge no longer is sedative. To these feverish stimulants are added the financial prizes that have excited our people, and strung them up to the last point of nervous tension. Many

men of forty, to-day, remind us of the race-horses that are "gaunted up" for the struggle, by scourge and spur. Forgetting that culture comes from knowing one subject well, even the women have taken all knowledge for their province, and by forming innumerable classes, have come together to "study" and "club" and worry themselves to death. What wonder that the generation has dull eyes, muddy cheeks, and sleepless nights! How inevitable the depression, gloom, and unhappiness that has overtaken multitudes!

The sense of failure, also, and the memory of opportunities that have been forever lost, are other sources of unhappiness. Yesterday, rightly used, lends power and inspiration for to-day; still a neglected yesterday journeys forward, and casts a dark shadow over a to-day that might have been successful and happy. All the schoolbooks hold the story of the statesman who failed completely in his first speech in the house, and who afterward rose above the memory of that failure and won the admiration of men who once despised and afterward followed him as leader. This statesman tells us in one of his letters that years afterward, when he had hundreds of successful speeches back of him, now and then the memory of that one hour of failure returned, to destroy his confidence in his own power, to embarrass his mental processes, and

threaten another failure. Unfortunately this tendency reappears in many men who drop out of school in their teens, and in early manhood waken to discover and bitterly regret their mistake. It is not too late for them to correct the error. The evenings hold several hours of leisure; the libraries are full of books, and in front of them are all those years when earth's greatest scholars have harvested the richest treasures of wisdom; and yet the memory of that one mistake seems to paralyze the will, and they go forward with bitterness in the heart, miserable by reason of their sense of impotency and helplessness; and these unhappy ones are a great army.

In trade and commerce others suffer misfortune and financial defeat. In middle life they lose their ambition, reflect that they are now on the downhill side of life, and that it is not for them to attempt too much; and so go drifting through the very years when other merchants are achieving their greatest victories. Thus a single early error, a mistake of judgment, or one dramatic sin, overshadows and darkens the entire life. These are the prisoners not of hope, but of memory: they journey forward, dragging the chain from which they are impotent to escape; and all this breeds discontent, destroys happiness and the sense of victory. Yet for these Samsons to grind corn for the Philistines is as irra-

tional as it is wicked. Old failures, like old garments, should be cast away, and forgotten forever. If to-day the hail cuts and mars the leaves on the tree, the tree toils on, knowing that another spring it can push off the scarred leaves and grow new ones. For those who are disturbed by the memory of lost opportunities and early indiscretions and sins, Christ's word of wisdom still holds, "Let the dead bury their dead." Man's greatest opportunity is always just in front. If this is a good world, and God is truly a Father who forgives and pities His children, then no matter how dark the yesterday, the to-morrow can scarcely be painted in colors too rich, for the lost son who returns to obedience and integrity. Happiness is behind no man. For the worst man, happiness and success are always in front, lying just behind the horizon.

With others the sense of failure is related to to-day's work, and also unto the morrow. Their unhappiness springs out of the consciousness that life has degenerated into a mere task of bread-winning, while they fulfil duties against which they revolt, and for which they are entirely unfitted. Not that which is highest and best in the nature goes into the tool, but oftentimes that which is lowest and least deserving of praise. But the foundation of happiness must, in the nature of the case, be in the round of daily duties, and only when

the whole heart is in the task, does man's work nourish, soothe, and refresh his being. Yet how shall the youth know for what he is fitted? The soul is a mechanism, with innumerable wheels and escapements, and its divine Inventor did not accompany the mechanism with a handbook of illustrations, and directions for its use. Our schoolrooms boast many teachers unique for their wisdom and knowledge of human nature. Has any teacher ever arisen, wise enough to call his pupils before him and say, Nature ordained you for the plough, and you for the hammer and saw, and you for the book, and you for the market-place, and you for the rostrum? Even the parent beholds the child as a book whose pages are sealed, and that only the great God may open. What sympathy should be felt for men unhappy, and cursed with the consciousness that they are moving in the line of greatest, not least, resistance!

Mr. Beecher left a lecture upon the "Wastes of Society" through these misfits and wrong choices. "Some men are perpetually aspiring to things that are above their capacity," he writes, "while others, in various conditions of life, are toiling in spheres that are below their capacity. What if a farmer should harness greyhounds together, and plough with them? What if racing on the track was to be made by oxen? An ox is for strength, a greyhound for speed;

but men are greyhounds where they ought to be oxen, and oxen where they ought to be greyhounds, all their life. How should they know? By their blunders, mostly. There are men on the judge's bench, holding court, who would have made excellent farmers, and not a few men in forge or mines, who would have made excellent citizens; but they are all mixed up like a keg of nails. I think I do not err when I say that one-half of the energy of life is badly applied, and that too which is adapted for the superior functions of human life.[1]" Now if one-half of the workers have made a mistake in choosing the means by which they earn their livelihood, we need not marvel at the unhappiness of this so great a multitude, that has lost the sense of buoyancy and victory over daily events.

For all men, generally speaking, happiness begins with health. The slightest disturbance of nerve or brain involves despondency. Indeed, mental depression is the danger bell that Nature rings when the brain is overwrought. When a man daily consumes ten ounces of blood and nerve, and daily produces but nine ounces, Nature uses despondency to inform him that he is on the road to the hospital or the insane asylum. Every ache and pain sounds some note of warning and alarm. The

[1] Lecture on the Wastes and Burdens of Society.

average age of our great statesmen, merchants, jurists, artists, and inventors is fifty-six years. This fact tells us that the people have not yet learned that the first requisite to great work is the development of skill in carrying the body so as to maintain the perfect health that alone makes happiness and creative work possible. For most people the time has come when sickness ought to be a form of personal disgrace. Sir Walter Scott did indeed write "The Bride of Lammermoor" while suffering daily paroxysms of pain, lasting several hours; but there has been but one Sir Walter Scott.

If we search out the secrets of a happy life, we shall find that the sense of victory begins with the belief that happiness and tranquillity are possible, despite untoward conditions. In the natural realm plants are largely influenced by soil and climate. Wheat grows in black loam, not in blazing deserts; oranges and pineapples ripen in tropic warmth, not beside arctic icebergs. Yet to the soul it is given to reign lord over all outer events. As Samson's swelling muscles snapped his cords asunder, so it is given to man to cast off the tyranny of circumstances, to smile at storms, to laugh at disaster, and stretch a sceptre over defeat and death itself. Dwelling in the desert, Moses becomes a scholar. Mobbed, stoned, and flogged, Paul smiles on the very hour when he fronts the executioner. Doomed for years to

Bedford jail, Bunyan maintains his cheerfulness, writes his immortal book, and climbs the happy hills with God. Huber was blind, yet he became the great scientist; Fawcett lost his vision, yet he became the postmaster-general of England. Alexander Stephens was an invalid, and made himself an orator. Beethoven was deaf, yet wrote glorious symphonies. Phillips Brooks stammered, but he became a great preacher. Fire cannot burn, nor water smother, nor blows coerce the unyielding will. Young Daniel, passing through Godless Babylon, with no smell of fire upon his garments, tells us that it is given to every youth to pass through the great city without marring the bloom upon his cheek or losing the innocence in his eyes. Perpetua, passing through that Roman palace, with all its filth, and keeping her garments pure as the drifted snow, tells us that earth's daughters can maintain their sweetness and simplicity amid fiercest temptations.

There is no station so low, no occupation so humble, no neighborhood so bad, no temptation so severe, but that the soul may ride victorious over its misfortune. An English author writes of a flower show, held in the tenement districts of London by the poor costermongers. Not in the steam-heated conservatories of rich men, not under the gentle rain and cooling dews of the country, where gardeners tend

velvety lawns on great estates, did these blossoms open. All the violets, roses, and geraniums grew in the confined boxes that hung on narrow windows in ancient rookeries, surrounded with the grim and soot and filth of forlorn alleys. Wrestling with such surroundings, these blossoms came into a brilliancy that won universal admiration. A princess opened the exhibit, and a lord of England presented the prizes. How glorious this victory of the flowers! It tells us that happiness and the sense of tranquillity are surely possible for men made in God's image, — men who patiently wait, and persistently seek to do God's will in the place that He hath appointed for His children.

The sense of victory over life's troubles begins with the confidence that God cares for man. Contrariwise, unhappiness comes when man thinks himself buffeted about by fate and circumstance. That man can never be cast down who believes that his Father is doing the best He can for each one of His earthly children. The poor and friendless are comforted by the thought that the God who cares for insects and sparrows has time to care for all who are His. If twenty years ago the reign of natural law threatened the belief in special providence, broader study is recovering faith. How wondrous the modern looms whose lesson is so seldom recognized! The shuttles

fly back and forth in their grooves, light threads give place to dark ones, literally millions of fibres are woven into each bolt of silk, — yet each thread has its place in the flowered design, and all threads conspire toward unity and beauty; but back of each loom stands the inventor, making grooves and shuttles to be his natural laws, and, through the forces of steel and iron and gravity, weaving millions of threads into the richly embroidered robes. And behind all the laws and forces of Nature stands God, the divine designer, working now in dark colors, and now in colors of glowing light, concealing His pattern, even though for the weaver the threads are heavy with tears. What design He is working out, only those who stand behind the veil can know. Science and invention are making it easy to believe that God has a pattern for every life. With trust in Him, tranquillity again will come. God's bow of hope rides resplendent in man's storms. Even the blackest clouds are shattered with soft sunbeams, and at last God's sympathy and love will dissolve all our grief and woe. If God cares for man, then life is wheat in the shock, and the angels of His Providence will lift those flails called troubles, and beat out the golden grain. If God cares for man, then man is gold in the rock, and adversity must lift the hammer, and temptation chisel away what is wrong or superfluous. Man is a spir-

itual Columbus, who is the happier for believing in his undiscovered country, before he sees its outlines. Faith flies, and reason follows slowly after.

Happiness comes through the sincere acceptance of the temperament and task that God has appointed. Man cannot add one cubit to his stature, or make one hair white or black, and he is also impotent to alter his birthgifts. Before we were born our fathers chose for us. Try as man may, he cannot alter that choice, though in trying he can break his heart. The eagle was built to soar and see, the lark to soar and sing. Neither troubles itself about the size of the other; by not troubling, both are happy. If the eagle has the advantage in size, the lark makes it up in singing; and this law of compensation holds in men, called great and small. Many destroy their own happiness by fretting over the gifts bestowed in the cradle, naming their task obscure and their duties petty. But what has size to do with sort — bulk with values? The Swiss watch conceals a spring that, touched, rings the hour, the quarter, and the minute, so that in the darkness the listener can tell the hour of the night. That watch is small, but costs hundreds of dollars; on the other hand a clock bulks large, but you can buy it for a dollar and a half. On one side of a ten-cent piece an engraver wrote the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed,

the Parable of the Talents and the Rich Man, and the first four Psalms, adding his name and the date. And on a great rock, another man, with a bucket of whitewash, paints, in letters ten feet high, his advertisement. Is the engraver's task petty, because his letters were small? And is the advertiser's work great, because the letters bulk large? The Matterhorn itself is not made out of huge masses of granite, but out of flakes of mica that are most minute. Size has nothing to do with the value of work. The contribution of a one-talent man is just as essential to society's progress, just as praiseworthy and as immortal, as that of the ten-talent man; and until men accept the appointed gift, task, and temperament, happiness is impossible.

Others associate happiness with exalted position and dramatic events. But life does not ask for emergencies and critical moments; it does ask that common duties should be lifted up and made splendid by a quiet and beautiful spirit. It is with great characters as with great pictures. Millet's "Angelus" does not present some great general, or hero, or martyr, at that moment named an awful crisis. The "Angelus" includes a potato patch, a few brown clods, a large rake, with two peasants in humble garb. These peasants, however, have accepted their task and their temperament. Above all else, they love each other, and they

love and trust God. When the evening bell rings, in beautiful resignation and in happy hope they bow their heads in gratitude to the unseen Father. And the happiness in their hearts appears upon the faces in the moment when the light of the setting sun falls upon them with heaven's own tender benediction. For a heart gentle and sweet can flood with spiritual beauty the anvil, the yardstick, the plough, until all tools and tasks become sacramental and divine. Happiness falls unseen like the rain and dew: it comes not in the flood that can only waste and destroy.

One of the secrets of happiness is found in the habitual emphasis of pleasant things, and the persistent casting aside of all malign elements. Men make their own world. We have read of a horticulturist who could not walk through a flower garden, and see a rose-bush covered with blossoms, without searching until he found at least one blighted leaf. There are men who cannot look upon a great picture without scrutinizing every inch of the canvas for some light or shade to criticise, and afterward they recall only the blemish. Yet there never was a tree so beautiful that it did not have one broken bough. There never was a book so wise but that it had one untruth or over-statement. Even Helen's brow held one little blemish. Scientists tell us there are spots on the sun. What if a father should

send his child into a garden, where every flower bloomed, to bring back roses and lilies, and the chrysanthemums that bless our autumnal days? And what if the boy overlooked all the sweet blossoms, and peered around the roots until he found some weeds, wild grass, and toadstools? Going into the country on an October afternoon, men bring back the maple boughs, aflame with gold and scarlet. Strange that many who are wise toward the forest should be so ignorant toward the world of hope and happiness. Some there are who go forth to business in the morning, and give all that is best in life and thought to their competitors in business.

Returning home at night, they do not bring some incident that represents wit, or heroism, or justice, or generosity; they rather return jaded, fretful, querulous, and critical, remembering only the disagreeable things. Passing a pasture in the autumn, one may see the horse with mane and tail that has become one solid mass of cockleburs, collected in passing through the meadow. Grasping the forelock of the horse, the farmer's hand must have been pierced with a thousand blood-pricks. Striking example this, of men, who go through the days to return home at night laden with mental burs and moral thistles. These are they who have used memory as a kind of bag, in which they have collected sticks, toads,

bugs, and spiders, that stand for human frailty and sin. What a misrepresentation of God's world! What skill in selecting malign elements! Surely an enemy hath wrought this injury, and lent this black color to the universe! Yet this is God's world. All will yet be well. Man must wait and hope. Because God is doing the best He can for all, in the very darkest hour of life, happiness and tranquillity are possible for all alike. Alas for those who pass through life, selecting the one unfortunate event of the day, and lifting it up that gloom may overspread all the hours. Happy the disposition that rejoices even when the cloud stands upon the horizon, waiting for the moment when the cloud may be shattered with sunshine, or thinking of God's angels that in that cloud will ride homeward when their day's work is done, and good has been brought forth from seeming evil.

The maintenance of the courage of the future, and the strengthening of the sense of victory, are in themselves the forerunners of that victory. He who anticipates and forecasts his failure, has failed in advance. He who has done the best he can, has a right to be as happy in the hope of ultimate triumph as though he was already enthroned amidst that triumph. If the pupil disappoints to-day, let the teacher appeal from the fruit that is sour in June but will be sweet and ripe in

September. If the child disappoints the parent, it is his privilege to look forward to the day when the very mistakes, immaturities, and even sins of that child will (under the influence of a tireless solicitude), like the bent bow, soon spring the soul back toward integrity. It is given to the reformer, saddened by life's cruelty and cunning, to anticipate the time when his reform will be successful, when the weak will be too strong to be oppressed, and the strong too just and generous to oppress the weak. A wise householder, who in winter sits beside his blazing fire, sometimes draws his chair closer to the hearth, with the feeling that the very darkness and wildness and fury enhance the sense of peace, comfort, and security of the home within. For every good man, also, there is a covert in time of storm. For him there is a door opening into the realm of silence and tranquillity. Happiness and the sense of victory over life's troubles are his portion forever. While timorous souls cower and fear, he has and can keep the sense of God's approval and the foresight of final victory.

THAT HAPPINESS IS LATENT IN EVERY FORM OF TROUBLE AND SUFFERING



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF THE ANGEL OF SORROW WHO CROWNED COMFORTAS KING

Now the king loved Comfortas more than all of his children, partly because he was the child of his old age and partly because the child was most lovable. Knowing that the elder brother would have the throne when he was dead, the king began to cast about how he should provide for Comfortas. Before his plans were fully ripe, an unexpected peril arose. One morning a messenger brought the king word that the insurrection that he thought was quelled forever had broken forth afresh, and he hurriedly made ready for what was to be his last war. By noon the king was on the march, by night his palace was far behind him; but even while he was giving orders to his officers, his thoughts were in the palace with Comfortas. In the dark, lying in his tent, the king slept a troubled sleep, and in his tossing called the child's name. And in his dream two beings with shining garments stood beside his couch and asked him for the charge over the child Comfortas. The first one was named the Angel of Success and Pleasure: "Give the child unto my care: I will give him health, such health that the fruits will never pall on his palate. I will give him wealth, so great wealth that he will never want for gold. I will give him fame, so great fame that the people will stand before his house and shout when he appears. I will give him genius, so that his companions shall be kings, and not mean men. I will make the people his slaves, so that all who work with their hands shall build palaces for him, and those who travel shall bring him the fruit of their labor, and those who carve shall build a throne beautiful

enough for him to sit upon, and those who sing shall amuse him that he may sleep, and those who speak shall stand about to praise him, and all his people shall burn incense before Comfortas, and his nostrils shall be filled with the sweetness thereof." Then the king smiled upon the Angel of Pleasure, and stretching forth his hand, drew the beautiful girl to his side. And afterward, the Angel of Sorrow lifted the veil from her face, and the king saw her as one dissolved in tears, and stretching forth her hand, she said: "Give, oh, give the child Comfortas unto me! I will touch his body until it aches with pain. I will touch his gold and make his wealth poverty. I will fill his fields with thorns and thistles. I will make him eat the bread of sorrow. I will pull down the house that he builds and send fierce winds to assail his little bark. I will sink the ship that he loads. When he walks, I will make his burden heavy, and yea, when he hath won a good name, I will raise up enemies who will make black marks on the white page of his life-story. And at last, through days of struggle and nights of tears and prayers and endurance, he shall wax great and be our burden-bearer, and become a king strong enough to bear the world itself upon his shoulders. The Angel of Success loves him not, and because it is the easier way, she will give the child whatever he cries for, and with his pleasures she will rear a monster of selfishness with a heart of marble; but for the great love I bear him, I will make him suffer." In that moment the king dropped the hand of the Angel of Pleasure and shrank from her as from pollution, and stretching out his arms to the Angel of Sorrow he said, "Take thou my child and make Comfortas king."

CHAPTER II

THAT HAPPINESS IS LATENT IN EVERY FORM OF TROUBLE AND SUFFERING

A SOUND philosophy of life must begin with the reconciliation of happiness and trouble. The genius of our world is the genius of the schoolroom, the lecture hall, and the library. The world is God's college, life is for growth, all events are educational, and all work toward culture and refinement. It follows, then, that trouble and adversity are among the divinely chosen teachers. If the soul was built for happiness, then happiness must be possible, despite trouble and sorrow, while at the same time these troubles become positive helps to happiness, and ministers of good cheer. For if joy can lend refinement to mind and heart, suffering is a teacher that has even greater skill. That which success cannot do, failure and adversity easily accomplish. Suffering is an alchemist, refining coarseness, transmuting bad into good, changing pride into modesty, and selfishness into sympathy. This principle gives a sound foundation for a right theory of happiness. It also tells us why every hero, saint, and martyr, and the dear,

immortal few, were all made "perfect through suffering."

In the economy of the world trouble has a large place. Thus, steel is iron, plus fire. Tools are trees plus the gashing axe. Statues are marble plus a chisel whose every stroke makes the sparks fly. That which lets the flashing gold out of the quartz is not the soft shining of the sun, but the crushing power of the stamp mills. The bronze doors of old cathedrals are all of hammered handwork, and character is hammered out on the anvil of adversity. Supreme manhood is raw human nature plus the troubles and temptations that chisel out character. Wine is through the crushing of the grapes; and joy is a fine spirit, distilled often from bruised affections. Sin and selfishness dig deep furrows in the face. Then suffering comes in, to iron the lines smooth.

From Paul to Livingstone what heroic leader hath worn soft raiment? What Luther or Lincoln was reared in king's palaces? It is wrestling against the wind that works toughness into trees, and gianthood into men. Even Christ, who brings glad tidings of great joy, passed through the uttermost of pain on His way to the uttermost of pleasure on the world's throne, of universal love and influence. No chastisement for the present seemeth joyous, but rather grievous. Nevertheless, the trouble

of to-day will to-morrow change its countenance, and show itself as a forerunner of future happiness. It is, indeed, the man who washes the lenses of his eye with tears, and walks in a way that is bright with forest fires, that is promised the throne and sceptre of manhood and happiness.

Optimists and Christians should stand for mental breadth, and not "make believe" and play there are no troubles. Not by philosophy can adversity be exorcised and sowed out of the universe. One form of folly is to always drag the corpse into the banquet; another is to seek to overcome suffering by denying its existence. In India, when cholera broke out upon the Ganges, the medical commission, with their microscopes, showed a leading Brahmin the germs of cholera in the waters of the river. The Indian priest declined to lend his assistance to the commission, and affirmed that he could kill the microbes with the greatest ease. When the governor-general asked him how he would do this, the Brahmin took the microscope, and dashed it into fragments on the stones beneath his feet; this method of conquering troubles, however, cannot be elevated into the dignity of a system of religion. To say that there are no troubles or sufferings in life is to become philosophers of mist and moonshine. To define sorrows as figments of the brain destroys intellectual integrity. To ignore trouble

is to falsify facts, to rob our lives of refinement, to mutilate the higher nature, and to miss the whole economy of life. The world's heroes, immortal in their influence, have all bought their precedency through their heroic victory over trouble and suffering. In retrospect the great crisis hours of life were not the soft, easy hours, but the hours when they grappled with enmity and tyranny, and temptations that sought to bribe them from the path of duty. In retrospect these troubles are seen to have wrought sweetness, culture, and the higher manhood in these heroes, as frost turns acid into sugar, and sweetens the crisp juices of the autumnal fruit.

The universality of trouble is suggestive. That which comes to all other men, what individual would wish to escape for himself? What the great have experienced we should not avoid. In the story the Wandering Jew breaks his heart because he cannot die. The great reformers died, the great jurists, the poets, the artists, yea, the Angel of Death laid hands of consecration upon the Son of Man Himself; therefore the Wandering Jew felt that he could not endure the thought that what all others had experienced was denied unto him. What deeply thoughtful man wishes to avoid for himself, or for his children, the long-refining process that is so picturesquely outlined in the story of the poet Job? And whether we deny

that story or accept it, God, who loves His children enough to make them suffer, will see to it that we pass through the tutelage of sorrow. The story of that olden-time sage is the story of all mankind. Man plants vineyards and orchards, multiplies his flocks and herds, builds his house, surrounds himself with children and friends, grows soft, selfish, and luxuriant, says to himself, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry. Then misfortunes, like robbers descending from the hills, overwhelm the flocks and herds. Later the thunder-storm darkens the horizon, and the tornado topples down the surely builded house. Reverses that no one could have anticipated, overtake the man, and the fortune of a lifetime melts like the dissolving snow: enemies arise, to undermine reputation, the skies rain obloquy and cruel lies; soon happiness is poisoned at its very spring. Are these events mere dreams, or are they real, solid as paving stones? We cannot be mistaken. Dark is as real as light, sorrow is as much a fact as joy. Adversity must be reckoned with as we reckon with gravity.

The sturdy mind and the brave heart will calmly face these facts, and, facing them, search out their hidden meanings, asking no intellectual anodyne for paralyzing the higher faculties and feelings. Happiness that is based on only part of the facts of the case, is a dis-

solving happiness. Wise men will found their theory of life not simply upon health, success, and good fortune, but will make that philosophy include all those facts, named trouble, adversity, and defeat. At the outset, therefore, let us confess that our world holds cloudy days as well as bright ones, thunder-storms as well as days of peace, snow-drifts as well as purple clusters, sand wastes as well as fruitful gardens. No man has discovered the secret of uninterrupted good fortune. A frank and full admission of these facts will do much to help us search out the higher uses of trouble and suffering as ministers to joy and happiness.

The frontier lines of ignorance will begin to recede when we consider that the capacity for pain in any creature gives its place in the scale of life. In the animal kingdom, scientists have found that the music of the fields began with the fear and the pain of birds. Threatened with danger, the lark in its alarm struck its first note. Slowly these words of warning were developed into the liquid music of the nightingale and the melting rapture of the hermit thrush. In man, also, happiness begins with sensitiveness. Now sensitiveness is first delicacy of nerve, and later, fineness of mind and heart. Suffering is the inflection of a large, complex, delicate, and Godlike nature. If coarseness and rudeness suffer little, refinement suffers much. The iron bars

over a jail window answer the wind with no vibrating melody. Stretch a few silken threads named an Æolian harp, in the open window, and the softest breeze that blows will awaken music in the strings. Men there are who are so imbruted, and whose nerves are so coarse that nothing short of a tornado could rouse the sense of God's presence and power; and even then the cyclone only sends them to the storm cellar. Recently a woman lecturer told her audience that she had not suffered an ache or a pain for ten years, or through that time known a single fear or worry. Her experience is fully equalled by that of the paving stones in the street. Could these granite blocks speak, they would tell us they have never had an ache or pain. Alas for those who have lost all power to weep with those who weep: all these can never rejoice with those who rejoice! Ours is a world where the purity of a little child, the dignity of an old and wise man, the glory of a June morning, or the beauty that blazes in the burning bush makes a sensitive heart to ache with joy. The very possibility of this joy, however, carries with it a possibility of sadness, in the hour when the sympathetic heart looks out upon the sorrows of the poor, and the struggles of tenement house populations, the sorrows of orphans, the invalided, and heart-broken.

In general, the law is, the more mentality,

the more capacity for suffering. If we move downward and away from that throne where infinite Intellect and Sympathy dwell, we see that the capacity for suffering grows steadily less and less. When we stand at the very bottom of the scale of organized life, and look upon the worm or the jellyfish, we stand at the point of vanishing suffering. The crustacea is so near to nothing that it feels not the knife that divides its parts. Higher, the insect of a day is open to the accidents of one day. Birds have few fears, dreading only the snake and the hawk. The lark feels no remorse for yesterday, no fear of food failing to-morrow, and no apprehension of death whatever. Indeed, when death comes for the beasts, it comes for the most part quickly and painlessly. The tortoise secretes its shell, and though the blows that fall thereon be many, its aches are few, — as few as the pains of the stoic or the scientist who has sufficiently hardened the heart.

But a truly great man or woman stands at the summit of the animal creation. He unites within himself the bee's skill in hiding, the beaver's skill in building, the bird's in nest-lining, the squirrel's in harvesting the fruits of the summer against the needs of the winter. He includes in his little body the special gift and grace of every creature in the world below him, compacting in himself their every source

of pleasure. But if all the nerves that make possible pleasure, and all the muscles that carry with them the possibility of use and beauty that have been contributed by the rest of the world are gathered in that focal centre named man's body, does it not logically follow that all the possibilities of pain for all the rest of the animal creation are also focalized upon his single person? Once the thousand-fold possibilities of melody in a pipe organ are created by the organ builder, the like possibility of a thousand discords comes in also. How can the capacity for happiness increase without the capacity for suffering increasing also? This vast metal mechanism named the soul, with nerve lines running out into land and sea and sky, carries with it not only the possibility of an infinite range and variety of pleasures, but also infinite possibilities of pain.

Since, then, happiness is really founded upon troubles and suffering, we are not surprised to find that philosophers say that man moves on from dark to day, from sorrow to joy, and that poets speak of life as a vale of tears, and the theologian says that man groans and travails in pain. From the moment that man was made in the image of God, and all things were placed under his feet, suffering as a teacher became a necessity. As man journeyed away from birds and beasts, he journeyed away from their exemption from trouble and pain. As he goes up

toward the throne of supreme manhood, he goes toward sensitiveness and social sympathy and liability. Peter, ignorant, rude, and undeveloped, could sleep serenely in the garden of Gethsemane, and so slept the birds in the boughs above Peter's face, and the fox in its hole hard by. But that Divine One who spake as never man spake, sweat as it were drops of blood. And the coarse painlessness of Peter proclaimed the few chords in his nature. The very intensity of anguish in the other, through sympathy with the world's ignorance, proclaimed the Saviourhood of the other. This explains why God is the great sufferer, having infinite inflections of gentleness and sympathy, — God, who will not break the bruised reed; God, upon whom men can cast all their cares, since He careth for them; God, the world's burden bearer; God, having infinite compassions toward His ignorant and sinful children. As men go upward toward Godlikeness, as they increase in love, wisdom, and helpfulness, they go toward the possibilities of sympathy, and therefore suffering.

If a man will debase and degrade himself to the beasts' level, and cut the nerve-cords along which pain comes in, he can lead a painless life. The experience of multitudes to-day, substantiates this statement. There are many who practise exclusiveness, pull down their blinds to shut out the sight of the neglected

poor, deafen their ears that they may not hear the cries of woe, and give themselves up completely to every form of gratification through wealth and music and friendship. And there are others who make it a rule never to read anything about the world's sorrows or wars or misfortunes, and by averting their eyes and closing their ears have made themselves believe that there are no troubles in life. And for such people there are none. But the law of compensation is working. In choosing this deliberate exemption from the world's battles, they must expect also to be exempt from the joy of the ultimate victory. They must expect to come in after death unrecognized, unwaited for, and unloved, while the knight-errants of God's poor, who have not only recognized the wrongs of society, but have attempted to right them, will come in like Walter Scott's hero, while all the hosts come out with banners and with trumpets to meet and greet him. The fact is, therefore, that the susceptibility to suffering argues man's nearness to God.

How suffering to-day ministers to a future happiness, will be the more clearly seen, if we review the sources of suffering. Nearest to our thought are those whose origin is of a physical nature. Many, through no fault of theirs, are born to ill health. Heredity dooms them to weakness. Severe indeed their

physical limitation. Every moment they must guard their strength. Some weakness of nerve that was in the ancestor, reappears in a descendant. Whence came the face and feature? From those fathers whom we never knew. In a humorous hour James Russell Lowell once commented upon a new portrait of himself, and said that he had seriously thought of taking out a patent upon his profile, but examination proved that his facial angle had been selected by his grandfather. If heredity sees to it that like produces like, sometimes the law seems harsh, and it certainly is fruitful of suffering. If in a family of statesmen the supremacy in public matters repeats itself in five or six generations; if twenty-two out of fifty-one of the world's great poets are known to have had illustrious ancestors, suggesting that intellectual power passes down from father to son, we must also confess that the gloomy, tempestuous nature of that English mother reappeared in the great poet, and the weak will of Coleridge in his distinguished descendant.

Pessimists make much of the cruelty of the law of heredity, and superficial minds have wholly misunderstood the principle. It is said that if a man should stand in an upper story, and look down into a crowded street, and drop coals that burn and blister upon helpless children that pass below, that the man would be a

monster, and yet Nature and God hand forward, from father to son, passions and vices that burn as coals never do. One hundred years ago the Swiss soldiers went abroad as the foreign mercenaries. After years of service these regiments returned from Constantinople and Rome and Paris, bringing grievous blood diseases with them. Physicians said that within a hundred years these diseases would destroy that people. The three generations have come and gone. What is the result? The Swiss people are as healthy as any race in Europe.

Nature took the poison drops of blood and spewed them out, and put the sound drops of blood and particles of nerve out at compound interest. This scientific principle was stated hundreds of years ago, when God was described as making the sins of the fathers descend unto the children of the fourth generation, then passing the tendencies to disease out of the system. But what about health and intellect and beauty, showing mercy unto thousand of generations of them that love me? It seems, therefore, that physical sufferings that come through heredity are only incidental and temporary ones. As a matter of fact heredity is God's automatic device for seeing to it that bad men cannot seriously or long entail their errors upon their descendants. Essentially, therefore, the law of heredity rep-

resents unspeakable mercy guaranteeing the happiness and health of the race, expelling weak and sinful taints in blood and brain, while compounding untold virtue for generations.

Physical suffering in others is through accident or ignorance or want of skill in carrying aright the body. Some by overzeal in office, street, or study stretch the cords so tightly that they give way. Love and self-sacrifice make others to be the martyrs of ill health. Many a father in his zeal to accumulate a competence for his children, that they may have all the advantages of school and college, of leisure for travel and refinement, overtaxes his health, and goes down. But what father would not suffer for a little time, name to-day, if the happiness of his children is to be multiplied in the many to-morrows? And many a wife has in her very zeal and passionate love for her husband smoothed his pathway, soothed his tire after his day's toil, given encouragement and praise, where jealous competitors gave only blows and condemnation; has prophesied her husband's ultimate victory, where the outside world foretold failure; and has at last made herself an offering upon the altar of her husband's wealth or office or honors. Thenceforth, invalided, her very sweetness and patience in the sick-room have made her very spirit seem like a shrub that, crushed, exhales the richer perfume. After all, this woman had

her choice. Greater love hath no one than this, that a man or woman lay down the life for the beloved one. And the happiness that she feels within is a thousand-fold more intense than that of the woman who lives for herself only, and who lives in perfect health.

The heart and its affections also open up doorways through which troubles can enter. Whoever rears a home altar, and surrounds himself with loved ones, opens doorways for pain. Doubling joy involves the possible doubling of sorrow. When the parent rejoices because the child comes through the doorway of the cradle, he must remember that he may be called upon to weep when the child goes. And this principle must sober the bride and the groom as well. He who goes astray as husband doth not himself suffer so much as does the wife who loves him; while if the wife err, it is the husband's heart which will break. For the prodigal son, pain began when he came to the husks and the swine; while suffering began for the father in the hour when the boy first began to drift away from him. Affection protracted that agony through long years until the prodigal came to himself again. Friendship itself is an exchange. He who receives from his friend must give. It is a kind of soul commerce, in which David trades what he has for what he has not, but which Jonathan possesses. If friendship laughs with those

who laugh, at last it must weep with those who weep. We buy love and pay for it with the possibility of pain. It must needs be that love suffers with the sins and sufferings of its beloved ones.

The social interests of life open up avenues of suffering. The good man is knitted in with his kind. The very sight of ignorance and wretchedness works toward sorrow in a deeply sensitive nature. In every age a great man counts nothing foreign to himself that concerns his fellows, and he would not, if he could, be oblivious of the world's want, its vice, and crime. This explains the short lives of those who live in social settlements, and found kindergartens and homes and schools in the slum districts of great cities. Those who climb the tenement house stairs, day by day, are in constant anguish by reason of the chronic misery of the ignorant poor. If Nero wrapped the early Christians in pitch, and by their flames lighted up his garden parties, we must not think that the physical burnings are the only forms of martyrdom. Sympathy can make the whole body flame up, and soon consume its nerve and muscle. Every city holds one neglected region, where the old rookeries are breeding places of sorrow, shame, and sin; regions where because the poor crowd there, evil men open their resorts, appealing to the baser passions of the young, who move in crowds and

throngs; regions where children are debauched before they are men, and where all young feet are pointed toward the path that leads to the hospital and the jail. These facts anguish good men; drive sleep from their eyes and slumber from their eyelids. But, if a city opens its one hundred gates to the caravans of wealth, with camels laden with wheat and silken stuffs, and wedges of gold and silver, through the same gates, also, will pass the spent pilgrims, the weary workers, and the heart-broken.

The contrasts of life also produce pain. All aspire unto position; few actually achieve office or honor. England has but one ruler in sixty years, and there are forty millions in England; and this is typical. Intellectual supremacy also through the creation of book or song or law or picture, is the heritage of the few out of the millions. The genius for money-getting, too, is just as exceptional as the genius for wisdom-acquiring, and yet the ambition to excel burns in all. The contrast between the achievements of the few and the scant resources of the peasant vexes the poor man. Failing himself, the father transfers his ambition to his children. Thenceforth he vexes the days and nights with ceaseless toil, hoping to buy for his son privileges that were denied to the father. Sleeping, he breathes the prayer that his children may never be drudges, but the

very intensity of his emotion exhausts and consumes him. As the pace waxes faster, men fall in the way. Multitudes perish, having just fallen short. They lived, ever hoping for success that was almost within their grasp. Dying, they counted themselves unfulfilled prophecies. Gold was in them, but it was undug. Talent was theirs, but it was latent. They died as they lived, mere seeds of men. But happiness is not in the achieving but in the pursuing. The father achieved an example of patience and courage, and became the motive power of the son, who long after climbs to the world's throne. And his son's success was really the father's success. When long time has passed, this form of suffering will be found to be the real minister of joy and happiness.

The economy of suffering as the forerunner of happiness appears from the study of the uses of trouble. Primarily, suffering has a cautionary use. Unremitting prosperity, like unremitting summer, enervates men, and weakens character. When a New Englander, who had spent three winters in California, was visited by a friend, and was asked how he enjoyed the climate, he answered, "Oh, how I hate this eternal sunshine!" He knew that if the fruits are very rich in the tropics, the people who enjoy these rich fruits are a little better than savages. The Hottentot wakes in

the morning, kicks a banana tree, stuffs himself with fruit, sleeps until the sun is in the zenith, shakes another branch of the bread fruit, repeats the stuffing process, sleeps again, and his life is one long stupor. On the other hand, the great civilizations lie along the snow belt. Men grow great only where winter lends its stimulus and forbids luxury. Frost lends a tang and spice to the wine-sap and the golden pippin, and the winter also can put a snap into the people's thinking. This explains the disappointment of many wealthy parents over their children. Rich fathers are put to their wit's end to invent some device that will do for their children what poverty and adversity did for them; for the boy's very wealth is his handicap. The youth who has $5000 a year to spend in Yale or Harvard, discovers that it takes all his time to spend his money, leaving him no time for study. The consciousness of wealth and position or of mental supremacy also, tends toward conceit. There are very few scholars who read ten languages, who are blessed with a meek and modest spirit. Adversity, however, is a great corrective to pride and self-sufficiency. Suffering can check egotism, refine coarseness, rebuke vanity, and compel modesty and trust, that are the very crowning traits of the highest manhood. Under present conditions there are but few men who can stand very much prosperity. When long time has passed, men

will thank God for the very things against which they now rebel.

Sufferings carry warning also, and rebuke. They serve as danger signals, and bring messages of warning and alarm. Nature makes men suffer to-day, that they may enjoy a thousand-fold more in the morrow. Oftentimes, through very enthusiasm for the task, the scholar, the inventor, the reformer, forgets the needs of the body, and is in danger of injuring his physical system. Then hunger rings its alarm bell, and thirst proclaims the inflamed tissue, and signals of warning are hung out in the inflamed eyes. Rightly interpreted, these aches and pains are cautionary. They are bulwarks between man and the abyss into which he is about to plunge. But the sufferings are not imposed in a spirit of revenge; they are curative medicines, and represent the uttermost of mercy. The youth is bold, and ventures into forbidden realms. He stretches out his hand to receive the cup of pleasure. He receives the adder into his bosom. Death is in his right hand, and man knows it not. Then suffering lays its strong hand upon him. Wisdom, working through the tortured nerve and brain, proclaim their penalties. Suffering causes him to perceive the great gulf that separates iniquity from integrity, and innocence from guilt. But there is pity in the pain, and this anguish tells the youth that he

must avoid this form of sin, else he will destroy the nerves that make possible pleasure.

For the race, also, sufferings are educatory. Thereby come all social progress and culture. One captain strikes the rock and his steamer goes to the bottom; but the wreck causes the signal service to lift a buoy above that spot, and henceforth the fleets and innumerable ships sail in safety into the harbor. One family, mistaking poison for food, perishes. Afterward the generations avoid the deadly toadstool and use the edible mushroom. Once liberty of thought was unknown; all lips were padlocked. Then Huss went to his stake, and Savonarola to his blazing pile, and Sir John Eliot ends his career in London Tower. But the pains of these heroes become the pleasures of their descendants. For us, they achieved free thought and action, and these forms of liberty cost mankind a hundred battle-fields. In matters of state, the deed and charter is made valid when signed with the king's seal, and now the institutions that make for liberty are genuine because they are stamped with the blood of the heroes, the patriots, and the martyrs. For all social advancement is the history of suffering and endurance, for the most part without recognition. The reformers have labored; other generations entered into their labors.

Our planet has a soil deep and rich, because

of ages when the fire billows melted the granite; when huge glaciers ground the rocks to powder, when winds went rioting everywhither. Electric storms blazed, but all in vain; frost wedges split the cliffs; raindrops, freezing, split the mountains; destruction seemed universal. Now, in retrospect, we perceive that the earlier desolation meant later fruition. The wheels of the earthquake tore the hills apart, that the nations might not be separated. Watery currents scooped out the rivers as channels for man's commerce; frosts tunnelled the cliffs into food for forests and flowers. Rude forces sloped the hillsides up which the shepherd now leads his happy flocks. Who would take the suffering out of life? Has not our civilization grown rich by the sufferings that our fathers endured? This new and foolish philosophy that affirms there is no suffering has not scratched the surface of human life or culture or refinement or social progress. He who asks release from human suffering would take the glacier out of the soil, — the glacier that smoothed the plains of the planet; would take winter out of the seasons of the year; would take the glory of the night out of the round of day; would take the cloud and the rain storms out of the summers; would expel the furrows from the face of Lincoln; would rob Socrates of his dignity and majesty; would make Paul a mere æsthetic feebling; would steal the sweet-

ness from maternity; would rob the Divine Sufferer of His sanctity; and would turn the throne of God into a throne of iron, instead of a throne where sits One who is man's brother, made perfect through suffering, and tempted in all points like as we are.

Ages ago, Plato said that suffering was a midwife. In his "Republic," the great Greek recognized this law when he said that no man was fitted to rule who had not learned how to understand men through his own sorrows. How wise a word was that! Rulers young and untaught and pleasure-loving have generally plunged their people into wars, riots, and revolutions. On the other hand, the great achievements for the millions through liberty have been ushered in by kings and presidents who through personal experience have learned sympathy with their fellows. We conclude, therefore, that trouble comes with a divine commission; that sorrows do not riot through life; that men are not atoms buffeted hither and thither. That accepted and rightly used, sorrows change their nature and become joy.

This principle becomes the clearer when we think of the sudden striking down of President McKinley. In that hour many minds were confused and bewildered. Men said, "How can there be an overruling God? If One there is, why did He permit such an event? What had the great President done to deserve such

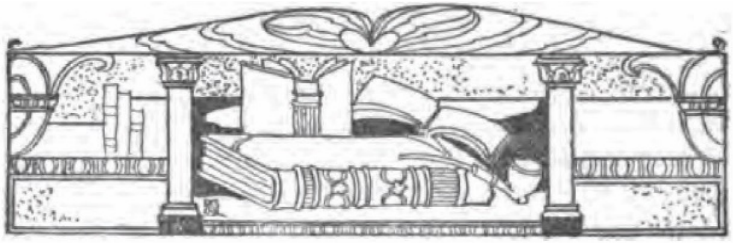
an end? How faithful was he as ruler, how true a friend! What fidelity to his home!" Men said, "It is a world of trouble, confusion, and mystery." Plainly man was not made for happiness. Yet, now that a little time has passed, wise men see that a deeper joy and happiness were latent in the suffering and sorrow. As for Lincoln, so for McKinley — the hour of supreme good fortune was the hour of martyrdom. In his life he was admired by one political party. But suffering opened the gates of sympathy, and the South, during his dying days, opened his pages, read the president's addresses, and came to understand his mission and message. When he died, all the shops were closed, all wheels stood still — the whole nation assembled at the same hour, to recall his dying words, to sing his best-loved hymns, to listen to his incitements unto patriotism, to swear fidelity to God, home, and native land. Through those events, as in no other way, his life, teachings, and character were stamped forever upon the children and youth of the nation. An opportunity, a degree of influence, that joy and success could not give, came through suffering and sorrow. Could the great President return, he would tell us that a man could well die a thousand deaths for one such day of commemoration. Never do the wings of God brood man so closely as in the hour when the Angel of Sor-

row comes to lend the crown of suffering and martyrdom.

In Nature's fierce heat carbon is turned to flashing diamond. In the forests, when the frost falls, the nuts are made sweetly plump, and wild grapes lose their harshness. Under the surface of the soil heat and pressure convert limestone into blood-stained marble. In the world of pottery it is fire that burns the artist's tracery into the delicate porcelain. The measure of a nation's power is the number of its heroes, and the measure of civilization is the number of noble and elect souls that belong to all ages and all races. A small group, these heroes, clothed with majesty and with dignity, with faces luminous as the very angels of God. What poets from David to Robert Burns and our later school! What jurists from Moses to the last great judge! What statesmen and patriots and soldiers and martyrs! And lo! oh, wonder of wonders, not one member of this elect group represents a career of uninterrupted happiness, or believes in exemption from sorrow. All are as unique for their sufferings as they are unique for their greatness. Moses, the world's great jurist, comes in, after forty years in his wilderness, and falls on death ere he enters his promised land. Homer, blind, fed on crusts, and holding heartbreak at bay, leads the company of the poets. He is followed by Dante, the exile, with suffer-

ings so keen that the very children felt that he must have passed through hell; and Dante is followed by Milton, who in his blindness is led by servants, who understood him not. Paul leads the company of the reformers, with body worn thin as parchment, bruised by innumerable stonings and floggings; Livingstone, whose path was filled with thorns, with bleeding feet heads the company of the philanthropists; and Lincoln, with his face furrowed with sorrow, heads the rulers; and who is this One that cometh out of Eden, with dyed garments from Bozra, — this man whose name is above every name, whose face is marred above every face? And to what end was His suffering? Lo! this is the answer: for the joy that was set before Him. For the Angel of Sorrow is the herald who goes before, proclaiming the approach of all those who have come out of great tribulation, on their march toward final victory and perfect happiness.

THAT INEQUALITIES OF HAPPINESS BY REASON OF THE INEQUALITIES OF TALENT ARE MORE SEEMING THAN REAL: WITH AN OUTLOOK UPON THE TRAGEDY OF THE TEN-TALENT MEN



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF THE DWARF AND THE CROSSBOW

When Charos, the dwarf, died, Comfortas sorrowed for him with an exceeding great sorrow and buried his friend in the royal tomb. But the people understood not the love that was between Comfortas with all his strength and beauty and the bent, misshapen dwarf. Now the friendship of the two fell out after this fashion. When the king sent Comfortas to the queen's parents, he gave them charge to hide the boy's name from all the people, lest men through reverence, bear his son's burdens for him and so make life easy. One day when the youth was passing through the forest, he joined himself to a little company of hunters. Envying Comfortas for his beauty, a youth challenged him to a contest with the crossbow. Now from childhood he had been trained to ride and run and wrestle and throw the spear, that he might be ready to maintain himself as king should that time ever come. But shoot he could not. Once his arm had strung the bow, his aim was uncertain. Yet Comfortas dreaded to be beaten, thinking it a matter for shame that another should be king in the realm of archery, and he be a subject through ignorance and lack of skill. So Comfortas dreaded the contest in which the strange youth had much to gain and he everything to lose. Also, his fear was the greater because the wind was blowing a gale, now swelling to deflect the arrow from its path, and now suddenly dying away to let the arrow fall in the midst of its course. And when in fear and trembling Comfortas took the bow and prepared for the contest, a dwarf came to him and asked to carry his quiver and select his arrows. "Do not despise me because I am a dwarf,"said the boy;

"the bee is small, but it has its sting; the butterfly is feeble, but it has wings to rise above the ox; everything has its weapon; the ox has its horn; if the deer is weak, it has a swift foot; and even a dwarf may have his special gift." Comfortas did not understand, but in his confusion he gave the dwarf his wish. Now the contestants were to shoot with the wind and against it and along its side: but when they shot against the wind, the dwarf chose a stiff feather and small, telling Comfortas that the shaft's own weight would guide it; when they shot with the wind, the dwarf inserted two feathers for one, that they might retard the arrow enough to send it straight to the mark; and when they shot along the side of the wind, with his knife Charos cut away the feathers and weighted the arrow at both ends with a bit of lead, bidding Comfortas increase his strength. When Comfortas easily prevailed over his rivals, the hunters crowded about him and gave him praise, but his competitor was sullen and said that the dwarf, with his subtle skill, had won the match. Afterwards the hunters asked Comfortas his name, for they began to think that he was a man of honor in his country; but the youth held his peace. That night he carried the dwarf home with him, and made him overtures of friendship, saying, "It is my first victory. For once I am king over my fellows in my own right," and he said to the dwarf, "What I have not, you have, and what you lack, I can give." And so they became as brothers, each having his special gift. And when Charos died, Comfortas put this epitaph upon his tomb: "To Charos, the dwarf, who was one of the architects of my life and our city."

CHAPTER III

THAT INEQUALITIES OF HAPPINESS BY REASON OF THE INEQUALITIES OF TALENT ARE MORE SEEMING THAN REAL: WITH AN OUTLOOK UPON THE TRAGEDY OF THE TEN-TALENT MEN

ONE of the hard problems of life is the reconciliation of a right theory of happiness with the inequalities of talent. God gives some men one talent, to others two talents; some have five talents, and a few have ten. He who appoints unto each worker his task and temperament, has also placed these workers under that law of increase and of diminishment that controls the development of these mental gifts with which man begins his life career. The law of increase decrees that the rich man who has much gold can have more, while the poor shopkeeper who has little trade is always in danger of seeing that little wrested away. For the multimillionnaire and financial king every tide is flood tide. For the street sweeper every tide is a tide that ebbs away. Many men who love their kind have been sadly disturbed by this inequality of gifts that seems to be one of the great enigmas of life. They fear that happiness is an impos-

sible thing for those to whom little talent has been given. Even in human government, the test of a law is that it gives equal rights unto the citizens. The government that gives special privileges to one class, and denies those privileges to another class, is bidding for a revolution. Yet the Divine Ruler sometimes reduces the talents of one man almost to the vanishing point, while He increases the gifts of another to the point where the possessor receives universal homage. Out of these inequalities in mental gifts rise inequalities in wealth, land, and offices.

In their zeal, superficial reformers have thought to cure the inequalities in life's material things by the enactment of new laws. But these inequalities of power and of property strike deeper than exterior laws. A dove rules over few things, because it is a dove; the eagle crosses a continent, scales the mountain peak, looks the sun in the eye, because it is an eagle, and no exterior law will equalize the realm over which each rules. Try as we may to cure the inequalities of society by legal enactments, the fact remains that these inequalities begin in birth endowments. Put a Watt, or Stevenson, or Clay into circumstances the most unpropitious, and he will climb to the topmost round of the ladder; let the feebling be born at the top, and he will speedily make his way to the very bottom. A

thousand children were born on the same day as Abraham Lincoln; all opened eyes to the same laws and opportunities; only one was emancipator; the difference was in birth endowment. It is a grievous problem; it can never be solved by the intellect. We strike our foreheads against the beetling cliff; we return with nothing save foreheads bruised and bleeding. We can only say that some Palissy, placing the clay on the revolving wheel, with gentle pressure causes one lump to take on the outlines of a beautiful vase, while another piece of mud is shaped for humblest uses. And of God's plans for His earthly workers, we all must remember the words of Paul: the Divine Potter maketh "one vessel unto honor and another vessel unto apparent dishonor."

But if clouds and darkness are round about God's throne, justice and truth are the foundations thereof. In a moral universe happiness cannot be possible for some and beyond the reach of others. If nature and experience teach us anything, they teach us that God measures out His gifts, not from the view point of caprice or prejudice, but from the view point of justice and love. All the presumptions are that what the children of good fortune gain and enjoy by their many gifts on the one side, are fully counterbalanced by what they must lose and suffer on the other side. In studying the apparent inequalities of life, we must make

a full room for the law of compensation. This law may not explain everything, but it explains many things. The old theologians asked this law to prove that bad men have their good things in this life, and that virtuous men have their reward in the next world. These scholastics taught us that the bad man lives in a palace, wears purple, eats stalled ox, holds office, rules over an estate, while the good man lives in a hut, wears rags, and eats crusts. Their statement, however, was essentially untrue. Experience shows that godliness is profitable in the life that now is, and that the root qualities named intelligence, industry, forethought, and integrity often blossom into abundance here. Moreover, if the law of compensation holds in the next world, it should hold in the life that now is. God's world is not made of two antagonistic halves. If we look for reasons, therefore, these inequalities of exterior condition may have an explanation in facts even now plainly evident. If to-day one man seems chosen unto good fortune and another unto ill fortune, in the long run things will equalize themselves. Consider the life of Nero and Paul.

Nero had his Golden House, had an army of soldiers to do his will, and ruled over millions. He also hoped to be remembered after he was dead, and to have a place in history. Contrariwise, Paul lived in a dungeon, ate

prisoner's fare, had a stone for his pillow; and he also wished to be remembered after death. Now, considering the full nineteen hundred years, how strangely have things been balanced up. Through his writings Paul has ruled over millions, more in number than those of Nero. He has had his soldiers who have gone forth to do his will in the realm of morals, as once the great emperor ruled in the realm of force. If Nero had his Golden Palace, Paul has been supreme in many a temple and library and cathedral. It was this law of which Emerson was thinking when he said that Alexander, every Cæsar, every Bacon, every Shakespeare, pays dearly for his throne and sceptre.

When we come to balance joys and sorrows over against one another, we find that if poverty has its load, wealth has its responsibility also; that if the obscure peasant has his task, genius has its heavy burdens. No Crœsus would ever a second time take up his burden unless the good God especially laid it upon him. It is very doubtful whether any great statesman or hero political saviour would undertake again the responsibilities of his fame, without a special divine injunction. We can make no greater mistake than to forget that oftentimes rich men stand in the palace window and look longingly toward the clerk who has enough, and sleeps the sleep of childhood. From time to time, in this busy life, men do well to note

that these inequalities of happiness through the inequality of talent are but seeming. If all the facts concerning those whose gifts are envied were fully before the mind, every man would deliberately return to the old hearthstone, and choose the same parents and temperaments and task. The good God chose for us, and in choosing, He did all things well.

Some, busied with their tools and material industries, look longingly toward the religious teachers and envy their tasks. Before their eyes every Moses and Paul and Augustine stand forth vessels chosen to great honor. But consider the cares, the sorrows, and the responsibilities of the religious leader. Men praise Moses. He found the Israelites a mob, he left them an army; he found them slaves, he left them citizens; he found them a band of wandering gypsies, he left them a compact state; he found them without ideals of law, he left them with laws religious, laws moral, laws social and economic, laws hygienic and political. Above all, he found them polytheistic, worshipping idols; he left them possessed of the faith of God, the One Father of all mankind. But consider the cares that broke his spirit. His influence did not begin until after his death. In life he had no honors, only cares and heartbreak, and sorrows exceeding bitter. He led the people out of Egypt, and soon fronted a conspiracy among the people

who wished to return. He emancipated them from a despot, and for reward found himself surrounded with plots of men who coveted his sceptre of leadership. He thought he had redeemed them from idolatry, but after a brief absence Moses returned to find the people worshipping a golden calf. Having given up the palace and the promise of the throne to help his own enslaved kind, he received from them ingratitude, hatred, and threats against his life. Utterly broken and baffled, hours there were when he prayed only that he might fall on death, and besought God to send by whom He might send, but to relieve him of the responsibility. Yet his prayer was no more bitter than that of Elijah, who for a time led his people and whom men count a child of good fortune, yet who besought God by night and day to take away his life. Those who are unhappy amid the duties to which God hath appointed, will do well to think twice before envying men who are typified by such heroes as Paul. The measure of his influence, too, is the measure of his stripes, his imprisonments, his beatings with rods, his stonings, his perils by night, his perils by day, his perils in the wilderness, his perils in the sea, his perils by false brethren, his weariness, his painfulness, in watchings, in hunger, in thirst, his cold and his nakedness. It is the amount of powder behind the cannon ball, burned and utterly

consumed, that determines the ball's forward flight. And if any youth wants his spirit projected into the future, he must be pushed forward by similar pains and sorrows. To all candidates for Paul's honors and influence, comes Christ's question, "Are you willing to be baptized with the spirit of suffering with which he was baptized?" For the joys and rewards that come to the religious leader are fully balanced by his cares and sorrows.

Others there are who rebel against their temperaments, and aspire unto the scholar's leadership. Putting away contentment, they look longingly toward the life of the intellect. They forget that the wisest of kings, Solomon, is also called "the saddest of men." They do not know that of making many books there is no end, and that much study is a weariness to the flesh. They tell us that Solomon's sorrows sprang, not from his wisdom, but from his immoralities. They quite overlook the fact that Socrates was a greater scholar than Solomon, and also absolutely faithful to the dictates of justice and truth. Yet wisdom and goodness brought no exemption. What floods of trouble swept over him! His era was one when one might have expected universal sympathy. It was the Golden Age of the intellect. Pericles had made Athens the mother of the arts and sciences. Phidias was carving in snow-white marble those statues that are the despair of all

modern sculptors. Such students as young Plato were listening to the public teachers. In such an era, Socrates consecrated his unrivalled gifts to the work of a moral pastor and teacher.

He believed in God, in His guiding providence, and in prayer. He rose early and sat up late, to teach the people in stores and shops the answer to these questions: What is man? Who made the soul what it is? Where are the paths that lead to peace? Why is sin not only wicked, but a form of folly? He went to the marble quarry, and taught the men that carving stone is less important than clothing the soul with the beauty of justice and truth and love. He went to the shop where the women were weaving tapestries, and asked them not to make their lives a patchwork, living one day by caprice, and another by selfishness, and another by passion. He went to the aldermen of the city, and told them about a shepherd who reserved for half his flock the richest foods, and left the other half of the sheep to grow lean and starve for want of fountain and meadow. Even in the winter he went barefooted, and wore the simplest robe, that he might teach the people sobriety. He made his way to banquets, and told the gluttons that all rich foods simply scratched the skin within, and that they were living for pleasurable sensation. He became a soldier, and when his regi-

ment was defeated, and he found himself alone amidst the advancing army, he turned, but walked slowly and calmly away, moving with such majestic composure, says Alcibiades, that the enemy drew off from him, and tried other game.

He believed in prayer. One day, when the city was crowded, he led two of his favorite pupils into the country. Having found a grassy spot under a plane tree, beside the river Ilissus, he discoursed to them on the problems of duty, justice, and immortality. Afterward, when night fell, he said to Plato, "Shall we not offer a prayer to God, before we return to the din of the city?" When they had assented, Socrates lifted up his voice and prayed after this fashion: "Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods, who here abide, grant me to be beautiful within. Teach me that wisdom is a form of wealth, that abides forever: making life orderly without; make me just also within. Forbid also that I should ever have any gold, save that which a good man can possess." Heaven to him was to be the atmosphere of noble and refined conversation. When Crito went to the jail and told him that he had, through bribery, arranged for his escape, and that there was a ship in the harbor to bear him away, the old man reasoned down his friend and told him it was better to suffer than to commit injustice. "Last night," he said,

"I had a dream, and a beautiful being, arrayed in white, approached me, and said, 'Socrates, in three days you will reach fertile Phthia, that is heaven,' and these words sound in my ears like the swelling music of flutes, and make me deaf, dear Crito, to all you say." He spent the days before he was to be executed, in turning the Fables of Æsop into verse, and in writing a hymn to Apollo, and in giving us the great arguments for immortality. When the jailer warned him against conversation on the final afternoon, lest the bodily heat counteract the poison, and make his death more painful, he smilingly answered, "Then give me the poison twice or thrice," and went on with his discussion. When the hemlock juice was brought in for him to drink, he inquired calmly what the symptoms might be, so that he would know when death was near; and he drank it quietly, looking steadily at the jailer, without trembling or change of color. History holds the story of no nobler intellect. It was only death that brought him fame. In his life he could only have said, "Whose sorrows are like unto my sorrows?" The great God raised up this man to be a moral teacher to the Grecian people, and girded him for the task, but, as of another, the people preferred Barabbas before him. For his preëminence in intellect as a scholar was fully counterbal-

anced by his preëminence in pain and disappointment.

But the discontent of others takes on a different form. Rebelling against their lot, some there are who look longingly toward the life of the imagination. Their ideal life is the life of the dreamer. They covet the task of John, who writes his vision, and of David, who writes his psalms and songs. They wish leisure to dream their idle dreams. Perhaps they have forgotten that it is the first condition of the poet that he must feel what he describes, and be the pain that he tells. These have forgotten that John, being on the rock in the Isle of Patmos, with no companions save criminals, in the reaction gains power to dream of the ideal city of God, where his companions shall be saints. If Tennyson writes his "In Memoriam," the power to do so came out of a sorrow that hung its heavy black curtains over his life, and his sister's.

> "'In words like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
> Like coarsest clothes against the cold,
> The sad mechanic exercise,
> Like dull narcotics, soothing pain.'"

Nor is the poet's life an exception. Open the pages of Dante. He is called the voice of the ten silent centuries, — one of the supreme poets of all time. But this man, who has power to describe the Inferno, wandered through all the best part of his life, a broken-hearted exile.

Gaunt, lean, with eyes full of sadness, dwelling in a foreign city amidst strangers, from time to time the stranger would appear upon the street, and the children, pointing the finger at him, whispered, "There goes the man who has been in hell." So out of his fiery pains he wrote the "Inferno." Men say that in his "Paradise" he describes the city of God. But during that score of years when he was exiled, when the evening fell, he climbed the hill near Ravenna, and stood with his hand to his eyes, straining his vision toward that horizon beyond which lay his beloved Florence. It is said that God lent him power to describe the pains of remorse and memory, and that he has a place among the immortals, because of his story of Purgatory; but Dante tells us that he saw men and women burned alive in the market place; that he, himself, was condemned to the flames, and as a fugitive hid in the dens and caves of the earth, and that out of that vision of flame he wrote his "Inferno." On the title-page of his book he might have written these words, "That which mine eyes have seen of anguish, that which my ears have heard of woe, that of agony which my heart has felt, I describe unto you." At the end of his book he wrote down the wish that God would take him to Himself, after he had written of Beatrice such things as were never yet written of woman. "Every winter have I gone, a wanderer, well-nigh a

beggar, showing against my will the open wound of fortune. Truly I have been a vessel without sail or rudder, driven to diverse ports and shores by that mad blast, — the breath of grievous poverty. I have shown myself to the eyes of many in whose view not only was my person debased, but every work of mine."

And so for five and twenty years he lives, holding heart-break at bay. He flees from town to town lest the emissaries of Florence catch him and literally make cinders of him. When he died, he was buried beneath the pavement of the street, and though six hundred years afterward Byron knelt in that street and wept where was buried Dante, during his lifetime he was called a madman and a monster. At King Arthur's Round Table there was left one seat empty for the knight who should venture the pursuit of the Holy Grail. That seat was called the "seat perilous," because of the dangers that he must encounter who would win it. And Dante with his exile, his loneliness, his poverty, and his sorrow; Milton with his blindness, his enmities, the tragedy in his home, the downfall of all his hopes, that made him feel and say that his breast had become a target against which fortune had let fly all her poisoned shafts, — these are the types of those who would see "the vision splendid." For the inequalities of imagination have their compensation also! All those who fret against their circumstances

would with cheerfulness return to their appointed task could they sincerely ask themselves this question, "Am I able to drink of the cup which the Man of the pierced hand holds out to those who would be baptized with His honors as well as His sorrows?"

Other men and women there are who covet another form of greatness. They fulfill the task of clerk or helper working-man. They do not care to write things, but they want to do things. They think that bulk measures value, and they want to do large things instead of putting quality into small things. Their discontent is poisoning their lives. Unhappiness is marring their usefulness, and threatening ultimate success. Oftentimes they dream of the inventors, but if they only knew how bitter is the cup that they are asking to be permitted to drink of, they would push it away in terror and alarm. They eagerly covet the great man's task. For the moment let Palissy stand as the type of their ideal of romantic heroism in invention. One day he saw an Italian cup whose beauty inflamed his mind. He dwelt hundreds of miles from the village where it was made, and his poverty and his little family made the journey impossible. For ten years, after the day's toil, he spent his nights pounding earthen pots, mixing compounds, burning the fragments in his furnace. Then, having lost his position, he became a

surveyor, and after working for one month, continued his investigations for two. When long years had passed by, Palissy was reduced to the utmost of poverty, and yet, out of more than three hundred firings he had but one piece to show that was covered with white enamel. At last he was in debt, he was on the verge of ruin, his furnace represented the result of borrowing; for a month he was without sleep, standing by his furnace by day and night, at the mercy of wind and rain. He reeled from side to side as if he had been drunken. Those in his home turned against him; his clothes in tatters, his body was worn to a skeleton, yet in the last extremity, after years of experiments, he made one more attempt. Having staked all upon that, he found at the last moment that his fuel was not sufficient to melt the enamel. At that moment he tore the palings from the garden fence, broke the gate that led to the door of his hut, rushed into the house to carry out the table and the chairs, stripped the shelving from the walls, and heaved all into the furnace, while wife and children ran frantically into the town, and called out that Palissy had gone mad and was breaking up his furniture for firewood.

Even when he was successful, and after sixteen years had discovered the porcelain that now sells at almost fabulous prices, he devel-

oped such skill as an artist in painting on plates and vases that his methods now control the modern work in porcelain, and have so diffused the beautiful, and sprinkled it upon the instruments of the dining room, as to make all this process of eating and drinking to be instruments of refinement. But just because he had become the idol of the working people, and his influence was immeasurably great, his very success, since he was a Protestant, brought with it peril, a trial for false teaching, and his condemnation to the stake. The king commanded his workshop to be destroyed, and his home to be razed to the ground. Palissy himself was cast into the Bastile, and threatened with death unless he recanted. Word was sent that unless he retracted, he would be burned on the morrow. At last Palissy died,—died like a criminal in the Bastile, after months of imprisonment, being paid with a dungeon for his gifts to the world's homes; for his beautiful designs having received chains; for his heroic courage having received crusts; and for his sublime invention having been paid with the scourge and the halter. And what shall we say more of great Boettgher, who founded the industries of Dresden, save that from the day he completed his invention the king ordered him to be imprisoned, and compelled him to toil under threats of beating,—that the great man died of a broken heart ere he was five and thirty,

being buried at night, as if he were a common criminal. And what shall we say of Goodyear, save that this man who gave soldier and sailor and working-man warmth and immunity from the rains of summer and the storms of winter on land and sea, was rewarded with a debtor's prison, compelled to beg in the streets like a pauper; and that, worn out with his toil, he died a debtor, leaving his babes without provision for the morrow. Indeed, the army of the inventors might, with rare exceptions, be called the army of the martyrs. He who stands on the threshold of this temple, and would seek to wrest the secrets from Nature, must be willing to eat the bread of poverty, know sleeplessness and untiring toil. If some inventors receive a flood of honors, the inequality of their talents is justified by the inequality of their pain and sorrow.

Others there are whose discontent begins with the coveting the task of the artist. In all ages the great painters and sculptors have been considered the favored sons of good fortune. When they have succeeded, their rewards have been signal. Their companions then have been kings, and not mere men, and yet sorrow has been their lot and disappointment their portion. With rare exceptions the history of the artist is the history of a career of pain with rare intervals of success. The type of this class of men is the type of Turner.

When it was too late, England recognized his unrivalled genius, and for his works set apart the best room in her National Gallery. Sketches that the artist, living, sold for a song, now sell for a fortune. But during his lifetime England had only scorn and contempt for Turner, and her cartoons and criticisms poisoned his happiness and wrecked his life. His biographer tells us that he was homeless in his childhood, friendless in his youth, loveless in his manhood, and, by reason of the venom of his critics, hopeless in his old age.

He also says, "Columbus succeeded in making others share his hope, Kepler and Galileo could demonstrate their conclusions to a certain point. His studies of Carthage represent the vain pursuit of wealth; his studies of Rome, the vain pursuit of power; his studies of Venice, the vain pursuit of beauty; but maliciousness and cruelty so wounded his heart that the brush fell from his hand. For blame and criticism paralyze the imagination, and the creative faculties cannot work, save in the atmosphere of love and sympathy. "We shall never know what art treasures might have been ours," said Ruskin, "had Turner lived. Soft as Correggio, solemn as Titian, the color would have glowed pure for centuries to come. But England, once the lion-hearted, had become England the iron-hearted, and this century has caused every one of its greatest

men, whose hearts are kindest, and whose spirits were most receptive, to die without hope, — Scott, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Turner."

If history teaches anything, it tells us that those who are discontented with their task and temperament, and look with envious eyes upon another's talent, have made themselves sons of folly. Rebellion cannot build happiness, but rebellion can wreck happiness. Discontent can furrow the face, sour the affections, twist the judgment, turn home into a hell. Few of those who covet another's temperament, realize what they ask. All candidates for entrance to the temple of Fame should ask themselves some stern questions. Can you drink of the cup of bitterness of which earth's great one's drank? Can you be baptized with their baptism? Can you wrestle with the angel of darkness, as did Jacob? Can you eat crusts? Wear rags? Can you know sleepless nights and friendless days? Can you endure poverty and the uttermost of pain? Can you wash your robes and make them white in blood? If you can, then enter the lists, and may God appoint you a covert when the storm breaks. But a far wiser course would it be for all young hearts to return to their humble task, contented, henceforth, to fulfil the duty that has been appointed.

Personal happiness begins with this thought: God needs to have this work done, and set me here to do it. To shirk the work imperils a

great plan, and is traitorous. To do the work appointed for me is honor enough; so I chose, and in choosing did all things well. Every man should reflect that if all the facts between his cradle and grave were fully before him, as they are before the All-loving Father; all would choose what He chose, selecting the same parents, the same childhood's home, the same position, no matter how obscure or how lofty. Doubtless men would do this, even at the moment when things go bad as heart can wish. In the old story the pilgrim rebelled against his load, dropped his burden, and bitterly prayed to God for death to relieve him. Suddenly the angel of death stood beside him. "You called me?" said Death. "Yes," answered the frightened pilgrim, "I wanted you to help me lift this load to my shoulders, for this load is very dear to me"; and this story describes us all. Did men but know it, not one would exchange his load if he could. Every task is unique, every temperament is solitary, single, never copied and never repeated, and the humblest worker should practise self-reverence. In God's sight there are no common people. Not less important is the thought that God can give to every man what He gave Paul, — full power to rise above untoward circumstances, so that they can learn how to be content with wealth, and how to be equally happy in poverty; how to use leisure for study, as did Paul the

scholar, and how to have slaves and gladiators for your companions, companying with men most ignorant. Unto all sooner or later comes the cross, and if a man carries his cross beautifully, and makes it radiant with the glory of a meek and gentle spirit, the time will come when the things that now disturb will be the events for which he will most of all give gratitude to God. "Blessedness is more than happiness," and blessedness begins with the faith that no worker is overlooked or unthought-of; that the silver cord that binds each worker to God's feet has never been broken; that He chooses for His children, and so doeth all things well.

THAT THERE ARE NO CIRCUMSTANCES NOR CONDITIONS PROHIBITIVE OF HAPPINESS: A STUDY OF SOULS HAVING THE NOTE OF DISTINCTION



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO WEPT OVER THAT AT WHICH OTHERS REJOICED

When the king returned from the Holy War, he brought home with him his death wound. And because he was now never to do the things he had planned for his people, he transferred his ambitions to his children. Since his elder son was selfish and pleasure-loving, the king staked all his hopes on Comfortas, who was still sojourning in his mother's country. One thought brought a sting, sharper than death itself, -- the thought that other hands must guide the young child, -- and he feared lest the youth, in some critical hour, might stumble and fall, and bring disaster upon the people, nor did he remember that his wisdom was little and God's large; that a father could be with the boy, at longest, but a short time, while God was from generation to generation. So, through lack of trust, he was afriad. That night, when he was sleepless, the queen brought a favorite book and read him the story of Ceres, the goddess of the harvest; that goddess who walked through the fields, and breathed upon the violets that they might have perfume, and bent her face to the brier bush, that its thorns might blossom and take color from Ceres' lips; who stretched her hands over the hills that there might be grass for herds and flocks. And while the queen read, her lord slept to dream. He thought one stood at the threshold of his chamber, who was more beautiful than even Ceres herself. The girl seemed frightened until she saw the king, to whom she knelt and stretched forth her hands, asking where she was and what were these strange scenes to which she had come. And when the king understood that she had come as a visitor from another world, he gladly became her guide and showed her his palace and his

gardens, and led her through the streets into the market place and the forum, and showed her those places in which he had special pride, and those persons in the city whom he held dear. But as they went, lo! the girl's sense of strangeness did not wear off, nor did her fears lessen. Her face rather gathered pain and anxiety. Then the king led her into the fields and showed her the sower going forth to sow; he showed her a husbandman pruning and digging about his vines; he showed her a scholar copying a roll and with loving care decorating the margins with blue and gold; he led her to the house of his friend, where was a child in its cradle; he took her to the house of his favorite officer, who chanced to be gazing silently at his sword, knowing full well that perchance on the morrow he would fall on the field of battle. When the king's heart was ready to burst with pride, he said, "All these treasures are mine." But so far from answering him with congratulations upon his good fortune, the beautiful stranger burst into tears, saying, "I did not realize that yours was a world in which every heart must break daily." Then the king was troubled for her, and he said, "You do not understand. That which you weep for is the very reason of our rejoicing. You pity the sower carrying his sack, but he rejoices forecasting the harvest. You mourn for the scholar with lamp burning till the morning, but those pages are his glory; your tears fall for the mother whose love neither slumbers nor sleeps, but this mother, whose heart hangs over the cradled babe as a star hangs over the earth, finds in solicitude her greatest joy. You shudder at that scar on my soldier's brow, but he counts it his medal of honor, and the battle scene over which you weep hangs on the walls of his memory like the shield of a vanquished enemy. Strange that you weep at those things over which we sing." And while the king was rebuking the girl, lo! a brightness passed over her countenance. Troubled, the king brushed away what seemed a mist gathering before his eyes, and he beheld, as it were, an Angel of Light and heard these words: "God hath sent me to ask why His servant weeps over what He is doing for His child Comfortas." And the king awakened and was ashamed. And he called for the queen, and whispered, "Henceforth I am content." And lifting his thoughts to Him who dwells above the stars and beyond them, he prayed after this fashion: "Be thou the king and choose for Comfortas." Thus the king fell on his last sleep.

CHAPTER IV

THAT THERE ARE NO CIRCUMSTANCES NOR CONDITIONS PROHIBITIVE OF HAPPINESS: A STUDY OF SOULS HAVING THE NOTE OF DISTINCTION

IF the principles discussed in the previous studies are sound and trustworthy, we are now prepared to affirm that there are no events nor circumstances prohibitive of happiness. Consciously or unconsciously every man journeys forward, carrying full power to rise victorious above all forms of misfortune and defeat. Browning speaks of "the distinguished souls," but it is given to every person to say that neither tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor the sword, can stand over the soul and trample it under foot. The rather is it in man's power to lord it over all untoward events, since all things have been put under his feet. Easy-going, pliant natures, and those who are easily discouraged, often urge that only exceptional and gifted persons can maintain the sense of happiness and victory. It has been said that now and then is born an easy-going, buoyant, and irrepressible temperament, so blessed with good things without, and self-

sufficing power within, that he can maintain a certain evenness of spirit; these fortunate beings are neither exalted unduly by to-day's abundance nor depressed by to-morrow's want.

Men argue that these gifted ones are, however, as infrequent and occasional as the great general, or a great artist, or a supreme orator. It is said that such an one was Paul. He did, indeed, despise the troubles of life, as an elephant despises mosquito bites, but there will be a score of Washingtons born again before there will be another Paul. All this, however, is to fail to recognize the latent strength in every human soul. We make too much of the "dear immortal few." Even the weakest have vast reserves that may be called up in an emergency. Inequalities of talent, and of physical good fortune, are apparent to every observer, but a close study of human nature seems to warrant the statement that in one respect God is no respecter of persons, in that He has clothed all men with full power to achieve victory over every emergency and misfortune. Indeed, if we search the pages of history, we shall discover that men of little talent and men of much talent, have alike learned how to rise into the realm of tranquillity. What has been done, can be done. To the old question, can the Christian religion enable a man to live happily, not simply through an entire day, but through his entire

life, we must give the old answer, that no man has ever tried it. The time now has fully come for men to recognize that there are realms of Christian truth, with respect to happiness and tranquil living, that have hitherto been unexplored. All the new forms of Christian science and mental science, and the science of Being, represent the emphasis of certain truths taught by Christ, the content of which no human being, as yet, fully realizes. The soul is big with possibilities of happiness. When men accept, not a part, but all of Christianity, they will pass from the temperate zone of intermittent happiness, with its periods of depression and gloom, that are like winters separating the summers, and, leaving the darkness behind, find the tropic realm of perpetual happiness.

Sceptical natures may think that this statement is too broad and emphatic. Fortunately history fully justifies the confidence that the soul has plenary power over all circumstances and events. The statesmen, reformers, and leaders have known how to rise above trouble into the realm of tranquillity, and there have built themselves houses of peace. If one Moses, the jurist, was stormed upon, betrayed, driven into the desert, deserted and defeated, and knew treason among his followers, he at last learned the secret of happiness, from One who is invisible, and found a refuge in a time of

storm. If Paul was mobbed, stoned, beaten with rods, chained in a dungeon, and slain with the tyrant's sword, he certainly was also one of the happiest men who ever lived. Indeed, the last letter that he wrote from his cell seems like a bright light shining through a dungeon door, and those words are among the supreme things in literature. Perhaps we may say that the brightest pages in our library are pages that were written by men at a time when they were in prison, dwelling midst the uttermost of misfortune.

What witnesses to the soul's power to achieve happiness under any circumstances, are the books that have been written in jails. Socrates perfects his great argument for immortality in a jail at Athens. Galileo achieves some of his greatest discoveries in a Roman dungeon. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is the second book in English literature; it has been counted a miracle of genius: and it represents twelve years in Bedford jail. "Denied an appeal by Sir Matthew Hale," Bunyan wrote, "so, being again delivered to the jailer, I was led home to prison." There, shut in by gloomy walls, his spirit rose above, and soared beyond, the limits of his cell. In his dream, the jail became the Palace Beautiful. The keeper became now an Apollyon, and now a Great Heart. Beyond the prison walls was the town of Vanity Fair. Afar off, on the horizon, rose the outlines of

the Delectable Mountain, and hard by was the river of the Water of Life. He tells us that sometimes through joy and gladness he fell upon his knees, and sobbed through very gladness in an ecstasy of prayer and praise.

Be the reasons what they may, the authors who have been in prison are a great multitude. Cervantes says he spent five years in jail, being versed in sorrow rather than in literature. Seeking to forget his dungeon, in imagination he roamed afar, having as companions those two princes among good fellows, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. For the author's lightest fancy, his most delicate wit, his brightest pages, represent, not the ease and quiet of a library, a fat bank account, the applause of friends, but rather the five years when his feet were fettered, when his food was a crust, his raiment rags, and his house a stone slab. Imprisoned by poverty, also, Kepler discovered the laws of science, and Swammerdam the laws of life. Shut in by blindness and poverty, the great Greek sat in his cell, and described the woes numberless that destroyed the Greeks, just as, centuries later, Milton, endungeoned by the failure of his sight, sought to justify the ways of God to man.

If Marcus Aurelius was emperor as well as author, only now and then has one of the immortals worn purple or dwelt in kings' palaces. For the most part we can only say that the

great ones of earth, in comedy as well as in tragedy, have dwelt in poor men's cottages, and eaten the bread of labor and sorrow. For some reason the luxury that enervates the arm and enfeebles the nerve, can also fetter the imagination, and clip the wings of genius and befog the vision. Above every threshold where luxury dwells, write these words, "A place where a life once was" says an essayist; too much always injures. When overabundance comes in at the soul's door, genius flies out of the window. Perhaps God imprisons the poets, the sages, and the statesmen here, making dungeon walls thick and high, to shut out the din of earthly sounds and sights, that in tranquillity men may hear the heavenly voices, and see the heavenly vision.

It is often said that there is one form of misfortune that renders happiness impossible. The body, for example, is ever with us. The prisoners of physical accident and misfortune are many, and through weakness of nerve or tissue they seem literally entombed in flesh. For them, the body is a clog and hindrance. What was meant for wings becomes a weight. Byron had his club-foot, and burned with mortification when he met his guests in library or parlor. De Quincey, too, describes himself as led around by an invisible jailer. His forehead was Jove-like, but his vast head rested upon a body so shrunken and bloodless and atten-

uated, that in his essay upon murder as a fine art he expressed a doubt whether any highwayman, who should cut the slender cord of flesh that bound him to this earth, could be legally tried for manslaughter. Going into the Lake country, De Quincey met Christopher North, who at once became his ideal. The young Scottish professor was six feet and two inches in height. One morning, throwing off his clothes, Professor Wilson swam across Lake Windemere and back, and then started for a four-mile run over the hills, shouting and crying aloud, through sheer ecstasy of delight in his physical being. When the glorious youth returned, and threw himself down beside the pale essayist, poor shrunken De Quincey knew that the physical chain that bound him down was short, and strong indeed.

Here, too, is Robert Hall, with his spinal trouble. Here is Channing, consumed by the excitement of public speech, as with a flaming fire. Here is Alexander Stephens, wheeled daily in his chair into the Senate. Here are all the multitudes whose tragedy is that in childhood they slept in fever, and rose up to blindness or deafness. Some there are who are sound of nerve and limb and brain, and these know the rare luminous moods when perfect health gives a form of supreme happiness. In these exalted hours, the kingdom of beauty, through herb and shrub, through wave and

flood, and all sweet sounds and sights, melt through the body, ravishing mind and heart. For these fortunate natures, all hours are full of victory. Song then bubbles upon their lips, their bodies exhale happiness like incense, but others there are who are never free from the sense of pain. And yet, it sometimes seems as if the children of physical weakness and misfortune are among the happiest persons that our earth has known. Every town holds one gifted teacher or scholar or merchant, who in the midst of his life work was overtaken by illness, but whose life is so serene and happy that he breathes good cheer and encouragement upon others who are often depressed, even though they seem to be the special favorites of fortune. The mainspring of influence in many a home is the room where a mother lies invalidated. Thither, day by day, go the family for light, guidance, and inspiration. Among the truly distinguished souls, we must make a large place for those who, through sickness, have exemplified perpetual happiness and good cheer.

Browning does not tell us who he means by the distinguished souls, but perhaps he thought of Epictetus. How striking the epitaph of this great author: "Epictetus, a slave maimed in body, a beggar through poverty, and dear unto the immortals." In view of the happiness and victory of this man's life, we are

justified in the conviction that happiness is possible to all. Never was a youth born under a more malignant star. Early in life the boy was sold in the slave market, later he was given as a slave to man who was himself a slave. This slave having received injustice from his master, in turn visited cruelty upon the slave who waited upon him. Angered at Epictetus, his master twisted the boy's leg in an instrument of torture. "If you continue," said Epictetus, "you will break it"; and when the torture went on, the leg did break. "I told you that you would break it," said Epictetus, quietly, without either expression of agony or anger. During the time necessary for his recovery, the slave boy gave himself to study. At that time he worked out his philosophy of contentment. "At best," he said, "a man is a spirit, staggering under the burden of his bodily corpse." "Can you be happy with a lame leg?" he represents a man as inquiring.

"Do you think," he answers, "that because my soul happens to have one little lame leg, I am to find fault with God's universe? Ought we not when we dig, and when we plough, and when we eat, to sing this hymn to God, because He hath given us these implements whereby we may till the soil? Great is God because He hath given us hands, and the means of nourishment and food; and insensible growth, and breathing sleep; these things

we ought to hymn, because He hath given us the power to appreciate these blessings and continuously to use them. And, since the most of you are blinded, ought there not to be some one to fulfil this song for you, and on behalf of all to sing a hymn of happiness to God? And what else can I do, who am a lame old man, except sing praises to God? Now, had I been a nightingale, I should have sung the songs of a nightingale, or, had I been a swan, the songs of a swan; but being a reasonable being, it is my duty to hymn unto God."

In one of his discussions he represents an officer as coming to threaten him. "I will put you in chains," the soldier exclaims. To which Epictetus answers: "My good sir, what are you talking about? Put me in chains? You may put my leg in chains, but not even Zeus himself can master my will." "I will throw you into prison." "My poor little body, you mean." "Then I will cut off your head," said the officer. To which Epictetus answers, "My head is the only thing you cannot cut off." He thinks there is no form of poverty that man cannot rise above. "Had you been born in Persia, you would not be eager to live in Greece, but stay where you were and be happy; and, being born in poverty, why are you eager to be rich, and not rather abide in poverty, and so be happy? When you see a scorpion in a casket of gold, you do not con-

gratulate it on the splendor of its house, nor should you aspire to a soul that represents vice enshrined in wealth and pomp of circumstance." What a life was this! What happiness and victory despite a slave's hut and bread, the torture of a cruel master, drudgery that left only occasional intervals for study! It seems that a man can be happy without wealth, without family, without offices of honor, without health, without anything that the world seeks after, providing only the man loves God and seeks to obey his Heavenly Father. Such a man has a strong fortress, where there is light and warmth and welcome from every form of disaster. Verily, the man who lives as did Epictetus, will be, not simply a slave, maimed in body and fettered by poverty, but a soul "dear unto the immortals."

One of the hardest things to bear is disappointed ambition. To be conscious of great power, but to be unable to use these gifts, is grievous indeed. There is an agony that is keener than death itself. Those who find themselves fettered by fate, cribbed and cabined by events and environment, are indeed like birds that beat bloody wings against the iron bars of the cage. Yet history holds the story of many a man who, despite even these forms of misfortune, has found happiness and distilled joy that has been bread for the world. How much do men owe to the beautiful spirit of

Charles Lamb. Surely, he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He exhaled genius as a sweet shrub exhales perfume. Coleridge tells us that he loved him as David loved Jonathan. With hungry mind he learned so rapidly that one said of him that giving him books was like throwing wood into a burning fire. At sixteen, through misfortune, he was at the head of a household, caring for an invalid father and mother.

At twenty-one he gave his pledge to a young woman whom he loved as he loved his life. When he stood upon the threshold of his supreme happiness, he returned home one night to find his sister crazed, having slain her mother and wounded her father. Then relinquishing his dreams and giving back her promise, lest he himself be a victim of the ancestral malady, he took up his burden that he carried for nearly forty years. The beautiful sister was a woman of rare genius, and shared in her brother's signal gifts, yet from time to time the frenzy would return, and then he would put the woman in her strait-jacket, and hand in hand Charles Lamb and Mary Lamb would steal along the by-paths toward the asylum, both weeping bitterly, both hurrying lest the fierce madness might overtake the girl ere the brother reached the place of safety. When a friend who was too proud to accept a gift of money was in sore straits, Charles Lamb

said: "Do you know that I have put you down in my will, and it has occurred to me that I might just as well pay it now. Take this hundred pounds, and relieve me of its care and worry." One of the rarest, truest, kindest, richest friends that visits us in the library is Charles Lamb, with his humor and his sympathy, with his quaint wisdom and his tender pathos and his shining tears. We confess our debt to the author of the "Chimney Sweep," and the "Decay of Beggars," and the essay on "Roast Pig"; but most of all do we owe Lamb for his victorious life, for he knew how to live above troubles, and found the secret of happiness and abiding tranquillity.

It is a proverb that loneliness is the great enemy of happiness. To be uncared for, is to have the broken heart. God endows the soul with judgment and with will, but He gives it also great power of affection. Love that is hidden, like the spring that gushes out from the hillside, like that spring, is fed by all the secret forces of the clouds and the sky. And among all the gifts that relate men to God, the power of loving is, for majesty and beauty and glory, above all other gifts whatsoever. Once that heart experience comes, the greatness, the richness, and the wonder of it turns life into one perpetual Eden of delight. But love withdrawn can steal the warmth from the sunbeam, the sweetness from the song, the joy

and the mystery from the years. What a grief is that of which Robert Browning writes in "Evelyn Hope," when a strong man bows above the girl that had refused his love. "It was not her time to love," he reflects, and the man abides until old age, going forward toward his death, still feeding the sacred flame that burns on the altar of his heart, still hoping that beyond he will find her, and that there "she will wait, remember, and understand." The world is full of unexplained mysteries, loveless homes, men and women unloving yet still beloved, people who beneath their calm exterior conceal an inner tragedy, cloak their lives, but oft "groan inly while they teach men peace, and die while men are smiling." Yet every Tennyson has found at least one Enoch Arden, who, to double the happiness of others, has halved his own joy, and losing life, has saved it.

Harder still is it to be happy, having given up good, and received evil. Ingratitude embitters. It poisons peace at the very spring. Mature minds often recover from the awful shock of finding that the friend has played fast and loose with the holiest relations, but youth is often permanently injured by one false friend. Ingratitude can sour the sweetest disposition, twist what was straight, to a frank and trustful nature lend a touch of cynicism, doubt, and bitterness. For many

men, nothing is so easy as hating those who have done injury. To give bread, and receive a stone or a stab, — this turns love to hate, steals the warmth from the sunbeam, clothes hours with gloom. But even ingratitude can be forgiven. Ingratitude can mar peace for an hour, but hatred can destroy the soul itself. How wise a word was that of Booker Washington: "I will permit no enemy to degrade my soul to the level of hatred." And what the ex-slave taught, a noble man once did. The bishop of Arles adopted a poor boy, lent him culture, position, friends, and at last lifted him to the place beside him. Ambitious, ungrateful, crafty, the man conspired to usurp his benefactor's place. After a long time, through cunning and bribes, the saintly bishop was one morning lodged in a dark cell, and his protégé was bishop. For years, many and long, the old hero had served the people who now deserted him. The summers came and went again. At last remorse overcame one of the conspirators; a confession was made; the old bishop's innocence was fully established; in an agony of regret, the people went to the prison, broke down the doors, and would have carried their benefactor upon their shoulders through the streets. "Not so," he answered, "the Lord allowed imprisonment; in bowing to his will, I have been supremely happy. Happy, too, am I that the Lord now sends liberty. Having

done God's will, we should be neither depressed nor exalted." In that hour the people beheld the face of their holy man, and saw, as it were, the face of an angel. He met hate with love, ingratitude with forgiveness; bonds, imprisonment, and false charges, with pity and pardon. Happy in forgiving his enemy, he was thrice happy in his people's love, that after his death became almost worship. Plainly, the soul has full power to rise above the loss of reputation, above obloquy, ingratitude, and shame.

Now is there any talent so modest, any task so obscure as to make happiness impossible? What one man has done, all can do. In the outskirts of a certain city is a new street, running through a district now slowly building up. Most beautiful the street, with the fresh pavement, the newly planted trees, and the homes that begin to dot the blocks. But if the street itself is beautiful, it has an added attraction from its cleanliness. The old man who sweeps it, in his pride keeps it like a housewife's kitchen floor. Surprised often at its spotlessness, once I stopped to talk with the street sweeper. "Yours is a beautiful street." "It seems so to me," was the old man's answer. "And you keep it beautifully." "This is my stint," he replied with a gentle smile. "Ah, you are a New Englander; your language betrays you." "No, rather from Central New York." "And you have lived here long?"

"Only these few years." "And there in that village you were — ?" "There I was a school teacher," he answered. Then acquaintance began to ripen; when a long time had passed by, the old man outlined his career, — the days in the village academy, the year of his marriage, the promotion as principal of the graded schools, the years of pride and success as an educator; last of all, of the hour when, after months of watching above his beloved, he was defeated by the angel of death, and unclasped his arms, to "let the winged spirit fly."

Then came his own illness, his twisted face, the shock of losing his position, and the proud spirit that brought him to the city. "Why did the politicians give you this work?" "Ah, the pay is so poor that no one else wants it." "But you are lonely?" "In memory I have the boys and girls I taught; they are doing good work, and I think of them." "But this street sweeping, — it is hard?" "Yes, but God takes care of this street, holds each clod in its place; I find Him here in my street when I come in the morning. I look at yonder cloud, too, — look yonder at the setting sun. Tell me, think you God has gone home from *His* work?" And there was a flutter in the old man's voice. "But the evenings, — they must be hard?" "I have my books, — my old friends the authors. I am never alone. Have you ever watched a balloon,

and seen it strain and tug at its rope? The rope holds it here, but its life is there. If the balloon were a bird of paradise tugging at its cord, it would be like me. My body is here, but I live there," said the old man, looking upward, and refusing my eyes. "In the evenings, too, I light my lamp, and dream and read, and forget my tire. In the darkness, too, her face comes out, and smiles upon me. Yes, I am very happy." The old street sweeper, with his plain clothes, and his beautiful fidelity has now dropped his broom, but his secret of contentment remains to bless and guide his fellows. Others despised the man and his task, but he will always seem to me like one of the angels of God, whom a city entertained unawares, while all about were rich men and elegant women going into their palaces with bitterness, and coming out with discontent, who make a city of Sodom out of what might be a true city of God.

HAPPINESS AND THE PROBLEM OF WORK AND OCCUPATION



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF THE KING WHO WANTED TO LEARN A TRADE

On the night before Comfortas took his journey, the king talked long with his son. "The world is wide. Its ways are hard. You may question my wisdom in sending you forth to make your own way. Your mother's country is not as our country, its ways are not our ways. For a silken couch you will have a hard pallet. You will wait on others instead of having servants who fulfil your will. You will be homesick and often fall asleep through tire of crying, but you must be brave and endure and master yourself if you are to master soldiers. And lest at some future time you question my wisdom, I will now tell you why I am sending you away. Years ago, when I was young and dwelling in my father's palace as you dwell in mine, he sent me with a retinue of servants to be the guest of the king whose capital lies yonder range of mountains. After long journeying we reached that city and received welcome and entertainment. Some days later, it chanced that a riot broke out in that city, and the king's counsellors assembled to make ready for an outbreak on the morrow. When his ministers about the table talked in low tones, the king drew apart from them and beckoned to me. 'Some day,' he said, 'you too will be king. I give you pity against that hour. Yonder men,' he said, pointing to his ministers, 'are the true rulers. That grizzled soldier there with his arm in a sling is the king over my regiments. That man with the bundle of papers is the king over the laws. That one with the box beside him is the king over our money. Would you know how each one became to be a king? It

was because he learned a trade and a handicraft. It makes no difference what trade a man learns; one will make him as wise as another. Do you see this apple? Put your finger on the rosy spot; now draw a line around the apple, and it touches every point. Now begin on the green side of the apple, and the line will pass round in the same way. And the world's round of duties is like this apple. Begin in a soldier's tent or a cobbler's shop or a farmer's field or in a scholar's study, and the man compasses the one round of life and finds out the common truths that all the others have found out. But the king alone is forbidden to enter the school of work. He is doomed to stand for the people's luxuries and represent their pleasures and shadow forth their class distinctions, while the men educated in the schoolroom of work rule the state. My counsellors decide when there shall be a royal procession; they dictate the very clothes I wear; what honors I shall give; the laws I proclaim; and move their monarch round like a pawn on a chessboard. You count yourself happy forecasting the day when you will be king, not knowing that on that day you become a prisoner in your own palace.' Then the king said, 'My son, the world is doing much for the slaves in the market-place, much for orphan children, much for the blind and the lame, but when all the slaves have been freed, I hope that some one will organize a society to emancipate us poor forsaken kings. So shall we, too, study a trade and master a profession and having made ourself king over some realm of industry be king over our own counsellors.'" Then his father said: "Many years have passed, Comfortas, since that conversation, yet I remember that all that night I could not sleep for fear. And when the morning came, I decided to return at once to my own city, that I might master some trade, and what I did for myself I am going to do for you." And Comfortas embraced his father, and said, "I understand, and am content." And the king led Comfortas out to the limits of the city, and the king laid his two hands on Comfortas's shoulders, and kissed Comfortas, and sent him out to be a learner in the school of hard work.

CHAPTER V

HAPPINESS AND THE PROBLEM OF WORK AND OCCUPATION

THE foundation of abiding happiness is one's chosen life work. Yet for some reason, happiness and work have always been disassociated in men's minds. Contrariwise, labor and sorrow are usually united in men's thoughts. That youth is said to be the child of good fortune who is born to wealth and leisure, freed from all necessity of work. On the other hand, men have only pity for the boy who is early thrown on his own resources, and compelled to earn his own livelihood. How labor came to be discredited and held in disrepute we do not know. We can only say that from the earliest time men have looked upon work with scorn and contempt. Witness the misconception of work that characterizes the Book of Genesis. Not understanding that God ordained work, the world thought that so long as Adam had no need of work, he was in paradise; but when he goes forth to earn his living by the sweat of his brow, the angel with the flaming sword pronounces a curse upon him, that curse being work.

This contempt for labor, however, was not peculiar to the Hebrew teacher. In Athens no gentleman worked; slaves worked, soldiers worked, but not the citizen. In those days a man's social position was not imperilled by his reputation as a drunkard or liar; but the youth who was overtaken by misfortune, and compelled to earn his living by axe or plough, lost all social caste. This foolish contempt for work prevailed through the Middle Ages, and even to our own time. Indeed, it was a false conception of labor that ruined the South. In the cotton belt, only slaves worked, and were ignorant. In the North, the common people worked, and were intelligent. Suddenly the South collapsed like an egg-shell, while in the North the working states came out of the war with more wealth and strength than they had when they went into the conflict. Now, at last, man is beginning to learn that the trades and professions are golden rounds in a ladder that God hath set up between earth and heaven.

In general we may say that if Christ redeemed man's soul from ignorance and sin by His teachings, by His example He redeemed man's tools and handicrafts from disrepute. Oft we remember Him as the wisest among teachers, as the purest and loftiest among the saints; but we must not forget that, first of all, He was a working-man, and cleansed labor

from the long existing contempt and scorn. He was born, indeed, of laboring people. He spent the first thirty years of His life in one of the handicrafts. He knew all the rigors of poverty in childhood. In youth His hands were early inured to toil. When He was thirty years of age He suddenly changed the method of His life, and became a public teacher. Over the multitudes that thronged and crowded about Him, He cast a sacred spell. Soon all confessed that He was wise above all teachers; that never man spake as this man. In that hour men's minds were stirred with profoundest excitement. The loftiest spirits also pressed about Him, standing on tiptoe of expectation, and questioning whether this were indeed the long-expected Messiah. Yet they scarcely dared believe for joy. And what was the basis of their doubt? The philosophy of their scepticism is in the single question, "Is not this a carpenter's son?" God had set a curse upon labor; how, then, could a working-man be the world's teacher and Saviour? They marvelled at Christ's wisdom, they confessed that He spake with authority, they followed Him as sheep follow the shepherd, they wept in view of His all-comprehending, all-alluring, all-cleansing love, but — but — He was a carpenter. To which He answered, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

Much of this contempt for labor grows out of a false conception of things sacred and secular. How can it be secular for a carpenter to plane wood, if it is sacred for God to grow the pine and the oak? How can it be secular for a miner to dig coal, if it was sacred for God to fill the bins with this fervid store of carbon? How can it be secular for man to pound and temper the iron in the Damascus blade, if it was sacred for God to fuse the ore and prepare it for the hand of the smith? God gives into man's hands a seed, and man turns it into a sheaf. To the husbandman He gives a root, and man turns it into a clustering vine. He gives the wild thorn and sour grape, and man turns them into a rose that is double and into the pears and apples that are full of sugar. Man is an engineer, who runs his locomotive forty miles an hour; the Infinite God controls the sun engine, whose throbs are those pulse-beats named day and night, whose car is our great earth; and the Divine Engineer guides this train as it plunges forward at the rate of 400,000 miles a day, journeying forward without collisions, and without once leaving the track, toward a point 180,000,000 miles distant. The skill of Fulton, whose name and fame have been celebrated recently by the engineers of this country, rushed forth in that material form named a ship. And what is our world, with its suns and stars, and har-

vests, but the rushing forth into outer physical expression of the inner thoughts of that wonder-worker named God?

The old conception was that God made the world, and then retired into some far-off region of leisure and infinite bliss, where the air is never stirred by the movement of trouble from this little world. At rare intervals He returned, and that return was named a miracle. But with new knowledge has come the wiser thought. We now know that the world is not so much created as in process of creation. Every hour God is toiling upon His task. The scientists tell us that all energy and force mean will. When we say that the atoms push or pull, we mean that they are strung up to the last degree of tension by the presence and will of Almighty God. If for a moment this divine co-worker withdrew His power from the axe that the woodsman lifts upon the tree, the sharp piece of steel would fall into a heap of dust. If but for an instant God ceased by His will and presence to work with man, the sapphire or opal on the woman's hand would sift upon her dress as a form of powder, to be blown away by a single breath. His power dwells in wood and stone and steel as gravity dwells therein. And having grown the tree, He does not withdraw therefrom when man begins to plane and polish it.

When the skilled workman brings out the fine grains in the rosewood, he does but call our attention to the place where the divine worker left His last, lingering, loving touches upon the wood, over which He toiled with a thousand-fold more skill and patience than can any craftsman by the uttermost of fidelity. And having unveiled His Father as the Divine Artificer, and having Himself worked as a carpenter for thirty years, slowly the Nazarene has redeemed labor from contempt and scorn. When men challenged Him for His credentials, He made answer, "My Father worketh hitherto. I work, and to every man his work." This is the dignity of the fine arts; we copy into permanence God's thoughts of the beautiful. This is the nobility of the handicrafts; we copy into permanence God's thoughts of the useful through stone and steel. This is the sanctity of the sciences; we think God's true thoughts out after Him. This is our patent of nobility; "We are workers together with God."

Then, when a few years have come and gone, the new thought of work was carried a step farther. One day the hero goes to Ephesus. Standing in the public square, he beheld masters lounging in drunkenness and gluttony, while their slaves were toiling for them in the fields; he beheld generals exploiting the labor of their soldiers; he beheld gov-

ernors rioting through society, spoiling it of its treasures, and living in licentiousness and idleness; and, calling before him all the multitudes, he sent forth one charge, "Let those who stole, steal no more, but rather work." In his philosophy the man who works not lives by stealing. Thus civilization is a storehouse filled by the workers. Morning by morning to that storehouse come some seeking bread. Others come seeking weapons, some seek wisdom, some seek comforts and conveniences. The man who puts in much and takes out a little is a benefactor; the man who puts in some and takes out as much more is only self-supporting; the man who puts in nothing and takes out much is a thief and pauper.

He who takes something out and puts nothing in is a thief. "Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather work," said Paul. And that sentence, if it were clothed with regenerative power for society, would set many a palace trembling, would set many a throne tottering, and would bring many a sceptred hand to dust. Looking toward the tree, we call that plant a parasite that has no roots of its own, but sucks the sap out of the tree, and robs boughs and fruit. Society, too, is an organism, and all those who get their living without work are parasites. It was this thought that Carlyle had in mind when he addressed

himself to the pessimists, the croakers, and the idle rich classes of England. "In God's name, work — produce something, and thus you will consume your own smoke." This is the very essence of Ruskin's message, when he made the industrious poor, and the industrious rich, allies, and the idle rich, and idle poor, allies. It is worklessness that explains the sighs of weariness that arise from our palaces — these are the idle rich. It is worklessness that explains the bitterness of the tramps — they are the idle poor. The idle rich are miserable, not because they are rich, but because they are idle. The idle poor are miserable, not because they are poor, but because they are idle. It is idleness and worklessness that breed misery. Poor men who have thrown themselves into their work have been happy and sung all the day long, because they loved their work and forgot poverty. And rich men who have thrown themselves into their work are happy all the day long, because they work despite their riches.

Now, for some reason, this irrational and foolish prejudice against work was never more widely spread than at present in American society. On every side social reformers, so called, are going up and down the land, inflaming the people, telling them that work is drudgery; that it is brutalizing; that the worker is a slave and a bondsman, who must

rebel against the captains of industry. People who live in crowded districts of the city, working-men who dwell in the vicinity of shops and factories, are told that if men and women live too close to each other, it becomes impossible for them to be Christians, or to lead decent and sweet lives. The anarchists go forth to assemble the working people, and tell them that, since work is degrading, they must shorten these degrading hours of labor from eight to six. They are taught not to find happiness in their work, but in more wage.

This misconception of work appears in the young men of to-day, who want to get rich quickly and without work. It appears in the people who are already rich, who patronize those who are not rich to-day, but who, by reason of their energy and industry, will be rich to-morrow. It is manifest in all the wild plans for reform, for equalizing property, as in the case of the beggar who called on the millionnaire and told him that equality of property would produce happiness, to whom the banker gave eight cents, saying, "Now go away, and henceforth be perfectly happy"; as if equality of things without could give happiness within. Indeed, most of our authors think the social problem is how to escape from work. As if the problem of Newton and Shakespeare and Lincoln was not how to do more work, not less. As if Palissy or Watt ever wanted to shorten

the hours of their labor. As if any inventor or poet, any Paul or Livingstone, counted himself happy by cutting off an hour of work. As if the world's happy people had not been those who worked, and increased their happiness by lengthening that hour of toil and changing the method of their activity.

In its frivolity, its folly, and its superficiality men have actually come to think that the reward of work is money. That is why the working class are so discontented and uneasy. The laboring man says, "I work eight hours a day, my employer works eight hours a day; since there is equality in work, there ought to be equality in the reward, and the result should be divided evenly." Now if the reward of a man's work was in terms of gold, then we would all ask the man who has a hundred millions to immediately divide with us, and this division would solve the social problem; but we deny that the reward of our work is gold, and scorn and repudiate the thought. The reward of good work is the consciousness that it is well done — incidentally the man wants a living wage therefrom. No man can offer one a greater insult than to say that the reward of work is in wages, and that since one works as hard as a man who has a million, he ought to divide. The reward is in the work, and not in the wage. Happiness comes from the consciousness that one has

been faithful to the work that has been appointed.

And the peril of modern society is that the foolish social reformers and social agitators are going forth on every side, teaching the people a false and degrading prejudice against work, until the people forget to do their good work that alone gives happiness, and, thinking only of the reward in the wage, make themselves perpetually unhappy. Had the poor creature who assassinated our President realized that his work, if well done, was the reward that God had appointed, and that his wage was a pure incident, he would never have committed his crime. And so long as men are taught that the reward of work is in gold, rather than the consciousness of good work well done, the men who are tempted to assassinate will constantly increase in number, despite all laws that can be passed. Our thinking about work needs to be regenerated from the bottom. Parents need to teach their children by day and by night that happiness is in the work that we do, and the consciousness that it is done as well as we can possibly do it; for then we are workers together with God, and have a peace that the world's wage cannot give nor its absence take away.

Consider the moral uses of work. It acquaints man with Nature and gives him a liberal education. Man's knowledge of himself

and the world in which he lives comes from work. Working with the soil, for food, man discovered the beginnings of horticulture and agriculture. Working over a forked stick, man invented his plough. Carrying his burden over the river, man discovered his boat. And stooping under his task, as he crossed the field, man mastered the horse and the ox, and later wind and steam bore his burdens. Working with wild roots, man found the grape and apple. Working in stone, for his cave, man wrought out his house. All his fine arts, all his knowledge, as zoölogy, geology, and botany, came from his daily task. Only a few can go to college, but God enters every child in His greater university of hard work. It is labor that lectures to man and disciplines him. There is a culture without college; it is found in the school of toil. No youth set by events in the shop need envy another placed in the college. Business life also gives a university training, and its culture is as truly culture as that found in the college.

It is work also that trains the individual in morals. Men speak of business as a sphere of temptation and testing; but it is also a drill room, in which the youth is taught all the fundamental moral qualities. Christ Himself was trained for His mission as a religious teacher, in a handicraft. He became the world's greatest reformer, and His only prepa-

ration was the school of work. There He obtained a knowledge of Himself. He practised the art of industry, of honesty in His task, never scanting His work, never robbing His employer of his time, never rebelling against His occupation that others called menial, and slowly He developed all the root moral qualities that blossomed into the higher spiritualities. In the association with men He developed sympathy with His fellows, with His exquisite gentleness and tenderness toward the poor and weak. Many a youth to-day thinks that work blocks his way; that it is an obstacle to happiness and success. Revolting from his tool, he envies young men who are blessed with leisure. No mistake can be greater. Experiences that ought to have made the youth acquainted with himself and with his fellows, pass over him unheeded, as the summer passes over the prisoner in some dark dungeon. The beginning of power and influence over men is in sensitiveness and sympathy, that enables us from personal experience to understand the passions, the failings, the prejudices, the ambitions, the disappointments, and the victories of our fellows. But no self-centred man can develop sympathy with his fellow. To break down these walls of prejudice, therefore, and to compel a knowledge of one's self and one's fellows, and to develop the primary moral qualities that are essential to

the highest character, God enters every child in the school of work, that he may become a self-sufficing man.

For some reason, our generation has separated business and religion. Between the two a great gulf is fixed, like the gulf between Lazarus and Dives. How the divorce came about is not clear, but it seems probable that it is due to the fact that men live in a suburb and work in a city. The time was when the home and the store were under the same roof. The merchant's family lived in the rear, and the goods were in the room in front. The smith had his forge on the sidewalk, and it was but a step into his home. Now the merchant builds his home in the residence district, and then goes to his business in yonder city; and this very separation of home and shop tends to separate religion and work. Also, the distinction between the Sabbath and the week-day, between the sacred and the secular, tends to emphasize the separation. Men fulfil religious duties on Sunday, and men work in wood or stone during the week. The very clothes that they wear on the Sabbath day are different from those they put on when Monday comes. The songs that they sing and the books that they read are in accordance with the spirit of the Sabbath, and quite other than those they use on the week-day. Doubtless we cannot over-emphasize the importance of

the soul's library and cathedral day, named Sunday, but of the great God we can only say that He has no Sunday. He works all the time. All places are made sacred by His presence, all Nature is supported by His power, He cares for insects and birds and beasts, and the sons of man, with a care that neither slumbers nor sleeps.

By reason of man's frailty the Sunday is still a necessity, but the spirit of this beautiful day ought more and more to be carried over to the other days. Every day should become a beautiful day. The distinction between sacred and secular should pass away, not because the sacred has been secularized, but because the sanctity has passed over and transformed the secular. For business is only the point where a man manifests his religion; and property is, as has been said, "a form of communion with God." God calls one man to the ministry, by the laying on of ancestral hands, making him to love moral truths, and lending skill to interpret and enforce them. He calls another man to work in color, or stone, or coal, or iron, or wood, and ordains him by the laying on of the hands of distant parents; and the one calling is as sacred as the other. In the interest of the influence over men's minds, teachers are installed, and pastors are ordained and set apart, but so far as the work itself is concerned,

every craftsman is doing a holy work, and his is a divine vocation and a sacred calling. It is all God's work, and the high priest of labor, who toils in his great Taskmaster's eye, is doing as divine a work as the priest of morals. This is not making less of the reverence for moral teachers, it is only making the more of the necessity of reverencing our teachers who work in stone and wood and steel.

The true workman will habitually associate his work with the higher ideals of duty. Nothing is more certain than that we make our task beautiful or menial by the spirit that we throw over it. There are two ways in which a house can be approached. Out beyond the park a little home has been going up during the past few months. But the contractor's view of that house is one, and the owner's view point is another. The builder is toiling for his money. He has no particular enthusiasm for the structure. Disliking his work, he is always thinking of Saturday night, when his bill will be audited and his money received. He was glad when the foundation was in, because that gave him his first instalment; and he was glad when the roof was on, because that gave the second payment. He hurried the inside finishing through, still thinking not of good work but of his wage. He concealed under lath and mortar many a poor piece of work, for he loved not his work but his wage;

the house is a living lie. The damp will come in because the builder slighted his work and his plumber hated his task, and after a while death will be in that house — and this workman who hated his task and did lying work is the slayer of life.

But oh, how different the owner's attitude! He is a youth, hard-working and honorable, and it is his first house. Rising up early, he goes toward his office by way of the little house that he is building, and, returning home, he meets this young woman whom he loves, at this their new home. The workmen may polish the oaken floor, but they can never make the floors as beautiful as the dreams and hopes of this brave boy and beautiful girl. If the contractor's eyes were opened, he would behold the walls and ceilings as lustrous in their loveliness as the walls of heaven, by reason of the pure ideals, the holy affections, the solemn love and prayer of these who wish to fill their home only with happiness and beauty, and make it the spring of all good to the generation after them. There is no decorator like the heart. The soul can breathe the spirit of beauty and beneficence over the tool and the task. When the sun is setting, it casts a flood of golden splendor over the fallen log, the fence, and the great boughs of the leafless trees, and changes bareness into beauty, and it is given unto man to carry his work up to the higher levels, to

adorn it with loving fidelity, and clothe it with attraction, and make it strong and permanent, and therefore beautiful.

There are many kinds of work, and as one star differs from another star in glory, so one work apparently differs from another work in the kind and degree of happiness that follows as the reward. There is the work of the home builder, with the preparation of food, the caring for garments that represent use, comfort, and beauty, with all those innumerable activities that Solomon loved to linger upon when he described the good fortune of that home whose presiding angel is a good woman, making her husband proud, and her children wise, happy, and useful. There is the hand-work of all those who labor in wood and stone and steel, transform ores into tools, and raw textures into rare fabrics of cotton and wool and silk, together with those who open the furrow and sow the seed, and reap the harvest, or plant the vineyard and orchard, and fill the cellar with clustered food against the winter. And to these who feed the state must be added those who clothe the state, equip the state, and arm the state, who toil in factory and store, and increase life's comforts and conveniences. To these must be added the company of the inventors, who have lengthened man's stride, increased his stroke, and redeemed his body from weakness and drudgery, who have

blessed mankind only less than the poets who have brought the people vision, uplift, and outlook.

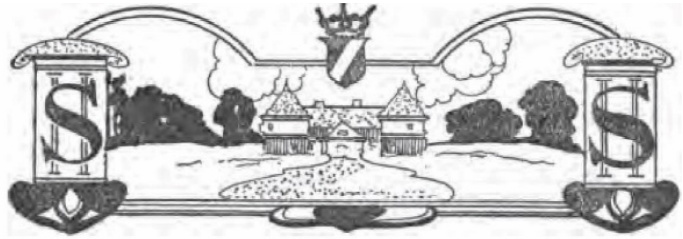
Nor must we forget the army of the teachers who redeem the multitudes from ignorance, break down the mental horizon, and make the peasant a citizen of the wide-lying universe; or the editors and authors who sow the land with the good seed of universal knowledge; of the engravers and artists, who copy into permanent form the evanescent beauty in the flowers, the fading clouds, the decaying forests. The jurists who interpret justice, the pastors who teach men morals, the servants who care for our personal wants, toil tirelessly for the happiness and comfort of little children who are obscure and overlooked, whose affectionate solicitude for the children of employers who oft despise them can never be adequately remunerated, — all these are threads in the great social texture that God is weaving, and each thread has its own dignity, worth, and honor; all these are stones in the great structure of civilization that God is building; all are soldiers in the great pilgrim host that God is leading across the continent of the years. All of us belong to "the working classes"; each youth has his stint, his special task and responsibility, committed to him, and to him alone: and he who is faithful to the inner voice that directs him, is conscious of a happiness as

deep as the sea, as sweet as the return of the light after darkness, as nourishing as bread, as welcome as the smile of God that makes summer in the soul.

Our generation needs to consider the chivalry of business. In the olden times the knight went forth to rescue some imprisoned maiden or soldier, but in this new era the old sentimental ideals of heroism have passed away. The time has come when better ideals should prevail. If the forms of heroic service have changed, the need of chivalry was never more apparent. The time has come when the merchant in trade and commerce must institute a new order of chivalry. Why is it not honor enough for the merchant also that he has fed the people or clothed them? Blessed are they who have increased happiness by increasing the foods, the comforts, and conveniences of life; and when, out of their wealth made and saved, they open their hand and sow bounty to the hungry, thrice blessed are they. There is a generosity that scatters upon God's little ones and poor, and returns to bless the generous giver. Every youth should try to carry his work up to the higher spiritual levels. When the cathedral was dedicated, the priests and the leaders fell upon their knees. Daily when entering the shop or store or factory, men should go with a spirit of such reverence that they would not be surprised if

all the workmen fell upon their knees and said, "Let us all begin divine service in stone or steel." Fra Angelico, painting upon his knees, borrowed a divine lustre for his canvas. Blind Milton, lifting his sightless eyes toward the sky, saw the heavens open, saw Christ standing at the right hand of God, heard the seven-fold hallelujah chorus, and from his vision brought a splendor to his solemn poem. At His carpenter's bench our Divine Master toiled with the sense that the angels of God were encamped all about Him. When the new golden era comes, above the door of every shop and office and factory will be written these words: "My Father worketh hitherto, I work" and "To every man his work."

HAPPINESS THROUGH THE PURSUIT AND USE OF MONEY; WITH AN INQUIRY WHY SOME ARE UNHAPPY DESPITE THEIR GOLD, OFFICES, AND HONORS



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO COINED HIS WIFE INTO GOLD

While Comfortas was still a boy, he went each morning to study with Perides, the rhetorician, who taught eloquence and philosophy, and poetry and music. Now the son of the richest man in the city was of the company of young men who came daily to listen to Perides. This youth was a foolish boy who vaunted his wealth. If Comfortas walked, this youth rode in his father's chariot. He covered his hands with rings, he made his arms white with powder. He perfumed his hair, and under his white tunic he wore a purple robe; nor could any girl be more vain of her beauty and wealth. One morning when this rich youth came in late and took a place next to Comfortas, Perides told the young men the story of the miser who dwelt in his own city in the Isle of Cyprus. "In the bitter herbs," he said," are medicines for every form of fever but the fever of gold; it once fully developed, can no man cure. Great is the misfortune from fire and from pestilence and from flood, but I have seen the lust of gold bring about greater misfortunes than any other whatsoever. In my own city, in the Isle of Cyprus," said Perides, "dwelt a man who was lord of a great estate. He was blessed with a house in the city, and villas in the country, -- with comely wife and beautiful children. All went well with him until the lust of gold began to lead him astray. At first he began to deny his servants money, so that they had nothing with which to buy seed for sowing. Then he began to deny himself clothes to wear and food to eat. Growing greedy for gain, one day he sold his slaves for gold and then had no one to care for his

lands; then exchanging the lands for gold, because he had no gardens, he lacked for food, and he and his were often hungry; for more gold he stripped the wall of its pictures and curtains, until his house was as bare as a garret; for gold also he surrendered the sword that was the city's gift to his father. One day when the slave-trader went to see him, he found the man running his fingers through the golden coin, feasting his eyes upon the golden discs; and in that hour the slave-trader offered gold for the man's children and led them away in chains. And at last the hour came when this wretched being tore the wife of his youth from her home, carried her shrieking into the market-place, and sold her to the slave-dealer. By this time his house was so stuffed with treasure that there was no room in it for its owner, so the miser slept as a watchman upon his own threshold. There, being overtaken by cold, he miserably perished." And from that very hour Comfortas began to study the right use of money. If in after years he gave special honor to men who through work gained gold and blessed the community with a good business and a beautiful house, nothing stirred the king's anger like the presence of a man who had intellect but coined every thought into gain; who had friends, but turned their friendships into property; who had home, but no time for love itself; those who made themselves strangers unto wife and children. But if Perides's story softened Comfortas, it was noticed that the rich man's son loved show and fine raiment more than before.

CHAPTER VI

HAPPINESS THROUGH THE PURSUIT AND USE OF MONEY; WITH AN INQUIRY WHY SOME ARE UNHAPPY DESPITE THEIR GOLD, OFFICES, AND HONORS

IN their dreams of the ideal commonwealth all reformers and statesmen have held that happiness involves not only freedom, intelligence, but abundance also. During the last century society achieved liberty, and led the black race far from the slave market, and the white race away from the debtor's dungeon. Colleges, and schools, too, were increased, until the paths that lead to the schoolhouse are open to all young feet, while the educator has exposed all those pitfalls associated with ignorance, vice, and crime. Now comes an age of abundance, when wealth is here, to build a highway of happiness for society, and to hasten all footsteps along this way that leads unto intelligence and integrity, to peace and prosperity. As never before, property has become an evangelist, and wealth a distributor of happiness. The time was when property owners were a little class by themselves, but now property owning is a characteristic of all society.

Wealth concentrated in the hands of a few, it has been said, is as dangerous as the snow when collected in drifts, while wealth evenly diffused is like the snow blanket, a fertilizer for the entire land. Already the people of this country are the possessors of property representing eighty billions of treasure, in towns and cities, and farms and factories, in ships and railways, in institutions of art and science, education and religion. Each year increases the treasure. Ledges are being uncovered that sparkle with treasure beyond all the dreams of avarice. Under the new methods of cultivation the black soil of the prairies is seen to hold a richness for sheaf and cluster that has hitherto been the despair of the laboratories. Every month, also, brings some new discovery as to the use of the metals, with coal, copper, and iron. For the treasures of the wilderness are as yet unbroken.

With the increase of intelligence, also, is coming an increase of riches; for wealth is condensed brain and integrity. Nature compacts the riches of soil and sun and air into a single cluster of ripe figs. In themselves, however, clay and air and sunshine are worthless for food; combined and passed through root and branch, they change their form and become apple or orange. Similarly, raw iron and wood are comparatively worthless; passing through man's mind and hand, they take on

value. Iron plus intellect is an engine. Wool plus intellect is a coat. Leather plus intellect is the shoe. Stone and brick plus intellect become a house or a temple. Each new tool abbreviates labor, and frees the boy for study; each new convenience frees the girl to read or write or sing. Other ages have been taught by war, by the revival of learning, by the Reformation, by the overthrow of feudalism, but ours is an era when property is freeing men from drudgery unto the higher life.

Say what we will, happiness, individual and social, is indissolubly bound up with wealth. Long ago Carlyle said, "An Englishman's hell was want of money." Wendell Phillips was even more severe regarding his own countrymen, saying that if an American saw a silver dollar on the other side of hell he would jump for it. Angered by the misuses of wealth and the cruelty of great corporations, men who misunderstand the problem heap execrations upon property. Many have come to think that wealth is a veritable Pandora's box, out of which comes every possible ill. No sentence is more frequently on the lips than Paul's words, "The love of money is a root of all evil." Nevertheless, that statement is a half truth, for money is also a root of all good. Strictly speaking, money is neither good nor ill. It is a force, like water or wind or electricity, and in itself is therefore without moral quality.

Money is simply energy made portable: convertible manhood. It is as foolish to inveigh against fire because it burns careless people, or against steam because it scalds ignorant ones, as to inveigh against money because it is misused by bad men, and avaricious. In their foolish diatribes against money men forget that if the wind and tide hurl careless captains upon the rocks, they sweep the wise one into the harbor. Thus money is a force, made good or bad by its use. Analyzed, wealth begins with two loaves of bread, when but one is needed; with two suits, when only one can be worn; with a horse for riding, when a man could walk; with a boat to cross the stream, when one could swim; with an axe for firewood, when one could break the sticks; with the book that takes one through Iceland in an evening, without tire or exposure, when the trip itself would involve years of both; and with this saving against to-morrow's need, the scholar has leisure to go apart and feed his genius, the poet has solitude for pluming his wings, the philanthropist has freedom to become the knight errant for the poor and the weak, the statesman and the missionary can toil unrequited for the common people. Therefore Professor Brownson defines property as "communion with God through material things."

Fundamentally, God creates all treasure.

Man cannot create gold: he uncovers it. He cannot create diamonds: he finds them; nor can he create the raw material of wealth. In exalted mental moods Handel communes with God through his symphony, Von Rile through his aspiring arches, Lowell through his solemn prayer and poem. Not otherwise, all those forms of treasure for which man digs and delves represent the philanthropy of God, rushing into those visible shapes called a sheaf, a waving palm or pine, the shining ledge of gold. If the masterpiece of some artist is precious, then surely this example of God's artistry named a sheaf is as sacred as a sacrament. A certain form of divinity also belongs to every ledge and mine, and trade itself may well be looked upon as a form of worship. No artist ever lingered over his picture as the infinite God lingers over a cornfield, putting the last touches upon the sheaf and shock for man's admiration and delight. Looking at the Damascus blade, we admire the skill that tempered and polished it; but the Creator was the first worker in iron, heating and alloying every ton of the rough ore in mines. We marvel at the crystallized carbon that men dig out of the earth, that makes the soft climate of California portable; but what infinite labor was involved in taking the masses of ferns and blossoms and boughs, and pressing them into these blocks of anthracite that yield warmth to our winter.

Nor should we be surprised that the pursuit of riches contributes to man's happiness, when we consider that the genius of business is the genius of the teacher. All the fundamental knowledges have grown out of the necessity of producing wealth, and preserving and distributing it. Take away the good habits that come through trade, destroy the moralities developed through the right use of wealth, and man would become a mere pulp of animalism. In the long ago man was sent away to school. The earth was the room in which he studied, and the habits of patience, self-reliance, and courage, in providing against the exigencies of winter, with cold and hunger, represent the lessons that man is learning. Trees are rooted to the earth that they may grow, and the handicrafts are roots that hold man to the earth that he may grow and find enrichment.

As the race rises in the scale of manhood, and becomes wise toward furrow, forest, and field, it moves toward wealth. What moralities, bringing happiness, are taught by work! When man wished for some luscious fruit, the tree refused to grow the plum in a single night, but promised that fruit unto long-continued thought and care. Seven years of caring for the tree finally ripened the plum for our father man, but better still, ripened those fruits named patience and courage within the human heart. Seeking treasure for wife or child, man made

himself impervious unto heat and cold, and wet and dry. For the enrichment of his home he sweltered in the tropics and shivered in the arctics; and having searched out all forests, and the riches of all seas and rivers, he returned from far-off islands, bringing back his "golden fleece" indeed, but bringing the greater riches named self-reliance, fortitude, fertility of resource.

The man at his loom, therefore, the potter with his vase, the husbandman with his sickle, the men who cut and carve, and plough and plant, and so create objects of use and beauty, are also creating a manhood, and achieving a character, so precious as to make their material products comparatively contemptible. Riches, therefore, enrich the individual, and are the school of character, as well as the almoner of bounty unto art and science, liberty and religion. All philosophers have noted that if individuals have sometimes prospered in poverty, nations never have. A great nation means colleges, schools, libraries, galleries, hospitals, a thousand-fold conveniences in cottage and mansion; and these imply wealth as the fruitage of labor. God, who makes one rose to be a blessing, does not turn it into a curse when this one sweetbrier becomes a thousand. There can be, therefore, no warfare between wealth and the God who created it. Gold is sometimes defiled, but it borrows that filth from a bad man's fingers.

The relationship between wealth and happiness becomes the clearer when we consider how wealth has contributed to the nation's upward progress. The production of wealth, its control, its use, and enjoyment, is one of the most powerful of all the stimulants to social advancement. When the savage starts toward work, he starts toward wealth and greatness, because Nature knew of no better way of changing a babe into a man, crowned with full power of faculty. God made it necessary for the youth to earn his own livelihood, placed him in competition with his fellows, surrounded him with stimulants to ambition, and provocatives to property. At first his vices wasted wealth, later his virtues began to assemble it. The early savage man was a sluggard who wore a coat of skin, and dwelt in a bark hut, ate raw meats, lived by hurling clubs. The problem was, given a savage, how can you turn him into a hero and a scholar and a saint? Then the winter was sent, with its snow and rain, to smite man for his lazy life, his lack of thrift and foresight.

Shivering with cold, man went forth to pluck the soft wool from the sheep, the cotton from its pod, the linen from the flax, and soon he wove all these into garments against the winter's snow. In the summer, man ate the wild apple and the pear, or rubbed out the handfuls of rice growing in the field, but when the win-

ter came there were no fruits on the boughs, no nuts on the branches, no roots in the ground. Then hunger lifted its scourge, and Nature pointed man to the squirrel, that had harvested the nuts, to the bees that had hived their honey. Then man went forth to dig up the apple trees and plant them in his garden, near the tent, and cut down a forked stick with which to scratch the ground, to tame a bullock with which to draw his new implement; founded a granary also, to hold his little store.

As man journeyed upward, Nature allured him on by holding out a thousand new stimulants to property. Did man shiver in January? Nature pointed him to the forests, that offered warmth and comfort. Did man shrink before the rain storm? The trees offered bark, the quarry offered stone, the mines offered slate for shade and shelter. Did his children cry with hunger? The squirrels suggested a store of nuts, the bees suggested a hive of honey named a pantry, and the soil offered edible roots that would lie all winter in a cellar. Did man burn with fever or ache with pains? There were oils and balms and febrifuges in the juices of the trees. By a thousand pains Nature flogged man for his poverty; by a thousand pleasures Nature rewarded man for his industry, and led him along the pathway toward wealth, ever stimulating him by the vision of a sweeter fruit, a riper sheaf, a

warmer house, a stronger tool, and a happier life. Nature and God want to load man with good things, and with all the wealth and happiness that he can bear. But abundance is safe only in the hands of a man of wise intellect, even judgment, and iron will. It is a trust to be administered for others, that its possessor may achieve the highest form of happiness.

Since wealth, therefore, is so vitally related to individual happiness and social progress, how shall we account for the apparent antagonism to riches on the part of some of our best men? Lord Bacon once said that wealth is the reward promised in the Old Testament, and poverty that which is offered in the New. Certainly, the figures used for warning men against undue haste to be rich seem to justify this statement of the philosopher. Avarice is represented as a rust, consuming the reason that shines like a sword. Avarice is a blight, destroying the sheaf. Avarice is a worm at the heart of the rose. Avarice is a canker, defiling the beauteous face. Avarice is an enemy, that entered the palace, to scuttle it of the treasures, and lift the torch upon the palace, leaving it a mass of ruins.

Let it be confessed that wealth, when it becomes an end in itself, does injure. But we should expect this. Self-interest often becomes selfishness, and even love may degenerate into lust; yet this is nothing against a wise self-

interest or a divine love. It is always the richest and best gifts of God that man first of all abuses. If God loads the trees with fruits, straightway man becomes a glutton. If He loads his vines with clusters, straightway man becomes a sot. If He lends the young girl beauty, she becomes a fashion plate, and each evening puts on half a donkey's load of finery. If He fills the rock pages with His writing, man becomes a book-worm and recluse. If He makes the wood of the tree to be strong, man cuts it into a spear, or carves it into a war club. If He gives him iron for his ploughshares, man beats it into a sword. If He puts volcanic fires within the earth at one point and icebergs at another point, in order to produce the cooling winds necessary to life, straightway man builds his house under the crater of the volcano and carries his sledges to the edge of the iceberg, and when the inevitable result follows, curses God. If man, then clothed with the dignity of a god, degrades himself to the level of an insect or a worm, we must expect that wealth, which is promised unto all, in the life which is to come, will be misused here, wrested unto evil purposes, and made an enemy instead of a friend.

The quest of Jason's golden fleece therefore is universal and necessary. All need enough for to-day and something saved up for to-morrow's old age; and so long as that need

continues, the quest must continue. Now and then, however, a youth is raised up with a peculiar genius for accumulating wealth, or controlling wealth. These men of peculiar endowments represent also peculiar responsibility. By their very birth gifts, God has given pledges for them. Apollo's strength and beauty are God-given — they are talents. Webster's eloquence is given by God — it is a talent. Gladstone's birth and position are given by God — they are talents. But the money-making instinct is also a talent, and is among the most signal of all God's gifts. Unto the scholar God gives wisdom to inform the people; to the poet He lends genius to inspire the people; lends the patriot courage to emancipate the people; lends the martyr heroism to die for the people. He lends the industrial genius strength to guide the people, to feed and clothe the people, and lead them out of the wilderness of poverty into the promised land of abundance. What great generals did for society in the Middle Ages, will be done by noble merchants in the new era. But, unfortunately, when men have become rich, and increased in goods, their hearts become fat like oxen, cold like the ice, hard like the nether millstone. Men who were raised up to bless mankind, go forth to blight the poor and the weak, until their right hand becomes famine, their left hand is pestilence, and their very breath is laden with destruction.

But, it is said, money does not bring happiness. Witness the lessons of every age. Let us confess that the unhappiness of selfish rich men has become proverbial. The story of men who have loved wealth for its own sake is one of the saddest pages in history. Witness the career of the man who amassed great fortune, who began with heart so gentle that in his childhood he wept because the foot fell upon the butterfly in the path, but who in old age sits in his palace, with heart as cold as stone, with tongue as keen as steel, and with no more sympathy in his veins than if his blood were molten iron; a manufacturer or merchant, who, from his inner private office, plots against his own workmen, reminding us of a great fat spider, with hungry eyes looking in every direction, and with thousand-fold threads running out from the web for trapping the unwary.

Men go into the quarry, and, bringing forth the granite, build the stone into the foundations of the house; they go into the forest and lift the axe upon one tree for the threshold, and another for the roof timbers; and not otherwise does the head of the modern trust plot against his fellows and pull them down, that he may build their industries into his central business. There are industrial giants in the world, held in repute in our generation, as Napoleon was held in repute in his, who, a century

from now, will be looked upon as destroyers,— whose influence upon society has been like a column of fire that moves through a city for destruction; and whose wealth, that, overflowing the fields, might have turned the desert into a garden, has been like the lava, turning the garden into a desert, overwhelming with flame, and poisoning the wind, and filling the land with broken hearts and with ruined lives.

As never before, our age needs to remember the words of John Ruskin, that we cannot justify corporate wealth simply because it makes things cheap. One great store can sell goods cheaper than many small ones; but if in so doing a thousand small shopkeepers are crushed and ruined, the saving was only a seeming. The store was made for man, and not man for the store. A father can sharpen a lead-pencil with less waste than can his child, but only in that way can the child learn, and so of small shops. For the state there is a saving that is waste, and a cheapness that is dear. If to sell the coat cheaply the great store "sweats" the seamstress, and destroys the health of the cash boy, the garment is dear beyond all computing. What does it profit the state if its industrial system gains coats and loses souls? What if a trust does make brick more cheaply, if the men who hitherto made it are destroyed? Bricks are very cheap in St.

Pierre now that Mt. Pelee has exploded. After the earthquake had ruined Lisbon, cut stone was cheap on the streets. In the olden time, the wreckers went forth to kindle a fire at midnight on a rocky reef, that they might deceive the captain and lure the ship to destruction. When the morning dawned, it was said, the wreckers would go forth to unwrap the rags from the drowned mariner; to carry off the boxes and goods that drifted ashore; but when a good ship has gone down, the drifting cargo is not cheap because it is abundant. Therefore Ruskin said, "Much of what society to-day calls the wealth of the individual, is the index of the ruin of the people, garments unwrapped from the bodies of young merchants slain, wedges of gold taken from heroes slain, in ambush builded by industrial brigands." Little wonder that the wealth of all such is a crown woven of thorns of agony. Such wealth is not owned by its possessor, but owns the man. He is its slave and keeper; the soul may lie helpless beneath bags of gold, as the soldier crushed beneath the shields of his conquerors.

Recently, a certain fishing village on the New England coast was overtaken with sorrow, through the loss of thirty fishing boats which had sailed away to the coast of Newfoundland. When the full reports were ripe, there were sixty homes surrounded by clouds and dark-

ness. Hearing the news, a very wealthy banker, who fifty years before was a boy in that fishing village, decided to take a subscription paper around to friends of his childhood, who had become rich men, to secure contributions. He called upon one who after death was found to have been many times a millionnaire, a man known for his parsimony. Together the banker and the merchant went over the names of the fishermen whom they had known in boyhood, who were lost in the great storm, whose families were in need. Touched by the sacred memories of the past, the merchant at first said he would give a thousand dollars. The mail, the next morning, brought, instead, a letter saying that he found he would have to reduce it to five hundred, and would enclose a check within a day or two. Reminded of it again, he answered that he had experienced some losses, and must cut it to two hundred and fifty. When a week passed, and the check did not come, the banker called upon his old friend, but after toiling for half an hour over his check-book, the old merchant turned around in his chair, and said: "I cannot do it. I cannot do it. It hurts me to give." Finally he took out his purse and gave the banker two one-dollar bills. This financier said that he never passed through a more embarrassing ten minutes, never saw a man more helpless to extricate himself from

the toils, and he went away pitying the millionnaire, impotent to rule his money, far more than he pitied the fishermen's cottages on the coast of Maine. These are the tragedies of life. The wealth was not his, but he was its, its slave, its caretaker, its serf; and he was as truly in bondage as are the yellow ants that are dragged in by the large black ones, and made to fetch and carry for their masters; for wealth unused and unspiritualized, is dead.

Therefore, unused wealth and unadministered riches that are simply willed unto others, had been called "a root of all evil," injuring man rather than blessing him. It seems strange that men, whose chief happiness has been in producing their property, and whose strength of character has been grown by the necessity of toil, should not see that to hand all their goods over to another by a will, is to rob their beneficiaries of the growth and manhood that comes from being thrown on one's own resources. Plainly God's intention is that wealth should be administered and turned into forms of helpfulness during the lifetime of the man who produces it. Unused money is like unassimilated food, — it is poison and death.

"We must remember, therefore," [1] said Ruskin, "that many so-called wealthy persons are no more wealthy than the locks of their own

[1] "Unto This Last," p. 205.

strong boxes are, or than the animals are rich that carry pack burdens over the mountains. Or than is the corpse of the bishop in the Italian cathedral rich; upon his breast lies the crozier, set with diamonds: the shrivelled fingers clasp it about, indeed, but the gold is not theirs; one hand touches a flashing gem, but the hand does not own it." The water in the Dead Sea is harmful because it is unused; therefore Dante in his "Inferno" saw King Midas's money bags filled with mud, and said, "Woe unto those who are laden down with thick clay." It is only those who riot through the world, and will be rich whether or no, those who squeeze the earth as an orange, who find its sweetness turned to gall, and the draught become a cup of death. The riches of all such will consume like rust, eat like a canker, burn like fire, betray like a thief.

All these have used their faculties for getting riches for selfish ends, making reason to be a sickle, gathering in the golden store; using memory as a drag-net for sweeping the sea; flinging their ambition as men fling the harpoon, or let fly the arrow. Gaining great treasure, they use it as an instrument of oppression, as some trusts of to-day, by their shrewdness and cruelty, compel all the working people and poor to pay them toll. At all hazards, these will be rich. But wealth gained at the expense of manhood brings unhappiness.

Alas, for those who, in their insane ambition for gold, overlook all laws, human and divine. But the happiness and the immortal influence of those who have pursued wealth, and used their riches for service, who shall describe? When gold and goodness, when wealth and worth, when royal heart and the king's treasures are united in a single man, society finds its leader and its true king.

For the hour, the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, threatens the happiness of many. Democracy has trained our people to believe in equality, and class rights, and class privileges, as well as class distinctions, unbearable. The great fortunes of to-day, almost without exception, represent special privileges given to men of a corporation, by city council, or state legislature, or national congress. In one of our capitols the speaker of the House arose and said, "If the President of the —— Railway has no more laws to pass, the Legislature will stand adjourned." Already the time has come when Wendell Phillips's words are realized, and the rustling wind of a magnate's car topples down the State House. Society is now on the threshold of an era when the billionnaire will own not simply his private car, his private railway, his steamship line, but also his private city council and legislature, his private judge and governor; and who knows but a time will come when a few men will have a

private congress to pass laws guarding their oil and coal. In estimating the value of one of the great street railways of our country, the running equipment was figured at fifty millions, and the franchises at one hundred millions, and these class privileges forbid an equal opportunity.

Under such conditions the ambitious youth, but poor, has little opportunity. Fifty years ago a poor boy, with health, ambition, and ability, could make his way as a manufacturer of cotton or silk, or producer of oil or steel. To-day he would need a million dollars for any kind of opportunity, and without it he would soon be "frozen out." It is said that the era of feudalism is again upon us: that for the baron we have the trust magnate; for his control of land, now we have the control of coal, oil, and iron; for his influence over the king, we have his control of legislatures; and if once there were serfs going with the land, now we have the "hands" going with the factory. Once the feudalism was military; now it is a "benevolent" feudalism, we are told. We must hope that all this is a temporary condition, a step in the upward progress. Wise legislation, the slow increase of intelligence, the gradual increase of brotherly love, the sense of service and responsibility on the part of the rich, — above all, the deepened sense of personal righteousness on the part of

the people, — will correct these ills. With the return of an equality of rights and privileges, will come a return of happiness and contentment to our people.

We can make no greater mistake than to suppose that obedience inevitably brings wealth. It is true that "godliness profiteth in the life that now is." What this means, however, is, that obedience to the laws of Nature and to God tends to strengthen whatever gift the man has. If, through his parents, the youth received the gift of color, like Fra Angelico, then obedience will lend refinement to his brush. If he is a poet, like Lowell, then Christianity will give him a great theme for his "Sir Launfal." If his strongest gift is the gift of service, his love to God and man will make this Howard or Shaftesbury a more zealous reformer. Christianity is a school that changes the size, but not the sort. It teaches him, in short, the control of his gifts, but it does not give him a new kind of talent. Not all can be rich. The genius for wealth is as occasional as the genius for epic poetry or the talent of invention. Some men know how to extract harvest from the soil and iron out of ore. For 364 days out of the year they obey the laws that enable them to extract the utmost possible treasure out of the soil and the seed. The next day, perhaps, they break the law of purity and sobriety toward their fellow-crea-

tures. Then they return to their productive interests. Some people think that these bad men who have broken this law of purity ought not to prosper, but they will prosper in the financial realm so long as they continue to obey the laws of that realm. There is a sense, therefore, in which idealism does not prosper, while the materialistic spirit does. There are three kinds of men in society: the idealist, who literally obeys the principles of Christ; the practical man, who adjusts means to an end; and the thriftless man, who breaks all the laws of Nature and of God. The dishonest man will never have wealth; men cannot trust him, nor commit any interest into his hands. The idealist will never have wealth, because, having two coats, he gives one to him who has none. The practical man will have wealth, because he obeys those principles of Christianity that involve industry, economy, prudence, honesty, but refuses that ideal obedience that would make him love to give everything and keep nothing for himself. Yet if the idealist does not have the happiness of wealth, he has what is higher, the blessedness of service. God deals justly with every man, and unto each one according to the number of laws he obeys. This is the word, "They have their reward."

Doubtless the unhappiness of many who have gold and honors comes from a failure to recognize the distinction between things essen-

tial and things secondary. The essential thing is character, and so long as that waxes, the more property waxes also, the better. An event in Lincoln's life illustrates this principle. One morning in August, 1862, Horace Greeley published an open letter to Mr. Lincoln. He called his editorial "The Prayer of Twenty Millions." In his plea the great editor insisted upon the immediate emancipation of the slaves. For the moment, the whole country was staggered, and a storm of discussion swept over the land. Many patriots trembled lest the nation be disrupted and the army have a divided North at its back. But the following day Mr. Lincoln gave out his reply. "My paramount object," he said, "is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save the Union by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing some and leaving other slaves alone, I would do that. What I do about slavery I do to save the Union; what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I believe what I am

doing hurts the cause; and I shall do more whenever by doing more I will help the cause. But the paramount object is to save the Union."

That this is a keener distinction between things essential and things secondary is found nowhere in the history of great men. Lincoln saw that so long as the Union was preserved one race, the white, would be free, while if the Union failed, there would be not one slave race, but two races without liberty. The Union was the keystone of the arch; if that fell, master, slave, and emancipator alike, all would be crushed in a universal ruin. In working for the Union, therefore, he remembered that with that Union the time would come, sooner or later, when to the white man's freedom would be added the freedom of the black. But Horace Greeley so fixed his mind upon the secondary thing that he lost sight of the main essential, the Union; nor could he see that union was essential to the existing liberty of the white race and was to be the saviour of both people. It seems, therefore, that in the realm of statesmanship, at least, there are certain things that are essential; other things there are that are secondary; losing these first things, man loses his all.

But long before Lincoln made this distinction between things essential and things secondary for the state, a prophet made it in the realm of character. "Let not the wise man

glory in his wisdom, nor a strong man in his strength, nor a rich man in his gold, but let a man glory in this, that he has the divine element in him by which he understands God." My paramount object, to paraphrase the prophet's thought, is to save a character and not to save either gold, strength, or wisdom. If there be those who would not keep character unless they can at the same time keep all their power, wealth, and wisdom, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not keep their friendship with God unless they can keep some of their strength, wisdom, and wealth, I do not agree with them. If I can keep character and also keep all my offices, wealth, and wisdom, I will do that. If to keep my character I must lose all my offices, honors, and wealth, I will do that. If I can keep my divine character by losing some of my offices, honors, and wealth, I will do that. What I do about these good things in life, I do that I may nurture character. What I forbear doing with respect to these good things, I forbear for the strengthening of character. I shall seek less strenuously for these good things physically when I believe that thereby I can strengthen my character. I shall seek more strenuously for offices, wisdom, and wealth when by so doing I shall help character. My paramount object is the promotion of character. I want the wealth of Crœsus, I want the wisdom of Solomon, and I

want the might of armies in my single arm so long as these all strengthen the relation to God. But when these things begin to weaken this relation to God, I want to be peeled of strength and wisdom and gold. Do you not see that this is the very heart of Jeremiah's words? Are not these words of the prophet as unique in the realm of character as Abraham Lincoln's words are unique in the realm of statesmanship? The President stands for essential things with reference to liberty, and subordinates things that are secondary. The prophet stands for essential things in the realm of the soul, and subordinates things of the body and intellect. Both men, being sound and wholesome and Christian, believe in secondary things, but insist on subordinating them. What they lived for, and what they stood for, and what they died for, was for things that are essential. For when essential things in the realm of liberty and the realm of character fall, then manhood falls in a ruin that is universal.

Now, if in our careless moods we divide man roughly into two classes, those who succeed and those who fail, in our deeply thoughtful moods we see that there are two types of men, those who live for essentials and achieve character, and those who live for things that are secondary and die with the things that possess them. For nothing ranks a man like his native skill in selecting the things that are

really worth while, and living for them while he passes by other things that in comparison are "trifles light as air." All must be eclectics. Every day brings the necessity of keen discrimination, and some things we must choose, and send them to the right, other things we must reject, and send them to the left. Life teems with examples of men who have missed success by living for secondary things. Here are the two artists of like genius, both favorites of the great master. The one converted his genius downward, loved the wine-shop, paid for his sour drinks by decorating the walls and ceilings of the drinking rooms; now that the centuries have passed, only a few pieces of plaster remain as hints of that great Venetian boy. The other converted his genius upward, lived for the things that were essential, covered the ceilings and walls of cathedrals with angels and seraphs and heroes, and Tintoretto will abide so long as the stone of the cathedral abides in its place.

And here are two honor men in that class at Harvard: the one, Wendell Phillips, took a retainer from God Almighty for the slave, the poor, and the weak; the other sneered at Phillips, and chose those secondary things named offices and fees, loved for their own sake. But the woes of three millions of slaves lent eloquence to Phillips; but in old age the other man found that his genius

had dried up, because he could not be eloquent for a hundred dollars an hour, and the petty theme made the thinker petty, shrivelled his intellect and dwarfed his imagination. Beginning with equal rank, the one ended a giant, while the very name of the other has been forgotten, and only the incident, recounted by Phillips's biographer, is recalled. And here are two young men who left Oxford forty years ago. Both had some $50,000 a year income. One youth decided to live for secondary things and himself, and tried to own the finest horse in England, but whenever the horse stumbled, the man's fame fell. Alas, for those whose reputation and happiness may all be destroyed by one spavin on a horse! When the horses died, his fame died also. The other youth determined to live for the young men of Regent Street. Beside the church he built a club-room, added a gymnasium, found teachers who would give the youth, for a small fee, lessons in history, physics, science, bookkeeping, and all the handicrafts and industries and arts, until he had five thousand young men in his night classes. Then he organized summer vacations for them, and by sending them in groups of a hundred each, divided by four the expense of a Swiss tour. The founder of that institution is still a young man, comparatively; but when he dies, twenty years from now, he will rank with the elect

group, and be as sure of his place in history as Lord Shaftesbury. And here are the two poets, the one named Beaumont and the other named Shakespeare. The one selected commonplace themes, and wrote about trivial incidents; yet Dr. Samuel Johnson says that Beaumont had great genius had he only used it. But Shakespeare, passing by secondary trivialities, took the great master passions and crisis hours of the soul, — love, ambition, jealousy, heroism, avarice, death, conscience, immortality, — and living for these essential themes that are eternal and universal, became immortal.

The distinction between men is not so much a distinction of power as it is a difference in purpose, direction, and trend. The one knows what things are essential and worth while, and the other blunders, and lives for the secondary things. While in England recently I visited the cathedral at Ely and the stone quarry hard by. Centuries ago there lived there two constructors — the one built a thousand little barns and rude one-story houses out of the stone. The other took the same stone and organized it into the sublimity of a cathedral that will stand for ages, and with its solemn ceilings compel the crowd to uncover in the presence of Him whom the heaven of heavens could not contain. And these contrasts between men of like gifts, one of whom has lived and the other of whom has perished

out of memory, emphasize for us the importance of essential things. It is not that the secondary things are not important. It is important that Tennyson should have a noble figure and fine face, but the essential thing is that the poet can sing his "Idylls of the King." It is an important thing for some Raphael that he has physical grace and charm, but it is essential that he can paint. It is an important thing for some Webster that he has a noble head and Jovelike countenance, but the essential thing is that he has a great mind, with skill in constructing arguments. It is an important thing that a warrior has sword and spear, but it is essential that he has an arm that can lift the sword. It is an important thing that a man has his strength and wisdom and wealth, but it is an essential thing that he convert these gifts upward toward character and God. And in reviewing the lives of the great we can only say that failure is the selection and emphasis of secondary and important things in life, and that success is the skill in selecting the essential and converting one's offices and honors upward into character and service that abide and are really worth while.

The republic is suffering, not because it needs less property, but more manhood to use it. We need not less prosperity, but more principle: not fewer ships, but nobler souls. It is given to the industrial giant to feed the state and clothe

the state, and God lends him skill and sagacity as a ten-talent man, to guide the labors of those of lesser ability. And it is given unto them to accumulate treasure, and say, As I cannot speak, I will send this youth to college, that in my name he may speak for the state; I will send this one abroad that he may return, and in my place will paint and carve for the state; will give this one opportunity to legislate for the state, or guide the state in morals. By so doing the merchant takes his place with the statesman, the martyr, the patriot, the reformer, and becomes "dear unto the immortals."

It is said that, grown gray and old, and weakened by their wounds, the knights of King Arthur's Round Table sojourned in the palace, but ever they watched eagerly for news from their brother knights, away, but fighting for a cause they all loved. And when some stranger, wounded, was seen riding slowly toward the palace, the knights hobbled forth to meet him, and asked, How goes the battle? Hath Gareth shown himself a hero? What prisoner have you released, and what fallen one have you succored? And in that hour, alas for the knight from whose unwilling lips was coerced a confession of cowardice. No place was made for him around the Round Table; and unable to endure the blazing eyes of these scarred knights, he slunk away to hide himself in some hut, where he might nevermore

be seen. And how piteous the fate of all those who have made their nest soft, and lined it with silk, and pulled down the curtains of their palace to shut out the cries of the wounded, and have eaten their feast, putting away the thought that others were famishing, and, retiring from the world battle with ignorance and sin, have left the few to struggle on in the fight against ignorance and crime. All these have no part in the reward of the Lincoln or Cromwell or any hero who has saved the state. These are the commercial Levites who have passed by on the other side, leaving the man fallen among thieves to perish. These are the ignoble sons of a noble heritage, sons of statesmen and founders who have played the traitor's part. And in the hour when they front earth's great ones, who have been borne in on their shields after the long battle with poverty and selfishness and superstition and sin, will fall upon their faces, and call upon the mountains and the rocks to cover them from the wrath that will blaze from the eyes of every Hampden and Cromwell, Luther and Savonarola, of Howard and Garrison, of Ruskin and Shaftesbury, of the martyrs John and Paul, and from the pitying eyes of the all-forgiving Christ.

HAPPINESS THROUGH CONVERSATION AND THE CULTIVATION OF THE SOCIAL LIFE



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF THE MAN WITH THE BITING TONGUE

One of the best officers in the tents of Comfortas was called the man with the biting tongue. Once this soldier's anger was kindled, he poured forth fiery words like lurid lava. No man surpassed him for courage and skill, but Comfortas was often tired because he filled the camp with dissension and strife. His brother officers avoided the man's tent as children avoid the kennel of a cross dog. Outwardly, his fellows treated him with respect because of his position, but inwardly all men feared and hated him. Once when the king and his servants were dining in the tent, a messenger came, saying that the officer's horse had stumbled, and that in falling, the man with the biting tongue had lost his life. In that hour each soldier looked significantly in the eyes of his fellow; a smile passed over all faces; each officer shook hands with the soldier at his right or left. If after a moment all sat down again without saying that they were glad, the king was troubled because he knew that the message that should have brought sorrow had brought instead a certain note of joy. When then, on the morrow, it was found that so far from the fall having killed the officer, that he had escaped uninjured, the king determined to rebuke Charos for his biting tongue and, if possible, sweeten that bitter spring. One day, therefore, when the man, in a fit of anger, had charged cowardice upon a fellow-soldier, and the evil tale had gone flying through the camp, Comfortas commanded his officer to meet him at noon at the market-place in the city. The day was biting cold, and the wind a gale, but the soldier was there upon the moment; then Comfortas handed a bag filled with feathers to him of the biting tongue, and

told him to empty the feathers upon the street. And when the feathers had been blown in every possible direction, the king and soldier returned, each to his own place. On the following day Comfortas sent another messenger to the soldier and asked him to meet him at the same street corner at high noon; when he came, Comfortas handed the man the empty sack, and bade him go out and gather up the feathers from the four corners of the city. When the soldier's countenance was troubled that the king, whom he so greatly loved, should ask this impossible thing at his hands, this lord said, "In your anger, you often sow the camp with slanders, that take wings to themselves and make their way into every tent. You flame out against your fellow, and when the heat of passion is gone, you offer to make it right with him. Since you are then so easily able to gather up the influence of biting words, it ought not to be a hard thing to assemble these feathers scattered in the wind." And the man was shamed and sorry. From that hour the soldier drilled himself to silence and solitude. And when again he began to company with his fellows, he was seen to excuse other's faults, to cloak another's frailty, to pity where others blamed, until he became known as the man who could find some good to praise even in evil itself. At last, when he fell in battle, his fellows mourned for him as they would have mourned for none save Comfortas himself. And all men rememebred him as that Charos who carried honey in his tongue.

CHAPTER VII

HAPPINESS THROUGH CONVERSATION AND THE CULTIVATION OF THE SOCIAL LIFE

BY way of preëminence ours is called the era of the book. The printed page is more and more, the oral word is less and less. It is said that men now find happiness and rest in reading rather than in conversation. The orator is and always will be a power; we are told he will never again be *the* power. Witness the change that has passed over the professions. As to the bar, gone the old eloquent jury lawyer; decisions are now won by the office lawyer, familiar with precedents. As to politics, if Clay was once the type of the successful politician, now the man who controls a newspaper wins the suffrages. As to the pulpit, devotional books are helping to usher in the era when no man need say to his neighbor, "Know ye the Lord," for all shall know Him. As to the old-fashioned hospitality, it is gone. Worn and spent after the day's work, men are too tired for talk, and hide in the club to smoke in peace. The genius of the age is in that placard in the club-room, "No conversation allowed." Men are more and more content to excel in business and trade. They no longer

spend years in practising the art of conversation.

Doubtless the new order explains the decline of good talking. In the olden time eloquence was the one pathway to honor. Then the orator was esteemed above the soldier, the statesman, and the merchant. All those offices that are now distributed between newspaper, book, and magazine were concentrated in conversation and public speech. Could we go back twenty-four centuries, and at the close of the day take our stand upon the streets of some Athens or Ephesus, how strange a scene we would behold! As the sun disappeared from sight, men and boys pour forth from homes humble and rich, and out of every alley and street issued the multitude, thronging and crowding toward the market place or forum, to hear how events had gone in the great outer world. All had the hunger for news. The speaker was there the publisher. A merchant, who had just landed a cargo of wheat from Egypt, told of a riot he had witnessed in that distant city. A sea-captain pushed into prominence a poor spent sailor, and told how he had found the mariner clinging to some driftwood off the coast of Cyprus.

An officer brought news from the troops in Macedonia. With prophetic excitement the rough-and-ready soldier described the brave youth who had organized the mountain tribes

into an army. What courage was his! What beauty and chivalry! What wonder of devotion did he stir in his followers! When the Grecian officer asked his allegiance, the mountaineer bade one servant plunge a dagger into his heart, and asked another to leap over the precipice. When both had instantly obeyed, the young rebel turned to the Grecian and said: "I have yet ten thousand soldiers like unto these." Then, while the murmur ran round, the wise shook their heads and looked with fear upon one another. On the morrow all knew the rulers would call an assembly to consider the new Macedonian peril.

Later, Alcibiades arose to set the crowd into roars of laughter with a humorous account of the chariot-race which he had witnessed during his visit to Thebes. Then came a recitation by a travelling rhetorician from Syracuse, whose eloquence ended with the announcement that he taught "the science of universal wit and humor in ten lessons." In such an age, how important was wise conversation and skilful speech! In an era when no day was without its public assemblage, when the tongue made known all public events, when orators enacted and proclaimed all laws, when all children and youth were instructed, not through books, but through conversation, men came to feel that an evil tongue was a fire and a world of iniquity, while a wholesome tongue was, indeed, a tree

of life. He was the perfect man who sinned not with his tongue. Believing good conversation to be the finest flower of his civilization, Zeno said, "The soul bursts into full bloom and beauty in the voice." In seeking to account for the vast influence of the morning conversations of Plato, tradition tells us that, when the philosopher was still an infant, lying in his cradle, "a swarm of bees lighted upon his lips" — not to sting him, but to clothe his tongue with sweetness for those who loved the right, and to clothe his tongue with sharp stings for those who loved error and wrong.

Now all that has gone forever. The newspaper, travelling to all homes, has made unnecessary the evening assemblage upon the streets; the reviews and the magazines have succeeded to the philosopher's morning lectures; the college professor has succeeded the travelling rhetorician; but man is still the talking animal and, as of old, the issues of life and death are in the tongue. For the lips are fissures in the rock through which gush hidden waters, sometimes sweet, sometimes bitter. Oft the tongue is a goodly branch, laden with luscious fruit; oft, also, it is a club that falls with crushing force. Now the tongue is a shield lifted up for sharp attack against the wrong; now it is a spear whose sharp point is turned against the right. The sword hath slain its thousands, but the tongue its ten thousands.

Wise men have searched the world for images strong enough to set forth the full power of the tongue. Of the children of sympathy it may be said, the tongue sheds forth healing balms and cordials; but of the envious man it is true that the poison of asps is under the lips. For, as of old, so now, the tongue is a hand wherewith we lift men up, or a mace wherewith we strike men down. With this instrument bless we God, with it curse we men. No other member carries such influence; and nothing taxes man like the skilful handling of the tongue and its bridling, even as the charioteer lifts the reins above his well-trained steeds. For the tongue gushes forth comfort like a cool, sweet spring; the tongue is a harp, piling up masses of melody; the tongue is a fruitful bower, full of bounty and delight; the tongue carries a glow, warming the soul like a winter's fire; it sends forth sweet songs to be sung in camp and wept over in cottage. Out of words the tongue weaves for the hero an armor against all enemies. Happy, thrice happy, are they whose tongue speaks fit words, that seem "like apples of gold lying in baskets of silver."

This noble use inheres in speech — it is the soul's revelator. The eye and ear, the taste and touch, are windows for letting the great outer world into the secret sanctuary, but the tongue is the one door through which the soul steps out. Only through speech is the invisi-

ble man beholden of his friends. Character is an illuminated cathedral, luminous with beauty, vocal with music, and sweet with warmth and fragrance. The eyes are often eloquent with hidden meanings, being windows through which friends may look in. The poet tells us that some eyes are homes of silent prayer; other eyes are full of bayonets, and some are indeed like deep, pure wells, into which one might fall. Gesture also, with smiles and scowls and frowns, reveals the soul. Delsarte mentions seven hundred expressions of the eye and two thousand of the mouth, grouping them as "normal, indifferent, morose, contemplative, surprised, and resolute." Prescott tells us that three centuries ago intrepid explorers travelled from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and with less than one hundred and fifty signs and gestures purchased food, weapons, canoes, and received guidance and convoy. Facial expression can tell us much when it is given to the mouth to reveal love, hate, pity, somnolence, courage. Wordsworth said each human face is carved and channelled with the memories of a thousand thoughts and impulses. The wrinkled brow of the aged hero "looks familiar with forgotten hopes and purposes."

Nevertheless, the friend's eyes and gestures leave us in the outer court of his soul. Pantomimes cannot reveal the hidden purpose of his soul. Once touch the tongue with dumbness

and the spirit sits silent in its dungeon. Then the soul seems like unto those martyrs whom inquisitors walled up in solid masonry, or like miners who have lost their way in some vast cave or tunnel. Pathetic, indeed, are the attempts of men lost in subterranean depths as they seek to find their way back into the open light. But the sorrows of imprisoned martyrs are as nothing to those of brave and brilliant Helen Kellar, with her dumb lips and blind eyes, who places her fingers upon the larynx of some speaking friend, while her soul struggles to find its way out into the light and sunshine where sympathy and friendship dwell. Once the lips begin to speak, the soul stands forth fully revealed. For conversation is a golden chariot upon which the soul rides forth to greet its friends.

Fenimore Cooper would have us think that opinions are formed and character shaped less by books than by the conversation of the fireside. In one of his stories of the Revolution the novelist recalls a debate upon the right of the colonists to rebel. The young American clergyman eagerly affirms the right of revolution and the British officer strongly denies it. When the host reminded his friends of the lateness of the hour, the disputants separated, to resume their discourse at another time; but when the morning came, it was found that the conversation had wrought a revolution in senti-

ment. At the breakfast table the British officer announced his decision to resign his commission and offer his services to Washington, while the clergyman said that he felt it his duty to apply for a chaplaincy in his Majesty's army. Obeying their convictions, the two men entered upon what proved to be life-long careers. This incident tells us that the springs of influence are in the forceful speech with which the parent plies his child, the teacher plies his pupil, with which friend influences friend. For truth in black ink and on dead paper is only half the truth. Not until truth is fleshed, flashing in the eye, thrilling in the voice, speaking with all the urgency of thought and feeling, is it clothed with power.

Carlyle thinks the Saxon people talk too much. "For God's sake," he exclaims, "keep still and *do* something." The sturdy Scotchman abhors tall talk — that is in others. Believing that the word often outruns the deed, he belittles speech, exalts books, and unveils ideas as the giant forces. Yet no great reform was ever ushered in through an idea bound up in parchment. It was an idea flaming in the fiery speech of Bernard that kindled ardor in the Crusaders. When the old hero stood forth before the host, it was as if the skies long silent had at last broken into speech. The Reformation also represents not simply the lightning of Luther's thought, but the thun-

der of Luther's throat. The orations of Clay and Webster lent office and influence to these statesmen, just as Lincoln's speeches made him president. Truth in the abstract must be vitalized by personality. The great abolition movement progressed but slowly so long as its sole instrument was Garrison's printing-press. It was the eloquent voices of Beecher and Phillips that made the idea of freedom invincible. For what the printed page cannot do, it is given to the speaking voice to accomplish. And so long as man remains man, so long as childhood is shaped by the gentle speech of father and mother, so long as our young men and maidens are inspired and instructed, not alone in the library, but also in the lecture room of the living teacher, so long as all the processes of commerce and exchange are through conversation, will the practice and training in the right use of the tongue be one of life's chiefest duties, and the mastery of forceful speech remain one of the noblest purposes to which a man can address himself. To the end of time life and death will be in the tongue.

Among the evil uses of the tongue let us mention excess and exaggeration. Ours is an age of unbridled statements. Men speak first and think afterward, first affirm and then look about for the proofs. Abstinence and sobriety of address are passing away. Men have forgotten that elegant speech is always restrained

speech. Through its emphasis of the superlative, our age is in danger of losing all power to tell the truth. The modern collegian has reached such a state of culture as that the positive and comparative degrees are unknown. It is no longer possible for the schoolgirl to find an adjective or an adverb to express her ecstasy of feeling. David Swing has an exquisite essay on "Excess." He expressed the fear that through over-use of adjectives our generation would lose all sense of proportion and symmetry in the statement of facts. He noted that the adjectives most loved by our age are in themselves gross exaggerations. In studying the history of language, he found that very early men began to say that "the sun went down in a bed of gold; the moon turned all things to silver; the eye darted forth flames; the face was brighter than the sun." He says that having long used such expressions, the youth of twenty years wakens to find himself a habitual liar. He reminds us that Bayard Taylor tells us when he was talking to the Arabs he never dared tell the plain truth. He told them that in New York there were men who had large warehouses full of gold money; that on Saturday night, when the householder came to pay off the help, he went downstairs and scooped up a bucketful of gold for each servant. But the soul has suffered some awful injury when only

by lying can the traveller explain himself to other habitual liars.

We must also note that the modern school of wit does not deal in the pure, delicate humor of Sydney Smith or Charles Lamb, but depends for its effects upon gross exaggerations and word pilings. Thus not only the playground and schoolroom, but the papers and books also, through extravagances, are teaching men to strain language to the very uttermost. In literature that style is best that is the simplest. The perfect style is abstemious, forswearing adjectives, dealing in the simplicities. That character also is finest that is simple, open, sober, founded on frankness and transparent truthfulness. Therefore well might the sage say, "The extravagant tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity."

More serious still is the harsh and censorious use of the tongue. In all ages the Saxon people have been hard hitters, but of late perhaps the tendency to severity of speech has been strengthening. It is highly significant that of the last generation the most prominent journalist, and at least two of the four leading orators, were chiefly noted for their sarcasm, scorn, and fierce invective. Their fiery tongues literally fulfilled the old legend that made Apollo dip his arrows in fire before he fitted the shaft to its bow. Whenever they speak of an antagonist, they etch him in nitric acid.

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS

A recent volume in the interest of aspirants to the platform and forum urges the young student to practise the invective that crushes the opponent, and cites as the ideal retort an incident in Burke's career. It seems that during the trial of Lord Hastings, his advocate interrupted Burke with the statement that the people of Benares had erected a temple in honor of the governor-general, as a proof that he had neither oppressed nor plundered them. To which Burke replied that this fact need not astonish anybody. "He was somewhat acquainted with the mythology of the Brahmins. He knew that as they worshipped some gods for love, so they worshipped others for fear. He knew they erected shrines not only to the beneficent deities of health and plenty, but also to fiends who preside over small-pox and murder. Nor did he at all dispute the right of Lord Hastings to be admitted into such a Pantheon." It is the animal in men that conquers an opponent by killing him.

But we need to go to England for illustration of the peril of invective. Recent political history tells us that a single poisoned word has changed the destiny of our nation — by reason of the feud between our statesmen. Too late have our political leaders learned that it is the soft answer that turneth away wrath. Words have an edge keener than the razor itself. There is a speech that takes the warmth from

sunshine itself. Alas for those who think the tongue was made for a whiplash and a scourge! But as the sun blesses the earth by throwing off sunshine, not icicles and rays of blackness, so that orator or statesman does most for his fellows who deals in sweetness and light rather than in venom and gall. Unhappy, indeed, the age that thinks the aim of the tongue is to make the world uncomfortable, to give sarcasm a sharper sting, to lend scorn a deadlier venom, to scatter universal hatred, as of old soldiers scattered the Greek fire.

Mischievous, also, the irreverent and scornful use of the tongue that often vulgarizes the very temple of sweetness and purity. No person of refinement and culture can doubt that irreverence is one of the perils of our day. In former times men entered the cathedral, rich with colored glass, with marble and pictures and rare tapestries, to whitewash the frescoes, smash statues, and use the paintings and tapestries for door-mats. It has been reserved for our generation to enter the temple of reverence to destroy all ideals, to rob the noble names of their grandeur, and the noblest places of their majesty. To-day, vulgarity permits sanctity to attach to few objects or ideas. Recently, when Athens revived the Olympian games, and America sent its representatives, there journeyed to that ancient land a vender of patent medicines, who was discov-

ered sticking an advertisement of his polluted waters upon the walls of the Parthenon. Not less painful an editor's statement that in early life he saw the schoolboys doff their caps and the schoolgirls courtesy to the passing judge or professor or pastor, while now eminent men come off well if they escape with, "Go up, thou bald-head!" But the climax has been reached in the vulgarity of buffoons who have defiled the Bible itself. For example, one of the supreme things in literature is the story of Elijah's indictment of his nation for idolatry and bestialism in worship. What a trumpet-call in those words, "Choose now, this day, whom you will serve"! The whole nation has suffered a loss through the coarseness of a humorist, who toiled long to rob the scene of its dignity and beauty.

Irreverence and vulgarity have soiled all offices, just as vandals of the night cast mud and paint upon the statues that commemorate our heroes. In an age that uses Sunday for gross amusements and pleasures, and turns the soul's library day into a kitchen day, when novelists depend upon an irreverent use of the name of the Deity for their wit, and bid for readers through indirect and veiled allusions, reverence must suffer grievously. He who lingers for an hour in those places where men and boys are wont to congregate, will not wonder that there is a growing tendency

among our citizens to remove their children into the country, where they do not breathe the air tainted with the ribaldry, profanity, and vulgarity of foul tongues. When a judge in Boston was horrified by the profanity of a little boy brought before him for trial, Whipple reflected that the child had been brought up in a tenement house, and that the wet damnation of bad whiskey in the stomach found its appropriate expression in the hot damnation of execrations rushing to the lips. Sorely does our generation need to expurgate all slang and every form of profanity. Strange man that will blaspheme his Father in heaven, who would "knock a man down" for speaking so about his father on earth. Irreverence dehumanizes the soul, profanes the higher ideals, expels all majesty from earth, leaves no star in the heavens. One hawk can put to flight a thousand birds and turn all their sweet song to the silence of a desert.

There is a world of unhappiness, also, in the false and slanderous tongue. Pessimists often tell us that there is something in a man's heart that leads his tongue to rejoice at the misfortune of even his best friend. Of nations whose key-note is vanity, this statement may be true, but not of Saxon people. Nevertheless, there are some who go through life with a tongue that scatters firebrands and death. Coarse natures there are whose speech is brutal

and who trample lesser men down, as cavalrymen run down weak and wounded soldiers. In some men the wild beast is still big. The wild boar goes through the forest seeking, not life and beauty, but death and decay. Just under the leaves is the trailing arbutus, the sweetest of all flowers, but the wolf heeds not its fragrance. From the branches above sounds the first note of the spring, but the beast heeds not the bird's sweet song. The beast seeks to destroy life and beauty. And there are those who go through life seeking out evil, the ear being a broom to sweep together all the faults and frailties of a community, and the tongue a scavenger's cart to convey the filth from house to house. What filth diseases do, working death by day and night, for cities, that and more the evil tongue does for the community. All such sow unhappiness among their fellows.

This is the part of savagery, not of civilization. We must confess that many are only veneered with civilization. The savage is still strong in many. Two hundred years ago, when Indians captured an enemy, they stuck wild thorns into the flesh, and lighted hundreds of the little fagots. Strange that our age should develop a form of cruelty still more refined! The forest trees are permitted to shed their decaying boughs and their rotten branches. It is a crime against God and man to speak of the sin of a fellow-man,

if he is now seeking to lead a good life. God forgets, and so should man. In Bavaria, when a man has been convicted of a crime, and has, by imprisonment, paid the penalty, he who speaks or writes of that man's crime is himself punished as a criminal. Are repentant men never to have a second chance? Frailties and faults are the portion of mankind. He who expects the infinite God to forget his errors, should never remember nor mention his brother's sins. Noah's sons walked backward to conceal their father's shame, and man's memory should be a cloak to cover faults, not a sack to collect them.

Many unconsciously make their conversation to be an irritant. These include the people who are proud and self-assertive. Their number is great, and they lower the level of happiness. The first trait of a gentleman is that he is a good listener. Only the selfish are willing to monopolize conversation. All good talk is an exchange, and alas for the dinner party that has an egotist at the table! He will lift up the capital letter "I" and turn it into an intellectual hitching-post, and ask every one to stand round about and worship at his shrine and altar. No topic so remote but that it leads straight back to himself, to his experiences, his views, and his personality. He will exhaust all the capital I's in the printing-press in the first half-hour. The first rule of

good writing is, that the word "I" is never found upon the printed page, and that the author discourse of principles rather than of himself. Richter once said that the most disagreeable man he ever met was an egotist who could never mention his own name without taking off his hat and bowing to himself with great sobriety. England has produced an author who, in writing his autobiography, tells us that his profession was selected for him by his father, and adds that it was a matter of life-long regret that he was not allowed to study geology and physical science, for he tells us that Providence blessed him with an analytic mind and with unusual powers of observation, so that when his parents turned him from his first love of Nature, they unwittingly robbed the century of its greatest scientific mind, and perhaps the greatest analytic mind of all times. Conceit is doubtless a birth-fault and misfortune. Education can correct many faults, but there are two things education cannot do: it cannot teach man tact or correct his self-conceit. Modesty and common sense are like the gift of poetry, — they are birth-gifts received from parents, but never given by teachers. But all these self-opinionated ones lessen happiness, irritate their fellows, breed discontent, and cast a gloom over every company into which they enter. For the person who possesses it, conceit is not an unmixed evil. It

lends confidence and promotes self-reliance. It encourages contentment, for the vain man is never mistaken and has nothing to learn. Vanity is like a stopper in an empty bottle that the ocean itself cannot fill. Solomon himself cannot instruct a vain man, and the wise king adds this reflection, "Seest thou a man, wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him."

Now and then vanity becomes colossal and ministers to the gayety of nations. Shortly after Dean Farrar published his "Life of Christ," he visited America. In the course of his travels he visited a city in Canada where a distinguished scholar tendered the English author a reception. Among the large company of men assembled from the world of education, finance, invention, politics, commerce, and religion, was a reporter representing the morning papers. This reporter's uncle had been an alderman in the city council, the representative of the saloon and gambling interests, in short, the alderman who looked after the jobs, the trickery, and the corruption fund in connection with franchises. When this alderman died, the better interests of the city breathed a sigh of relief; but his nephew wrote a two-column account of the professional trickster, published it in pamphlet form, and asked the city council to purchase a thousand copies. Proud of his connection with the dead alderman, the reporter

armed himself with two copies of the pamphlet, and made his way to the reception to Canon Farrar. When it came his turn to be presented, he shook hands with the distinguished Englishman with the greatest cordiality, saying that he was the more glad to meet the Canon because "we have one great interest in common." "Indeed," said the Englishman, "and what is that?" "Our biographical interest," was the reply. "I have read your 'Life of Christ,' permit me to give you two copies of my 'Life of Alderman ——.'" Conceit in such an one towers mountain high.

Even more irritating is the conversation of those who have developed the critical temper. These go through life picking flaws, nettling all associates, buzzing like gnats, stinging like wasps, disturbing like a stone in the shoe. Quote from your favorite author, and they always answer with a "but" or "if only." If the editorial is wise, they answer by bemoaning the evil of yellow journalism. If the oration was eloquent, they regret the presence of so much animal magnetism in lieu of solid thought. If the soldier wins a victory, they ask if you have heard it was very largely chance, and if the second officer was a strong man, who really won the victory. If the new book is read widely, they bemoan the lack of interest in the old authors. If some youth has a new enthusiasm for some new reform, they remind us that

zeal is often without knowledge. They turn themselves into patent animated snuffers with which to extinguish the newly lighted flame. Their history can be summarized in a single word, an intellectual and moral wet blanket elongated and spread over full seventy years.

All these will neither enjoy the good things of life themselves nor permit any one else to enjoy them. Yet there are no perfect things in our world. There was never a statute so white but that it had one speck or stain in the marble. There never was voice so sweet but now and then it held a rough discord. There was never a tree but that it held one broken bough, never a landscape that had not one fault, and there never was a hero but was guilty of one mistake in judgment or lapse in life. The world needs comfort and encouragement, not blows and criticism; we do not want our heroes pulled to pieces, our favorite poets dissected by the critic who has a bitter note in his voice, or a twist in his vision, and a perverted judgment. Once a fault has been found in a man good and great, the fault should be concealed and not exposed. Men should treat their fellows as John Ruskin treated Coniston Mountain. Unfortunately, the stone quarry made a great scar in the mountain upon which the author's bedroom window looked. For some men that scar would have destroyed the beauty of the landscape, but Mr. Ruskin put his big chair before

the window so as to command a view of the lake and the mountain, and then hung a picture so as to conceal the scar on the mountain side, and so he feasted his soul on the beautiful and perfect lines and forgot the scar that was there. Fortunately for imperfect, ignorant, and faulty men, this is the method of the infinite God, who overlooks human frailty, hides the grievous sins, and looks upon men, not as they are, but as they shall be, when time and events have brought full transformation.

Others there are who diffuse unhappiness by always talking about disagreeable things. In conversation their stock in trade is their last trouble, their personal woes, the latest scandal in the village, the new peril in politics. So far as the body is concerned, it is against all proprieties for the person to uncover a wound and expose a scar; on the contrary, the ugly wound is, by every possible device, hidden. It is just as unseemly to expose heart grief, one's personal troubles, and to hand one's misfortunes over to one's fellows as it is to expose the body itself. For that reason, many professional reformers do more harm than good to society. They go forth ferreting out some abuse for the purpose of exploiting it. The method they adopt is the method of exaggeration. They overstate the facts in order to produce the impression desired. If a boy's rope for a sled is ten feet long, the child must be ten

feet beyond the door when the sled is on the threshold, and the professional reformer excuses his untruths and exaggerations by saying that in order to bring society up to the proper point, the reformer must go far beyond with his overstatements. Thus, if he does not agree with the war in the Philippines, the President becomes the greatest assassin of liberty in the world's history. If he finds some bad man in the Church, straightway the Church becomes the centre of all organized immoralities, and so on to an infinite degree. Soon society suffers great injury. Every interest that makes for individual happiness and social progress suffers. Oftentimes a sharp knife and a skilful surgeon is necessary, but this does not excuse the people who daily make sharp some sliver for thrusting under the flesh and irritating the sufferer. There is a harsh way of telling the truth, and there is also a gentle way that heals even while it corrects, and the world will never go beyond Paul's standard of perfection, "Let us truth it in love." The secret of happiness, therefore, was expressed by the Irish poet: —

"What is the real good? I ask in musing mood.
Order said the court, knowledge said the school;
Truth said the wise man, pleasure said the fool;
Love said the maiden, beauty said the page;
Freedom said the dreamer, home said the sage;
Fame said the soldier, equity said the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly, the answer is not here:

Then within my bosom softly this I heard,
Each heart holds the secret — kindness is the word."

But the tongue also hath its ministry of mercy and sympathy. Thereby comes happiness. Men cannot be scolded into love nor scourged into goodness. Gentleness is the mightiest form of manhood, and the true man is he who imitates those knights who carried a sword, indeed, but also bore the cross on shield and helmet and sword-hilt. What lashings can never do, soft words easily accomplish. In his reminiscences of the late war, Walt Whitman tells us how a kind word into a patriot turned a rebel, and transformed a soldier. After one of the great battles, when the columns had swept by, leaving behind the deserted cannon, with horses and men wounded and dying, the nurses came in with their gentle ministry to friends and enemies alike. Like angels of mercy these nurses stanched the prisoner's wounds, fed him with cordials and jellies, and slowly nursed him up out of the grave. One Southerner of iron will the good gray poet met, who for many days seemed hard as rock, but whose hatred kindness at last melted away as the sun a thin armor of ice. To break the monotony and cheer the sick man's solitude, Walt Whitman planned a diversion. One day, lying upon his cot, the pale, sick soldier heard the bugle sound, and, looking through his open

window, he saw a troop of soldiers marching by, carrying an old and tattered flag. In that hour kind words softened the soldier's heart. Old memories returned to the man, hot tears ran down his white cheeks, and, lifting himself up, the shouts without were answered by the feeble, broken shouts within. Oh, beautiful event! telling us that if bombs and bullets could only harden the enemy, kind words turned away his wrath, and turned a rebel into a patriot.

Ministering happiness through mercy and sympathy, the tongue also hath a ministry of instruction and inspiration, and is the almoner of universal bounty. There is no teacher like the tongue. Therefore all the men who have had disciples, who have made goodness epidemic, and ushered in new eras, have been great conversers. Not in public halls nor from platforms, but sitting by the fireside or in the shop, Socrates fashioned his immortal group. It was the charm of Goethe's conversation also that drew the German poets into the library at Weimar. Sixty years ago men made pilgrimages to Coleridge's home, and about the great converser men crowded as bees about a clover field. For as iron sharpens iron, so does the face of man quicken the mind of his friend.

It is gentle fireside speech, also, that explains the eminence of the Jewish race. In that little land that produced patriots, prophets, heroes, reformers, in squads and

regiments, parents used to assemble their children each evening to rehearse to them the deeds of national renown. Rising up early and sitting up late, the mother and father brought the children up in the memory of the noblest deeds of their heroic ancestors. The Jewish parents, through conversation, opened up to their children the great invisible heavens, and caused eminent natures to rain down influence upon these little ones, who looked up in emulation and in love. What joy in that home where father and mother are good conversers! What with reminiscence and story and tales of travel, with literature light and gay, the tongue hath strange inspiration! Blessed are the happiness-makers whose tongues carry sweetness and sow mercy and inspiration everywhere.

It was a favorite idea of Mr. Gladstone's that it was a father's duty to drill his children in the art of conversation. The great statesman reënforced his opinion by the story of his early childhood. He tells us that his father made the coming of the family about the table to be the occasion when all were drilled in speech. On sitting down to dinner some event in connection with the business of the day, or some topic of interest to the city or to England itself was selected as the topic of conversation. The father stated the theme, and from that moment nothing was taken for granted between the parent and his sons. The boys were

rewarded, not infrequently, for an argument that had unusual strength, or for a striking evidence of wit and humor. A weak argument also was exposed with merciless severity, and at the close the father pronounced judgment between the disputants. We are told that the parents and children argued about everything: whether the trout should have been boiled or broiled; whether a window should be open; and whether it was likely to be fine weather or not the next day. "It was all perfectly good-humored," the biographer tells us, "but curious to a stranger, because of the evident care which all the disputants took to advance no proposition, even as to the prospect of rain, rashly." Little by little, the youth learned to select from his books or the events of the playground, or the street, such incidents as would lend pleasure to those whom he addressed at the dinner-table. And after twenty-four years of the practice of eloquence in the presence of his fireside audience, young Gladstone found it was but a step to success in the art of forceful speech before the members of the House of Parliament.

Business men, perhaps, neglect this means of increasing happiness. If the wife or mother is shut in, the man is abroad, and all his hours are full of eventful incidents. He meets or sees some person in the public eye. He hears and sees great men at their best. One such citizen has for years made it a practice to

record in a note-book a catchword recalling the good story, amusing person, wise saying, or interesting fact of the day. At night, at the dinner-table, he rehearsed to his invalid daughter and hard-worked wife his observations. That hour has become the bright time of that home. It has made the man, not simply a capital converser, a fascinating companion to his fellowmen, but the hero and idol of his own home. Had he given his best to his competitors, returned home silent and irritable, it would have ended with his sick daughter's turning to morphine, while his tired wife would have died of neglect, overwork, and a broken heart.

Upon all those who are ambitious to make the world happier and better, rests the obligation of drilling the tongue into lustrous kindness, purity, and refinement. Not by spasmodic efforts, not with occasional hints and gleams of good cheer, are men to use the tongue in the interests of happiness. The daily drill of the tongue as an instrument of happiness and influence is to enter into the fundamental conception of living. Nor is this law binding only upon those happy persons who are said to be good entertainers. Some there are who are so fortunately organized that they exhale benefactions upon any company into which they enter. Unconsciously and without any set purpose they oil the bearings of life, lessen friction, provoke laughter and good cheer, as

naturally as flowers that do not struggle to throw off sweetness, as the cedar-wood, that, without thinking, gives off fragrance.

The law of happiness-making, however, is not confined to the few gifted individuals. It is binding upon all, of every rank and station and temperament. Fortunate, indeed, the community that has a few individuals who go through life curing sorrows, allaying discontents, healing enmities, sweetening bitter fountains, scattering happiness and good-will. One such nature can influence an entire community, just as one flower will crowd a room with sweet odors. On high festal days in Athens, when processions formed at stated intervals, in the procession marched men with instruments of music and also incense-bearers. When one group of musicians had marched by, and the sound of music was dying out of the air, another group took up the sweet strain. When distance had removed far the incense-bearers, another group came on to fill the air with clouds of smoke from the sweet aromatic shrubs. Too oft our world marches forward to the sound of sad notes and requiems. Happy are those whose sweet and gentle speech fills the common life with sweetness and light as did the ancient ministers of joy and music. For their wholesome tongues are, indeed, "trees of life," and their words "like apples of gold lying in baskets of silver."

HAPPINESS AND THE HOME AS THE SPRING OF ALL GOOD FORTUNE



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WISHED TO RANSOM HIS CHILDREN

One day when Comfortas was entertaining messengers from a distant city, a poor man crowded through the company, and falling at the king's feet, embraced his knees and asked him for a boon; and because the king had a gentle heart, he waved his guests aside and asked the herdsman what he wished. It seemed that the man had been out upon the hunt, and returned home to find his farmhouse empty, for wife and children had been carried off by men who had descended from the hills, and now held them for a ransom of a hundred pieces of silver. Moved with instant sympathy, Comfortas drew forth his purse and was about to give him a gold coin, but the man answered that the bandits demanded silver equal to the full value of his little farm with all his sheep and goats, and asked the king to give him silver in exchange for the land. Now the counsellors made as if they would rebuke the king. They urged that this was to encourage the men of the hill country, and make every house unsafe, and fill the land with insecurity. "Let us rather send a company of soldiers to pursue the brigands and revenge the man his wrong." To which Comfortas replied, that if these brigands were hard pressed, they would slay the woman and the children. But his soldiers answered that it was meet that one man's heart should break that others should have peace. And Comfortas rebuked his soldiers the more sharply, and said, the first duty was to secure the man's family, and afterward to punish the bandits and recover the silver. "All

that a man hath," said Comfortas, "will he indeed give for his life. But all that a man hath, plus his life also, should he give for his wife and children; both lands, house, silver, gold, herds, flocks. Without wife and child, the casket is empty of its jewels. Without them, a man's fields are nothing, for he has no one to enjoy the fruits. Without them, gold and silver are worthless, since he has nothing for whom to buy. Yea, having lost wife and child, life itself is a burden too heavy to be borne. This man doeth well to give all for those whom he loves; once he has them back, they will make his arms strong to build a new house, and lend him hope to labor and buy new lands. It is for love's sake that the husbandman opens the furrow, sows the seed, and reaps it again. It is for love's sake that all the wheels of industry turn round. It is for love's sake that ships set sail; that caravans come and go; that men endure the heat of the tropics and the cold of the Arctics; and though the house be a frail tent, where the woman is so poor that she has no light therein save the light of the firefly, that tent of reeds is home because there Rachael dwells. And though the house be a palace, the palace is a home because Helen is there and once Helen is gone, the palace is dwarfed to the dimensions of a hut, for without Helen the palace is as if it were not."

CHAPTER VIII

HAPPINESS AND THE HOME AS THE SPRING OF ALL GOOD FORTUNE

THE influence of the home upon happiness can scarcely be overestimated. The family is the great American institution, and yet, for some reason, no scholar has given us a history of the influence of the home upon individual happiness and culture civilization in general. The libraries are full of histories of war, commerce, literature, and finance; but thus far no author has arisen to show how the fireside and the rich affections of the heart have colored man's industry, his art and education, his morals and religion. So large is the theme, and so rich, that no one has felt equal to the task. It is an easy task for Burns to sing of one field daisy, or Bryant to describe the skylark's song; yet these poets have no song of the summer that lends beauty to the crimson-tipped flower and food to the bird that pursues his way "through the pathless air." If Fiske or Bryce has written the history of our laws and institutions that make man's house his castle, it remains for their students to trace the rise and growth of those

rich affections of the heart that turns a house into a home, lights the sacred fire upon the hearth, makes the walls beautiful, makes the halls to resound with the glad shouts of children, fills the days with sunshine and the years with happiness and victory. Nevertheless, the history of civilization is the history of the fireside affection.

For the home all fields are sown, all harvests reaped; for the home all ships set sail and return again; for the home man's shuttles fly, his spindles whirl, his wheels turn round; for the home the canvas is made bright, the marbles beautiful, and all music sweet; for his home, too, man makes laws to be just, property safe, life secure and rich. The sun journeys forward accompanied by its flood of light, and leaving harvests in his pathway; and the home has been a divine force that has journeyed across the continents, accompanied by an atmosphere of happiness, and leaving in its trackway arts, industries, songs, and morals. As once martyrs, exiled and in despair, saw the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, and so passed swiftly from the darkness and sorrow of the night into the joy and exultation of the morning, so unto man, who goes toiling, struggling across the years, God has let down the dream of a home, to be made sacred as a temple, where joy is the only song, where service is the only sacrifice, where

love is the only priest, being to man in the life that now is what the Holy City will be for that immortal life to come. He who loves his own, and is beloved, can say, "Let events do their worst, I have a happy home."

Strangely enough, the home as now constituted is a comparatively new force in society. Even yet the French have no word for home. Man's richest institution is also his latest. The intellect can write an "Iliad" before the heart can found a home. Therefore the generations that listened to the lectures of Plato had no song that celebrated the fireside affections. In that era the gods dwelt in marble palaces, the people dwelt in mud huts. The men of Athens, who lived in the midst of the noblest creations of art, at "the very fragments of which we gaze in wonder and awe," men who heard the most sublime tragedies and orations, and breathed an atmosphere charged with culture and philosophy, wore clothes, ate food, and slept in chambers that we would scarcely count fit for convicts and slaves. To-day, should the average American citizen open to those pages where the old Greek scholar describes the scenes in connection with the unveiling of the Phidian Jupiter, what surprise would be his to find that the poorest workman of to-day enjoys a sweet home life denied to the great men of that early era. Talking to us, as to familiar friends, the old historian

shows us the temple, wrought in marble, the doors covered with plates of hammered gold and enriched with ivory, the statue of Jupiter touching the ceiling and standing forth white as snow, yet yellow with gold. Upon the morning of that eventful day 120,000 citizens go forth to join the solemn procession, — white-robed priests and young men and maidens, crowned with laurels, chanting solemn music; costly perfumes filled the air; the public squares and porticoes were crowded with statues, monuments, fountains, bronzes. The procession entered a temple, whose walls were rich in tapestries, whose floors were bright with mosaics, whose ceilings were brilliant with frescoes, whose vaults were crowded with treasures contributed by princes and kings.

But when the solemn ceremony is concluded, and the citizens turn homeward, how striking the contrast! In the public quarter are the theatres, the gymnasium, the baths, the temples, and porticoes. But once the citizens entered the quarter given up to homes, how strangely the aspect changed! Here the streets were little better than alleys, cramped, dark, narrow, stenchful. Ashes and offal had been thrown in the way by slaves; oft wells were digged in the reeking soil. The house itself was made of sun-dried brick. There was no glass or oiled paper in the narrow slits in the wall that stood for windows. After two or three days of

rain the water poured through the roof thatched with straw. In the centre of each room there was a small hole into which the water might drain and then be carried off. There were no chimneys, no fireplace, no stoves, for the cooking was done in an open court. In that era the public life was everything. Artists, architects, sculptors, toiled tirelessly to enrich the theatre, the gymnasium, the temple. But when the public life absorbs so much, the private home starves and dies.

And this tendency to belittle the home and impoverish the social life came down into the Middle Ages, and persisted even to comparatively modern times. In that era described by Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King," society existed for the enrichment of the castle and the cathedral. To-day there are men who talk of the good old times of Queen Elizabeth, attack machinery, bemoan the increase of wealth, and weep bitterly because of the passing of the former simplicity when all men were gay and happy. Could these pessimists be carried back to the era of which they talk so much and know so little, how dire would be the punishment and the anguish inflicted upon them! For in those bad old times nothing was too good for the public buildings, called the cathedral, the palace and castle, while nothing was too poor and mean for the common people and their homes. For the

prince, the castle was made rich with tapestries and oriental rugs, with gold and silver plate. For the bishop, the cathedral was adorned with stained glass, colored marbles, pictures, illuminated books, images, carved stalls, and altars, and the whole world swept for treasures with which to enrich the solemn abbey.

But in that time of glory for the cathedrals of Florence and Verona and Milan, the homes of the citizens and soldiers were centres of squalor, poverty, and filth. In rainy weather men walked home ankle-deep in mud, in dry weather ankle-deep in dust. They wore leather coats, they slept under uncleansed sheep robes, they toiled in hovels that were damp and windowless. The homes had no carpets, no costly furniture, no pictures, no embellishments, and no fireplace. There were no newspapers and books for rainy evenings and winter days. There was no home circle. The wife was a drudge, and the daughters slaves. If in the morning the rising sun fell from the towers of the cathedral and castle, at noon the same sun looked down into dark streets that were full of filth, ugliness, and misery. No brush can paint and no voice can describe the revolution that has passed over society in an era that has capitalized the family, while the public life and public buildings have been correspondingly subordinated.

To-day the home is the chief American institution, and the family is the unit of our civilization, exceeding in power and influence all other institutions taken together.

Immeasurable, the influence of the home upon man's commerce and industry. The history of invention and tools is very largely the story how, when some new want or hunger has arisen in the home, man has gone forth to invent the instrument for satisfying the desire of his loved one. Feeling the stirrings of the inventive instinct, man went forth to the forests for foods rich enough for his dear ones, searched the fields for textures soft and warm enough for their garments, devised conveniences for kitchen and parlor, sought out remedies for wounds and hurts, increased the comforts that double life's joys and halve its sorrows. When Hawthorne first visited the British Museum and beheld the rude tools, weapons, ships, idols, and images that illustrate the upward progress of man, he confessed to the sense of bewilderment, and expressed the wish that every museum in the world might be destroyed by fire, that tourists should be compelled to spend less time in the graveyard of history, and more in the open sunshine of the present civilization. But these museums, with their flint arrow-heads, stone hammers, rude methods of kindling fire, and, later on, steam ploughs, complicated looms,

printing-presses, engines, tell us how the growth of the idea of home has changed the tent into a house, the rude blanket into the modern dress, coarse prints into beautiful pictures, the papyrus leaf into the modern book and magazine.

To this forest child, who burrowed in his cave, ate roots and berries in the summer, starved and shivered in the winter, God sent a new ideal, unveiling the home as a possible paradise, causing the wife to stand forth with all the grace and beauty of that first Eve, and whispering to men that when a babe was born it was as if God took the sweet child in His arms, and, implanting a kiss upon its forehead, laid it in the arms of an angel, and sent it forth to some distant fireside, saying to the parents: "Take this child of mine, instruct and train it until such time as I send for it again." Once that conception of the home fully dawned upon man, idleness became industry, listlessness became energy, contentment became ambition, and love lured man upward.

For the sake of his dear ones, man went into the wilderness and changed the wild rice into rich wheat. At all risks, the home must be cared for. When seas and rivers made travel impossible for the inmates of his home, man set his wits to work to invent a boat in which he might cross the river, or tamed the

steed that bore him through the forest, or harnessed the steam that carried them over mountains and rivers and oceans. Did mother or child develop a new hunger, man's imagination invented a new tool to satisfy the want. Once man was dull, now through love has come fertility and invention. For the sake of his home, man will shiver in the arctics searching for gold and furs; for his home, man will burn in the tropics; for his home, man will penetrate all forests, climb all mountains, brave all seas.

Because the intellect is nourished by the finer affections and feelings, literature and art and music also owe much to the fireside affection. If we pass in review the great poems of all time, we shall find that authors have always done their best work in the hours when the mood has been retrospective, and the memories of childhood have stood forth in soft, clear light, and father and mother and their sweet influence have lent warmth and richness to reason and imagination. In seeking out the most popular poems of Burns, we pass by all those in which the poet exposes the hypocrisy of the "unco' gud," or asks sweet songs to teach revellers the joys of the drinking cup, or laughs at woman's frailty, or smites man's sin. The highest flights of genius were Burns's in those hours when he sang of home and love and friendship. We crown the poet the

supreme master of sweet song in those hours when he goes homeward with the cotter on Saturday night, and draws nigh to some sweet cottage nestling under green leaves in some lovely valley, sees the greensward in front, the bonnie brier bush blooming hard beside the door, the wealth of ivy creeping o'er the windows; sees the inner walls whitewashed to look like the driven snow, the Bible lying open on the stand, the mother singing by the hearth, and kneels again with these humble folks to commit the days and the years to the mercy of the all-forgiving, all-guiding, all-loving God.

And if love of home lends sweetness to the song of this poet, not otherwise has it been with other great authors and poets. Asked to name the great work of any writer, it is always safe to give the name of the one in which the author has described the scenes of his childhood. All those favorite passages of Dickens, like the death of little Nell and the impressive chapters in "David Copperfield," are biographical. Also, the great chapters in Victor Hugo and Richter and those lines of Tennyson and Lowell and Browning that men count immortal are revelatory, and tell the story of the joys and sorrows and hopes and loves of childhood's home. Lincoln and Webster were never so impressive as when they ask the quaint incidents of early life to illumine

the hard problems of stern manhood. Nor is Homer's genius at its best in describing "the wars and woes numberless" that befell the Greeks. The full spell of his power is on us in that hour when he pictures the girl wife, Andromache, who stands weeping and holding her little child that coos and laughs and stretches out its hands to its father, Hector, who is now buckling on his shield to go to certain death. Indeed, history has no great poem, no drama, no novel, whose theme is not home and love and God, who ever kindles the divine flame. Take home out of music and literature, and it would be like taking warmth out of the fire, sweetness out of the rose, ripeness from the peach, the soul from the body, God from the sky.

Having reached out and touched industry and invention, having enriched literature and the songs of society, the home toiled long and powerfully upon man's morals. To the millions of young men and maidens in the land comes the dream of a home, to be a glowing centre of peace, beauty, and security. The vision of some little cot in the valley, some modest cottage in the village, some mansion in the city, hovers over the spirit of youth and maiden as with angelic wings. That vision takes vows from them to be as brave, pure, and worthy as the home is to be bright and beautiful. From the view point of his

dreams and visions, how ignoble seem all pleasures and companions that do not enrich the reason, refine the taste, and ennoble the life! Indeed, it is this vision of home that enables the multitude of struggling poor to bear up under the woes and wretchedness of daily life. The vast majority of our race dwell hard beside poverty and unfulfilled drudgery. Multitudes toil in mines, tend rude tools, or hold a lever, doing rough work that is distasteful to eye and ear and mind. But, while the hand fulfils its drudgery, the mind of the youth goes soaring and singing, that labor may be sweetened. Rising into the unstormed sky, the youth beholds afar off the vision of the home he is to found, covers it with vines and blossoms, beholds its roots and trees becoming vineyards and orchards, hears the gurgle of a little spring that bubbles in its summer house, even as hope now bubbles in his heart; sees the one whom he has long loved in secret, standing in the doorway to give him welcome home with a voice sweeter than the notes of Apollo's harp. It is this vision of home that redeems the multitudes from obscurity, drudgery, squalor, and poverty.

Later on, when life's battle is fierce, and events go hard with men, it is the home that enables them again to bear up against the troubles that sweep over life like sheeted storms. Men there are whose rivals speak of

them as though they were wolves consuming their fellows; and yet underneath the cold, hard, rough exterior is an inner kingdom of beauty, where love and tenderness do dwell. This stern man, bent on success, recalls the poverty of his own childhood, the disadvantages that hindered his youth, the obstacles against which he struggled, and beholding his babe in the cradle, he registers a vow to give his little ones opportunities that were denied their father. Did his fellows but know it, the sweat of man's brow is oil for the lamp of love that burns on the sacred altars of home. How strange that double life in men that answers to those crystal caves in the great West, unseemly without, but within, when the torch is lighted, glowing and flashing with opalescent light! For it is the home that underlies morals and is the spring of light and beauty for the soul. Through the education of its children, indeed, the home sustains divine relations toward the future of society and civilization.

When the philosophers affirm that every great man had a great mother or father, they do but affirm that the home is the foundation of civic power and wealth. What a word was that: "My parents made vows for me!" By this, the poet meant that there was in his nature a certain secret and mysterious predisposition toward the love of Nature and poetry, that had in them the seal and sanction of his

divine call. Augustine tells us that the tides that flowed down from his mother's life swept his soul forward upon his great career. The home becomes a temple, marriage is indeed a sacrament, when we recognize that what the parent is to-day the child will be to-morrow. It means that much scientific research was hereditary in the Darwin household, that literature was the pursuit of the Hallam family for generations. Among the most fascinating of recent books is one upon the mothers of great men, showing how Carlyle is only a spark struck out of his mother's genius; how Letitia lent energy, courage, decision, boundless ambition to her son, Napoleon; how that sweet German mother handed her harp forward to Mendelssohn, her son; how the English mother transmitted the poet's lyre to Byron; how Luther had his love of liberty, and Richter his love of writing, and Goethe his taste for literature, as a mother's gift. Little wonder, that wise man and woman stand full of fear and hesitation, as well as of hope and joy, upon this threshold of marriage.

Home also sustains vital relations to man's thought of God. Every age and generation makes its own picture of the Unseen One. One test of the civilization of a people is infallible, — its mental picture and conception of the Infinite. In the far-off times of Homer, when youth and health and beauty were the ideals,

the gods were eternally young, serene, and happy. In that age, when men were unsensitive to suffering, the gods were pagan, having hearts of iron and thrones of marble. When the monarchial idea developed, and thrones were erected, God stood forth in the form of a king and ruler. In an age when man revered power, God became the thunderer, and the earthquake was the stroke of His anger. But with the home and its gentleness and the son of the parent came the thought that God was a Father. These rude thoughts of God belong to an age that has no home in the true sense of that term. Once the father became all gentle and the mother all helpful, the home the bright centre of all delights, each man exalted his thoughts of God. God became an infinitely kind being, with more than a mother's love. Having seen an earthly father love his wandering child the more he needed pity and help, man opened his theology to draw a black mark across those pages that made the heavenly Father pass by as non-elect any of his erring children. An earthly home full of love for six days in the week made it impossible for man on the seventh to think of God, neglecting or passing by one-half his children through all eternity. Theology has done something for the home, but the home has done vastly more for theology.

For the time, many thoughtful persons fear lest the home is passing under an eclipse. So far as the city is concerned, we must confess the club waxes more and more, and, in some instances, the home less and less. In the days when there were small towns instead of large cities, the merchant and the workman in the factory came home for their luncheon, and a few hours at most separated the citizen from the house that was his castle, his place of refuge, his bower of beauty, his all in all. In those days the home was the centre of hospitality. In the evening, to the home came the laborers for friendship, for song, and for good talk. To the home, came the literary club, once every month; and when some peril threatened the community, men assembled in the home of some citizen to devise means of relief. High festal days came also from time to time, until the home was made rich by every possible association that made for happiness, refinement, and culture. But with the new times have come new habits and customs. Many men are engaged in strengthening their clubs and weakening their homes. At noon they entertain the friend from out of town at the club. To the club they go in the evening with unfailing regularity. Over the dinner-table at the club they plan the industrial enterprise, develop the political method, and there find their amuse-

ment, rest, and exercise. The time has come when the home has very little relation to friendships between men. A recent conversation developed the fact that two men, leaders in the world of finance, who had been intimate friends for twenty years, had never crossed the threshold of the other's home. The principle of specializing is being applied to the home. It exists for the family, for eating and drinking and sleeping, and for them alone. There are many families who give all their parties and entertainments at the club, until even their daughters are married there, in the interest of convenience and entertainment.

But nothing is gained by a selfish use of the home, and much is lost. We expect the people in a monarchy like England, where class distinctions are emphasized, to stand for exclusiveness. The English householder carries this to the point of building a high brick wall around his garden. An iron fence would protect his roses and geraniums, his vines and fruit trees, his rare plants and flowers, and the sweet perfume passing between the iron bars would bless each poor workman who passes by. But the Englishman wants the beautiful to be his own. He cannot endure the thought that the little child, the seamstress, or the street sweeper should share the good things of his garden. "What's mine is my own," he says, so up goes the brick wall, and sharp, broken bottles

are fixed in the top lest some boy climb up and steal a glance. Having fenced off the garden, many go on to bar the door of the home strong against outsiders. Our generation seems to have lost all recognition of the large place a beautiful home ought to occupy in the community. Hospitality has declined almost to the point of extinction. Friendship in the house is in danger of being a lost art.

And yet a beautiful home should be shared with the community. There are men of great wealth who have gone every whither searching for marbles and tapestries and pictures and rare objects of beauty. Treasures that represent the supreme workmanship of some divinely gifted man are ensepulchred in a house whose doors are locked against all visitors. Recently a student of the Preraphaelites, who was making an exhaustive study of the paintings of that school, was bemoaning this tendency. A great picture is like a great poem, it belongs to the generation and is to be looked at and enjoyed. This student went to every public gallery in Great Britain seeking for examples of Watts and Burne-Jones, of Millais and Hunt, of Madox Brown and Rossetti. One artist, indeed, Watts, had given his greatest works to the people, but the works of the others had been purchased and been hidden away in private houses. The masterpieces were inaccessible. They had

been purchased by rich men who neither understood the message of the picture nor would allow another, an outsider, to come in and copy that masterpiece and carry its message to the world.

But ownership has its limitations. Things that are ours are not all our own. God lends a poet genius, that he may give it to the people, and he lends a man power and talent to create a home rich in art treasures, that that home may be a spring of happiness to the entire community. Many a man and woman dwell in a palace to-day in misery and loneliness, who might, in opening their home and sharing their art treasures with others, not simply diffuse happiness to the community, but find a deep joy and peace that they never have before known. We need a revival of hospitality and a return to the fireside affection. Parents need to make their home so beautiful that their sons and daughters pass by the club to bring their friends to their dearly loved home. Fathers should make companions of their sons, and see to it that no boy without can draw that son away from his father, who is more interesting than any or all companions. No member of the family should rest until the home becomes the place of allurement, the bower of beauty, the hive where all honeyed sweets are assembled, the Mecca to which all

feet turn joyfully when the day's work is done. The true home is the palm tree, and the cool spring in that desert named the city.

Doubtless the home is suffering now through the refusal of marriage on the part of some and postponement on the part of others. For some reason the obligation of home-building rests lightly on some shoulders. This is indicated by the bachelor apartments in great cities. If it is certain that men are postponing marriage until middle life, nothing is more certain than that marriage is a duty that rests upon all healthy and well-born men and women. We are in the world to perpetuate the race. Our professions and occupations and our industries incidentally lend men and women support, but essentially they exist that parents may support, rear, and educate children who can hand forward the forces of civilization and lift society to a little higher level. There is a sense in which a bachelor is a criminal, recreant to all the interests committed unto him by his ancestors. What if this man should fall heir to a palace, a mansion in which his fathers had dwelt for a thousand years? What if one ancestor had assembled bronzes in the house, and another had brought in marbles, and another had decorated the ceilings, and another had brought in vessels of gold and silver, and another had stored the shelves with rare books and manuscripts? And what

if all these treasures were to be passed on until the ideal man should stand on the threshold of the palace of perfect love and righteousness? Would not he be a criminal who should lift a torch upon the noble building, kindle a flame upon all the treasures assembled by the generations, using and exhausting upon himself alone?

Now, every well-born man, in his body and mind, represents a palace of physical sight and sound, upon whose nerves and brain have toiled a thousand generations, — ancestors who have looked forward to the era when their last descendants should represent that new race dwelling like gods on the face of the earth. For this man to refuse marriage, and for this woman to refuse the rearing of children, represents a form of selfishness beyond all compare. It is a crime against ten thousand noble men and women who were their forefathers, and looked forward to them, expecting them to hand on to others their virtues, augmented by new forms of wisdom and knowledge. And if the home, when founded, is denied children, there are orphan children to be reared. For every childless home there is a homeless child. He who invents a tool or founds a great business is worthy of high praise; but he who rears noble sons and daughters will, through them, when long time has past, invent myriad tools, found innumerable forms of trade and com-

merce, will enact laws, and promote progress in ways all unsuspected.

Many men excuse themselves on the ground that they are unwilling to found a home until they can offer a young woman all the luxury that she enjoyed in her father's house, and many a young woman is unwilling to accept an overture unless the youth represents wealth. A woman has a right to refuse the poverty of the youth who has his fortune to make; to postpone until wealth has been achieved is an error for both men and women. Among the many forms of folly, this is the most grievous. Happiness is not in the possession of a fortune; happiness is in the self-reliance and industry that makes a fortune. Given one boy with flabby hands and a million dollars, whose idea is to spend it, and given another boy with muscles of marble and will of iron, and energy to make his own, and what wise mother but would a thousand times over choose the youth who offers her daughter a simple home, a tireless love, an intellect that makes him the architect of his own fame and fortune? Better the early marriage, the beginning with few things, the gentle, simple life, the slow conquest of position, the long years of growing old together.

Of late years, also, the home has suffered grievously through the increase of divorce. In one state, it is said that every tenth couple that are united, by the pastor are separated by

the judge. No subject can be more solemn. The issues of life and death hang upon the marriage tie, yet divorce has become so common that it is a matter of joke that the Mormons drive their wives abreast and the Gentiles drive them tandem. Grounds of divorce are so numerous that marriage among the lower classes has come to mean a mere trivial event, a trifling episode. Recently, when a young couple appeared before a pastor for marriage, the man was so disturbed by the appearance of the groom that he called the bride aside and asked her if her parents had consented, and if she had carefully considered the issues that were involved. With a jaunty toss of the head, she answered, "Oh, if I don't like him, I can easily get a divorce." After long study of the problem, some students have thought that to make divorces easy would solve the problem, but now that long time has passed by, it is certain that this plan has only increased the peril. In Canada, the divorce is granted by the legislative body as well as judicial, and involves time, money, and many difficulties. The result is that men and women accept the situation, study the art of adaptation, practise mutual self-sacrifice, until that country is proverbial for its happy and contented homes. Indeed, one year it has been said that only seven divorces were asked for in the provinces. Fundamentally, there is but one solution of

this problem and of all problems — education, and chiefly education in morals. Plato found the secret of unhappiness in the marriage of undeveloped persons. Here are a young man and woman of twenty who have common intellectual and social interests. The one, however, has developed early and the other will develop late, although, for the moment, they are about the same point. When ten years have passed by, lo! the first, who early achieved maturity, still loves the same things, while the other has reached the point where he hates the things he once loved and loves the things he once hated. Or, the husband may be a man of very common gifts and the wife may be a patrician in intellect. The peril is, that she will think herself superior, and that her friends will insist that her husband is not worthy of so exalted a creature. But God gave her strong gifts for the purpose of strengthening the weakness of her lover, and once the principle of service is adopted, happiness will sing like a bird in the heart; and once duty is avoided, happiness becomes an alien to the life. Doubtless there is one ground for divorce that is lawful, yet it may be questioned whether divorces are ever expedient for the state. Many of our wisest men believe that it is better for the injured person to live apart, and for the transgressor and the sufferer alike to stand aside, henceforth forswearing marriage in the interest of

warning and alarm to young men and women in the community. It is equally certain, however, that every individual must be the arbiter of his own life, and that no individual has a right to ascend the judgment seat and pronounce condemnation upon his fellows.

Many think that the home has suffered through the woman's increasing interest in the realm of industry and business. Gone forever the time when woman is simply the home-maker. The number of those who have entered the schoolroom, the shop, the store, and office is legion. This is doubtless due in part to woman's increase in wisdom and knowledge and her consequent interest in the great outside world. The time was when the colleges were for men, and so were the great books. Less than a century has passed by since the first high school was open to girls. When it was proposed to admit young women in the high school of Boston, the trustees were thrown into a panic. One old man was so alarmed that he said, if girls were educated, the time would come that the wife, sitting at one end of the table and pouring coffee, would be able to answer all the arguments of her husband, who at the other end of the table was cutting beefsteak. This he feared would disrupt the home and perhaps destroy the Democratic party. Twenty years later the first woman's college was established, but now has

come a time when three young women graduate from the high school to one young man; when more women are applying for entrance to the great colleges than young men.

The boys drop out of the high school very early to enter business, the girls frequent the lecture hall and the library. Also, unfortunately, multitudes of young men after business hours spend their evenings in the saloon, or devote the long nights to that form of intellectual drill involved in poking a gutta-percha ball with a long stick around a billiard table. The young women, on the contrary, spend their evenings in the art clubs, the literary societies, and give their Sundays to study and teaching to the children the greatest theme known to the human mind, namely, the religious theme. On the other hand, the young men give themselves to the bicycle and to the development of the noblest part of their nature, the calves of their legs. The result is that the young women of to-day hold the balance of education. Indeed, if this proportion continues for another generation, a young woman of twenty-five will be so far in advance of the young men that she will not be able with a telescope to see a marriageable man on the horizon, leagues and leagues behind her. The time has gone by to talk about the inferiority of women. Wendell Phillips once said that if a young man had a right to go to college, a young woman had the same

right for one of two reasons. First, a young woman is either like a young man, or else a young woman is different from a young man. Perhaps she is like him. If she is like him, she has a right to go to college, for he has a right to the lecture hall and library, and being like him, she also has the same right. But perhaps a young woman is different from a young man. If she is different, he cannot go to college for her, because he is different from her, and being different she must be educated for herself. So that whether she is like him or different from him, the realm of higher education is open to women.

In theology, some conservatives still believe in woman's inferiority. They love to remind us that Paul said that "women must keep silence in the churches." At the time Paul wrote those words, he was preaching in a little village of Asia Minor, from whence come our Armenians. When the travellers of to-day go to that same village in Asia Minor where Paul was, they find a little synagogue, just like that in which the apostle preached. The women sit on one side of the room, the men sit on the other, and in the middle of the room are green shutters to separate the two sexes. When the American traveller addresses the audience, he speaks through an interpreter; and when the Armenian women do not understand, one woman turns around and in a loud whisper

asks another woman what the speaker means. This throws the speaker off the line of his argument. Growing desperate, he exclaims: "You women here in Armenia are not educated as they are in our country. You must keep silence in the churches, and when you go home ask your husbands, until the day arrives when you will be educated." And this was precisely what happened to Paul. In talking in one of those little Armenian synagogues, the women did not understand, and whispered so loudly that he lost the thread of his thought. So he told them to keep silence in the churches until they were educated like the Jewish women, Miriam, and Mary with her hymn of song and praise. Later these theologians elevated Paul's little episode into the dignity of a theological system. They bade women keep silence in the churches, be obedient to their husbands, and sit on footstools while their lords discourse. There are many women keeping silence in the churches who might well speak. If the Lord gives a woman something to say, the responsibility is with Him; on the other hand, there are many men speaking in the churches who might well keep silence. The race is not made up of two hemispheres, one superior and one inferior, but of two hemispheres which are equal.

One of the results of higher education for woman is that she is becoming a competitor of

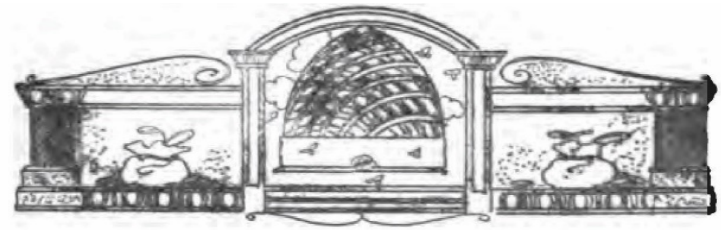
man. We believe this to be a temporary condition, and that the time will come when man strengthened by tools will be able to do all the Creator's work. We hold that woman should be essentially a home-maker, that she should have the leisure and the money and the time to make her home a bower of beauty. But so long as men are drunken, women must support themselves, and so long as men are criminal and thriftless, the women must be wage-earners. Men have no one to blame but themselves for the competition of women. It will not do for men to say that women have no business instinct. Nothing is more certain than that the women of France are better buyers and better sellers than men, that they make money more easily and invest it more judiciously than their husbands. In our own country, women are entering the department of finance and becoming bookkeepers in banks, and there are to be more bookkeepers. No woman up to date has ever absconded and gone to Canada. Young men who are tellers in banks and bookkeepers in factories must either stop drinking and gambling and dissipating, or lose their positions. But with sobriety, industry, and integrity will come the closing of the gambling house, the saloon, and the jail. Men will be able to support their wives and children and mothers and sisters. The necessity of wage-earner will no longer rest upon woman.

She will return to the home from which man's sins drove her as a bird returns to its nest, as our first parents would have returned to their lost Eden.

It seems then that the home is the first among our national institutions. Whatever injures the family injures the individual and the state. Religion itself suffers in any deterioration of this home ideal. As we will never have a better name for the infinite God than "Father," so we will never have a better name for heaven than home. From that palette Paul has derived the colors bright enough to paint the picture of a realm of perfect happiness. Overtaken by misfortune, poverty, and sickness, John Howard Payne went staggering down the streets of Paris toward the garret where he slept. Darkness had fallen. The sleet drove against his face, and the cold pierced his thin cloak. Suddenly a door opened, and the light streamed forth upon the street, the glow and warmth perfuming all the air. Into the arms of the man who stood upon the threshold happy children leaped, while the beaming mother stretched forth her babe. In a moment the door closed, the light faded into darkness, and the youth stood again in the sleet and cold, little dreaming that what he was learning in suffering he was to teach in song. That night, shivering beside his table, the youth lighted his candle, and though the tears fell on the paper

within like the rain upon the street without, his heart went bounding across the seas, for he knew that there was no place like home. He saw the old homestead again, crossed its sacred threshold, saw again the warm smile of the mother long since dead, heard his revered father's voice, heard the voices of his old companions ringing across the green, and felt that home that once was behind him was now before him, in that heaven where he should meet again those whom he had loved and lost. And so, with streaming eyes and leaping heart and shining face, he saw the "vision splendid" and exclaimed, "There's no place like home," and sang of hope and heaven. For all the memories of the home that was, and all the dreams of the immortal home that is to be, are but fore-tokens of that fair life we soon shall lead. The vague longings for ideal truth, the striving after the music that eludes us, the gropings for beauty we cannot find, the yearnings for love and sympathy and satisfaction, oft denied us here, are God's ways of alluring men unto the home that awaits us all.

HAPPINESS AND THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF THE HERDSMAN WHO UNWITTINGLY WROTE THE FIRST BOOK

One day, when Comfortas returned from the lectures of Perides, he asked his father from what country his fathers came, how long men had been upon the earth, who made the first bow, who built the first house, who tamed the first horse, what was the name of the man who shaped the first sword. And when the king answered that he did not know, the boy was bemoaning man's ignorance. "Why were not records kept?" asked Comfortas. "Why do all man's things perish so quickly? We light a candle and it goes out, but the stars keep on shining. We light the log and it burns into ashes, but the sun keeps on burning. Our tents fall down, and the trees remain. The leaves of our books break, and what one man builds the next man destroys. What is the use of study? We do not know anything of what happened ten generations ago." To which the king answered: "There is knowledge that is ignorance, and there is an ignorance that is knowledge. Your eyes know not from whence came this book, but the Imagination knows. Long ago two herdsmen met on the hills. Both were out on a search for their master's flocks. Unfortunately they had traversed the same ground. It seemed that one of the herdsmen, travelling to the north, had chipped the bark from a tree that stood a path, and with a stone had scratched an arrow pointing to the north to indicate that he would search in that direction. Now when the other herdsman excused himself for having followed over the same track, he said that the arrow in the

bark pointed to the south, whither he supposed his fellow had gone. As the flocks were on the hills and likely to suffer great injury through storm or wolves, both herdsmen were alarmed, and each was anxious to lay the blame on the other. When the disagreement was very bitter, their master commanded slience and sent them forth to continue the search. But secretly he bade another servant follow the trail to the tree in question and cut away the bark and bring the picture of the arrow that the dispute might be settled. And that thin piece of bark, with its record, was the leaf of the first book. Also from that very hour, men saw the importance of keeping a record of their deeds; only they carried the bark of the tree up to the parchment and then to the paper; they carried the herdsman's sharp stone up to the iron instrument and the quill; they carried that arrow up to the alphabet; and for rude scratches they substituted ink with colors of black and gold and crimson. And finally, that piece of bark with an arrow traced upon it became a roll with the story of Homer's hero, Ulysses, and of beautiful Penelope. Men talk about Jason's Golden Fleece and the spear of Theseus and the bronze tablets upon which were written the ten laws of the city; but "I would give more," said the king to Comfortas, "for that rude chip with that arrow scratched on it by the herdsmen, from which came all books and libraries, than for all the pictures in the king's palaces. You say we are ignorant because we have no history of the past, not knowing that nothing lies like history; and that nothing speaks truth like the imagination – the imagination, that knowing not, knows; and seeing not, sees; and hearing not, doth fully understand."

CHAPTER IX

HAPPINESS AND THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS

AMONG a man's most helpful friends let us make a large place for books. They are the tools of the mind. Their function is to increase the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. In the very highest sense, they are the true labor-saving devices. What the loom does for the fingers, what the engine does for the feet, what the telescope does for the eye, that, and more, books do for reason and for memory. They hasten man's intellectual steps, they push back the intellectual horizon, they increase the range of his vision, they sow intellectual harvests otherwise impossible, and reap treasures quite beyond the reach of the unaided reason. In the physical realm, tools have created more wealth in the past half century than the world had accumulated in the previous eighteen centuries. And it is not too much to say that those intellectual tools named books have increased the sum of knowledge gathered in the past century to an even greater degree than the increase in physical treasure.

Strip man of his tools, and he becomes a savage. Take away his reaper, and he be-

comes a hunter of game. Take away his looms, and he stands forth clothed with a coat of skins. Take away his engine and his ship, and he is an ignorant peasant. Take away his gunpowder, and he becomes a serf, owned by the baron. Nor is it otherwise in the realm of wisdom. Strip man of his books and his papers, and he becomes a mere slave, ignorant of his own resources, ignorant of his own rights and opportunities. The difference between the free citizen of to-day and the savage of yesterday is almost entirely a thing of books. Plato was indeed a scholar, despite the fact that he had to gain his knowledge by observation, conversation, and listening to speakers, as he asked and answered questions; but the world has had only one Plato. The man who dislikes books can never be entirely happy, and he who loves a good book can never be wholly miserable.

If we would understand what those intellectual tools named books have really done for man, we must imagine some youth, entering this earthly scene, and left to find out everything for himself. Let the youth be an Apollo in his health and beauty, with a vigorous and hungry mind, and with untiring ambition. Nevertheless, he can do but very little without books. His eyes can see but to a little distance, for that curtain, named the horizon, shuts down at a distance of only nine miles.

Yet the earth is 25,000 miles around, leaving some 24,991 miles entirely out of the limit of his observation. Even when he begins to observe, and his knowledge goes beyond that limit of the nine miles, his threescore years and ten soon prove to be all too short. If he begins to study the crystals and the handwriting on the rocks, he will find that the writing is in letters so fine and intricate that it has taken thousands of men, living as long as he, to search out the key of the mystery, and to decipher the pages. While the knowledge of the stars would mean thousands of years of life for an astronomer to master all the facts for himself.

Indeed, one great mind must give itself to the study of the butterflies, and another to the birds; one to the rose, one to the apple, one to the grape, one to intellect, another to emotion, and another to will, and so of the innumerable objects for observation. Before the youth has even begun his task, old age will be upon him. And even though personal observation and experience do enable the youth to map out but a small portion of the earth's surface, conversation can do but little more. In the first place, the youth will have time to see but a few people each day, and there are hundreds of millions to be seen. Also, perhaps, his community will hold only a few really great men, and they will be so busy that the youth will be

fortunate if he can see them one or two evenings in the week.

How infinitely rich our world! Man, live he ever so long, will have time to break off only one bough from an infinite orchard. Unaided, he sits in his little hut, and starves to death. Then come the great men of the world, bringing their books for guidance and instruction. In the Middle Ages, there was one strong man in the community, named the baron, in his castle. Now this baron was strong, because of helpers. That he might be free to think and study, one servant brought him wood, another went forth to sow and reap the wheat, another brought in the wheat, converted it into bread; one cared for his horses, another servant cared for his flocks, and when a thousand men had toiled to fill the castle with instruments of use and beauty, the baron's life became strong and happy. And so it is in the realm of knowledge. Every youth is a kind of intellectual prince, who is waited upon by those noble servants, named books, and their authors. When the youth sits down by the winter's fire, one writer says, "Here is the sum of my fifty years' study of beetles and birds." And another, "Here is the record of my travels in the arctics." And another, "Here is the story of fifty years in the tropic forests." And another, "Here is the full record of a lifetime of examination of the

Pyramids, with the Egyptian tombs and temples."

Only, instead of this intellectual prince having a hundred friends and servants, each one of whom has toiled a lifetime in his chosen department, the youth finds himself surrounded by perhaps ten thousand friends and helpers. Little wonder that rapidly his knowledge is built up. His mental riches grow by leaps and bounds. These intellectual tools change the boy into a mental giant. His culture and character take on strange solidity and size. The coral reefs grow cell by cell. Each little deposit means the life of the being that has sacrificed itself. Character also is the sum of many littles, and grows by accumulation. The books of great men enter into civilization and compose the very structure of society.

Now, for these reasons the history of human progress is largely the history of books. Indeed, during those long, dark centuries before the printing-press was discovered, the world went forward so slowly that we may say there was no progress, but only stagnation. The new era began when the printing-press came with its stranger incitements. Just why the people could not advance without the book is a problem easy to be understood. Consider that a book makes it possible for one generation to begin where another leaves off. Of necessity, the father, no matter what wisdom

he had accumulated through travel and study, dying, left his knowledge behind him. No Herodotus, travelling in foreign lands, can return home to bequeath the results of his travel and studies to his infant child. Solomon ranges the world for wisdom.

And yet this wisest of men, in death, knows that his little child must begin just where his father, the great king, began. In the olden days our government founded the Pony Express and the Overland Mail Route from Omaha to California. A relay of horses began at Omaha; twenty miles farther was a second relay, with fresh horses. Where one horse and rider tired, a fresh one took up the journey anew, until the seventy-fifth rider entered the streets of the gold camps in Sacramento. Now what if every one of the seventy-five relays had begun at Omaha? Not one of them would ever have reached the coast. And yet, consider that until books came, no matter how far into the forests the father blazed the pathway, and marked out the points of danger, when he fell in the forest, his little babe at home grew up to begin just where his father began; therefore there was no social advance. Little wonder that the pathway was strewn with wrecks! Little wonder that the son's craft struck the same rock that his father's craft had foundered on. The son, standing beside the dying father, was conscious of a

deep longing to find out some way by which a father could gather up what accumulated knowledge he has concerning rocks and beasts and savage men and poisons and foods, and place that knowledge in the hand of his child as a guide-book to the pathway of life. Therefore, it is impossible to overestimate the gains for the individual in the registration of experience in books.

Recently a man was talking with one of the great patent lawyers of Washington. He was bemoaning the waste of genius and the industry of our great inventive minds. He spoke of a man who had long been studying the best method of extracting iron from low-grade ores by electricity. After ten years of study one inventor learns something about the way sulphur acts under certain conditions. The man registers his discovery in a caveat. A year later, a hundred other men who had traversed the same ground will reach the same point of discovery. Within the next two or three years perhaps hundreds of other investigators will have arrived at about the same degree of knowledge: and each student is entirely unconscious of what the others have done. Indeed, we know that there is scarcely an invention in the government office that is not rediscovered by a thousand men, who are greatly surprised when they find that a caveat covering the point has already been filed.

This man advises that as soon as an inventor has discovered a certain principle, that principle should be made known by every possible means of publicity. Consider what gains would accrue if the other nine hundred and ninety-nine men could have begun where the first one had left off, and so on, never duplicating another's work. What sudden leaps forward would invention take! Now, this is exactly what the book does for men. Instead of one generation going over the ground that has been traversed again and again by former observers, books bring the whole generation up to the point where the wisest man has left off. Later, from that point the columns start afresh across the desert toward the promised land of wisdom and wealth. From this view point, the book represents the greatest intellectual possession which man has ever achieved. It is God's richest gift to His earthly children. The book as a tool for the intellect does not stand upon the same level as the tool for the hands and the feet. It is not a star, shining amid the other stars; it is a sun, eclipsing the other stars by very excess of light.

Consider how books save the intellect labor. The locomotive has shortened space, and the ship makes a continent, once distant, to be very near. Not otherwise does the book reduce space. The limitations of the body are very severe.

In the nature of the case, the youth who wishes to learn something about the world in which he lives must root himself in his village or city, and there grow his career and his character. From time to time he does indeed enjoy vacations; if he works for his living, however, endless travel is impossible. For the millions, the attempt to learn by personal observation is a hopelessly expensive task. For example, no man could be said to be well informed about the world, who does not know something of Africa, its deserts, its forests, its vast gold and diamond mines, the pygmies and the giants. Now, the expense of a single exploring trip of Stanley's was $150,000, and in three years consumed the forces of a lifetime. Do you wish to know something about the birds of this country? It is very costly knowledge. Open the pages of your Audubon. Watch this man as he leaves his wife and children in Philadelphia, plunges into the forests with his little hand-glass, his blanket and gun strapped to his shoulders, not to return perhaps from the forests of the Mississippi or even Texas until a half dozen summers and winters have passed. And when Audubon does return, not even his pages, his prints and records of eggs and nests and birds, give us more than an outline view of a realm that asks the youth to expend a half dozen centuries upon this realm, so rich in investigation. And what more shall we say of the travel

involved in climbing the mountain ranges; in the work of some Maury, dredging the sea for its mysteries; and the work of Peary, making a map of Greenland and making his last dash toward the North Pole? Or the work of Herbert Spencer now summing up for us the reflections of a lifetime?

Ours is an infinite universe. Lowell once said that Methuselah, in retrospect, seems very fortunate; he had nothing to learn, and nine hundred and sixty-nine years to study it in. Now, we have everything to learn, and lo, our years are threescore years and ten. Once Newton thought himself to be a child, gathering a few pebbles on the seashore. Since then the telescope has infinitely enlarged the universe, and now we know that the very stars that Newton studied have, in contrast, been reduced until literally those stars are tiny pebbles, and Newton's world was only a jewelled cup on an infinite beach, in contrast with this world through which the modern astronomer must wander seeking truth. Living in such a universe, the individual, with his handful of years, is helpless. In this emergency God raises up great men and asks them to give a lifetime to the investigation of their little garden plot, and then register their reflections and observations in a single book. In the garden men sweep the red roses of an acre of ground into a single vial named the attar of

rose, or the contents of a hundred vines into a single cask filled with its precious liquor.

So have the wisest men of our time gone forth to assemble the riches of some realm of knowledge. Later, having spent a lifetime and perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars in exploring that realm, as some Darwin or Tyndall does, they give us for a few dollars the results of that which cost hundreds of thousands. The ancients tell us of the god who wore boots that enabled him to step from continent to continent, and had a cup which dipped the rivers dry, so that he went over dry shod ; of the magic glove that enabled him to roll the mountains out of his path. And this fairy story is literally fulfilled through the books that have levelled the mountains for the mind, filled up the valleys, and for reason built a highway along which the soul sweeps in a golden chariot named the book of a great author.

But if the book carries us upward into all space, it also carries us backward through all time. One of the most pathetic passages in the history of the old mariners who explored our new continent is a passage in "Westward Ho!" This explorer, perhaps off Nantucket's Reef, was startled one night by the booming of the surf on the rocks. Having no chart of the coast, and overtaken by the fog, he knew not which way to turn. In that hour the be-

wildered captain reflected that other mariners before him had, by dreadful experience, learned the existence of those rocks. The sea, however, would not give up its dead, and the knowledge that the dead mariner had learned had perished with him. When the captain at length found deliverance out of his dangers, he was moved to say that we never would understand the new world until each captain made a chart of his exploration and placed those charts in the hands of all other explorers. What if that captain could have assembled, not simply the mariners of his day, but all the great captains of all time, and had them all come in before him to show every hidden rock, every dangerous current, to show the path that leads to the protected harbor? And what that captain felt, men in every department of study oft feel.

The man who is studying the beautiful wishes that he could know how Millais and Corot and Rossetti felt, whether Raphael was ever discouraged, and against what obstacles Michael Angelo toiled. The student of law and of eloquence wishes that he could go back and spend an evening with Clay, or find Daniel Webster on an afternoon when he was at leisure, or Burke at some time when he was in the mood for reminiscence, and would pour out a flood of anecdote, incident, reminiscence, with his stories of personal adventure. And what would the youth, disturbed by his sins,

not give for an evening with David or with Peter, to question them as to how they felt, when remorse had poisoned their hearts, and how they gained courage to make their way into God's presence, and how they gained the consciousness of forgiveness, and how the old joy returned after they had received divine pity and pardon. These, and a thousand questions, we desire to ask of the great men of to-day. The youth, unfortunately, finds it impossible to gain an audience with earth's great men. The boy would like to see the great actor, to ask him how to learn the art of eloquence, but the dramatic artist sends word back that he is too busy to see the visitor. The poor boy wants to ask the rich banker or railway president how to become great, but the man at the door will not let the questioner in. The statesman is so busy with matters of state that he cannot see those who are most eager to obtain his wisdom and knowledge. Moreover, no generation has more than a handful of really great men.

The great men of yesterday are dead, and so are the great men of yesterday's yesterday, back to the hundredth generation. One way there is, however, by which we can see them, and know them personally, and find them always in their wisest and best moods, when they are fully communicative, and will even wear for our instruction "the heart upon the

sleeve." We can question the scientist, and he will sit down and tell us all that he has learned about stones and seeds and birds and stars. We open his journal, and lo! the orator tells us in what way he studied the art of gesture and posture and voice, and learned how to bring the truth to bear upon conduct and life. For the book preserves the soul just as the phonograph preserves the voice. When Mr. Gladstone was at his very best, an inventor induced the great orator to pronounce a second time a paragraph of one of his great orations into the cylinder of the phonograph. Some of us have listened to that voice that has so long been silent. How rich and resonant the tone, what vigor and virility and nerve energy are preserved for us, as if immortal! As we listened, we felt the cold chills passing over us. If that disk of glue will soon wear out, the ten thousandth generation may read Chaucer's "Prologue," and the colds chills may still pass over the reader. For the book truly preserves the soul. It embalms the intellect forever. Gathering up the study of a lifetime in the book, that life of reflection is made immortal. From this view point, also, the book is a tool, so marvellous as to make all other tools seem petty and contemptible. Ah, that is why, when the cannon failed to destroy slavery, a single printed page on which was written God's words, "Do unto others as you would have

others do unto you," fell upon the citadel of serfdom to overthrow it, and ground the foundations thereof to powder. In the kingdom of tools there is only one monarch who reigns supreme, and that monarch takes on the form divine named a book.

Strangely enough, for some books work unhappiness. The very magnitude of the task breeds discouragement. So much to read, so little time to read in. There are books that offer wisdom, there are books that soothe like a mother's song, there are books that rouse us like a trumpet call. What shall I read, and how shall I use books so as to promote happiness and peace? Difficult, indeed, these questions, and only a greater than Solomon can answer them. One thing is certain, no man can read all books. The volumes already published and the unpublished manuscripts are now said to approximate two million volumes, and every year this number is enormously increased. Indeed, the very number of books published is a peril, threatening solidity and strength of scholarship. In skimming from book to book as bees from flower to flower, men are not well educated, but only well smattered with knowledge. Alarmed at the flood of literature discharged upon an unsuspecting public, Lowell once expressed surprise at the patience of the people, saying he anticipated the time when society would drive all the

authors into the public square and kill them off.

If books are not so great a calamity as this would indicate, nevertheless, the necessity of sharp discrimination, and of courage to be ignorant of many new books and authors is upon us. One simple rule all young men and women can follow. Choose the few great authors, and cultivate masters as one knows his bosom friends. Determining to know everything about the one trade and occupation that is his, and to know something about a few of the new books and topics of public interest, the wise man will adhere tenaciously to one solemn resolution, to give a little time each day to the little company of really great authors. Do not think this is a mere theory. Some of us twenty years ago mapped out a course of reading that would include the fifty masterpieces of literature, including the great poets, the great philosophers, historians, essayists, scientists, and biographers. No matter what pressure of work has been upon us, a little time each day must be given to these books. I know one man at least into whose very being has entered the thought, the style, of Homer and Plato and Bacon and Shakespeare, with the moderns from Ruskin and Carlyle to Tennyson and Wordsworth and Emerson. Twenty minutes each day will carry one through the great authors every five years. The tempta-

tion to read the last new book is oftentimes upon men, but keeping up with the topics of the times, we do well to keep sacred the few minutes dedicated to the masters in literature. Indeed, we are educated just in proportion as we know our Shakespeare or our Paul, and habitually think on their levels and in terms of their thought and life. We make no mistake in reading the great books. Our fathers loved the masters, they were bred on the wisest books, and the generations are agreed upon the mountain-minded men.

Books differ as do fruits and foods, and men must recognize their special needs. The man who has studied his moods and has mastered the peculiarities of his own temperament can choose his books as a skilful physician diagnoses the condition of his patient and selects the remedy that is adapted to the temperament at the special moment. There are, of course, certain books that are universal, books that represent the bread and meat element in life, our mental staple commodities, books that are equally useful for plain folk and scholars; we call them the books of fact. These are the books that make us acquainted with the world in which we all live; the story of our earth, and how a fire mist became the habit of the world; the story of the crust of the earth, how the soil became black and rich and deep; with the history of stones and gems, the history of

seeds, the history of animals, how each bird and beast achieved its special gift and grace; and how all the nerves and muscles that were distributed among the rest of the wide-lying creation were finally compacted in man's body. These are the fundamental books dealing with the common facts of life, upon which each individual, with his one talent or many, must ground himself, and after he has mastered them work out his special gift and give his contribution to society.

Higher still are the books of life, giving the story of man and knowledge of that wonderful mechanism named his own body; the story of the mind, the nature and functions of his intellect that acquires knowledges, the story of memory and how it conserves and recalls the knowledges that have been acquired, the story of the judgment that compares and contrasts truths; the story of the creative faculty that constructs intellectual truth into systems of philosophy, beautiful things into pictures and sweet sounds, material things into houses and ships; with the story of conscience and spiritual crisis in his career. And when the youth has read those books that acquaint him with the city of man's soul, it remains for him to read the biographies of the great men, and especially the autobiography; for as a soul that thinks and sings and prays and weeps and resolves is higher than a stone or a clod, so biography

is higher than astronomy or geology. These books of life are the wisest books in the libraries. A man is educated just in proportion as he is familiar with the critical hours of earth's greatest men, and the story of their sorrows and how they bore them, of their joys and what inspiration they brought, of their victories and how the hero achieved them. That is why Abraham Lincoln said there were two great events in his life, the one when he borrowed the "Life of Washington" from a neighbor, the other when he opened the New Testament and read the memorabilia of Jesus Christ. Indeed, no man is educated who has not saturated himself with every detail in the life of some one hero. What a university education is given in the history of a great soul like the one that Froude portrays in the life of Cæsar, the Roman general and orator; that Boswell gives in the life of the scholar, Samuel Johnson; that Carlyle gives in the study of Oliver Cromwell or Frederick the Great; that Plato gives in his recollections of Socrates; that John gives in his reminiscences of the divine Master. Biographies are the supreme books in literature. They give us the history of the soul, its great epochs and its teachers, and to lessons of warning and alarm they add lessons of inspiration, of guidance, and of hope. But to the story of the great man must be added the biography of the common people, with the history of

how the race came to invent its tent and its tool, how grew this art, this literature, this science, and this religion, together with the story of its liberties and with what battles and blood these institutions were achieved.

Higher than the books of fact and the books of life are the books of art that deal with the soul's ideal life. These books are based upon facts, and they deal with life, but they carry the facts and events of life up to an ideal excellence and spiritual perfection. Thus the five great epics of the world — the "Iliad," the "Æneid," the "Inferno," Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," and Milton's "Paradise Lost" — give the story of the great crises of life associated with ambition, passion, jealousy, hate, self-sacrifice, love, in such a way as to illustrate the great experiences in our individual life. Sometimes, also, these experiences are wrought out by the novelist, for the novels are also, in the highest sense, books of art, strengthening our ideals, refining coarseness, increasing happiness and character. Because of the weakness, foolishness, and superficiality of most novels many strong men despise them. They think that to read a novel is a sign of weakness. They want books of fact, practical things, and wish to avoid anything that arouses the feelings; they shrink from an hour of emotion, from anything that stirs the feelings, as from a form of personal disgrace. They say

that the day of emotions for them has passed by. For a tree that has been struck by lightning, that is dead, gaunt, that is bare of leaves and boughs, the day of beauty has gone; but does a tree ever rejoice that the time of full leafage and thick shade, when the birds builded nests in the branches, and the herds and flocks sought its shade and shelter, has gone forever, and that it is gaunt and naked, destitute of life, and void of beauty? And the man is dead who has lost his old-time freshness of feeling, his sensitiveness to those sorrows that bring tears, or those joys that exalt or refine; and, save the great poems only, there are no books that can do so much to rouse the imagination, to cleanse, deepen, and enrich the feelings, and to fill the life with happiness, as these books of ideal life.

Unfortunately the great novels are few, but these may be read over and over. Essentially the novel is the story of an ideal hero and a heroine in the hour when they are influenced by a great life motive, named love, or self-sacrifice, or ambition, or jealousy, or hate; and this story must be put in a beautiful form and in its ideal relations. Doubtless there is a half-truth in the plea for realism in literature, but all bald realism is at heart false. When the novelist talks about returning to Nature, we must test his book to see what does he mean by Nature. The realist takes us into the alley and shows us an old broken-down horse. The

horse is knee-sprung in front, spavined behind, wind-broken in the middle, in short, a bag of bones. When the realist insists that this is a horse, we answer that his assertion is ridiculously false. No man has ever seen a horse who has not seen the creature in the pasture, with absolutely perfect limbs, arched neck, flashing eyes, straining upon the bit, eager for action and movement. The more perfect the horse the more real.

The scrub oak is not the true oak. The real oak is never seen until we find the acre-covering oak in the pasture, perfect in its form, full in its development, an arbor of beauty and delight for those dwelling beneath the branches to-day, or to-morrow suited for ship timber, the foundation for ship or factory. And the realist does not tell us the story of life when he shows us a boy who plunges into the mire, or a girl who descends from the heights into the abyss, wears garments that are spotted, and drinks the cup of flame. No man ever sees life by looking at the poor wrecks that drift through the streets of the city. The way to see life is to find the youth that is sound in body, wholesome in mind, supreme in intellect, master of his own passions, crowned with goodness. Life means man or woman at the best. One of the favorite proverbs of stupid writers is, "I don't like people to be too good." Doubtless there is a form of goodness

that is offensive beyond compare, but there is one thing even more insufferable, namely, the pharisaic stupidity and intellectual mediocrity of the new school of drivelling realists, who are about as much like Thackeray or Hawthorne or Scott as a turkey buzzard is like an archangel.

Fortunately, however, there are enough truly great novels that have been accumulated during the past century to furnish the individual with reading for his lifetime. These novels fall into a few great classes. There are, first of all, novels that constructively give us the history of the redemption of a great soul, as Victor Hugo's story of Jean Valjean, in his "Les Misérables." Then there are novels that stand for the history of some one faculty, like Goethe's story of the intellect in "Wilhelm Meister," or Richter's story of how one youth is lifted as he beats against the wind of temptation, while the other goes down by drifting, as found in his "Titan." George Eliot, in her "Romola," gives us the story of the gradual deterioration of character through a series of deflections from the pathway of conscience and honor. Charles Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" represents the story of self-sacrifice, and how a man can save others, but himself he cannot save. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is the story of a conscience as Nemesis. George Macdonald took for his theme religion, and putting the love of God in his pages, he

cleansed, sweetened, and humanized the theology of the people of his generation.

Mrs. Stowe, in her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," wrote the history of a slave, the sorrows of an auction block, the slave cabin, and the cotton-field, and gave us the novel of reform, as did Dickens in his story of "Oliver Twist," and "David Copperfield." Kingsley's "Hypatia" represents the historical novel, and shows us how a soul is tossed back and forth between events and circumstance, but how the great God rules over all. There is not an hour in life, whether it is an hour of depression, an hour of temptation, an hour of victory, or an hour of defeat, but that the library holds at least one story how another with nature like unto ours passed through the self-same experience and left for us lessons of rebuke and encouragement. The time was, in the fifteenth century, when the life of the people expressed itself in terms of painting. In the twelfth century, the genius of the people expressed itself in architecture. Later that life expressed itself in the drama, in the terms of Shakespeare. For more than a century the sermon has been the favorite form of expression for moral truths. Now has come an era of the newspaper and the magazine and the novel, when history is to be taught in terms of fiction, even as religion soon will be. Literature is the greatest of the fine arts, and the novel holds a high place as a life teacher.

Books of poetry give a higher form of happiness. These are the books that refine out our grossness, purify our ambitions, kindle the fancy, and breathe upon the soul the delight and perfume of a higher life, bringing men back to that lost Eden and the old Paradise. Blessed are the books that take us back to the days when the world and the heart were young. Nothing is more pathetic than old men's longing for the return of their youth that they may stand again by that gate of life in those days when the heart was young. History tells us of a jurist who in the hour of death asked his son to bring again his favorite author. In that moment of final farewell, the dying father opened to these words of Virgil, "Then Evander, grasping the hand of his son, clung to him, and weeping bitterly, said, 'Oh! that God would give back to me the years that are gone and make me again what I was when I led my army out in the valley of Præneste.'" There is no national epoch in literature that does not in some way echo this longing, not for the years of youth, but for the sensitive feelings. All who have grown coarse and calloused by a bitter experience regret deeply this decline of the finer feelings, and often pray God to cause the soul's chariot to return to the beginning of the long life journey. In his dream Tennyson saw poor battered Lancelot lying wounded upon the bed. In his un-

conscious tossings the knight talks, not of tournament, siege, and battle-field; he rather babbles of green fields, stretches out his hand to pick the buttercup, hearkens to the quail whistling in the hedge, or with feeble shout answers his mate calling from the green. Hawthorne's hero, too, was so bewitched with life and so enraptured with the world that he gave his best years to distilling an elixir of immortal youth, just as Ponce de Leon valued the new world, not for its possible gold, but for that possible spring that could bring back youth with all its rich feelings and emotions. For the great have felt that life is gone when the days of feeling go. It is this fact that explains the song of Robert Burns in that hour when despondency and misery overtook him, when he sent forth this heart-rending cry: —

> "Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
> That wantons thro' the flowering thorn;
> Thou mindst me of departed joys,
> Departed never to return."

How pathetic, too, Tennyson's Guinevere, weeping and rending her hair, and crying bitterly for the youth that is lost. What an agony of regret in Byron's lament, "My days are in the seer and yellow leaf and all the flower and fruit of life are gone"; but good men also share in this backward look and yearning; dying, John Quincy Adams expressed the wish that he might feel again the

trust of a little child. So the lips of the old man eloquent took up the evening prayer that he learned at his mother's knee, while Phillips Brooks's last words were the expression of a child's longing, "I am tired, I want to go home," and so passed beyond earth's voices into realms of peace. And just because life's burdens are heavy and work is often followed by depression, the men need the poets, — the freshness of that first easy and artless singer in his story of beautiful Helen, or the great episodes in the career of Virgil's hero. Each nation has had its great epic song, its special hero, its peculiar story; and these great books are to be loved, to be lingered over, to be read again and again, until we are thought of their thought, feeling of their feeling, love of their love, and live permanently on their high level.

No words can describe what we owe to these great singers. Even George William Curtis can give but partial recognition of our debt to the singers. "Songs immortal as love, pure as the dew of the morning, and sweet as its breath; songs with which the lover woos his bride and the mother soothes her child and the heart of the people beat with patriotic exultation; songs that cheer human endeavor and console human sorrow and exalt human life. We cannot find out the secret of their power until we know why the rose is sweet, or the dewdrop pure, or the rainbow beautiful. We

cannot know why the poet is the best benefactor of humanity. Whether because he reveals us to ourselves or because he touches the soul with the fervor of divine aspirations; whether because in a world of sordid and restless anxiety he fills us with serene joy or puts into rhythmic and permanent form the best thoughts and hopes of man,—who shall say? But none the less is the heart's instinctive loyalty to the poet the proof of its consciousness that he does all these things, that he is the harmonizer, strengthener, and controller. If we were forced to surrender every expression of human genius but one, surely we should retain poetry. The poet's influence is not a power, dramatic, obvious, imposing, immediate, like that of the statesman, the warrior, and the inventor, but is as deep, as strong, and as abiding. The soldier fights for his native land, but the poet touches that land with the charm that makes it worth fighting for, and fires the warrior's heart with the fierce energy that makes his blow invincible. The statesman enlarges and orders liberty in the State, but the poet fosters the love of liberty in the heart of the citizen. The inventor multiplies the facilities of life, but the poet makes life better worth living." What a tribute to the poets! What a message is that which they have left us through their songs and psalms and epics, that reveal their passionate hunger for righteousness, their hatred for ignorance

and tyranny and selfishness and sin, their love of liberty, of righteousness, their passion for Nature, their fellows, and their God. There is but one greater book in the libraries, the divine book, that points out the paths that lead to prosperity and peace, — the book of life and hope that we call the book of God.

HAPPINESS AND THE MINISTRY OF NATURE



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF THE OLD MAN WHO ALWAYS CARRIED SEEDS WITH HIM

One day Comfortas saw a hungry soldier, who in passing through a grove, stretched forth his hand and broke off the plum tree instead of picking the fruit. Indignant, the king rebuked his soldier sharply. "When the tree has satisfied your hunger, will there not be other tired soldiers come to it for fruit? Do you think that there will never be another summer, or another hungry traveller? When you have stooped at the spring, will you defile the fountain, because your thirst is satisfied? Does a man who has found refuge from a storm in a house pull down that house the next morning when he starts anew on his journey?" Then Comfortas made it a law that he who digs a root from the ground should leave a seed in the hole; that if the woodsman lifted his axe upon the tree for his house, he must plant a pine or oak in its place. Also the king told his soldiers the story of an old man whom his father did greatly love. This old man was beloved unto all because if he went about distributing kind words, he also always carried about with him a pocketful of seeds. He could not see a rift in the rock, without planting there a windflower. And when he saw a dead tree, he dropped a seed at the root, that the vine might conceal its unsightliness. If he passed along the hot street, he left a seed behind, that another generation might find coolness and shade where he found the scorching sun. In his old age, he went forth upon a voyage to a distant island. Overtaken by shipwreck he and all his were cast upon an island that was barren because it had been swept by fire. There the old man and the rude sailors

alike perished with hunger. But if the sailors left nothing behind them, before he died, the old man went around the island seeking the best soil for his seeds thinking to have fig trees here, and olives there, -- while here he planted vines. Long afterwards, when another ship was cast upon those very rocks, the sailors found food and succor until relief came, and when these sailors returned home to tell the story of the old man, the whole city revered him and reared a monument to his memory, and the children of those sailors wore deeply the pathway to the hero's tomb. So this man who always carried seeds with him was the father of all those in later years who made it the sum of their ambition to make new blades of grass grow where there had been one before.

CHAPTER X

HAPPINESS AND THE MINISTRY OF NATURE

WE never understand the full richness of a song, a poem, or a landscape until it is interpreted unto us by one whose special gift lies in that direction. We never understand the full power of the intellect until we study its nature and functions as portrayed in Shakespeare's pages. We never understand the power of pathos with the full mystery of tears until we read the ploughboy's hymn to "Mary in Heaven." Music is a magician having skill to inspire, to cheer and bless; but we never know what hidden magic there is in music until we have heard the "Parsifal" again and again. Because every department of God's universe has its special prophet, we never understand the kingdom of Nature until we listen to its message as given unto us through its special voice. Between the days of Homer and Hesiod and Wordsworth and Thoreau there stand many who have been interpreters of the external world, but in recent times it may be said that Ruskin was by way of preëminence the prophet ordained by God for interpreting unto us the full meaning of land and sea and

sky. He did, indeed, love the gallery, the cathedral, and the library, but his first and deepest passion was his passion for external Nature, even as that love was his latest and supreme love.

The story of the happiness that he derived from the external world is one of the most striking pages in literature. Even from childhood every hour spent in the open air was a luminous hour, struck through and through with life and glory. He says that whenever his journey brought him near the hills or to mountain scenery: "I had a pleasure as early as I can remember and continuing until I was eighteen or twenty, infinitely greater than any which has since been possible to me in anything; comparable in intensity only to the joy of a lover in being near a kind and noble mistress. There was a continual perception of sanctity in the whole of Nature from the slightest thing to the vastest; an instinctive awe mixed with delight; an indefinable thrill, such as we sometimes imagine to indicate the presence of a disembodied spirit; I could only feel this perfectly when I was alone, and then it would often make me shiver from head to foot with the joy and fear of it, when after being some time away from the hills I first got to the shore of a mountain river. I cannot in the least describe the feeling, for no feeling is describable. If we had to explain even the

sense of bodily hunger to a person who had never felt it, we should be hard put to it for words; and this joy in Nature seemed to me to come from a sort of heart hunger, satisfied only with the presence of the great and holy spirit. These feelings remained in their full intensity until I was eighteen or twenty, and then, as the reflective and practical power increased, and the cares of this world gained upon me, faded gradually away in the manner described by Wordsworth in his 'Intimations of Immortality.'"

Should we call the roll of those men who in all ages have been chiefly characterized by their enthusiasm for the external world, we would find that the thing which distinguishes the mind of the first order of genius from secondary minds, is the power to see what is in Nature, the imagination to interpret the meanings of Nature, and the instinctive power of deriving wisdom and comfort from this dumb companion that, being mute, has its voice, "a voice that is silent and not heard," as David said, and yet a voice "whose sound and words have gone out into the end of the world." The statement that the great men among the Greeks have no love of Nature, and that the supreme Hebrew minds have much, apparently militates against this test of greatness. It is often said that the Greeks loved the beautiful in art and literature, but had no interest in

Nature; on the other hand, it is said that the Hebrew loved Nature and had no interest in the beautiful. Scholars tell us that the Greek was so interested in the Parthenon with its sculpture and architecture, in his color and canvas, that through long looking down he lost all power to look up. Some go so far as to insist that the Greek, with his perfect health and with the highest type of physical beauty ever known to our earth, fulfilled his career without having received any contribution whatever from the external world of Nature. On the other hand, it is said that the Hebrew painted no picture, carved no statue, invented no type of architecture, save that one found in Solomon's temple, but that when we open his books we find he has been so engaged in looking at what God is doing in the heavens above that he has had no time left to look down and paint and carve. Doubtless both of these statements are exaggerations, and represent half truths. Certainly the greatest Greeks loved Nature. Witness Hesiod's and Homer's pictures drawn from the vineyards, the fields, and skies! These poets seem to us like children who have gone forth in the October days to return with armfuls of golden boughs that interpret the full foliage of summer. The Greek loved Nature, but it was a secondary love, while with the Hebrew it was instinctive and primary.

Take the descriptions of Nature out of the

Bible, and literature would lose some of its greatest chapters. Witness Job, the first of the philosophers, with his outburst on the wonders of the sea, the marvels of the forest, and the sweet influence that binds Orion and Pleiades. Witness David, with his studies of that God who commands the heavens and they are turned; who sends forth His snow like wool; who makes His clouds like chariots; the stroke of whose footsteps is the stroke of the earthquake. Witness Isaiah, with his song of that unseen One who taketh up the isles of the sea and weigheth the mountains in scales and the hills in the balance; who leadeth the stars forth in order, who knoweth them all by name, as the parent knows the children who cluster about his knee. Witness the Christ's enthusiasm for Nature. If other religious teachers love the street and market place and the excitements of the city, he loved the silence of the mountains, the solitude of the wind-swept moors. For him the corn-field was the meeting-place between man and God, and oft he kept his tryst among the golden sheaves, as of old in the cool of Paradise. Listening, he heard the wind whisper his secrets to the forest leaves; discerned the goings of God in the tree-tops; saw the eager stream hastening on its errand. For him the days and nights were indeed "the pulsations of a hidden joy and grief"; while the silver mists of autumn, the slanting rains

of spring, the curves of Hermon's snow, the silence of the overhanging stars, the singing of the spheres, — these all seemed and were the lyric thoughts of God that fall from His almighty solitude. These illustrious ones therefore prove that nothing ranks a man like his power to derive enjoyment and culture from the world of external Nature.

The enjoyment of Nature begins with looking upon the external world as an art product. A creative mind feels that a noble tree, a meadow spotted with fire and gold and blue, a beautiful landscape, or the lines of a mountain are as truly the works of a great mind as is a sonnet by Shakespeare, an illuminated missal by Bellini, or a cathedral by Michael Angelo. In the library of the Vatican is a copy of the works of Dante written out in longhand by Plutarch, gloriously decorated by the poet, and dedicated to his friend Boccaccio. Every page holds some loving sketch that interprets the affection of Plutarch, and the perfume of that love still breathes from the pages. Not otherwise does a landscape represent a page upon which a divine artist has lingered long. His message of love to his earthly children is written so plainly that he "who runs may read" God's latest and last thoughts in the events of a summer's day. When Coleridge stood before Mt. Blanc, every feature of the wondrous scene was a letter in the alpha-

bet of divine speech. His mind rose heavenward, climbing the ascending peaks. To him, the crags and cascades, the precipices and the torrents pouring over them, the vast ice rivers, the pines that clothed the mountain side, the eagles nesting in them, the clouds sending their incense to the skies, were all parts of the divine argument for the nearness and the love of God. Coleridge knew that his pen was not the creator of his own poems. He knew that the hammer could not claim the credit of building a cathedral. He also felt that gravity and the laws of heat and cold could not claim the honor of clothing the hillsides with their garb of divine beauty.

Sostratus, the Egyptian architect, was commanded to carve the name of the king upon the pyramid he was building. Fulfilling the royal decree, the architect first carved his own name deep into the granite, and then filled it in with plaster and engraved thereon the name of Ptolemy. When a century had passed away the plaster peeled off and took with it the name of the king, but left the name of Sostratus the builder. Thus for a time physical science has sought to hide the name of God under stucco, but now has come a new science, with a power to peel off the weaker thinking. As never before, Nature is causing the name of the Divine Architect to stand out before all eyes. He who can behold a harvest scene without a thought

of the goodness of God, must be more stolid and stupid than that ploughman of whom the poet said, "the yellow primrose by the river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him and it was nothing more."

For men of real vision power it is too much to ask a black clod to sit down and plan the wing of a humming-bird that flies in the air, or paint the gay spots upon the trout that swim in the brook. It is too much to ask a stone to invent formulæ for mixing the flavor of a spicy apple or a juicy pear. It has been said that a wheat sheaf was either made by something above man, or else a wheat sheaf was made by something below man. If something below man, named a pebble or a clod, created a golden sheaf, then a clod has more intellect than man, for no man can create a sheaf. There are millions of men who cannot even invent a tool or paint a picture, much less create a violet or an apple bough. If, then, the clods and the sunbeams have genius to plan and produce harvests unaided by mind, then man might well pray to be turned back into a clod; thus only may he hope to become a creator of seeds. Standing beside a great picture, like a portrait by Rembrandt, we feel that the artist must have been greater than his canvas. And standing beside the purple vines, or watching the storm upon the horizon, atheism seems a form of folly — grievous stupidity.

The planets are chariots drawn by fiery steeds of the sun, and these steeds are driven so accurately that they are punctual to a second at the goal. The astronomer predicts an eclipse centuries in advance, and the husbandman foretells his harvest with perfect accuracy. For unthinking men the weather is the type of capriciousness; yet the currents of the air are as fixed and immovable as the outlines of continents. Irregular as are the winters and changing as are our summers, the mean temperature for the year varies not even one degree. If it did, the whole character of our fauna and flora would change. In our world of fruits and grains we find the heavens above and the earth beneath all attuned with the necessity of plants. In each wild flower the forces of gravity that support the planets are so graduated as not to prevent the juices of the field daisy from rising through the cells, to carry life up into the leaves. The bulk and heat of the sun, the size of the sea, and the speed of the earth's movement seem to be articulated to the wild flower's life. Thomas Starr King once said that the trailing arbutus represented so nice an index of the adjustment of the forces of the universe that one might believe, looking at it exclusively, that the whole solar system was built by the Almighty as a factory to turn out the violets that embroider the hillsides.

Similarly, the date harvests of Syria, upon which the life and happiness of millions depend, are intrusted to the fidelity of trade winds, sweeping the quickening seed dust from date groves a full hundred miles away. In like manner, the fig tree of Smyrna, the silk plants of the far East, the lily of the Arctic regions, whose bulbs keep the Esquimaux, all depend upon the fidelity of bees and beetles. The superficial mind and ignorant may see here only chance and the working of physical laws, but for those of real insight every bush burns with the presence of God, as the cheek of a child blushes with the movements of the inner thought and life. God dwells behind the texture of Nature, as the soul dwells behind its flesh and sinews. It is his love of the beautiful, as an artist, that unfolds every flower, and all the colors in faces and flowers and landscapes are but alphabetic letters spelling out the full literature of His infinite speech.

When one whom we love speaks, the voice is not simply the movement of air, but there is the soul that inflects itself in the pulsations of air, and all the events in the connection with seeds and plants and flowers and harvests, and storms and clouds, represent physical forces through which the Divine Mind inflects, reveals, and publishes His thought and life and love for His earthly children. Therefore it has been beautifully said that in Nature

a tree means whatever it has power to make us think of when we behold it. "Flowers mean what sentiment they produce in us. The image that a flower casts upon a photographic plate is its own form; but cast upon a sensitive human soul, it leaves not only form but feeling, excitement, and suggestion; and God gave it power to do that, or it would not have done it. Nature ministers to us, therefore, when we are attuned to Nature. The body is like a piano, and happiness is like music. It is needful to have the instrument in good order; that, however, is but a beginning; something must play upon the instrument, and who performs, and from what musical score, will determine the character of the concert. Chickering's grandest piano with a fool playing discords upon it is not so good as an old harpsichord with Beethoven at the keys."

But if Nature is to minister to our happiness, it must be looked upon not simply as the product of an artist, but it must be thought of as a schoolhouse where man studies; as an art gallery where he goes ranging for the beautiful; as a museum in which are stored all objects of use and wonder; as a library in which some infinite author has accumulated all knowledges. Whoever made this world must have held man in high esteem that such a banquet was spread ready for his coming. For these orchards do not ripen fruit of themselves; the vines have

not taxed themselves for sweetness in their own interests; the countless fruits and flowers do not bloom simply for one another's pleasure. When that Penelope festooned the royal chamber with vines and flowers, built arches over the walk leading to the palace, spread a feast in the banqueting hall, these preparations implied something; namely, the coming of the king. Thus nothing common belongs to this earthly being for whom God fitted up this wondrous scene named the "world" about us. Man stood forth crowned with greatness of mind and heart. Having taken man's measure, some one fitted up a world-house adapted to man's needs. The child of destiny was coming; his eyes hungry for the beautiful, his ear thirsting for melody, his intellect hungry for knowledge, his heart hungry for righteousness; and, with reference to his coming, some one made ready the soil stored with its minerals, the forests rich in their treasures. Until man arrived, the scene was incomplete.

It is painful even to think of those ages when the fruits and forests rose and fell, rank upon rank, ripening only to fall and rot and nourish the unthankful soil. When workmen after years of toil have completed a great mansion, have put the finishing touches upon stairway and mantel-piece, and filled the shelves with books, and covered the walls with pictures, they do not turn the key in the door and

go away, leaving one request — that the rain and the sun and the frost now come in to fill the palace ground, and turn it into a heap of dust. The hour when the palace is complete is an hour that asks for the coming of human hearts that shall light the sacred flame of love upon the hearthstone, and fill the halls with human steps until the house resounds with eager conversation and wise talk, and the grounds are made glad with the laughter of little children. Thus, also, this wondrous earth-house waited for man. It has been beautifully said that if some being from another planet had beheld this earth before man entered the scene, this visitor would certainly have gone away with the notion that this earth-house had no explanation save in the speedy coming of a divine creature who could laugh and sing and pray and aspire and love; who could build houses in cities and empires; who could write laws and talk with his fellows a thousand miles away. Until man came, there were sounds, but no songs; forests, but no beautiful furniture; marble quarries, but no statues; mineral colors everywhere, but no great pictures; when man came, the scene was complete. What happiness sprang up in the heart of Boccaccio in the hour when he received from Plutarch that gloriously illuminated book! Little wonder, then, that the book of Nature, all illuminated, overwhelmed Ruskin and Words-

worth. This thought, "It was all done for me," filled heart with joy and the eyes with tears. So when Bryant saw a wild fowl going singing homeward through the pathless air, or saw the white snows on the tops of the mountains like altars of worship lifted up before the unseen God, little wonder that he felt that every event and every object in Nature rightly interpreted was a kind of letter filled with the lore of love, from the hand of an Infinite God. And since every day and every night brings a thousand new messages from this unseen friend, it is strange that any man can ever know loneliness, gloom, or depression. In the time of the French Revolution, certain families, once rich and great, became poor. These families kept, however, a few remnants of ancient grandeur, in the form of a piece of rare lace, or a string of pearls, or a piece of bronze. Our earth, however, does not offer now and then a flower or a cloud — heirlooms of a lost Eden and perished abundance. God hath lavished the beautiful upon man without stint, giving His treasures with a flood, and promising in the life to come new forms of beauty. Therefore Job exclaimed, "If what we see here in land and sea and sky are the whisperings of His loveliness, the full thunder and might of His beauty, who can understand?

Men become the happier when they realize that Nature is their partner and co-worker in

every enterprise. Nature furnishes man with raw material, but she refuses to complete any plan without man's help. It has been said that "the Creator, having prepared the arena and ushered man into the scene, has veiled His form and made Himself invisible, that man might develop within himself self-reliance and the power of a mighty ambition, by marking the changes that he has wrought in his world." Nothing is done for man that he can do for himself. The fields will offer him straw, but man must make his own paper and write his own books. The forests offer wood and wind, but man must make his own harp. The fields offer ore, but he must sharpen his own axe. To complete her work, she daily asks man's aid. If we were lifted up above our continent, and looked over this happy land, we should behold myriad farm-houses and cottages and villages and cities. Take away man's heart from all this civilization, and Nature's contribution would, in part, sink to its old level. Take man's part away from the Brooklyn Bridge, and you would have a heap of iron rust. Take away the poet's heart from the book, and you would have a pile of rags and straw. Take away the architect, and this high building would become a rude mass of bricks. Take away the husbandman, and for these rich clusters you would have only a handful of grapes, wild and sour. Take away the common people

from the city, and you would have a solitude. But if Nature can do nothing without man, man can do nothing without Nature. Nature gave him the grains that became his food, the stones that became his shelter, the flax that became his garments, the lotus that he copied into his first picture; the sunsets the artists enticed into their first gallery; the handwriting on the rocks, that offered material for his first science; those great events of the heart that gave the first intimations of religion. There is a power, "not ourselves, that makes for righteousness"; but there is also a power in Nature and behind it, not ourselves, that makes for civilization.

The inventors have learned to belt all their tools to the cosmic forces, so that the stream runs upon man's errands, and the trade winds carry his commerce. In the realm of morals, that rich texture called character is a growth upon which man and Nature toil as partners, just as the raw material of sunshine and shower are worked up into a cherry or an orange. Thus Nature is constantly whispering to man, suggesting lessons, offering him new arts and sciences, and inciting him toward new forms of growth. Each new achievement dictates another, and the tool discovered to-day must go to the scrap heap to-morrow. The French astronomer Flamarion thinks he has discovered canals on the planet Mars, and interprets the bright lights on that far-off planet as elec-

tric signals from that race; but if man were to discover that human beings lived there, that discovery, so far from bringing mental rest, would usher in a thousand new problems; for man would immediately begin to ask whether men in that far-off realm began as mere seeds of men, whether husbands there ever beat their wives, whether they had jails and poor-houses, or whether they build only happy homes and buildings dedicated to liberty and culture and morals. Nature will not allow man to stand still. Each new mental or moral achievement represents a point where a soul may encamp for one night only; the next morning Nature unveils a new vision of excellence. Taking his staff, the pilgrim soul must go climbing on. But the climbing brings its own reward of happiness. If the soul works with Nature and God as the tree works together with the soil and the sun, he will ripen all those beautiful fruits named happiness and blessedness that come from hope and faith and love.

Nature is also a wise teacher and exemplar. No youth can be unhappy who early learns to imitate the loyalty and order of Nature's forces. All the stars and planets are teaching obedience. Like well-trained steeds, they pull evenly in their places. The sun is generous and has strange suggestions for the miser. No star has ever rebelled against its controlling sun. No river has ever gone on a strike

against the mill-wheel. No wind has ever refused to fill the sails ; the valleys do not hoard their treasures. The vines never get sullen and put up bars against the sunshine. Men have tormented their fellow-men, men have been brutal to men, men have slaughtered their fellows, but no orchard has ever set itself in battle array against the husbandman, and no forest has ever plotted how to turn oak boughs into clubs for killing the woodsmen. Overworked and weary, men often need a vacation. When the day of release from toil comes, men sometimes exclaim : "I am very tired. If I could only go to the forest and murder a fawn, or cut the throat of a moose, or kill some bird, it would rest me." But there are no vines that, when overworked, try to rest themselves by twisting nooses, and choking to death the little child that comes to pluck the cluster. No lily was ever guilty of vulgarity. The trees sigh and sing; they never swear. By day and by night, every stalk of wheat toils loyally to enrich its brown berry, every ear of corn to harden its kernel, every peach and pear seeks to turn acids into sugar. Obey; be loyal; do your work and do it well. This is the message of Nature, and the man cannot be long unhappy who imitates Nature's examples.

In teaching patience and perseverance, also Nature teaches us a secret of happiness. The fields hold no form of fruit or food that repre-

sents a sudden creation. The tree asks eight years for making ready its first apple. Looking down upon the rich soil from which his rich grains spring, man recalls ages when fire was a smelter, when the glacier was a plough, when the summers and the winters hammered down the stones and turned the rocky ground into a rich compost heap. Looking at the steam plough, the mind goes back to the dawn of history, and sees a creature clothed in skins, bringing a forked stick out of the forest, and carrying a leather thong, with which to tame some beast of burden. Slowly, also, his wild thong becomes the juicy apple. Recently a man died who had given a lifetime to sweetening our grape. Many years ago he found a wild vine growing over a stone fence. The grapes were large, with juices that were abundant but very sour. Carrying the vine home, through twenty years he gave himself to feeding its roots. Then he asked a grape that was small but very sweet, to lend its rich, sugary flow to the sour tides of its fellow. Then because the color was pale, he took a third grape, with a purple hue, and asked it to lend richness of color to what we call the "Concord" grape. Similarly, it is difficult for us to realize that our rose was once a wild flower, single and pink, and that for centuries man gave his thought and care to the wild blossom, until it became double, with colors of crimson and gold. The museum in

Berne contains the body of a dog named Barrie, honored and known of all the Swiss nation. During his life, this noble creature saved five and forty men lost upon the storm-wrapt mountains, but the time was when all our faithful collies were prairie wolves, digging holes in the hillside, and all our Bernards were black wolves living in the Ural Mountains. Not otherwise all the treasures of life and character represent slow and painful processes. Only by long toil does anything become rich, varied, and impressive. The trees, with their two centuries of growth, ask each parent to be patient, ask the patriot and hero to have the courage of the future, ask the reformer to maintain his faith, for the message of Nature to man is the message of waiting as well as working.

In teaching men how to transform evil into good, Nature teaches another secret of happiness. She is a marvellous alchemist. No chemist can turn iron into gold, but Nature can make low things to be high, ugly things to be beautiful, discordant things to be harmonious. Man casts a rough, unsightly bud into the ground and covers it with earth and mire. Buried under the refuse, the bulb is sought out of God's sunshine and showers. Soon, out of the ooze and slime, comes the lily's chalice cup, perfect as is no Sevres vase. And yet all this perfect beauty is wrought from mire and filth, and this wondrous perfume from noxious gases.

Nor does Nature permit any of the plants, even in dying, to be ugly. Out of the rotten log the snowdrops spring. The very gravestone is made beautiful with moss. The very trees grow beautiful as the leaves go toward death; but if the frosts cut down the leaves, each petal dying to-day will make the rose the redder to-morrow. For dying is only the preparation, and death is the beginning of a new-formed life. Going into the laboratory, from the refuse of coal oil the chemist extracts perfumes, balm, and medicine, and Nature out of the ruins of this year's growth leads forth new forms of life and loveliness tomorrow.

"Even the clod feels a stir of might
And instinct within that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for life,
Climbs to a soul in the grass and the flowers."

And these faint transformations wrought by Nature are suggestions that all the disasters and sorrows of to-day will work out good fortune of to-morrow. What hero, or martyred president, in suffering evil, has not, when long time has passed, gained a greater good? In losing the sceptre of one nation has he not climbed to a leadership over all the people of the earth? The very mistakes of the child, over which the parent frets, may work out a higher good. Suffering a betrayal to-day, the hero achieves a wider influence to-morrow. The scavenger of the street gathers up the refuse and casts it

into some field beyond the city, but searching through all the chaff Nature finds a single seed and cares for it, and then in the interest of that seed she asks the metal to give its rich stimulants to the roots; she asks the rotting rags to lend strength to stalk and branch; she asks the old bones to give up their phosphates. Soon, where had been a heap of dirt there waves a plant with leaves and blossoms. For Nature there are no evil atoms. What seemeth evil she turns to good. Out of the blackest swamp she lifts the whitest, purest mists, and distils those drops that break her sunbeams into the brightness of the rainbow. And lingering long beside Nature's transformations, man learns the essential good hidden in the heart of evil, grows tender in his judgment of men called criminal; grows sympathetic toward social movements that seem to threaten every form of good; and with blinding tears of hope looks longingly toward those prodigals who have been wrecked by passion.

Beneath the roughest shard and shell there lies a hidden spark of good. The germ of a Sidney Carton is in every man who has grown bitter, hard, and cynical. Charles Dickens's hero was doomed to see the woman whom he loved become the joy of another's home. Later he was grievously tempted when that husband was sent to a prison cell, and on the morrow would front a headman's axe. This

man, known for his selfishness, in his hour of temptation remembered Him who saved others, but Himself He would not save; and struggling against his passions, and breathing his prayer for help, he won his victory. Smuggling himself into a prisoner's cell, he put on the death-robe of his rival, sent the very man who had won the woman's love forth into the arms of that love to long life and joy, while he turned his face to the guillotine. Once when a man urged his fellows to practise looking toward the skies, a listener answered, if an angel only passed a flower down now and then, we should soon learn the art of looking up, but flowers, grown in heaven and tossed down, offer little hope; it is the flower that is called up from the deep soil beneath that brings us inspiration and feeds the hope that in every life, broken and battered by folly and sin, God will find some spark of good. Ne'er break the bruised reed, ne'er quench the smoking flax, until He hath brought judgment and character unto victory.

Nature also holds for man the secret of tranquillity. Agassiz found a lily on the banks of the Amazon, whose cup was measured by feet and not by inches; found birds so beautiful that he called them birds of paradise. But even our humble lilies of the valley and our field sparrows are wise enough to tell us of Nature's overruling care, that makes happiness possible. That divine Galilean, who lived the

only life of supreme happiness our earth has ever known, tells us that He learned His secret from the lily, that carries an equipment of root and leaf, fitting it to fully achieve those ends named sweetness and beauty. The gentle flower does not sow and reap with man's tools, but it does sow and reap with tools appointed for flowers. It thrusts its roots down and pumps up the sap for drink. It thrusts the stalk up, and untwists the sunbeam for hue and color. Using the little laboratory, it turns the minerals into food for the stalk. Through the chemistry of the leaves, it feeds on the gases of the air, and works them into glowing texture. Using the instruments that are given, the flower achieves its mission of tranquil beauty. And if a flower that tranquilly works with the equipment it has received can achieve its appointed end of beauty, man has received an equipment that enables him as a man to achieve those ends named happiness and peace. Surely these modest flowers that, without haste and tumult and worry, have achieved a beauty of dress beyond all the apparel of a king, have earned the right to teach man trust and tranquillity, and rebuke him for his paroxysms of effort, his fevered querulousness, and the worry that wastes his life. The test of the flower is beauty, and the test of the bird is that it soars and sings, and the test of the children of God is radiant joy,

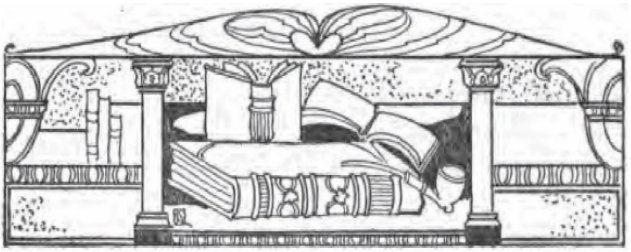
tranquil gladness, that betrays victory over all life's troubles. The happiness that is easy for a blossom and a bird ought not to be hard for a man who bears God's image.

The way in which men approach Nature and find happiness is as varied as the individual. Some there are who come to Nature to analyze the seed and stone, the flower and star, and we call these the scientists, who want the facts in the case. Others there are who come to Nature for the beautiful, and copy every lovely thing that "it may be a joy forever," using now words as poets and now pigments as artists. The approach of others is now for amusement and now for diversion and now for spiritual uplift and comfort. The greater the man, the more varied his moods, and the more diverse the forms of wisdom and pleasure that he derives from the external world. Few men, perhaps, of our generation have had such power to extract happiness from the external world as Henry Ward Beecher. He tells us that for years his summers represented one long round of perfect hours, struck through and through with a happiness that was clear, full, and unsated. During those years his soul was like a hive that swarmed with thoughts and feelings going nimbly out and returning with golden thighs to the growing comb. If some men approach Nature from the view-point of science, and others from the view-point of

beauty, while still others feel that the meadows are for hay, and the springs for dairies, and the clouds are for rain, Mr. Beecher feels that Nature is chiefly useful for what it tells him of the unseen God. His "Star Papers" and his volume called "Eyes and Ears" are two of the most suggestive of modern books with reference to Nature as a minister of happiness. In one of his chapters he calls attention to the different ways in which different minds approach a tree. For the lumberman, the tree suggests boards, and it is studied from the view-point of how many feet it will cut, and whether the planks must be wide or narrow, and what its value will be in the market. The view-point of the botanist is quite different; he studies the tree not for an hour, but for weeks, thinking of the structure and functions of the root and bark, and how earth and leaf and wood unite to make up the complete coöperative organism. Then comes one who is a husbandman, who looks upon the tree as a growth for fruit, and tests it as sweet or sour, and plans to graft in another bough that will neutralize the insipidity and lend a new crispness to its juices. Afterward comes a traveller, weary, hot, and hungry, to whom the tree is useful for shade, who looks upon it as a kind of an inn where he finds welcome and protection. Last of all comes one who is both poet and prophet, for whom the goings of God is in the tree-tops, for whom the

tree sings hymns, for whom it is a vision, interpreting some tree of life, who thinks of the orchards that cover all the hillsides, and the pines that, like the garments of God, clothe the mountains. He climbs up the boughs of the tree as on steps of a golden ladder. Daily he relates the tree to an invisible God without whose presence this great vegetable mass — yea, the great globe itself — would be less than a bubble that breaks to pass away and leave nothing behind. Doubtless all these who come to the tree for different purposes make but fragmentary use thereof; but the true man will find these manifold uses in the tree, even as he finds in Nature a thousand different ends of truth and utility, pleasure and inspiration.

HAPPINESS AND THE SENSE OF SYMPATHY WITH AND ENTHUSIASM FOR ONE'S FELLOWS, WITH AN OUTLOOK ON WHAT IT IS TO BE A GENTLEMAN



FOREWORD

HOW COMFORTAS CAME TO BE KING

It was only by chance that Comfortas learned that his father was dead, and that his brother Amfortas reigned in his stead. For a long time afterwards the knowledge of his father's death overcast the boy's life, filled his days with wretchedness and his nights with gloom. His buoyancy became silence, his bearing gentle, and oft he walked in the forest alone. For a long time there was hatred in his heart for the brother who had left him in ignorance of the death of a father whom he loved as he loved his own soul, but at last he gained the victory and cast anger from his heart. When, then, the news came that the rains had failed in the homeland and that to famine in the autumn had been added grievous pestilence in the winter, so that every home held one dead body, and that there was none strong enough to bury the dead or care for the dying, Comfortas hurried to his own city. But when he arrived there, he found that Amfortas, his elder brother, had fled from his palace to his villa in the hills, and that he had set guards round about his house lest messengers should aproach from the city, and bring to him the grievous sickness that was raging in his capital. Then Comfortas saw the people as sheep that had no shepherd. Great was their need, and great was the pity of Comfortas, who gave himself unto the sick and the dying with something of a king's love for his people, of a girl's love for her wounded knight, of a mother's love for a sick child. He buried the dead, he comforted the dying, he nursed the sick back to health again, he taught the people how to bring water from the springs high up in the hills, and he showed them where grew the bitter herbs that would cast out the sickness. Soon for the great love that

Comfortas bore them, the people lost their hearts to him. One night the strong men of the city came unto Comfortas and urged that Amfortas, his brother, had played the part of a coward, having left them to die in their emergency, and therefore had forfeited every right; so they made overtures to Comfortas to seize his brother's throne. Now if Comfortas sent the men away it was not an easy task, for all that night he wrestled with himself, being sorely tempted; and not until the light came did he have his victory. Ruling his own spirit, as one ruleth a city, the youth hid his brother's seflishness and made as if he had been an almoner of the king's bounty. Also he told the people that on the morrow the king himself would return from the mountains, and, having made his brother's throne safe, he secretly sent messengers to Amfortas. Then Comfortas slipped away, bidding farewell to no man, and returned to his own city. But when his seflish brother died, men found out the truth, and they marvelled at the self-sacrifice of Comfortas, and they sent messengers to him, saying that they would by force take him and make him king. Afterwards, if all the people admired Comfortas for his strength and wisdom, they loved and worshipped him for his goodness. And it was a proverb among the people that his father was the soldier who ruled over their streets and made their land safe; but Comfortas was their hero and saviour who ruled over their hearts and lives.

CHAPTER XI

HAPPINESS AND THE SENSE OF SYMPATHY WITH AND ENTHUSIASM FOR ONE'S FELLOWS, WITH AN OUTLOOK ON WHAT IT IS TO BE A GENTLEMAN

NOTHING measures individual worth and national greatness like the man's conception of what it is to be a gentleman. Indeed, the contrast between man's old ox cart and his new palace car is not so striking as the contrast between the ancient idea of manhood and the new thought of a man to the manner born. The man universally admired in ancient times is now an object of scorn and derision. These changing conceptions of the ideal man are the true milestones of progress. In the early ages the hero of the village was the youthful Hercules or Samson, — mere brute force. In Alcibiades' day that youth was most admired who stood nearest to Apollo's physical strength and beauty, and, after the race, was crowned with laurel. When long time had passed, the Roman thought that man was most to be admired who never worked, who carried about an atmosphere of elegant leisure and perfumed luxury, who wore snow-

white robes, made his arms white with powder, and covered his hands with rings.

In the Middle Ages came an age when the idea of the gentleman began to be humanized. In that era of chivalry it was the ambition of every youth to be called a hero. Not skill in battle, not the art of eloquence, not power with the sceptre, but to have a reputation for chivalry, risking life to free some captive maiden or knight was the ambition of every noble youth. Therefore the literature of that age, from Philip Sidney to Sir Thomas Malory and Tennyson, with all the poems, novels, and idyls, are attempts to describe the ideal man of the era of chivalry. Since that time new ideals have been added, and the conception has been made more and more perfect. Having toiled long upon its tools, its arts, and its commerce, society is now slowly perfecting its conception of the gentleman. Newman defines him as one who fulfils for his friends all the functions of a winter's fire, an easy-chair, and a cosey nook; but this tells us what he does for us, not what he is in himself.

Perhaps the ideal man will never be described in exact language. We can only say, among his qualities are the iron will, the strong intellect, the pure mind, and the gentle heart. If he is sensitive, he also "subdues himself in the glow of battle, and bears himself like iron." If he is sturdy, "standing foursquare to all

the winds that blow," he also "wears the white flower of a blameless life." If he is a man of high breeding, he is also courteous, most courteous; tender to the weak, most tender; merciful to the sinful, most merciful. But to these high qualities of courage, truth, courtesy, and the bloom of patrician manners, he adds the trait of sympathy. So kindly is the true gentleman that he cannot behold a vine that lies torn and bleeding on the ground, a bird with broken wing that flutters toward its nest, or a boy that stands shivering with his bare feet, without planning some deed of mercy and good will. For the gentleman is one who, by birth and long drill, has come to have a heart that is a magazine of kindness and sympathy, and a soul that is like a city with gates on every side, into which come all those caravans represented by the multitudes of poor and weak.

Assuming, then, these fundamental qualities of manhood, perhaps all find in courtesy and sympathy with their fellow-men the very crown and consummation of the ideal manhood. We can have animals without sympathy, and we can have low, rude men without sympathy; but without this loving courtesy there is no ideal manhood. Coarseness is callousness; bluntness is a form of vulgarity. The seared conscience may not be sensitive, but sympathy is fineness of fibre and delicacy of structure, united with volume and strength. Just because

Jesus Christ is the ideal man, who rejoices with those who rejoice, He weeps also with those who weep. In that dome in St. Petersburg, the violinist, standing at one side of the wall, plays softly on his instrument; and when you put your ear down to a violin hanging on the wall on the other side, you hear the sweet tune played over again, being repeated by a second instrument that precisely answers to the first. The one ideal man found the world filled with groans and tears and sorrows; and he who puts his ear close to the Christ will find echoed back all "the still, sad music of humanity." The soul is an Æolian harp, that ought to answer the faintest zephyr with a song.

Therefore there is no test of manhood like sympathy that enters into and answers back all the overtures from heaven and earth, from God and man. Sympathy beholds the bough of blossoms, and rejoices over the beautiful. Sympathy sees the ship sailing out of the harbor and stands praying for all a good voyage and a safe return. Sympathy sees the youth going out to make his fortune, and, forgetting its own needs, wishes the boy all good fortune, and bidding him return laden with treasure, bids him also bring his unstained virtue back with him. Sympathy's eyes are painted as bright, but the brightness is generally tears. Indeed, nothing betokens intellectual power

like sympathy. There never was great poet, or dramatist, or orator, who did not excel his fellows in sympathy as truly as in intellect. What word so fully hits off Robert Burns's peculiar supremacy as the word "sympathy"? Ploughing the field on the bleak December day, he tore up the mouse's nest, and sitting there upon the furrow, he wept for the frightened mouse, and sang:—

"That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee many a weary nibble.
Now thou'rt turned out, for all thy trouble.

Still thou'rt blest, compared wi' me:
The present only toucheth thee;
But oh, I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear,
And forward though I cannot see,
I guess an' fear."

The most beautiful lyric of its kind in literature is perhaps the "Hymn to Mary in Heaven," but on the anniversary of Mary's death we are told that Robert Burns was pacing between the wheat stacks all night long, weeping and talking to himself. And when the last star was about to be extinguished by the rising sun, in the dim light, with sobs and tears, Sympathy wrote his song:—

"Thou lingering star with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

"Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care.
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

And sympathy lends a similar power to the artist. What is the secret of Millet's supremacy? There were many paint grinders in Millet's village, and they remained paint grinders, because they could not see nor feel, but Millet's heart was full of sympathy. When he saw the two peasants standing in the potato field, uncovering and bowing their heads when the chiming bells called to evening prayer, Millet was conscious of a flood of tears, and his great sympathy invested the faces of the homely peasants with a beauty most wondrous. And when he saw one boy throwing the yellow sheaves upon the wagon, and watched the wagon go creaking into the barn, Millet rejoiced in the song of the harvesters, and his sympathy filled his brush with color, as beautiful as the color of summer itself. And what is the secret of Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality"? Innumerable coarse men had seen the sweet babe lying in the cradle, but they saw the babe, and nothing more. But Wordsworth was so sympathetic to the sweet child that he saw it coming "trailing clouds of glory," and saw the soul returning, to be met by a great host coming out to meet men, with sounds of wel-

come, as of a warrior returning home from battle.

And what are the great hours in any career? The dull hours, the sodden hours, the hours steeped with selfishness and coarseness are gone and utterly forgotten; but a few hours have come when the soul has been sympathetic and sensitive. Then there has been a rift in the sky. Then youth sees the golden cord that binds the soul to the feet of God. Then shines forth the beam of light, and the cup of the Holy Grail comes sliding down. Then the body is here, but is forgotten while the soul is floating yonder, separated from the body, as yonder golden clouds are separated from this dull, black earth. These are the golden hours of life. They stand out like mountain peaks. They measure life, they make it worth living. Then the soul seems to be a delicate, telephonic city, with innumerable lines running out into land and sea and sky, and God sends in his every overture. And having long waited, then the soul knows what it is to be satisfied with the banquet of God's truth and beauty. Who shall describe these radiant moods? They must be felt to be understood. Surely all who have ever gone up into the high mountain and been wrapped about by the glory and mystery of the cloud, know that life's great hours are the hours of sympathy and sensitiveness to the overtures of God.

It is the principle of sympathy, also, with the poor and weak that lends greatness to the reformer and hero and orator. For example, Harvard College sent forth two sons of supreme gifts — Edward Everett and Wendell Phillips. The first was a scholar, in literature widely read, in person elegant, in manners most accomplished, of voice clear and sweet as a trumpet. But there was all too little sympathy in Everett's heart, and so his brilliant sentences stood forth like polished icicles. He stood before men as before a city whose gates were locked and barred, refusing entrance. Wendell Phillips also was a patrician scholar, yet sympathy with the weak clothed him with influence. Forsaking all ambition, all comfort, all dreams of ease and luxury, of greatness and glory, he went forth to serve the poor and weak, and at last, when sympathy had led him into his life work, sympathy went on to crown him king. Not less powerful, also, has been the influence of sympathy in literature. But a century ago, and all English novels were filled with scoffs at peasants and sneers at the uneducated poor. Only lords and ladies were counted worthy of the place of hero or heroine in a book. The peasants were introduced only for purposes of ridicule, and were counted less than the dust beneath the author's feet. Then sympathy came in to soften the writer's hard heart, and gave to the most gifted sons of

genius a commission to plead for the orphan boy in Fagin's den, and some Dotheboy's dungeon, while in our own land our greatest writers accepted retainers to plead for the slaves and the fallen. Now, through sympathy, all the greatest authors have concentrated their genius to soften the lot of the poor and the lowly. These gentle, kindly hearts are doing for the discouraged what April rain and sunshine do for the roots of flowers. The poor and weak count these authors, who plead their cause, as the very angels of God, and follow their guidance as slaves once followed the Northern Star that led toward liberty.

Other generations may have needed to be reminded of the law of courtesy and kindness, but ours by way of preëminence. Sadly must it be confessed that our age is harsh in its judgment, cruel in its criticism, and brutal in its blaming. Good men we have by multitudes, but the law of kindness is not in their tongues. The softest word they speak falls like a whip. How singularly hath the critical and supercilious spirit been developed! To what degree the critical temper has grown, is indicated by the history of a single word. The time was when the word "criticise" meant to praise. Then when the master entered the gallery, to sit in judgment upon the picture or statue, to criticise it was to select whatever was praiseworthy in color or lustrous in face and form.

Faults were condemned only after the fashion of Angelo, who first encouraged the pupil by pointing out the excellencies in his work, and afterward sketched an ideal face, leaving that perfect work to correct the youth's imperfect lines. But slowly our race set itself about the task of debasing the word criticise. It carefully excluded all praise or emphasis of excellencies, and toiled assiduously to find out something that could be blamed. Soon that beautiful word, criticise, came to mean its very opposite, namely, to condemn. The word has "fallen," and is like a star that once blazed in the sky, but whose brightness was quenched in the sea.

And slowly this critical tendency has developed in every department of life. In the home, many fathers whose hearts are bursting with pride over the child's success, put a padlock on their lips, and refuse to speak a single word of approval for the boy or girl who merited praise and is also perishing for a word of sympathy. Has the son erred in his love of some author of whom the father does not approve? The boy is lashed with a sneer and stung with words of contempt. This harsh spirit even manifests itself in the relation between husbands and wives. Every man ought to descend to his breakfast table each morning with face as bright as if some great good fortune had befallen him. Every wife ought to

so bear herself as to win anew her husband's affection, and both conquer and compel that which he gives freely. Unfortunately, many men reserve for their business associates the thousand little courtesies of life, and spend their treasures of kindness so lavishly upon the public that they have not even a crumb left for the family at home. If all the harsh words that are spoken by men and women who sit at opposite ends of the dining-room table were represented by drops of vitriol falling from the ceiling, full many table covers would be burned daily by a thousand minute scars. Other ages have needed leniency in judgment, but ours, by the way of uniqueness, needs to restrain harshness in speech and cultivate sympathy in its judgment.

Among those who have a claim upon society's forbearance and sympathy are the weak men who have suffered misfortune and experienced some form of failure. It is a singular fact that strong men can forgive anything except weakness. The successful man also looks with contempt upon one who has failed. The great merchant looks at some companion of his boyhood, and exclaims, "Why did he not do as I did?" The great lawyer says of his brother who has no practice, "Why did he not imitate me?" The business man, for whom everything he touches turns to gold, despises those who knock at his office door seeking

employment. But even in the same family, one child is born with flawless health, large brain, nerves of steel and silk. One man can do an unlimited amount of work, and carry his task eighteen hours a day for a score of years without breaking down. But in the very same home is born another child, who at a tender age is overtaken by some sickness that leaves one little clot in the brain, that impairs the spinal cord, or weakens the nervous system. The stream of nervous energy in the one has been likened to the slender little mountain brook that must be saved and used only to fill the buckets of an overshot wheel; and the tides of manhood in the other, to the volume and depth of some Rhone leaping into the sea.

The strong brother needs no sympathy, and the slightest error or mistake on his part might seem worthy of all possible criticism; but his weak brother ought not to be blamed, no matter what misfortune or failure overtakes him. Oh, how many broken lives there are by reason of physical weakness that no one understands save the sufferer and his God! How many die without developing the skill of tongue or hand or intellect! What undeveloped resources in men! What unsuspected gifts! How many, at the moment when they were about to perfect their dream of tool or book or law, fell just short by reason of physical weakness!

How many, for want of sympathy, or encouragement, have all but become famous! The world's climate is harsh; it is unfavorable to the higher growths of imagination. These trees and shrubs brought from a tropic clime refuse to put forth their bloom and fruit, even in our great conservatories. Something in our air charged with ice and snow lays an invisible hand upon these trees fitted for a tropic atmosphere. And not otherwise is it with many men, who dwell amidst untoward conditions and in an atmosphere charged with coldness and harshness, of whom we can only say, "Their hopes are all dead, and their ambitions are all in heaven."

Consider the imperfect men, guilty of mistake in judgment, whose lives are filled with faults and frailties and weaknesses. How many there are who just fall short of perfect manhood! How many men there are who have intellect and judgment, commercial ability, amass property, but who have no tact, never understand how things will look, are always stepping on some one's toes, and injuring another's feelings, and sinning against the proprieties! These faulty people are in every community. Oftentimes the weakness is congenital. No amount of education, therefore, will change it. And the fault is like a crack in a vase, that, small as it is, is ruined. The frailty of another is like a yellow stain on white

marble. How many parents there are who cannot forgive their children for a fault with which they were born. This same woman, however, will spend hours upon a piece of blue china, trying to mend a crack, and glue the pieces together. Certainly, because blue china is very valuable, and children are very cheap. There are husbandmen who will toil for years upon a grape that is both sour and small, and finally they will make it large in size and sweet in quality. Of course, grapes have a value, are worth three and four cents a pound, but who shall expect parents to toil upon their children — vines planted of God, upon which may grow the very clusters of Paradise?

When a cathedral suffers damage, it can be restored. The faces of angels in the frescoes may be retouched, and made to glow with the old beauty. The stain on the statues may be effaced, the smoke and grime can be washed from the portrait; and is not the body a temple of the living God? Are there not restorations of mind and heart that can here be made? Is not every teacher a sculptor, chiselling character afresh? Is not every parent a painter, bringing out a divine beauty in a human face? Why was the parent made wise save to correct the ignorance in the child? What are faults in others but opportunities for you, who have power to discern them? A broken limb ought to stir sympathy in a wise physician. What

mother's heart does not yearn toward a little child, moaning in pain? Faulty people suffer for their own frailties as no one else can. And for them you should cherish only tenderness, courtesy, and sympathy. This is the injunction, bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of God.

Hardest of all to forgive is the story of sin. Sympathy with the transgressor? Be gentle with the iniquitous? How black a thing is sin! How grievous the breaking of these commandments of love! One man builds a graven image named his business, and worships that idol, and bowing down gives his very body to be burned in worship of his commercial fetich. One reserves a night for music, several nights for the theatre, days for his physical exercise, but with crass vulgarity robs the God of truth and beauty the hour for worship itself. Another steals, — the employer from his clerk and the clerk from his employer. Another kills, either himself or some one else, by laying on too heavy burdens. Others wrap themselves round in coats of sheathed lies, and others covet all things that are not theirs. How grievous these sins! And when the wrong is done against you, how it stings! Some man for a kindness returns ingratitude. The friend with whom you took counsel betrays your confidence and becomes an enemy. These sins, for which you are not responsible, poison hap-

piness, and yet men are to show sympathy and forbearance. Yea, men are even asked to pray for their enemies, not to curse them! But let the strong man remember that if it is easy for him to be good, it is hard for his less fortunate brother. So strangely do men differ that it is as easy for one man to write a poem as for another to write drivel; and in morals one man deserves more credit for holding himself back from blatant profanity than another from saying "My goodness!" Virtues are relative: what wrong-doers need is sympathy — that softens hardness and restrains from iniquity.

If, on his journey to some Jericho, thieves leap forth from the thicket and strike the traveller down, men sympathize with his physical wounds. But their appetites and passions are more cruel than brigands, and lacerate the soul itself. When that traveller fell among thieves who left him wounded and bleeding, the good Samaritan poured in oil and wine. Are not selfishness and avarice sometimes enemies that lie in wait for the soul, — enemies that wound man and leave him lying half dead? It is the sinner that suffers, rather than those who behold his transgression. Oh, what tragedies among men! If one were young, what better task than to become a pastor for men whose crimes were detailed in yesterday's newspaper, and for women, who have, by a single error, wrecked home and happiness. It

is the fallen, the heartbroken, who need help. It was to a criminal that the old bishop gave his silver candlesticks, and most of all, his friendship and his honor, and by sympathy bought back the soul of the wretch, and gave him back to God.

We must all hope much from the coming of an era where the judge on the bench, the policeman and truant-officer, shall be chosen, not for cold intellect or giant strength, but for the "good Samaritan" elements of character, that saves evil-doers and redeems them to righteousness. Lawyers, doctors, and preachers realize what lies back of this plea for sympathy for the sinful. What letters do pastors receive! Here is the beautiful girl, who wakened to find that a faithless man had spent months weaving around her the web, and discovered that in a single hour when she relaxed, passion had wrought her ruin. How wild her words! What agony that shivers the very world through and through is shivering through her soul! What sword stabs in the heart when a father turns the daughter from his door, when married sisters and brother close their doors, and from every side of the great circle she is told that henceforth she is an unknown stranger! What right have these to refuse to bear another's burden, and to carry another's sin? These hard-hearted ones make virtue hard and vice

easy. No matter how the son has sinned, let the father still hope and believe in him. If his sin hath left every other man's hand against him, let his father stand with back to the wall, and lift up a shield to receive the blows. If society puts about his neck the millstone of oblivion, then let them sink with him. No matter what transgression overtakes a daughter or son, there is one place where the child should always finds refuge, — the mother's heart; there is one hand that should always lift a torch in the darkest night of despondency, — a mother's hand; and there is one star of hope that should always burn when all others are quenched, — the star named a mother's love.

This sense of interest in, and enthusiasm for, one's fellows determines influence; without it example is as if it were not. Now and then one naturally cold appears. Some years ago a young woman of personal beauty married the richest man in her city. She lived in the great show house of the great metropolis. She was known as the best-dressed woman in her city; her entertainments were unapproached by other society leaders. But if the servants of people like Mr. Gladstone all but worshipped him, hers felt only dislike and aversion. So keen and universal was this sense of dislike for their mistress that the whole city became aware of it, and of the incidents that interpreted how cold the heart can be. Taking her

secretary abroad, the woman fell ill. Having learned of this illness, her mistress made no inquiry during the rest of the voyage, and landed to go away, leaving the girl alone to find her own way to hospital or cemetery. When some weeks had passed, and the secretary, weak and pale, went on to Paris to report to her mistress, she was met with the words, "I understood you had a fever on the ship and would probably die, so I engaged some one else." An animated icicle may wear jewels and silks, but it is not a woman.

In sympathy and this burden-bearing and sin-bearing we have the tests of the Christian church. The church is a family. And the family has some members wise and strong, and some weak and ignorant. The church is a miniature world, and has in it high and low, rich and poor, bond and free. The ideal church, therefore, is a little cosmos, instead of a single class. Now and then a so-called society church appears. People say they want a church where all the families are rich, all are cultured and all are refined, and all are fit companions for their children. A wise and witty pastor once called his society church, not simply "the cream of society, but the ice-cream." Now, viewed as matrimonial bureaus, where parents whose children have not the qualities that can of themselves secure life companions, need the assistance of a church for marrying

off their children, these churches are highly successful. And even in the suburban church and the residence districts, the selfish tendency becomes a peril. Salt has no value except when placed in contact with something that must be saved. It must be diffused to save anything. That is why the selfish society church is doomed. It is stricken through and through with dry rot. In the true church all classes are needed; those who are burdened, and those who have strength to help bear these burdens; those who are rich and educated and travelled, and those who look up to them, and are lifted by the looking, Are you in the church for a selfish purpose? You have no place there. The church is for those who bear the burdens of others, recover them from their faults and sins, are there for help and not to be helped, and those who are kind, tender-hearted, forbearing one another and forgiving one another in love.

THE THREE ARCH-ENEMIES OF HAPPINESS: HURRY, WORRY, AND DEBT



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF THE SMITH WHO SPENT HIS LIFE FORGING A CHAIN FOR HIS OWN FEET

After Comfortas returned to his own city, he sought to acquaint himself with the needs of his people. That he might the better find out their wants, he used to put on strange disguises: wearing now the garb of a soldier, and now the garb of a sailor; and so the king saw singular things. One day when Comfortas was carrying a pack through the market place, after the manner of a peddler, he saw a crowd standing in front of a blacksmith shop. Joining himself with the company, he worked his way close to the anvil until he could have touched the garment of the smith, who was all absorbed with the chain that he was making. And when the king did not understand, and looked questioningly at the slave beside him, the slave with his finger tapped upon his forehead, and looked significantly at the smith. Thinking that this meant that the iron-worker was crazy, the disguised king watched the man more closely. To his surprise, Comfortas saw that the chain was most curiously wrought, the links being so fine as to remind him of the meshes in a woman's veil. Each link was of steel, shining and twisted, in an exquisite pattern and so strong that no man could break it. Strangely enough, the end of the chain was fastened about the smith's foot, and from thence it was carried like a badge of honor, up over his shoulders, and passed in heavy loops and folds round the smith's waist, and so round and round the left arm, and in this hand was held the new link upon which the smith was working. No sooner was one link

complete, than with eager swiftness the smith began anew to forge out another piece of iron, to pound it long and thin, to twist it into shape, and when it was strong beyond all breaking, to add its weight to the chain he already bore. And when Comfortas computed the weight of the iron chain that wrapped the smith round and round and still round like the folds of a metal serpent, he understood why the smith's eyes were bloodshot, and why the great beads of sweat stood out upon the man's forehead, and he looked each moment for the smith to tremble and fall under the heavy weight. Afterward when he saw one looking closely upon his countenance, the king feared lest men might see through the disguise, and quickly he went away. One the morrow, when Comfortas's chariot passed down that street, he made inquiry and found that the strange smith had been found dead, crushed under the chain which he himself had forged. Then returning to the palace, the king sent his own artist to paint a picture of the smith as he lay with the chain forged to his ankle, and later he caused that picture to be unveiled in the arcade, that all the people might look upon the scene. Now when the people saw it, some said that, at last, we have a king who appreciates labor and admires those who work in iron and brass, and they said this means good fortune for workingmen; but others there were who said that Comfortas intended to warn the young men and women of his city against going into debt; but when men questioned Comfortas what the picture might mean, he pointed to the smith, crushed by the chain, and answered never a word.

CHAPTER XII

THE THREE ARCH-ENEMIES OF HAPPINESS: HURRY, WORRY, AND DEBT

CHIEF among the enemies of happiness is the habit of hurry. Affirming that men are happier than ever before, let us also affirm that men are now imperilling that happiness by cultivating the habit of being everlastingly busy. Our work and the world, the "world" of Wordsworth, are too much with us. Men have forgotten that they need leisure to grow wise as truly as shelter to grow ripe. Indeed, it sometimes seems as if our generation has permanently lost the sense of having time. Busied with many things, we grow fussy in our culture, finical of taste, irritable of temper, and querulous regarding existing institutions, public men, and important measures. Hurry seems to be the habit of the common life. The very children have caught the movement, and waken anxious to get at their lessons, bolting the breakfasts that they may hurry to school, hurrying through their lessons at school that they may hurry home again to begin the old round.

Indeed, our busy wives and mothers now keep their book of public engagements, and take great pride in the number of meetings

they must attend and the number of places to which they must go. They seem to have forgotten that the Master, who encouraged Mary in her habits of reflection and contemplation, often withdrew into the desert place; yet these mothers would think themselves open to gross criticism if they were to have a single evening free. Men, too, are now so busy in keeping engagements with their fellows that they have no time to keep any engagement with God. There is something significant in a notice posted in a certain depot, "Hereafter only ten minutes will be allowed for luncheon." If life was made for living and enjoyment, it has now become a kind of conflagration. The career of multitudes of men and women can be described by Carlyle's words regarding the great men, "They seem like ships blazing off shore, for the delectation of the people assembled on the beach."

The very noise and din of life has so long compelled men to look around that they are in danger of entirely forgetting how to look up. Even the night-time now is crowded. At one of our greatest society entertainments this winter carriages were ordered for 6 A.M.; and in a great hotel in New York a musical begins at midnight, for those who have returned from the theatre, and the entertainment has closed as late as three o'clock in the morning. Of a truth, the glare of the lamp has destroyed the

solemnity of midnight and put out the stars. An old book regarding the Puritan era contains these words, "That the merchant or statesman should be often upon his knees; that the general should pass from his despatches to his devotions, and turn his eye from the hosts of battle to the hosts of heaven, is neither incongruous nor absurd. Milton's mind gave itself at once to the discords of politics below and the symphonies of seraphim above. Sir Harry Vane mingled with the admiration of his general and accounts of the navy his hopes of a theocracy and meditations on the millennium; and it was no more natural for Cromwell to call his officers to council than to prayer." For these souls, made great by solitude, there was an open door between heaven and earth, through which they daily passed in and out with free and earnest heart.

The reasons for this idolatry of work and the want of the sense of leisure are many and varied. In part, our hurry is a thing of blood and temperament. If the German is deliberate, slow in his movements, sometimes ponderous, and always a lover of detail; if the Englishman is naturally conservative, cautious in changing his plans and arriving at new decisions, — the American is swift in his intellectual processes, quick in his steps, and acts not slowly, but with instant and decisive energy. A word that we have recently coined grew out of the necessity

of describing that which had become a national characteristic, a word that fits us as a hand fits the glove—the word "hustle." And it is easy to understand how this active, energetic, nervous quality came to be a national characteristic. Our fathers found this new continent a wilderness. Everything was to be done—roads to be hewn out in the forests, quarries to be opened up, mines to be uncovered, fields to be subdued, orchards to be planted, farm-houses, factories, towns, and cities to be builded. Rising up early and sitting up late, they gave themselves with untiring diligence to their task. Their motto was, "Work while it is called to-day." Finally, the habit of always having something to do became fixed. If work was in the gristle of our fathers, it is now wrought into the very bone and tissue of their sons.

But that which necessity began has perhaps been strengthened by the influence of climate. Those peoples who live in the moist atmosphere of the North Sea are soothed and rested by their climate. The air they breathe is sedative, relaxing to the muscles, and quieting the nerves; but of our continent we can only say that the atmosphere is tonic, that the air acts upon the nerves as Valencian wine upon the heart. It is said that the horses of the Western plains are the only horses in the world that naturally buck, and that this singular manifestation of nervous energy in the animal world is largely a

thing of climate; and we know that when a staid Englishman or New Englander goes into the far mountain town he soon catches the wild spirit of the Western horses. Nor must we overlook the influence of the opportunities of wealth. What resources of forest and mine and soil are here found! What innumerable rewards for work! What incitements to ambition! Our institutions also have opened up all the paths that lead to political honor and preferment for all young feet. The very highest offices are open to the poorest youth. These political and intellectual incitements, therefore, stimulate to activity. Also, in view of the possible rewards that await the successful son or husband, the women of the land have become ambitious for those they love. By a thousand suggestions the American woman stimulates the men around her. Sometimes her spurs become prods, and she drives her husband on until he becomes a mere beast of burden, often going down in his attempt to realize his wife's ambitions. When all these influences are united they press with unseen hands upon the man, until he becomes the slave of his work, loses all power to rest, and finds no pleasure outside of the round of duties. Fundamentally, these are the causes of the national habit of being everlastingly busy, until we have lost the sense of leisure and the repose that marks the patrician gentleman.

But there is no greatness without leisure. All life is a compromise, a constant readjustment to new conditions, a daily poise of relations. Believing that these conditions peculiar to our history and our people form the basis of the noblest possible type of character, we also believe that these characteristics must be supplemented and strengthened by those traits that are possible only through the life of leisure and contemplation. Mountains can be thrown up quickly, because the stones are dead, and houses can be burned down or blown up in a little time, because this stands for destruction. But constructive work, as associated with life, asks for time. Character is a growth. Like all living things, it enlarges slowly. It will not be hurried. There is no hothouse method of developing a beautiful disposition. Time alone will do the work. Give the violet time, and it will secrete its exquisite perfume. Give the vine time, and it will put a soft bloom on the purple cluster. Give the child time for exercise and sleep, and there will be a rosy bloom on its cheek that will never be seen on peach or pear. Give the intellect time, and it will take on a certain ripeness of refinement and culture. Wordsworth insists on time, and at last an indescribable loveliness descends upon his thought, and his very heart "dances with daffodils."

The biographers tell us that during the

first thirty years of his life Abraham Lincoln's library was limited to a single score of books, but that the poor youth, dwelling apart from men, reflected so long over these great authors that at last their thoughts entered into the very structure of his mind, as iron enters into the rich blood of the physical system. Meanwhile, if Lincoln was dwelling apart from his fellows and nourishing his own soul, innumerable other young men had entered college, where they read hundreds of books, and after four years they came out again, scarcely less ignorant than before. What a crowd and a library could not do, solitude and a few wise teachers did for the rail-splitter's son. Alone he sailed the seas of thought with God for his sole companion. At last he stood forth, a prophet, a teacher, and leader, a mountain-minded man, an epoch-making sage and a statesman, a great orator, the one man, indeed, who could become a voice for all that was deepest and divinest in the heart of the common people.

We never can tell how much Lincoln owed to his few books and the twenty years of solitude. We can only say that too few books starve the soul, and too many bring a surfeit; midway lies a golden mean that varies with the individual. As there is no royal road to greatness, so there is no rapid transit in the movement toward culture. Little by little the continents grow, through the work of the coral insects.

Leaf by leaf the great oak is builded. Thought by thought and prayer by prayer the soul assembles habits, expands, and grows strong. Forty years on the desert for Moses, fifty years in the hills for the father of astronomy. Homer is blind and knows solitude and silence that he may find his song; Paul lives three years in Arabia before he begins his work as a world-wide teacher and reformer. Christ spends thirty years at His carpenter's bench before He undertakes His mission, and even during the three brief years spends much of His time in the mountains, in the deserts beyond Jordan, in silence and in solitude. The haste of modern life is waste of all that is best within men. They spoil their own souls of their treasure. The happiness that is just within reach is passed by, and instead we choose worry, hurry, and misery. In our fever and fret would that some voice would come, alluring us back into the lost Eden of solitude, where, in the cool of the day and in the silence, we may walk and talk with God, and find rest after restlessness and happiness for our troubled hearts.

Consider the evil influence wrought upon health by hurry. At foreign health resorts, physicians speak of Americanitis. It is a term applied to our overwrought men. Indeed, our people passing through foreign cities are very easily distinguished by their hurried step, the

tense look, the eager and hungry eyes, all of which are the forerunners of nervous exhaustion. The time was when worry was our national peril. Many interests, anxious forethought, solicitude for the store and the house, fretted and wore upon men. But if the demon of worry has been passed out in part, the demon of hurry has come in, and perhaps the state of this man is worse than before. Nor is health alone imperilled by hurry; it also threatens happiness and success. History tells us that Napoleon was so overcome with sleep at two o'clock in the afternoon of the battle of Waterloo that he gave contradictory orders and lost his victory and his throne. For many years he had been overworking and undersleeping, taking but four hours a night. At the critical moment he lost all; and there are many lesser Napoleons. In the last analysis, happiness begins with health, while success depends upon the nerve reserve that can be called on upon emergency. Eloquence itself is health.

The power of the great orators of yesterday was a perfectly healthy mind, working through a perfectly healthy body. Mr. Gladstone understood this principle so thoroughly that his lifelong habit was to go to bed the moment he felt the slightest symptoms of a cold, and stay there until all the nerve and brain cells were recharged with their magnetic power. Mr. Beecher also told the students of Yale College

that the first thing to be remembered was leisure. Take all the time you need, he used to say, for sleep and exercise and flawless health. Then begin your study and your work. If you still have many hours for study, well, and if only one or two a day, still well. But the condition of absolute integrity of mind and body is the first condition that makes for success. "Browse," he said. "Read. Wander through the woods on one day and through the streets of the city the next." For character is an accumulation as well as a growth. Inspiration is like the electric force, — it slowly accumulates. Therefore the necessity of leisure, long rests, quiet hours. And when hurry comes, growth goes. There can be no dignity, no sense of reserve power, no repose of nature, save for those who take time and think carefully upon the deeper things of life.

Worry is another enemy of happiness. Worry is the rust that consumes the edge of the intellect. It is the moth that cuts into the precious threads of thought and character. It confuses the judgment and enfeebles the will. Yet everything in modern life tends to develop worry. The feverish desire to get on has overtaken all of our people. No one is willing to abide contentedly in the place where he was born. So long as there are others who possess more of gold, a larger house, or a finer equipage, the struggle must be undertaken anew

until that one is equalled or surpassed. Men no longer understand the meaning of the proverb, "Better is a dinner of herbs with contentment, than a feast gained by worry." The complexity of life, also the multiplicity of social customs, the refinements of etiquette, breed anxiety. The average householder of to-day has double the income Shakespeare had when that poet wrote his dramas; fourfold the income upon which Dante wrote his "Paradiso"; ten times as much to live on as had Socrates when he perfected his great arguments and essays; a score of times larger income than had Homer when he perfected his immortal poem. Plainly, then, men do not need better houses, more clothes, larger income, horses or servants, stalled ox or spiced wine, in order to do good work. When a runner wishes to reach the goal he strips to the skin, counting everything superfluous that does not minister to speed; and when mountaineers go over the pass they count everything a burden that is not essential to the thing in hand. And life is for character, it is to be lived and lived happily, and everything should be put aside that is not essential to the one thing, namely, more life, more thoughts and higher, more hours of noble emotion and deeper ones, more friendships and purer.

Jefferson once said that most men spend their lives in apprehending dangers that never

come to pass. Long experience had taught him that this forecast of possible perils consumed vitality, dissipated life forces, and made happiness impossible. The time has come for us to recognize that worry can poison the mind as fatally as Prussic acid can poison the body. Indeed, the medical schools of tomorrow must reckon with the mental causes of diseases as truly as with microbes. Some years ago an orphan child was brought to this new world from England. When forty years had passed by, this boy, taken from an asylum, had become a man crowned with friends, wealth, happiness, and the strength of a physical giant. One summer he went back to England to see if he could obtain any trace of his parentage. There he met the old superintendent of the institution, who told him that his father and grandfather had died of consumption, a statement that long afterward was found to be wholly untrue. Believing the official, the man returned home, to brood and brood and brood upon his fears, until worry induced a disease that was wholly foreign to his physique, and, as was afterwards proved, to his hereditary tendencies. For worry is a physical poison. Anxiety and fret are fatal to the integrity of nerve and brain. Fear can sting like a scorpion and torment like a scourge. Fear is an enemy that sits in the window of the soul and manufactures lies and listens for

troubles. Hearing the steps of an approaching friend, fear cries out that an armed host draws nigh. When the clouds from God send forth their thunderbolt to shake down the soft rains that enrich man's life, fear insists that the end of all things has come. And yet most of the things called evil, at heart represent essential good.

From this new point Christian Science has contributed to the world's happiness. Its metaphysics are called puerile, the scholars scoff at its science, but hidden in its bushel of chaff it has three grains of wheat. Its essential principles are that there is no evil in the world, that everything will come out all right for the man who does good, and that fear is a sin. Now, all these represent the essential principles in the religion of Jesus Christ. The statement that no harm can befall a good man is based on the promise that all things work together for good to those that love God, and that neither life nor death, things present or things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God. The second principle is based upon the text, "Cast all your care upon God, for he careth for you." And the third one reminds us of Christ's injunction, "Take no anxious or burning thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, for your Father knoweth ye have need of these things." Now, any system that

keeps these great positive truths of the Christian religion before the individual will do good, even though incidentally it teaches many metaphysical untruths. These principles of Christ are not less true because they are quoted by one who has no idea of psychology. In spite of its many follies, Christian Science will continue to help men because of the there Christian truths it ever keeps before the minds of its followers. Many a woman, anxious as to her own health and fretting over her husband's business, has become irritable, querulous, injuring her own health and that of her family; but one thought persistently kept before her mind, that God is doing the best that He can for each individual, that it is God's world, that worry is a sin, that anxiety is a crime against God and man, that it is a duty to be happy every moment and think hopeful thoughts as to her future and that of her husband's business, has recovered her health and made her a happiness maker. It is a minor consideration that the woman holds certain foolish conceptions that would be laughed out of court by the scholar, so long as she holds to a few grains of the truth, things that are true.

Thoreau loved nature, the land, the sea, and the sky, but he would not eat meat, would not wear warm clothing next his skin, had a superstition about carrying a buckeye in his pocket; but the three superstitions, which had

no foundation in fact, did not destroy his positive truths about the beauty of land and sea and sky, and so with the singular system of metaphysics taught by Christian Science. As a matter of fact, some of those ministers who are engaged in berating the scientists have, to explain the growth of this system, no one to blame but themselves. These texts, "All things work together for good," "Cast your care upon God, for He careth for you," represent a vast unexplored remainder in Christianity, and the moral teachers ignored it. Even now a vast realm of Christian truth is unused. The teachings of Christ are infinitely rich. His disciples have scarcely scratched the surface of the soil. Christianity is like an estate whose soil has yielded abundant sheaves, deep-fruited boughs and branches. But what if, in digging, some one strikes a gold mine, and what if, hidden under the top layers, there are rifts of white sand stored with gems and diamonds. These riches, hidden below, do not lessen the value of the soil above, but only enhance the worth of the estate. The time has come for the Christian church to teach all its people that abiding happiness is not simply a possibility, but a duty; that all may live above the troubles of life; that worry is a poison and happiness a medicine; that fretful people lower the level of life, breed disaster and confusion; that even of evil itself, we need

not fret ourselves over wrong-doers, for "though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea," we need not fear, "because God is in the sky, and all is well with His world."

Another enemy of happiness is debt, that mortgages man's future. One of the wisest of England's statesmen has said that if strong drink has slain its thousands, debt has slain its ten thousands. Commenting upon the gin houses and drinking resorts of London, upon the increasing drunkenness among men and women, this scholar explains it by the increase of debt. Being hopeless, men drink. They do not get in debt because they drink, but they drink because they are already in debt. In our own country, the judges in our courts have commented upon the fact that cashiers who have betrayed their trusts have, first of all, taken the money from the employer's till to pay some debt and meet a pressing obligation. No young man ever failed in business who founded his little enterprise on the principle, "Pay as you go." It is often said that ninety per cent of those who go into a business experience one failure, and it is also said that *debt* caused the enterprise to go crashing down. Every year witnesses a certain number of families who move out of large houses into small ones. With few exceptions, these represent homes where the wife has wanted new

furniture in the parlor and gone in debt for it; where the daughter has been ambitious to move in a social set that the father's income would not justify; where the husband has refused to deny his body rich clothes, or his appetites their appropriate satisfaction, or his ambition for position the heavy expenses that were involved therein. In their anxiety to secure the incidental things, they have, through debt, lost the things that were essential to the happiness of the family.

Nor are there any tragedies like those of men who have mortgaged their all to another's will. Happy, indeed, the man who can say that he owes no man anything. It is doubtless a fact that men who have grown rich rapidly have done so by taking great risks and going in debt. Now and then there is a man who intuitively seems to be able to foretell future events, possessed of such self-reliance and courage that he can not only pay the interest on his debt, but also achieve a fortune for himself; but these men are as occasional as the big trees of California. One Sir Walter Scott is warning enough for an entire generation. When his debts piled up through worry, his brain faltered, his nerve grew feeble, and his hand could scarcely hold the pen, yet the interest would soon be due and the money must be paid. Year after year, therefore, he scourged himself to his task. His servants used to lift

Scott into his big chair, put the writing pad on his knees, place the pen in his fingers. "I must be at my work," he whispered to Lockhart. An hour later his son-in-law found the old man sitting, with his white hair and the tears streaming down his fine old face, helpless to drive the pen or follow the thought — "and yet the interest must be paid." And so the greatest man of his time was slain by debt.

But some youth, busied with many duties and feverish with ambition, asks how is one to find leisure for a little study every day, and time for friendship and church work and social reform? The answer is so simple that few will accept it: Contentment with half as many things would double the hours of leisure. The old proverb still holds, "Halving your wants, quadruples your wealth." Robert Louis Stevenson understood this. One day he packed up his pictures and the furniture in his rooms, and sent them to an enemy who was about to be married. He wrote to a friend that he had gotten rid of his master, whom he had long served as a bond slave. "Don't," he wrote, "don't give hostages to fortune, I implore you. Not once in a month will you be in a mood to enjoy a picture. When that mood comes, go to the gallery and see it. Meanwhile let some hired flunkey dust the picture daily and keep it in good condition for your coming." Later on, when a friend's house burned down, Stevenson

telegraphed his congratulations. The young author knew that his friend's wife was killing herself in presiding over an army of servants and managing a great establishment. But when, through losses, the man and woman went to live in a cottage, this woman recovered her health, her overflowing spirits and happiness.

Happiness is not in abundance, or in many things. The Japanese put one picture on the wall, that all visitors may turn their eyes toward that one object of interest, and that the vision may not be disturbed by useless details. There may be a hundred pictures in the closet of the house, but only one is exhibited in the reception room during the one day. But we seem to think that there must be many things. There are women who own fifty or a hundred gowns, and are so exhausted by taking care of them that they have neither health nor strength to wear any. It is said that the kings have to wear a new suit of clothes every day, and a new pair of shoes. Of what awful crime has a king been guilty that he is never allowed to know the luxury of wearing a garment or a shoe that has finally fitted itself to his person? One would think that the monarch would resign, find out some murderer, and get his sentence changed to the awful punishment of having to wear and break in one of these new objects of attire during each day. The court

of France learned this lesson once, and for several weeks moved out of the palace at Versailles, took up residence in a farm-house near by, and the lords worked in the dairy and the women in waiting churned and made butter, and so forgot their quarrels, their petty bickerings, and in physical tire and simple food found the sleep and the refreshment for which they had so long sought. Happiness means a few gentle drops descending upon the heart like rain and dew. Contentment is a condition of the soul within. It is but little affected by few or many things without. There are rooms so cluttered up and crowded with chairs that there is no place for the owner to sit down. And the life of many a man and woman is so filled with overmuch of good things that they have no time to enjoy the least of their treasures.

Some one has said that, "Over almost everything except our virtues, there might be written this condemnation: Too much." If we accept that principle, we will see how overabundance injures our people. No good thing but straightway is abused. Food is good. So Bronson Alcott eats two meals a day of the very simplest fruits and grains, and the merchant eats four meals a day, and the dinner has eight courses, and half as many kinds of wine. Mr. Alcott doubles the length of his life with his simple food, and the merchant dies midway in his career through gluttony. The house is a form

of good, and so is the steam furnace. Thoreau builds his cabin, therefore, at Walden Pond, for $31, and the rich youth builds his house, puts the steam in the cellar, puts a storm door at the entrance, then, to keep out the fresh air, puts rubber strips on the windows, sets the window itself in a frame of tin that makes it dust tight and air tight, and when he has made the house impervious to all fresh air from the outside, enters into his living tomb, shuts the doors and windows, prepares himself for the undertaker, and marvels that he is not happy. Travel is a good thing. When Herodotus goes to Egypt he brings home many wise ideas. But, said this scholar, it degenerates into this, that two hundred thousand persons sail from New York every summer to spend millions of money in Europe, bringing home two things, new curios and the desire to go again. For "travel leads to unrest, and makes a common chatterbox out of a man who would, had he remained in his own city or state, have become an author, or an orator, or a philanthropist." This argument explains many failures in life. How many men would have been wise had they owned no books! How many men would have been healthy but for food! How many men would have been left to their homes but for the invention of drugs to make them well! Even of the practice of morality, Solomon said, "Be not overmuch righteous." To which

Paul added, "Let not your good be evil spoken of."

But some one will say that all this is only theory, that the simple life has gone forever, that work is better than leisure. To all of which the answer is that this is not so much an abstraction as a history. Has our generation already forgotten its prophet of the simple, natural life? We have had a Thoreau, and have his "Walden." That which we are talking about this man was and did. He dared to cut away from the conventions of society and live his own life. To be sure, there has been only one Thoreau, and if his life was the ideal one for the student of Nature, — clouds and trees and squirrels and birds and lake and river, — it is wholly impossible for the men who dwell in cities. Nevertheless, Thoreau's book contains for us just the antidote that our generation needs. Do you say that you must have rich meats and expensive foods? Thoreau answers, all the while you are urging the necessity of meat to make bones with, you are riding behind horses, which, with vegetable and grain-made bones, pull you up hill and over the mountain in spite of every obstacle. Do you say that you need the comforts, the conveniences of life, named the furniture? He answers that our houses are so defiled with furniture that he has often wondered that when they sweep out the little

atoms of dust from the parlors, they do not sweep all the big atoms, named stuffed sofas, with the little ones.

Indeed, Thoreau had found two or three good and bright pieces of rock, and put them on the one table in his cabin, but he was so terrified to find that they had to be dusted daily, while all the furniture of his mind was undusted still, that he threw them out of the window in disgust. Do you say that you must ride in a Pullman palace car? He answers that he would rather ride on earth in an ox cart, with plenty of open air to breathe, than to go to heaven in a sleeping car, and breathe the germs of malaria and consumption and small-pox that are caught in the plush cushions of this car, that has double windows to keep these death germs from getting out. When friends came to call upon him, he took them out into his parlor, called an open glade, under the maple trees, where the leaves made a carpet which he never dusted, and for plates he used the fresh leaves of the basswood tree, and for a wash-basin he had the entire lake. One day he proposed to a youth to go to visit the town of Fitchburg. Thoreau wanted to walk, his friend wished to take the cars. To which Thoreau replied: "Now, the fare to Fitchburg is ninety cents. You will work all day to earn the ninety cents; then ride there in the evening, and so put in your ten hours,

having neither learned nor seen anything. I will walk there, giving the same ten hours to enjoying the hill and dale as I go. And I will arrive as happy as a prince, because the day has been filled with pleasure and with learning. So if the railroad reaches round the world, I will go on foot, and will arrive ahead of you. And since you choose to ride on the railroad, I will cut your acquaintance altogether." "What demon," he once exclaimed, "possesses men, that they should be so good?" Meeting an old gentleman, who was travelling with a great deal of baggage,—big trunks, little trunks, bandboxes,—he said to him, "My friend, Jesus Christ once told a sick man to take up his bed and walk. Now, I tell you, lay down your bed and run."

Once when a kind but very thoughtless lady offered Thoreau a present of a door-mat, as he had no time to spare within or without to shake it, he declined the mat, preferring to wipe his feet on the sod before the door, adding, "It is best to avoid the beginnings of evil." He tells us, too, about the Indians, who once each year build new tents, get skins for new clothes, and on an appointed day carry their old tents, houses, clothes, utensils, filth, to a common heap, which they consume entirely with fire. On the fourth morning, the high priest, by rubbing dry wood together, produces new fire, from which each habitation

starts afresh with new flame. Ah, what wisdom in this book, "Walden"! It is a handbook to the art of simple living. It marks out the pathway that leads to peace. It contains medicine that will allay man's fevered ambitions. It offers us the secret of leisure, and shows us how to find time for study and hospitality and private prayer and public service and social duties. Reading many other books, read also this little book as an antidote and corrective, not as a book to be literally followed.

THE EXTERNAL HELPS TO HAPPINESS; THE IMPORTANCE OF TAKING TIME, EXERCISE, AMUSEMENTS, MUSIC, TRAVEL, OUTSIDE INTERESTS, ETC.



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF COMFORTAS'S VISIT TO THE VALLEY OF ROSES

From childhood Comfortas was brought up to love simple things. If the king's guests ate stalled ox and drank spiced wines, the servants brought Comfortas simple things to eat and water to drink. Also the king gave the boy one bow to shoot, no more; one coin to spend, not two; one game to play, no more. He used to tell the child that so far from luxury bringing happiness, that many things confused the mind, and that a feast to-day jaded the palate and destroyed the pleasure of eating to-morrow. "The dew falls gently," said the king; "if the drops fell in bucketfuls, the weight would crush you; and many there are who are destroyed by luxury and its flood of good things." One day when the king saw that the child looked with longing eyes toward the banqueting-hall, he bade Comfortas make ready for a ride over the mountains to see the Valley of Roses. Now the people of that region grow roses as other farmers grow hay and corn; and because all the hillsides are covered with the red blossoms, the air of the valley is heavy with perfume; the fragrance steals into the meshes of the hair, hides itself in the folds of the garments, seems to soak into the very skin itself, so that for days afterward the traveller carries with him the fragrance of that Valley of Roses. Now when the child Comfortas first saw the fields of crimson he shouted with delight. He gathered the roses in armfuls, he twined them into garlands, and with the servant's help he twisted wreaths into the mane of his horse. For one long hour

the king and Comfortas rode through the Valley of Roses before they came to the cluster of houses where dwelt the farmers who make perfume for the people who dwell in the cities. Also the king showed Comfortas a tiny vial into which had swept the richness of a full acre of red blossoms. Having often seen in his own land the farmers' wagons loaded with the hay, now he saw those selfsame wagons loaded with dry roses go creaking toward the barn. But while he stood there watching, suddenly faintness passed over the child. His sight grew dim and blurred, he reeled and would have fallen, but that the servant caught him. When the boy came to himself, he found that he was lying upon a pile of dried roses, whose odors caused the sickening nausea to return again. In that hour he revolted from the blossoms. What would the boy not have given for one breath from that black bottle of bitter stuff that the nurse sometimes made him take. And when the child knew that they were to spend the night in the Rose Village, he burst into a passion of tears, and prayed his father to return to the shepherd's hut on the mountainside. But the king said, "There you will have only straw for bed, rye bread for food, and goat's milk for drink, but here is an inn and the abundance of the Valley of Roses." Then when Comfortas grew faint a second time, the king feared for the child, and lifting the boy into his own saddle, before him, the king rode away from the Valley of Roses. On the next morning when Comfortas awakened in the herdmsan's hut, he said to the king, "Now I understand why happiness is a gentle perfume, breathed from a single sweet thorn, and not a daily draught from a cup filled with honeyed delights."

CHAPTER XIII

THE EXTERNAL HELPS TO HAPPINESS; THE IMPORTANCE OF TAKING TIME, EXERCISE, AMUSEMENTS, MUSIC, TRAVEL, OUTSIDE INTERESTS, ETC.

RECENTLY a banker suffered a serious nervous collapse. For years he had worked his brain at high pressure, taking no vacation, refusing all forms of recreation. Having lived up the interest on his nerve force, he finally impaired the capital itself. In his search for health, he wandered through many foreign lands and suffered many things at the hands of his counsellors at health resorts. After a long time he returned to his old home city and his family physician. Seeking his friend's counsel, the doctor said, "You are now forty years of age; for ten years I have been urging you to take a vacation of one or two months each summer. You have now taken three years' vacation at one time. You may now return to your work in safety, if you will but remember one thing: remember, that a man can do twelve months' work in ten months; that he can do thirteen months' work in ten months; and that, under stress, he can

even do fifteen months' work in ten months. But remember, also, that the man has never lived who could do twelve months' work in twelve months without some injury to his brain."

What the physician meant was that men will not take time to be healthy, nor time to be happy. He believed in work, hard work, concentrated work, and enthusiastic work, but he believed also in the intermission of work, through rest and recreation. The body and mind must have time to themselves. The eight-hour movement for workingmen and clerks; the five-hour movement for teachers, that the boys and girls may have one hour less in school; the increasing length of vacations for hard-worked business men, — all these are movements that derive their meaning from the necessity of every individual for a little time for himself each day in which to brood and dream and plan, and if one has been caught in the storm of life, to take a moral observation and see how far he has drifted from his course. In our search for happiness there are some few mother principles that will guide us in the onward movement, and there are certain practical suggestions that will help us reach the object of the search.

From the beginning every youth should lay out his life, with the fixed purpose of spending a little time every day in the out-of-door world

for exercise as well as relaxation. Many things will arise to break up the habit, and many persons will controvert the principle. As a reaction from the new interest in out-of-door life, some have urged that exercise has been overemphasized, and that it is a useless expenditure of nerve and muscle. They tell us that what men need is quiet and rest, and that many people who force themselves into the park or fields have unconsciously hastened their steps to the grave. Professor John Fiske was while he lived the leader of this reactionary school. When asked how it was possible for him to accomplish so much, writing in the summer and lecturing in the winter, he answered that he never took any exercise, that he ate all kinds of indigestible food, that he cut off his sleep at night by sitting up late, and clipped off a golden hour in the morning by rising up early; that he was never without a pipe in his mouth, and, in short, by breaking all the laws of hygiene, he managed to keep in perfect health. But unfortunately for every scholarly interest in our land Mr. Fiske died when his career that promised so much more to the country was hardly half run.

Also the example of the late Senator Evarts at home and of Mr. Joseph Chamberlin abroad are often used to indicate that the out-of-door life through exercise is in no sense essential to perfect health and the best work. Doubt-

less it must be confessed that there are fortunate individuals who have fallen heir to five hundred years of absolutely perfect digestion, and who received from their ancestors so great reserve of heart and lungs that they can live upon the interest and capital for seventy years before exhausting this surplus of accumulated nerve treasure. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that these ancestors achieved this perfect nervous mechanism for themselves and transmitted it to their children by out-of-door life, constant exercise, and obedience to the laws of food and drink. From the view-point of science, the law of exercise is the law of growth. If the child moves and is active because he is growing, it is also true that he grows because he is active. In early life the heart, through the child's leisure for play, forces the blood to the tips of the feet and fingers, and flowing into the cheeks gives them their rosy flush, and so long as that continues, the child continues to grow. In middle age, busied with a thousand cares, the man shuts himself up in his office or store, will do nothing to expel broken-down tissue, and throwing all the work upon his heart, goes down in some form of insidious nerve failure. At bottom, man is an animal with a soul superimposed thereupon, and so long as his spirit dwells in a body, that body has its rights to exercise and free oxygenation of the blood for a few minutes

or hours daily in the open air. It is altogether aside from the argument to point to the exceptional instance of a man who has retained happiness and health without any out-of-door life. The question is this: Is a strong man's strength increased by exercise and daily out-of-door life, or is that strength injured and permanently destroyed by that exercise?

Mr. Beecher used to say that the best thing for the inside of a man was the outside of a horse. Was that theory bad for him? Mr. Gladstone thought that better than a horse was an oak tree, a sharp axe, and the two hours of physical exercise over a half-cord of wood, and that this was the best possible preparation for a meeting of the Cabinet. When he was eighty years of age, Professor Blaikie used to run across the hills, shouting and swinging his arms. He told the students of Edinburgh that we would never have another era of creative literature until our scholars became out-of-door students. In these days, when we do not write great epics, but write essays on the epics, and then sinking lower write essays on the essays, Blaikie said everything smells of the lamp and the study. He urged his students to take their book into the fields, there find some solitary spot, and walk and reflect, and expel the pallor from the cheek and the cobwebs from the brain until the thinking becomes red and ruddy as the cheek itself. Many a man who is poor

saves money by walking to and from his office. When he gets rich he rides, and in the hour when he rides he starts toward the graveyard. In laying out his life, let the youth ask how he lived in childhood, and by what habits he built his body, for the way in which the strength was gained tells us how that strength may be kept and also augmented.

Every man should remember that his life will be the happier for making habits to be his allies, smoothing his pathway, instead of enemies that heap up barriers in the way. Whatever we do regularly, we soon do easily and at last pleasurably. The full joy of one's work never comes until the working becomes habitual, until the action is automatic, and almost unconscious. This principle is illustrated in the persons of those pianists who have achieved supreme excellence and gained world-wide fame. They all tell us that in the beginning of their career the path was irksome, that with difficulty they found the keys, that they followed the musical score slavishly, and that for a long time some invisible demon seemed to make their fingers always strike the discord. With practice, however, came ease, until the fingers began to think for themselves. Education is not confined to the brain. Wherever there is a nerve, there lies hidden the susceptibility of education. And so, through incessant practice, the nerves gained power,

habits became allies, and at length they needed no light to shine on the page; they needed no page to watch; but they sat with closed eyes in the dim twilight, and the fingers unconsciously missed all the discords, hit all the melodies, and at their call up came all the spirits that dwell in the realm of sweet sound.

When work has reached the stage when by this long practice it is habitual and automatic, the hours of work become the hours of one's greatest happiness. Every author understands the principle. At the beginning he scourged himself to the task, worked fitfully, feared that he must wait for the spirit to move, but at last, through patient attention to habit, the time came when, at the stroke of nine, his intellect began to work, the imagination kindled into a glow, creative work became a delight, and happiness was diffused throughout his entire being. Kant, the philosopher, has a striking passage illustrating the relation between happiness and habit. He tells us that he reduced his life to rule, became a mere bundle of habits, learned to do things by the clock, and that then happiness became a gentle glow that was steady rather than intermittent. For forty years, at the stroke of five o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, he arose to eat his simple breakfast. At the stroke of six he was at his desk with pen in hand. At the stroke of ten he entered his lecture room and

remained till twelve. At the stroke of twelve he dined. At three he was in the park for a two hours' walk, rain or shine, heat or cold. He read from six to ten. When the clock struck ten, he spread his blanket on his simple couch, bade his man good night, rolled over twice, pulled the corner of the blanket over his head, breathed a hymn of gratitude to God, and said to himself, "Kant, thou art a perfectly happy man," and slept in peace to awaken to joy of his work. And this philosopher is only one of many whose example teaches us the importance of making our habits allies instead of enemies.

Nearly all students of habit have studied them from the view-point of fear and alarm. They emphasize the fact that from the repetition of his evil habits the drunkard becomes a slave to his appetites as does the glutton, the miser, and the gambler. But it is only an accident that habit is an enemy to the bad man; the essential thing is that habits are friends to good men. Professor James has a striking passage on the physiological basis of mental and moral conditions. He says: "Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or

of vice leaves its never so little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle in Jefferson's play excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time.' Well, he may not count it, and kind Heaven may not count it, but it is being counted nevertheless. Down among his nerve-cells and fibres the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to use against him when the next temptation comes." ("Psychology," Vol. I. p. 127.)

But Nature remembers our good things as well as our bad things, and the truly happy man is the man whose habits impose upon him the thinking of higher thoughts, dreaming the noblest dreams, exulting in the deepest joys. It is a great thing to have formed the habit of meditating upon the greatest thoughts of the greatest painters, until noble thinking is the necessity of one's nature, because it is automatic, unconscious. It is a great thing to live habitually upon the upper levels with the poets and the heroes, until those allies named habits are, not the angels of our worst nature, but we are under the control of the angels of our better nature.

Consider the relations between happiness and music. The fine arts include landscape gardening, architecture, sculpture, painting, literature, and, last of all and highest of all, music. Because the test of an art is its flexi-

bility, landscape gardening is the lowest of the fine arts, and music the highest. Perhaps literature alone equals or surpasses music in its influence upon human happiness, and, quite beyond literature, music has this signal advantage. It is the one universal art not appealing to men as ignorant or wise, but to men as men. Only a handful of people among the millions of our earth can ever possess, or do practically enjoy, landscape gardening; another handful only are so situated as to be in touch with architecture and painting; another half of the race, so far from being able to enjoy good literature, have never even learned to read. But the slave in his cabin, and the laborer in the mine and forest, the peasants in the field, the inmates of cottages and of kings' palaces alike, appreciate and enjoy music.

Our earth holds myriads of huts whose inmates are innocent of the meaning and message of sculpture and architecture, but these people so poor in earthly treasure can all sing in time and tune. Witness the melodies that have been given to us by the colored people! Witness the pathos of these songs written by the Troubadours! Witness the songs of untaught men in the camps and firesides,— songs that have cheered the soldier in the march, songs that have made those in the home strong, to await the traveller's return!

"It has been said that when God saw how many of His earthly children dwelt in houses to which had not yet come gold or painting or sculpture or poetry, that the Creator, having given to the mind the genius that could paint and carve and build, at last said: I shall now create an art for the whole people — an art for city and country, for palace or hut, for the vast assembly or the single, lonely heart — I shall give the mind music. It thus became as widespread as the green grass, as cheap as wild flowers." In view of its strange influence over man's heart and life, it is no wonder that the greatest minds of all ages have taxed all language to express their conception of the full value of music. Plato once said: "If you would know whether or not a nation is well governed, you must look into the condition of its music." Michael Angelo called it God's richest gift to mankind, and expressed the wish that in dying he might be swept heavenward upon a chariot of sweet song. In an hour of song, when it seemed nothing could bring him relief, Jean Paul called out, "Away, O Music, thou speakest to me of things which I shall never find in this world." Carlyle calls it a kind of articulate, unfathomable speech that leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us gaze into that.

It has never been given to poet or painter to describe in words the hopes of what a good

man hopes to find in heaven, but in music his heart is lifted into the seventh heaven and he sees and hears things not lawful to be uttered. Oh! our workaday duties are too much with us. Our education is too gross and utilitarian. Through much riding we have no time for rising. We have made too much of the intellect and too little of the feelings. When culture has made the intellect strong, it remains to lend it wings, upon which it may fly. No parent has done his full duty to his child until during the precious memory years before sixteen he has given the child's mind as a precious memory forever the great patriotic hymns of home and native land, the folklore hymns of his race, the great classic hymns that sing of man's need and the pathos of God's love, the sublimity of immortality and mystery that lies beyond. For music has full power of pathos and sublimity and can lift man into the ether of the upper world, can wash the dust from the soul's wings and make it triumphant.

Amusements are now more and more closely allied to happiness. Man is not simply a worker; if he is to be happy, he must also play. His body is a bow — his intellect bends it, and his plans are the arrows that he shoots; but if the bow is to keep its spring, it must be relaxed. It is a good thing to be master of one's work, — how to accomplish the most of

labor and the greatest results in the least possible time; but it is just as important to know how to play, and to play with one's whole mind and heart. For a long time the necessities of overwork have rested upon the American people. In the Old World, the farms are subdued, and the towns and cities are builded, and civilization is complete; but in our new country everything has had to be built from the ground up. Our people have formed the habit of work in season and out of season; and now a time has come when we are beginning to pay the penalties of overwork, and the necessities of amusement are upon us. Yet, just in the hour when we need relaxation and amusement, lo, we are without it. Understanding the necessity of relaxation for the people, Germany has developed a national system of music and amusement with gardens and out-of-door recreation. To relieve the strain and stress of work during the six months of winter, she has, by a system of subsidies, developed the opera and the drama and the concerts in the interests of all the people, and other nations have imitated this great people.

But if in that land every little city has its opera house, if the singers and the actors and the members of the military band are under the pay of the state or city or king, in our country there is not one single city or state that has, through subsidy, sought to purify and strengthen

the amusements of the people. Since the necessity of recreation is imperative, amusements must be had, or the health will go down in hopeless, nervous wreck and ruin. The people have turned to such amusements as they can get, because those who furnish the amusements want to do this at the least possible expense and the greatest possible financial profit. They give the people low dance-halls, drinking and gambling resorts, a cheap and low order of drama, and so once more the destruction of the people is their poverty. The time has fully come for the best people in our land to do something for the drama and the opera and for the great orchestral bands. Why a city should do so much to give water for the stomach and gas for the eyes, and think it to be a crime to do anything for the reason or taste, is a problem that perhaps the devil alone can solve.

Many a youth is going into the law or into business, or into clothing the people, or feeding the people, or pleading for the people, who might well think of furnishing music for the people, or writing dramas for the people. Doubtless there is a drama that was bad, and only bad; but the drama can also be good, and only good. One of the best actors in our country carries with him devotional books, he is one of the most spiritual of men, and is far more deeply religious in his life than some clergy-

men. There are some who would say to this man what John said to Jesus, "Send these men away, for they cast out devils, but walk not with us."

The time is now at hand when men who a generation ago would have felt themselves called to be a minister may ask of themselves whether or not they have been ordained for the writing of pure dramas, sweet plays, wholesome literature, songs that will exalt and refine. Principal Forsyth, whose address at the Congregational Council in 1900 was one of the events of assembly, says that the days when he heard Wagner's "*Parsifal*" in the opera house at Bayreuth represent one of the greatest spiritual experiences of his entire career. Now, this opera is the drama of man's sin and Christ's redemptive love; but all the great motives of life are subjects of the drama, — love and home, the jealousy and hatred that ruin it, the impurity that is the suicide of one inmate and the murder of the other, the avarice that can defile, the ambitions that can wreck, while laughter and tears, wit and wisdom, inspire the heart and the life. Great is the power of the press and power of the pulpit! Great is the influence of the college, the lecture hall, and the library! All these have become the angels that minister to a better nature. But the time has fully come for the drama to rise up like an angel of light, to put off her dishevelled garments, and to go

forth and join the company of music and eloquence and authorship, and with them help regenerate and redeem the race.

Travel with change of scene and occupation is a great aid, both to health and happiness. Nothing depresses like monotony. The same round day in and day out, year in and year out, breeds listlessness. It turns life into a treadmill round. Travel, however, is not an absolute term, but a relative one. There are people who never leave their own village, but who daily take a trip abroad. Others there are who are globe trotters, who to all intentions and purposes never leave their own firesides. Whether at home or abroad, a man sees only that to which he brings the faculty of seeing. One day a merchant sent a check of a thousand dollars to Professor Agassiz and invited the scientist to take a trip to Europe. The scholar replied that he was too busy to go to Europe; that the journey was too confined; and because he wished to travel over vaster regions, he proposed to spend the summer in his back yard. Now that yard was scarcely more than a few rods square, yet Professor Agassiz travelled over it very carefully. In the corner of the yard he found a small stone that held the outline of a mollusk. Hard by was another pebble holding a broken fern, while other stones each had its own image and superscription. Three months later, the scientist

reached the other end of his lot. He travelled very slowly; he made a careful record of his observations and experiences. In three months he covered some millions of years of time. In the autumn he decided to publish the story of his travels, under the title "The Journeys of a Zoölogist." There were other men who might have written that book but from the fact that they were foolish to accept the check of a thousand dollars and go to Europe.

Recently a boy spent a vacation with a man who was studying birds. The youth returned grievously disgusted. "I was a fool to go to the woods," he said to a friend, and said so rightly. The reason was this: the boy was a fool before he started. He did not bring anything away from the birds and woods of Canada, because he did not take anything to see the birds with. Beauty is one half in the picture, and the other half in the educated taste, just as sweetness is one half in the song, and the other half in the trained ear. Many a youth bemoans the fact that he cannot travel far, visit the Louvre and see the Sistine Chapel. There is no use in any man's visiting the Louvre unless in advance he has the eye that can see the "sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and truth in everything." If a youth has vision power, he can touch a pebble, a seed, or a black clod, and it will fly open like a king's casket stuffed with pearls and rubies. Let the

boy in the farm-house who wants to travel go out and get a black clod and with a microscope study the rich minerals that are in the lump of mud, and find out by what ice hammer and fiery tongues these rich foods for plants were made ready for their work. Then let him pick up the first twenty stones he finds in the street, and with his microscope make a list of the plants and animals that are caught therein like a fly enmeshed in amber. Let him gather a blade of grass, the leaf from an elm tree, one from an oak, and one from a pine, with a fern leaf and a cactus leaf, and then see why some are tent builders and why some are house builders, and why each leaf is a pattern of its own tree. There never was a peasant boy living in a hut but had within three miles of his own house objects of art and architecture so beautiful as to make the palaces and cathedrals of Europe contemptible; yet every day a youth should travel, go abroad in God's great world, relatively or absolutely, push back the horizon and seek to make himself more of a citizen, not of the farm or village, but of the universe.

Every man also does well to have his hobby and prosecute some special line of work in addition to his own profession or occupation. It is change of occupation that rests the mind, not absolute work. When an athlete has held a dumb-bell at right angles to his body for five

minutes, his arm aches with tire. One way to expel the tire is to let the arm rest in perfect quiet; a better way is to move the arm up and down in an opposite direction. Keeping the arm quiet keeps the veins congested with blood that stays where it was and keeps up the ache. Moving the arm up and down forces the blood into new capillaries and ends the old ache; and this illustrates the true method of mental relaxation and brain fag and nerve tire. It is the merest truism that every lawyer who practises law for eight hours a day will be the better lawyer for his enthusiasm with the camera during the remaining hour; that a good preacher will be a better preacher if his recreation is the study of birds or fishes; that a good metaphysician will be a better thinker for being a good golfer.

Many years ago a boy who lived in the great West was suddenly thrown on his own resources by the death of his parents. Hiring himself out to a farmer, his eye chanced upon the statement that every man should know something about everything, and also be a specialist in addition to his occupation. The next morning the boy decided to make the idea his own, and because the willow was the tree that was nearest him he decided to become an expert upon willows. He found willows that were red, and willows white, and willows gray, and willows yellow, and willows blue; willows that

stood up straight, and willows that bowed themselves down weeping. He collected choice specimens of willow seeds and leaves and exchanged with agriculturists in all the states of the Union. Then he gathered specimens of willows from China and Japan, from England and Russia. The time came when teachers of forestry in lands beyond the sea sent to this farmer strange specimens of the willow for examination and classification. He lived and died a farmer; but if his occupation confined him to his fields and meadows, his hobby made narrowness impossible, broadened the scope of his study and observation, lent him sympathy, and made him friends in all the countries of the earth. There is not a single specimen of the flowers, or trees, or insects, or birds, that is not waiting for some farmer's boy to become its representative, and in doing so the youth who has thought himself cabined and confined will find that he has become the child of liberty, and at last his feet are in the pathway that leads to growth and happiness.

Not less vital to personal happiness is the development from time to time of new outside interests. The hobby should not monopolize one's leisure hours. Every year should develop some new enthusiasm, interest in some department of life and thought with which the man has never hitherto been concerned. It is this that explains the strange youthfulness of some old

men. The Roman senator was never old, for at seventy he began the study of Greek, just as at a like age Disraeli wrote novels, and Gladstone, at eighty, began to translate Horace's "Odes" into verse. Nothing about the great English statesman is more astonishing than his perennial freshness of thought. One winter he took up the study of china, the Sèvres and Dresden ware; another winter he studied the manufacture of silk, and traced it from the cocoon to the completed tapestry; one month he investigated ploughs, from the forked stick drawn by a bullock to many ploughshares drawn by steam. One of the most alert authors and public men of England finds his recreation in the study of painting and the fine arts. One year he took the early paintings of one of the Italian masters, and another of one of the later French school. On his free afternoon each week, when he goes out for exercise, he visits the old curio shops of London. Now London is the Sargasso Sea of fine art into which all the pictures sooner or later seem to come drifting. For three hundred years English merchants have been travelling into Italy to see and admire objects and to buy beautiful pictures. At last the greatest treasures have naturally found their way into the world's richest city. Then when three centuries, or two, or one, have passed by, and the family has lost its wealth, the pictures

that have been on the same walls for generations, and are begrimed with dust and smoke until their real beauty is eclipsed, are taken from the walls and sold for rubbish. One of the French artists, celebrated for his nature studies in his earlier epoch, painted religious subjects. So this English scholar went everywhither looking for the pictures which the French artist had painted. At last he found two of them in old shops, purchased them for a song, and in cleaning them uncovered the name of the artist, and verified them by an old catalogue. An American banker gave a hundred thousand dollars last year for pictures less beautiful as examples of this French master than those picked up by this English scholar, who had wit and wisdom to develop an outside interest beyond his poetry, his essays, and his sermons.

It is essential to happiness that men should keep their friendships in good repair. How pathetic the loneliness of some old men. They have a hunger for affection. In youth and early manhood they formed the closest ties with their fellows, and bound men to them with bands of steel. But having formed these ties, in their ignorance they have thought they had friends enough, and so have had no care to search out new ones. Then, ere their career is half run, lo, their friends have gone, one by one, — some through death, and some

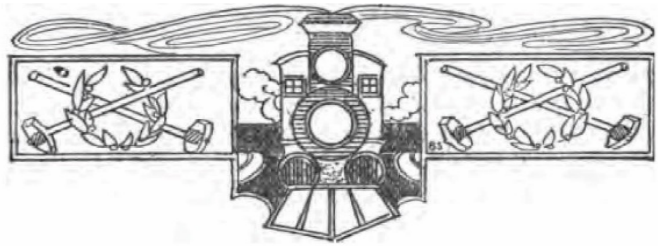
through removals. The man stands alone, having lost the power to grow new friendships. That man is foolish beyond compare who does not study the signs of the times, and recognize that new conditions command new methods. In the store or factory each new year brings a few new methods, and in the realm of friendship wise men should be constantly on the alert, so that the old man is making overtures to the youth, that he may keep himself young, — making this year an overture of friendship to the man of mature years, that he may keep himself in touch with the new problems of life. The measure of a man's happiness will be the number and strength of his friendships among people young and people old, people rich and people poor, people representing professions and those representing the occupations. The appetite of friendship grows by that on which it feeds. The great man will ask for more light, — more light for the intellect; the great heart will ask for more friendship for the inner life.

It is also important for men to supplement the want that their environment involves, so that men who live in the city should cultivate a love for the country, and those who live in the country should cultivate their interest in the city. As never before, our age is specialized, and specialization means limitation. The time was when cities were small, — scarcely more than towns, — and boys easily made their

way into the country. But now, one-half the people of the state of New York know nothing of the country, and the city life is stealing the pigments from the skin, stealing the brightness from the eye, taking the vigor from the step and resonance from the voice. If we think of all those things that city people lack, they are the things that the country would supply. Sorely do we need a return to Nature. It is the fashion to poke fun at the "hayseed" from the country, but there is many a farmer who represents a higher average of health, and life and thought, and all those things that make a man, and life worth living, than his brother who lives in a hothouse air of the city. Once a city mother took her little children to the country, and put them on the farm. An old physician looked at their white chalky cheeks, and their nerveless hands, and their spotless dresses. The mother was afraid they might get into the dirt, but the wise old doctor said: "Madam, there is nothing so healthy as a little clean dirt, and there is nothing so unwholesome as gross personal cleanliness. Let your children dig in the soil." The man knew that what these children needed was to get into close contact with Mother Nature, and let her magnetic forces pass through the child's limbs and skin, back into the body, until the magnetic equilibrium was restored. The vitality of many a child that lives

in a palace in the city is soaked out each morning in the bath-tub, and drains away when the water is released. From the soil man came; to the soil, in death, man shall return. And the full man, who will once each year return to Nature, must need remember that for eleven months he has been living in the barracks on Fifth Avenue, and that he needs to get back to his home in the forest, and really live, — live with the birds, the deer, and the fishes, — with the blanket under him and the boughs over him, and for a full month see no white man's face. And for those clerks and factory men whose daily task forbids the fortnight's vacation, we must all hope much from the new forms of rapid transit. The new motors will redeem them back to health. The time is at hand when, for a half day each week, each clerk in the store, and each worker in the factory, can return to the country, recharge his exhausted nerve cells, take on new stores of heat, and equip the bodily engine for another week of work.

SOCIAL HAPPINESS: THE REDEMPTION OF MANKIND FROM DRUDGERY THROUGH TOOLS AND MACHINERY



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF THE GIRL WHO INVENTED THE FIRST DOOR HINGE

One day the servants brought horses, for the king, and Comfortas, and they two rode through the forest. When the boy drew rein before a hollow tree to watch the bees go in and out on errands of honey, the king told Comfortas that from the bees man gained his first idea of a pantry and cellar; and watching the squirrels store their nuts against the winter, he copied therefrom his first granary; and having seen a spider perfect a trapdoor for its little house, man returned home to make strong the door set in front of his cave. Then Comfortas asked the king who invented the first hinge upon which the door swung. Then the king told Comfortas the story of the beautiful girl who made the first door hinge and started all the men upward toward ploughs and wagons and ships. "Long ago," said the king, "our fathers lived to the east of the river Euphrates. In those days they suffered much from savage beasts and still more savage men, and because life was unsafe in the plains they built for themselves caves in the side of the mountain. Each family had its own cave, and every cave was hollowed out in soft rock. Now there was one family whose pride was a sweet young girl with a soft bloom on her cheek that you never see on the peach or the pear. One night a youth came over the hill from another village, bringing a message to the girl's father. Now it happened that the young man spake with the father, but always his eyes followed the beautiful girl, and after that it chanced that this boy came often over the hill, now upon one

errand and now upon another. And when he came oftener and remained longer, one morning, the beautiful girl proposed to the father that the family have two caves, one for the home-folks and one for company when strangers dropped in; and because the plan seemed a good one, the father made haste and dug out a second cave just beside the first one, with a passage between; and when the next Sunday the youth came over the hill again with a message for the mother, the following morning the girl proposed a door between the caves to separate the house-folks from the company-folks. Also because her mother objected to the carrying the boards in and carrying the boards out again, the girl set her wits at work to invent a hinge upon which the door might turn. We often say that she invented this hinge, but as a matter of fact the girl found the hinge rather than invented it. She copied the hinge out of her own elbow. Here is a model of all door hinges," said the king, as he bent his elbow to and fro; "and the day will come when some excavator, digging in the deserted village, will find a slab of stone that holds the picture of the first door hinge, carved thereon. At one end of the slab sits a young girl; in her left hand she holds a little stone chisel; in her right hand she holds a stone hammer; beside her is the outline of a human elbow, and she is working upon a little stone door hinge just like those found to-day in the caves, filled with sand, near the river Euphrates."

CHAPTER XIV

SOCIAL HAPPINESS: THE REDEMPTION OF MANKIND FROM DRUDGERY THROUGH TOOLS AND MACHINERY

IF in our thought we survey society's upward march, we see that every century has had its task, and every generation its special contribution. Thus, the twelfth century stands for the beginnings of feudalism, the thirteenth for the rise of letters, the fourteenth for the growth of art, the fifteenth for discovery, the seventeenth for the beginnings of liberty, the eighteenth for the fall of feudalism, and the nineteenth for the rise and reign of the common people. But if the ship stands for the era of Columbus, the book for the age of Gutenberg, the falling castle for the time of Cromwell, the nineteenth century will be represented by tools and machinery. Having given to other centuries the artist, the hero, the soldier, and the political saviour, to our era God is giving the inventor. He is lifting up before the nation some modern Watt or Stephenson, some Bessemer or Edison, who is causing the inventor's genius to descend upon a thousand workshops, and rest upon each toiler like an industrial Pentecost.

He who once baptized tongues is now baptizing tools. As never before, machines are reënforcing manhood. Tools are making man's one talent to be twenty talents. New inventions are bringing distant places to be near. Some of our astronomers are now looking forward to the time when it may be possible to communicate with Mars. If such an event had been possible, Lorenzo the Magnificent would have sent to that far-off planet his great picture, Gutenberg would have sent the first book that came from his press, Columbus would have sent a model of his ship; but were our age to send to Mars some object that would epitomize its foremost genius, that object would be called a telescope or a reaper, a phonograph or a steam-power press. Indeed, the increase of happiness, of knowledge, of wealth, and of all that makes up modern civilization, represents gifts bestowed by those physical friends named tools and machines.

How much the serf and slave and laboring man owes to tools and machinery we can hardly tell. In his dream Homer causes unknown and celestial friends to stand about the youth Achilles. One brought a sharp sword, another brought a shield that was proof against arrows, another brought a helmet that was proof against the battle-axe. Protected by this invisible armor, the youth stood forth invincible in the presence of his enemies. But

what was once a dream of the ancient poet God hath now made real for the men of our era. Electricity, fire, wind, steam, tools, are friendly ministers that wait to do man's bidding. Machines are becoming allies, making man invincible. All things in the heavens above and the earth beneath begin to stand about as servants and waiting. Indeed, man is rapidly approaching an era when he will be master of all forces in land and sea and sky. Already he carries himself easily over the river and mountain to the distant sea. He moves without danger through forest and thicket, through fire and through water. Out of the refuse of the earth, he distils foods for his hunger and medicine for his pain; plucking the very thunder-bolt out of the sky, he transforms it into wings for his thought. Verily, all things have been placed under man's feet; this is the proof of his divinity; he thinks God's thoughts out after him.

Consider the relation between tools and happiness. Largely by reason of the increase of machinery the time has come when all are to have leisure to grow ripe and opportunity to be wise. Former ages have been ages of poverty, — "Poverty that follows the youth from place to place, always closing round him, always seeking to strangle him, or to poison him in some most vital spot: that most striking servant of life, poverty." But with tools has

come abundance. The wit and wisdom of no historian can fully describe the contrast between the former era of unhappiness, wickedness, and crime, and this new age of comparative wisdom, happiness, and virtue. The former centuries were centuries of misery. Kings in their palaces once counted those things to be luxuries that are now the necessities of life for the common laboring man in the street. Is it books? "A princess of the tenth century, the Countess of Anjou, gave two hundred sheep, a load of wheat, a load of rye, a load of millet, and several costly skins of fur for one copy of a German monk's writing, while one of the gospels, written on parchment, was so costly that only the fortune of a prince could purchase one."

To-day the cab-drivers of the streets, waiting for a customer, can be seen reading a copy of one of the great classics, for which they paid five cents. Is it travel? Cæsar in France, by relays of horses and carriages, was always near to Rome; but now the steam-car has become the poor man's coach, and the electric car his personal cab. And he makes his way from city to city, not only with ease, but with comfort that would have been the despair of the princes of old. Is it the beautiful? The old gods always dwelt in marble houses, and the princes in their great palaces, but the new photographer, with the fingers of ten thousand

artists, multiplies the old masters, and puts within the reach of all poor men in cottage and hamlet, the copies of the great paintings, pieces of sculpture, the great cathedrals, the historic spots of earth. Is it wealth? If Henry Clay's father received for his marriage portion a present of a new axe, with which to hew his way through the forest, while his young wife received a new dress that her mother had, with weeks of toil, spun from flax, to-day one man in a year, with his looms, will spin cotton enough to clothe a thousand men twelve months. Machinery has increased the wealth of the strong and the rich, but tools have done a thousand fold more for the poor and the weak. This explains the fact that it is now discovered that the rich are growing richer, but that the poor are growing richer at a very much more rapid rate than the rich. Men have put barriers in those ways that lead to crime, but at last all pathways are clear for young feet to press forward toward happiness and character, the forum, and the hall of legislation. Civilization is a ladder that unites earth and heaven, but tools have shaped many of the golden rounds upon which man climbs, hand over hand, out of this low earthly life.

Should we contrast the world of two centuries ago with our own era, perhaps we should be able to comprehend what great things God hath done for man through tools and machin-

ery. The era of Watt's engine and Arkwright's loom is long distant, and yet in that age the working-man in New England toiled not eight, but fifteen hours each day, and received for his fifteen hours twenty cents, at a time when those cents would not go one-quarter as far as they will to-day. The farmer ploughed his field with a wooden plough; he smoothed the furrows by dragging the top of a tree over them; he cut his grain with a little sickle; he thrashed it with a flail; he cleared it by tossing it in the wind; for a harness he had twisted rope; for wagon wheels he sawed a circle from the round tree, through which he thrust his axle; his house was without paint; his floor had clean sand for a carpet, renewed once each week; there were no stoves, for these were not invented till 1820; the use of coal had not been discovered; there were no matches. If, during a January storm, the fire went out, he waded through the snow two or three miles, to borrow a pot of coals from his nearest neighbor, with which he hastened home to kindle his hearth; so poor was he that during the winter he ate meat but once a week; the children went barefooted all summer, and the poor man went barefooted during wet weather to save his cowhide boots.

For want of bridges across the stream, young Henry Clay, invited to be best man at a wedding, broke the thin ice in the river, tied his

clothes in a bundle, swam across in the midst of the stream, redressed himself, and trudged on. For want of oil many a young Lincoln, eager for knowledge, injured his eyes trying to read at night by the light of a blazing log. Taken ill one day in Philadelphia, Josiah Quincy sent a message to his wife, also ill in Boston, and waited twelve days for the letter to return, telling him whether or not she had been buried ten days before. For want of all those inventions that now are helpful to a sailor, the fisherman's life was full of terror. When the sailors of Gloucester, Mass., were about to embark for the banks of Newfoundland, the entire village marched down to the seashore and knelt upon the sand, while the minister prayed for the weeping women, and the men who were literally to go down to the sea in ships. As to poor men, the workingman who owed his grocer a score of dollars in New Haven, Conn., was thrown into a dungeon which was really a deserted mine, and was left there for five years; as to poor men's rights, white slaves went through the streets of Philadelphia with the initial of their owners branded upon their forehead. A paper published in Philadelphia in 1801 contains an advertisement for a runaway slave, a Scotchman, with the initial of his owner burned into his hand, and who, when he disappeared, had a steel collar about his neck. Drunkenness was so common

that a leading Presbyterian minister in Philadelphia found on reaching a cemetery that the elders of his church, who were pall-bearers at the funeral, were all so drunk that they could not handle the coffin, and one fell into the open grave. The next Sunday he announced that he would henceforth refuse to conduct a funeral service where the elders or trustees were drunk.

As to wealth, the people were so miserably poor that they had to fall back on lotteries to secure funds for a new enterprise. We have now exiled the Louisiana Lottery, and driven it to Mexico, but the oldest building in Princeton Theological Seminary was erected by the selling of small prizes, and the advertisements of that lottery, if repeated to-day, would send all these theological professors to the penitentiary. If the pessimists and the grumblers and the people who are always bewailing and weeping for the good old times could only be transported into those times for one day, we would have such a wailing and gnashing of teeth as would bring them back the greatest optimists of modern society. They probably would be in the state of mind of the man who was condemned to be flogged in New Jersey, and who asked to have his sentence commuted to hanging. Walter Scott tells us of a rich knight who was captured by brigands in the forests; one enemy took his horse, another took his sword

and armor, another stripped him of his warm garments. Soon there was a naked beggar where there had been a rich knight. Not otherwise would be the plight of the citizen of to-day were some enemy to come in and rob him of the comforts and conveniences that, under God, represent the gifts of modern machinery.

Analyzed, the machine is that which multiplies manhood. The tool makes the man's one talent to be ten or fifty; the engine lengthens the stride of man's foot and marks his step; the arm of the smith strikes once, but the arm of the trip hammer strikes twenty times, and with a thousand fold power. The eye sees ten miles, but the telescope carries the vision across an abyss measured by millions. Cæsar boasted a voice whose command to halt or advance was heard by ten thousand soldiers, but a telegraph so lengthens the carrying power of the voice, that a general can speak to his soldier friend in Chicago or New Orleans, while the phonograph preserves forever the oration or the sweet song. Our fathers lived lives whose days were drudgery and whose nights were suffering and sorrow. The knowledge that they desired with exceeding great desire has now become possible for their children, by reason of the leisure that comes through tools. Once the father toiled all the year to raise wheat for bread, but now, through machinery,

seven men in one summer will raise wheat enough to support a thousand men for one year, and turn that wheat into flour, and change that flour into bread. Through overwork, often our forefathers were old and broken at fifty years of age. In 1830, during the harvest, farmers toiled sixteen hours through each day to save their crop, but the genius of an inventor freed six men from their toil during the long harvest days. The reaper now saves in a single summer wages equivalent to a hundred millions of dollars, while it is said the savings of the tools for the farmer represent an annual gift of $125 a year to the husbandman, at the same time releasing his sons from toil, and freeing them to enter school or college.

We must remember that it was the steam dredge that gave the world the Suez Canal, and saved Europe from three possible wars. It was the steam engine that has brought London to a point just outside of New York harbor. It is the steam drill in mines and in the ledges of rock that has released miners from their drudgery. It is the steam press that has sown the world with books and papers and increased prints and pictures. It is the tool that has sprinkled beauty over the table, clothed hall and chamber with lustrous beauty. To-day slavery is abolished, and yet through the country every average family has sixty steel slaves that ask neither food nor raiment, and

neither slumber nor sleep. Playfair tells us that if every particle of the heat were saved, a piece of coal the size of a shilling would carry a ton, and its part of the ship, two miles through the ocean, while one sheet of note-paper, burned in a triple expansion engine, would carry one ton one mile. The time has come, also says an English student, when the product of five acres of wheat can be carried from Minnesota to London for less than the cost of fertilizing one acre in England. Once the old Roman emperor, dwelling in his golden house, was surrounded by an army of a thousand slaves who waited to run on his errands. If modern inventions continue for another century at the rate which has characterized the past, one will soon enter upon an epoch when two hundred machines, each representing one-horse power, will toil for him daily and freely, for tools are to fulfil that legend of the king who had one slave who could drink a river dry, another who could mow a path through the forests, another who could level hills and mountains; for tools will yet make men invincible.

Consider the relation of tools to civilization. The early man ceased to be barbarous when he came to use clothing, fire, developed his alphabet, marriage, law, government, and tools. For the amount of iron a man uses, and the number of tools that serve him, measure his place in the scale of civilization. The man who

uses no iron is a savage, the man who uses a ton is civilized. The rude forest child lives on berries and roots, digs shell-fish from the beach, or robs the squirrel of its store. The savage man hurls a stone at a bird or throws a club at some wild beast. In that far-off time, the winds were not less chill than now, the snow was not less cold; and shivering in the blast, man sat at the doorway of his cave with his head between his hands. Suddenly out of the cold and pain a thought was born. Rushing forth, man struck iron against a piece of flint and the latent fire leaped forth. That was a great moment for mankind, when iron upon flint became a tool for producing the fire that heats house and cooks food. That was the morning and the evening of the first day. One winter's night, in that far-off time, the wolves howled about the poor man's hut, and standing as a shield before his babes, man put an iron point upon the end of his spear, little thinking that that iron point, first used against beasts, would become a bayonet against the tyrant, a bullet against despotic kings, and at last become a hammer to break the manacles of slaves. That was a great day for civilization when man first used iron for his weapons. It was the morning and the evening of the second day. The savage man tore raw flesh as do the wild beasts, but hunger led man to think of transplanting the wild plum from the forest to his own door-

yard, and also taught him to sow rice in the field near by. But soon, with much digging in the soil, man was weary. One day man led a bullock into the garden, to the ox's horn he tied a forked stick, upon the end of that stick he fastened an iron point, and that iron point went on swiftly to our ploughshare, to an iron mould-board, to an iron beam, to an iron sickle, to an iron reaper. That was a great day for man, when iron was first used as an agricultural implement. It was the evening and the morning of the third day.

With tools came leisure, and dreaming in peace and plenty; one day man noted the colors in the wing of the bird, the tints in the leaves of the trees, and the petals of the flowers. Out of soft mud he fashioned a likeness of a bird and then of a babe. He made rude pictures of flowers and birds. But the rains spoiled his mud statue, and bleached the colors painted on his blanket. Remembering how iron stained the soil red, one day he made a mineral paint that kept its glowing colors, and with a sharp iron point he made chisels for carving marble. And so the fine arts were born. It was the evening and the morning of the fourth day. The rude forest man made signs, mawed, grumbled in his speech. At last he fashioned words, polished them into forceful speech, and writing upon the leaves of papyrus, the herdsmen upon one side of the

mountain sent messages to the herdsmen on the other side. But the rains wet the leaf pages, the sun dried them, the wind broke them. Then with an iron point man wrote his hieroglyphics upon pages of stone. Soon that iron point went on toward the iron pen, the leaden and movable type, the copper plate, the steel engraving. That was a great day for civilization, when iron entered the realm of literature. It was the evening and the morning of the fifth day.

The time was when force reigned supreme. The strong prevailed, the weak went to the wall. At last parenthood lifted a shield above the babe, and many parents lifted shields above the poor, permitting the orphan to glean in the field, forbidding the creditor to take the coat or the spade from the debtor. At last Christ taught the world that strength and wisdom owed a debt to weakness and ignorance. In that hour man asked the iron to enter the loom and weave soft garments for the poor, to enter the trowel and build a hospital for the sick and the blind, asked iron to become an instrument of healing to the surgeon, an instrument of service for the artisan, until through tools there was enough and to spare for the orphan and the invalids, the halt, the blind. That was a great day for society, when tools began to serve weakness and want, and machinery began to minister to manhood. The

morning and the evening were the sixth day. And when tools shall have fulfilled their ministry, and served to perfect manhood, civilization shall be complete, and there will be a Sabbath of rest and peace upon God's great earth.

Strange as it may seem, the mechanic arts have had a hard time in this world. From the earliest times the husbandman and the herdsman have been esteemed. Hesiod and Virgil sang the songs of the vineyard, Cicero loved his villa, and Cincinnatus came from the plough. But the Greeks despised the mechanic arts, and their artisans were slaves. In Rome also, the use of the plane and the saw were counted a degradation. And this contempt for labor embittered men's lives and broke their hearts. Fortunately for us an era has come when honor attaches to all those who toil in factory and shop, with furnace or loom or lathe. He who works with pallet or shuttle or plane, for devising some instrument of use or beauty in the interest of hall or library or parlor, is counted a public benefactor. Wedgwood, the English inventor, once reared a mansion of great majesty and beauty, stored with whatever made for comfort and happiness. Surrounding it with ornamental trees and perfumed vines and beautiful beds of flowers, he used only an open fence that each poor workman and all school children might be enriched in passing

by. Wedgwood said that he counted a good house to be an institution for civilizing a community. Therefore he sent his house down to the generations as a specimen of beauty and noble house-building, to tempt the thousands upward toward a similar achievement.

Wedgwood held that each workman had the right to go out in thought and follow his picture, his vase, his engine, his printing-press, and make his own the harvest of beauty which others had reached through his sowing. Each Goodyear toiling over his india-rubber has a right to look out upon innumerable ships breasting the storm. Because captain and pilot are dry midst the falling sleet and snow, and physically comfortable through rubber coats, they are mentally able to bring the ship into the desired haven. Each Sir Humphry Davy, remembering how each year thousands of miners have lost their lives through explosions of gas, has a right to follow the miners into their dark caverns, knowing that labor is safe because of the lamp the inventor has perfected. Each builder of a car has a right to remember that once the multitude were borne to the ground by their heavy burdens, while now through his instrument of service the strong bear the burdens of the weak and turn misery and drudgery into happiness and leisure. What benefactions have been wrought by Howe, who perfected the sewing-machine! What refine-

ment hath been wrought by those who perfect instruments of music! What harvests of knowledge do printers sow broadcast over our world! Long after the artisan hath passed away will his tool or convenience live to bless him who owns it!

Not alone are those benefactors who are statesmen and authors and poets and financiers; all those who in any way promote industry or increase happiness and comfort, are the benefactors of their kind. During the crusades, a young knight fell from his horse and suffered an injury that made him a cripple for life. Jealous for the holy war, the rich baron left his castle to enter the shop of a blacksmith. There he learned to mix irons, to draw the blade, and temper the steel. With untiring skill he toiled upon each sword that was to flash in some patriot's hand. Having traced some beauteous device upon the shining hilt, and given the blade into the hand of some strong knight, he would send the soldier away to right some wrong, correct some injustice, free some endungeoned patriot. In his thought, the crippled hero saw his sword flashing in the hand of some general leading the charge against the enemy. He saw his sword deliver the lamb out of the jaws of the wolf. In a victorious hour he saw his sword lifted high in the leader's hand, and like a mirror flashing the news of conquest to distant legions. Oh, beautiful

story! Telling us how each artist and artisan, each child of obscurity, has a right to follow the convenience and comfort his hands have fashioned, as it goes abroad, to give happiness indeed to him who possesses it, but also to the mind and heart that fashioned that instrument.

Strangely enough, in this era when tools have emancipated men from slavery, men have risen up to assert that machines are creating a new form of servitude. An eminent author and orator has just affirmed that "labor-saving machinery is a curse to laboring men." Once slavery was patriarchal, now it is said to be industrial; once the machine was the accident of the man, now man is the mere incident of the machine. This bishop reminds us that the time was when the shoemaker toiled over his post during the morning hours, spent his afternoon in the orchard and garden, his evening at the town meeting or with the school board, his Sundays in worship and reflection, and was at once workman, worshipper, and student.

But analyzed, the statement that machinery is an enemy to happiness and is destroying individuality, is misleading, calculating to disturb the happiness of each workman, and to embitter his life. So far from tools degrading men, they represent the uttermost of kindness and divine benefaction. By reason of the ignorance and error of past generations, it happens that very few men are possessed of genius or great-

ness. There are a few ten-talent men, a few five-talent men, more two-talent, while most men represent one talent. Now, in an age when civilization has become complex and highly organized, the great multitudes representing one talent are in danger of falling out of the race. The strong and the wise advanced so swiftly that the one-talent men could not keep up.

Now, in the interest of this one-talent man, inventors were raised up to create tools. To make a modern shoe requires sixty different workmen. From those sixty different tasks, the one-talent workman selects something he can do; and doing that one thing he, too, becomes a creator, retains his self-respect by being a producer, and where without tools he would have been heart-broken, with his tools he stands upon his own feet and makes his own contribution to our civilization. In fulfilment of the promise that "the bruised reed I will not break," God gave the tool as an act of uttermost kindness and tenderness. Search all modern life through, and there shall not be found one single element that represents a form of ministry to the weak and the poor, that is so beneficent as the fact that machinery hath so divided toil as to enable the humblest man to become a self-supporting worker, and have his own place in civilization. And when the tool has made a place for the one-talent

man, it goes on to give him four times the wage that his father enjoyed, by means of which he purchases a newspaper, the book, the picture, the ride to the park or lake or into the country, influences that redeem him from drudgery and obscurity, and make him the child of variety and growth.

For the occupation and tools are teachers not less than the church and the library and the schoolhouse. Doing with one's might what one's hand finds to do, is the sole secret of happiness, and he who used his toil to further the happiness of others was said to have a partnership in God's plan. Side by side with the thinker in color and stone, the thinker in poem, in oration, and law, stands the thinker in wood and iron, in stone and steel. Happy indeed shall our world be when once again men shall see that Watt and Stephenson march side by side with Shakespeare and Milton, and that equal honor attaches to artisan and artist. For in God's providence the working classes are to achieve their progress by means of tools. Machines are to make the deserted fields of Europe to be productive again for the starving peasants. And tools toiling under India's tropic skies are to redeem the millions from their starvation and drudgery. Tools are to save what is now wasted and make poor men rich. Tools are to redeem our men of poverty and want. Within

the next century, it is believed, tools are to make the college and university as free for young men and maidens, as public schools are now for boys and girls. Machinery is to increase intelligence and refinement; to put comforts and conveniences, with instruments of beauty, with those now called the poor and the weak. Through machinery wealth that now like snow sometimes comes together in drifts, is to be diffused and scattered evenly over the land. Tools are to become the almoner of universal bounty toward the church, the school, the library, the gallery, the Christian home. Increasingly freeing men from toil, tools are to give men leisure for study, travel, philanthropy, reform, Christian service and sympathy. And he who toiled at the carpenter's bench is at last to convince the world that work alone brings peace.

For ambition there is no rest, for passion there is no fruition of joy; precedence often ripens no fruit save envy and bitter sorrow. But where the hand does honest and honorable work, there the heart doth sing, and the laborer at his forge or furnace, the workman who polishes his wood, or perfects his iron, know that honest toil lends a certain peace that wealth cannot increase nor poverty take away. The hope of the world is in honorable industry, in economy and thrift, in obedience

to law, in the fulfilment of Christ's gospel of love. We need not pray that God may give fruitful meadows and pastures, rich mines and mountains, for he hath already bestowed these treasures. We do need to pray that the people be not overripe in their prosperity; that our sons be held back from greed and avarice; that our daughters be preserved from luxury and pride. Through tools God is multiplying our wealth. Happy shall we be if wealth builds booths for the weary pilgrim, digs wellsprings for thirsty lips, plants vineyards for hungry wayfarers, turns deserts into gardens and fruitful fields. For so shall the rich and poor alike find that the ways of Christian sympathy are the ways of social pleasantness; that the paths of Christian service are the paths of perfect peace.

The relation of tools to social reform men are just beginning to understand. How many of the social abuses and problems of the day spring out of poverty? Through poverty men are doomed to drudgery; hunger and the necessities of the body scourge man forth to his unceasing toil. What time has a poor workman for books? It is said that ignorance is the poor man's destroyer, but what time has the laborer for books and study? It is said that drink is the poor man's curse, but the man's poverty drives him to drink. The workman's clothes are threadbare, and he cannot

get a position because he is untidy; but without work his clothes will be thinner still. His eyes are gaunt and hollow, his lips and fingers blue and thin, and men will not give him work because he is not strong enough; but without work he will be weaker. Verily, the destruction of the poor is their poverty. The workman needs to be strong physically, and this means that tools must be invented to enable us to double the food products of our soil while halving the cost of his daily bread. The workman must be well fed, and this means our inventors must hasten the flight of the shuttles, thus quadrupling the number of garments and lessening their price. The workman needs leisure for personal growth, and that means that the tools must shorten his hours, toiling for man and freeing all laborers when their eight hours' work is over. The poor live in the tenement houses in the crowded districts of great cities, and there, where the children of the poor crowd and throng, evil men found their resorts of vice and accustom young children to sin and crime; for the cleansing of these dark regions, many reformers are looking to the bath-house, the reading room, the evening classes, free lectures, Bible schools; all these forms of social amelioration can do something for the people, but so long as children and youth are huddled together in hourly contact with every form of drunkenness and

profligacy, the stream that is cleansed by evening instruction in one hour is polluted the next. There is but one evangelist for the tenement-house region and the crowded district of great cities, and that is the inventor who will give us a new system of electric transit, an electric engine, and a service so cheap and so rapid that for two cents or five cents the workman can journey ten miles in the country in ten minutes in the evening, and return in as many minutes in the morning, owning his own little garden patch; and when the mother owns her own little house, no matter how humble, and has her little children in the open air away from evil companions, they will need no night school, no institution of reform and philanthropy. Damp hay or grain, simply because it is confined, heats and rots, no matter what corrective is put into the haymow. Put a hundred families in a tenement house and all the social reforms in creation cannot prevent the inevitable deterioration with the innocency of childhood, the purity of youth, the wrecks of manhood, and the degradations of old age.

It is sometimes said that tools are destroying the chances of our young men. It is said that everything that the human fingers do, can be done by fingers of iron and steel. Steel fingers can sew better than human fingers, they can tie the knots around wheat sheaves

more accurately; steel shuttles can weave a finer satin than can human ones, while the typewriter's letters are firmer and finer than those made by the human hand, and so of every work of a workman that involves repetition; but the thing to be remembered is that every single tool in existence to-day will have to be reinvented. There is no tool so perfect but that in ten years, through the study of the workman who handles it and his inventive skill, it ought to go to the waste heap. A locomotive works in England builds its engines to run fifty years, and in so doing wastes a large part of its labor. The greatest locomotive works in our country have discovered that one invention crowds so rapidly upon the heels of another that in ten years the new locomotive must be replaced by a new form of labor-saving device, and so instead of building an engine for fifty years they build it for twenty. The tools of to-day are not finalities. Every wheel and lever is an invitation to the workman to add an improvement, and as the machine grows more complex, the chances for the workman's inventive skill are constantly increased; so far therefore from the tool lessening the workman's chances it increases his opportunities and multiplies the incentive to creative thought and skill.

From another view point, a new tool may seem to be a calamity. Some years ago an

inventor entered a great shop with a new mechanism. The superintendent and directors of the shops gathered round the inventor and watched the tool do its work the long day through. Before the day was over, it was evident it had done all that was claimed for it and that the factory would soon have a new equipment. When it was evident that the tool would take the place of the man, the superintendent noticed that the workman who assisted him was brushing away his tears. Thinking that some misfortune had overtaken the workman's home, perhaps his wife or child, he called the man aside. Asked as to his agitation, the workman exclaimed, "This morning I came in that yonder door a skilled laborer earning three dollars a day, this morning I knew that in another year I would be able to finish the payments on my little house, keep my girls in the high school and also my one boy. To-night that tool sends me out yonder door reduced to the level of a common working-man. The practice and skill of thirty years have gone in an hour. I am too old to learn a new trade." The tool toppled down that man's ambition and hopes as by a stroke of an earthquake. He was too old to readjust himself to the new industrial conditions. Doubtless society at large gained enormously by the new invention, but so far as that individual was concerned the new tool meant only sor-

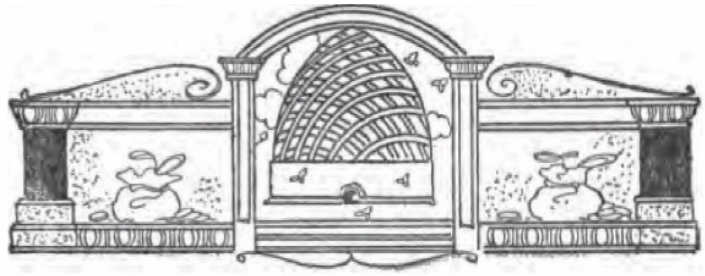
row, heartache, and poverty. Nothing is risked in saying that the state owes something to those men who are suddenly thrown out of employment by the invention of new tools. When a long time has passed and the state has learned that there is a form of benevolence that is saving and that there is saving that is losing, the state will have its commission to report on new tools and care for workmen thrown out by these labor-saving devices during the month or the year that it is thought necessary for the workman to master some tool or handicraft.

The story of the invention of tools is one of the most fascinating and dramatic in history. The state of South Carolina has recently celebrated the anniversary of the invention of the cotton-gin and has made much of the name of Eli Whitney. More than a century ago this youth was passing along the street when he met a young woman who lifted up her blue eyes and with a single glance let fly an arrow that pierced his heart through and through. With instant resolve he determined to overcome his poverty, found a home for himself, and never rest content until he conquered that young girl's affection and companionship. Every event that came up was eagerly questioned by young Whitney in the hope that it might offer the coveted opportunity. One evening he was at dinner at the house of a friend near Savan-

nah, Georgia. The gentlemen were discussing the poverty of the state, the heavy mortgages on the farms, and one of them said that if some way of separating the seeds of the cotton could be discovered, the output of cotton might be quadrupled and the state redeemed from poverty to wealth. Young Whitney eagerly jumped at the problem. Next morning he went into the barnyard. He saw there a crate of chickens made ready for sending to market; beside the crate lay a pile of feathers. It seemed that the cat had developed a love for young chickens, and thrusting her paws in between the slats, had pulled off the feathers, leaving the chicken behind. In a moment Whitney's keen intellect leaped from the claw of the cat to the tooth of the saw, from the wooden slats to the steal wires, from the chickens in the crate to cotton in a box, from the cat's claw to a steel hook, and from the feathers pulled out to the cotton drawn through, leaving the seeds behind; and every day there are a thousand events taking place like this that represent the possibility of enormous saving, only there is no Eli Whitney to leap from the event to the invention. If boys only had the eyes to see, there are thousands of dollars lying in the street in front of their front door, and whoever will may pick up the gold. This gold, however, is in the form of coal dust; 80% of the heat in our stoves goes

out in the chimney. Some day a youth will force oxygen into the stove, save 80% of the heat, sending 20% out of the chimney, and that youth will halve the expense of factories and railways in our country and become the richest man of his generation. It is not opportunity that young men need, it is intellect; it is not an industrial chance, but individual attention, concentration, patient thought, that is demanded. Never were the opportunities so many, nor rewards of tools so great.

THE INCREASE OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS THROUGH THE NEW ART MOVEMENT AND THE DIFFUSION OF THE BEAUTIFUL



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF THE FIRST HARP

Now Comfortas, the king, bore the burdens of his people, and because he loved them he was troubled by their poverty and ignorance, and often he was anxious and worried. At midday he wished that it was night, and sometimes at midnight he longed for the coming of the morning. One morning, awakening a great while before the day, the young king arose, and throwing on his cloak went into the garden. Often Comfortas had read the story how the gods helped Theseus lay the foundations of Thebes, and how, while the hero slept, these invisible friends drew near to build the walls, to spring bridges over the chasm, and how in the night-time, the hosues went up twice as fast as they had grown by day under the hands of human workmen. In those days all the world was still young, the dew was not yet burned from the grass, the unseen ones still walked and talked with men; though Comfortas knew not that these invisible friends dwelt round about him and loved him for his noble father's sake. But now the time had come when the king was to learn that the gods never forget the labor of a good man, and that while he works, other hands work with him. Thinking, therefore, of the love the gods bore to Theseus, and of how much he needed their help in these days when he was laying the foundation of his city, Comfortas made his way through the dark toward an arbor in the garden. And as a man in the forest often turns round to see who is approaching even when his eyes tell him that no one is near, so Comfortas was conscious of an unseen presence near. Once in the dark, he stood motionless and strained his ears as though he had heard the rustle

of wings. Then entering the arbor he was startled to find a strange child lying there asleep; a child beautiful enough to be of the very angels of God, -- a child perhaps left behind by those who had fled before Comfortas's coming. For a long time he questioned the little stranger, but could not make him understand. So Comfortas made signs, offering the child food and drink, but he refused with the air of one who had been fed on ambrosial bread and the wine and nectar of the gods. When the morning began to dawn, Comfortas despaired of finding any common terms of speech; in that moment, however, he bethought himself of the old priest in the temple, and knowing that when the sun was risen the old man would kindle a fire on the sacred altar and offer a sacrifice and solemn prayer, Comfortas took the little child's hand and brought him to the temple. When the priest had heard the story, he made ready the offering and led the child to the sacred altar. Now it chanced that beside this altar was an instrument whose use no man understood; it was wood, curved in the shape of an ox-bow, curiously wrought also, and with many strings. There was a story that this instrument was brought hither by the one who came from the temple at Delphi, but the priest knew only that on the wood was carved these words, "Apollo's Lute." Now it happened that when the child saw this instrument he ran to it as toward an old friend. He strained it to his breast, he pressed his lips upon the carvings, and then lifting his face toward the blue sky as if his heart was following the golden cloud of incense that was floating heavenward, he swept his hands over the strings; and each time his fingers touched them, strange sweet sounds melted into song, and opening his lips he poured forth his soul in a speech that was new to Comfortas. It seemed to the king as if the child's soul rode up in a chariot of sweet song to meet and greet the gods. And as Comfortas beheld he marvelled, not knowing what these things might mean, but the old priest laid a finger upon his lips, and beckoning, they went softly out, leaving the little stranger with Apollo's lute, to those unseen ones who are never far from men in time of need. All that day Comfortas went about with rapt face as if he had seen a vision. And every moment the strains of that song which he had heard sang itself over, bubbling sweetness like a little spring in his heart. Now when another morning came, the king and his priest went again to the temple, and lo, the child was gone, and only the lute

remained. So they sent for the children of that city, and, lest they should forget, Comfortas wrote out the song he had heard, in that subtle tone language known as musical notation, and taught the song, that he had heard the child sing, unto all the children. Remembering also how the child looked into the blue sky as he sang, the king used to say that every singer should sing looking upward and listening to the sweet sounds that drift over heaven's battlements. And from that day Comfortas directed that every youth should study eloquence and philosophy, indeed, but also music, that all might be wise and strong.

CHAPTER XV

THE INCREASE OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS THROUGH THE NEW ART MOVEMENT AND THE DIFFUSION OF THE BEAUTIFUL

ONE of the most hopeful signs of the time with reference to the increase of happiness is the new enthusiasm for the fine arts and the diffusion of the beautiful. Our age is doubtless still under the influence of the great scientific movement, being interested in every fact that pertains to things of matter and of mind; it is also deeply interested in invention, toiling tirelessly upon those tools that increase the productive output; but not less striking is the tendency of our people toward that interest in art that is investing with the beautiful the clothes that men wear, the houses in which they live, and is lending strength and beauty to every tool and house and ship. In the past, two nations, Greece and Italy, at two periods in their history, the period of Pericles and the period of the Renaissance, have carried every object that their hands touched beyond the point of utility up to the point named beauty. Among the Greeks architecture and sculpture absorbed all their thoughts. They invested

marble with such loveliness that the very fragments named the Elgin marbles are the pleasure and despair of all modern sculptors. In Italy the supreme minds of the Renaissance gave themselves to pictures as well as to statues and cathedrals.

If other ages have reserved their enthusiasm and admiration for heroes and military leaders in that era, it was the artist that invoked the deepest and most passionate enthusiasm of the people. In the fifteenth century a picture by Cimabue was an event that concerned the entire people. When the great Florentine completed his Madonna, the shops were closed, workmen dropped their tools, farmers left their tasks, the soldiers were released from the camp, all the people assembled in the streets; the artist was borne on the shoulders of the multitude, the picture was lifted up and carried at the head of a procession that marched with music and banners and tumultuous shouts toward the church, where the canvas was hung that all people might feast their eyes upon its loveliness. Indeed, so great an event was the unveiling of a new picture that the news spread beyond Italy, and King Charles of Anjou made a pilgrimage to Florence to be present at the time when a new painting was to be lifted to its place on the walls of Santa Maria Novella. For four hundred years merchants of the world have spent their leisure months travelling in

Italy in search of art treasures, and through purchase these objects have been distributed through the châteaus of France, the castles of Spain, the country seats of England, and the galleries of the world, and nevertheless, so marvellous was Italy's fertility in the beautiful, that her churches and chapels, her galleries and palaces, are still rich in countless and incomparable treasures; for neither "time, war, pillage, nor purchase" have availed for destroying Italy's unique supremacy in the kingdom of art. Of that glorious age we can only say that God poured out the spirit of the beautiful upon all the people, and withdrew the veil from men's eyes so that they could see that He had made everything beautiful in its own time.

Consider the influence of the beautiful upon social happiness. Vast indeed the sphere and power of this new enthusiasm. It has been said that to-day one-fourth of man's labor satisfies the demands of hunger and raiment. During the remaining hours man toils that he may adorn his cottage in the plain or the mansion in the town where his dear ones dwell. Work has become an artist. Man toils not that he may live; he toils that he may live beautifully. The worker is learning how to imitate God. All of God's snowflakes are beautiful flakes; all of His crystals have lovely lines; His leaves are beautiful leaves; all His roses of red have beautiful tints. Ugli-

ness has no place in His handiwork. In His world everything is beautiful in its time. For an era hath come when the mechanic arts are flowering into beauty, and soon will dawn a century when those arts will bloom into virtue. Having lent power to man through tools, having lent man wisdom through schools, and virtue through wisdom and sweet song, God is now lending man refinement through the diffusion of art. It is as if He had sent beauty forth to stand as a vestal virgin upon the threshold of each home. For as all beauty comes forth from God, at last it will help lead men back to God.

The fine arts have this divine sanction, that they are attempts to render permanent some one of the thoughts of God. We have already seen how the mechanic arts copy from divine models, the telescope being patterned after the lenses of the eye, the telephone strengthening the ear, the printing-press hastening the fingers of man, the sewing-machine multiplying skill for women. Not otherwise has been the history of the fine arts. To Michael Angelo God gave the models for the seraphs and angels that cover the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, as with the very angels of God. One morning the sculptor found a young peasant in the street who was a veritable Apollo in form. Knowing that the youth must soon die, and desiring that future centuries might perceive

how noble a face and form God had given to this youth, the sculptor determined to make permanent this young man's beauty. He did not take wood, for that would rot; nor iron, for that would rust; but he took marble from the quarry and, copying the young man's beauty into marble, he sent his image down as a heritage for the generations.

Lingering in the market place, Raphael found a peasant girl with a basket of flowers before her, and a sweet babe upon her arm. Leading her into the chapel, he caused her beauteous face to be repeated upon the ceiling, from which her lustrous loveliness still shines forth before the eyes that come from every part of our great world. Through the forest God gave Von Pile, the architect, the model for his great cathedral. He noticed how the trees of the forest threw their branches across the one to the other and, interlacing, made the beauteous arch. Later on, the architect asked these upspreading branches to repeat their form in the upreaching columns, asking the arching branches to repeat their form in the arches of his cathedral. Once the rude mob bowed their foreheads when God's goings were in the tree-tops; now, standing under that awful pile, which, covering acres, reaches up its dome toward heaven, the people again bow their foreheads and send forth great prayers to God. Music, also, is not so much

created by man as it is given of God. The artists always picture St. Cecilia as listening with an upward look. By this the artists mean to say that the sweet notes by which St. Cecilia ravishes the heart of man are but the earthly echoes of heavenly notes with which St. Cecilia was herself ravished by the voices of some angelic choir.

To this age, blessed with those forms of the useful called the forge and factory, the lathe and loom, God has also granted an enthusiasm for the beautiful, made manifest through those arts that are now adorning man's heart, his home, his temple, his city. All generations have indeed loved the beautiful to some degree, witnessing that love by the rude statues and coins and monuments they have left behind. Even the savage races without instinct for law or government or worship, manifest the love of the beautiful, through bright beads for the blanket, gay feathers for the hair, soft colors for the cheek. But this generation is not more eminent for its love of law and liberty, or its use of tools, than it is distinguished for the diffusion of the beautiful as an instrument of universal culture. In the days of old the gods lived in palaces, the people lived in hovels. Athens, with her Parthenon, reminds us of the beggar who wore ràgs and ate a crust, but who carried a velvet casket stored with precious stones and jewels.

Into the temple of Athene were swept all precious statues, all paintings, glowing and glorious, rich tapestries for the walls, mosaics brilliant with precious stones and gems. But dwelling in her marble house, Pallas Athene looked forth on a people that dwelt in mud huts. Not many of the citizens of Athens lived in a brick house or walked upon a floor. Of the ten thousand freemen of that city the great majority lived in houses made of sun-dried brick, with a roof of straw, a marble floor of dirt, midst rooms bare of beauty. The streets were narrow and dark, without sidewalk or pavement. Men flung their refuse into the street, or piled it in the alley. Because garbage was without, toward the street the citizen's house had no window, save a single narrow slit in the interest of the cook, who from time to time thrust forth her head, crying "Beware!" before hurling her ashes or waste water upon the head of some passer-by. In that age beauty was too precious to be wasted upon the common people. All were debased by ugliness. The arts were reserved for the temple of Minerva or the palace of the king.

In the Middle Ages, also, when the castles and palaces of Venice and Florence were in the full zenith of their perfection and the splendor of their beauty, the people lived midst poverty, squalor, and filth. One place

was indeed beautiful — the cathedral. For its abbey each city reserved its most precious gifts. Men made their cathedrals glorious with paintings, frescoes, statues, mosaics, stained glass, tapestries, gold and silver plate, gems and jewels, embroideries, missals, illumined manuscripts. No stained glass was beautiful enough for Brabante's cathedral. No marble was fine enough for Giotto's tower. No walls were too rich for Angelo's frescoes. No porphyry or serpentine was too costly for St. Mark's Cathedral. The very fragments of these ancient temples are the despair of modern artists. The destructive zeal of the iconoclast has, indeed, pulled down the statues, whitewashed the ceilings, broken in pieces the carved stalls, so that these cathedrals are now only the shells of a perfection that was once matchless. And yet the modern pilgrim who stands in one of the cathedrals of Europe and beholds the spires, the buttressed walls, the glorious windows, or looks up toward a roof dim with distant shadows, like unto infinity itself, is overcome with a flood of emotions by the sublimity of what is now only bare and rugged strength, but which once was lustrous beauty. But if in that age beauty was for the cathedral, ugliness was appointed to the homes of the people. The mediæval town was a huge barracks, a monstrous fortress.

But at last, in God's providence, an era hath

come when art is distributed. If once genius was concentrated in the single temple or cathedral, now beauty is distributed among the millions who dwell in cottages. No longer does society beautify cathedrals; it rather beautifies the homes of the people. Where once the artist concentrated all his skill upon a single picture or statue, now he diffuses his genius, and sprinkles beauty upon the table of the dining room, or distributes it over the ceilings and walls of halls and libraries and sleeping chambers. Art has ceased to limit its refining influence to the favored few. Going abroad, it sweetens life in cabin and cottage. The modern Wedgwood seeks to organize beauty into china, so that eating and drinking may serve for refinement and culture. The modern Titian no longer gives years to adorning the single palace of some prince, he rather concentrates his skill to some form of art for making a thousand copies of some noble picture, that it may be distributed through the whole world. Men are accustomed to refer this era of diffusive art to the influence of John Ruskin. When that prophet of beauty was searching out the explanation of the ugliness of poor men's homes, he visited Sheffield to study the men who worked in iron. Finding that these men were without models of beauty, he took the marbles that he had collected in Greece, the paintings he had found in Italy,

the art treasures he had collected in many lands and cities, and distributed them among the working-men, that they might make the knife and fork to represent lines of beauty; that the papers upon the walls of the cottage might have not coarse and harsh colors, but soft tints and lovely lines; that carpets and rugs might serve for the eye and the taste. To Ruskin God gave the task of ushering in an era when untold prophets of art would rise up to sprinkle beauty upon man's dress, his house, his books, his city.

Our world may never again behold a Phidias or Praxiteles adorning a single temple. Society may never again have a Brabante or Michael Angelo building a single St. Peter's. But what is infinitely better, our world is to have an art that is increasingly diffusive, sowing all the land with sweetness and lending refinement to all our people. Recently a poor working-woman, who had through three years subscribed for one of the ten-cent magazines, found that she was the owner of more than one hundred full-page prints of great paintings. Having mounted her treasures, she sent these pictures out to be circulated from one poor home to another, to bless little children and sweeten the life of many weary hearts. In view of what was accomplished by that one woman who loaned Sparks's "Life of Washington" to young Abraham Lincoln,

in view of the fact that one chance to look upon one painting led the young scullion in Italy to exclaim, "I, too, am a painter!" and, dropping his apron, go out to become one of the great artists of Italy, who can measure the influence upon our people and civilization of the new movement distributing the beautiful in the common life of our people?

As never before, God is baptizing the generation with the spirit of loveliness and the passion for art. In Italy the time was when the entire people was intoxicated with color. Was a youth born with an ambition to excel, and a message from God for the multitude? Let him take his thought of heroism and express it in terms of form and color. On the day when the great canvas is unveiled, the entire city will go forth to look upon this form of intellect named painting. And now, to our generation, that many have supposed to be sodden in materialism and steeped in sordid motives, with the glint of the guinea in every eye, has come this new baptism from God. Our consul-general in France tells us there are more than twelve thousand American students of art dwelling in Paris. Some are studying sculpture, some architecture, some music, but most of them are studying painting. Indeed, the number of American students in the French capital exceeds the sum total of the students of all other nationalities, English and

German, Russian, French, etc., all combined. What is the meaning of this new enthusiasm? Whence came this divine passion?

How shall we account for the rising of this new spirit that has exiled these students from home and native land? Some tell us that it is largely the influence of the great World's Fair in Chicago; that many young men and women came up to that fair and in the Fine Arts Building found themselves, discovered the meaning of the strange restlessness and discontent that had long disturbed them. Architects tell us that from that summer the people of the country have demanded beautiful plans for their public buildings, their homes, and their very barns and granaries; and certain it is that after 1893 the number of art students going abroad suddenly sprang to over twelve thousand. We can only account for the movement by saying that the spirit of beauty and the spirit of God are like winds, they come we know not whence, and they go we know not whither. Well do I remember the last time I was abroad, going into the students' quarter, visiting their studios, their class-rooms, the garrets in which they slept. What poverty is theirs! What threadbare coats does one witness! What gaunt, starved faces, and great, eager eyes, aflame with this divine enthusiasm! They are wrestling with the angel of beauty as Jacob wrestled with the angel of righteousness. While we

sleep here in our luxury, that youth yonder is awake, tossing on his pallet and crying, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." And what shall we say of that boy in the forests of Michigan, never seen but once, but whose face will never be forgotten! Living on the merest pittance, who dared to go from Paris to Upper Egypt, to catch the light of the sun on the old tombs and temples at the moment when that sun was on the horizon, — a youth, old and broken when he was scarcely out of his teens, whose passion for his art was only surpassed by that of the sculptor of whom you all have read, whose new model in clay was threatened by severe cold the very night when it was completed, and who wrapped the wet clay, precious beyond all worth, in the blankets from his own bed, and preserved the model from the frost, indeed, but who through that frost himself suffered death ere morning.

Talk about the tragedies of young Hamlet and Titian! There are tragedies a thousand fold more real, heroism more glorious, than these being daily enacted by our American art students in Paris. Some reader will next summer go abroad. You will not do your duty by this noble band, many of whom will be martyrs, unless you find your way to some of the students' meetings, give them greeting and good cheer. Soon they will return, to bring us new methods in our buildings, public and

private, new decorations for our homes, new designs for our parks, new conceptions for illustrating our books. God hath appointed to them the task of diffusing the beautiful in American society. He will scatter them throughout the land as once by persecution He scattered His apostles, whose mission it was to hand forward the torch spiritual. Great is the influence of the merchants and the inventors and the editors. But who shall say that this new enthusiasm for the beautiful with which God has baptized American society is not to do quite as much for the influence of happiness and culture?

Consider the relations between this new art movement and a higher individual and social life. Now that art hath adorned the column and the arch, lent beauty to the canvas, to the ceiling, and the walls, the spirit of beauty is beginning to enter the moral realm and adorn the soul. Men who live in palaces, physical, begin to feel the incongruity of living like savages or slaves in their spiritual life. The youth who wears a comely garment for his body is a little less willing to smear his soul with some foul vice or sin. The tepee of a painted savage fits his cruel and brutal soul as a glove fits the hand. It is hard to think of an Indian with his tomahawk being perfectly at home in a library or a palace car. For the modern youth who dwells in a beautiful house, reads a beauti-

ful book, walks in a beautiful park, or spends an hour in a beautiful gallery, to become a reeling drunkard or a glutton, or a thief or a tramp, seems a grievous form of sin against the law of the eternal fitness of things. The distribution of the beautiful in daily life unconsciously is an incitement toward beautiful thoughts and a beautiful character, and a barrier against ugliness of mind and deformity of morals.

Immeasurable, indeed, the influence of this modern art movement upon the morals of society. For our fathers the contrast was so great between their free and beautiful homes and the ugliness and the squalor of the huts of the slaves that our citizens came to feel that the slave pen was an ugly blot upon the page of our history. Not otherwise to-day does Count Tolstoi feel that there is a great incongruity between the comfort and beauty of the homes in which the princes of Russia live, and the woe and misery, the rags and the ignorance, of the starving peasants, who are often seen marching in long columns toward Siberia. In our own city also the tenement-house region, with its old rookeries, its vicious resorts, the broken windows filled with pillows, the ashes and cinder heaps in the alleys and the streets, show up strangely put over against Fifth Avenue in New York or Clinton Avenue in Brooklyn; and the social settlement movement

and our various missions represent attempts to transform social ugliness into moral beauty. A white background lends new blackness to blackness itself. And because the moral background of our world is whiter and purer than ever before, the lines of corruption are now assuming unwonted hues of ugliness. Society is coming to feel that the gambling den, the evil resorts, the presence of the boodler or jailbird sitting in a council chamber, the selection of a murderer for a position of high authority, represents spots black and ugly lying upon the otherwise beautiful garments of our civilization. Indeed, the recent political upheaval in our city represents the hunger of the poor for some form of moral and mental beauty that would correspond with the increasing beauty that is physical, diffused in life's comforts and conveniences.

Mark the relation between the fine arts and right conduct and character. We have seen that beauty without is the outer revelation of an inner perfection. We need, therefore, to correct our conceptions of the Christian life. The old Puritanism did, indeed, misunderstand the beautiful. Our fathers denied the eye its taste, denied the imagination its hunger, wore ugly coats, and starved the passion for the beautiful. From their view-point the Christian life meant the restriction of all pleasures. But those noble men had so many virtues that we can concede them an occasional error and mistake. We now

know that they were grievously wrong. So far from the Christian man having to deny himself the beautiful, by way of preëminence he is permitted its enjoyment. In the orchard is an apple tree. How shall the husbandman make the most possible out of this fruit-bearing tree? The boughs push forth their pink and "pale floretted masses of snow." Does God ask the husbandman to pinch off these blossoms?

After a time Nature lends a soft and crimson blush to the cheek of the wine sap. Does God ask the gardener to obliterate these glorious tints by daubing them over with black paint? In the autumn the ripe fruit is fairly dripping with sweet, pungent, aromatic juices. Does God now ask man to sprinkle a handful of ashes over the two halves of the apple to destroy the sweetness of the taste for the palate? The great God hath made all things beautiful in their time. His garden is an Eden. His very leaves have healing power. His very streets He would have paved with gold, and the very gates of His city are to be beautiful as if the gate were of pearl or of sapphire. And so He asks His disciples to stand for supreme loveliness in mind and heart. They are to have all the fruits of the spirit; and what is so beautiful as one of these forms of divine fruitage? The disciple is to wear love as a girl wears a beautiful garment. Joy is another fruit, — the happiness that shines in

the eye, and blushes in the cheek, and ripples in the laughter of the child or the happy parent. Peace is a fruit, — the peacefulness of an all-radiant summer's night, the peace that belongs to these tranquil stars that make music in their flight. Long-suffering is a fruit, — the long-suffering that lends heroism to martyrs, that lends courage to heroes and leaders, that lends endurance to patriots, that makes the soldier's arm invincible against his foes.

In the beautiful Oriental custom, when a girl was adorned for her wedding, father, mother, all relatives, brought in their treasures and transformed the girl into an angel of light, against that glorious day. But a thousand fold more beautiful are the fruits of the spirit that adorn the soul with loveliness that shall endure. There is a strange beauty that belongs to the flowers; but if these flowers fade, the perfume and the beauty of a meek and quiet spirit abide through all winters. There is a singular dignity and purity that lies upon the brow of a noble youth or maiden; but if Apollo's beauty fades into weakness and old age, there is a beauty of character that waxes more and more. There is a singular sublimity of beauty that belongs to the landscape and the mountain, but when the mountain's crystal fountains have failed, when its granite cliffs have been ploughed down by raindrop and storm, the soul that is crowned with the beauty of the Lord our

God stands forth unchanged and unchangeable. Therefore, the injunctions adorn and make beautiful the doctrine of God your Saviour. Therefore, men are told to illustrate the Christian life in a beautiful character and career. All are, too, as it were, a Sermon on the Mount, living and clothed with flesh. Men are to remember that Christian character represents the greatest achievement of the fine arts. So shall they let their light shine before men, so shall men say of them, as said Isaiah, "How great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty." For loveliness must no longer be confined to the unspeaking statue and the dumb picture. The picture must break into voice, and the statues must take unto themselves feet. Loveliness must become life. And the true Christian's character must be as full of color as is the spring, as full of fruit as is the autumn, as perfect in its purity as is the white cloud, as full of majesty and performance as the all-enduring mountain.

SOCIAL HAPPINESS AND THE GAINS OF THE COMMON PEOPLE AS A JUSTIFICATION OF INDIVIDUAL HAPPINESS AND HOPE



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF THE MAGIC TREE THAT RIPENED CLUSTERS FOR HIM WHO CARRIED IT

One morning a company of young men stood before Comfortas's tent, and asked a holiday, that they might go to the river, and fish and bathe and hunt. And because these soldiers seemed to the king hardly more than boys, and because they had newly come in from the farms and fields, and found the restraint of the army hard to bear, Comfortas sympathized with them rather than with their stern officers; and he was at his wits' end how to send them back to their drill with a heart in the task and a love for work that was heavy. In that moment Comfortas bethought himself of the story of the youth who became strong because he carried a magic tree. "In the long ago," said the king, "our fathers dwelt beyond the mountains, to the far East. One day a man returned home to bring his people the tidings of a rich land to the West, beside the Grecian Sea. After that, in the evening, the people used to come in little companies around this traveller, who told them of the rivers in that far-off land, of the thick forests, and the black soil, and the rich grass for the herds, and the trees full of fruit. And when the wise men of the town had consulted long, they voted to pull down their tents and their houses, and with their flocks and herds make their way to this new land. Soon the pilgrim company was assembled, and with solemn ceremony they bade farewell to their city, making ready for the march through the wilderness. Now it happened that when the king of that people was about to leave his house, he lingered long in the public square, before a tree on which was written the names and exploits

of his fathers and the victories of his people. This tablet was of wood, large and very heavy, but if all counselled leaving it behind, the king desired exceedingly to have it set up in the streets of the new city. Now there was a youth in the king's house who had been redeemed from the slave market, and he loved his lord as one loves his saviour. And when the boy understood his king's desire, he stood in the midst of the servants, and interrupting their dispute, claimed the honor of carrying this, the heaviest burden of all; and with joy, all gave him his petition and watched the youth stagger off under his load. Now because of the flocks and the herds, and the women and children, the company moved but slowly, and this seemed fortunate for the boy carrying the heavy tree, since every day he fell far behind. Indeed, often it was late at night when he caught up with the rest of the company. But though the way was long and steep, the dust stifling and the heat fierce, it was noticed that the youth loved his task more and more; that he would not leave the sacred tree for a moment by day, while at night, lying down, he slept with one arm thrown across the wood. And his fidelity to his task seemed the stranger because others shirked their burdens. Some, on the plea that the shoulder was sore, added their load to the horses, whose strength was already over-taxed; and not a morning came without quarrels and hot words between men, each whom wished the lighter end of the load. Also, when the hour was toward evening, these lazy ones used to hurry on in advance of the host that they might be the first to kneel at the pool of water, and from the palm tree choose the largest bunch of dates. But what stirred surprise among the old men was that those who shirked their task grew weaker with each new day, while the boy who carried the heavy tree grew fatter of flesh and fairer of cheek. At length many murmured against the youth, envying his happiness and strength. Some said that in the darkness he stole the best food; others said the king was secretly giving him double rations; others were jealous, thinking he had become his master's favorite; and all alike wished him evil. If one had stayed behind to watch the youth, he would have seen strange things. In the hour when the path up the mountain was steep, and the youth was ready to fall under his burden, the magic tree put forth clusters, and quickly ripened them for the boy's hunger and faintness, while the rich juices of that fruit quenched his thirst in moments of dust and stifling heat; and daily the youth grew

stronger, through this precious liquor that was richer than wine, and sweeter than milk though mingled with honey. Now when the pilgrim host encamped in the new land, if the herds were footsore, and those who shirked any burden were jaded and weary, it was noticed that this youth, who at first staggered under his burden, was now so strong that he bore his cross as if it were a feather's weight in lightness; also he was found to be gentler and wiser than his fellows, and this wisdom made him a prince over the servants." Now when Comfortas had ceased his words, the young soldiers looked with wonder into each other's eyes, not knowing what these things might mean. Understanding the silence, the king smiled upon them, and said that this is a world where all who shirk, by shirking grow weaker, and all who carry, by carrying grow stronger. Then the far-away look came back into the king's eyes, and forgetting that any heard, the king murmured to himself, "Blessed is he who hungers for the hardest task."

CHAPTER XVI

SOCIAL HAPPINESS AND THE GAINS OF THE COMMON PEOPLE AS A JUSTIFICATION OF INDIVIDUAL HAPPINESS AND HOPE

NO man who loves his kind and whose heart is knitted in with the interests of his fellows can escape depression, so long as things are going ill with others, even though things go well for himself. On the other hand, so long as his fellows are making substantial gains in wisdom and happiness, the individual feels that he can bear up against every form of ill. Man is a thread in the coat, and he shares in whatever overtakes the garment. He is a leaf on the social tree, and any misfortune that overtakes the trunk affects all the leaves in common. He is a soldier in the army, marching across the desert, and he must share in the common hunger and thirst. It is a great thing for the individual, therefore, to believe that on the whole the people are making substantial gains; that every seeming fall is a fall forward; that every reaction and social loss is only an eddy in the current, that on the whole moves constantly forward. The best worker is the hopeful worker. One of

the wisest and most useful men that ever lived explained his tireless energy by his belief that all things work together for good, and that God overrules all events to bring about the happiness of those who love Him.

Sometimes the very scope and richness of this commerce and the vast issues that hang upon it have awakened apprehension and aroused distrust. It seems almost too good to be true that the very troubles of life, the upheavals, with all life's defeats and sorrows, are working toward a far-off consummation named happiness and good fortune. That the best always glimmers through the worst is doubted both by bad men and good men. Bad men doubt it because they dislike the triumph of goodness, and also for reasons of remorse and fear. Good men often doubt it for very joy, wondering whether order really reigns midst seeming disorder. The belief that things are growing worse and worse cuts the nerve of enterprise, robs the reason of its accuracy, confuses the judgment, embarrasses the will. On the other hand, the conviction that no evil can befall a good man, either here or hereafter, lends confidence, works toward tranquillity and the quietness that is in itself the first fruit of victory and success. For the patriot and teacher, the hero and the statesman, hope is the atmosphere in which all golden ambitions fly. He who believes that the State is steadily

gaining in wisdom, morals, and happiness, and that all things are working for man's good, stands upon a Gibraltar that can never be moved.

Perhaps by way of preëminence Christianity magnifies life's troubles and the problems of pain where other systems of thought minimize them. If other books make sorrow to overtake bad men for their vices, this Bible makes trouble to overtake good men for their virtues. When it has capitalized life's woes, defeats, pains, and sufferings, and stated the difficulties more fully than has any other book, it draws the curtain from the horizon and shows us these troubles, not as the dark spots of life, not as reasons for gloom, but as reasons for gratitude and peans of victory. It exhibits man as stormed upon, buffeted, and beaten and scourged with troubles, and afterward it causes him to stand forth a hero, the child of joy and tranquillity, victorious in the very teeth of untoward circumstances. When other religions treat of the problems of pain they become pessimistic, morbid, and unhealthy. But Christianity so treats the problem of trouble as to furnish food for the intellect and joy for the heart. In Nature, as clouds increase in blackness and volume, they go toward a point where the forces of darkness become so heavy as to breed an electric flame that leaps forth to burn up the poisonous gases, making the air that

was poisoned and black to be sweet and luminous. And the Bible exhibits pessimism as journeying forward, carrying forces for its own destruction. So that out of the cloud itself comes the pillar of fire for guiding the advancing hero. Among the brightest pages in this book are pages dealing with the depressed hours in the lives of its greatest heroes.

Among those intellects representing genius of the first order, scholars have made room for the author of the drama of Job. The depressed hour that overtook this philosopher had its origin in the world-wide problem of human suffering. But lest men think that he understates the problem in his drama, he makes the sufferer to be the son of virtue and of spotless integrity. His house is a palace, and withal it represents industry and unstained wealth. His banqueting hall and garden resound with the laughter of children made happy with his love. He is surrounded by hosts of admiring friends, who esteem him, not that they may use him, but for his honorable service and character. At the sunniest hour of his career, suddenly trouble, like a black cloud, stands upon the horizon of his life. Sheeted storms soon make the garden a desert. Bedouins drive off his herds, flames blacken his house, he buries his children in one wide, deep grave. But entering upon his testing an untried man, he emerges a giant. Having come forth victori-

ous, his name shines like a star for guiding and inspiring innumerable martyrs, who, looking toward Job, endured their scaffold, their flames. Therefore, when the poet comes to justify the way of God with men, he affirms that if Job suffered above all others, to that degree has he had noble fame among other men, and influence over his kind. Fortunate by reason of his goodness and greatness, he was chiefly fortunate in the troubles that lifted him into prominence and flashed his name across the centuries. If, in his darkest hour and his depressed mood, therefore, he was tempted to look upon life as "a fury, slinging flame," at last he "faced the spectres of the mind, and laid them," and became the founder of the school of optimism, the sage who represents confidence in God and His watch care over men.

Patriots and reformers also have their depressed hours, and have gone from darkness unto victory. If Job represents the depression of intellect and reason, Elijah the prophet represents the tumultuous temperament of the reformer. He was essentially a destructive man, overthrowing old and bad institutions. His type was a flame that consumed dross, a flail that separated the chaff from the wheat, the knife that cut away the wound. He was an intrepid radical. He stands forth one of the noblest Puritans who ever faced a genera-

tion given over to tyranny and superstition. As John Knox scourged the beautiful Queen with words as with rods, Elijah confronted a dissolute Ahab and Jezebel, and brought them to judgment with flaming condemnation. If Luther threw himself like an earthquake upon the abuses of his era, and shook the world itself, Elijah descended upon his generation like an avalanche or a thunderstorm. After years of tireless labor he looked out upon a land where idolatry had been overthrown, where laws had been reformed, homes refined, and faith in the theistic principle recovered. But reaction followed swiftly after the reform, and the people swung back toward their old sloth and sin. In the moment of nervous collapse and physical exhaustion, depression overtook the prophet. His reforms seemed failures. He beheld his city as a bottomless sink of iniquity, whose depths must be endured but never sweetened. In that hour, his whole soul revolted from a generation that was so besotted, and he fled to the wilderness to ask God to take away his life. But when long time had passed, it was seen that in the very hour when Elijah was so depressed, the whole horizon was bright with hope. If the movement for reform had receded, it was only to gather strength for a new tidal wave. Soon it was found that the patriot's intrepid spirit had repeated itself in six thousand heroic souls who

were planning to take up the reformer's work and redeem the land to faith and integrity.

Scholars have their depressed hours. It is a proverb that the scholar is at once the wisest and saddest of men. This proverb doubtless refers to that Solomon whose judgment of life is in the sentence, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity." This man was at once a king and scholar; brilliant in intellect, gentle and generous at heart. For years everything he touched turned to gold. The story of his prowess, his arts, his palaces, his servants and soldiers makes his fame rival that of the king who built the diamond throne in the palace of Delhi. Like his father David, the youth was a poet, and he wrote songs to the number of a thousand. Like Goethe he was also a scientist, and the naturalists claim him as their first great teacher. Broadening his outlook, he became a moralist, and his proverbs are so wonderful as to make us wonder whether they represent one man's wit or many men's wisdom. Living centuries before Æschylus, he is the teacher of all the modern dramatists. Yet this king, with his unrivalled power, and shrewd judgment, the wise statesman, this scholar with his culture, is one of the saddest figures in the history of melancholy. But if we analyze his history, we find that he represents egotism. Had men used printing-presses in those far-off days, the first letter to be exhausted in setting up Solo-

mon's copy would have been the capital letter "I." "'I' builded me houses, 'I' got me soldiers, 'I' [wrote Proverbs], 'I' had men servants." His egotism was insatiable. His life was a kind of sea into which all streams ran. But receiving everything and giving nothing, his life became a Dead Sea of selfishness and melancholy. At last he lifted up this capital "I" as an intellectual hitching post, and asked all men and things to tie up to it. His bloated and overwrought egotism made happiness all-impossible.

But, in retrospect, the depressed hours of great men, reformers, prophets, patriots, teachers, or what not, seem their weak and foolish hours. The test of progress is history. Comparing to-day with yesterday, our times with the times of our fathers, this new century with the old one, will surely furnish the grounds for comparison and contrast, and either strengthen our confidence in society's upward growth or destroy it. Fortunately our scholars have now completed their survey of the nineteenth century as other students wrote the story of the eighteenth century. He who has contrasted the one era with the other can be in no doubt as to society's upward growth. By way of preëminence, the last century has been the century, not of kings and emperors, but of the common people.

In every era kings and barons have enjoyed

those conveniences that make happiness and culture possible. But our age is unique, in that for the first time, government, invention, art, industry, and religion have served all the people rather than the patrician classes. Looking back to former ages, how seldom do we see a great leader rising from the serfs with their poverty, ignorance, and superstition. Now and then, indeed, a slave, like Epictetus, drops his fetters, or a "Piers Ploughman" forgets that he is a serf and becomes a singer. At long intervals, too, some Luther comes forth from a miner's hut. But these sons of strength appear so infrequently as to seem like occasional palm trees waving in a wide desert. Now, fortunately, the millions join in the upward march. Once the pioneers of progress followed faint trails through a tangled wilderness; now before the advancing multitudes these narrow paths have widened into broad highways of law and liberty, of learning and religion. Romantic indeed the story how solitudes have become cities, how serfs have become seers, and peasants statesmen and jurists. The genius of poets has lent fascination to the story of young scullions who have passed from the kitchen to the king's court, and who at last always meet a princess at the marriage altar. But the story of boys who have dropped the shepherd's crook to seize the sceptre of kings and climb to the throne is rude in comparison with the

story how society has left behind its huts, its slave markets, its torture chambers, its cruel wars, journeying on toward new sciences and industries, new arts and new liberty, with new morals.

For the reason that progress is a relative term, the advance or decline in the happiness of the common people can be determined only by comparing century with century and generation with generation. Fortunately, our scholars have fully portrayed for us the home life, manners, and morals of the people of a hundred years ago, so that we now know what our fathers did, thought, suffered, and enjoyed. Often historians make much of the good old times of the fathers. But by way of contrast, those were times of gloom, drudgery, and the blackness of sorrow. Modern interest in historical research has led to the publishing of the notebooks and journals of many obscure individuals of a hundred years ago. One of the most fascinating of these biographies exhibits a noble youth and his bride, who in 1790 left the old home near Pittsburg, and made a new home midst the forests of Kentucky. In the moment when they bade their friends farewell and turned their faces toward the forest, these two pilgrims went out armed only with the wealth represented by one axe, one gun, and a small sack of garden seeds. The parents, who carried them the first stage of the

journey, were little better off. Their wagon had wheels made by sawing off the round end of a log. The harness was made of ropes. Rivers were without bridges. Coming to the stream, the travellers broke the ice, and breasted the cold current. Leather was so dear that in the morning the youth rolled up his trousers and waded barefoot through the wet grass toward his grazing steeds. Stricken with fever, the only remedies were bitter herbs found in the forests. Building a house, the windows were made of paper rubbed with bear's oil. The log cabin was heated by the fireplace, with its cold draughts, for the iron stove did not arrive until the president of Union College completed his invention. If the householder on retiring neglected to cover the coals, his fire went out, and the next morning he waded through the snow to borrow coals from his nearest neighbor. For food he had the wild crab-apple of the forest, and the sour grape that grew in the swamps, with wild berries and nuts.

But if this rude settler was not the child of perfection, God made him to be the child of progress. That Divine One who can turn a swirling fire-mist into a habitable planet, a seed into a sheaf, a babe into a sage, lent man a desire for better tools, better arts, better industry, better homes. Guided by God man entered the wilderness, clothed as a wonder

worker. He touched the bitter apple and it became the wine sap and the golden pippin. He touched the sour grape and it became the Catawba. He touched the forked stick and it became a steel plough. He touched the rude sickle and it became a reaper. . He touched the old wagon into an iron engine; the hollow log into a steel ship; the iron thread into an ocean cable. He touched the new cotton and it became calico; the cocoon, and lo! its fleece became a silken garment. He touched the sea-shell with rude strings across its mouth, and it became an organ or piano. He touched the rude type into great printing-presses, and rude ochres into color and canvas. Soon the wilderness was a garden, and the solitude became a city. Where once rose the smoke of the tepees and the sound of the medicine man beating his drum, there rose instead the noise of industry, the halls of science, the temples of religion. Vices became virtues; slaves became citizens; peasants became scholars, patriots, and Christians. For man is the child of progress, because he is the child of God. If his foot rests upon the clod, his forehead grazes the stars.

Consider the gains the people have made through the increase of home comforts. During our century the annual income of the average family has been quadrupled. When scholars tell us that our working classes were

never so well clothed, so well housed, so well fed as now, much is involved for civilization. Already our working people enjoy an income three times that of the average German family, perhaps already the most intellectual of all the nations. The higher life has now become possible for our people. Our workers in the iron and steel industry enjoy a daily wage double the income upon which Shakespeare wrote his dramas and Milton his poems. And this increasing prosperity is being accompanied by an increase in education and refinement. In the country thrifty farmers are releasing their boys from the plough, and sending them to the academy and college. In the city the foundryman's son excels in scholarship the child of the rich man. And having freed for study the children and youth of the toilers, property is founding schools in which these youth may become wise and strong. For wealth is losing its selfishness. It is founding libraries and reading rooms. It is endowing colleges and universities. It is enriching the gallery and museum. In his Apocalypse the seer saw heaven with streets as of gold. But gold is also making earth's streets beautiful, by increasing leisure, wisdom, happiness, and morals.

Education and the increasing worth of the individual through the multiplied instruments of culture and refinement represent enormous gains for the people. What Newton's trained

eye was to the stars, what Hugh Miller's trained reason was to the strata of rocks, that man's trained eye is to God's mountains, landscapes, forests. Education is the power to behold all and enjoy all. But that the common people should be educated is a thought new to society. If we go back to the era represented in the "Scarlet Letter," we shall find that but few persons in Boston were fortunate enough to own a book. One hundred years ago Henry Clay learned to write by filling a box with sand and tracing letters with a pointed stick. Young Daniel Webster plucked his pen out of the wings of his mother's pet goose, and made ink out of the soot scraped from the fireplace. Having no maps, no charts, no reading books, no lesson helps, the school teachers depended upon the rod as the inspiration of all learning. When a carpenter drove a nail through a board, he bent the end down to keep it in place. And John Quincy Adams tells us that when he learned to spell a word the teacher clinched it in his memory by a whack over the shoulders. For a child to have the rough path of knowledge made smooth was thought to be an injury. Trumbull, the artist, tells us he spent three weeks upon an example in long division, that a word of help from his teacher would have solved, while the dumb instructor lifted a rod above the child shivering and crying with

terror. Unknown, one hundred years ago, were the modern sciences named geology, botany, political economy, and sociology. The ordinary home included four books; the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," a spelling book, and an almanac that told the farmer what the weather was to be a year in advance. To lose this almanac was a great misfortune for the husbandman, for then he had to take the weather just as it came. In 1770 there were but forty-three newspapers published in the country, and these so small that the entire number would make up about ten pages of a modern morning journal. As in many regions postmen came but once a week, and asked a fee for carrying the paper, newspaper editors never exchanged. The editorial page was unknown. For the most part the columns were filled with advertisements for runaway slaves or horses, and with bits of gossip, or with one of the long essays of Addison or Steele. If to-day it is the exception for an individual in signing a promissory note to make his mark, in those days a man who could read and write was a striking figure.

The increase of wisdom makes ours seem like another world. For knowledge now has become a contagion. Intelligence is so diffused that in a sense every man is his own teacher, doctor, lawyer, minister. The very complexity of modern life is making illiteracy

impossible. Ignorance can handle a hoe. Ignorance can pick corn from a husk and cotton from a pod. But locomotives that travel sixty miles an hour ask the engineer to go up beside Watt and master his inventive skill. Looms that enable one man in one year to spin cloth enough to clothe ten thousand men ask for informed fingers. Presses that print a hundred thousand papers in a single night demand widely cultured intellects. To-day we have common workmen who approach the wise men of two hundred years ago. Our public schools have created an enthusiasm for education that is pathetic. Recently a foreigner exclaimed: "It is too late for me to learn! But my children! They shall not be ignorant!" Our working people understand that so long as they remain ignorant the ecclesiastical despot will oppress them, the political despot will spoil them or their treasures, the industrial despot will tyrannize over them. To escape oppression the toiler becomes informed. Education is making the poor man's muscle so powerful that despots cannot afford iron enough to reach around his wrist. The very complexities of our inventions and life are symbols showing us how far upward the average man has gone. New scientific or industrial discoveries are fruits ripened in the warm atmosphere created by the common people. In our unwisdom we sometimes say that the great man is "one

hundred years ahead of his time." But the greatest man can be no farther ahead of his generation than the twilight is ahead of the day. The sun follows hard after the dawn, and the advancing generation follows hard after the heroic discoverers it has sent on to prepare the way. To-day for the first time in history knowledge is becoming universal. Agitators are being succeeded by educators. At last the people see that intellect and ability are the real creators of wealth. Education is the modern Moses leading the people out of the wilderness into the promised land of happiness and plenty.

Consider the gains in leisure and freedom from undue toil. If once men toiled sixteen hours a day, with a single stroke the engine cut off two hours in the morning for rest, and two hours at night for reading. If the rude cabins of Lincoln and Clay's era were bare of the commonest conveniences, the modern home has a thousand and one comforts. Having freed human slaves, we have forged fetters for wind and wave, for steam and electricity. We now compel steel fingers to weave our cloth, steel knives to reap our harvests, steel wheels to carry our burdens, steel wires to carry our messages. Take away our tools and civilization would go back one hundred years. Not until February of 1812 did the people of Kentucky know that Madison was elected the pre-

vious November. When Benjamin Franklin first took the coach from Philadelphia to New York, he spent four days upon the journey. He tells us that as the old driver jogged along he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stage coaches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on between Boston and New York, and in winter the journey occupied a week. When our first foreign minister went to London he received word from the captain of the sailing vessel in the New York harbor to come aboard immediately. Hastily buying a sack of flour, three hams and a bag of potatoes, he hurried on ship to arrange with some sailor to cook his meals, not knowing but that the ship might sail any hour. Five weeks passed before the ship left the harbor. After six weeks at sea, the traveller at last beheld the outlines of the coast of old England. Modern tools have ushered in a new earth. If we call the roll of the centuries, we find that the seventeenth gave us the telephone, the fifteenth the printing-press, the fourteenth the mariner's compass, while two far off centuries invented Arabic numbers and the alphabet. But our single century includes among its gifts the railway, uniting distant cities; the steamship, uniting distant nations; the cable, uniting distant continents; the telephone, uniting friends widely separated; the phonograph, lending immortality

to the voice. To these must be added the reaper, standing for a thousand and one new tools, lessening the labor of the farmer; the sewing machine, standing for one thousand new tools, lending leisure and power to woman; the bicycle, representing means of recreation for both sexes. God would seem to have ordained tools to emancipate men from drudgery to the higher spiritual life and service.

If science has lessened labor, it has also lengthened and sweetened life. Very much is involved in the statement of experts that during the past generation the average life has increased from thirty-three to thirty-six years. In former eras, when the sailor or soldier lost his arm in battle, the bleeding stump was plunged into hot pitch to stay the hemorrhage. Now many amputations are performed without the loss of a single drop of blood. Lister also, by the discovery of antiseptic surgery, has done away with the germs that made inflammation possible. Once also the very thought of the agonizing shrieks of his patient, clothed the knife with terror for the bravest surgeon. His chief danger was that the struggling patient would deflect the scalpel from its course and make him an involuntary executioner. Now, through the anæsthetic, the sleeper falls into a dreamless sleep, being as free from pain as a piece of block or marble. In the realm of medicine, when that Dr. Hall who married

Shakespeare's daughter fell ill, he tells us that he first applied to his heart a powerful plaster made of six ingredients, and another to his spine made of five. He then took a draught made of seven strong herbs, after which he says he was "able to take meat, being delivered from death." The celebrated Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, tells of a physician who, finding his patient overcome with fainting, drew ten ounces of blood. As the obstinate faintness continued he drew off twenty ounces more, and as the stubborn symptoms refused to disappear he drew off another thirty. Two days later, when the clergyman held the funeral services, he said, "Mysterious providence has grievously afflicted our community." Even in John Adams's time the "shotgun" prescription, combining forty substances in one remedy, in the hope that one of the many might hit and slay the disease, still prevailed. When Washington was inaugurated, every fifth person that witnessed the ceremony was horribly disfigured by small-pox, while now that disease is comparatively infrequent. If a century ago whole villages in England and America were swept by plagues and infectious fevers, now, through the discovery of the germ theory of disease and the principles of sanitation, the very names of these plagues are almost forgotten. More than a score of organic troubles that once involved certain death, to-day readily

yield to the surgeon's skill. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any department of science has witnessed greater triumphs than modern surgery. And these victories achieved in the past give promise that during the next century surgery and medicine may become exact sciences that shall discover the secret of length of days and the maintenance of life and happiness for all people.

When the historian has portrayed Washington or Adams as sitting down to a breakfast of boiled corned beef and potatoes in a room without gas, lamps, stove, carpet, without coal in winter or ice in summer, without any of the innumerable little comforts that make life worth living, he suggests that the home of to-day has gained immeasurably in conveniences and comforts. Nevertheless these material gains are as nothing compared with the advancement in morals. Consider what is involved in the fact that most of the authors whose books have come down from the last century, have to be expurgated by reason of their coarseness and vulgarity. Even as to profanity, Dean Ramsay writes of a sister who apologized for her brother, saying, "He swears awfu'; but nae doubt swearin' is a great set-off to conversation." As to drunkenness during this century, a prominent pastor in New England was part owner in a distillery. Being an extravagant liver, he became involved in

financial difficulties, and when he was unable to pay his debts, his creditors threw him into jail. In order not to interfere with his ministerial labors, we are told that "the limits of the jail were made to include the parsonage and the church, so that he could still go in and out before his people." The condition of the poor was terrible. If sickness overtook some toiling husband or father, he was exposed in the market place and sold to the highest bidder. We read also of a prison in Connecticut in which debtors were confined, that is described as surpassing in horrors "the Black Hole of Calcutta." This den was an old worked-out copper mine. The only entrance was by means of a ladder down a shaft which led to the underground cavern. There in little pens of wood from thirty to one hundred culprits were immured, their feet made fast to the iron bars and their necks chained to the beams in the roof. The darkness was intense. The caves reeked with filth, vermin abounded; water oozed from the sides of the cavern. In the darkness and filth, the clothing on the prisoners grew mouldy and rotted away.

Some of the prisoners had cropped ears, others were covered with scars of the branding iron. Up to the nineteenth century white slaves as well as black went through all streets. In Delaware twenty crimes were punishable with hanging, and there were ten misdemeanors

for which women were whipped upon the naked back. It was the era also of the chimney sweep, when orphans were put out, and boys half naked began their labors in mines at seven years of age, becoming deformed by long stooping in dark caverns. Brutal, too, the amusements of the people, including bull fighting, bear fighting, dog fighting, man fighting. Even President Andrew Jackson was often seen early on Sunday morning hurrying not to church but to a cock fight, with his two favorite roosters under his arms. Gambling was well-nigh universal in an age when Fox, in London, lost one hundred thousand pounds at the gaming table. If war that once devastated Europe and turned Poland and Germany and Austria into deserts has not entirely ceased, it has been partially civilized. Once man went to war at the command of an ambitious king. A century later war was waged for territory. Later still, war was to extend commerce. When the era of our revolution arrived, war was against the injustice of rulers. As the tide rose higher, in 1812 war was for the liberty of the citizen. In the civil war, battle was waged for the liberty of slaves. And now an era has dawned when war is waged for freeing slaves in a foreign land. For these ascending wars are milestones measuring man's progress. For one by one these vices and sins that, like huge serpents, have left their slime upon man's path-

way, have been slain. The mere statement that eight of the eleven social sins that Gibbon mentions as destroying Rome have been exterminated, poverty, intemperance, and the social evil alone remaining, gives hope of a coming era when happiness and virtue will be all but universal.

Chiefly is thanksgiving encouraged by the new and increasing faith in Christianity, as the religion of sympathy, service, and self-sacrifice. As never before, the people feel that the secret of progress is the secret of Jesus Christ. Indeed, Christianity has been called "a beautiful civilization." Setting forth from Bethlehem, it has journeyed across the continents, its breath summer, its presence warmth, its footprints harvests. To-day Christianity does not stand upon the corners of the streets blowing a trumpet before it — it is stealing softly into the human heart, rebuking coarseness and vice, and stealing away sorrow and sin. That gentle One, whose soft touch once fell upon the foreheads of little children, opened wide His arms to shelter publican and prodigal, doth now enfold in His wide sympathy a civilization and a world. In the old novel the author made the tears of the recording angel drop upon the oath and blot it out forever. With a heart full of kindness and sympathy Christ has entered the earthly scene, and His tears, falling upon man's vices, are slowly dissolving them. Laws

are becoming just, rulers humane, music is becoming sweeter, and books wiser; homes are happier, and the individual heart becoming at once more just and more gentle. At last authors, publicists, reformers, leaders of society, are entering into sympathy with Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my little ones, ye have done it unto Me." Inventors who have assembled millions are learning from Christ to look to the sky, where clouds gather rain treasures, only to pour their riches out for blessing the distant vineyard and the thirsty fields. The children of genius also, who have skill for adorning a Parthenon, are diffusing their beauty and sprinkling loveliness over all the conveniences of life. If once the lightning smote young Antigone to the ground, the modern inventor turns the blinding bolt into a minister of mercy for dumb lips and deaf ears and blind eyes. If kings' palaces in the ancient cities were centres of vice, from which the contagion of sin moved out in ever widening circles, until the state died in sympathy with the poisoned heart, now having cleansed the intellect and sweetened the sympathy of the individual, Christ asks each youth and maiden to hasten the work of cleansing each tenement and slum, until every city is a centre of sweetness and light. For to-day art, industry, invention, literature, learning, govern-

ment — all these are captives marching in Christ's triumphal procession up the hill of time. Therefore all young hearts will do well by joining that noble company where march all these sons of genius, these daughters of greatness. The time has come for our pleasure-loving age to recall the heroic spirit of the Puritans, and their lofty ideals for home and state.

But it is said that there are certain clouds so thick that no rainbow of hope can ever shine therein. It is said that poverty represents the worst through which the best can never glimmer. Here is a man overtaken by ill health. Just at the hour when he thought he was standing on the threshold of success, some insidious disease snaps away his life, and the thought that he has left his wife and his little children is a sting sharper than death itself. For thirty years he worked day and night to prepare for his life, and now a woman, with little children weeping bitterly and clinging to her garments, stands about this grave, digged in the winter's snow. At first thought, the problem seems without solution, but not when long time has passed. In the school of poverty and hard work the father developed his strength, and having amassed all those virtues that make for wealth, he would have reared his several sons in softness and ease; and in retrospect we see that this man had put his children's feet on the

threshold, and that then, having blessed them with good health and chosen for them a worthy mother and left them a spotless name and noble example, the good God heard the father's prayer, drew him behind the cloud, and threw them upon their own resources. What a gift to the state, these sons, who carved out their own career, moving along those paths in which their father's feet had trod! Perhaps nothing but the father's death could have aroused these boys, made them alert, eager for knowledge, hungry for work, swift to seize each passing opportunity. Poverty was a spur, but it was a golden spur, and it was guided by hands of love as well as rigor. And one such example justifies our assumption that this event represents a law. If the storm works toward ripeness in one apple, if gravity controls one orb, we have a right to assume that the law holds true of all the planets. When one who loves his fellows passes through the poorer districts of great cities and does the very best that he can, he has a right to believe that for the remainder God is doing the best He can for each individual, and that hope and faith may see the best that is glimmering through the worst.

Because ignorance is bad and always bad, in view of the multitudes who know but little of the world within them and around them, fear and distrust overtakes many who love their fellows. How dull and sodden are the people!

Seeing, they see not; hearing, they hear not; and reading, they do not understand. Innumerable reforms are launched and opportunities opened up, but the discouraged teacher soon finds out that those to whom she offers help are not interested. And beholding these multitudes, it seems as if the generations rise and fall like the very leaves of the trees; but even here, there may be ground for hope, so that men need not declaim against God or grow bitter and pessimistic. There are two stages in the forging of a sword. One is the stage when the metal is in the fire, is rude and unshapen; and the other is the stage when the blade is perfected, is tempered, and has an edge and hilt fit for a hero's hand. Beholding the sword on the anvil under the smith's hammer, the patriot need not declaim against the smith. The bent metal is not a sword indeed, but it is only one remove from a sword. Before you fill the mind, you must build the body; before the intellect is tempered, it must be developed. What if Nature and God are building the body, making ready for another generation when the mind is to be made wise? It takes a hundred generations to make a great man; ninety of the generations toil upon the bone and the muscles and the nerves and the brain, by physical labor making the framework large and strong, and by obedience to laws making the nerve fine and the brain firm.

The ninety-first generation represents a strong son; his son climbs upon the father's shoulders, and his son upon the shoulders of his father, and his son's forehead strikes against the stars and we call him a great man, representing genius and goodness; but the first man in the one hundred generations deserves as much credit as the last one, just as the foundation stone in the mountain is as truly stone as the last layer of stone on the Matterhorn. And when scholars, therefore, have made wise the book, and teachers have opened up the wealth in the pages, and publishers have scattered the intellectual treasure, men need not be wholly discouraged, because some there are who are so interested in their tools and tasks that they refuse to cross the threshold of that house where wisdom dwells, for the very ignorance of this youth to-day may furnish the basis for wisdom to-morrow.

The depression of others is based upon the sufferings of the poor in great cities. He who makes his way into these crowded districts must come away with an aching heart. The thought of mothers and children crowded in the tenement houses, of boys and girls whose only playground is the street, and men and women, in the hot August nights, carrying their blankets down to the sidewalk and there sleeping, where at least the air is pure, drives sleep from the eyes, and slumber from the eyelids.

Recently in such mood of depression and hopelessness, I finished my study of a ward in New York City, and if the conditions stirred sorrow within me, they brought hope to a man who was wiser and stronger, and understood the conditions better because he himself was of foreign birth and sympathy, and the son of one of these families. "You do not understand," he said. "You are shedding tears over conditions about which I rejoice, as one who loves my people and who is giving my life to them. Through generations you have developed sensitiveness and sympathy, through life in cities; in the past, for generations, my people have dwelt in the plains, or mountains, or forests, — they have been lonely, they have been as isolated as is the stray wolf on the mountains. They have been starved for friends; in their isolation they have grown coarse, without sympathy for their fellows, and so they have longed to meet their fellows in the city. All these excitements that are old to you, — the glare of street lights, the rush of cars, the noise of wagons, the hawking of goods through the street, — seem like music in their ears, and this noise is din for you because, by contact, you have become sensitive. Also dwelling alone, my people have never had a chance to watch a man who has done wrong and see how that sin works its harvest of retribution in his life, or how a kind deed or true brings a harvest of

happiness, and in close contact and in crowded conditions my people are gaining in a year what your plan would not have done in a century. You want to drive them into the country simply because you have reached the condition when you personally need the country, and in imposing your desires upon them you would work a ruin." A wiser, saner, better-grounded statement has never been made. This man was not declaiming against the social settlements, the night schools, the industrial classes, the gymnasiums, but only saying that when we have fulfilled our duty and done the best we can, if what lies beyond with God means that He is doing things well, and that, through the very worst, we may see the best glimmering forth.

Concerning the depression of philosophers like Job or reformers like Elijah, of scholars like Solomon, like parents and teachers, it may be said that all these have asked for an instant understanding how a present ill will conduce toward future happiness and good. But in the very nature of the case this demand is at once as irrational as it is impossible of fulfilment. As to property; if Job lost his wealth, did not that loss work out good, long afterwards? As to friends and home; if the child Daniel became a captive, when a score of years had passed, did not that captivity work toward influence and happiness? As to the sea of

troubles that swept over Paul, only in retrospect did he understand how his martyrdoms were working toward world-wide influence. In the present, then, no trouble is joyous, but grievous. Therefore we must underscore these words, "work toward good." Let us carefully discriminate between the beginnings of trouble and the far-off end toward which "things work." By reason of our limited knowledge, no pain or defeat begins as a good. In the beginning the seed rots, and the decay of the germ is repulsive, but in the transformation the germ works toward the far-off redwood tree of California. In Rome the people would fain build some cathedral. They begin by tearing down old houses, digging up the streets; they crowd the air with malaria, and they fill the city with sickness. But these things work toward the permanent health of the community and the building through which the generations with their joys and sorrows shall come and go, and find life in the coming. The other night Sir Robert Ball showed us first a fire-mist, in spiral form, and then a picture of our world in the Carboniferous Age, with its rich soil and wondrous fern growths. Ages and ages stood between the whirling mist and the rich earth. And man also, who works, must wait, and give the things time to work for his good.

We are in a world where God counts a thousand years as one day, by reason of the rich-

ness and glory of the great consummation toward which things are tending. There is no hot-house method by which we can force growths or hasten the divine footsteps. And men must stay their hearts' faith, and trust in God, who has time enough and to spare, but who at last will give us the desired fruition. Perhaps the waiting is harder than the working. If so, waiting gives patience and trust, that are permanent possessions of character; working gives only activity, which satisfies but for the moment. Oh, how easy for parents and teachers and patriots, if they could open the furrows to-day, and to-morrow put in the sickle and gather the sheaf! Life would be very simple for our statesmen if in an hour they could check society in its dangerous impulses, and heal the social diseases even as a physician, with a few stitches, sews up a wound or sets a broken bone. But because the work is infinitely higher, more time is involved. And in their depression men must look away from to-day's ill toward to-morrow's far-off good, toward which all things work. For even of Christ it may be said that He died without seeing the fruit of His labors. Not until long centuries had passed did He fully see how things had worked toward His world-wide enthronement. Yet, at last, after long travail of soul, He was satisfied.

We return from our survey with the con-

viction that the greater and more grievous the ills and troubles that sweep over men, the greater the happiness and good toward which events do move. The principle that underlies this statement is the law of the conservation of energy. In the world of physical things the bow-man understands that the measure of the arrow's flight therefrom is the bending of the bow backward. And in like manner, the more great men like Paul and Huss and Luther suffer, providing they are victorious in their suffering, the farther is their influence projected across the centuries. When we read this eulogy of Jesus, "Henceforth, beyond the reach of frailty, thou shalt be present in the divine height of thy peace and the infinite consequence of thine acts," we remember that in life also he did "walk in the road of martyrdom with ecstasy and hail the day of death with solemn joy." But the principle holds to-day of all men. For example, here is Walter Wellman, the Arctic explorer. On some bitter January days he will make his dash through the darkness toward the North Pole. Now the fiercer the cold, the greater the perils of ice floe and the cutting wind, the sharper the danger and the pains, the warmer the welcome that awaits the victor. If in the interests of extending the map, even unto the pole itself, and solving some of the problems of the planet that still remained unexplained, he endures the

pains that would bring death to a hundred lesser men, then will the people welcome him with open arms, vast audiences will crowd and throng about great halls, and men will gladly pay him thousands of dollars for a single lecture. We know that this is true, because what has been, will be. We know that Stanley's perils in the jungle, and his perils in the swamps, his perils of the pygmies, who rained stones from the trees, and his perils of the giants, who let fly their volleys of poisoned arrows, were troubles and sufferings that were afterward converted into joy and happiness. And if this law holds in the realm of selfish ambition, how much more does it hold in the realm of things that are spiritual.

In the deepest sense, God forms men by committing vast sufferings to them, giving them the chance to show their fellows how to rise above trouble. Now and then, He puts a strong man or woman in the very forefront of society, then tests them to the uttermost, that others, beholding, may be themselves encouraged, and learn how to borrow from God strength to rise above their defeats and troubles. Have you served God until you are old and gray-haired, only to find that apparently He has deserted you? Has some hope burned long in your life, only to go out like a star quenched in the sky? Has God given into your arms a beautiful child, and then with-

drawn it at the moment when the child was dearer than life itself? Have you labored for years to provide against the morrow, and then passed from a mansion to the humblest abode? Why should you not be like that apostle of old who said that "none of these things moved him," but who hungered for one more obstacle to surmount, one more burden to bear, one more peril of martydom, one more opportunity for fronting a mob, even at the risk of being stoned to death? All these are opportunities that God gives you to light for others, through your example, a beacon fire, that shall be a guide for children and youth, long after you have passed from earth.

Never were the signs of the world's upward growth so manifold, so varied, and so evident as to-day. The vices are waning, the virtues are waxing, every day the scholars are crowding the horizon of ignorance. Every day the philanthropists are opening up new trails in the forest, subduing the swamp and sowing new harvests of good. Every day the forces of righteousness are crowding back the forces that make for superstition and sin. This is God's earth, and His universe is moral. His hosts are marching on, and though we ourselves may linger long in the desert, at last we ourselves, at once the trophies and the partner of His triumph shall encamp and hang out the signals of victory.

HAPPINESS AND THE RELIGIOUS PROBLEM



FOREWORD

THE STORY OF KING COMFORTAS'S RETURN FROM HIS HOLY WARS

Now Comfortas was old and bent with labor and sorrow. His hair was white, and the people said the color had struck in to lend a crimson hue to the rich blossoms of the heart. All his life long he had tried to carry the ignorance and sins of his people; and if they rewarded him with ingratitude, Comfortas hid his heartache and only did men the greater good. Not until their king was gone did the people understand their debt to Comfortas. He found them poor and miserable; he left every man dwelling in peace and plenty under his own vine and fig tree. He found them dwelling in tents; he left them dwelling in houses. He found them sleeping in fear; he left them living in walled cities. But if Comfortas was very pitiful unto others, he dealt sternly with himself. Also, because there was still poverty and ignorance in the land, the king was often discouraged, and sometimes his depression was a cloud that overcast all the sky. In those hours he recalled his long life career, and a second time, in thought, he made his way across the continent of the years, from childhood to old age. He saw his life's pathway running like a silver thread through the forests, into the valleys, across the deserts, and up the mountain sides. Passing through that dark forest, he had made plain the trail and blazed the way, that other pilgrims might not suffer what he had suffered. Entering the thicket, he trampled down the briers, tearing his garments and his own white flesh, indeed, that other pilgrims might find a clear path. Coming to the edge of the swift stream, he threw a tree across the chasm. Having

crossed the dangerous bog, he stayed not his toil until stones made the footing safe. Crossing the valley, he threw the seed forth on either side and prayed that the winds might preserve the seed and the rains bring it to harvest against another's hunger. Last of all, when in the desert he was all but dead, through drought and fierce heat. Once he had recovered strength, Comfortas turned back and risked life again, that when others came they might find a pool, and the palm tree waving welcome and succor. What memories were these! Memories whose only sting was that doubtless, long ago, his seed had perished for want of care; his pathway through the jungle had grown up with thorns and briers, while long ago, perchance, the drifting sand had choked up the springs that he had digged. And in view of that long way across the continent and the weary pilgrims, the king's heart was filled with pain. Saddened by the thought of how little good he had wrought for his fellows, Comfortas bowed his head upon his staff and slept. And when the angel of sleep had drawn the mist over his eyes, the king dreamed. In his dream he was at the end of his long life journey. And oh! wonder of wonders! where he had thought to go in a stranger, lo! a great company had come out to meet and greet him! They brought with them trumpets and banners, and they welcomed him as a king returned from holy wars. First a great company of radiant beings passed before Comfortas, and every shining one brought sheaves with him and all cast some golden heads of grain before the king. And when Comfortas said, "Who are these fortunate ones?" the angel answered: "As you passed through the valley you opened your hand to sow the seed, and later mourned that there was none to care for the growing grain, and these are they whom God sent to put in the sickle for your sowing, and count your bundles, and lo! this great harvest is from your handfuls." Then passed before the king another company, every one as radiant with happiness as if no care nor sorrow had ever stained his life. And the angel said, "In passing through the harvest, you cut away the tangle; in crossing the stream, you left a bridge over the chasm, you made the bog to have safe footing for their feet, and these are of that company who passed in safety over places you found full of peril." And strewing flowers in his way, these with shouts and singing passed on. And lo! there came another company and stood before Comfortas, and the king said, "Who are these bright

ones? And the angel said, "When you journeyed across the desert, you stayed not your hand until you had digged the spring beside the rock and made thick the cool shadow, lest others faint through fierce heat." And Comfortas looked, and lo! in that company there was not a child to whom the king had spoken a kind word; not a slave whom he had pitied in the market place; not a beggar into whose hand he had thrust a coin; not an orphan to whom he had ever given a loaf, but lo! all these were assembled to welcome Comfortas. And when the king felt that it was safer to trust his hopes than his fears, that God had been kinder to him than his wildest dreams, that not a seed that he had ever sown, but that the angels of God had watched its fall and brought it to its harvest, Comfortas fell upon his knees in an ecstasy of joy and gratitude. And while he knelt and wept, the thick darkness that is ever the brooding of God's wings fell upon him. And having comforted others, he himself was comforted of God. And so the king passed down into the valley and shadow, and crossing over, a great host came out to meet him, and they gave the king abundant entrance, and with trumpets and banners they led Comfortas up the happy hills of God, victorious after holy wars.

CHAPTER XVII

HAPPINESS AND THE RELIGIOUS PROBLEM

WITH normal natures happiness begins with the thought that God has time to care for each life. In a world where no grain of sand escapes Nature's notice, where there are no runaway stars or suns, where a divine ruler leads a beautiful world out of darkness, fire-mist and chaos, man cannot support the thought that there is no place for him in God's loving providence. So momentous are those moments named a bethrothal, a marriage, the death of babe, or mother, or statesman, that men wish to associate these events with a divine friend. Indeed, the most bitter cry that ever arises from human lips is this one, "No man careth for my soul." King Lear, rushing forth from his palace, to wander amidst the darkness, his white hair wet with the drenching storm, carries a heart that breaks, not because he has lost his crown, but because he finds himself uncared for by the daughters on whom he had lavished all his gifts. And life holds no office, no gold, and no honor that will stay the tears of him who feels that he has drifted beyond the divine care and oversight. If man is

simply buffeted about by fate and chance; if matter and force use the soul for a lifelong game of battledore and shuttlecock, then the brightest day in man's life is darkness, all music is a dirge, the world holds only one color, black, and every joy passes under a perpetual eclipse.

> "Then, dragons of the prime,
> That tear each other in their slime,
> Were mellow music, matched with him."

When an enemy threatened that beautiful orphan girl, Richelieu drew a circle about her feet and threatened to launch the might of Rome upon him who, with hate and purposes of evil, crossed that golden line. And in a world full of conflict, full of labor, whose fruitage is often only sorrow, man is supported by the thought that the angels of God's providence go before him, that the angels of His mercy camp in his rearward, and that from an urn above the Divine hand pours light upon his pathway. In the night-time is heard this cry, "No *man* careth for my soul." Then comes the sweetest word that ever fell o'er heaven's battlements, "God careth for you."

But if deeply reflective man feels that an unguided life is a life futile, then, as frail, a dream, a discord, it is also true that the thought, "God cares for me," has armed man against a thousand emergencies, and been a panoply against ten thousand ills. The heroes

who have stained the battle-fields with blood, and won our victories for liberty and religion, have survived all disasters through the thought that God's plan is a golden chain that binds each life to His unchanging throne. To the exile, also, wandering upon the mountains, to the hero, lying in his dungeon, the thought of God's providence has come with the warmth of a winter's fire and the good cheer of a dear friend: beside each fountain of bitterness, also, that thought has planted some healing tree. In life's darkest hour it has unveiled some star of hope. It is the thought, also, that God lives and loves and plans, that lends consecration to the brave and chivalrous hopes of youth, that lends untiring strength to those who bear life's heavy burdens, and that sustains men grown old in the battle, in hours when the light of hope burns low within the heart. In the faith that God reigns, and shall reign, forevermore, the leaders have gone dry-shod across all seas, turned stones to angels' bread, caused the rock to gush in cooling streams, found mountains smoking with God's presence, made every hill of difficulty to be bright with the lightning of God's command and promise. He who believes that God cares for men has found the secret of perpetual happiness, sees the best glimmering through the worst, feels the sun's warm beams throbbing through the thickest clouds, tastes the fruit before the blossom falls, hears the

song within the lifeless egg, and in the very thick and smoke of life's defeat, discerns afar off the heights where the hosts encamp and hang out their signals of victory. No man can remain permanently miserable who believes with all his heart that the Almighty is his defence, and that a divine guide daily pours light upon a human pathway. Astrology itself, associating man's good fortune with some rising star, and, on the other hand, interpreting adversity by the eclipse of some far-off sun, is the tribute that ignorance pays to that form of wisdom that counts the soul an orb too large to be let loose to wander wildly through space without an appointed orbit or a divine and controlling sun.

Thoughtful men welcome this statement of man's divine convoy as a mariner on a dark and stormy night welcomes the light that guides him past the rocks into the harbor. Consider man's need of a life pilot. It is often said that our turbulent world seems as devoid of order and light as when two whirlwinds meet upon the ocean, and the heavens are black with thunder, and the ocean torn and scattered everywhither; and there is an unspeakable comfort to the parent, and the teacher, and the reformer in the thought that there is a forward movement, and that the power that rounds the dewdrop also controls every drop of spray driven forward by the wildest gale that ever blew. For even the wisest men the

morrow is veiled. Even the sage himself walks blindfold into the future. The scholar that has searched all the books is so ignorant that he knows not what an hour may bring forth. Never was there a captain so skilful as to foresee the end of his voyage. Even those who are most powerful flit on between light and dark. Though the father has fulfilled a lifetime of observation and experience, he is not able to give to his own child in the cradle a chart for the long career. The mother, leaning over her cradle, pores upon the child's face as no scholar ever pored over the unknown language, but the mother looks upon the outside of a volume whose lids are locked, and whose writing she cannot read. An expert machinist can exhibit a mechanism, and point out the object of each wheel and escapement, but what teacher can take the child of five years of age and say, "This faculty fits him for this task, and this gift is related to that tool," and so give to the child a handbook that will guide him in the future career. The necromancer, searching for water in the dry countries, stands with his witch-hazel over the vein of water lying deep below, and tells us that the twig twists in his hand so as to loosen the bark, and with this delusion belongs the story of the alchemist who invented an instrument for detecting the veins of gold lying deep under the miner's feet.

And doubtless children and youth are full of precious ore, but what intellectual alchemist hath instruments for detecting in what region of the soul the treasure lies embedded? Nor can he stoop over cradles and say, "From this one shall come a poet, and from that one an inventor, while this child hath a jurist's gift." And reflecting upon the child's ignorance and helplessness, these little ones seem "like children crying in the night, children crying for the light," left to find out a pathway upon which no foot before hath ever trod, and to work out a career that is new.

But not alone does childhood and inexperience need guidance; for maturity, also, and old age there is a background of uncertainty. Even for the strongest, the problem of life is so mysterious and obscure as to lend an undertone of profound melancholy to our greatest literature. It has sometimes seemed as if God sat behind the clouds in dim silence, and looked on with unconcern while men walked into pitfalls that were unguarded, developed diseases that might have been avoided, while remedies were in the soil on the right hand, and in the trees on the left; wandered long in the desert, when hard by was the Promised Land. How innumerable man's misfortunes while trying to find out what treasures are in the forests, what energies in the sea, and what secrets in the sky! Having sought out many

inventions, man swings like a pendulum from dawn to dark, from joy to sorrow, from life to death. Each generation beholds the trouble, like a cloud no larger than a man's hand, that grows black and covers the earth. Sooner or later adversity falls upon each man's plans like blighting, corroding frosts. Every morning the spectre of fear hangs over the cradle, and, beholding it, the parent shudders. Every night the lovers separate, but separate in anxiety lest they may never meet on the morrow. The merchant who goes forth in the morning, goes forth fronting possible accident, collision, defeat, and death. "If I only knew what was going to happen," exclaims the Materialist. "Life is a bubble; it begins at nothing, expands, and quickly bursts, — a bubble, — no more." To which the Epicurean answers, "Do all things quickly; life is a sinking ship, and each passenger does well to lay his hands on all he can reach before the craft goes down." The Stoic distils from life's troubles unique advice: "When life's troubles come, roof yourselves over with slate, cover thyself with coat of mail, petrify ambition, and freeze affection."

Standing under the midnight sky, looking into the realm where stars twinkled and suns blazed, Job found it easy to believe that man moves forward under the convoy of an Infinite Friend. The heavens would not permit the sage to forget for a moment that there are no

runaway suns and no stars dashing wildly through space. Looking upward, the astronomer beholds each moon revolving about its planet, each planet moving about its sun, the smaller systems revolving about a larger sun that is a cosmic centre for all space. When Keats speaks of the clouds as shepherded by the night wind, it is the poet's way of saying that no atom of fog and no speck of star dust is allowed to drift through space. Things small, also, not less than things large, exhibit a similar order. Nature unveils the smallest particle of amethyst, as crystallizing around a central axis. In each grass and flower the lines of beauty are convergent. No star flower, but a plan braids the colors into one blossom, while in the realm of sound a similar impulse toward unity melts a thousand notes into one song or symphony. For Nature's web and textures are all intermeshed, her threads unbroken. No star wheel slips its cogs, and because all the systems revolve about one cosmic centre, there are no collisions of planets and no clashing of stars. From the thought that the millions of orbs making up the community of the sky are divinely controlled, the mind passes easily to the larger thought that God is carrying individual men and nations upward toward a sublime culmination, when the drama of this life, with its conflicts, its disasters, and defeats, shall give

place to amazing victories and disclosures of love in another life, when all who have lived and loved on earth shall enter into that divine event toward which the whole creation moves. But if the scholar finds a unifying power in the heavens, the historian finds a providence in the history of nations, in that each country has its special task, each nation its stint, each generation its own contribution. Thus Lincoln speaks of God as a silent partner in the national enterprise. If the individual sometimes seems an atom so small as to escape all notice in the universe, including millions of worlds, a nation, with cities, libraries, schools, with the joy of the cradle and the pathos of the grave, represents a scene so thrilling and mysterious as to justify the entrance of a divine leader into the battle scene, — a leader whose chariot is indeed concealed behind the clouds, but who, nevertheless, guides the upward movement of the great pilgrim host, and leads them toward certain victory.

For multitudes this great truth of God's overruling care has been eclipsed by reason of the vastness of the universe. The time was when the East stood close beside the West. Now the telescope has crowded back the horizon. In Newton's day the sun was known to be ninety millions of miles away. To-day, in comparison, the distance to the fixed stars, the distance to our sun, is like the distance to the threshold of

one's next-door neighbor. These stars that all seem so near are now so far removed that the light falling upon the eye started before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth. In hours of depression man reflects that He who guards these awful spaces can have little time to spare for that tiny speck called a weeping child or a dying statesman. But if a little science disturbed our faith in God's care for the individual life, a wider research has recovered it again. Science has enlarged the universe in space a little, but it has enlarged the soul of man a thousand fold more. The new science has caused the mind to rise up, clothed with infinite majesty and beauty. Once the little mind matched the little world of Milton's day. But now, how wondrous the soul made in the image of God! Reason squeezes the stars for knowledge as the hand squeezes an orange for juice. The intellect numbers the stars, calls them by names, weighs their masses, foretells their movements, discovers their elements, predicts to a second their eclipse. The traveller, crossing a marsh or swamp, leaps from one little hummock of grass to another. The soul, journeying through the awful abyss of space, steps from star to star. As the schoolboy puts a handful of marbles into his little pocket, so the soul counts suns no larger than marbles, and thrusting them into the pocket of memory strides bravely on. Running along the Milky

Way the mind goes hungering and longing for new truths, and standing on the outermost rim of space, stands disappointed, and longing for new facts to discover. Vast as the physical universe is, it is a little garret in which a human god sits rebelling against its physical limitations named the horizon.

It is the soul that represents space infinite in extent. The mind is the terra incognita. Earth knows only one thing vast enough and precious enough to justify an overruling providence and care,— the human soul. And what a handful of folk this family of man! The entire human race could be assembled in an audience chamber twelve miles square. Yet in a single bolt of embroidered silk it was estimated that there were a billion six hundred million threads and fibre wrought into one pattern and made glorious with flowers, fern, and faces. Can a human mind shape the innumerable threads into one beautiful whole, and the Infinite God be unable to control fifteen hundred millions of men, leading them toward one great purpose of happiness and righteousness? The laws of light and heat, the laws of gravity and soil, are so delicately related as to encourage the thought that all the mechanism of the starry world is arranged for the embroidering of violets upon the lap of spring. And thus all the forces of sea and land and sky are overruled of God, whose love blushes in the rose, mur-

murs in the gurgling stream, shines in the rainbow, sparkles in each star, thrills in each note of friendship. The vastness of Nature, therefore, does but enlarge the scope of God's providential purpose. This, therefore, is faith's word for physical science: —

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> Let more of reverence in us dwell,
> That mind and soul according well,
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster."

The thought, God cares for man, has also suffered injury through the over-emphasis of the reign of law. Science exhibits man as moving forward enmeshed in laws of heat and light and gravity. By law the winter recedes, by law the summer advances, by law the harvests are ripened, by law the clouds are lifted, by law the rivers are filled. Soon men began to spell the world law with a capital "L," and force with a capital "F." Gently Law and Force led the Infinite Being to the edge of the universe, and bowed Him out of existence. Men decided that law could build the world if it was spelled with large letters instead of small. It seems that in the morning of creation Law spelled with a capital "L" called a few clods of dirt into his back yard, and planned the perfume and the hue of the violet. In a philosophy that needed no creator for a sheaf or a strawberry or a human face, save that

creator named one lump of mud, God had no place. But nothing could have been more foolish than this over-emphasis of law. Merchants do, indeed, have one law by which the store opens at eight, and another law by which it is closed at six; but if some foolish person should think that these rules which the merchant has enacted has built up his tool and trade so that it is no longer necessary to have a merchant or an inventor, and all the stores on Broadway get along by the rules and need no presiding mind, we should have that which would answer precisely with the amazing thought that the laws of Nature have done away with the necessity of God. Man has certain habits, that are the rules of his life. God's habits are Nature's laws. And but for their stability, the universe would be without flexibility. Once these laws are invariable, Nature becomes infinitely flexible. What endless confusion would be introduced into life if Nature's laws were fickle and changeable! Todd has a story of a world of chance. In that realm one day the sun rose at six o'clock, but the next day the harvesters waited until eleven before daylight came. One year corn ripened into food, but the next summer it ripened poison and killed the flocks and herds. A peach tree bore Crawfords only on one limb; all the others bore cucumbers and gourds. In the midst of his railway journey,

the engine stopped because the fire that had been boiling water suddenly began to freeze it. He also met a man born in the world of chance. One leg had no joint whatever, and was very long. The other had four joints, but all curved the wrong way. His two eyes, unfortunately, were on the top of his head, and the sun almost put them out. This story illustrates the scientist's idea of the confusion wrought by chance, and the order and beauty possible through law. It is Nature's law, invariable and permanent, and obedience thereto, that gives men tools and conveniences. It is the law of color that gives the artist his skill. It is the law of truth that gives the argument its power. Natural laws are beauteous threads for weaving those textures called harvests, factories, cities, civilizations.

Consider how flexible are these natural laws. Not one of them but can be set aside by playing a higher law over against the lower one. Even man has strength for abrogating every law of Nature. Gravity bids the weight fall, but by playing the law of steam against the law of gravity, the elevator, laden with brick, rises to the very top of the building. The law of inertia bids the great ship stand still, but the fiery vapor, smiting the piston, pushes the vast hull through the sea. The law of sound causes the echo of the voice to vanish; but the higher law of electricity sets aside the

lower one, and man hears the voice of his friend through a full thousand miles of space. Thus natural laws are seen to be infinitely flexible and sensitive to every conceivable change, not alone through God, but through man also. But of themselves these natural laws are utterly impotent for forceful effects. The Duke of Argyle, in his "Reign of Law," has beautifully illustrated this fact; as have Mr. Beecher and President McCosh. Suppose that in a moment every husbandman and builder, every soldier and citizen, should perish out of the earth. Suppose that all the laws of earth and air and sea and sky and all flocks and herds should remain. These natural laws would be impotent even for preserving the civilization man has already created. Grass would soon grow in all the streets. Gardens would be given over to thorns and thistles. Engines would become mere dust piles. Cities would become heaps. Natural laws would be here, yet the land would be desolation. Now, let man return after a thousand years' absence and intellectualize all these rude forces. His reason weaves together the laws of wood and iron and fire and water. Soon all the land would be embroidered with those beautiful robes, called vineyards, villages, temples, and cathedrals. Natural laws, through man, become fruitful. Impotent forces take on potency. Man stands

before the laws of Nature as the weaver before his threads. He plays on the forces of wind and river, field and forest, soil and sun, as the pianist upon keys. The musician, by his superior mind, becomes a providence for each piece of ivory, leading forth sweet melodies, and man stands before natural laws for their guidance, stimulus, and higher uses. All forces in the globe obey and serve him. All receive his bit and bridle. Reason controls them, as the charioteer his fiery steeds. Thus science, that once threatened to do away with providence, has now, through the reign of law, established providence. For laws are flexible, not alone for God, but for man, who, through them, makes this world a fruitful and beautiful paradise.

Now, for the individual life, how unspeakably precious this declaration of God's loving care! In hours of weakness, when baffled and beaten, when man perceives how vast is the sphere in which he is moving, how mighty are the forces whirling about him, man yearns for some power strong enough and wise enough to overrule events, and from defeat lead forth to victory. It is not enough that there is a providence over summer and winter by which the barn and storehouse are made to overflow. In the midst of the fierce strife, man cries out, no one cares for my soul. Nature has no personal friends. On the battle-field a thousand men may lie in the orchards and thickets, welt-

ering in their life-blood, but the boughs heed not the prayers, the trees shed no tears, their roots only grow the faster for the red rain; the sun, falling upon the window where sits the invalid, has no more pity for that white face than for the vine that clings to the window. But over against Nature's blindness and deafness and coldness stands this beautiful thought, If no *man* cares for your soul, God careth. In the olden times, when the knight went into battle, he carried with him the name and face of his beloved one. One look upon that face armed him for his conflict. Dying, upon that face his last look fell. And it is said that man's name is written upon God's hand. And that, with the coming of each sun, comes the loving providence, and with each day's going, the great God remains. And that man is already victorious who is conscious of God's loving care. Upon him, life's troubles, annoyances, attacks, misfortunes, fall like hail upon a slate roof. What a picture is this of the inside of a cottage on a sea-coast in hours of storm, "Where mountains come down behind, and storm breaks overhead, and the waves thundering upon the shore, the trees groaning and sighing in the wilderness around, the rains descending and beating upon the windows, while all the convulsions — the darkness, the midnight, the waves, the tempests, and the scowling sky — made the brightness of the heart

more bright, and the burning fire more pleasant, and the happy circle around it more blissful." And he who is sheltered within the heart of God has found a peace-chamber into which he can retreat from the pursuit of worldly jealousy and ambitions and battle. And the more the night and the storm and the tempest, so much the more are tranquillity, security, and blessed peace.

Happy is that man who feels that God cares for him, that he journeys forward under divine convoy, that his Father is regent of universal wisdom, and represents the whole commonwealth of love, who is all Nature, and who commands all Nature to serve His child. Such a man is weaponed against every enemy and is invincible. He dwells in the very realm of restfulness. He abides far above all fear, as eagles above the arrow's flight. He who ever carries with him this sense of God's loving providence is fitted to pass through fire, through flood, through all the thunder of life's battle. He has in himself the pledge of victory in the midst of things unvictorious, conquers midst things low, things hard, things strifeful. God cares for you — then you cannot be too rich, for riches make you the almoner of divine bounty; and you cannot be too poor, for the whole realm of love is thine. God cares for you — then you cannot live too long, and you cannot die too soon,

for heaven ever lies all about you. God cares for man — then for every storm there is a harbor in the eternal heart and a place of refuge within the everlasting arms.

God cares for you — therefore, His providence, smiting the rock in the desert, shall bring forth living water. God cares for you — therefore, in thy wild and stormy night He shall come to thee, walking upon the waves, to bid thy storm be still. God cares for you — therefore thou shalt see His angels sitting at the door of the sepulchre digged in thy life garden. Because He cares for you, the whole kingdom of love yearns and waits for your home-coming. Therefore, every day reach up and shake down the bough of infinite bounty and fruitfulness. Let every thought and feeling sing as an Æolian harp gives music to every wandering wind. Put away care and anxiety, and cast out all fevered fears. Joy and song betoken royal kinship. He who bears commission from royalty wears not sackcloth, unless he has fallen among robbers. The insignia of royal commission are royal apparel, kingly equipment, abundant treasure. Because thou art the child of providence, thou shouldst be the child of hope and trust. God cares for you — therefore live a trustful, tranquil, God-centred life, meeting storm with calm, adversity with fortitude, defeat with faith, death with hope of immortal life.

Beautiful Thoughts About Happiness

By Effie Chadsey

Foreword

"The desire of happiness, beyond all doubt, is a natural desire," says Henry van Dyke in "Joy and Power."

But, what constitutes happiness? Where shall we seek happiness? How can we find happiness? Can everyone be happy? Is happiness a duty?

These, and others questions are answered in the following quotations, which have been gleaned from more than one hundred authors.

It is hoped that they may bring cheer and encouragement to all who may chance to read these messages.

A beautiful thought is given for each day of the year, which shows us we can be happy if we only cultivate "the seeing eye and the feeling heart."

Helen Hunt Jackson says: "Cheeriness is a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished. Next best to natural, spontaneous cheeriness is deliberate, intended and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate and can so foster and cherish that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not an hereditary gift."

Surely, everyone desires happiness, but all do not see that joy unspeakable is always close at hand, only waiting to be grasped.

"There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere."

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

January

FIRST

The first step toward happiness is to determine to be happy. —*George Hodges.*

SECOND

If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault; for God made all men to be happy. —*Epictetus.*

THIRD

Happiness is one of the greatest things in the world, and joy is indispensable to any or every high state of attainment. Therefore, whoever can produce happiness or give entertainment is doing a work that is equal in every respect to any of the so-called great works in human life.

—*Christian D. Larson.*

FOURTH

"With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun."

FIFTH

To create some little bit of beauty every day, even if it is no more than rearranging the flowers in a jar or making a habitation more bright and clean; to serve goodness every day by even the smallest act of courtesy and kindness; and every day to learn some fresh fragment of pure truth—these are lines of the necessary procedure for those who seek naturalization and growth in the Dominion of Joy. —*Bliss Carman.*

SIXTH

His work was his joy. That is the point. —*Ossian Lang.*

SEVENTH

Joy is the very distilled elixir of energy and inspiration. It is the most invincible force. It is the power which is able to conquer and prevail. —*Lilian Whiting.*

EIGHTH

For the supreme joy is to be in free and congenial relationship with life. —*George Hodges.*

NINTH

Happiness must not be left too much to outside conditions. The ultimate result of life will be ourselves—nothing more nor less. It is, after all, what we are that largely makes for contentment. —*Henry D. Chapin.*

TENTH

This instinct for happiness is as deeply imbedded in man's nature as the instinct of life itself.

—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

ELEVENTH

Happiness is discovered in many unsuspected places.

—*George Hodges.*

TWELFTH

The most satisfactory thing in all this earthly life is to be able to serve our fellow-beings—first, those who are bound to us by ties of love, then the wider circle of fellow-townsmen, fellow-countrymen, or fellow-men. To be of service is a solid

foundation for contentment in this world. —*Charles W. Eliot.*

THIRTEENTH

The happiest man I ever knew was a peddler and a Methodist exhorter. He cheered the sorrowful, uplifted the sick, carried joy into the houses of mourning, added gaiety in life to gatherings of the young, and consolation and merriment to the old by carrying to the full the scriptural motto, "Be diligent in business while serving the Lord."

The amount of pleasure that there is in this world can never be measured. The philosophy of life is reciprocity and a man gets what he gives. (March 17, 1909.)

—*Chauncey Depew.*

FOURTEENTH

More hearts than we dream of enjoy our happiness and share our sorrow. —*George Wm. Curtis.*

FIFTEENTH

Travel with change of scene and occupation is a great aid, both to health and happiness. Nothing depresses like monotony. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

SIXTEENTH

If our life be one of toil and of suffering, if the world outside be cold and dreary, what a pleasure to return to the sunshine of happy faces and the warmth of hearts we love. —*Sir John Lubbock.*

SEVENTEENTH

"If thou art blessed
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest

On the dark edges of each cloud that lies
Black in thy brother's skies,
If thou art sad
Still be thou in thy brother's gladness glad."

EIGHTEENTH

There is such a thing as exquisite enjoyment in simple consciousness of existence. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

NINETEENTH

When thou wishest to give thyself delight, think of the excellencies of those who live with thee. —*Marcus Aurelius.*

TWENTIETH

O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

TWENTY-FIRST

The first requisite for enduring happiness is in having work to do in which one believes. —*Henry D. Chapin.*

TWENTY-SECOND

There are three sources of happiness in professional occupations.

The first is the sense of harmony between the occupation and the mental condition of the person who follows it.

The second is the feeling of efficiency. This is always agreeable in itself, even when the occupation is not precisely congenial.

The third is the knowledge that the work we are engaged upon, whether agreeable in itself or not, will be rewarded by some benefit to ourselves or others of a nature extraneous to itself. —*Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

TWENTY-THIRD

Man is not simply a worker; if he is to be happy, he must also play. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

TWENTY-FOURTH

"Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so,
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

TWENTY-FIFTH

Happiness is not solitary, but social; and so we can never have it without sharing it with others. —*Henry van Dyke.*

TWENTY-SIXTH

Joy is not in things, it is in us, and I hold to the belief that the causes of our present unrest, of this contagious discontent spreading everywhere, are in us at least as much as in exterior conditions. —*Charles Wagner.*

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Happiness, rightly understood, is the most desirable and the most important thing in life. —*George Hodges.*

TWENTY-EIGHTH

Just as the only test for the virtue of salt is its savour, so the only test for the virtue of the heart is its joy. There is no

happiness for us humans save in the normal exercise of our senses, our intelligence, our emotions. —*Bliss Carman.*

TWENTY-NINTH

Happy is that man who feels that God cares for him, that he journeys forward under divine convoy, that his Father is regent of universal wisdom, and represents the whole commonwealth of love, who is all Nature, and who commands all Nature to serve His child.

—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

THIRTIETH

Give strong thought to the happy side of your life and you will establish your life on the happy side.

—*Christian D. Larson.*

THIRTY-FIRST

It is no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice,
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain—
Why, rain's my choice.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

February

FIRST

Happiness is the most accommodating of all things. It will come to a cottage as soon as to a palace. You need never wait for any outward pomp to come. As the sunshine of the Almighty will shine through a simple vine as richly as upon the velvet of a king or upon the gilded dome of a temple, so happiness falls with equal sweetness upon all whose minds are at peace and in whose hearts flow the good thoughts and good sentiments of life. —*David Swing.*

SECOND

Life is richer, love stronger, truth more beautiful, nature fairer, music sweeter, art diviner, than we have ever dreamed. —*Henry Wood.*

THIRD

I believe in gittin' as much good outen life as you kin—not that I ever set out to look for happiness; seems like the folks that does, never find it. I jes' do the best I kin where the good Lord put me at, an' it looks like I got a happy feelin' in me 'most all the time. (Mrs. Wiggs.) —*A. C. Hegan.*

FOURTH

God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.

—*Browning.*

FIFTH

Happiness cannot be found by direct seeking, but by

setting our faces toward the things from which it flows; and so we must climb the mount if we would see the vision, we must tune the instrument if we would hear the music.

—*Henry van Dyke.*

SIXTH

We have crept out of our close and crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

SEVENTH

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

—*Shakespeare.*

EIGHTH

The truly happy man is the man whose habits impose upon him the thinking of higher thoughts, dreaming the noblest dreams, exulting in the deepest joys.

—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

NINTH

Beliefs, we must have and must act on, and they are sure to affect profoundly our happiness in this world. How to treat our old beliefs and choose our new ones, with a view to happiness, is in these days a serious problem for every reflective person.

—*Charles W. Eliot.*

TENTH

Cheerfulness accompanies patience, which is one of the main conditions of happiness and success in life.

—*Samuel Smiles.*

ELEVENTH

The joy of a wise man stands firm without interruption; in all places, at all times, and in all conditions, his thoughts are cheerful and quiet. As it never *came in* to him from *without*, so it will never leave him; but it is born within him, and inseparable from him. (Seneca's Morals.)

—*Sir Roger L' Estrange.*

TWELFTH

God is in our happiness; and because He has let us know of His being in it, He will be in it for us forever. For the Father would not have let us know that His gifts to us are from above, and out of an infinite treasury, if He did not intend us more than we have, much more, infinitely more.

—*William Mountford.*

THIRTEENTH

For after all the true pleasures of home are not without, but within. —*Sir John Lubbock.*

FOURTEENTH

Joy kneels, at morning's rosy prime, in worship to the rising sun. —*James Gordon Brooks.*

FIFTEENTH

I defy time and change. Each year laid upon our heads, is a hand of blessing. —*George William Curtis.*

SIXTEENTH

Think beautiful thoughts and your loneliness will disappear. —*Christian D. Larson.*

SEVENTEENTH

Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your prayers; be courteous to your creditors; keep your digestion good; exercise; go slow and easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

EIGHTEENTH

A deep, unquenchable spirit of joy is at once the truest evidence that we believe in the beneficence of the Father, and that we have penetrated deep enough into life's mystery to see how best, most economically, most courageously and helpfully to take it. —*Horatio W. Dresser.*

NINETEENTH

There are two fundamental necessities for a happy life, namely, a useful occupation for mind and body, and an outlet for unselfish affection. —*Henry D. Chapin.*

TWENTIETH

It is well to observe what a range of thought and sentiment is opened up by genuine happiness, and then, when the spirit of depression weighs heavily upon us, to recall these conditions, to let the morbid thought languish for mere want of attention, to stir one's self, to arouse a forced happiness if one cannot shake off the heavy spirit in any other way. —*Horatio W. Dresser.*

TWENTY-FIRST

The reaction from pain is a source of great delight; as in restoration to health, the dispersing of a deep gloom or melancholy, the recovery from panic, the quenching of a long repressed appetite. —*Alexander Bain.*

TWENTY-SECOND

"There is so much to be enjoyed, one never gets to the end of it."

TWENTY-THIRD

"Let us make our lives like songs, brave, cheery, tender and true, that shall sing themselves into other lives, and so help to lighten burdens and cares."

TWENTY-FOURTH

What we need is, not more cultivation, but a recognized habit of enjoyment. —*Agnes Repplier.*

TWENTY-FIFTH

Pleasure is a jewel which will only retain its luster when it is in a setting of work. —*W. M. Strickler.*

TWENTY-SIXTH

Those who cause beauty to gladden in the world are rewarded by the afterglow of happiness in themselves, so near is dust to dream, so truly are human achievements a part of the divine.

—*Bliss Carman.*

TWENTY-SEVENTH

The true joy of working comes when it calls forth the various faculties of our nature, and creative results come from

the correlation of these powers. Nothing else in life can take the place of the satisfaction thus obtained.

—*Henry D. Chapin.*

TWENTY-EIGHTH

"God is everywhere—
Between us and about us,
Within us and without us;
There cannot be a place for woe,
For God is joy, we know."

March

FIRST

Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look,
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure.

—*Cowper.*

SECOND

There should be such gladness and joy in life that all may partake of it. —*Lilian Whiting.*

THIRD

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. —*Ecclesiastes xi: 7.*

FOURTH

We can't afford to be morbid. We have to have cheerful hearts. —*H. E. Rives.*

FIFTH

Be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars.

—*Henry van Dyke.*

SIXTH

The good-finder (if such a barbaric sounding word may be used), is thankful for whatever comes. —*Ossian Lang.*

SEVENTH

Another underlying condition of contentment is not to

take one's self, or even the affairs of life, too seriously. In looking back, every one can see how much unhappiness has been derived from an over-weening sense of one's importance. —*Henry D. Chapin.*

EIGHTH

The life of many a man and woman is so filled with overmuch of good things that they have no time to enjoy the least of their treasures. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

NINTH

To give pleasure to others and take it ourselves, we have to begin by removing the ego, which is hateful, and then keep it in chains as long as the diversions last. There is no worse killjoy than the ego. —*Charles Wagner.*

TENTH

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea I have a goodly heritage. —*Psalm xvi: 6.*

ELEVENTH

The secret of happiness is—something to do.

—*John Burroughs.*

TWELFTH

"A sense of humor is a saving grace, and happy is that woman who has been blessed by birth with that rare sixth sense of 'seeing the funny side.' If you have it naturally, be gladly grateful, for it is a greater gift than beauty or riches. It means cheerfulness, contentment, courage and, possessing it, you are equipped with a potent weapon against the blows of fate."

THIRTEENTH

We may be sure that cheerful beliefs about the unseen world, framed in full harmony with the beauty of the visible universe, and with the sweetness of domestic affections and joys, and held in company with kindred and friends, will illuminate the dark places on the pathway of earthly life and brighten all the road. —*Charles W. Eliot.*

FOURTEENTH

By forgetting ourselves in thinking of the feelings of others we gain happiness. —*Henry D. Chapin.*

FIFTEENTH

"Words of cheer thrill not only the soul of the hearer, but equally the soul of the speaker, because they are God's words."

SIXTEENTH

Mental sunshine makes the mind grow, and perpetual happiness makes human nature a flower garden in bloom.

—*Christian D. Larson.*

SEVENTEENTH

Oh, let us fill our hearts up with the glory of the day
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow far away!
For the world is full of roses and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips for me and you.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

EIGHTEENTH

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts.—*John Ruskin.*

NINETEENTH

The domestic man who loves no music so well as his own kitchen clock and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of.
—*Woodworth.*

TWENTIETH

He who is virtuous is wise; and he who is wise is good; and he who is good is happy. —*King Alfred's Boethius.*

TWENTY-FIRST

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth. —*Bacon.*

TWENTY-SECOND

Instead of seeking happiness by going out of our place, our skill should be to find it where we are.
—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

TWENTY-THIRD

Being happy—being appreciative, being grateful—is not altogether a matter of temperament. Nor is it dependent upon outward circumstances. Not at all. —*Ossian Lang.*

TWENTY-FOURTH

The world will be to each one of us very much what we make it. The cheerful are its real possessors, for the world belongs to those who enjoy it. —*Samuel Smiles.*

TWENTY-FIFTH

The secret of happiness lies in the health of the whole mind, and in giving to each faculty due occupation, and in

the natural order of their superiorities, the Divine first, the human second, the material last. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

TWENTY-SIXTH

Monotony, even under circumstances least favourable to the usual elements of happiness, becomes a happiness in itself, growing, as it were, unseen, out of the undisturbed certainty of peculiar customs. —*Lord Lytton.*

TWENTY-SEVENTH

All these are elements of happiness—love of nature, acquaintance with the wide earth, congenial intercourse with superior minds, and abiding friendships. —*Charles W. Eliot.*

TWENTY-EIGHTH

Live only in a great To -Day, whose happy thoughts weave golden hours. —*Josephine Rollett Wright.*

TWENTY-NINTH

It is so possible to be glad in the gladness of other people; and, too, it is possible so to extend one's own life into higher regions that his happiness shall not be altogether dependent upon other people. —*Lilian Whiting.*

THIRTIETH

A grateful heart is the mainspring of happiness.

—*Ossian Lang.*

THIRTY-FIRST

Happy, indeed, the man who can say that he owes no man anything. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

April

FIRST

O, the warm, delicious, hopeful rain,
Let us be glad together,
Summer comes flying in beauty again
Through the fitful April weather.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

SECOND

Happiness means a few gentle drops descending upon the heart like rain and dew. Contentment is a condition of the soul within. It is but little affected by few or many things without. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

THIRD

"He who enjoys what he has, without regretting the want of what he has not, is a happy man."

FOURTH

The sacred sun, above the waters raised,
Through heaven's eternal brazen portals blazed,
And wide o'er earth diffused his cheering ray.

—*Pope.*

FIFTH

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

SIXTH

There is no such tonic as happiness. —*W. M. Strickler.*

SEVENTH

Mental labor is more enjoyable than manual labor in the process. The essence of the joy lies in the doing, rather than in the result of the doing. There is a life-long and solid satisfaction in any productive labor, manual or mental, which is not pushed beyond the limit of strength.

—*Charles W. Eliot.*

EIGHTH

It is wonderful indeed how much innocent happiness we thoughtlessly throw away. —*Sir John Lubbock.*

NINTH

Live on the sunny side; count everything joy; believe most thoroughly that all things are working for greater and greater good to you, and be determined to prove it in greater and greater measure. —*Christian D. Larson.*

TENTH

His cheerfulness should be the gift of the sunlight; the air should suffice for his inspiration, and he should be tipsy with water. —*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

ELEVENTH

A happy life depends on virture. Hence proceed all things that are beautiful, honourable, and excellent, * * * and they are well stored with joys. —*Cicero.*

TWELFTH

Not only is it every man's privilege to be happy; it is his duty, his manifest obligation. Happiness is the condition of his higher achievements and his higher usefulness. It is the exhilaration of the highest energy, and lends wings.

—*Lilian Whiting.*

THIRTEENTH

Then on to-morrow's dawn your care employ
To search the land, but give this day to joy.

—*Dryden.*

FOURTEENTH

Happy the disposition that rejoices even when the cloud stands upon the horizon, waiting for the moment when the cloud may be shattered with sunshine, or thinking of God's angels that in that cloud will ride homeward when their day's work is done, and good has been brought forth from seeming evil. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

FIFTEENTH

I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labour. —*Ecclesiastes ii: 10.*

SIXTEENTH

Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd in spite of fate are mine.

—*Dryden.*

SEVENTEENTH

Live in perpetual happiness, and inwardly feel the fullness of unbounded joy. And you can, when you learn to look at

life from the proper point of view. —*Christian D. Larson.*

EIGHTEENTH

"Get in the habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud, and, when you have found it, continue to look at it rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. It will help you over many hated places."

NINETEENTH

He who has learned to laugh at himself is a near neighbor to happiness. —*W. M. Strickler.*

TWENTIETH

It is better than a sermon to hear my wife Prue talk to the children; and when she speaks to me it seems sweeter than psalm singing; at least, such as we have in our church. I am very happy. (Prue and I.) —*George William Curtis.*

TWENTY-FIRST

Be cheerful, man of care, for great is the multitude of chances,
Burst thy fetters of anxiety, and walk among the citizens of ease.

—*Martin Farquhar-Tupper.*

TWENTY-SECOND

The staple of pleasure must be found in small measures, and in common things. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

TWENTY-THIRD

I defy any person, * * * to exhaust the possibility of enjoyment coming from acquaintance with Nature and

appreciation of what Nature can do and does do in any single horizon. —*Horace Fletcher.*

TWENTY-FOURTH

He who believes that God cares for men has found the secret of perpetual happiness, sees the best glimmering through the worst, feels the sun's warm beams throbbing through the thickest clouds, tastes the fruit before the blossom falls, hears the song within the lifeless egg, and in the very thick and smoke of life's defeat, discerns afar off the heights where the hosts encamp and hang out their signals of victory. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

TWENTY-FIFTH

Earthly happiness is not dependent on the amount of one's possessions or the nature of one's employment.

—*Charles W. Eliot.*

TWENTY-SIXTH

Abiding happiness is not simply a possibility, but a duty; * * * all may live above the troubles of life; * * * worry is a poison and happiness a medicine. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know.

—*Carlos Wilcox.*

TWENTY-EIGHTH

There is an exchange of thought and feeling which is happy alike in speech and in silence. It is quietness pervaded with friendship. —*Henry van Dyke.*

TWENTY-NINTH

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven.
(The Prelude.)

—*Wordsworth.*

THIRTIETH

Sunshine has come more often than the rain;
Clouds there were, but came the light again.

—*Russell D. Chase.*

May

FIRST

The sky—was it ever so sunny?
Were fields ever green like today?
My heart is so full it brims over
In laughter; this first of sweet May.

—*Alice Ormes.*

SECOND

"Ignore what you do not like, and the way in which it will disappear will be surprising."

THIRD

If thy desire it be
To see
The times prove good, be thou
But such thyself, and surely know
That all thy days to thee
Shall, spite of mischief, happy be.

—*Dr. Joseph Beaumont.*

FOURTH

And feel that I am happier than I know. —*Milton.*

FIFTH

We can encourage happy thoughts in ourselves and others. —*Samuel Smiles.*

SIXTH

One's birthright is happiness. It is as freely offered as the

sunshine and the air. It is a spiritual state, and not conditioned by material limits. —*Lilian Whiting.*

SEVENTH

A kind heart and a keen eye * * *. As long as these are left, one may defy poverty, neglect of friends, and even, to a degree, misfortune and sickness and still find hours brimful every day of innocent and nourishing enjoyment. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

EIGHTH

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
Tho' solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.

—*William Drummond.*

NINTH

A flower by the wayside, a moonrise over the roofs of the city, a quiet sunset among the purple hills, the sudden flash of a passing glance in the street, the scent of some remembered perfume, a breath of spring wind stirring the blind at an open window, the blessing of a beggar, the sight of a masterpiece in a museum, news of an old friend, a strain of music, the skill of an acrobat, or a seasonable word—any one of these ordinary occurrences, if we be capable of appreciating it, may transport us instantly to the borders of The Dominion of Joy, invest us with a cloak of happiness, and disclose to us a momentary glimpse of immortality.

—*Bliss Carman.*

TENTH

The three arch-enemies of happiness: Hurry, Worry, and Debt. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

ELEVENTH

Thus happiness depends, as Nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose.

—*Cowper.*

TWELFTH

I am always content with that which happens; for I think that what God chooses is better than what I choose.

—*Epictetus.*

THIRTEENTH

To be strong
Is to be happy!

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

FOURTEENTH

Happiness seems made to be shared. —*Corneille.*

FIFTEENTH

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,
And 'tis that crowns a welcome.

—*Massinger.*

SIXTEENTH

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow:

From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

—*Nathaniel Cotton.*

SEVENTEENTH

"Let us praise, praise, praise! Let us express goodness in every thought, word and act. So shall we know the joy that keeps young, tender and beautiful."

EIGHTEENTH

From labour health, from health contentment spring;
Contentment opes the source of every joy. (Minstrel.)

—*Beattie.*

NINETEENTH

Be sure to live on the sunny side, and even then do not expect the world to look bright, if you habitually wear gray-brown glasses. —*Charles W. Eliot.*

TWENTIETH

The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
The loveliest flower springs low;
And we must stoop for happiness
If we its worth would know.

—*Swain.*

TWENTY-FIRST

Where the hand does honest and honorable work, there the heart doth sing. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

TWENTY-SECOND

Can there be anyone not *willing* to be happy? Thousands,

my friends. They all would like to be. But like to be and will are two different things. Will goes forth to conquer. Determination and persistence are its armor. Like to be sits in an easy chair waiting for treasures to fall into the lap from somewhere. Will to be happy and you will be happy.

—*Ossian Lang.*

TWENTY-THIRD

"I don't see why a little child
Should cry at rain, do you—
With mud and puddles everywhere,
And pleasant things to do?"

TWENTY-FOURTH

By kindness, cheerfulness, and forbearance, we can be happy almost at will, and at the same time spread happiness about us on every side. —*Samuel Smiles.*

TWENTY-FIFTH

"Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings—
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things."

TWENTY-SIXTH

If you want to be happy yourself, make others happy. If you want to make others happy, be first happy yourself. There you have the whole formula. —*Ossian Lang.*

TWENTY-SEVENTH

O knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,

Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.

—*Thomson.*

TWENTY-EIGHTH

It was not meant that the enjoyments of life should be few and intense, but many and gentle; and great happiness is the sum of a multitude of drops. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

TWENTY-NINTH

Monotony itself is a cause and element of happiness which amidst the shifting tumults of the world, we are apt to ignore. —*Lord Lytton.*

THIRTIETH

The great secret of happiness is to study to accommodate our own minds to things external rather than to accommodate things external to ourselves. —*Dugald Stewart.*

THIRTY-FIRST

Happiness is a pursuit to be followed as tirelessly as the pursuit of wisdom or of wealth. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

June

FIRST

Look ye above!
The Earth is glorious with its summer wreath;
The tall trees bend with verdure; and, beneath,
Young flowers are blushing like unwhisper'd love.

—*John G. Whittier.*

SECOND

If we had set our fancy to picture a Creator occupied solely in devising delight for children whom He loved, we could not conceive one single element of bliss which is not here. —*Sir John Lubbock.*

THIRD

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.

—*Pope.*

FOURTH

Our pleasures, like honey, should be extracted not from a few stately flowers, named and classic, but from the whole multitude, great and small, which God has sown with profuse hand to smile in every nook, and to make the darkest corners warm with their glowing presence. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

FIFTH

How joyed my heart in the rich melodies
That overhead and 'round me did arise!
The moving leaves—the water's gentle flow—

Delicious music hung on every bough.

—*Isaac Walton.*

SIXTH

It is apparent * * * that a good measure of out-of-door life is desirable for him who would secure the elements of a happy life. —*Charles W. Eliot.*

SEVENTH

Joy Cometh in the morning. —*Psalm xxx: 5.*

EIGHTH

The fields in green array'd,
The cheerful sunshine warm and bright,
For our joy, for our joy,
Our great Creator made.

Tr. from the German by
—*J. C. D. Parker.*

NINTH

Joy is of thy true self a part;
Why shouldst thou pray for what thou art?

—*Mary Putman Gilmore.*

TENTH

My heart is fixed firm and stable in the belief that ultimately the sunshine and the summer, the flowers and the azure sky, shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence. He shall take from all their beauty and enjoy their glory. —*Richard Jefferies.*

ELEVENTH

Who that define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?

—*Pope.*

TWELFTH

Love turns to the brightest side of things, and its face is ever directed towards happiness. It sees 'the glory in the grass, the sunshine on the flower.' It encourages happy thoughts, and lives in an atmosphere of cheerfulness. It costs nothing, and yet is invaluable; for it blesses its possessor, and grows up in abundant happiness in the bosoms of others.

—*Samuel Smiles.*

THIRTEENTH

Just being happy is a fine thing to do,
Looking on the bright side, rather than the blue,
Sad or sunny musing,
Is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy is brave work and true.

—*Ripley D. Saunders.*

FOURTEENTH

The pleasures of reading are of course in good part pleasures of the imagination; but they are just as natural and actual as pleasures of sense, and are often more accessible and more lasting. —*Charles W. Eliot.*

FIFTEENTH

How often and often have I blessed God for the treasures and dear comforts of His *natural world!* Shall I ever be grateful enough for TREES! —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

SIXTEENTH

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

SEVENTEENTH

Of all felicities, the most charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship. It sweetens all our cares, dispels our sorrows, and counsels us in all extremities. (Seneca's Morals.)

—*Sir Roger L'Estrange.*

EIGHTEENTH

Those who give their days and nights to the study and practice of beauty, to the creation of loveliness in any form, are thereby naturalized in the Dominion of Joy and take on unconsciously the guise of its gladsomeness. —*Bliss Carman.*

NINETEENTH

Happy is the man that loves flowers!

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

TWENTIETH

Every sort of beauty has been lavished on our allotted home; beauties to enrapture every sense, beauties to satisfy every taste; forms the noblest and the loveliest, colors the most gorgeous and the most delicate, odors the sweetest and subtlest, harmonies the most soothing and the most stirring; the sunny glories of the day; the pale Elysian grace of moonlight, the lake, the mountain, the primrose, the forest, and the boundless ocean; 'silent pinnacles of aged snow' in one hemisphere, the marvels of tropical luxuriance in another; the serenity of sunsets; the sublimity of storms;

everything is bestowed in boundless profusion on the scene of our existence; we can conceive or desire nothing more exquisite or perfect than what is round us every hour, and our perceptions are so framed as to be consciously alive to all. (Mr. Greg, in Pleasures of Life.) —*Sir John Lubbock.*

TWENTY-FIRST

The amount of honey which we accumulate from the years as they pass, depends not so much upon the number of flower-gardens through which we rove, as upon our powers of extraction. —*Henry Wood.*

TWENTY-SECOND

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.

—*Keats.*

TWENTY-THIRD

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God:
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes."

TWENTY-FOURTH

In teaching patience and perseverance, also Nature teaches us a secret of happiness. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

TWENTY-FIFTH

Nature provides without stint the main requisites of human happiness. —*Sir John Lubbock.*

TWENTY-SIXTH

Our humble lilies of the valley and our field sparrows are wise enough to tell us of Nature's overruling care, that makes happiness possible. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Oh, then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. (The Grave.)

—*Blair.*

TWENTY-EIGHTH

Live in perpetual sunshine; in fact, be sunshine; be the very spirit of joy. —*Christian D. Larson.*

TWENTY-NINTH

The air seems made up of happiness, the clouds, the trees, the grass, the pathless birds, land and water,—all seem to pulsate happiness, to emit it, to breathe it forth upon us; and it falls upon us as dew upon flowers. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

THIRTIETH

Every one must have felt that a cheerful friend is like a sunny day, which sheds its brightness on all around.

—*Sir John Lubbock.*

July

FIRST

"The secret of happiness is 'Do a kindness to some one every day.'"

SECOND

How exquisite is pleasure after pain! —*Young.*

THIRD

We have the command, to a great extent, over our own lot. At all events, our mind is our own possession; we can cherish happy thoughts there. —*Samuel Smiles.*

FOURTH

Cheerfulness is, to a certain extent, a habit, which once formed does much to alleviate the small trials of life.

—*Henry D. Chapin.*

FIFTH

No man can live happily who regards himself alone, who turns everything to his own advantage. Thou must live for another, if thou wishest to live for thyself. —*Seneca.*

SIXTH

Now happiness consists in activity: such is the constitution of our nature: it is a running stream, and not a stagnant pool. (The Book of Nature.) —*Good.*

SEVENTH

The unselfish person lives in an environment of

happiness, surrounded by those whom he has helped to be happy, and who in return are endeavoring to bring happiness to him. —*George Hodges.*

EIGHTH

The happy person is the one who finds occasions for joy at every step. He does not have to look for them, he just finds them. —*Ossian Lang.*

NINTH

I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling, discontented people. A man should make life and nature happier to us, or he had better never been born.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

TENTH

* * * all who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.

—*Byron.*

ELEVENTH

Make the attainment of continuous happiness and greater happiness a permanent part of your strongest ambition. You will soon find results. Your unhappy moments will become less and less frequent, as well as less and less significant, while your happy moments will become so numerous as to almost become one continuous moment, and the richness of your joy will increase daily to a most satisfying degree. —*Christian D. Larson.*

TWELFTH

"If your spirits are low, do something; if you have been doing something, do something different."

THIRTEENTH

The soul was made for joy and good cheer.

—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

FOURTEENTH

Behold the happy man, his face is rayed with pleasure. His thoughts are of calm delight, and none can know his blessedness.

—*Martin Farquhar Tupper.*

FIFTEENTH

A sound Mind in a sound Body, is a short but full description of a happy State in this World. —*Locke.*

SIXTEENTH

Let 'Bright, Cheerful and Happy,' be your watchword, and try to live it out. (Thought Vibration.)

—*William Walker Atkinson.*

SEVENTEENTH

Happiness lies in the consciousness we have of it, and by no means in the way the future keeps its promises.

—*Georges Sand.*

EIGHTEENTH

Some persons are always breaking out into happiness, because everything is bringing them pleasure. It comes in at the eye, and at the ear, at the portals of smell, taste, and

touch, in things little and great, in shapes and colors, in contrasts and analogies, in exactitudes, and in fanciful associations; in homely life, and in wild and grand life.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

NINETEENTH

It is kindly sympathy with human life that enables one to secure happiness. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

TWENTIETH

"That thou art happy, owe to God; that thou continuest such, owe to thyself."

TWENTY-FIRST

For to what can happiness be wisely sacrificed but to greater happiness? —*John Hawkesworth.*

TWENTY-SECOND

It is true that some of the most precious joys of life come to use in quiet moments when we have no companion but a book, or a green hill, or an expanse of shining water, or the sound of meditative music or the consciousness of the divine presence. —*George Hodges.*

TWENTY-THIRD

A beauty not explicable, is dearer than a beauty which we can see to the end of. —*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

TWENTY-FOURTH

To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over the ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray, are the things that make men happy. —*Ruskin.*

TWENTY-FIFTH

The happy have whole days, and those they use;
Th' unhappy have but hours, and those they lose.

—*Dryden.*

TWENTY-SIXTH

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.

—*Shakespeare.*

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Happiness is inward, and not outward; and so it does not depend on what we have, but on what we are.

—*Henry van Dyke.*

TWENTY-EIGHTH

Now the heart is so full that a drop over-fills it,
We are happy now because God wills it.

—*Lowell.*

TWENTY-NINTH

Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others.
And in their pleasure takes joy, even as though 'twere his own.

—*Goethe.*

THIRTIETH

Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it. —*Sydney Smith.*

THIRTY-FIRST

That which is given us for our joy is ours as long as life shall last; not passing away with the moment of enjoyment, but dwelling with us, and enriching us to the end. The memory of a past pleasure, derived from any lawful source, is a part of the pleasure itself, a vital part, which remains in our keeping as long as we recognize and cherish it.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

August

FIRST

"Resolve to be merry,
All worry to ferry,
Across the famed waters that bid us forget;
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We'll find life has much that's worth living for yet!"

SECOND

A face without smiles is a garden without flowers.
—*Constans L. Goodell.*

THIRD

Happiness is not in the possession of a fortune; happiness is in the self-reliance and industry that makes a fortune.
—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

FOURTH

There is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, and glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. —*Ruskin.*

FIFTH

To have given pleasure to one human being is a recollection that sweetens life. —*Agnes Repplier.*

SIXTH

Make it a point to be happy no matter what comes.

—*Christian D. Larson.*

SEVENTH

It is worth every man's while to study the important art of living happily. Even the poorest man may by this means extract an increased amount of joy and blessing from life.

—*Samuel Smiles.*

EIGHTH

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

—*Proverbs xvii, 22.*

NINTH

Happy are those whose sweet and gentle speech fills the common life with sweetness and light. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

TENTH

Let us define a happy life as consisting, not in the repelling of evil, but in the acquisition of good; and let us seek to procure it, not by doing nothing, whether one is feeling pleasure, as Aristippus says, or feeling no pain, as Hieronymus insists, but by doing something, and giving our mind to thought. —*Cicero.*

ELEVENTH

There are two things which will make us happy in this life, if we attend to them. The first is, never to vex ourselves about what we cannot help; and the second, never to vex ourselves about what we can help. —*Chatfield.*

TWELFTH

One of the purest and most enduring of human pleasures is to be found in the possession of a good name among one's neighbors and acquaintances. As Shakespeare puts it

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation.

—*Charles W. Eliot.*

THIRTEENTH

Happiness is a building force, one of the greatest in the human system, * * * we refer to that happiness that wells up from within, that soul-joy that makes you feel thoroughly good through and through. —*Christian D. Larson.*

FOURTEENTH

A good man is happy within himself, and independent upon a fortune; kind to his friend, temperate to his enemy, religiously just, indefatigably laborious; and he discharges all duties with a constancy and congruity of actions. (Seneca's Morals.) —*Sir Roger L'Estrange.*

FIFTEENTH

Whatever training and instructions can do to fit us for our necessary avocations and labours, adds to our happiness. * * * The amusements and amenities of life are only enjoyed to the full after special training. —*Alexander Bain.*

SIXTEENTH

What does it profit a man to be the landed proprietor of countless acres unless he can reap the harvest of delight that blooms from every road of God's earth for the seeing eye and the loving spirit? —*Henry van Dyke.*

SEVENTEENTH

Happiness is not, like a large and beautiful gem, so uncommon and rare that all search for it is vain, all efforts to obtain it hopeless; but it consists of a series of smaller and commoner gems, grouped and set together, forming a pleasing and graceful whole. —*Samuel Smiles.*

EIGHTEENTH

Thrice happy if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright!

—*Milton.*

NINETEENTH

—Men live better on little: nature has given it to all men to be happy, if each but knew how to use his opportunity.

—*Claudian.*

TWENTIETH

Whether we are happy or unhappy, is very much in our own power, and depends greatly on ourselves.

—*Sir John Lubbock.*

TWENTY-FIRST

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—*Shakespeare.*

TWENTY-SECOND

Learn to think that everything must come out better and

better if you only do your best; then proceed to do your best. Have no fear of results so long as you do your best; and believe firmly that whatever comes to him who always does his best must of necessity be good. If it does not appear to be good, it is only temporarily disguised, and will soon reveal itself to be the greatest blessing that could have been desired. No person can be unhappy who lives in this thought; and he who lives constantly in this thought will not only become happier, and thus healthier, but he will also discover that things always turn out better and better when we do our best.

—*Christian D. Larson.*

TWENTY-THIRD

Still all great souls still make their own content;
We to ourselves may all our wishes grant;
For, nothing coveting, we nothing want.

—*Dryden.*

TWENTY-FOURTH

Do you wish always to stray further? See, good lies as near; learn only to grasp happiness, for happiness is always there.

—*Goethe.*

TWENTY-FIFTH

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends.
But in the worth and choice.

—*Ben Jonson.*

TWENTY-SIXTH

There's lots of fun in the world if a fellow only knows how to find it. —*Elliott Flower.*

TWENTY-SEVENTH

True happiness is not the growth of earth,
The soil is fruitless if you seek it there:
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.

—*R. B. Sheridan.*

TWENTY-EIGHTH

The art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

TWENTY-NINTH

Men become the happier when they realize that Nature is their partner and co-worker in every enterprise.

—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

THIRTIETH

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.

—*Gay.*

THIRTY-FIRST

Happiness is a sunbeam which may pass through a thousand bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray.

—*Sir P. Sidney.*

September

FIRST

The teacher who searches diligently for the good in the things and the people about her will not find it difficult to fill her heart with gratitude. The people call her happy. And why should they not? —*Ossian Lang.*

SECOND

In the long run, people are generally apt to get what they look for; those who are seeking trouble usually find it. A happy disposition is therefore to be cultivated.

—*Henry D. Chapin.*

THIRD

If all are not happy, all may be happy.

—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

FOURTH

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.

—*Proverbs xv., 15.*

FIFTH

"He who goes down into the battle of life giving a smile for every frown, a cheery word for every cross one, and lending a helping hand to the unfortunate, is, after all, the best of missionaries."

SIXTH

What ripeness is to the orange, what sweet song is to the lark, what culture and refinement are to the intellect, that

happiness is to man. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

SEVENTH

O happy if ye know your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields! whom nature's boon
Cheers with her smiles, and ev'ry element
Conspires to bless. (The Chase.)

—*Somerville.*

EIGHTH

Few persons realize how much of their happiness, * * * is dependent upon their work, upon the fact that they are kept busy and not left to feed upon themselves. —*John Burroughs.*

NINTH

Our life is lived in the midst of an environment which is the appropriate setting of the jewel of great joy.

—*George Hodges.*

TENTH

The chance meeting, the unplanned outing, and the unexpected diversion that so often come unsought in the passing days, afford the common channels of happiness.

—*Henry D. Chapin.*

ELEVENTH

A thousand daily little things make their offering of pleasure to those who know how to be pleased.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

TWELFTH

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark

Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

—*Byron.*

THIRTEENTH

How lovely is this world!
How many joys to us are giv'n,
Blessings fall on us all:
How lovely is this world!

Tr. from the German by
—*J. C. D. Parker.*

FOURTEENTH

There is pleasure in exertion even when it is pushed to the point of fatigue, as many a sportsman knows, and this pleasure is, in good measure, independent of the attainment of any practical end. —*Charles W. Eliot.*

FIFTEENTH

Just being happy helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy, and they not strong;
And your own sky will lighten
If other skies you brighten
By just being happy, with a heart full of song.

—*Ripley D. Saunders.*

SIXTEENTH

Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free.

—*Pope.*

SEVENTEENTH

We are never so happy, nor so unhappy, as we suppose ourselves to be. —*La Rochefoucauld.*

EIGHTEENTH

We are not simple enough to be happy and to render others so. We lack the singleness of heart and the self-forgetfulness. —*Charles Wagner.*

NINETEENTH

It pays to be happy. Happiness is not a luxury, but a necessity. The beneficial effect of mental sunshine on life, ability, strength, vitality, endurance, is most pronounced.

—*Christian D. Larson.*

TWENTIETH

It is the sum of the small daily pleasures that are taken and enjoyed as they come, that constitutes the bulk of the happiness of life. —*Henry D. Chapin.*

TWENTY-FIRST

The joy of the individual is always related * * * to the joy of the community. It has its flower and its fruit in social service, without which it is a barren stalk. —*George Hodges.*

TWENTY-SECOND

Virtue is said necessarily to produce its own happiness, and to be constantly and adequately its own reward.

—*John Hawksworth.*

TWENTY-THIRD

Cheerfulness depends not on our past acts, but on our

wholesome view of life, and we get this by learning to understand it and to understand ourselves. —*H. E. Rives.*

TWENTY-FOURTH

A wise traveller goeth on cheerily,
through fair weather or foul
He knoweth that his journey must be sped,
so he carrieth his sunshine with him.

—*Martin Farquhar Tupper.*

TWENTY-FIFTH

True happiness ne'er entered at an eye;
True happiness resides in things unseen.

—*Young.*

TWENTY-SIXTH

Obey; be loyal; do your work and do it well. This is the message of Nature, and the man cannot be long unhappy who imitates Nature's examples. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Happiness, is a condition attained through worthiness. To find your life you must lose it. It is the law and the prophets. —*Lilian Whiting.*

TWENTY-EIGHTH

Let us be glad of the good things we see and hear and feel, and forget what may appear disagreeable. —*Ossian Lang.*

TWENTY-NINTH

There is pleasure in mere struggle, so it be not hopeless,

and in overcoming resistance, obstacles, and hardships.

—*Charles W. Eliot.*

THIRTIETH

The sweetest cordial we receive at last
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.

—*Sir J. Denham.*

October

FIRST

Personal happiness comes, not by seeking it specifically, but by seeking that nobler quality of living that produces it as a result. —*Lilian Whiting.*

SECOND

Happiness consists in the enjoyment of little pleasures scattered along the common path of life, which in the eager search for some great and exciting joy, we are apt to overlook. It finds delight in the performance of common duties, faithfully and honorably fulfilled. —*Samuel Smiles.*

THIRD

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance: but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken. —*Proverbs xv., 13.*

FOURTH

Happiness is from within, and outward circumstances have but little power over it. —*John Burroughs.*

FIFTH

The foundation of abiding happiness is one's chosen life work. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

SIXTH

We ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others. —*Sir John Lubbock.*

SEVENTH

No gift of God should be more gratefully recognized than a nature easily tending toward enjoyment. So that of its own accord, it avoids sources of annoyance, and discerns in everything some ray of brightness. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

EIGHTH

"Kindness brings happiness."

NINTH

There is real pleasure and exhilaration in bodily exertion, particularly with companionship (of men or animals) and competition. —*Charles W. Eliot.*

TENTH

Happiness comes to us not as a reward of merit, but as a proof of worth. It is not a recompense for abnegation, but a natural satisfaction in normal life, an incalculable result of real deserving. —*Bliss Carman.*

ELEVENTH

Acquire the habit of expecting success, of believing in happiness. Nothing succeeds like success; nothing makes happiness like happiness. —*Lilian Whiting.*

TWELFTH

A certain simplicity of living is usually necessary to happiness. —*Henry D. Chapin.*

THIRTEENTH

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all,

Flowers in the summer;
Fires in the fall.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

FOURTEENTH

The recurrence of things same or similar, the content in the fulfilment of expectations so familiar and so gentle that we are scarcely conscious that they were formed, have a harmony and a charm, and where life is enriched by no loftier genius, often make the only difference between its poetry and its prose. —*Lord Lytton.*

FIFTEENTH

Let us sometimes live—be it only for an hour, and though we must lay all else aside—to make others smile. The sacrifice is only in appearance; no one finds more pleasure for himself than he who knows how, without ostentation, to give himself that he may procure for those around him a moment of forgetfulness and happiness. —*Charles Wagner.*

SIXTEENTH

So long as you retain your happiness you will retain all your power; and all the power that is in you is sufficient to overcome every obstacle, conquer every adversary and turn every circumstance to good account. —*Christian D. Larson.*

SEVENTEENTH

The cheerful man makes a cheerful world.

—*Samuel Smiles.*

EIGHTEENTH

True happiness (if understood)

Consists alone in doing good.

—*Somerville.*

NINETEENTH

Because God is doing the best He can for all, in the very darkest hour of life, happiness and tranquility are possible for all alike. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

TWENTIETH

For this were our poets and dramatists, our painters and novelists, sent to us,—to make us lawfully happier in a hard world, to help us smilingly through the gloom. —*Agnes Repplier.*

TWENTY-FIRST

Her poverty was glad; her heart content. —*Dryden.*

TWENTY-SECOND

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full. —*John xv., 11.*

TWENTY-THIRD

O gift of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play:
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

TWENTY-FOURTH

Happiness is a very beautiful thing,—the most beautiful and heavenly thing in the world,—but it is a result, a spiritual condition, and is not predetermined by a bank account or by

the flattering incense of praise. —*Lilian Whiting.*

TWENTY-FIFTH

One of the secrets of happiness is found in the habitual emphasis of pleasant things, and the persistent casting aside of all malign elements. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

TWENTY-SIXTH

When thou wishest to delight thyself think of the virtues of those who live with thee. —*Marcus Aurelius.*

TWENTY-SEVENTH

The domestic affections are the principal source of human happiness and well-being. —*Charles W. Eliot*

TWENTY-EIGHTH

The true basis of cheerfulness is love, hope, and patience.
—*Samuel Smiles.*

TWENTY-NINTH

"Open your eyes, look, see why this is. How good it is that it should be just this way."

THIRTIETH

O happiness: our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content; whatever thy name;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh.
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.

—*Pope.*

THIRTY-FIRST

The direct pursuit of pleasure, or to demand happiness,

may indeed be futile; but the instinctive pursuit of our activities is not futile, unless it be ill-advised; and from such pursuit, when it is wisely ordered, some essence of happiness is inevitably derived. —*Bliss Carman.*

November

FIRST

Now, happiness produces happiness. Enjoyment may be cultivated, and is, after all, largely a condition of habit. Precisely the same circumstances will yield delight to one and discontent to another, and no process of culture is so admirable as that which fosters the habitual mood of sunny enjoyment. —*Lilian Whiting.*

SECOND

To live, we must conquer incessantly, we must have the courage to be happy. —*Amiel.*

THIRD

Happiness appears to be a state that comes easiest when unsought. —*Henry D. Chapin.*

FOURTH

But true peace can be had only by victory.

—*George Hodges.*

FIFTH

We want more loving knowledge to enable us to enjoy life, and we require to cultivate the art of making the most of the common means and appliances of enjoyment which lie about us on every side. —*Samuel Smiles.*

SIXTH

To make much of little, to find reasons of interest in

common things, to develop a sensibility to mild enjoyments, to inspire the imagination, to throw a charm upon homely and familiar things, will constitute a man master of his own happiness. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

SEVENTH

The best way to secure future happiness is to be as happy as is rightfully possible to-day. —*Charles William Eliot.*

EIGHTH

The measure of a man's happiness will be the number and strength of his friendships among people young and people old, people rich and people poor, people representing professions and those representing the occupations.

—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

NINTH

Who that has truly tasted and fathomed human love in its dawning and crowning joys has not thanked God for a felicity which indeed "passeth understanding."

—*Sir John Lubbock.*

TENTH

To be thoroughly and abidingly happy is not only to get what we all instinctively desire, but to fulfil the purpose of our nature. —*George Hodges.*

ELEVENTH

Diamonds of shining joy lie glittering in every common highway, but most of the passers-by only stub their toes against them. —*George Hodges.*

TWELFTH

Mental sunshine not only attracts the best from without, but it also causes the best to grow from within. We all prefer the sunshine, and we are naturally attracted wherever a sunbeam is in evidence. —*Christian D. Larson.*

THIRTEENTH

If we opened our minds to enjoyment, we might find tranquil pleasures spread about us on every side. We might live with the angels that visit us on every sunbeam, and sit with the fairies who wait on every flower. —*Samuel Smiles.*

FOURTEENTH

It is a matter of economy to be happy, to view life and all its conditions from the brightest angle. It enables one to seize life at its best. —*Horatio W. Dresser.*

FIFTEENTH

When a man has such things to think on, and sees the sun, the moon, and stars, and enjoys earth and sea, he is not solitary or even helpless. —*Epictetus.*

SIXTEENTH

When to the pleasure of exertion is added the satisfaction of producing a new value, and the further satisfaction of earning a livelihood through that new value, we have the common pleasurable conditions of productive labor.

—*Charles W. Eliot.*

SEVENTEENTH

If you feel cheerful and happy, it is very natural for you to laugh. And if you will laugh a little, you will begin to feel

bright and cheerful. (Thought Vibration.)

—*William Walker Atkinson.*

EIGHTEENTH

Anyway, look cheerful, no matter how you feel.

—*George Hodges.*

NINETEENTH

That his work may be the stronger and the more enduring, man is commanded to practice happiness, and amidst all the conflicts and distemperatures of life to maintain the sense of joy and victory. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

TWENTIETH

Surely, O Life, thy name is happiness and hope.

—*Martin Farquhar Tupper.*

TWENTY-FIRST

The more liberal the sympathy, the more is the interest of life extended; and the more extended one's range of interests, the more does one multiply the means and resources of happiness. —*Lilian Whiting.*

TWENTY-SECOND

Happiness, let us admit, is not a relative thing, as pleasure is, but a positive condition of the spirit regardless of surroundings, a fundamental state of being in which normal personality finds the justification and value of life.

—*Bliss Carman.*

TWENTY-THIRD

Probably the most lasting source of happiness is found in

unselfish love. This keeps alive a constant interest in those who are the objects of affection, which, in turn, is naturally reflected into the relations of life. —*Henry D. Chapin.*

TWENTY-FOURTH

For what is it to be happy, but for a man to content himself with his lot, in a cheerful and quiet resignation to the appointments of God. (Seneca's Morals.)

—*Sir Roger L'Estrange.*

TWENTY-FIFTH

Few of us appreciate the number of our everyday blessings; we think they are trifles, and yet "trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle," as Michael Angelo said. —*Sir John Lubbock.*

TWENTY-SIXTH

The * * * thought of Thanksgiving is that one can find things to be thankful for, if one really looks for them.

—*Ossian Lange.*

TWENTY-SEVENTH

A serene face helps to make a serene soul; a smile on the lips induces a smile in the heart. —*George Hodges.*

TWENTY-EIGHTH

He who loves most has most. —*Henry van Dyke.*

TWENTY-NINTH

Oh, how one longs to express the glory and beauty of life from this higher point of view, how one longs for some stronger language, or for some means of communicating to

the untold thousands to whom life is still a mystery and a burden that fundamentally, and for them, when they shall be quickened to see it, life is really a joy, an apocalypse crystal clear, through which appears the fair spirit of transcendent Being! —*Horatio W. Dresser.*

THIRTIETH

If one would be happy, let him forget himself and go about making some one else happy. —*Lilian Whiting.*

December

FIRST

Why, it is the initial business of life to be happy. One should go about treading on air, and sip nectar and ambrosia. It is a beautiful thing to live. Life is a fine art; it is the supreme consummation of all the arts, the final finish and flower.

—*Lilian Whiting.*

SECOND

The daily drill of the tongue as an instrument of happiness and influence is to enter into the fundamental conception of living. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

THIRD

Happiness comes from the consciousness that one has been faithful to the work that has been appointed.

—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

FOURTH

O! what a happiness is it to find
A friend of our own blood, a brother kind!

—*Waller.*

FIFTH

The Dominion of Joy is as wide as the universe in which we dwell. Wherever the foot may tread and the soul subsist, there its beneficent power may extend. Its terminus is no nearer than the outmost star that glimmers within the sweep of vision. —*Bliss Carman.*

SIXTH

Look steadily on the bright side of life. Cultivate the grace of a good hope. Imitate the fine optimism of him of whom it is said that he could see stars where his neighbors saw only an unbroken expanse of cloud. —*George Hodges.*

SEVENTH

Morning breaks! the kingly sun
Issueth forth, a glorious one!
Fount of gladness, nature's crown,
Now, at noon, or going down!

—*Dr. Alexander S. Patterson.*

EIGHTH

A cultivated sense of humor directly adds to the happiness of life. —*Henry D. Chapin.*

NINTH

Every working man who is worth his salt (I care not whether he works with his hands and brains, or with his brains alone) takes satisfaction first in the working; secondly, in the product of his work; and thirdly, in what that product yields to him. —*Charles W. Eliot.*

TENTH

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. It gives harmony of soul, and is a perpetual song without words. —*Samuel Smiles.*

ELEVENTH

Pleasure, like all other truly precious things in this world,

cannot be bought or sold. If you wish to be amused, you must do your part toward it; that is the essential. —*Charles Wagner.*

TWELFTH

Happiness depends on helpfulness as health depends on air and food—because we are made that way. —*George Hodges.*

THIRTEENTH

Happiness is the result of God's will for us, and not of our will for ourselves; and so we can only find it by giving our lives up, in submission and obedience, to the control of God. —*Henry van Dyke.*

FOURTEENTH

Put on, therefore, gladness that hath always favor with God, and is acceptable unto him, and delight thyself in it; for every man that is glad doeth the things that are good, and thinketh good thoughts, despising grief. —*Shepherd of Hermas.*

FIFTEENTH

Duty is the end and aim of the highest life; the truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfillment. —*Samuel Smiles.*

SIXTEENTH

An old proverb attributes happiness to him who expects little and thereby avoids disappointment. —*Henry D. Chapin.*

SEVENTEENTH

A cheerful comrade is better than a waterproof coat and a foot-warmer. —*Henry van Dyke.*

EIGHTEENTH

The duty of self-denial is not more imperative than the duty of delight. —*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

NINETEENTH

To thee alone be praise,
From whom our joy descends,
Thou cheerer of our days.

—*Wotton.*

TWENTIETH

"The gladness of a spirit is an index of its power."

TWENTY-FIRST

"Paradise indeed might," as Luther said, "apply to the whole world." What more is there we could ask for ourselves.

—*Sir John Lubbock.*

TWENTY-SECOND

Our happiness as human beings, generally speaking, will be found to be very much in proportion to the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us.

—*Samuel Smiles.*

TWENTY-THIRD

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

TWENTY-FOURTH

To believe and go forward is the key to success and to happiness. —*Lilian Whiting.*

TWENTY-FIFTH

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. —*St. Luke. ii., 10, 11.*

TWENTY-SIXTH.

They who minister to their neighbors exercise one of the normal human functions, and enter thereby into the joy of a larger life. —*George Hodges.*

TWENTY-SEVENTH

It seems as if all classes and conditions in life might learn to get more happiness out of their work. To accomplish this, more sentiment and less worry must be put into our efforts, which must also be viewed in their larger relations and possibilities. —*Henry D. Chapin.*

TWENTY-EIGHTH

Fireside happiness, to hours of ease
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
(Human Life.)

—*Rogers.*

TWENTY-NINTH

Happiness is an interior matter, an attitude toward life,

depending on the individual soul. —*George Hodges.*

THIRTIETH

He who has done the best he can, has a right to be as happy in the hope of ultimate triumph as though he was already enthroned amidst that triumph.

—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

THIRTY-FIRST

Write it in your heart that every day is the best day in the year. —*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*