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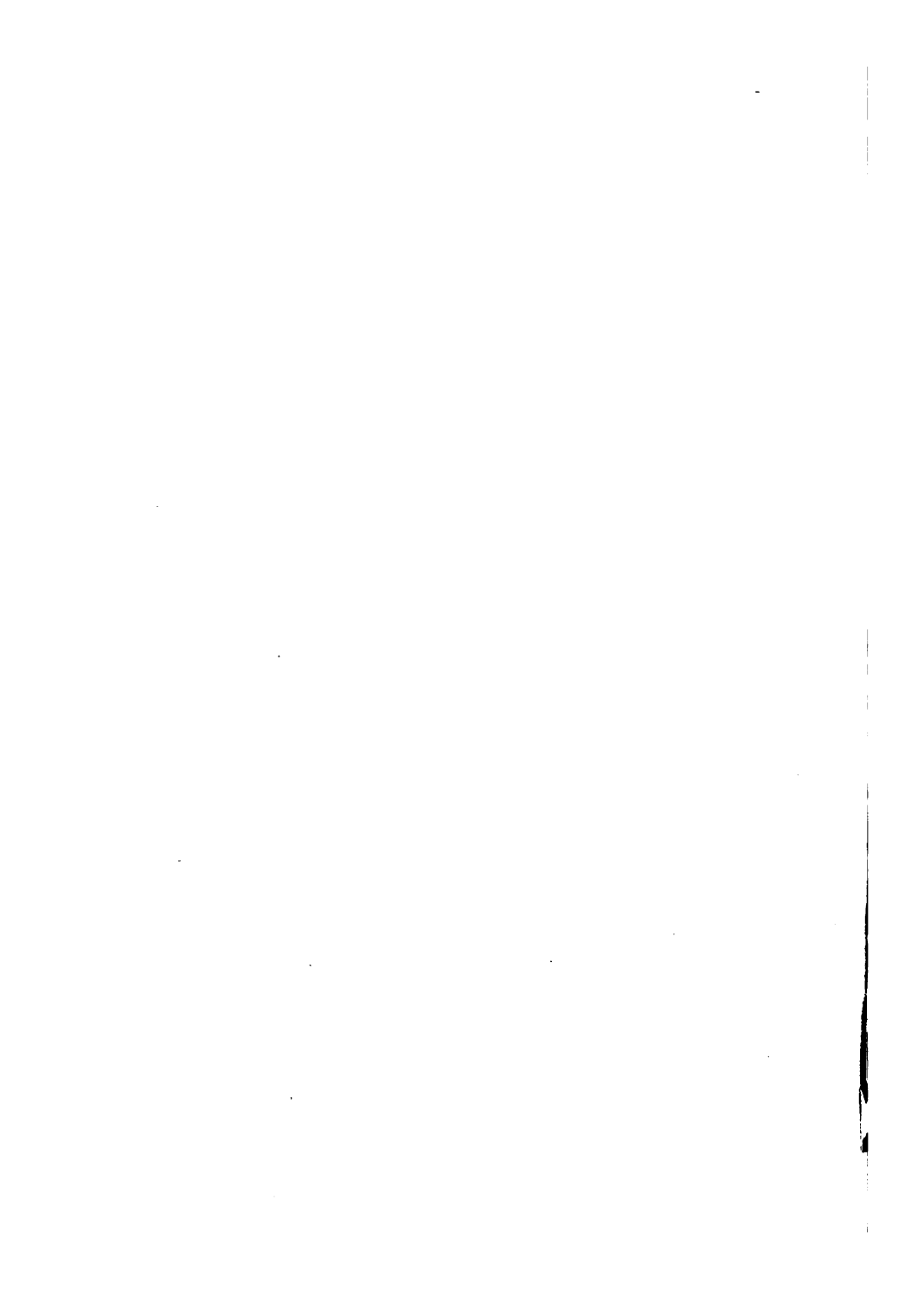
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# MARCUS AURELIUS: A PHILOSOPHER ON THE THRONE\*

BY FELIX ADLER

OF the five good emperors, as they are called, four had had their day—Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the elder Antonine, when, in the year 161 A. D., Marcus Antoninus, or Marcus Aurelius, as he is commonly styled, ascended the throne. It was a splendid and giddy height to which he was thus raised. The civilized world lay at his feet. The bounds of the empire at that time extended from the Atlantic Ocean in the West to the Euphrates in the East; from the African deserts to the Danube and the Rhine. Italy, Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, Gaul, Britain and parts of Germany acknowledged the sway of the Roman eagle. And all the vast populations that thronged these lands lived in the sunlight of one man's presence, and their destiny, for good or ill, depended on his nod. Rarely has such power been concentrated in the hands of an individual. No wonder that it turned the feeble brain of some who possessed it—of Caligula, for instance, of whom it is related that, at his banquets, he used to chuckle with insane pleasure at the thought that, by a mere word, he could cause the necks of his guests to be wrung. Yes, the power of life and death, unlimited

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\* An Address given before the Society for Ethical Culture of New York, March 13, 1898.

power, power in all its forms, was at the command of the Roman Emperor. The lust of power is said to be one of the mainsprings of human action. The master of the Roman world had the opportunity, if he chose to glut himself with power, to give himself over to the indulgence of it almost without restraint, until the very excess of it might bring with it its natural retribution and unseat his reason, as it did in many an instance. And all the other forms of enjoyment which mortals ordinarily crave, were no less at a Roman emperor's disposal. If power is sweet, so is flattery; and the incense of flattery was constantly burned before him, even by the Senate, which, once the bulwark of republican freedom, had degenerated into a mere simulacrum of its former self. When the emperor spoke, the senators were often ready to applaud his poorest utterances, to go on their knees before him and overwhelm him with their adulations. He was deified while he was still among the living, and the honors of divine worship were exacted for his statues. Could mortal sense and sobriety exist, with such temptations to depart from them? And as for the common pleasures of life—the pleasures of the senses—these, too, were of course at his service: palaces, and feasts and costly robes, the place of highest honor at public gatherings, and the tokens of the willing subordination of others and of his own supereminence wherever he might appear. Such was the place made vacant for Marcus Aurelius in 161. How did he fill it? How did he judge of the things which it put within his reach?

He stood in "the fierce light that beats upon the throne," and yet it is possible to detect but few blemishes

in his character, and those of such a nature as do not detract from the general sense of elevation with which he impresses us. He was simple and abstemious in his habits. He combined plain living with high thinking. He set aside, as devoid of intrinsic worth, all those goods which the vulgar regard as the most desirable—wealth, fame, pomp and pleasure—and valued only the things of the soul. There is a natural delusion which leads the poor to over-estimate the satisfactions which wealth and worldly greatness can give. Many a poor lad, passing by the stately mansions of the very rich and catching, perhaps, a glimpse between the silken curtains of the luxury within, says to himself—comparing the mean conditions amid which he himself is compelled to pass his existence—“Ah! within there it would be possible to live the full, the free, the festal life, to taste the joys that earth is capable of yielding.” And if then, perchance, he listens to a preacher who tells him that, if wealth has its undoubted advantages, it has also its serious drawbacks, and that the higher satisfactions of life, fortunately for the human race, are independent of the possession of riches and are accessible to everyone; the poor lad listening to such a preacher, may think of the fable of the Fox and the Grapes, and say to himself: “The preacher would sing a different tune, if the wealth which he affects to belittle were within his reach. He is seeking to console himself by belittling what he cannot have.” I daresay that, to such a one, the testimony of an emperor might come home with incisive force. For silver and gold and all the joys of the senses were actually his, if he chose to have them. And yet he weighed them in the balance against the higher

satisfactions and decided in favor of the latter. His judgment was, at all events, unbiased. It was neither envy nor the bitterness of balked desire that spake from his lips.

But, after all, this argument is an ignoble one fit only for ignoble minds. The testimony of the emperor does not carry conviction with it because he was an emperor, but because quite apart from the imperial station which he filled, his was a great, sane, upright, magnanimous personality. And any person, in whatever rank, who voices the praise of the spiritual treasures with the same first-hand, realizing sense of their value, who is free from malice and the critical, carping disposition, who extols as best the things which he, in his inmost experience, has found to be best, will carry the same conviction to his hearers or his readers. The proof of this statement is to be found in the fact that there are two men in the ancient world who stand for essentially the same doctrine, and who were nearly, if not quite, contemporaries ; the one an emperor, the other a slave ; the one having in his veins the purest blood of Roman aristocracy, the other belonging by birth to the dregs of society ; the one the type of manly beauty, the other sickly and deformed ; the one Marcus Aurelius, the other Epictetus. And the tenets of the stoical philosophy, which both taught, came as convincingly from the lips of Epictetus as of Marcus. Yes, the emperor to some extent caught his inspiration from the slave, looked up to the latter as a pupil does to a master. Indeed, the whole burden of the teachings of the emperor is that rank and station make no difference ; that the principles upon which a man acts, in whatever station, alone count ; that it is possible to be a genuine man even in a palace.

Of the salient facts of his career let us give a brief resumé. He was born in the year 121. His father died while he was still in infancy, and he was brought up by his grandfather and his mother. To the latter he was deeply attached. He says of her: "From her I learned to abstain not only from evil deeds but even from evil thoughts; and, further, I learned from her simplicity in my way of living, far removed from the habits of the rich." And among the things for which he is grateful he mentions that, "though it was my mother's fate to die young, she spent the last years of her life with me." He had many and excellent teachers, applied himself with severe diligence to the study of jurisprudence and philosophy, and, in a lesser degree, of rhetoric and poetry, while, at the same time, he did not neglect the training of the body, and took delight in manly sports and athletic exercise. He was, from the first, of a healthy turn of mind. Philosophy, with him, did not mean bookishness, nor pedantry, but had about it the breath of the fields and the savor of life. Adopted as son and successor by the reigning Emperor, Antoninus Pius, he entered in his nineteenth year into public affairs. He married Faustina, the daughter of his predecessor, and, though there are doubts as to her worthiness, he seems to have been happy with her while she lived and he revered her memory after she was gone.

In 161, as has been said, he ascended the throne. His reign was disturbed from the outset. An inundation of the Tiber destroyed some of the most populous portions of the city; famine followed; earthquakes terrified the inhabitants of Italy; the soldiers returning from the Parthian campaign brought with them a fearful pesti-



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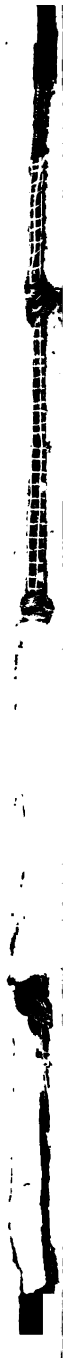
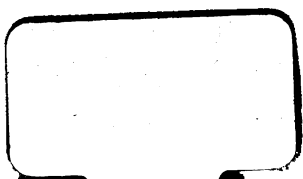


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It is true that Marcus Aurelius also declares : " My city and country, so far as I am Antoninus, is Rome ; but, so far as I am a man, it is the world. The things, then, which are useful to these cities are alone useful to me." And elsewhere : " Always remember to act as becomes a Roman and a man." But he believed that the one city, Rome, existed for the sake of the other ; that it was the mission of Rome, and of himself as its ruler, to be the guardian of that larger city, to maintain equal laws for all, equal justice to all—in a word, to maintain civilization as it then existed. And upon this point I must dwell for a moment.

The theory of the Stoics was pantheistical, and Marcus was an interpreter of their theory. Pantheism implies that God is present in the world as the animating spirit in a living organism. He does not dwell in any particular quarter of the world. His throne is not in the Heavens, still less does He dwell outside of the world. He is everywhere. Wherever matter is, there He is. The world could not exist without God, says Pantheism ; nor could God exist without the world. Among the consequences to which this theory leads is this : that whatever occurs, being directly worked by God's agency, is good ; that there can be no real evil in the world ; that the apparent evils are " the after products of the good ;" " the cuttings and shavings in the shop of the carpenter ;" and also, since the whole of God, so to speak, is present in the world, just as it is, there can be no real progress in the world, no increase of the good. Of the two conceptions, Order and Progress, the former, Order, was present in the mind of the Stoics ; Progress, the one on which we in modern times lay such stress, was lack-

ing. And this point, more perhaps than any other, marks the difference between our view of life and duty and the Stoic view.

From the Pantheistic standpoint, then, what practically is the attitude prescribed to man? It is to conform his will to the course of events, to consent to what happens of necessity, and to maintain intact the divine content which has been poured into his individual life, and into the life of that society to which he belongs. The *mot d'ordre* of Stoicism is "Hold thine own." There is no thought of new realms to be conquered, new insight to be achieved. To society collectively Stoicism says: "Hold thine own," so far as the rational principle in thee—that is, the principle of order—is concerned. Preserve intact the social order. And to the individual it says: "Hold thine own," rationally speaking; "prevent the rational nature in thee from being submerged by the sense nature."

He who has seized the meaning of this rule of behavior—"Hold thine own"—has discovered, I am persuaded, the keynote of the Stoical Philosophy and of the teachings of its great interpreter. Now this command, as has just been said, is capable of two applications: one to society collectively, and one to the individual. And as applied to society collectively, it corresponded exactly with the needs of the world in the days of Marcus Aurelius, and to the policy which was forced upon the emperor. We must remember that the Roman empire at that time represented civilization in general; outside of it, there was no civilization, in our sense of the term. But the empire stood, even at that time, on the defensive, was menaced by those

barbarian hordes that hung like a thunder-cloud on its northern boundaries, and that eventually destroyed it and plunged Europe into the long night of the Dark Ages in which the culture of antiquity perished. The task devolving upon the emperor—a task to which he devoted himself with unremitting assiduity—was to try to preserve intact the empire entrusted to him—that is to say, to preserve civilization, to preserve social order; in this, the precepts of his philosophy and his duty as a sovereign coincided perfectly.

And, in this connection, we may briefly consider what is commonly regarded as the gravest blemish in the life and character of Marcus Aurelius. I allude to the persecutions of the Christians that took place under his reign, in which Justin Martyr perished, and the aged Polycarp and Blandina and others at Lyons. How far these harsh measures were undertaken with the direct knowledge of the emperor is uncertain. But they were carried out in his name and under cover of his authority. Marcus Aurelius a persecutor! It seems utterly inexplicable. He has been called the saintliest of the Pagans. He was the most benevolent of men. How often did he repeat that we are to regard every human being as our kinsman—akin to us, in spirit and in flesh. His motto was: Bear and forbear. And even of evil-doers, of those who have grievously wronged and injured us, he says: "Teach them, change them, if you can; and, if you cannot, endure them." And such a man was, nevertheless, the author of the severest penalties against an apparently inoffensive sect! It seems to me that his conduct can be explained, if we bear in mind what has just been pointed out, namely, the supreme importance which

he attached to the preservation of the social order as a rational order, and of the state as the guardian of that order. Now the Christians not only refused to recognize the religion of the Roman state, and were, on that account, hated as atheists, but they had no true regard or reverence for the state itself. They were in principle individualists, seeking the salvation of the individual soul, little recking the collective interests of the commonwealth. It was at this point, I take it, that Marcus Aurelius felt repelled from them; yes, not only repelled personally, but he must have looked upon them as a disruptive force endangering the state from within, just as the barbarians endangered it from without. But, that he should have gone to such extreme lengths in his dealings with them, is, I think, due to a curious fact, of which Marcus Aurelius is by no means the only example. So did Thomas More persecute the Lutherans. So did Plato pronounce the death penalty against atheists, and relegate the souls of the obstinately evil-minded to everlasting perdition. And so do we find in the New Testament, side by side with the sweetest and tenderest precepts the same terrible doctrine of everlasting punishment. There is this paradox, if paradox it be: The highest idealists when touched to the quick, when the things which they hold most precious and essential to the good of mankind are denied, seem capable of passing the harshest judgments on those whom they regarded as the enemies of the human race, and sometimes of following up these judgments with the most relentless acts.

But let us now proceed to give our attention to that side of the teachings of Marcus Aurelius which is best

known, which is of the greatest practical interest, and is most characteristic of his view of life. The command "Hold thine own" is addressed to the individual in his rational character. The Stoics have found a way of making man, as they believe, entirely independent of circumstances, assuring him of indestructible tranquility of mind and surrounding his brow with unwithering wreaths of victory. Is it poverty that pinches? The Stoics make light of poverty. They declare its terrors to be mock terrors—not evils at all. The pains of sickness, too, have somehow the painful quality taken out of them; ignominy, disgrace, loss of reputation, loss of liberty are all, by some strange spell, relieved of their sting. Even the wormwood of bereavement loses its bitterness. This, at least, is what the Stoics claim; and, though we may not be able to concede all they claim, there is enough of truth in it to make it eminently worth our while to inquire into their secret. What is their secret? It is simple in statement, difficult of attainment; yet, to some extent, attainable. The secret is this: Accustom thyself to think that the ordinary evils of life are not evils. All the evils that affect thee through thy body are not evil. Thou canst not help feeling pain, but thou canst train thyself to think that the pain affects only thy hand, or thy limb, or thy lung, in short the "kneaded matter" that encompasses thee, but not thee. Thou canst thus localize it in something outside of thee. And what though the pain be going on in the hand, or the limb, or the poor lung, nevertheless, it does not come near to thee. And the same holds good of the sufferings that come to us through wounded pride, or through the bruising of the *...* All such hurts

approach only as far as the periphery of the soul, but do not touch its centre. The centre is not the part in us that feels, but that thinks and wills ; and the part that thinks and wills is master over that which feels. It is a brave doctrine and a bracing one, though by the Stoics carried to extremes. It amounts to this—that the evils of existence cease to be evils the moment we cease to think them so. It is our false opinion that makes them evil, and our opinion is based on the delusion of supposing that they affect the citadel of man, whereas they only affect the outworks. Let us conform our opinion to the true facts of the case, and we shall have abolished the evils of life.

Does this doctrine tempt you ? Would you like to follow in the footsteps of the Stoics ? Remember the price exacted of you, if you would become one of their disciples. If what has been said is true, if nothing is evil which merely hurts the body or the feelings, if only that is evil which hurts the thinking and the willing faculty in us, then it follows, in all consistency, that neither is anything good that is pleasant to the body or joyful to the heart ; for, if it were good, the absence of it would be evil. And the Stoics consistently take this ground. They say that there is no good that can come to a man from the outside, not even from his fellow-beings ; not the innocent pleasures of the senses, not the delights of companionship, not the endearments of love are to be considered really good. Good can come to a man only from himself, and evil only from himself. The real good is just this sense of his independence, as a thinking and willing being, from the accidents of his corporeal and emotional nature ; and



the real evil is the want of such independence. Not that the Stoic would have us shrink from, or shun what are commonly reckoned among the good things of life, but he would have us regard them as indifferent. Marcus Aurelius bids us behave in life as at a banquet. When the viands are being offered to the guests, do not impatiently wait for your turn to come. When the tempting food is set before you, partake of it moderately. If it happens that you are overlooked, do not show unmannerly irritation. Your true satisfaction is not enhanced by what you enjoy. The serenity of your mind need not be clouded for an instant by what you miss.

It is a proud doctrine, throwing a man back entirely upon his rational self, bidding him erect the structure of his life on reason as on a rock, and to remain unmoved by the gusts of passion, the whirlwinds of affliction, the chances and changes of time. And, if we were merely rational beings, if thinking and willing were all and feeling counted for nothing in the composition of our nature, it would be a wholly true doctrine, as manifestly it is not. But still, there is a mighty element of truth in it, which we can extract from the exaggerations with which it is mingled, and which will then stand us in excellent stead. There is not one of the great systems of philosophy that can be accepted in its entirety, or that should be rejected in its entirety. There is not one of the great philosophical systems—just as there is not one of the great religions—that does not contain some element which we can appropriate and utilize, and that has not made some permanent contribution to the sum of human wisdom and virtue, which we shall be the better for adopting into our own view of life.

Now, the value of Stoicism shines out pre-eminently at a certain period of life and in certain situations—that period and those situations in which our watchword must really be “To bear and to forbear.” The period of young manhood, or adolescence, I mean, when the blood runs hot and swift in the veins, when the passions are aroused and the craving for the indulgence of natural instincts is intense! Then the Stoic maxim “Forbear” comes home to us with kindly saving influence; then we need to cultivate something of the Stoic attitude which puts us on our mettle as rational, self-directing beings. The Stoic doctrine tells us that we are not abandoned hopelessly to the impulses of our physical nature or to our feelings; tell us that, from the enjoyment of pleasures which tempt us, but which the mind does not approve, we have it in our power, if we choose, to forbear. For young men, nothing can be better to steel their wills than frequent study of the Stoic writers. They need to have their pride as self-determining natures appealed to; to be told that they can do what is difficult, what to them sometimes seems impossible, because the part that thinks and wills in them can indeed be lord and master over that which feels, if they choose to make it so.

And the situations in which Stoicism helps us are those which call for fortitude. When bodily pain or suffering of any kind becomes so engrossing that we are in danger of becoming wholly occupied with it or with the expectation of it, and find it more and more difficult to hold it at arm's length—then, also, we need to be put upon our mettle and made to realize that there is a fund of mental strength in us which enables us to set our face like flint against the

pain, not wincing, not yielding to it ; that we can endure unheard of sufferings, if we bring the force of resistance that is in us into play. Whenever the rational nature is pitted directly against the sense nature, whenever the issue is—Which one of the two shall be overbalanced by the other?—then the Stoic doctrine supplies something of the tonic that we need and helps us to throw our decision in the right scale.

I have still two comments to make. I have spoken of the merits of the Stoic philosophy, and have already indicated some of its defects. There are two practical, palpable defects, which must be brought out in clear relief. The one is the false view which the Stoics held with regard to suicide. Plato used the simile that we are like sentinels on guard, and dare not leave our post until we are relieved. The Stoics, on the other hand, held that while it is the supreme duty of man to see to it that the reason in him maintains the upper hand as long as he lives, he may retire from life whenever the operation of the rational faculty in him is impeded. Under such circumstances, Seneca, one of the greatest of the Stoics, says that a man may divest himself of his body as he would take off a threadbare coat which is no longer fit to be worn ; that he may leave life as he would leave a house which is filled with smoke and in which it is impossible for him to breathe freely. This view of suicide is the direct consequence of that Pantheism of the Stoics which infects their whole philosophy, and which led them, despite their intensely moral temper, to class life among the things that are indifferent.

The second defect, which has already been empha-

sized, is the total lack of the idea of progress. The movement of things is circular. Whatever has been, will be. At long intervals—at the end of a “world-year”—the universe is reabsorbed into the divine essence from which it has emanated, and then exactly the same processes that have occurred in the previous “world-year” repeat themselves. There can be no change for the better, there is no movement toward the best. And it is worth while to fix special attention upon this lack of the idea of progress. Our interest in the Stoical philosophy is increased when we remember that it was an attempt to find a substitute for religion, in an age when religion had departed, an age in many respects like our own. In the second century of our era, while superstition lingered among the masses, faith among the educated had dwindled and seemed on the point of extinction. At that time the Stoics sought to find in man’s moral nature a substitute for the belief which had vanished. But Stoicism failed. It founded a school, but it could not take the place of religion. And it failed, because it lacked warmth, because it lacked the element of enthusiasm, because it lacked hope, because it lacked the belief in progress. The religious element in an Ethical Movement must be found precisely in the belief in progress, in devotion to the idea of progress, and it is by this that we are separated from the moral philosophers of the age of the Antonines.

And now, having endeavored to obtain the philosophic key, by the possession of which, in studying the “Thoughts” of Marcus Aurelius, we can arrive at a deeper understanding of them, let me conclude my address by selecting a few of his choicest sayings that will

serve to convey a tincture of his personality and reveal to us something of the lofty, dignified, and yet, withal, sweet and lovable nature of which the sayings are the expression :

*"Be not afraid because some time thou must cease to live, but fear never to have begun truly to live."*

*"If it is not right, do not do it. If it is not true, do not say it."*

*"The pride which is proud of its want of pride is the most intolerable pride of all."*

Concerning certain particular points of morals, he says :

*"I have learned not frequently nor without necessity to say to anyone or to write in a letter that I have no leisure, nor continually to excuse neglect of duties by alleging urgent occupation."*

*"Accustom thyself carefully to attend to what is said by another and as much as possible try to be in the speaker's mind."*

*"I have learned to receive from friends what are esteemed favors without being humbled or letting them pass unnoticed."*

*"I have learned that it is possible for a man to live in a palace without wanting either guards or embroidered dresses, and to be content in a palace with a plank bed."*

*"I have learned to work with my hands."*

*"Do not speak of thy bodily ailments to those who visit thee when thou art sick."*

*"The greatest part of what we say and do is really unnecessary. If a man takes this to heart he will have more leisure and less uneasiness."*

*"Do every act in thy life as if it were the last."*

*"Think of those things only which, if thou shouldst suddenly be asked, 'Pray, what is in thy mind?' thou mightest with perfect frankness lay open as the contents of thy mind."*

*"A man must stand erect and not be held erect by others."*

*"Begin the morning by saying to thyself, 'I must rise now from my bed to do the work of a man.' Begin the morning by saying to thyself, 'I shall meet to-day with the busybody, the ungrateful, the arrogant, the deceitful, the envious, the unsocial; but I, who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him that is wrong that it is akin to mine—I cannot be injured by one of them, nor can I be angry since he is my kinsman and I cannot hate him.'"*

*"We are made for co-operation like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. Like a hand or foot cut off, such does a man make himself who does anything unsocial."*

*"What is good for the bee is good for the swarm."*

*"Reverence that which is best in the universe and in like manner reverence that which is best in thyself, and the one is at the same time as the other."*

*"Where a man can live, he can also live well; but he may have to live in a palace—well, then he can also live well in a palace."*

*"Man has sensations and appetites in common with animals. There remains that which is peculiar to man, to be contented with that which is appointed him and not to defy the divinity which is planted within his breast."*

*"Take me and place me where thou wilt, for there I shall keep my divine part tranquil."*

*"The pain which is intolerable carries us off, but that which lasts a long time is tolerable."*

*"The soul of the good is naked and is manifest through the body that surrounds it. There is no veil over a star."*

*"Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break; but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water around it."*

*"Live as on a mountain."*

*"The soul is a sphere illuminated by light, by which it sees the truth of all things and the truth that is in itself."*

*"I do my duty; other things trouble me not."*

These are a few of the sayings of Marcus Aurelius. There are others like them—apples of gold in baskets of silver.

# The Moral Instruction of Children

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## THE ETHICAL RECORD

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# ETHICAL CULTURE : ITS MESSAGE TO JEW, CHRISTIAN AND UNBELIEVER\*

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER

IT MAY sound presumptuous to speak of so young and small a thing as Ethical Culture as having a message, yet if it had not, the Ethical movement would hardly be organized. There are among us those who have come from all the great camps into which the religious world is divided—some were born Jews, some were brought up in the Christian church, some were educated in homes that rejected both of these systems of religion : what has brought us together, and what is the word we have to give to those who remain Jews, Christians or unbelievers ?

There are those who look on us as a sort of freak. I was asked not long ago in Chicago to speak in some strange company. "The Church of the Soul," "The Disciple Church" were also to be represented—I confess I did not know what they meant myself. I judged "The League of Religious Fellowship" (as the body was called which arranged the meeting) regarded us as a sort of curiosity, which they were anxious to look at from a nearer view.

And yet to my mind there is nothing more simple, more natural, more in the line of normal religious evo-

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\* A lecture given before the Society for Ethical Culture in Chicago, on its Sixteenth Anniversary, January 15th, 1899.

lution, than the Ethical movement. We are related to the great central streams of religious tendency in the past, and to the great central forces of the world to-day. We are not on a path that the only crotchety or the eccentric can be expected to follow. This fact seems to be implied in the amount of public attention which the Ethical movement receives. This is quite out of proportion to the numerical consequence of the movement. It is as if it represented ideas, a standpoint that the religious world had to take notice of—irrespective of whether our avowed adherents were many or few. It suggests, to my mind, and is prophetic of a time when with greater leaders the movement will have a size commensurate with its intrinsic importance. I was struck recently by a remark of Renan, to the effect that the number of the apostle Paul's converts in the great scene of his activity—Asia Minor and Greece—and the fruit of thirty years of work on his part, did not probably exceed a thousand.\* Yet what a tree grew from this insignificant seed in time! It is the intrinsic fitness of a message to the needs of an age, not the extent of its influence for the moment, that is the determining thing.

What is our message to the present time? What are the shortcomings of the religious world as organized at present, to which we address ourselves? What is it that we wish to persuade our fellow men to do?

There are three great classes to whom we address ourselves—making up, roughly speaking, the religious world about us:—Jews, Christians and unbelievers. They are different. What have we to say to each?

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\* *Saint Paul*, p. 562 (Paris edition).

The first condition of an effective message is to understand those to whom we give it. An attitude of simple antagonism is not only likely to accomplish little, it is not intelligent. No great movement—above all, none counted sacred, has existed which was not honest and sound at the bottom. It is the core of worth in it, it is its accordance with certain fundamental perceptions and needs, that keeps it long alive.

There is something to revere in Judaism. Those who do not see this confuse the form, the accidents, with the substance. They think Judaism means circumcision, or temple-worship, or superstitions about the Bible—or, more unintelligently still, that it is the religion that put Jesus to death, and so must have the enmity of Christians and of all right-minded men. But none of these things touch the heart of Judaism. The bottom thing in Judaism, I should say, is a certain ethical perception—and joined with it a certain passionate eagerness to live as that perception requires. The immortal honor of what is known as the Jewish religion to-day is that it is descended from men who saw that righteousness is a very condition of life. The father of the Jew may be Abraham, but the father of the Jewish religion—of that which is sacred about the Jew, or rather to him, and which gives the Jewish people a kind of halo in the perspective of universal history—is the prophets. In the words of Amos and Isaiah, in the aspirations and cries and confessions of the Psalms, in the law of an ideal righteousness contained in the so-called book of Deuteronomy, lies the real Judaism, the deep-down basis of the sanctity that mistakenly attaches itself to a great deal else besides.

lution, than the Ethical movement. We are the great central streams of religious thought in the past, and to the great central forces of the present. We are not on a path that the only crooked path eccentric can be expected to follow. This is to be implied in the amount of public attention the Ethical movement receives. This is quite disproportionate to the numerical consequence of the movement. It is as if it represented ideas, a standpoint, a religious world had to take notice of—independent of whether our avowed adherents were many or few. It suggests, to my mind, and is prophetic of the future, that with greater leaders the movement will have an influence commensurate with its intrinsic importance. I am reminded recently by a remark of Renan, to the effect that the number of the apostle Paul's converts in the course of his activity—Asia Minor and Greece—after thirty years of work on his part, did not exceed a thousand.\* Yet what a tree grew from an insignificant seed in time! It is the intrinsic value of a message to the needs of an age, not the numerical influence for the moment, that is the determining factor.

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\* *Saint Paul*, p. 562 (Paris edition).



We may sympathize with the Jew then at bottom—with the religious Jew, for the worldly Jew or the merely racial Jew I now leave out of account—and yet we have a message for him. The message is, that the Jew should put his insight and his ardor into a form in which everybody can understand it, and then should be ready to come out of his isolation and join with all the rest of the world who will own the same truth. To many the truths of Judaism are a sealed book, because veiled in forms that they cannot understand, or made to hinge on other ideas which the present age cannot take for granted. Jehovah or God loves the righteous and hates the wicked—this is the ancient language. Some would even say that if there is no God, no separate personal being, loving the good and hating the bad, the bottom of Judaism falls out. But the great insight of the ancient prophets would stand all the same, though the idea of a separate personal God were abandoned. Put in the language of everyday this insight is, that so far as there is selfishness and injustice and wrong in the world, society, however propped up it may be by laws, by courts, and by armies, is in danger of going to pieces ; that equity and justice and love are the way of life. This is a truth that everybody can see, or be led to see ; it requires no Divine revelation, no mystical institution, no supernatural exaltation, to discover it—it is a truth of observation, a truth of experience, a truth writ large on the pages of history. There is a moral order in the world, and causes bring their fateful effects—whoever or whatever is the orderer, and whether there be any separate, personal orderer or not. Listen to a great man of science like Huxley, who speaks of the “fixed

order of nature, which sends social disorganization upon the track of immorality, as surely as it sends physical disease after physical trespasses.”\* Listen to a great historian like Froude, who says that history is a voice sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong; that justice and truth alone endure and live; that however longlived injustice and falsehood may be, doomsday comes at last to them in French revolutions and other terrible ways. These are modern counterparts of the thoughts of the prophets—the same idea in the plain language of to-day. Our message to the Jew is, Adjust yourself to the new intellectual conditions and speak the language of to-day. Keep the heart of your religion, but do not imagine for a moment that that consists in observing certain rites, or in keeping certain days, or in making prayers, or in monotheism, or in anything that the clear light of science casts a doubt upon; the real heart of your religion is in accord with modern science; it is a truth of science—it is the sense that law rules in the social world as truly as in the natural world; it is the sense of the absolute dependence of man, of the greatest societies, of the strongest states, on equity and right, so that when the poor and destitute are disregarded, “all the foundations of the land are shaken;”† and along with this it is the feeling of humility that arises when one realizes this awful truth; it is the aspiration, the longing, the earnest cry to get into the right way, that way that will not be undone, the way everlasting.

But if the Jew does thus distinguish between the sur-

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\* *Evolution and Ethics*, p. 146.

† *Psalms*, lxxxii, 5.



face things of his religion and its real depths, then does there cease to be any reason for his separating himself from others who will confess the same things with him. I will not deny that there were reasons for his isolating himself in the ancient times; he had little in common with the degenerate Græco-Roman world. But the world of to-day is different. Christianity—itself a modified Judaism—has influenced it. The thought of the prophets (in some form or other) is given to every Christian child. When the Jew says, "Righteousness tendeth to life," † when he says,

"The effect of righteousness shall be peace,  
And the fruit of righteousness quiet and security forever,"

we—I mean people like myself—know it. The Jew does not need to teach us this any more than we him. We are indeed one in this respect—why not then unite on the basis of it? It will not do to say, "Ah, but we are the people of the Law and the Prophets." What do the "Law and the Prophets" say? The right and justice and mercy they inculcate are not for the Jew only; by them the Jew himself would be judged—they are a universal human ideal, and there are no truer sons of the prophets than those who try to bring all men—Jew and Christian—into one fellowship now. I admit that there is much anti-Jewish prejudice in the world. But who really help to diminish and to dissipate it—the Jews who keep separate from the rest of the world, those who have their religion and their social life and their charity all by themselves, or those who join hands with the rest of mankind, and seek a religion

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† *Prov.*, xi, 19. ‡ *Isaiah*, xxxii, 17.

and a social life and every other good that others can have, in common with them? I have actually seen it argued that because of this prejudice Jews *must* flock by themselves—and though I cannot fail to sympathize with this, so far as the instinct of self-protection and resentment at wrong lie back of it, I cannot forget, and would have all my Jewish friends remember, that this is the sure method to increase the prejudice, and that unless we are to give up to the idea of permanent racial antagonisms, they and we must resolutely turn our faces in the other direction and live together and work together and bear and forbear, until the old, dark, hateful ill-will vanishes out of the world. “Hatred is never conquered by hatred; hatred is only conquered by love”—this old saying from the far East we all must remember; would that its significance might sink deeply into our hearts now!

I said there was something to revere in Judaism; there is also something to revere in Christianity. The essential thing in Christianity is hope for the world, the picture of a time when justice and equity and love will actually rule, of a fairer order than the one in which we now live. Jesus came announcing a coming kingdom of heaven; his disciples went out repeating the announcement; and when things went against him, yes, when he saw he must die, he still proclaimed his vision. It was the vision of a time when wrong and hatred would have vanished from the world, when all would love and be loved—when all other elements in society would be restrained or destroyed. This it was that gave to early Christianity its peculiar character. Men felt with this thought in their minds that they were

strangers and pilgrims on the earth. Life did not satisfy them as they looked about them. Only as they looked ahead were they lifted from despondency ; they were saved by hope. True, this hope took on in time—and indeed very early—fantastic forms. It summoned the powers of nature to its side. It fancied that God would break in on the world and put to a violent end wicked and unjust men. It imagined a judgment, and when the years went by and no judge appeared, it consoled itself by thinking of the judge as acting in the mystic realm of the dead, and of the fairer order as something that would be established in another world. And so heaven and hell arose—poor, pale projections of the happiness and fateful doom that were once expected in this world. The ordinary notions of heaven and hell seem like a fable to men trained in scientific habits of thought, and hence the notion that Christianity itself is fabulous. What is there but to be done with it? many say. And yet if there is truth in a modern saying that the world is saved by the breath of school children, there is still deeper truth in the saying that the world is saved by hope. Hope is the energy that keeps the world alive. The hope of Christianity is not delusive, it is only delusive in the form it took. The world can become better and fairer, infinitely better and fairer, than it now is—only we must have the right idea as to how. It is at this point that Ethical Culture, as I conceive it, has a message for the Christian. We are at once at one with the Christian, and at a heaven-wide distance from him. We believe that not as to the capital point, but as to what stands next in importance, the Christian is radically deluded. And the delusion

goes down to the roots of his theology. He has a notion of God which makes it easy for him to think of God doing things for him. God is like a powerful human friend, only invisible. Hence in straits he looks to him, he trusts in him—and the things that look great and difficult he asks that he will accomplish. Religion comes to mean in this view relying on this outside help. Instead of self-reliance it means God-reliance. Now this sort of religion is the enemy of progress, and it is our mission to say so. Isaiah pictured the deluded idol-worshippers of his time throwing their idols to the moles and the bats on discovering that it was of no use to trust in them ; so must we say of the all-too-common notion of Christians about God. He is an idol, a phantom ; and not till they consign him to the limbo wherein have been placed other dead ghosts of men's imaginations will they awake and face the solemn duty and the weighty obligations that rest on them and on their fellow men. Life is too serious—we have to say to the Christian—to dally with beautiful ideals and false hopes and unreal consolations ; face the world as it is, know the order of the world as it is, and if you wish a given result find the real causes that will produce it and set them in motion. You wish the kingdom of heaven—if you are true to your master, you will say the kingdom of heaven *on earth* ; well, we do, too—we too cannot be satisfied by what we see, we too are shocked at the spectacle of unbrotherly hate and self-seeking and wrong that we see about us, we too want to see men united by common interests and common sympathies, and those who will not be we wish to see restrained or destroyed ; yes, we want to see a judg-

ment, and the good and the true selected out from the refuse, the chaff of the world; we want to see just men, men who will be brothers to one another, inherit the earth; we want a world fit for the glorious sun to shine upon. We want, I say, the same end which you want; yes, we dare hope for it, and, though dying while it is still far off, we shall still hope for it—but we know it is perfect folly to hope for it in your way, and that the great, glad, divine result will only come as you and we and all of us make it come, and our faith is that you *will* see the error of your way and repent you of your foolish prayers, and bend yourself like a man stringing a stiff bow to this heroic task, and we all with you.

The only thing that Christianity has done, and done reasonably well, is charity. It has not been a force in civic life; it has not been a factor in social reform—it has tended rather to quietism in these directions. And the cause is in general the same as that to which I have already alluded—that the kingdom of heaven was to be God's work. Why should man mend a little here and patch a little there, when he was soon to see, either here or hereafter, a Divine and perfect creation? But when one sees that the kingdom of heaven is to be the work of man then all changes. Then man sees that he must not only relieve suffering, but find out the causes of it; then he sees that he must work through the state as an agent, faulty and fallible as it is; then he is driven to look into economic usages and customs, and to ask that industrial life and political life and all life be so ordered and reordered as to work towards instead of against the desired consummation. In this way secular justice and social reform become a holy thing. In

place of prayers there come to be programs of action. In place of missions and retreats there come to be political and social crusades. Of course, it is not so easy to create something of heaven on earth as it is to be taken to a heaven already made, and as the race has not yet had much experience in this sort of work, it may not strike on the right way at once; as to details men must differ for a long time to come—and they should work in not unfriendly rivalry, so long as they have the same great end in view. And yet in general this is the message which a religion based on ethics and the modern view of things has for the Christian, namely, to turn about face and take up the task with his own hands of constructing a righteous order of society. Better is error and mistake in this work than continuing to pray even the most faultless or the most passionate prayers; for the prayers accomplish nothing, while one reformer's error or mistake may be the very means of setting another reformer right.

Yet when the Christian does turn to work out a scheme of earthly justice and happiness, sometimes his courage or even his conscience may fail him. One of the most prominent Christian ministers in the country said recently, "I do not know that I should have conscience enough to try to follow a righteous life if I did not believe in a righteous God and a future life,"\* and this after paying a tribute to the founder of the Ethical movement, whose conscience, he saw, was vigorous enough to be able to live without these props. I suspect it may really happen that we of the Ethical Move-

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\* Lyman Abbott, *The Outlook*, December 24, 1898.

ment shall be found vivifying and strengthening the conscience of many Christians who find their theology tumbling on their hands. They see no firm support for conscience apart from theology; they do not realize the natural, organic place of morality in society; they think (as this minister does) that if God did not utilize and save good work in the world, it would not be saved, and that if he did not destroy bad work it would not be destroyed. They do not see that it is the nature of good to live and make live, that the bad is self-destructive, that nature itself is moral. Moral insight and moral courage we may give to the fainting Christian—yes, it is a part of our message to say to any who need to know it, that morality does not depend on motives drawn from another world, that its foundation is in the reason and sympathies of man, that every exercise of it tends to make human life happier and securer, that this tendency is just as inevitable as is the tendency of material food to nourish the physical body.

But we have a message to still another class—to the so-called unbelief of the present time. Nothing is harder for the orthodox religious world than to do justice to this unbelief. Yet, barring certain excrescences, it is the natural and unavoidable product of the scientific spirit of the age. If at the bottom of Judaism is the perception of a certain law, if the essence of Christianity lies in a certain hope, the vital meaning of unbelief is the sense of a certain fixed order of causes and effects in the world. It is an intellectual matter, and so “unbelief” has not the glow or the warmth of the other movements we have been considering; and yet in its own way it may be none the less honorable or

even heroic. One may act under as much stress of conscience in giving up an opinion inconsistent with perceived truth, as in doing any difficult act of virtue. The unbeliever gives up miracles, he gives up prayer, he gives up supernatural revelations, he gives up not necessarily the notion of deity, but the notion of a miracle-working, prayer - answering, revelation-giving deity. He feels thereby outside the religion of his time. Our message to him is first one of recognition. We admit and own that in his bottom convictions he is right. But we say much more. We say that he must make his convictions the basis of a new type of activity and faith in the world—in a word, of a new religion. Unbelievers need to work for something; they need to have an ideal of something to work for; they need to become part of the positive constructive forces in the world. Unbelief (so-called) can just as well go along with moral earnestness and social idealism, as what is called "belief"—yes, I might almost say, better. This "unbelief," too, can recognize the great insight for which prophetic Judaism stands, and the hope that is the characteristic note of Christianity. That is what we of the Ethical movement wish it to do—what we propose to do ourselves. We wish to make a new synthesis, to take the world-historic religious forces that are about us and lead them to understand one another and respect one another, and to mould them into a new unity. The so-called unbelief of the present time, begotten by science, is just as valid and just as vital a part of the forces making for a religious reconstruction as Christianity or Judaism. The Jews or Christians who oppose it are impotent before it. The only way is to recognize



it, to adopt it and make it one's own. The fact is that the great idea of modern unbelief, that of natural evolution as opposed to miracles and special creation, indicates the very method which religion must take in the future to win and establish the social ideal on which our hearts are set. Far more sacred, far more religious will it be seen to be in time, to act, to work, to create, than to pray. No result without a cause, no interference in the world from without, no suspension of natural law—this that lays low so many old theological beliefs, at once creates the new doctrine by which the future must guide itself, and puts upon us men, and upon society, the necessity of making ourselves causes of the great result we desire. Unbelief is the surface side of the new force; its more proper name is belief, and the time may come when the churches continuing to drone their prayers will be counted the unbelievers in the world.

There is one other class to whom I must address a brief word in closing. They are what I will call the worldly liberals. They are the men and women who share more or less in modern ideas, but who do not act upon them. The "unbeliever" has something downright and rugged about him. He will not compromise. He will speak out when occasion comes. You know where he stands. But the worldly liberal only whispers. He says, in an aside, "Oh, yes, I believe with you; but then—" He is one who goes where it is fashionable to go; if it is an Ethical Society, then to an Ethical Society; if a temple or a church, then to a temple or a church. To the other classes I have mentioned our word is largely one of explanation and enlightenment;

but to this class it is a challenge. Stand where you belong, we say; stiffen up your backbone, and if you have a conviction, take the obligations of it. Men are not born to themselves, and they do not live to themselves; we are members of humanity and we have duties to the future; if one way is nearer true and right than another, then we owe it to humanity to let that way be known; to join with those who are standing for it before the world; to be, whether our circle of influence be big or little, witnesses for it. No one can tell what the influence may be of brave, manly, or, shall I not equally say womanly openness. That things are not so bad with you and me as they might have been, says a great writer, is partly owing to those who lived faithfully a hidden life and who rest in unvisited tombs—and I know not how much of our liberty to-day is owing to those faithful ones, named and unnamed, great and obscure, who stood by their conscience and professed their faith in the past. It seems to me I notice a lack of fibre in the younger liberals of to-day. Their ideas do not sit on their conscience, as those of their fathers did on theirs. They are easy-going, indifferent, where their fathers were outspoken, active and aggressive. I appeal to their manliness, to their conscience, to assert themselves—I appeal to every one to make himself a positive factor in the world according to the light he has.

So far as I know, the Ethical movement is the one religious movement where Jews, Christians and unbelievers meet on terms of perfect equality. It does honor to all—not indiscriminatingly, not in a gush of sympathy, but by recognizing what is at bottom sound and true in all. We are a religious body; we appeal to no

one to join us save as the truest and highest views of life seem to him to be uttered, save as all his better nature is fed and nourished here. But in this way and in this spirit may many continue to come to us from year to year! May the Society become a deeper and deeper reality in the lives of those who already belong to it! May it more and more blend and make into one harmonious working body, Jew and Christian and unbeliever! May it make itself felt as a fusing agency for a new religious epoch of humanity—and more and more, too, may it nerve the weak and timid to do their duty and to stand by their light!

# THE WAGE EARNERS' SELF-CULTURE CLUBS OF ST. LOUIS.

A SKETCH OF THEIR HISTORY.

BY WALTER L. SHELDON.

It was about twelve years ago that a movement was inaugurated in St. Louis for the purpose of fostering greater efforts for self-improvement among the wage-earning class of the city. Having begun in a small way, it has now developed into an important educational institution. It may therefore be of service to others to have a sketch of its growth and aims since the plan was first conceived. While there was no expectation on the part of the founders of making it unique in character, it now would seem to have certain features of its own, which should perhaps be explained to the public at large.

The city where this work has been carried out is essentially a manufacturing one, with a population of about six hundred thousand people, including representatives from nearly all the civilized races. Of the elements born in other countries the German may be said to predominate. There are, however, quite a large number of people of Irish extraction. Unlike a number of other large municipalities in Europe or America, it can scarcely be said to have in the full sense of the term a tenement house problem; nor does it have one large section given over exclusively to the working classes. It has its slums, like all other cities. The worst of these are probably in the localities where the colored people reside. This element natur-

ally makes an important factor in the population of the city, owing to the fact that St. Louis was on the border line between the North and the South and belonged to a slave State.

The artisan class is scattered over the community in various localities. But numbers of well-to-do families have remained in the old parts of St. Louis, even though new sections have grown up where the more prosperous are inclined to establish their homes. It not seldom occurs that in the same block a family of an income of several thousand dollars a year may be residing, and another family whose annual expenditure does not exceed a few hundred dollars. The tendency, to be sure, is in the direction of developing centers exclusively given over to artisans and their families.

The plan in view, in starting this educational movement, was not to reach the slum element, nor to strike directly at the evils of the slums; but rather to work on the self-dependent, self-respecting artisan class, by furnishing them with opportunities for self-improvement, and fostering more and more the characteristic of self-dependence. The charity feature is not now usually associated in the minds of the people with strictly educational privileges. A self-respecting citizen may accept the facilities of the public school system or the free library or the open lecture course or the art museum, without feeling that he is relinquishing his independence. While an art gallery may be supported by endowments or private subscriptions, all classes of citizens, without distinction, feel at liberty to avail themselves of what is offered there.

It was from this standpoint that we ventured on starting an educational movement, which should be centered

mainly in the localities where the earnest and honest artisan element is more especially located. At the outset we took a suite of rooms on the second floor of a large dairy company, on a shopping street which is pretty much given over to the special element we cared to reach. At first we only established some free reading-rooms there, having them open evenings and all day Sundays. As a second step, we set apart Friday night for lecture courses, placing the reading matter aside and turning the apartments into a small lecture hall. In one of the rooms we laid the foundations of a library, which could also be used for class purposes. The first step in this latter direction was to have a small number of young men meet there once a week for the study of biographies, especially of the American statesmen.

At the beginning we did not undertake to reach the working women, but only the young men or the heads of families. After another year, however, the plan was changed, and we set apart one evening as the women's night, when the rooms were turned over for their exclusive use, and a lecture course was inaugurated separately for them. An organization was formed after a while among the people coming there, consisting of two branches, one for the men and one for the women, called the Wage Earners' Self-Culture Clubs. They had their president and committees; and it was desired that they should have a share in the management even of the educational work. It cannot be said, however, that the club feature has ever been very pronounced. From time to time the club organization has lapsed, and then been revived as occasion might offer. The purposes of the whole undertaking was strictly educational, and whatever side

elements were introduced in order to foster a social spirit or acquaintanceship among the members, has always been definitely with the end in view that this should help on the educational features we had before us.

At the outset the work was started by the Ethical Society of St. Louis, and was mainly in charge of its executive committee, and the educational work was wholly under the direction of the lecturer of that society. But the characteristic which has made the institution somewhat unique has been the standpoint, which was taken practically from the start, *of strict neutrality on all subjects pertaining to politics or religion*. The movement was not to be for or against any one church or any one social theory. And the management of the undertaking has striven conscientiously from the outset to adhere rigidly to this attitude of neutrality. During all these years the lecture courses, classes, and educational opportunities have been made use of by Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Unitarian, or Agnostic. And at this moment I do not recall a single instance in all this time of any one having made the charge that we have ever violated this spirit of neutrality. We have sought to make it through and through an undenominational institution. So, too, practically all the races or race elements where the individuals could use the English language, or understand it, have made use of the privileges we have offered.

The definite connection with the Ethical Society did not long survive, owing to a change of plan, and an enlargement in the scope of the work. Two or three years after the first center had been established, steps were taken to start a new center in what is known as the south part of the city, where a second suite of rooms of the same gen-

eral character were secured, and the same sort of work inaugurated. Up to this time the educational departments were all carried on by a corps of volunteers under the direction of the lecturer of the Ethical Society. But at the end of about five or six years a radical alteration took place. Instead of occupying a rented suite of rooms, an entire building was secured in the north part of the city, and the same course was followed in the other locality. These buildings were purchased and are nominally owned by the institution, although the mortgages on them cover nearly what the buildings are worth. But it leaves the management free from any danger of being obliged to change their headquarters, as they now control the buildings they occupy. At the time when this purchase of property was contemplated, a separate corporation was established wholly independent of the Ethical Society.

The two buildings were named from the title given to the original movement, and became known as Self-Culture Halls; so that the new corporation took the name of the Self-Culture Hall Association. It has its board of ten or twelve trustees, with its own financial management. At this time a new officer was introduced as a salaried superintendent who should act under the guidance of the director of the association. The lecturer of the Ethical Society remained in this position as director, and has had charge of the educational work since it was started. But he has aimed to keep it strictly separate from the work of the society of which he is the lecturer.

The association has, then, a superintendent—a graduate of Cornell University—who is devoting his life to this work, and resides with his family at one of the Self-Culture Halls. Recently we have added another officer,



a lady superintendent, taking for this purpose a graduate of the St. Louis High School, and one who had been doing efficient work in this direction heretofore.

While we have only two Self-Culture Halls as buildings set apart exclusively for our purposes, the aim has been to gradually establish centers for our work here and there over the city. Where there seems to be the chance for a new opening, or a desire for such an undertaking, we take a hall, and start a lecture course one evening a week, possibly adding a Debating Club and one or more classes according to circumstances. We may keep up such a center indefinitely, or carry it on only for a time, as the occasion may warrant us. We had a flourishing center of this kind in another corner of St. Louis for two or three years; but afterwards discontinued it, because the interest subsided.

On the other hand, during the last three years we have opened a new section in another remote corner of St. Louis, which has perhaps been the most successful ever started. One of the street railway companies happened to have quite a large entertainment hall over its Power House, and they gave it to us for our use free of charge. Since the almost complete consolidation of all the street railway companies in St. Louis, the new organization has carried out the same policy, and donated this hall to our uses, on condition that we welcome all their employés as free members to the privileges of our Clubs.

At this new location we have carried on during the winter a very successful course of evening lectures on miscellaneous subjects for workingmen and their families; and also courses of demonstration lectures in "Cooking," for the women in that part of the city; and we have re-

cently begun a very encouraging class in the study of "Physics and Electricity," with some thirty or forty earnest men who wish to improve themselves in that direction.

All we need is a gradual increase of money resources in order to extend this work indefinitely in all the localities of our city where the artisan class reside. Unfortunately, as yet we have not been able to do anything positive with the large colored element of St. Louis. The peculiar conditions here in a locality once a part of the South, make the race lines very sharp, and it would be practically impossible to carry on clubs where the two elements were thrown together. But the next step, probably, in the growth of the institution will be towards inaugurating such work among the colored people, and forming a branch for that race.

The character of the work, on the whole, has been quite distinct from that of the Social Settlement, the Night School, or the University Extension Movement. It has no connection with the schools or universities of the city; but, on the other hand, draws on them widely for its volunteer helpers in the way of class leadership and lecture courses. We have never had anything like examinations, or given any certificates. We did not start the undertaking with the idea of getting the people to continue their school studies in the evenings, after they had left the day school and gone to work. The public school system of our city provides such opportunities, and we have recognized that our sphere lay in another direction.

Our purpose was of another kind. What we wished to call out or foster was the latent manhood or womanhood of the artisan class, which tends to die away or never appear at all, owing to the monotonous grind in the rou-

tine of daily toil, or to the restricted sphere in which their lives are cast, or to the cheap and often vulgar amusements to which they are attracted. It was the belief of the management that opportunities for intellectual self-improvement worked in the direction of upbuilding of character. By opening out a wider area of interests, connecting what they know of the present by a knowledge of the past; by fostering interest in the physical world around them through the study of natural science, an element of soul is called forth, the man or woman side is aroused, a sense of personal dignity and self-respect is awakened, and the individual from that time forth stands on another plane of life. What he gets may be the most fragmentary knowledge, scraps of information, only a glimpse here and there into history, literature, or the laws of nature. He may come to us for only a few months, and disappear forever from our ken. But I venture to say that in almost every such instance a new impulse has been given, or the foundation laid for higher possibilities of advance in that one man. He will never be quite the same commonplace creature he had been before.

It is not our purpose, therefore, mainly to foster that side of the working man or working woman, which will enable them to get a better living, or earn more wages, or rise out of the class to which they belong. What they may get in this direction from our institution can only be incidental. Our purpose is by this indirect means to foster manhood or womanhood rather than higher wages; and if the higher wages come, as may often happen, it will be through the general improvement rather than from any special acquisitions of knowledge they may acquire by being associated with our institution.

The Social Settlement features, as I understand them, have not, as yet, developed far in connection with our work, partly for the reason that people with exactly the right spirit for this purpose have not yet been found as volunteers, and partly for the reason that the occupation of our buildings with various residents would take up space we have wished to reserve for the extension of the educational work. I believe the Social Settlement idea can only be fully successful here and there in the rare instances where a peculiarly and unusually gifted individual of independent means can take the lead, and throw his whole life into the work. Only to the extent, as I conceive it, that such unusual individuals arise with the exceptional spirit or endowment, is the Social Settlement ideally possible. I should prefer to wait twenty years, until the right persons come forward to take up such a life, rather than launch it here now, just because it exists successfully in other cities.

In the meantime, this other method we are pursuing offers unlimited possibilities. People of many kinds may work together for such a cause. We may draw on the whole community, from every class, every church, every occupation. Those who may not have gifts for strictly charitable work, or know how to go into the homes of people in the slums and give assistance there, may yet have intellectual gifts or knowledge of some special kind, making them willing and glad to do some work for the self-improvement of their fellows. And in doing it, as may happen, they often get more than they give.

At the present moment we have a corps of something like forty-six volunteer workers giving us one evening or one morning a week teaching classes of one or another

kind. There is no distinction among them with regard to religious denomination. I think nearly all the churches are represented.

We draw on all the professions: physicians, lawyers, clergy, engineers, teachers. In this one season we shall have had upwards of seventy-two different persons as volunteer lecturers for us for one or several evenings in the various departments of our work. Taking the whole number of those who may teach classes, give lectures, assist at concerts, or do something for the educational work of our association, we shall have had in this one season something like one hundred and sixty individual persons on our roll of volunteer workers or assistants.

The lecturers for this season include the Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Missouri, a Roman Catholic priest, a Unitarian clergyman, one or more Jewish Rabbis, a Baptist minister, a clergyman from the Presbyterian Church, two or three Methodist ministers, and another from a leading Congregational Church. Each of these men has talked to our club members, interested them, stirred them; and yet not said anything, as far I know, which could be considered as denominational language that might in any way jar on the people who come there, representing practically all the religious phases in St. Louis.

Looking over our lecture programs for this season, I see the name of the Director of the Museum of Fine Arts, and one or more of the teachers of the School of Art in his charge; several persons from our large and well-known Washington University; four or five prominent lawyers ranking at the very head of their profession; a number of teachers from the public schools or the high

school, and also from the private schools of the city; three or four physicians; and quite a number of well-known men from commercial life. Several of the men from our City Hall in charge of our municipal affairs are also represented on the lists; and a number of ladies have devoted some of their best leisure to helping us in these lecture courses. These people may have to go several miles on a single evening to a section of the city far remote from their homes. But from the very start of our work we have had the most cordial co-operation on all sides. As a rule, we have had no difficulty in getting the very best there is from St. Louis, in the way of talent, for such educational purposes.

It might be supposed that from the very start our work met with the most cordial enthusiasm on the part of the persons for whom it was intended. It is often said that people are hungering for opportunities of enlightenment. But our experience was precisely to the contrary, and to many would have been profoundly discouraging. It has never struck me that there was any great rush for self-improvement from the artisan or any other class in this country.

It was not that the wage-earner opposed us. So far as I know, trade unions or labor organizations have given us their cordial endorsement. Certainly, to my knowledge, they have not in any way sought to interfere with us, although we were strictly neutral and not able, therefore, to co-operate with them directly as labor organizations.

But the latent soul I have spoken of, is often very latent, indeed, hidden far down under the surface, out of sight even of the person who may have it. This element

of higher manhood doesn't come surging to the front at the start. The conditions of life have seared it over with the majority of boys and girls in these classes, before they have entered their teens. The soul for them was nipped in the very bud.

In a word, it has meant work, hard work, indeed, the hardest kind of work, for a long while to bring home to the artisan class the value of the facilities we were offering to them. But I cannot say that I have ever been thoroughly discouraged. The best elements in human nature will always have to be fostered and nursed like tender, delicate plants. And we may as well recognize this at the start in all the efforts we make for mutual assistance.

We tried every method one could think of. I have gone out in an evening to the street corners, and seeing a band of young fellows standing chatting or chaffing with each other, have stepped up to them like an old friend, talked to them like a Salvation Army captain, asking them to come in to an illustrated lecture. As a rule, they are not disagreeable, and may answer, "O, yes, we'll come." You go back to headquarters, and in three cases out of four they never materialize. But here and there one does make his appearance. You begin to get used to averages in all such undertakings.

We worked through individuals whom we knew in special factories; possibly a foreman who believed in our cause, or some exceptional artisan who appreciated it, and would do his best to bring his comrades there. Gradually we got the respect of the superintendent or the office force of large manufacturing establishments. When this was accomplished, a great gain had been made. They have

allowed us to go into the factories at noontime and distribute our circulars. Once and again at such times we have mounted a box or a barrel like a stump-speaker, with an assembled throng of working girls or working men around us, just from their lunch, and talked to them for five or ten minutes about our work, the value of self-culture, urging them to come to our lectures, distributing our programs in their midst. I remember one instance where after such a talk to a large number of working girls, they came in a throng the next evening, a hundred of them or more, and overran the lecture hall. It was highly encouraging, of course. But unfortunately, of all the number, not more than two or three turned up the following week. Yet it was only a matter of persistence, keeping at it long enough. Out of every large group, twenty-five, fifty, or five hundred, there will be one or a few who are glad of the opportunity and come to us.

It should be said that we have to make it exceedingly plain that it is not a church movement, not a scheme of some kind to get them to a religious meeting. This is the prejudice always facing us, and which interferes with us more than any other cause.

But we have kept at it year after year, trying all these methods; going perhaps to meetings of trades unions, getting the privilege of addressing them, and telling them of our work; or distributing our programs at the doors of factories when the throng of men and women are coming out at evening time. They may take us for Salvation Army officers, and think that we are distributing tracts. We go on the principle that this is another method of saving people's souls. In a sense we are another kind of Salvation Army. I feel no hesitation in going after



people in this way, following them even to their homes, catching them wherever possible, and persuading them, if I can, to come and avail themselves of these privileges for self-improvement.

Now and then it goes to one's heart in special instances where a truly fine, noble nature turns up out of those surging throngs pouring out of the doors from the factories at evening time. Here and there an individual of this other higher type welcomes the privileges, and shows himself glad at heart for the opportunities. And as the months go by, we can see the manhood coming out through the crust which had hidden it under the surface. I have known, too, of young women whose lives seemed to have been transformed by this means. Some of them who had been attending our clubs for years have remarked on the peculiar change coming over the young people after they have attended our lecture courses for a few months; the sense of dignity appearing in them in a way that had not shown itself before; an unconscious improvement in their conduct toward one another.

At the start it was much easier to get hold of the men than the women. For a time it looked as if we should not be able to form this second department of the work. But it has grown more and more, and now the attendance of the women is quite equal to that of the men, sometimes exceeding it.

As to the subjects of the lecture courses, they have been of the most miscellaneous character. At the start we took the simplest kind, having illustrated lectures of travel by those who had been in other countries and could tell of what they had seen there. After a time we gradually made the work more serious in character.

The plan has been, in those localities where we had our own headquarters, to have two separate courses in the week at each place, one on what we termed the women's night, and the other on what we termed the men's night; and the themes were chosen accordingly. If any line of subjects would naturally be of interest to both sexes, we would have the series repeated to all the branches, asking the lecturers to make the rounds. And in those cases where we were building up centers in other parts of St. Louis, and taking a hall for one or two nights only in the week, we had the lectures for everybody, allowing men and women and children to come alike.

We have had, for instance, a series of twelve evenings given over to the study of American history, from the earliest times down to the present day. Then again for the women's clubs more particularly, we have chosen such a subject as the History of Painting, devoting possibly ten or twelve evenings to it. Along with such subjects we have made a point of having a large series of lantern slides manufactured for our purpose, to make the subjects more concrete. In this way there were pictures made from old woodcuts, engravings, or whatever could be found dealing with American history, and a choice set dealing with art. By this means we have been gradually accumulating a large stock of valuable slides which we can use in many ways, having now possibly some twelve hundred or more, chosen with the greatest care.

Another line of subjects illustrated in the same way, which we arrange for the men's evenings, had to do with Engineering. I might perhaps give the list of sub-topics in connection with this course, as a sample of the more serious work we aim to do:—

**The Story of the Locomotive.****The Story of Railways and Railway Construction.****The Story of Ocean Travel : The Sailing Vessels of Other Times and Other Countries.****The Story of Ocean Travel : History of the Steamship.****Bridge Building—Ancient and Historic Bridges.****Bridge Building—Great Bridges of Modern Times.****Tunnels and Tunneling.****Mining and Famous Mines.****The Waterworks of Various Countries.****The Story of Street Railways.****Great Forts and Fortifications.****How a Battle is Fought.****Roads and Road-making.****The Story of the St. Louis Bridge.****History and Management of the Union Station.****Immense Buildings and their Construction.****Boilers and the Use of Steam.**

In connection with art, we have likewise another series on the history of buildings, or Architecture, which proved valuable and educational. Then, too, as a matter of course, more especially for the men, we have had series dealing with natural science; as, for instance, one entire course on "Physics"; another on "Astronomy"; a third on "Chemistry." For such lines we get the very best talent of specialists to be had in the city, and have had no difficulty in receiving the most cordial response, when calling upon workers for assistance.

We have also tried courses on Biographies. One of these for the women's club was given by a number of the best educated women of St. Louis, who volunteered their services, taking for the general theme, "Famous Women." In this course we included Madame Le Brun; Florence Nightingale; George Eliot; Queen Louise of Prussia; Zenobia; Harriet Beecher Stowe; Queen Elizabeth; Harriet Martineau; Joan of Arc, and one or two others. It ran as follows in the announcement circular:—

"Charlotte Corday." Born in France, July 28th, 1768. Famous in the French Revolution. Slew the great leader of the Reign of Terror, Marat. Was guillotined July 17th, 1793.

"Francis Power Cobbe." Born in Ireland, December 4th, 1822. Famous as a philanthropist in England. Did noble work for the poor. Has recently written a most interesting autobiography.

"Queen Louise of Prussia." Born March 10th, 1776, in Germany. Famous for her beauty and her accomplishments. Was very much loved by the people as Queen of Prussia. Had a sad and troubled life. Died July 19th, 1810.

"Florence Nightingale." Born in Florence, Italy, in May, 1823. Of English parentage. Famous as a nurse for the wounded in the Crimean War. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars donated to her was used by her in founding a training school for nurses in England.

"George Eliot." Born in England, November 22d, 1819. The greatest woman-novelist of English literature. Has been compared with Shakespeare. Died December 22d, 1880.

"Madame Le Brun." The most famous of all women-painters. Born in Paris, April 16th, 1755. Died March 30th, 1842.

#### Entertainment by the Club.

"Maria Theresa." Famous Queen of Austria. Considered to have been the founder of the modern Austrian Empire. Born May 13th, 1717, in Vienna. Died November 29th, 1780.

"Charlotte Bronte." Born in England, April 21st, 1816. A famous English novelist. A remarkable character. Author of Jane Eyre. Died March 31st, 1855.

"Elizabeth Barrett Browning." Born in England, March 6th, 1809. The most famous poetess in English literature. Wife of the great poet, Robert Browning. Died in Florence, Italy, June 30th, 1861.

"Queen Elizabeth." Born in England, September 7th, 1533. The most famous of all English Queens. The center of the great "Elizabethan Epoch." Never married. Died March 24th, 1603.

"Joan of Arc." Famous heroine of France. Born 1412. At the age of sixteen to eighteen became the leader of the French armies. Was burned at the stake, May 30th, 1431.

#### Entertainment by the Club.

"Zenobia." Famous Queen of Palmyra. Renowned in

antiquity. Called herself the Empress of the Orient. Lived about the time 250 to 300 A. D. Was conquered by the Roman Emperor.

For the men we have had courses on the lives and work of the "American Statesmen"; or again a series on "The History of the Civil War in America." For the women's clubs we have had courses on the History of English Literature by the professor of that subject in the Washington University.

It is to be seen that the material for such purposes is practically inexhaustible. One very popular theme for the women's clubs has been "Physiology and Health," given by a woman physician of St. Louis. The same topic was used in another series for the men's clubs by one of the physicians connected with the St. Louis Medical College.

We must, of course, gauge our material to our audiences. If they do not like one subject, and the attendance falls away, we change it to another. For a time we may abandon consecutive series, and return to subjects of a miscellaneous character. If we learn of some well-known citizen who has passed the summer over in Holland, we call upon him to give our clubs, "An Evening in Holland." Whether we have known him personally or not would make no difference. We should ask him just the same. Or if a stranger is in the city, who has passed several years in Japan, we at once send to him, asking for an "Evening in Japan" for one of our clubs. A subject which naturally interests the women is that of "Marriage and the Home," and we have had a whole series on that topic by a representative and leading clergyman of St. Louis. For the men we have had a number of times, topics such as "Facts about Law which Everybody Ought

to Know," given by some well-known lawyer or judge of the court in the city. If the theme permits, we may devote a part of the evening to questions from those present, and oftentimes the most satisfactory work is accomplished in that way.

The attendance at these lecture courses has been fairly good ever since they were inaugurated twelve or thirteen years ago. We never expect a crowd, or to have our lecture halls overflowing when the subject is a serious one. But we consider it a good average number if we have fifty or sixty present on the respective evenings. In those instances where we have had the lectures for both sexes or families, and the people have come with their children, the attendance may run from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, as has been the case usually in the new section already mentioned, which we have been building up in a remote corner of St. Louis at the hall donated for our uses by the street railway company.

The lecture courses have become now only one of the many features we make use of as means for fostering the spirit of self-improvement among the artisan element of our city. Gradually classes have been organized on special topics, as they are called for by those who come to our Self-Culture Halls. We have now meeting through the winter some fifteen or twenty such groups, each with their own volunteer teacher. The attendance for these purposes may range from five to twenty, according to the popularity of the subject. One year we had a Hawthorne Club, and a small, devoted group gave a season to a pretty thorough study of the novels of Hawthorne. At another time we had a Civic Club for men, spending a year in the study of the institutions of St. Louis. In this

special class each man received an assignment, and made his own investigations. We employed as a guide in such work the mayor's annual report, working along the line suggested there.

We have classes for singing, glee clubs, and mandolin and guitar clubs. One subject usually very popular with the young people is that of Elocution, which they like especially when plays are taken up, studied, and afterwards recited before their friends. There are two classes in the study of the English language which we have found of exceeding importance among the wage-earning element of our city. It has been interesting to see how the artisans as they grew up, gradually found out their ignorance of the mother tongue of this country, and began to wish to improve themselves in this direction. We have also had classes on the more practical side, although not making them a prominent feature,—such as Stenography, Figuring and Arithmetic, or even Bookkeeping. But in these instances we make it very plain that we have no purpose or no intention of making bookkeepers or stenographers out of the members. We use this just as a general upbuilding method, taking the subjects because the club members want them.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE WAGE EARNERS' SELF-CULTURE CLUBS OF ST. LOUIS.

A SKETCH OF THEIR HISTORY (*Concluded*).

BY WALTER L. SHELDON.

NATURALLY for the women one very popular class has been that of "Cooking"; and we usually have two or three classes of that kind running through the season, occasionally varying it by a series of demonstration lectures in cooking. Then, too, we have had Dressmaking Classes; again putting the point plainly that we do not for a moment wish to educate them into dressmakers; but to show them how to make their own clothing for themselves at home. And a number of young women at the end of the season, who knew little or nothing about such work at the start, have appeared in dresses of their own making.

A further subject we strive hard to foster an interest in, and one we have already alluded to, is a study of our civic history. We organize excursions to our Missouri Historical Society Building. At this moment we are having a course of most valuable lectures on "The History of St. Louis," and they bid fair to be very popular. For the opening one in this series we had as lecturer a descendant of the man who is looked upon as the founder of our city some hundred and twenty-five years ago. Another theme we introduce whenever possible is the subject of "Self-Help." We call on successful men to come



and give talks on the theme "Why Some Men Succeed, and Other Men Fail."

Recently we have also introduced a third feature in the way of a Savings Fund department. Again it must be emphasized that we made it plain that we were not doing this just with the idea of having the men or women save money, but using it as a means for encouraging self-improvement or the sturdier characteristics which may come through the restraints one puts upon one's self in laying by a little money every week. There are now about forty of our members who have joined in this plan. When they get the sum of three dollars saved up, the amount is placed in one of the large trust companies, and they draw interest upon it. Naturally at the outset there was a good deal of fear or prejudice lest they might lose their money through the breaking of the banks, or the absconding of a treasurer, or some other cause. In order to do away with this reluctance, we got three influential citizens personally to guarantee the savings fund department to the amount of ten thousand dollars. And this method appears to have averted prejudice on that score. When that pledge was made, it seemed to make the young people feel that their money was safe.

The last few years we have sought to do something in the way of educating the musical taste among the artisan class, seeing if they would not enjoy really good music as well as the cheap worthless kind they often hear elsewhere in the city. A prominent association known as the St. Louis Musical Club, representing some of the very best talent in the community, took up the matter, and volunteered to give ten Sunday afternoon concerts for us. We have kept this up now for a number of seasons at our various centers. This club has furnished the music, and

all we have had to do was to provide the audience. The experiment was in every way successful. The music has often been of the best kind, and the reception for it enthusiastic. Naturally the attendance at these concerts is larger on the part of the women. Yet there is a fair sprinkling of men in the number. Scores of persons have been brought in this way to render solos for us at these concerts, and the willingness on the part of the best musical talent of the city to coöperate has been most cheering.

Now and then we have varied this method by having the club members give concerts of their own on a special evening or on Sunday afternoons. They naturally take pleasure in doing this, and the result is good; although it has to be taken for granted that the music cannot be of the same high order.

When it comes to work for young boys, it will have to be owned we have not as yet accomplished large results, possibly for the reason that our institution is of too earnest a character, and that we have been reluctant to introduce the lighter features in order to draw in the lads who roam the streets around our buildings. We have, however, made the effort, and are beginning to do more along this other line. The first step to be taken, as every one would anticipate, was to inaugurate military exercises, and try the effect of the moral discipline coming from the drill which they would receive by this means.

During the last year we have also made the experiment with gratifying success in the way of introducing one or more classes in handwork for boys, getting a volunteer teacher for this purpose from the one who has charge of this work at the present moment in the public schools. We are just now planning another class in the making of hammocks, and the boys are inclined to it. Normally

our work should begin with the lads of a very young age, and gradually work them up, as they grow older, into the adult members of our clubs. But thus far we have not accomplished much in this direction, although we are at last making the beginning, and hope to achieve more and more from this time on.

As a rule, the boys around our Self-Culture Halls are of the undisciplined kind, roving the streets for play when not at school, and not ambitious for self-improvement. Only after they have gone to work, and some of the wild animal spirits in them have been toned down by the routine of toil, do they usually begin to show ambitions in a higher direction. How to reach young boys on the strictly educational side, therefore, and foster the desire for intellectual self-improvement among them, we have not yet worked out.

Among the older element, however, another feature has proved entertaining and successful, namely, excursions for educational purposes. We have organized groups from time to time to go to the Museum of Fine Arts on a Sunday afternoon, securing a guide for the purpose, and fostering by this means a pleasure in the best forms of art. So, too, we have had excursions to the Astronomical Observatory of the Washington University. Quite a number have been taken across the river on a Sunday afternoon to visit the so-called "Indian Mounds" in Illinois, lying along the banks of the Mississippi. Other groups have gone to inspect some of the manufacturing establishments of the city; the electric works, for instance. We are just now planning a Sunday evening excursion to the Blind Asylum, where the club members may have the privilege of seeing how people afflicted in that way may be educated, and what such persons may be able to

do for themselves in spite of their misfortunes. It is the custom also once every June to have an all-day Sunday excursion for all the club members, going on the railway into the country, and spending the day there. Usually there are several hundred going on these June excursions; and they certainly come home well pleased from their journey.

As for the young girls, a great deal has been accomplished; and the work in this direction has developed into one of the most important departments of the Self-Culture Hall Association. Early in the history of the institution a plan was conceived of establishing classes for young girls, which should touch all the elements connected with housekeeping or the care of the home. In substance, it implied developing what might be termed "home-making" classes.

As good fortune would have it, a lady volunteer was at hand, who is one of the most capable women of St. Louis, possessing singular efficiency in this direction. She took up the idea at once, and has been working out for a number of years now an elaborate scheme of education along these lines. There has developed, therefore, in connection with our institution a department going under the name of "Domestic Economy Schools." We have this work now at both our Self-Culture Halls on Saturdays. At each place on those days a hundred to a hundred and fifty young girls are taking this course of instruction, each school having its own superintendent. A corps of some twenty-five or thirty volunteer assistant teachers meet every Saturday to carry on this work. A description of it in detail would require a volume.

At the North Side Self-Culture Hall, for instance, we have four or five rooms set apart exclusively for this work.

There is a bedroom with all the furniture or equipment usually connected with an apartment of this kind. The children take lessons in everything that would pertain to making beds or taking care of a bedroom. Then there is a sitting-room or parlor where the young girls learn how to sweep, dust, clean lamps, make fires, take care of furniture, perhaps even at times how to manage house plants, and to decorate the home. Besides this, we have a completely equipped dining-room where all the features connected with the work in such an apartment are introduced. The children set a table, wait on each other, clear away the table, learn everything which pertains to the dining-room. Adjoining this, is a large kitchen where the elements of cooking are taught, and the walls are decorated with suitable charts, and the equipment for the purpose is fairly complete.

One special department of these schools pertains to the work of sewing in all its many varieties. But this is only one of the many features in the educational work done for these young girls. At times there have also been laundry lessons, and the children have learned to wash and iron.

The chief point of emphasis made with regard to these special schools has been that the purpose is *not* to train the girls for domestic servants, as that would be out of our province. The same principle would apply as to our educational work for adults. What the managers have aimed at here has been to teach the girls how to take care of homes of their own, when they may have them later on, or how at the present time to assist their own mothers in their homes.

At the South Side Self-Culture Hall we have a somewhat similar equipment, although we have not been able

to set aside quite so many rooms for the purpose, inasmuch as the building there is not so large as the one on the North Side.

Normally work of this kind should be so arranged, that the young girls may afterwards, as they grow older, graduate into the adult women's clubs. A step in this direction has been taken by the formation of junior classes of the older girls, who meet in the afternoons to take the more advanced work. And we hope ere long to see these girls who have been for a number of years in the Domestic Economy Schools, enter the women's clubs as members.

The buildings which we have selected for our Self-Culture Halls are not quite alike. They were not constructed for our purposes, and we have had to adjust ourselves to what we could find. The one on the North Side had been used for a long while as a hospital; and I regret to say that when we took possession of it, we found in many of the rooms some six coatings of wall paper. It is a three-story building of twenty-seven rooms, besides the basement, where we have an arrangement for shower baths, and the rudiments of a gymnasium. Two of the rooms are quite large and can be used for lecture halls, seating about one hundred people. A third of medium size on the first floor is set apart as a reading-room; and a fourth as a reception-room, adjoining which is the small library. Various other apartments are used for the special classes we are organizing. The superintendent with his family occupies a suite of rooms on the second floor, and the lady superintendent also resides in the same building. We have a librarian occupying a room at each of the Self-Culture Halls, who does certain of the clerical work, attends to the reading-rooms and issues books. The North Side Self-Culture Hall is also now a sub-station

for the public library of St. Louis. People of the neighborhood may call and leave books, or hand in slips specifying what books they may desire; and once every few days the janitor goes down to the Public Library and makes the required changes, bringing the literature desired to our building, where it may be called for by those who have applied for it.

The South Side Self-Culture Hall is not quite so commodious in its arrangements, having only about ten rooms besides the basement, where we also have shower baths. The lecture hall here, however, is considerably larger, and at a pinch may accommodate two hundred people. There is a large, commodious class-room on the second floor, which is also used for reception purposes. Adjoining it is the apartment for the cooking classes and a small reading-room. In that part of the city the reading facilities have never been as popular as on the North Side—a fact which every resident of our city would readily understand. The elements we have to deal with at the two Self-Culture Halls are, on the whole, quite different.

It may be asked whether we hold strictly to educational work, and have nothing in the way of social life, or entertainment features. On this score we can say that there is certainly an effort to develop a social spirit and club life among those who come to our buildings. But we always make this a subordinate feature, and use it only as a means for furthering our other purpose of self-improvement. At both the Self-Culture Halls, for instance, we have dancing classes, which are naturally very popular. But we established the rule, which is rigidly adhered to, and to which no exceptions are allowed, that no person may attend this dancing class on any evening, unless we have evidence that he or she has been present at some

educational class or lecture within the preceding seven days. From time to time the club members arrange social meetings of their own, and the building is turned over to them for that purpose on such occasions, with the best of results in the good spirit fostered by this means. At such meetings the two sexes are, of course, thrown together under normal supervision.

I must not let it be assumed from the sketch given in these pages that our work has been reaching many thousands of people, as a very large or popular institution. We have not striven in that direction. It was rather our purpose to establish a certain standard or ideal, and to reach mainly just that element in the artisan class who really at heart wish for some self-improvement. The total attendance at our various branches for a single week during the winter may not average more than perhaps twelve hundred. It would be easy enough to "pad" the attendance to an almost indefinite extent, by getting up all sorts of entertainments, and by this means raise it to two or three thousand, if we had the time or inclination to do so. But this would not lie within our aim. Even among those who may not come to our Self-Culture Halls, or be directly reached by them, a certain indirect influence is felt. The working class of the city are generally aware that there is an important educational institution known as the Wage Earners' Self-Culture Clubs. The very fact of the existence of such work is an impulse, or suggestive of a standard or possibilities of self-improvement, to thousands who may not come directly under the influence of such a movement. I believe the effects of the existence of this association can be seen on the artisan class at large in St. Louis, quite apart from those who attend our Self-Culture Halls.



The elements coming to the work are naturally of the most varied kind, and of nearly all the races who speak the English language. We have perhaps the smallest representation from the Hebrews, owing to the fact that one or more institutions have been organized especially for this race. I am sorry to say that as yet we have not been able to accomplish anything for those not familiar with the mother tongue of our country. It is to be hoped, however, that we may by and by work also in this direction. As in all large cities of America, there are parts of St. Louis, special localities, where the English language is scarcely spoken at all. And something in our line of work surely ought to be done in those sections.

It is always interesting to note the occupations of those who come to our Self-Culture Halls from time to time. On special evenings we have taken a census as to the employments of those present. No one census of this kind would give an exact impression, inasmuch as only a limited portion of all those coming to our halls would be present at any one meeting. But it always gives some idea of the variety of occupations.

At one of the lectures in the new center at the Power House Hall in north St. Louis a short time ago, we passed slips of paper around for this purpose, asking each person to put down his occupation. At this lecture course, as I have formerly explained, the people come in families, the men bringing their wives, daughters, sisters, children, even to little ones carried in their arms. Occasionally the wail of some young child under a year old arises in the midst of a lecture, but is never taken as in any way interfering with the work going on. There were, at the time referred to, about a hundred and forty present, including young and old of both sexes, and ninety-seven

slips were returned. The women, as wives or sisters, who might be occupied at home, were requested to put down "work at home" as their response to our census. The replies suggested the variety of employments represented among our attendance. The list included a teamster, marble cutter, domestic servant, tailor, newsboy, railway clerk, wood carver, saw-maker, carpenter, two or three sales clerks, a cooper, two office men, a shipping clerk, three or four milliners, a bookbinder, two pattern makers, a glass cutter, draftsman, two teachers, two moulders, three stenographers, a cook in a hotel, a dressmaker, two seamstresses, two packers of chemicals, eight machinists, a contractor, a foreman in a factory, a hardware packer, and about thirty-five reported "employed at home." It should be said that usually at this special lecture course there would be a number of street railway employés. But an important occurrence took them all away that evening.

At another census taken on the women's night at our North Side Self-Culture Hall after a lecture on the history of St. Louis, there were some sixty-seven replies. It included two telephone operators, three employés at a shoe factory, five dressmakers, a bill-clerk, two domestic servants, three stenographers, five chair-caners, nine or ten tailoresses, two saleswomen, four or five employed in millinery work, one occupied in a book-bindery, a trained nurse, four seamstresses, and about fifteen who answered "work at home."

At one time this last season we took a census as to the number of business firms or factories represented in our various departments among those coming to our association. It was found to cover somewhere about one hundred and sixty-one establishments scattered over St.

Louis, and representing almost every kind of factory or occupation that we have in our city.

Looking over a record of some sixty men, ranging from sixteen to forty years of age, at our North Side Self-Culture Hall, I find one electric wireman, a lithographer, a foreman in a cloak factory, two tailors, one brick-mason, a stair-builder, three stenographers, two bookkeepers, an insurance agent, one compositor, six clerks or office men in wholesale houses, one electrotyper, a gilder, a cabinet-maker, ten employed in shoe factories, a driver, a packer, one mechanical draftsman, five machinists, a bundle-wrapper at a department store, one painter, a porter, one book agent, two salesmen, a cork cutter, and eight or ten from other miscellaneous occupations.

Taking one hundred and twenty members from the South Side Self-Culture Hall, men and women,—but in which the women predominate,—of whose occupations we have official record, I find one mail-carrier, one wood carver, two bookkeepers, three employed in a tobacco factory, two salesmen, two or three engineers, three electricians, one plasterer, one draftsman, one mail-clerk, a fireman for a furnace, twelve or fifteen as clerks in retail houses, or employés in wholesale houses, two bookbinders, six employed in a shoe factory, three in a bag factory, one hairdresser, one bookkeeper, four employed in millinery, twelve seamstresses, one employed in a laundry, two teachers, one stenographer, two domestic servants, five saleswomen, four vest-makers, two tea and coffee packers, two employed in a tailoring establishment, one office girl, and about twenty-six occupied at home.

The above survey of employments may be of interest, as showing the variety of work represented by those coming to our institution.

Unfortunately, as must be the case with all such work, our institution costs money. It has a business management, with a board of ten or eleven trustees and the usual officers, with executive and finance committees. It has cost something like five thousand dollars a year to carry on the work at the closest calculation. The money has usually been raised by a canvass among the citizens of St. Louis, secured mainly in this way through the finance committee, mostly in sums of twenty-five to fifty dollars annually. It is here where some of the hardest work comes in on the part of several of the trustees. We should have been glad to establish these Self-Culture Halls all over the city. But to accomplish this would mean raising our income one or two thousand dollars for each new hall, and we have begun to feel that this is more than we can pay for. Our method is therefore rather to work out from the headquarters we have, establishing local centers such as have been described, by renting a hall here and there for one or more nights in the week.

It should be said, however, that while the finance committee have done most loyal service in raising the funds for the association, they and the whole board of trustees have given the freest hand to the director in the educational work. As long as he adheres to the policy of neutrality laid down by the constitution, he and the superintendents are left to build up the educational side of the institution in their own way, and to adapt the scheme to the varying needs of the people dealt with by the Self-Culture Halls. The board of trustees according to the constitution and by-laws, choose the director and superintendent. Beyond this they seldom take any direct share in the management of the educational department. These trustees are made up of the most representative citizens

of St. Louis, without regard to creed or church affiliation. The president is a retired business man, who has been one of the most prominent men in the commercial affairs of the city for the last twenty-five years.

It should be said that at our two Self-Culture Halls we usually make the lecture evenings free to everybody, and not restricted to the club members. Those who join classes, however, or go on the excursions, or partake of special privileges, are expected to contribute a small sum of 25 cents annually, which enrolls them as club members. Most of the classes are free—always so where the teacher is a volunteer; and three-quarters of our teachers are of this kind. For certain lines of special work, however, we are obliged to pay for teachers' service. And in this case, as happens with such work as dressmaking, cooking, or classes in the Spanish language, we charge a fee which may partly or wholly cover the additional expense. In the case of the dancing class, we expect that the fees shall pay the salary of the teacher. The privileges of the baths or gymnasium are charged for, however, at a higher rate; sufficient to make them nearly, if not quite, self-supporting.

The method we have pursued in the outlying branch in the northernmost part of the city at the Power House Hall has been of another kind. At that place we have sold course tickets in advance, and by this means have practically covered the whole additional expense of that special center. We have organized quite a large and earnest committee there, coming from a number of the most important business establishments of that part of the city. This committee have taken hold of the work with enthusiasm, canvassed their factories, and usually each year make up a list of three or four hundred members. The

course ticket for this section would look, therefore, somewhat like the coupon railway ticket a person might have when traveling from San Francisco to Boston. It would have eight coupons for the regular Tuesday evening lectures; ten coupons for the course of demonstration lectures in cooking, and four coupons for Sunday afternoon concerts.

We are trying now to make the club organization somewhat more complete, so that the members shall have a larger hand in the work itself. A new set of rules for organization has just been issued. It provides for an executive committee and a secretary to be elected once in three months by the men's branch and the women's branch at each Self-Culture Hall—the president in each case, however, to be appointed by the Director of the Association. Those who have examined our scheme, may feel that the work is managed too much by the director and superintendents rather than by the club members themselves. This criticism would hold much more if the institution were social rather than educational. But as the very ideal put forward is that of arousing ambitions on the part of the artisan element, to reach up to a stage of self-improvement at present beyond themselves, it would seem but natural on this account that the educational work should be arranged by men who have had a fairly high degree of education themselves. Yet it is our hope to consult more and more with these committees elected by the club members, and adapt our work as far as may be reasonably possible, to their wishes—also giving them the opportunity of organizing certain work of their own, if they wish to do so. But a strictly educational institution cannot be managed by the same democratic methods that would apply to a social club.

In one direction they have had practically the utmost freedom, in the line of organizing Debating Clubs. But it is interesting to observe that efforts in this line almost invariably play out after a little time, all the more if the club is left to itself. Only a limited number care for such a department; still fewer care to talk; and the result is they talk themselves out and tire of listening to each other. The failure of the Debating Clubs may be partly owing to the character of those who come to our Self-Culture Halls; inasmuch as we try to draw that class which desires opportunities for intellectual self-improvement rather than a chance to indulge in the pleasure of talking or disputing. Or it may be owing to the fact that the artisan class of St. Louis take less to this kind of pleasure, than the same element in other large cities.

One fact with regard to the character of the attendance at our clubs I have been especially struck with, but not been able fully to account for. In the items we have given from the census taken from time to time with regard to the occupation, it will be noticed what a slight representation we have from the trades as such—more especially the building trades. On the whole, I should say that the constituency of our institution comes rather from the factories. It has raised the question in my mind whether the irregularity in employment among the building trades does not foster a certain indifference to self-improvement. On this point I should be glad to have facts, figures, or experiences, from other workers in other large cities. I am inclined to think, however, that the debating clubs, when we have them, would come more especially from this class. Yet I make this statement with hesitation, as our experience as yet has hardly been large enough to warrant it for a general observation.

Two or three years ago the association began publishing a *Bulletin*, a little paper of eight pages, appearing once a month, containing announcements, items connected with the club work, personal news concerning the members, occasional editorial observations, literary fragments, and, best of all, now and then, letters or communications from the club members themselves. This paper is now in the third year of its publication. Perhaps it might be well to insert at this point the heading of the front page, inasmuch as it gives in a few words the general scope or purpose of our whole institution. It runs as follows:—

#### SELF-CULTURE HALL ASSOCIATION.

HEADQUARTERS: 1832 Carr Street—Self-Culture Hall. 1921 S. Ninth Street—Self-Culture Hall. 3700 N. Broadway—North Broadway Power House Hall.

*Wage Earners'* Lecture Courses, Classes, Housekeeping, Schools, Baths, Opportunities for general Self-Culture. Established in various parts of the city. Founded as a

Citizens' Movement and supported by voluntary contributions of the public-spirited people of St. Louis.

"To encourage and foster efforts for self-improvement among wage-earners and their families.

"Strict neutrality to be observed on all subjects pertaining to politics or religion."

OF ST. LOUIS.

*Self-Culture Clubs*

*Monthly Bulletin.*

Subscription Price, 25 cents a year.

Address, Librarian, Self-Culture Hall,  
1832 Carr Street, St. Louis, Mo.

We might accomplish a good deal more with this monthly paper, if we could enlarge it and introduce other features. But the expense of publication precludes our doing much more in this direction.

Those who are interested in the sketch of this work, may like to inquire whether the institution runs on in all its departments for the whole twelve months. I am sorry to say that the educational working season of St. Louis is comparatively short. While the temperature is not any warmer than in most of the other cities north and east of us, the summer is, as a rule, somewhat longer, and the



mild weather covers nearly five months. As a result of this, we feel that we accomplish a good deal if we are able to keep up most of our efforts from the first of October until the first of June. Even as it is, it requires the greatest possible exertion not to have the lagging time begin by the middle of April.

The strictly educational work, therefore, practically comes to an end the first of June, and is not resumed until October. The buildings, however, are not entirely closed. It has been found that the members of the women's clubs enjoy meeting there once a week, and arranging entertainments for themselves. We have given them full liberty to meet one evening of the week throughout the warm weather, and the attendance that night is usually very large—larger, however, on the North than on the South Side. As for the men, however, it would, as a rule, be practically impossible to drag them inside the building for any educational work during the summer months.

Take it throughout the active season during the winter, the proportion in the attendance between the sexes would be about even. At the South Side Self-Culture Hall it may be that the women slightly predominate; and the men, at the North Side. On the whole, it would seem as if the men took rather to the class work than to the lecture courses; although when the departments are in full running order during the winter, the attendance on the men's lecture night is usually very good.

It will be seen that we have during the active period of work from five to six lecture courses going on each week, besides one or more Sunday afternoon concerts, and all the various classes and Saturday Domestic Economy Schools. Under ordinary conditions, I think it would cost

at least ten thousand dollars a year to carry on the work of the association. The explanation of the small sum expended for the purpose comes from the fact, as we have already said, that such a very large proportion of our workers are volunteers. Going back over the last twelve years, we can count up over three hundred individual people who have taught classes, given lectures or furnished Sunday afternoon concerts for the institution. If this had meant any sort of people we could get hold of, I should not speak of it. But it implies, as a rule, the very best service which the city of St. Louis could possibly offer. If in the number we include those who have *assisted* in the concerts it would add one hundred to one hundred and fifty more to the list.

It will have struck many that I have nowhere mentioned in this sketch the names of workers, or of those who have done service for our cause. If I were to undertake this, unfortunately I should not know where to begin. But most of all, I should want to go back to the starting-point of our institution in the first six or seven years of its life, when the toil was the hardest, and the association had the least recognition. Our debt of gratitude there is something untold. I can recall the devotion with which business men ran up and down the city, canvassing for funds, or labored in the executive management, attending to the wearisome details essential to such a complex institution. And I know to-day also, what hearty devotion our committees are rendering, and what labor their efforts involve, and how much they are doing for us. Looking over the long list of co-workers, helpers in the cause, who have rendered service in many ways, it certainly stirs a feeling of the profoundest gratitude to one and all of them—although naturally most of all to those who have sacrificed

not only a single evening in the season, but whole days or scores of evenings in our cause.

What, after all, makes the success of such work is not the management at the head, but the devotion of the colleagues, the superintendents, and the volunteer workers. And if there has been anything unique in our institution, it has been the intense ardor of those who have served the institution in this way in devoting themselves to its purposes. The superintendents take hold of it as if it were a matter of life or death. The work itself seems to arouse a certain inspiration and love for it, which grows as the time goes on.

It has been felt by some that along this line we have the nearest possible solution at the present time for the troublesome Social Problem. Whether this is true, I am not prepared to say. But that it can render a profound service in this direction, I do most thoroughly believe. Under any circumstances, we feel that we are but at the beginning of the work, and look forward to its indefinite expansion in the future.

## RUSKIN'S MESSAGE TO OUR TIME.\*

BY PERCIVAL CHUBB.

RUSKIN is dead;—the last survivor of those great men—and, remembering George Eliot and Mrs. Browning, let us add, great women—who have been the spiritual pastors and masters of the English people during the latter half of the nineteenth century. In some important respects he was the greatest of them all. He was as unmistakably of the race of the prophets as was his friend and teacher, Carlyle, who alone challenges his preëminence among them. “I venerate him as one of the great teachers of the age,” said George Eliot; “he teaches with the inspiration of a Hebrew prophet.” That was said long ago. Since then the prophetic power of the man has still more impressively approved itself. Like Carlyle, he showed some of the foibles and excesses to which the impassioned prophet-nature is prone. He had his wayward, irritable moods of vehement resentment and anger, of extreme confidence and exultation. He was at times impatient, petulant, paradoxical. Yet these faults are but as the freckles and wrinkles of a noble countenance. After every deduction, the man in his full stature stands out with impressive boldness as one of the liberators of his time; and he leaves for the future a large legacy of wise counsel, criticism, and inspiration.

This will seem to many an exaggerated claim on his behalf. It is, however, a claim that time is rapidly making

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\*The substance of lectures given before the New York and Philadelphia Ethical Societies.

good. The truth of many of his previsions has been strikingly demonstrated. Views and doctrines which he preached at first to a scoffing world, have gradually won their way to acceptance: many of the more immediate measures urged in his programme of political reforms have either been carried into effect, or are being championed to-day. Practical social reforms which he helped to initiate have proved successful. It was he, perhaps more than anyone else, who pointed the way to our Social Settlements, our Consumers' Leagues, our Tenement Improvement Associations, our revived Village Industries, and many other organizations. The facts in these connections will speak for themselves. Let us review a few of them.

When, some thirty years ago, Ruskin was Professor of Art at Oxford, he not only taught the importance of uniting useful manual labor (as a substitute for cruel or unprofitable sport) with intellectual work; and of including manual training as an indispensable part of education; but he inspired a band of Oxford undergraduates to carry out his views by undertaking a job of road-making at Hincksey, near Oxford. Among those youths was Arnold Toynbee, foreman of the "gang," who later gave such notable effect to Ruskin's words to his young Oxford hearers, when he told them that—

"Neither sound art, policy, nor religion can exist in England until, neglecting, if it must be, your own pleasure-gardens and pleasure-chambers, you resolve that the streets which are the habitation of the poor, and the fields which are the play-grounds of their children, shall be again restored to the rule of the spirits, whosoever they are, in earth and heaven that ordain and reward, with constant felicity, all that is decent and orderly, beautiful and pure."

For Toynbee was the pioneer of the social settlers from the universities in East London; and the memory of his noble example is enshrined in Toynbee Hall, the first of all the Social Settlements. Again, Ruskin himself, consistently resolving that his own tenement property in London should be justly managed, handed it over to a specially qualified overseer, Miss Octavia Hill, to manage for him according to the principles of ideal landlordism, which included fair rents, fixity of tenure and compensation for improvements—principles that were later embodied in the Land Acts passed to benefit Ireland. Again, our Consumers' Leagues may be directly traced to his teaching and suggestion: for it was he who first insisted upon the moral responsibility of the purchaser for the misery of those the fruits of whose underpaid or degrading toil he purchased. As to the ethics of employment and purchasing, he said:

"Whenever we buy cheap goods, *i. e.*, goods offered at a price which we know cannot be remunerative for the labor involved in them,—we are stealing somebody's labor. Don't let us mince the matter; I say, in plain Saxon, stealing,—taking from him the proper reward of his work, and putting it into our own pocket. The thing could not have been offered at that price unless distress of some kind had forced the producer to part with it. . . . The fierce baron and the redoubted highwayman are reported to have robbed, at least by preference, only the rich; *we* steal habitually from the poor. We buy our liveries, and gild our prayer-books, with pilfered pence out of children's and sick men's wages, and thus ingeniously dispose of a given quantity of theft, so that it may produce the largest possible measure of delicately distributed suffering."

But more important than any of these anticipations of the philanthropy of the future were his specific recommendations of certain practical reforms, political and

social, which were dictated by his principles of Social Economy. In "Unto this Last,"—the teachings of which raised such a howl of public disapproval that Thackeray had to discontinue the publication of the chapters in the *Cornhill Magazine*,—Ruskin urged these seven points of reform: (1) Thorough elementary and technical education in State Schools, wherein (2) every child was to be taught a trade or calling; (3) the establishment, in connection with these technical classes, of government workshops for the production of all necessary and useful luxuries—not to extinguish private enterprise, but to set a standard of good and exemplary work; (4) the employment of all unemployed persons in such workshops, and (5) the payment to them of a fixed wage (a forecast of the "living wage" now paid in public establishments); (6) penal work for the loafer; and (7) pensions for worthy old and destitute persons. All these proposals were generally regarded as either absurd or dangerous. They are some of them accomplished; others are on the way to accomplishment. The derided doctrines which underlay them have had the effect of putting out of court not a few of the dogmas of the older political economy which Ruskin criticised so severely, and of compelling the science to take many new aspects.

All these matters, in which Ruskin outstripped the vision of his time, and others which I cannot stop to tell of, I record now only to gain earnest hearing for the central message that Ruskin has to give to our age. For that he is one of the great message-bearers, one of the gossellers, of our modern world, is the fact I would establish. To do so, it will be necessary to take a full view of the man. Criticism has been busy with the contradictions and irrel-

evancies that undoubtedly may be found here and there in his work. We must press beyond these to the large unities of his thought. Then his message will emerge; then his gospel will appear as a gospel for all sorts and conditions of men and women, a gospel of both personal and social good tidings.

His theme was life; Art, Letters, Science, were merely his texts. He discoursed early and late about many things;—of mountain and cloud forms, glaciers and minerals; of Turner and Tintoret and Carpaccio; of Shakspeare, Walter Scott, Byron and other masters; but all these were, in the main, opportunities for his sermons upon life. "Great art is nothing else than the type of strong and noble life," he declared; and this is the keynote of his art-criticism. Always the emphasis is on life. Art is a form of life; love of life, the source of art. For instance, his early defence of Turner, in "Modern Painters," was for the most part a plea for what Wordsworth called "natural piety;" for the love of nature, and for sincerity and truth in portraying nature. His "Seven Lamps of Architecture" was a magnificent moral discourse, showing of what high qualities, what lamps of the spirit of man, great architecture is the expression. The consideration that controls his estimate of Architecture—namely, the effect which any school or scheme has upon the life and character of the workman—seems to many to have no relevancy to the question of architectural beauty and excellence; but he holds to it as his touchstone. Always, as in this case, art is for him the symbol of "strong and noble life." The Art of any country is the exponent of its social and political virtues; and all great art is great because it speaks certain qualities of soul.



It is because he brings all human achievement to this test that his writings have a unity that escapes a hurried or careless glance. Noting the multifariousness of his topics—Literature and Art in all their forms; mineralogy, botany, geology and other sciences; history and religion and heraldry; sociology, political economy, education—people at once put him down as a venturesome excursionist into many disconnected fields of human activity. To one he is an art-critic, ignorantly astray in the domain of science; to another, a sociologist trespassing upon the preserves of art; then a stylist, foolishly troubling himself about the specialist's problems in religion and ethics. But the truth is, that it was because he saw the vital interdependence and interplay of all departments of thought and activity, and because he perceived in all of them manifestations of certain fundamental principles of life,—that he passed easily and inevitably from one to another. Not the diversity, but the unity of things, is what impresses him, and is what he teaches. As early as in the "Seven Lamps" he states for us that principle of solidarity which binds together in a living body all the arts, and exhibits the ultimate identity of practical laws and moral laws. For him "there is no branch of human work whose constant laws have not close analogy with those which govern every other mode of man's creation. But, more than this, exactly as we reduce to greater simplicity and surety any one group of these practical laws, we shall find them passing the mere condition of connection or analogy, and becoming the actual expression of some ultimate nerve or fibre of the mighty laws which govern the moral world." It is this consciousness of the harmony and unity of the laws governing all forms of life

that knits together Ruskin's thoughts, whether he is dealing with engraving or sculpture, science or history, economics or education. Further, it is because the ultimate and inmost expression of these laws is to be found in "the mighty laws which govern the moral world," that in the last analysis all things have moral significance; beauty itself being none other than the complete fulfillment of natural law, the sign of health and order and truth.

While the perplexing richness and variety of his work is one stumbling-block to the hasty reader, another, closely connected with it, is the seeming inconsistency of his thought. The latest editions of his early works contain, in his own interesting annotations, frank and scornful repudiations of early statements; which fact is held up as supporting a charge of self-contradiction. The real meaning of these changes, however, is that Ruskin grew. His thought developed steadily. In almost every instance his late doctrine is not so much a contradiction as an enlargement of his earlier. We can trace the widening circles of growth, and we must do so now, if we are to arrive at a proper understanding of his final conclusions.

The essential meaning of Ruskin's message becomes clear when we understand the significance of the change that wrought itself out so conspicuously in the meridian of his life (roughly about 1860), when he began to occupy himself directly and systematically with the problems of political and social economy. This change is commonly regarded as sudden, and, as it were, cataclysmic; but it had been slowly accomplishing itself from the outset of his career. To chide Ruskin, as so many critics have done, because he did not cleave to his art-criticism, but turned in his willful way to economics and sociology, is to

misinterpret the whole purport of his work and teaching ; it is to fail to see that the current of his life had steadily set from the beginning towards this mark. He had been advancing step by step from a narrow to an ever-broadening conception of the meaning of Art, and of its place in the economy of human life. To follow him through the main phases of this change will be to master his message.

The young Oxford graduate, who in 1843 astonished his countrymen with the first volume of "Modern Painters," "wherein their superiority," to use the words of the full title, "in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters was proved by Examples of the True and Beautiful, and the Intellectual, from the works of Modern Artists, especially from those of J. W. M. Turner, Esq., R. A."—was almost wholly absorbed by certain technical problems of art, as these bore upon the relation of Art to Nature. It was a lover of Nature—exquisitely sensitive to her glories of sunlight and shade, of color and form, of sky-space and cloud, of mountain and meadow, who showed himself here. His life and training had in some ways equipped him admirably for this work. First of all, he had an extraordinarily chaste and virginal sense of what was beautiful. As a precocious child, he had been sheltered by anxious parents, in that quiet, almost cloistral home at Herne Hill, from all assailing influences ; and had been allowed to know only what was pure and choice in life and art and literature. Later, in those wonderful drives with his parents (on his father's business errands) through the loveliest districts of England, and on the Continent, he had been fed upon the rarest beauties of nature before commerce had seriously defaced them. He has said in his fascinating way :

"It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the world, a more blessed entrance into life for a child of such a temperament as mine. True the temperament belonged to the age. A very few years before, no child could have been born to care for mountains, or for the men that lived among them [as I did]. St. Bernard . . . . looking out to Mt. Blanc with his child's eyes, sees above Mt. Blanc the Madonna. . . . But for me the Alps and their people were alike beautiful in their snow and their humanity. I wanted, neither for them nor myself, sight of any thrones in heaven but the rocks, or of any spirits in heaven but the clouds."

Still later, he was in residence at Oxford, at the most exclusive of her colleges, and even to Oxford was followed by his solicitous mother, who lodged like a sentinel near his college. Always he was fenced from evil and ugliness. The noisy trouble and controversy, the doubt and unrest, of the time did not touch him. Oxford had been stirred by Newman and the Tractarian Movement; but it passed by him unheeded. So, too, did the reform movement of the time. His interests were elsewhere; his heart was with nature and landscape painting. Then, he had received an almost professional training as a painter; and through his teachers had come into close contact with the greatest English artists of the time. And, finally, he had developed great literary powers, which at once fascinated his audience. He was, then, unusually well-furnished for his undertaking of art-criticism.

But as he proceeded with his task, his studies of art broadened, his knowledge of the world and its painful realities increased, and his strong moral and religious feelings were more and more enlisted. He studied with increasing diligence the art and architecture of Italy, and was led by architecture especially to see a closer connection of Art with Civilization. By the time he wrote the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," he had come to see in

architecture, not the dexterities of design and craftsmanship, but "the most trustworthy record of the Life and Faith of Nations," an expression of national character, and a reflex of social conditions. He now showed signs of being distressed by what he saw around him; "the blasphemies of the earth are sounding louder and its miseries heaped heavier every day." Nevertheless, he was hopeful of the possibilities of art in England, and of his mission to bring it back to men. He had discovered the little band of the Pre-Raphaelites, filled with his own conviction of the need of a return to nature and to sincerity. Here perhaps was the dawn of a new day for art. He joined Rossetti and others in their missionary efforts to reach the people. With new enthusiasm and hope he taught with Rossetti at the Workingman's College established in London by Frederick Denison Maurice. Nevertheless, it was being borne in upon him that art has its roots deeper down in the social and political subsoil of character than art schools and art coteries.

In the "Lectures on Architecture and Painting" ('54), the closeness of the relation between social and economic life and the arts is shown with new clearness. Ruskin had, before this, written the "Stones of Venice," which had taught, as he put it, "the dependence of all work or edifice, for its beauty, on the happy life of the workman;" and he was now insisting upon the dependence of all art, both as to its production and its patronage, upon severely moral conditions. Great art, he insisted, is the reflex of true life. If the life is not there, art cannot find its themes, cannot nourish itself. The true patronage of art is not so much in buying pictures, as in being them. If workmen are to produce beautiful things, they must be

surrounded by beauty and have leisure to enjoy it.

It was in 1857 that Ruskin published his "Political Economy of Art"—a title sufficiently suggestive of the trend of his thought. By this time he had been deeply influenced by Carlyle, and had come (with his Master) to see in Mammonism, in the shams and infidelities, and in the false social ideals of a commercial age, the corrupting forces of national life. He was now trying to set forth the conditions of government, of national economy and management, under which the highest gifts of man might be cultivated and encouraged. In "The Two Paths," which came next, the note of moral intensity deepens. Here it is once more the dependence of art upon life that is taught, and the fact that the love of art is wholesome only when it is based upon a more fundamental love of the nature and the real life which it mirrors. Ruskin's point of view is nowhere so tersely given as in that passage in which he declares that—

"Wherever art is practised for its own sake, and the delight of the workman is in what he *does* and *produces*, instead of in what he *interprets* or *exhibits*,—there art has an influence of the most fatal kind on brain and heart, and it issues, if long so pursued, in the *destruction, both of intellectual power and moral principle*; whereas art devoted humbly and self-forgetfully to the clear statement and record of the facts of the universe, is always helpful and beneficial to mankind, full of comfort, strength and salvation."

It was at this point that Ruskin was driven to the conclusion that, as noble art is the outcome of noble living, you cannot expect to promote such living in the midst of foul or immoral conditions and influences and under evil or foolish government. He affirmed that what was finally at fault were people's conceptions of life, and above all

their conceptions of political and social economy, understanding by economy, the wise management of affairs. This led him to inquire carefully into the thought of the leading minds of his time upon these matters. He proceeded to grapple resolutely with the political economy of John Stuart Mill, Fawcett, and others, who were then the most influential exponents of the science. The result was an attempt on his part at criticism and reconstruction; an attempt embodied first in his "Unto this Last," and, later, in "Munera Pulveris," "Time and Tide," and, more discursively, in certain chapters of "Fors Clavigera." The core of the matter is in "Unto this Last." Here we have brought to a focus the convergent principles which he had promulgated in his earlier works.

Ruskin states in his preface to this work, that the two-fold object of his chapters (which, as we have already said, were summarily discontinued in his *Cornhill Magazine* by Thackeray, because of the public outcry against their heresies), was to give an accurate and stable definition of wealth, and to show that its acquisition was finally possible only under certain moral conditions of society. His first object involved the statement of a philosophy of life; for by wealth he understood well-being in the largest and deepest sense. The economists whom he consulted had accepted the merely conventional notions of wealth, which made it virtually synonymous with riches, exchangeable utilities, purchasing power; and, along with this conventional notion of wealth, they had accepted certain conventional notions of human nature as being moved in its industrial dealings by selfishness and expediency. Ruskin asserted that a so-called science, which bases itself upon such vague and false conventionalities, is in truth no sci-

ence at all; and as for its being an art,—instead of holding up wise standards of life, it merely sets forth the conclusions of formulated error. Ruskin's effort, as distinguished from such pseudo-scientific efforts, was to find out what true wealth really is, and thereby to fix a valid and worthy goal for human striving. It must suffice now, without following his arguments, merely to report his conclusions, and to allow these to speak for themselves, remembering that they are the outcome of much close and subtle reasoning.

Insisting first of all upon the importance of carrying into the investigation a true and worthy conception of human nature, which that of the political economists, with their typically selfish economic man as a major premise was not, Ruskin declared for justice, and not expediency, as the motive that should govern man's action. He says:

"No human actions were ever intended by the Maker of man to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice. He has, therefore, rendered all endeavors to determine expediency futile for evermore."

"No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself, or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and unjust act.

"And all of us may know also, that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to others and ourselves, though we can neither say what is best, nor how it is likely to come to pass."

But what is it to deal justly with one's fellow-beings? What conception of them, of human nature, should one carry into one's dealing with them? To be just to a human being means to give to him what we owe to him; and we owe affection. Not until he is appealed to by affection will the true man in him be touched.



"The largest quantity of work will not be done by this curious engine for pay; or under pressure, or by help of any kind of fuel which may be applied by the chaldron. It will be done only when the motive force, that is to say, the will or spirit of the creature, is brought to its greatest strength by its own proper fuel; namely by the affections."

This fact is attested in all the higher callings of life, wherein it is honor rather than wages that men covet. Take the five great intellectual professions relating to the daily necessities of life; the first of these is the soldier's, concerning which Ruskin says:

"It does not at first sight appear reasonable that a peaceable and rational person, whose trade is buying and selling, should be held in less honor than an unpeaceable and irrational person, whose trade is slaying. Nevertheless, the consent of mankind has always, in spite of the philosophers, given precedence to the soldier. And this is right. For the soldier's trade, verily and essentially, is not slaying, but being slain. This, without well knowing its own meaning, the world honors it for. . . . Reckless he may be—fond of pleasure or adventure—all kinds of bye-motives and mean impulses may have determined the choice of his profession, and may affect (to all appearances, exclusively), his daily conduct in it; but our estimate of him is based on this ultimate fact—of which we are well assured—that, put him in a fortress breach, with all the pleasures of the world behind him, and only death and his duty in front of him, he will keep his face to the front."

But the principles which apply to the soldier's life, or to the physician's or lawyer's, or pastor's, apply equally to the merchant's function in relation to society. If we say that he, too, like the soldier or the physician, has for his guiding and dominant aim, not selfishly to snatch what he can for his own purposes, but to serve, to do his duty, even to the death, we give him honorable and heroic motive.

"Observe, the merchant's function is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that

provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. The stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or honorarium) is the true object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All these, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee, to be done at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee; the pastor's function being to teach, the physician's to heal, and the merchant's to provide."

"And as the captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave his ship in case of wreck, and to share his last crust with the sailors in case of famine, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel."

Justice, Duty, Service,—these are to be the pillars of the true State; and they must be the postulates of any science and art of government and social organization that are to be helpful for human guidance. Human actions that are governed by other aims,—by expediency and selfishness,—are of no avail; and a political economy that sets out by making the assumption that, not the moral qualities, but such expediency and selfishness, are the constant forces amid the supposed inconstancies of the higher human powers, is both false and ignoble. Of such a science, Ruskin says at the outset of his talk, "I neither impugn nor doubt the conclusions. I am simply uninterested in them, as I should be in those of a science of gymnastics which assumed that men had no skeletons." If the older Political Economy had simply played the rôle of grouping and generalizing the facts of commercial life, had been avowedly a mere summary and explanation of the behavior of the average trader up to date, it would have been innocent enough, and valuable in its historical way, although its survey had been contracted, and it had shut its eye on those activities and callings (like the soldier's) where quite other principles were operative. But as a

matter of fact, it had usurped the sphere of an ethical science and art. It had presumed to reach and teach certain economic laws by which human life must perforce be governed. It had, in short, assumed a directive function; and it is a matter of common knowledge and history, justifying Ruskin's attitude, that again and again, when certain social and political reforms have been proposed, they have been condemned and opposed because they were said to contravene certain assumed laws, laws fixed and immutable; iron laws of wages, laws of supply and demand, etc. This absurd economic fatalism, that went hand in hand with an equally absurd necessitarian fatalism in ethics, in the name of which reformers were brow-beaten and routed, is fortunately obsolescent, and Ruskin's attitude is justified. Just as the axiom of a true ethics is man's power of self-determination, within certain limits which allow for the powerful influence, but not the absolute tyranny, of the environment; so the axiom of a sound social ethics is society's power of social self-determination and social self-control.

*(To be continued.)*

## RUSKIN'S MESSAGE TO OUR TIME.

*(Concluded.)*

BY PERCIVAL CHUBB.

So much by way of explaining Ruskin's point of view in his effort to outline, in contrast to the older Political Economy, a Social Economy that started with a definite concept of human nature and of the end of human government. The governing principle of human life was to be Justice, Honesty; the motive to activity, Service, Duty. Now, what was to be the aim, the coveted goal, of this activity? Wealth, the Economist had answered. But what is wealth? asks Ruskin. Again the Economists are found to return a conventional answer: the things that men ordinarily consider useful and agreeable, and which on that account, have an exchangeable value. No, Ruskin protests: that lumps together all objects of man's fluctuating desires—the ignoble and the noble alike, the things that minister to the baser as well as to the highest passions and pleasures,—the things that work evil as well as good in the world—man's cruel luxuries and his weapons of war and destruction, his slaves and his serfs. These things are not wealth; they are "illth" (a word he coined for this contrast). This wealth is to true wealth, what expediency is to Justice. True wealth is not a relative thing, waiting on caprice and whim; it is absolute.

"The value of a thing is independent of opinions, and of quantity. Think what you will of it, gain how much you may of it, the value of the thing itself is neither greater nor less. Forever it awaits or avails not; no estimate can raise, no disdain depress, the power which it holds from the Maker of things and of men."

Ruskin has been called a disciple of Plato, and we have here the vital core of his Platonism, his championship of eternal truth against changeful opinion, of an absolute ideal right and good as opposed to merely relative standards. Man's task is to try to discover and to live by these ideal standards; to escape from the delusions of merely conventional and wavering opinion. He may not be able to arrive at the goal of the ideal, but he must press towards it. True of wealth, as of truth and of all other forms of human good, is what he says of justice:—

"Absolute justice is indeed no more attainable than absolute truth; but the righteous man is distinguished from the unrighteous by his desire and hope of justice, as the true man from the false by his desire and hope of truth. And though absolute justice be unattainable, as much justice as we need for all practical use is attainable by all those who make it their aim."

From this point of view, then, what working conception of true wealth shall we substitute for the worthless conventional notion of the older economists? Putting the question in more concrete form;—when may any product of human industry be said to be true wealth? That depends, first, upon conditions of its production. The coal in my grate, the coat on my back, may be wealth to me, a source of comfort and a condition of health; but how is it from the larger outlook, considered in relation to the conditions under which it was produced? Perhaps it is stained with blood and tears. Perhaps it is the outcome of cruel death-dealing, unhappy, degrading labor. Is it

wealth then? Certainly not: for it signifies evil to the nation in the midst of which it exists. So too of wealth in the form of money: it is wealth or "illth" according to what it stands for: may "in verity be only the gilded index of far-reaching ruin; a wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled an argosy." The value of a thing, therefore, "depends upon the moral sign attached to it just as sternly as that of a mathematical quantity depends on the algebraical sign attached to it."

And, in the second place, whether a commodity is wealth depends upon the uses to which it is put. Good things may be evil in the hands of evil men; to count as wealth they must be in the hands of good, capable men. "Many of the persons commonly considered wealthy are in reality no more wealthy than the locks of their own strong-boxes are; they being inherently and eternally incapable of wealth."

Wealth, therefore, is "the possession of the valuable by the valiant; and in considering it as a power existing in a nation, the two elements, the value of the thing, and the valor of its possessor must be estimated together."

We cannot follow the winding track of the argument. We cannot recall the many illuminating and moving passages that throw up the meaning of Ruskin's thought. The sum of the whole matter is in the famous words:

"There is no wealth but Life: life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration.

"A truly valuable or available thing is that which leads to life with its whole strength.

"That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings.

"That man is the richest, who, having perfected the functions

of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others."

To lay hold upon the doctrine of "the intrinsic and eternal nature of wealth," in which the teaching of "Unto this Last" culminates, is to possess the key to the armory of Ruskin's thought on Economics, Government and Social Organization. Understanding it, we get at the root of his seemingly reactionary attitude towards modern democratic tendencies. In allusions to modern liberal thought and thinkers—to such a man as Mill, for instance,—he showed some impatience and petulance. Admirers of that great man feel affronted by Ruskin's tone in speaking of him, and not without reason. But it was the doctrine, and the general movement of thought which Mill seemed to represent that Ruskin objected to. Of the three great modern watchwords,—Liberty, Equality and Fraternity—two at least provoked Ruskin's impatience; and the reasons are not far to seek.

The doctrine of equality, Ruskin repudiated because it seemed to him to involve a flagrant denial of that cardinal belief of his in eternal gradations of value in human beings. For him, salvation lay in recognizing the intrinsic *inequalities* of men; in getting the great to lead the small, the strong to uphold and aid the weak; in getting the less endowed to honor and follow the highly gifted, the weak to value and lean upon the strong. One of the difficult tasks of society, upon which its success depends, is to discover its true leaders, and to maintain a genuine aristocracy of character and talent. The task of government is, he urges, "to determine the noblest type of man, and aim simply at maintaining the largest possible number of per-

sons of that class; and it will be found that the largest possible number of every healthy subordinate class must necessarily be produced also." We may think he was perverse or absurd in his feudalistic schemes of government on the basis of this principle; but these schemes must not be confused with the principles they were designed—mistakenly, we may believe,—to embody. His convictions are so well summed up in some plain-spoken words to workingmen, in "Fors," that I must find time to give them:

"My friends, the follies of modern liberalism, many and great though they be, are practically summed in this denial or neglect of the quality and intrinsic value of things. Its rectangular beatitudes and spherical benevolences,—theology of universal indulgence, and jurisprudence which will hang no rogues, mean, one and all of them, in the root, incapacity of discerning, or refusal to discern, worth and unworth in anything, and least of all in man; whereas Nature and heaven command you, at your peril, to discern worth from unworth in everything, and most of all in man. Your main problem is that ancient and trite one, 'who is best man?' and the Fates forgive much—forgive the wildest, fiercest, cruelest experiments—if fairly made for the determination of that."

With the doctrine of Liberty he associated the general *laissez-faire* tendencies of the modern economist like Mill, and the modern legislator, like Bright. He regarded reverence for law, and the faculty and habit of self-restraint and obedience, as so fundamental that most of the talk about liberty, understood as doing as one pleases, and carrying with it resentment at interference by state or superior power, was for him a form of deadly impiety. This, along with another implied truth, is affirmed in his well-known words: "Government and Coöperation are in all things the laws of life; Anarchy and Competition, the laws of death." The word coöperation here is to be



understood as opposed, not to *masterhood*—in which he believed, on the basis of his reliance upon the guiding power of superior persons—but to competition. He believes in the coöperative ideal, as being involved in the Christian doctrine of Fraternity. But he insists that it carries with it organization and leadership. It implies a Paternalism, which means that those who are entrusted with the execution of human laws are acting *in loco parentis*; “all human government being nothing else than the executive expression of a Divine authority. The moment it ceases to be the practical enforcement of Divine law, it is tyranny.”

Without pressing these points further, it may be seen that they are coherent and consistent consequences of Ruskin's conviction that the quest for human well-being must be based on a belief in absolute and eternal differences of worth in men and things. Such a belief will carry with it an attitude of reverent submission towards a divine law of justice, towards human greatness, and towards the divinely derivative authority of human government.

Does all this arouse a suspicion of reactionism and blue-blooded conservatism? Ruskin inherited a strong tendency towards these things, and his early training fostered it; but we must not overlook the fact that his convictions, if they seemed (as Carlyle's did) to antagonize the tenets of modern liberalism and democracy in some respects, supported and outran them in others. He could not consistently believe in class-rule; he was for a “career open to talent,” wherever found, and it was the business of government to devise means for its discovery, and to

encourage and protect it when found. His mission, he came to see, must, in the last resort, be to the people.

That he had no faith in the power of achieving his ends by appeals to the favored classes alone, or even chiefly, is evident from the fact that his last appeals were in "*Fors Clavigera*" to the workmen of Great Britain. Of the dark, distressed mood in which he began these letters, his words in the first of them are sufficiently indicative: "I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like; and the very light of the morning sky, when there is any—which is seldom nowadays near London—has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly. Therefore, I will endure it no longer quietly, but henceforward with any few or many who will help, do my poor best to abate this misery." Here, then, we have the last logical outcome of Ruskin's love of nature and art, and of righteousness and truth as the foster-parents of art. He tried to carry his principles into action; set aside one-tenth of his income for this purpose, and gave still more of it (until he became a comparatively poor man) in the form of precious gifts for educational purposes. He established the Guild of St. George, which was to embody in a rural Utopia his own principles of life, of industry, social organization and education. This practical endeavor was foredoomed to failure, because he had neither the leisure nor the gift for organization. And yet much was done. His scheme, while it did not amount to much, gave Utopian courage to others, stimulated the revival of village industries, home arts, reform in educa-

tion, etc. It had as one permanent result the beautiful museum now in charge of the Corporation of Sheffield.

We have followed Ruskin as far as is practicable in the gradual development of a social philosophy which points to the general conclusion that, no matter where we strike into human life, no matter what department of human achievement we concern ourselves with, we are eventually brought face to face with a great underlying social question, the condition-of-the-people question. Ruskin had begun with art and nature: he had found, to use his own words that "the teaching of art is the teaching of all things." This is so, not only because man's interests in society are organically interrelated and interpenetrating; not only because art focuses in a singularly obvious way man's beliefs and moods and ways of looking at life;—but because art, like everything else, is largely conditioned by the forms which social life—economic, industrial, political—assumes as a resultant of man's collective and organized effort to secure those things upon which his heart is really set.

After all, Ruskin is but one among many who, in the nineteenth century, have found that all earnest thought leads up or down to the social question. Wagner turned revolutionist because he became convinced that a reform of the drama depended upon a more fundamental social reform. Mazzini, who planned a literary career, was turned aside by the imperious call of his country, to be a social and political reformer. Huxley followed up his work for science by critiques of social theory, for example of General Booth's schemes of social reform in darkest England. William Morris, Walter Crane, and others, find the cause of art to be the cause of democracy. These are

but a few of the better known instances that prove our point. One and all of these men came to recognize that, ultimately, things are as they are because man's ideals and views of life are what they are. It only remains for us now rapidly to round off our conception of Ruskin's teaching by gaining more exact understanding of that view of life which underlay the general conclusions to which he had been brought.

"There is no wealth but life"; but what is it to be alive? What is fullness of life? Ruskin answers, with Wordsworth, we live by admiration, hope and love. A man is, therefore, alive in proportion to the extent to which these powers are active in him, and are directed upon worthy objects. The final test of manhood, accordingly, is the purity and depth, the range and rightness of one's admirations, one's loves and hopes. "Tell me what you admire," he says, "and I will tell you what you are"; and we should add, in accordance with his teaching, tell me not only what you admire, but with what force and effectiveness you admire it, and to what extent the admiration is a practical motive force in your life. This insistence upon the condition of the heart as being of fundamental importance is, of course, an old story. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," is an ancient statement of the same truth. Ruskin amplifies it in the following remarkable words:—

"It does not matter how men reason, if they don't conceive basely. . . . What you choose to grasp with your mind is the question;—not how you handle it afterwards. What matter how you reason, if every idea with which you begin is foul or false? And in general all fatal reasoning proceeds from people's having some one false notion in their hearts with which they are resolved that their reasoning shall comply."

We must be careful, however, not to misunderstand. This is not to minimize the importance of an austere striving after truth. It is rather to lay down the conditions under which a perception of truth, a deeper insight into truth, becomes possible. "Clearness of sight is kindness of sight," and from one point of view the kindness is to be cultivated for the sake of the clearness. "Where the search for truth begins, there life begins." It is not, however, by feeling rightly merely that one may conquer truth. Right action is also necessary to that end; for truth "cannot be known but by a course of acts of justice and love." And Ruskin is austere insistent upon the fact that "the first question alike for man and the multitude is, not at all what they are to like, but what they are to do." Nevertheless it is feeling that is the initial and basic factor; and that Ruskin so regards it, is apparent, not alone by his subscribing to the Wordsworthian dictum that we live by admiration, hope and love, but by his general conception of life and art. He declares that in reverence is the chief joy and power of life; and that it is the capacity to recognize and rejoice in greatness that is the sign of a great nature. Not self-assertion, but self-submission, rather, to what is great; a noble and glad humility in the presence of excellencies and superiorities,—these are the best signs of elevated character. This conclusion of his explains why Ruskin has appeared as the opponent of the haughty self-assertion and self-sufficiency that have so often been put forward as essentially democratic virtues. "The true strength of every human soul is to be dependent on as many nobler as it can discern, and to be depended on by as many inferior as it can reach." "No great mind ever minds stooping."

These views lead up to Ruskin's definition of art: "All art is praise,"—is, in short, the outcome of admiration; the expression of man's rational and disciplined delight in the beauty of the fair world about him, in nature, and, more than nature, man. It is because art as the product of human skill shows this reverent, joyous, effort to honor and praise that which is greater than itself; that of which art is but a shadow,—that all talk of art for art's sake seems so shallow and stupid from Ruskin's standpoint. It is as evidence of the power to love, along with the heaven-given skill to praise, that art becomes so deeply significant. It is then a mode of life; and the highest mode; because it issues from that power of "affectionate intellect," from that self-forgetful, worshipful attitude of soul, that capacity of imaginative sympathy, which is the fountain of love and honor, of compassion and mercy.

"For you will find, if you look into your own hearts, that the two great delights, in loving and praising, and the two great thirsts, to be loved and praised, are the roots of all that is strong in the deeds of men, and happy in their repose. . . . And you may sum the duty of your life in the giving of praise worthily, and being yourselves worthy of it."

A hundred side lights might be thrown from Ruskin's writings upon this conception of art; but I cannot now attempt further amplification. It must suffice to add that the power to praise worthily in the form of art depends, of course, upon two things; first, the possession of the essential artistic gift, the great mimetic instinct and plastic power that in some form is presupposed in all art;—that divine, incalculable power we call genius, which is akin in man to the wonderful gift by which the bird builds its nest and chants its love-lays; and, secondly, that power

of discerning in proper degrees what is worthy of praise, so that the praise may be duly assigned.

Is it not now sufficiently clear how all lines of thought—whether on art, or ethics, government or industry, personal or social economy, are convergent towards a definite view of life, or rather are inevitable outgrowths thereof? The interconnection is partly expressed in Ruskin's famous saying that "life without industry is guilt; industry without art is brutality." All the sternness, and all the grace of his philosophy of things is there; his unbending sense of the universal duty of useful labor to support life; his art-loving and humanitarian demand for such appropriate and happy forms of labor as shall enable men (so far as human ingenuity can compass it) to express their higher faculties. "The only wealth is life"; and the sign of life is admiration; the admiration that cherishes and protects all nobleness and beauty in humanity and nature; the appreciative admiration of the beholder; the creative admiration of orderly living and of exquisite achievement in all the arts and industries of life. All this and more is implied in life: more, because the sterner aspects of the self-denying virtues are involved. For the saying that true wealth is life must be taken, as we have seen, in its social rather than its personal connotation; life "in widest commonalty spread." After having understood what Ruskin means by "life" in its qualitative sense, we must not overlook its quantitative, distributive sense. We get a sense of what he means by this when, after upholding the duty as well as the privilege of dressing becomingly and even splendidly, he adds that at present it cannot be doubted that so long as there are cold and nakedness about us, splendor of dress is a

crime. He preaches simplification of life as a duty first, as a part of good taste afterwards. Nor does he fail to do justice to a wise utilitarianism. Speaking in one place of the ideal of the perfect economist, or the mistress of a household, he says:—

“There is a studied expression of the balanced division of her care between the two great objects of utility and splendor: in her right hand, food and flax, for life and clothing; in her left hand, the purple and the needlework, for honor and for beauty. All perfect housewifery or national economy is known by these two divisions; wherever either is wanting, the economy is imperfect. If the motive of pomp prevails, and the care of the national economist is directed only to the accumulation of gold, and of pictures, and of silk and marble, you know at once that the time must soon come when all these treasures shall be scattered and blasted in national ruin. If, on the contrary, the element of utility prevails, and the nation disdains to occupy itself in any wise with the arts of beauty or delight, not only a certain quantity of its energy, calculated for exercise in the arts alone, must be entirely wanted, which is bad economy, but also the passions connected with the utilities of property become morbidly strong, and a mean lust of accumulation merely for the sake of accumulation, or even of labor for the sake of labor, will banish at last the serenity and morality of life, as completely, and perhaps more ignobly, than even the lavishness of pride, and the likeness of pleasure.”

All this is said with the calm reasonableness of the teacher. But often, and the more often as Ruskin realized the baser, headlong tendencies of modern life,—its avarice and vulgarity and sensationalism,—this serenity is disturbed by the rising anger, the passionate protest and pleading of the prophet. At times he is terribly in earnest. The fire of his wrath and indignation scorches and burns whatever of falsity it touches. Expect not from him the suavity of the optimist. He does not always speak comfortably unto Jerusalem. “I wonder,” said our own chief of optimists, Emerson, after meeting him, “I



wonder such a genius can be possessed by so black a devil. I cannot pardon him for a despondency so deep." Sweet to us, imperishably sweet, is the sunshine of Emerson's cloudless faith. But his was not the mood and manner of the prophet of ancient days. The prophet has never been remarkable for calm, even amiability. He is the petrel of stormy hours. Too heavy a sense of the world's woe and peril, too imperious a sense of man's urgent duty to repent and save himself, weigh him down. For him an easy, secure trust that

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

is impossible. The essence of his grim conviction is that no heaven-seated divinity can avert the ruin of the storm, but only that true divinity, the spirit of love and justice throned in the human heart, and aided by the heart's Titan minister, Effort. It is in the spirit of this conviction that Ruskin writes so often. He is no optimist; nor is he a pessimist; he is a meliorist, to use George Eliot's word; believing with trembling faith, and with what passionate longing, that to man all things are possible, if he will but energetically rely on his best ideals as practicable, as, in the long run, the only practicable guides.

To attempt, as I have been attempting to extricate from the rich sum of Ruskin's teaching and effort—necessarily with very restricted selection—that core of it, those persistent and developing features of it, which give the gist of his message and gospel, is to disregard many things that are of great importance and of fascinating interest in his work. But I have proceeded upon the conviction that what is strong and lovely in that work, as well as

what is difficult and diverting, may be much better appreciated and understood, and assume its true perspective, when once we have the thread of connecting and coördinating doctrine which gives it its deeper meaning. Much, in fact most, of the recent criticism of Ruskin has missed the mark, has been out of focus, because it has not been based on a wide enough view of Ruskin's purpose, and has ignored the larger unities of his thought. Some of it has been at fault also from lack of sympathy with the prophetic scope of his teaching. Because it is penetrated with the sentiment of the ideal life, because it looks before and after, because it reaches out imaginatively across the present towards the vision of a quite possible future, it provokes a blinding impatience of his Utopianism in those who are the timid, subdued victims of things as they are, and who see in the existing order finalities and fatalities where they should see mere transiencies and make-shifts. Then Ruskin would fain invigorate with a new saving faith in the glorious possibilities that lie within the reach of human valor and hope. The last words from him now shall be for them:—

“The seeming trouble,—the unquestionable degradation,—of the elements of the physical earth, must passively wait the appointed time of their repose or their restoration. It can only be brought about for them by the agency of external law. But if, indeed, there be a nobler life in us than in these strangely moving atoms;—if, indeed, there is an eternal difference between the fire which inhabits them, and that which animates us,—it must be shown, by each of us in his appointed place, not merely in the patience, but in the activity of our hope; not merely by our desire, but by our labor. . . . The human clay, now trampled and despised, will not be, cannot be, knit in its strength by accidents or ordinances of unassisted fate. By human cruelty and iniquity it has been afflicted;—by human mercy and justice it must be raised.

"I pray you, with all earnestness, to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them."

## THE ETHICAL ELEMENTS IN SOCIAL-ISM AND INDIVIDUALISM.

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

THE pathetic thing about man, made up of thoughts and aspirations and divine capacities as he is, is that he is strictly dependent on his daily bread. Our commonplace salutations, "How are you?" "How are you getting on?" turn on this very real fact. Man is not merely hunger—if he were, he would grow common and cheap in our eyes; yet he is not pure spirit—and it is just because, though being so high in the scale of being, he is as dependent as the least of animals on food, that all concern for man includes a curious and sympathetic interest in what relates to his material or economic welfare.

Religion itself, man's connection with the Highest, has not left this fact quite out of view. Injunctions to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, make a part of the great religious traditions that lie back of us. Jesus, who came to save the souls of men, was compassionate as he looked on their physical sufferings, and promised the inheritance of "the earth" to those who were oppressed.

The question how men shall live underlies, indeed, all other questions. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." Civilization, culture, art—these are the perfection, the ripened fruit, of human existence; but life is precedent to all—what will a man give in exchange for his life?

In earlier stages of history the conditions of life seemed a kind of fate. Things were as the gods appointed. The general order of society, with its bright side and its dark side, with wealth here and want there, with freedom and slavery, seemed a part of the order of nature. It was as the mind awoke, as knowledge grew, as a sense of history and of change dawned on man, that he began to see that things had come to be what they were, that with different causes they might have been different, and that things may be different in the future from what they are now. The plasticity, the moveability of life, is what most impresses one who takes a long perspective of the evolution of the race.

Hence arises speculation. Going out beyond the present and actual, we picture the future—picture it more or less as we should like to have it be. We believe indeed that we can influence the future, that our ideals and desires may have some effect in shaping it.

Greece passed into such a stage of speculation with Socrates. The construction of society as it ought to be was a favorite topic with his great pupil Plato. But an element was lacking in the old Greek world, which is with us in full force to-day. It is the sense of man as man—of the worth of every single separate human soul. This is our heritage from Christianity. It goes against us that there should be any sacrificed classes—we want opportunities for all. This may not completely determine our practice, but it is an element that enters into our ideal.

The problem with us is, how can the necessities of life be made possible for all? The social problem as a whole means a great deal more—but this is the rudimentary, the

primal social problem. We are not satisfied with the thought that God will take care of men elsewhere, nor can we accept the idea that he is determining their destiny here; society being a more or less plastic thing, the question is, what is the form of society which is most likely to assure the end desired? Under what sort of a social system are men, all men, most likely to have food to eat, and clothing for their backs and a shelter against the weather? Surely, after what I have said, no one will think this question, materialistic as it sounds, unworthy the attention of a religious or ethical teacher.

And yet to a certain extent the question is one of probable fact. How can the answer be given, it may be said, till the different systems have been tried?

For instance, the two systems which I shall consider to-day are socialism and individualism. Under the one, society is the unit; under the other, the individual. Under socialism, society owns the tools, the machinery, the capital necessary to production, and itself produces, with individuals as its agents; and in turn distributes the produce to individuals, according to its notions of what is right. Under individualism, society acts only to a slight extent; individuals own the means of production and on their own responsibility (whether singly or in groups) produce; they exchange or distribute their products as they may themselves agree or determine, and society does little more than hold them to their contracts, and preserve the peace. Yet socialism has never been tried. How it would work we do not know. Individualism has been tried. It seems to be the form into which society naturally falls. Socialism implies a social organization that does not arise

without effort—or at least without a long course of antecedent evolution. But individuals are on hand at any time—and in the absence of any guarantees from without that they shall have the means of life, they seize upon them for themselves and make them property; they produce for themselves and exchange for themselves—and the state would be a superfluity (according to the individualistic position) were not some given to violence and aggression. Speaking roughly, individualism has had the field down to the present time. We know about what its results are. We have them everywhere around us. They are marvellous in one aspect, but they leave very much to be desired in another. In recent times particularly there have been tremendous accessions of wealth, but on the other hand great masses of men probably never had greater insecurity of existence than now. Certain individuals gain, but they appear to do so over the ruin of others. It may seem as if socialism would certainly do better. Personally I believe it would. And yet it has not been tried, and we cannot know till it has been tried. It would certainly produce greater equality than at present, but those who have no theoretical objection against it fear that it might be equality in poverty rather than in anything desirable. If society's management of industry were marked by waste and the lack of enterprise, if capital were squandered instead of being added to, everyone would agree that there was loss as well as gain in taking industry out of private hands.

These and similar considerations make up what we may call the economics of socialism and individualism. The economic question is, which system will most effectively

and with least waste meet the needs of all the people? It is a question for the student, a by no means simple question, one in which the widest knowledge of history and psychology and sociology comes into play—a question on which it is perhaps impossible to expect agreement till socialism is tried and a decisive answer is thus given.

And yet the whole matter may be viewed from another standpoint. We may ask, what are the ethical elements in each system? Which corresponds best to the ethical ideals that we all carry more or less clearly in our minds—or if one system attracts in one way and another in another, what is the attractive thing in each case, and is it possible for men to agree on the ethics of the question, though they are divided on its economics?

I know there are those who are surprised if not shocked, at the very suggestion that there may be ethical elements in socialism. When they hear that word mentioned, thoughts of violence, of the "red flag," of spoliation and robbery, at least of confiscation, arise in their minds. And it cannot be denied that language has sometimes been used by socialist writers and speakers that gives countenance to this view. Socialism, as popularly used, is a loose term—and just as, on the one side, one of the English political leaders declared, a while ago, that we are all socialists now, so on the other the discontented and rebellious elements in the present order sometimes call themselves socialists without having anything very definite in mind in doing so. And yet violence in connection with socialism, or talk of violence, is but an accident, it is simply a part of the agitation and tumult that are so apt to accompany the birth of any new social and political idea;



it nowise belongs to socialism itself. Socialism means, at bottom, society carrying on the undertakings on which the life and comfort of the people depend, instead of individuals; and just as though once on a time roads and bridges were built by private enterprise, they now are commonly constructed and cared for by the community, just as the supply of water was in the first instance in the hands of private companies in most of our cities and yet now is generally regarded as a public function, so one material need after another of the people might be taken over into the public care—and as little violence and as little confiscation be done, as has taken place in connection with the transfer of responsibility for roads or water from private to public hands. The local community might do some things, and the nation other things, and the organized world do still other things; and in no case need injury be done to anyone's person or to anyone's property—any more than when private property is taken for public use now. Of course, if property owners undertook to oppose the public authority, there might be trouble; but such violence and the force that would be needed to put it down are of a different kind from that ordinarily dreaded in connection with socialism.

There is one conception of socialism, indeed, that, if it were alone valid, would make it difficult to speak of an ethical side to this system. It is the conception of socialism as a class interest—and something to be attained by class strife. Sometimes socialism is frankly taken as a movement of what is called the proletariat—*i. e.*, the working-people without capital or ownership of the tools they work with. It is said that they must organize them-

selves as a class, that they must take other classes as their enemies, that they must wage relentless class-warfare—and that the end can only come when they are dominant in the state. They must become masters and make the present employers their employés. It is difficult to be ethically attracted to this scheme. Of course, so far as the working-class is an oppressed class, one is glad to see them win their freedom—and one may even find a poetic justice in their becoming rulers in turn. Nor will I undertake to say what may actually happen—particularly if other classes in society have little of the social spirit and think mainly of themselves. Classes breed classes in the community—and one after another may be on top. It may be that the working-class will yet rule the state. As Schiller says, "Rarely do we reach truth except through extremes." But ethically speaking, it is difficult to be interested in giving society a change of masters. The ethical thought is, the good of all, not of a class however numerous. However ineffectual the ethical teacher is, he must stand for that thought—though in truth only as it becomes effectual, has society now or ever the slightest chance of permanent place. Not till each is attached to all and all in turn to each is there, in the nature of the case, the possibility of a stable social organism. The trouble with our ruling classes now is that they think only of themselves—this is what is laying the seeds of future revolutions; and there will be revolutions under a socialistic government or any other, if it is a class affair. And yet this conception of socialism, while current in some circles, is by no means characteristic of the socialistic movement as a whole—and does not indeed touch

the essence of the matter; for if I should attempt to put the gist of socialism in a phrase, it would be, "Action by society for society," "by the whole for the whole"—and for the proletariat simply because they are at present the most disadvantaged part of the whole.

And this is the way in which I think socialism does attract us, ethically speaking. There is something elevating and noble in the idea of society acting consciously and planfully for the benefit of all its members. How can we define ethics? Is there any view of it that can satisfy us save one which makes man a servant of his kind, which conceives of each one as concerned for the interests of all? Is a man who cares for himself merely an ethical man? Is even a man who cares for his family simply an ethical man? Have we not got to care for all, and to be willing to help all to deserve this appellation? Now socialism means simply society acting as we conceive the individual should act. Instead of doing little or nothing, as is now the case, and, when it does act, only too liable to act in the interests of some favored class (like landlords in an earlier time, or the commercial and manufacturing classes to-day), socialism means that society should do a great deal and all for the common benefit. The fact is, that the individual as such cannot accomplish much for social ends; if thrown absolutely on himself he can ordinarily not go much beyond caring for himself, and occasionally helping a neighbor—and what he really wants, if ethically-minded, is not to act merely for himself, but somehow to fit into a larger scheme which will benefit all as well as himself. Such a scheme is beyond any individual—it means the coöperation of all individuals; individ-

uals may conceive it—only society can put it in execution. Society arranging itself according to a plan for the benefit of all its members—that is socialism; for it follows of course that if society is to act, it must have the means to act; if it is to be the employer, it must have the capital and the tools and the machinery—*i. e.*, there must be social, instead of private, ownership of the means of production; and, as I have said, it is possible to conceive of this being accomplished without a particle of violence or confiscation.

It must be confessed that we have little that may be properly called society to-day; individuals there are, plenty of them, and associations of individuals, all busy for their private ends, each acting more or less regardless of the rest, and often fighting the rest,—a veritable anarchy of industry. But society scarcely exists save to say to the various contending parties that they must not let their fighting come to blows and must not break their contracts; society acting for any high, humane, intellectual, purpose, society bringing order out of chaos and coöperation out of strife, and distributing with anything like fairness the results of common effort, is more a dream than anything else. Yet such society may almost be called an ethical demand. It is but brotherhood written large and plain so that everybody can read. It is simply men working with one another instead of against one another for common ends—and if real ethical principle does not mean something of this sort, what, one might ask, does it mean?

It is, I am convinced, this ethical element in socialism that is giving it so powerful a hold on many generous

minds to-day. For some, interests move them in this direction; this may be called working-class socialism—and surely if their interests are not served in the present order, they have the right to ask to have things different, for no order is sacred that does not serve all. And yet there are many for whom the question is not one of interests at all. It is one rather for their reason and their imagination and their conscience. They are professional men and business men and scholars and teachers. They do not shut their eyes or their ears, and they become keenly conscious of the suffering around them, and, in sympathy, they suffer themselves. They see too that charity goes but a little way, and that it is not charity that most people want. They see that what many need is a chance to labor. And yet, pitiful thing, it is often the case that the places are filled. And so they are led to think deep and long—and sooner or later they come to realize that the very way in which industry is organized leads not unnaturally to this deplorable result. For industry being left to individual initiative, each industrial leader must look out sharply for himself. Expenses are kept down, no one is employed save as there is a profit for the employer in doing so. A planful setting of all the members of the community to work is out of the question. A planful anticipation of the industrial wants of the future, and concerted action to meet them, is equally out of the question. Each one saves as much as he can on the wages account, and he produces more or less blindly for the future. More or less chronic unemployment and special epidemics of unemployment (when planless production brings on a “crisis”) are thus to be expected. In

short, there is suffering in society, because society as such, social action, hardly exists. Instead of working with our brothers for common ends, we are each one working for our own ends. When this is realized, a revolution of feeling against present society becomes inevitable. The ethical sense of brotherhood demands a change—and brotherhood is seen to be good for all human, earthly, uses.

“A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine:  
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws  
Makes that and the action fine.”

It is not what society does, but the spirit in which it does it, that gives to its action an ethical character. And so, despite its referring to material things and being at bottom a “stomach” question, socialism has this kind of support from the ethical instincts of men—and as an ideal might almost be said to be born of them.

But if the idea of a working, effective brotherhood is the ethical element in socialism, what, it may be incredulously asked, can the ethical element in individualism be? To many individualism is a synonym for selfishness—a system in which individuals think only of themselves and work only for themselves and fight one another. Of course, if individualism really meant that, there would be little occasion for taking it into consideration here any more than for taking into consideration the violence and confiscation that are sometimes identified with socialism. And yet to take individualism in this sense is to do a great injustice to many who call themselves individualists. There are no more generous-hearted, public-spirited per-

sons than some individualists whom I have known. If I can get at the essence of this view, it lies in such a sense of the sacredness of the individual man that all constraint upon him becomes repugnant (save so far as he is guilty of violence or fraud); in other words, it is the belief in freedom. Sometimes the antithesis between socialism and individualism is put as between coöperation and competition, or between joint enterprise and individual enterprise. But many individualists believe in voluntary coöperation and actively promote coöperative enterprises. It is not coöperation they oppose, but only enforced coöperation—coöperation which people have to take part in whether they will or no; that is, which is regardless of freedom. Individualists will grant that their system means the possibility of selfishness—but, save as it leads to aggression or outright dishonesty, they say that the selfishness must be met by moral influences. On the other hand, they will say, and say truly, that it is equally the possibility of initiative and enterprise beyond anything that society as organized at any one time is likely to be willing or is perhaps able to do. Large bodies move slowly and men may compete in doing good as well as evil, and voluntary associations of individuals might even compete with an inefficient society in rendering some public services. Hence the individualistic demand is, give as much room for individual talent and private enterprise as possible. Individualists sometimes contend that almost everything that is now done by organized society, might be done by free coöperation—even including protection against violence and fraud. The great individualist of the century is, perhaps, Emerson; he comes very near to

anarchy. He is the prophet of reason, of the power of ideas, of the sufficiency of the moral sentiments against any kind of force. "If," says he, "I put myself in the place of my child, and we stand in one thought and see that things are thus and thus, that perception is law for him and me. We are both there, both act. But if, without carrying him into the thought, I look over into his plot, and guessing how it is with him, ordain this or that, he will never obey me. This," he goes on, "is the history of governments—one man does something which is to bind another." We have an excellent illustration of the perils inhering thus in the very nature of government in what is happening now over in the Philippine Islands. We do not get into friendly relations with the islanders and take counsel together with them as to what is best to do—but we assume in advance that we know what is best, which is that they should accept our sovereignty; but they do not see that it is best and hence they rebel.

I do not know how this idea of freedom appeals to others; but I confess that to me it seems an ethical idea almost equally with the idea of brotherhood which I have been just considering. I confess I find it something almost contrary to my idea of a human personality to make a man by main force do something he does not want to do, even if it is a good thing, even if it is something I feel he ought to do—excepting, of course, the mere respecting the freedom of others, or keeping his contracts with them. *He* ought to see that it is a good thing; he should somehow come to feel himself that he ought to do it—for then his act comes from himself, or, what is the same, will be done in freedom.



The application of this all to the great problem we have in hand to-day it is not difficult to see. Suppose for the moment we grant that society is in essence a brotherhood, and that any given society, large or small, ought to be a coöperative unit in securing for all its members the necessities of life, how shall this idea be carried into effect? Shall the members all be convinced and so act of their own, free will? If so, then socialism and individualism, while starting from different principles, might practically blend in one. But suppose all are not convinced, shall then those who are not, be forced to act with those who are? If they are not forced, it is not the action of the whole society; yet if they are forced, what becomes of the principle of freedom, and what of the sacredness of personality? I see no way out of this dilemma in humanity's present imperfect stage of development. Freedom and an effective social brotherhood are not contradictory *ideas*; but under existing conditions, if we regard freedom first of all, we cannot have the effective social brotherhood, and if on the other hand we will have an effective social brotherhood at all hazards, we can only do so by sacrificing freedom.

The question then is, what principle shall we care most for? I can say what principle I should care most for, though I wish I could say so with more assurance—it is the social principle; and yet I cannot deny that another may declare with as much conscience for freedom. In fact we come here to two principles, each of which may seem supreme and sacred to different persons—and they are the determining principles of the two contrasted social views which we are considering to-day. As one

is carried away with the thought of brotherhood, he becomes a socialist; as he is carried away with a sense of the sacredness of individual personality, he becomes an individualist. The different tendencies may be controlling in the same person at different times—a person now feeling so strongly the sacredness of brotherhood that he is ready to say men ought to be made to act as brothers whether they wish to or not, and then again the doubt arising whether any good can atone for breaking or deadening the free choice of a man. Practically, of course, society neither follows one principle nor the other, but in a limping fashion both—this is inevitable while the men who make up society are of different minds.

There is, however, one thing to be carefully noted, and that is that while brotherhood and freedom may be called different principles, they are not different ideals. Freedom is not an end, no thinking individualist will claim that it is an end; it is simply a method or condition for reaching an end. On the other hand, brotherhood is an end; it is an ideal. The real opposite of brotherhood is simply isolation, selfishness; just as the real opposite of freedom is compulsion or force. And hence since they differ as method and ideal, essential individualism and essential socialism are not inconsistent. In freedom, men might choose the ideal for which socialism essentially stands; of their own choice and because they see the beauty of the ideal, they might absolutely renounce the self-seeking, the self-aggrandizement that are now so common and that have an initial justification, so long as men are left to look out for themselves, and become voluntary public servants, asking in return from society only

what is needful to enable them to perform the service, and to live after their term of service is over; and so persuaded, they might more and more persuade others—until at last all felt the sway, the power of the socialist ideal. One of the most searching and judicious ethical and economic writers of the day has suggested what he calls “ethical socialism” as distinguished from political socialism\*—the distinction is happy and significant. About enforcing socialism on an unwilling minority, the wisest may disagree; but as an ethical ideal, association for common ends, local association, national association, world association, is the highest form of society I can conceive of. Only so is the social nature of man—that nature in virtue of which we each transcend the self and take all men into our embrace, which makes me, not merely me, but you and you and all of us together—only so is this social nature satisfied. My bread is not sweet, and whatever any of you may say, your bread is not sweet, so long as another man has not the chance to earn his. I am not pleading for charity, but for a system in which all will have chances to earn their own bread—that is the only vital social demand.

I am aware that all I have said is very general. Perhaps the best service I can render in a discussion like this is to suggest a mode of approach, a point of view, rather than anything specific. I have not sought to argue for either socialism or individualism—that would require special lectures, and would be more in place elsewhere

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\*One grieves to have to say at the time this address goes to press, the *late* Prof. Henry Sidgwick. See his “Politics,” p. 38.

than here. I have only wished to disentangle certain ethical elements that often appear in more or less confused form in a discussion of these much-mooted subjects, to find out what moral ideals are involved, and to make them stand out clear. My thought of an ethical society is not that it is a place apart from the strife of the world, but only a place that regards this strife from a certain point of view. We represent not the laboring class, and not the capitalistic class. We wish rather to help create a body of disinterested sentiment in the community, to cultivate clear and truthful thinking, to help make men cautious where they should be cautious and strong where they should be strong, and courteous, respectful, to one another always. There is a good deal of bitterness in the world, but there should be none between those who desire the right. There is a good deal of misunderstanding and fighting in the dark in the world, but those who want to fight wrong and injustice and greed ought at least to try to understand one another. After all, members of the Ethical Society, and, I may add, fellow-citizens, too, we have got to live together (in a narrower or in a larger circle) and we might as well, save to the conscienceless and brutally egoistic, eschew injurious words, we might as well be sparing in our indictment of whole classes of men, we might as well credit some good motives in either the trade-unionist or the capitalist, we might as well show that we take for granted that either has a heart in him about like the rest of us, and that if he can only see the right, and if circumstances are not too much against him, he will do about what we should like him to do. The world, barring a few mon-

sters, is about of a kind, and men in general abound in good will, and they don't like to be hard, or cruel, or unjust—and some patience, and faith are needed to lead them up the often steep and difficult path of rectitude and genuine progress. Here, at least, let us meet narrowness and prejudice with light and the spirit of light; let us meet hatred with love and with belief in love; let us dare expect men will go right if they see what is right—or if they don't go right at once, that they will want to more and more, if the thought of it is kept before their minds—and then whether we seem to accomplish little or much, we shall at least have chosen the nobler part in life and may add one rill to the stream of the higher forces of the world.

## TWO SIDES OF KIPLING.

BY WALTER L. SHELDON.

THE time really has come, I believe, when each person who does any reading in literature must straighten out his thoughts and take his stand as to the way he is going to judge a rising genius like that of Kipling. It will not do for us to say that it is a problem for the literary critic or the man of letters, belonging only to the sphere of literature. On the contrary, it is a great deal more. Indeed, it is a problem in ethics that we raise when we ask, What do we think of Rudyard Kipling?

Already, as you will have observed, articles have been appearing in magazines under the title, "The Religion of Kipling," and a good many people have had much to say on this subject. As a rule, the articles are either wildly eulogistic or very pronounced against him. On the one side he is called "barbaric" and the enthusiasm for him is spoken of as a "reversion to barbarism." He is abused for the sacrilege he commits upon his mother-tongue, the English language. But most of all, he is blamed for seemingly making good out of evil—in the language of Scripture, "turning light to darkness and darkness to light." Those who are against war have taken him as the incarnation of the war-spirit, and for this reason, at the present moment have no use for him. Others like him just on this account. And still others read him simply because they take pleasure in what he writes.

Now if Kipling were an essayist like Emerson, or a poet such as Longfellow, it would be another matter.

Longfellow and Emerson take sides. They speak their own convictions through and through, in what they have to say either in verse or prose. But the fundamental contrast with regard to Kipling is, that he is essentially a dramatic genius; although I do not think that he has ever written a play; and, on the whole, I hope he never will. But we must judge the dramatic genius quite differently from the way we should judge the essayist or the thinker in verse. In the main, the dramatic genius has for his work to present pictures of human nature as it is. In one phrase, to use the language of this author himself, its function is mainly to show us "the God of things as they are." It rests with us to draw the ethical or religious conclusions. Shall we abuse Shakspeare as having been a radical, brutal, or coarse type of man, because he presents us such a character as that of Falstaff? "Not if Falstaff was a reality," is the answer I should give. I do not mean to say that even a dramatic genius can wholly hide himself behind his pictures. He will, of course, present those characters in which he is most interested, and to that extent he reveals himself and takes sides. But if the pictures are of real men and women, of human nature as it now is, then it is for us to study them, rather than to rail at the man who presents them.

Kipling is even yet, one might say, a youth, as men of letters go. At the age of thirty-five we have from him in his collected works a series of seventeen volumes, as published in one form, or twelve, as published in another. Some of the greatest writers in literature had scarcely issued their first work at that age.

It does strike me that Kipling is an over-estimated man. He is a genius; but as yet he has not given the clear indi-

cations of being a great genius. Nothing he has done would for an instant place him on a level with Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot or Nathaniel Hawthorne. The only piece of prose work he has written which will outlive the twentieth century, I prophesy, is the "Jungle Tales." As to his hymn "The Recessional," I believe that will survive in English literature as long as "The Rock of Ages." He strikes there a chord which will sound on for all future time, as it was sounded by the old Hebrew Prophets in Bible times.

The trouble with most of his writings in verse and prose is, that they are in dialect; and dialect literature can only last just as long as the dialects live and people are familiar with them. If you have not heard a dialect, you cannot enter into the spirit of it, because no possible spelling can reproduce it. Even the dialect in the "Mulvaney Stories" drags a little to many of us, because it is not quite the Irish brogue we are accustomed to over here. We can follow the language of Mr. Dooley in his talks with Hennessey much better than we can follow the conversations of those three soldiers led by Mulvaney.

We are talking to-day much more about Kipling than I suppose Hawthorne was talked about in his day, or than Thackeray was talked about when he was alive. I am not sure that any real genius in modern times has made as much of a sensation as has been made by Kipling. Some of this is purely accidental. He struck the chord of what all the English world was speaking about and thinking of, in his poem, "The White Man's Burden." And the "Recessional" was published at the time of all times, when it would sound its deepest note, just after the great display of physical force on the sixtieth anniversary



of the reign of Queen Victoria, when the English were commemorating the glory of her empire. The climax was capped by his attack of pneumonia which set all the English-speaking world to watching bulletins and waiting the news of life or death. He has now a tremendous reputation to live up to.

His last work is on the whole, I should say, the poorest, so far as I have read him, that he has published in ten years, and the least true to human nature. I shall have to own that "Stalkey & Co." bored me. I had never known of any such boys, and doubt if any such boys ever lived. The dramatic genius, I honestly think, failed Kipling at this point. He evidently projected backward into school life some of his observations pertaining only to maturity. As for "Stalkey & Co."—those three boys—it has been well said, that they have too much brains for young people of that age on the one side, and too much brutality for human nature on the other. School boys, full of animal spirits, glorying in fighting, are still human creatures and not brutes. And furthermore they are boys and not men, with the brains of boys and boys only. The brutal side in this story is overdone, and is almost sickening. Here and there I found elements of humor; but on the whole, I wish the book had never been published. It is wretchedly poor reading for anybody, boys or girls, men or women; never for an instant could it take rank with the "Soldiers Three," or, as we call them, the "Mulvaney Stories."

Kipling's career is certainly an interesting one, and he has had plenty of opportunity to study life. He is now, as I have said, only about thirty-five years of age, having been born in Bombay when his father was in the civil

service in India. But as happens with all families over in India, the child had to be sent back to England to school, as they cannot safely risk the lives of young children in that hot climate. He was at a kind of military school, as I understand it, where the children were nearly all sons of families in the Indian service, and most of the boys expected to return to that country and take service of some kind there. When he did go back, instead of entering the army, he took up the work of journalism, and it was through journalism that he entered upon the life of literature. There came his "Barrack-Room Ballads," and then his "Mulvaney Stories." He went and lived with "Tommy Atkins," until he knew the man and could reproduce him. Afterwards he was sent on a journey round the world to write up his experiences and observations for a paper published in India. These articles have recently been issued in two volumes and make most entertaining reading. Then came the immortal "Jungle Tales," and afterwards from time to time the volumes of short stories which he has published. He has settled down to a cosmopolitanism. For a time he took up his home in Vermont after his marriage there; but I suspect that is over with. My impression is that he is now in South Africa. I have my doubts whether he will stay five years in any one place for the second half of his life. He certainly has a wonderfully keen vision, in spite of his spectacles. It only shows how much more powerful the mind's eye may be, than the bodily eye.

What he has done more than anything else is, of course, to reproduce English life in India. And this is no small matter when you stop to think of what a vast empire India is; what history is represented there, what literature has

come from that country in former ages, and what a future it may yet have. Practically all that he writes, as far as I have gone, is tintured throughout with the spirit of the life he observed in that country.

His women, for instance, are not the kind of women we know in America, or may have met in London. The family life is not the same sort of family life that we know of in our part of the world. It savors of the barracks. And I have my doubts whether Kipling will ever be able to give us the picture of a woman of the type such as would come anything near to the American ideal, or the best of the American types. I cannot help thinking that all that English life over in India must be more or less warped or one-sided, owing to the lack of children there; because of the fact I have already alluded to, that after the little ones reach a certain age and before they get to their teens, they must be sent back home to old England. The refining, softening, beautifying influence which would come on the family, and on manhood and womanhood, from boys and girls in the home, must be manifest enough, and it is vividly manifest to me in those pictures from Kipling. You observe that there is not that element of restraint, owing to the thought of the injury which may be done to a child from a reckless life. The child is over in England, and the father and mother in India. The distance is long.

But it is just this fact, that Kipling's chief work has been a picture of one type, which leads me to judge it from a special standpoint. And this is where the ethical element enters. If Mulvaney were an American citizen and I had to live with him all the year round, and deal with that kind of a man, I cannot say that I should like it.

But I can stand him over in India, and relish his stories of experiences over there. Instead of thinking, as many persons from a hard judgment have thought, how bad those people in India must be, how brutal, how demoralized, what has struck me from reading those tales is how much decency at the core actually has survived, in spite of the abnormal conditions to which the English-speaking people are subjected.

The severest test to which human nature can be put is to be thrown into a position of ruling or dominating inferior races; because the code of honor as yet has not reached the standpoint where the Ten Commandments need hold under those circumstances. The English soldiers in India do have a code of honor; but evidently it has nothing to do with the Ten Commandments. The method of dealing with inferior races has to be one of expediency rather than rights. The injury in modern times is rather on the rulers than the ruled. So far as the influence of England is concerned, there is no question but that the races it governs are brought to a higher standard, to a more law-abiding spirit, to a steadier existence of self-control, than they had before. But those who go out to do that work invariably sink to a lower stage, have a less law-abiding spirit, and less capacity for self-control than they had before. The action and the reaction is very apparent.

It is said that Kipling has presented a true picture of life in India. His most striking stories deal with the man known as "Tommy Atkins"—that is, the private soldier of the British Empire. And the feeling one has, so far as ethical judgment is concerned, after reading Kipling, is that Tommy Atkins might be worse than he is; that some

of the better elements of human nature still survive in him, low as he may sink in the sphere of brutality.

We have to remember that as long as wars continue, somebody will have to do the fighting. And those persons who do it cannot be on the same level of spirituality or refinement as the others who stay at home and reap the good or reward from those wars. And a country like England, with a vast empire, with more or less fighting going on in some part of the world all the while, must have a standing army. Where men are taken in, as in Germany, for two years' service, it is quite a different matter from where they enlist for ten or fifteen years, and those the best years of their lives. Existence for the latter cannot be normal. They cannot have a family; there can be no wife and children; none of the refinements which come from home or family life. They have not even the influences of civilized city life. And their work has to be in itself of a brutal nature. They cannot fight unless they acquire a certain hardened disposition.

I think that Kipling felt all this, and saw it. Down at his heart, I believe that he realized that those men, in a way, were martyrs to the glories of the British Empire—that is, martyrs morally, rather than physically. Their characters must be sacrificed, in order that the British Empire might be sustained.

The "Barrack-Room Ballads" might make us sick at heart, from the one side; and they would, if they were a picture of human nature in America. Yet as I read them, I have been stirred by some of them; partly with a sense of pity for those martyrs to the imperial interests of Great Britain, and partly with a pleasure at seeing certain elements of decency, survive, in spite of the brutalizing

circumstances into which such men are thrown. It is a relief to observe that they actually have a certain code of honor, even if it is not the code of the Ten Commandments; that they draw lines in their conduct across which they will not pass. I have been immensely impressed with a little poem—which is scarcely worth being called poetry—entitled “The ‘Eathen.” And for the sake of the point of it, I want to quote a few of the lines:

“The ‘eathen in ‘is blindness bows down to wood an’ stone;  
 ‘E don’t obey no orders unless they is ‘is own;  
 ‘E keep ‘is side-arms awful: ‘e leaves ‘em all about,  
 An’ then comes up the regiment an’ pokes the ‘eathen out.

*All along o’ dirtiness, all along o’ mess,  
 All along o’ doin’ things rather-more-or-less,  
 All along of abby-nay, kul, an’ hazar-ho,  
 Mind you keep your rifle an’ yourself jus’ so!*

The young recruit is ‘aughty—‘e draf’s from Gawd knows where;

They bid ‘im show ‘is stockin’s an’ lay ‘is mattress square;  
 ‘E calls it bloomin’ nonsense—‘e doesn’t know no more—  
 An’ then comes up ‘is Company an’ kicks ‘im round the floor!

The young recruit is ‘ammered—‘e takes it very ‘ard;  
 ‘E ‘angs ‘is ‘ead an’ mutters—‘e sulks about the yard;  
 ‘E talks o’ “cruel tyrants” ‘e’ll swing for by-an’-by,  
 An’ the others ‘ears an’ mocks ‘im, an’ the boy goes orf to cry.

The young recruit is silly—‘e thinks o’ suicide;  
 ‘E’s lost ‘is gutter-devil; ‘e ‘asn’t got ‘is pride;  
 But day by day they kicks ‘im, which ‘elps ‘im on a bit,  
 Till ‘e finds ‘isself one mornin’ with a full an’ proper kit.

*Gettin’ clear o’ dirtiness, gettin’ done with mess,  
 Gettin’ shut o’ doin’ things rather-more-or-less;  
 Not so fond of abby-nay, kul, nor hazar-ho,  
 Learns to keep ‘is rifle an’ ‘isself jus’ so!*

\* \* \* \*

*The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an'  
stone;*

*'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;  
The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began,  
But the backbone of the Army is the non-  
commissioned man!*

*Keep away from dirtiness—keep away from mess.  
Don't get into doin' things rather-more-or-less!  
Let's ha' done with abby-nay, kul, an' hasar-ho;  
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!"*

That little "Barrack-Room Ballad" shows one kind of influence Great Britain exerts on inferior races in bringing them under discipline. It takes them as people without self-control, perhaps half savages; and, while not undertaking to make strong or fine characters of them, subjects them to a certain discipline. It does for those people, what it does in this poem for the British soldier. They may still in three-quarters of their conduct be wild and brutal; but on a few points they have got to learn discipline and obedience. What the raw recruit gets from the army, in keeping his rifle "jus' so," is what the half-savage race gets in certain principles of law and order. They cannot murder each other with the same vindictiveness; their petty warfares cannot be going on all the while. They must bend to a great system.

All over the British Empire, for instance, you observe a certain peculiar recognition of Sunday, such as you will not find in the German or in any other empire. You ask, what does it amount to? Why put restrictions on one day rather than another? I answer, on the practical side, it is precisely the same in its influence as with a Roman Catholic in not eating meat on Friday. I suppose there is no particular sanctity in avoiding meat on that day, so far

as the religious side goes. But it is a wholesome influence, especially for uneducated people. They just learn that there is one thing they must not do, even when they want to do it. They must blindly submit, and there comes the first step in self-control. That great principle followed by the Roman Catholic church, is one of the most valuable influences, as a civilizing factor, which has ever been tried in religious history.

The same kind of influence comes in the British Empire, in the restrictions put upon Sunday and Sunday life. And the key to it is right here in this little poem or ballad about the recruit who must learn to keep his rifle "jus' so." He may be wild and dissolute and set all the Ten Commandments at defiance; but there are limits. A few things he must do according to a code. And on that side, there is something good in soldier life, and something good in "Tommy Atkins." He is a worse heathen, for the most part, so far as brutality goes, than the heathen he is fighting with. There is much less Christianity in him than in many of the uncivilized races he is dealing with. But on this particular point, he is head and shoulders above the heathen. He has some kind of a code which he submits to and follows. It is this feature which interests me in the "Mulvaney" stories, watching, as I do, for the line which such men draw in their conduct, as to the limits to which they will go, or will not go. A few of those Ballads are coarse in the extreme, and had better have been left out. But taking them altogether, there is power there; if you will judge those people from the standpoint of raw, crude, half-brutalized, human nature, and not from the standpoint we aspire for in our Western civilization.



It is this point which I care to dwell upon a little, as another phase to the war-spirit which has been attributed to Kipling. In going over his works, it does not strike me that it is fair to charge him with loving war for war's sake. This is where I think the great error has come in, from the one-sided standpoint of the lovers of peace. In seeing Kipling as the incarnation of British imperialism, they have judged him as if there were no idealism there, no aspirations; only a wild wish for more power or territory to be added to the British Empire. And they have been inclined to assert that from this standpoint he likes to foster the war-spirit; that by living among soldiers, he has come to like fighting for fighting's sake, and almost to relish the sight of blood and slaughter.

It is true that Kipling has comparatively little interest in the smoother walks of life; that what attracts his attention is the life of activity, boundless energy. The man who interests him is the man who is doing something, rather than the man who is thinking something. To that extent, he is one-sided. And it is this fact, I think, which makes him even more one-sided in his presentation of the character of woman. For the most part, his women are not interesting—least of all, his young women. He lacks the keen appreciation, that one meets with in the writings of W. D. Howells, for the subtle, reserve element of feeling in woman's nature, which never perhaps finds an opportunity to vent itself in action. The subjective life of deep feeling in woman may, therefore, not be open to the eye of Kipling. Then, too, the peculiar life of the English in India must make the women there a type by themselves.

Yet it is not just simply energy, for energy's sake, action for action's sake, that has drawn Kipling to this side of human life. I cannot help seeing a tone of idealism of a certain kind in many of his pictures. And it even runs through his poetry. In spite of myself, a lover of peace as I am, hating war and all that goes with war, I find myself stirred by his Battle Hymn entitled "The Hymn before Action." As for those who think there is no idealism in his standpoint anywhere, what do they say to the lines from the "Recessional":

"Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,  
A humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of truth, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Is there anything, I ask, in the whole range of religious hymnology, which touches the core of the best and noblest ethical spirit, better than these four lines? This is not war for war's sake, fighting for fighting's sake, even if he does love fighting and the fighter. Behind it all, there is a consciousness on his part that the fighting is to serve a purpose, achieve an end, a good end. And if that thought is in the consciousness of the man, in the consciousness of any soldier, any fighter, it alters the whole situation and lifts the battle on to another plane. As for "The White Man's Burden," it struck me, in reading that poem, as if the message was not conquest for conquest's sake; but war or conquest with a further end in view, toward a higher, latent civilization which is to come out of it. I do not for a moment stand here to say that this is a right attitude, or that conquest, even from this standpoint, would be justified. I only say that it is on a far higher level than the crude standpoint of Alexander the Great,

or of the Roman Empire. In Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, or Napoleon, I have my doubts as to whether idealism or the future outcome for the human race was present at all. But it is in the mind of Kipling. And in the cry of his, "Lord God of battles, aid," it is not the brute cry of prehistoric man appealing to his fetish god to help him, right or wrong; but an appeal to the great, one, Eternal Source which stands for right and justice. Kipling seems to believe in just that kind of a final seat of justice somewhere. And to that ultimate source he cries in his appeal, "Lord God of battles, aid." Even where both sides may be raising the same cry, or putting forth the same prayer, as was the custom in our late civil war, it does not take away the *fact* that it gave a higher tone to both sides, in the feeling that they were fighting *for a cause*.

It is true that Kipling stands for what has come to be called in the slang phrase of the last few years, the "strenuous life." When the slang has gone out of that term, I think we should preserve it as a very wholesome phrase. I believe in the strenuous life; I believe in energy and action. The whole point is as to whether such "strenuousness" shall be infused with an ethical or religious purpose. And we must take care, in our wholesale judgments, about heaping contempt on the passion for energy and activity, which certain men, like Kipling, believe in, because some of that energy and activity may be of a brutal kind, with no idealism there at all. In so far as there is no *working for a cause* in such activity, in so far as it is just a blind pleasure in energy, it is on the level with the roving of the tiger in the jungle, and I have no regard for it. The time has come when we must discrim-

inate; and it is just such a discrimination that I am trying to make, in pointing out this other side in what Kipling has to say, or the feeling at his heart, running through most of his writings.

In so far as his writings stand for manliness over against effeminacy, the man of action as contrasted with the ballroom youth, I am with Kipling. We see a great deal of just such effeminacy creeping into our American life. In the decline from the ancestor of splendid achievement to the ballroom youth of modern times, there is a pathos as great as in the brutalizing influence which may come from plunging into bloodshed and war. The phrase describing war, in three words, which came from one of the great officers of our civil war, is true to the core. It is hell and nothing less. But it will not do for us to overlook the fact that there is more than one kind of hell. And Kipling was aware of this, too.

You may have seen his two volumes of travels, written upwards of ten years ago, and just this last year published in book form. We might say they are out of date. But they are exceedingly interesting reading, in so far as I have run through them. In this connection, I should like to quote some paragraphs of what he had to say about "Chicago." I do not wish to discriminate against that city, as presenting any worse types than others. But as Kipling went there and talks of that one city, it will do no harm if I quote it. It may not be cheering reading as descriptive of American life. But we must remember that we are young yet, and it is the part of wisdom for us to submit cheerfully to critical observations on the part of Europeans. He was being taken over the city by a cab-

driver and shown the sights. He says, speaking of the cab-driver :

“He took me to canals black as ink, and filled with untold abominations, and bade me watch the stream of traffic across the bridge. He then took me into a saloon and while I drank made me note that the floor was covered with coins sunk into cement. A Hottentot would not have been guilty of this sort of barbarism. The coins made an effect pretty enough, but the man who put them there had no thought of beauty, and therefore he was a savage. Then my cab-driver showed me business blocks gay with signs and studded with fantastic and absurd advertisements of goods, and looking down the long street so decorated, it was as though each vender stood at his door howling: ‘For the sake of money, employ or buy of me and *me* only!’ Have you ever seen a crowd at our famine relief distributions? You know then how men leap into the air, stretching out their arms above the crowd in the hope of being seen, while the women dolorously slap the stomachs of their children and whimper. I had sooner watch famine relief than the white man engaged in what he calls legitimate competition. The cabman left here; but after a while I picked up another man who was full of figures, and into my ears he poured them as occasion required, or the big, blank factories suggested. Here they turned out so many hundred thousand dollars worth of such and such an article; there so many million other things; this house was worth so many million dollars; that one so many million more or less. It was like listening to a child babbling of his hoard of shells.”

And then Kipling went to church. His language here is very severe; although he is evidently a devout man in his way. I will quote the language as it stands, even if it is rather strong. Bear in mind this is the man who is said to have no idealism, but to gloat in bloodshed and war. He goes on to say:

“I found a place which was officially described as a church. It was a circus really, but that the worshippers did not know. There were flowers all about the building; which was fitted up with plush and stained oak and much luxury. To these things and a

congregation of savages, entered suddenly a wonderful man completely in the confidence of their God, whom he treated colloquially and exploited very much as a newspaper reporter would exploit a foreign potentate. But unlike the newspaper reporter, he never allowed his listeners to forget that he and not He was the center of attraction. With a voice of silver and with imagery borrowed from the auction-room, he built up for his hearers a heaven on the lines of the Palmer House (but with all the gilding real gold and plate diamond), and set in the center of it a loud-voiced, argumentative, and very shrewd creation, which he called God. One sentence at this point caught my dull ear. It was some question of the Judgment Day, and ran: 'No, I tell you, God don't do business that way.' He was giving them a Deity whom they could comprehend; in a gold and jeweled heaven in which they could take a natural interest. He interlarded his performance with the slang of the streets, the counter and the Exchange, and he said that religion ought to enter into daily life. Consequently I presume he introduced it as his daily life—his own life and his friends'. Then I escaped before the blessing, desiring no benediction at such hands. But the persons who listened seemed to enjoy themselves, and I understood that I had met with a popular preacher. Yet that man, with his brutal gold-and-silver ideals, his hands-in-his-pocket and cigar-in-mouth and hat-on-the-back-of-the-head style of dealing with the sacred vessels, would count himself spiritually quite competent to send a mission to convert the Indians."

Just one other paragraph from this book, as a further type or phase of our superior civilization. Kipling was taken, of course, to the stock-yards, and the picture he gives us of them is as real as reality. It is in the blood and war-knife style. But he evidently did not enjoy the sight as much as he would perhaps have enjoyed the sight of a real battle between men. He closes his sketch with a picture which he viewed with his own eyes:

"Then merciful Providence that has showered good things on my path throughout, sent me an emblem of the City of Chicago, so that I may remember it forever. Women come sometime to see the slaughter as they would come to see the slaughter of men.

And there entered that murdersome hall a young woman of large mould, with brilliantly scarlet lips and heavy eyebrows and dark hair that came in a 'widow's peak' on the forehead. She was well, and healthy and alive, and she was dressed in flaming red and black and her feet were cased in red leather shoes. She stood in a patch of sunlight, the red blood under her shoes, the carcasses round her, a bleeding bullock breathing its life away, not six feet from her, the din of the death-factory roaring all around her. She looked carelessly with hard, bold eyes, and was not ashamed. Then said I: 'This is a special Sending. I have seen the City of Chicago.' And I went away to get peace and rest."

As one reads a passage like that, one feels like saying over the prayer from the Litany: "From hardness of heart and contempt of thy word and commandment, good Lord, deliver us."

Are you quite sure that there is no idealism to Kipling; that he is on the side of war for war's sake; or that there is nothing worse than war? As I have heard some of the almost infuriated attacks on Kipling from the peace-loving people, I have wondered whether they have forgotten that there may be another kind of hell, and whether money for money's sake is not as bad as war for war's sake? Any civilization which can produce such a sight as Kipling beheld in that woman in that slaughter-house, has a hell in it somewhere, even if there is no actual war and fighting going on directly within the borders of that country.

It may be that in talking in this way in defence of Kipling I am almost seeming as if unqualifiedly eulogistic over him, and exulting, myself, in the pictures of bloodshed and war. But I have no such spirit. As long as there is war, there can be no such thing as an honest belief in the brotherhood of the human race. About two

thousand years ago some one in Greece and later on some one in Rome and afterwards one over in Jerusalem said that in spite of differences of race we were brothers. And this belief has held on after a fashion among a certain body of men. It has never been a widely-accepted belief. Of a hundred million persons who profess it, only a hundred thousand or more may actually believe it in their heart of hearts. But it has been a doctrine to teach to the young, and something, at least, to talk about and stand up for on Sundays.

And there is no doubt that war is against this belief; that the fact of wars has kept this belief from spreading more and more. "Tommy Atkins," when picking off in cold blood a fellow-being at six hundred yards' distance, as a sharp-shooter, cannot sentimentalize and say to himself, "That man is my fellow-brother." If he got to thinking about it, he would be no soldier. About all the duty he can hold on to is, to keep his rifle "jus' so." You cannot have a real belief in the brotherhood of the human race, with vast standing armies.

Yet it is not war only which menaces this belief. At this moment, physical science is threatening it. They have been only threats and no more; but they jar on me. I begin to hear certain wise men of science tell us in cold blood that the weak must go to the wall, and the sooner they go to the wall the better.

If this is true, all I have to say is, that we must abandon once for all the doctrine of two thousand years ago. You must shut up your Bibles, close your Plato or your Stoics or your Marcus Aurelius, close all your churches, shut up your orphan asylums and your hospitals, and then proclaim the doctrine once for all: "Each man for himself,



and the devil take the hindmost." That is in unmistakable language what such a statement leads to. I put it in bold realism. But we must face the worst. And after all, the worst foe to human brotherhood is not war, and not science. It is that thing which Kipling pictures for us, in what he saw in Chicago. If our hospitals and our orphan asylums are abandoned, our poorhouses closed up, and our care for the weak and the suffering succumbs and dies out forever, it will be owing to what Kipling there suggests, far more than to the standing armies.

At this day, I am inclined to think, from what little observation I have had, that there is more idealism in Germany, with its standing army of five hundred or six hundred thousand men, than in the United States of America, which recently had only a standing army of thirty thousand men.

But I turn aside from all this, and pause for a moment to touch on the other work of Kipling,—the sweetest, most beautiful piece of work he has ever done. "Mulaney" may be amusing; the "Barrack-Room Ballads" may stir our hearts; the "Captains Courageous" may charm us and delight us. And I am bound to say that this latter work is one of the best things, for my own part, that I have ever read. This is the "strenuous life" to a purpose. It is one of the most wholesome, and most honest books ever published in this country. Can there be a more bracing and ennobling sight, than to watch the latent, stifled manliness which petting and money and greed were on the point of crushing out forever, brought out and called to light by the example of honest, earnest, plodding, plain strugglers, like those Gloucester fishermen? I read that book from cover to

cover, and enjoyed every chapter in it. When I thought of all the sterling, latent manliness which was being spoiled and choked to death in our country to-day, because of the jingle of money in the pockets, and stopped to think for a moment how much of that manliness might yet be saved, if only a true method for preserving it could be found, my heart stirred within me.

But I come back to what I was thinking of most of all, "The Jungle Tales." I have even heard the peace-lovers denounce these tales, because they found the war-spirit there, too. But we will overlook that absurdity, and lose ourselves in the charm of those stories. Nothing, I was going to say, since the prehistoric days out of which our folk-lore has come, has been as beautiful, in its way, as these "Jungle Tales." The human race had almost forgotten that it had a kinship with the animal world, with the panther and the wolf, the lion and the tiger, even the crawling insects under our feet. Evolution, in its new teachings, has brought out the fact. But we only half believe it. Our prehistoric forefathers knew it; and out of their knowledge came the folk-lore, some of our fairy tales, when people used to look into the eye of a wild beast, and believe that there was thought there as much as in themselves.

And Kipling has brought this all back to us; has made us feel our kinship there once more, while bringing out also our superiority. I have read those tales and re-read them and fairly love them. I wish every living human creature of every tongue on the face of the earth could have time to read them. They are not children's stories. It is a pity they were published in the *St. Nicholas*. They are stories for grown people as well as children.

They are adapted for every age. They are real, and in a sense, they are true. There is ethical truth in those "Tales," and that truth speaks out in almost every line. In reading them, somehow one feels more supremely than ever the superiority of his human nature over all the animal kingdom. But he feels his kinship with that kingdom, too. There is a brotherhood of the human race, but another brotherhood, between all things that are. I forget the war-spirit; I forget the ballads of blood and slaughter; I forget even the humor of Mulvaney; I have lost sight of "Stalkey & Co.," and I come back to the two matchless works, which I like to think of together; the "Recessional" on the one hand, and "The Jungle Tales" on the other.

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## THE LACK OF JOY IN MODERN LIFE AND THE NEED OF FESTIVALS.\*

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

ONE is always liable to be mistaken in making general statements, and yet my impression is that there is little joy in modern life. There is much bustle, much excitement, but, as it seems to me, little joy. There is perhaps an increasing amount of what is called sport, an increasing provision for fun and recreation of various kinds, but joy is a different matter. Even to have some keen pleasure is not quite the same as joy. Even to be happily situated in life, to know no want, no anxiety, to be able to go to concerts and theatres, to give dinners and shine in the social world, is not to have joy in life. Yes, to read books, to study science, to be ever searching for new truth, to lecture and to write, is not necessarily to know joy in life. Joy, as I understand, comes from within, it is a bubbling up of the feelings of the heart, it comes from some deep-down satisfaction with things. It is something that we may feel in the stir and rush of action, but also, and perhaps more frequently, in quiet and repose. It is something that may come to us in meditative moments. Surface excitement, and any action that does not take hold of the deeps of our being, is apt to be the enemy of it. Ordinarily it requires a certain leisure, a certain

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\*A Christmas address, given before the Society for Ethical Culture, of Chicago, December 24, 1899.

disassociation from the distracting sights and sounds about us, a freedom for the motions of that inner somewhat we call the spirit or the soul. There is a happiness born of external circumstances—the simple sense that we are well, that we have food to eat, that all goes smoothly with us in the world; and then there is the happiness fed from within, the springs of which are in some great deep peaceful thought of ourselves or our fellow-men or of that total system of things we call the world. It is this latter happiness to which we give the name of joy. It is with this in mind that a poet whom the world loves writes:

“It’s no in titles or in rank;  
 It’s no in wealth like Lon’on bank,  
     To purchase peace and rest;  
 It’s no in makin’ muckle mair;  
 It’s no in books; it’s no in lear  
     To make us truly blest:  
 If happiness hae not her seat  
     And centre in the breast,  
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
     But never can be blest:  
     Nae treasures, nor pleasures,  
     Could make us happy lang;  
 The heart ay’s the part ay,  
     That makes us right or wrang.”

I have spoken of the lack of joy in modern life, and sometimes it seems as if the more one breathed the spirit of modern life the less joy he had. How much joy does the average business man, the average workingman, the average professional man—might I not say, the average club woman, have to-day? Is not almost everyone straining, over-working? Are we not all getting ready to be happy, planning to be happy, making most arduous efforts to have everything fixed so that we can be happy, rather

than taking any deep draughts of happiness as we go along? One must be to a certain extent disengaged to be happy. Who is disengaged now? Who is free from care? Who is not thinking, thinking about what he must do next—about that next duty, that new scheme or venture, that paper or essay he or she has promised to give? How many people have a day to themselves—I might almost ask, how many have an hour? Business and work are encroaching on Sunday—and some who don't work spend half the day in sleep. Leisure, freedom, serenity seem to be going from us—to find them we must go to country towns removed from the city whirl and swirl, or to the Old World, where there are still corners not caught up by the modern eagerness and haste. We may be doing great things in these days, making great inventions, great machines, but we are turning life into a great machine and are being ourselves dragged along with it. The high pressure even tells on us physically, and makes us almost incapable of joy when leisure comes to us. Nervousness is called by physicians "the national disease of America." Men and women become sometimes "A weight of nerves without a mind." What the Devas, in Edwin Arnold's poem, sing to Prince Siddartha might almost apply to them:

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,  
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find.  
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life—  
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife."

Even the young catch this undertone: a specialist says that America is the country of young invalids, young wrecks, young drug victims, young inebriates, young suicides.



Characteristic, too, of modern life is religious doubt. The old simple religious faith is breaking up, and life seems grey and sombre to many people. How can we have joy, they say, (or, at least, feel) now that the old benignant image of a Heaven-Father has vanished out of the skies, now that saints and angels are no longer at our call, now that the land of the happy dead is becoming shadowy to our eyes? And so they are ill at ease in the world; they live, but at bottom they have no joy in living. They resign, they accept, they bear, but they do not rejoice. Men were in the same plight at the break-up of the old Greek religion. What they might have said is pictured by a modern poet:

“The fair humanities of old religion,  
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,  
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished;  
They live no longer in the faith of reason.”

Such were the Stoics of old, and many have at best a sort of stoical fortitude to-day. If one will find joy, deep peace in life, and a kind of triumph of the spirit, one must go to those who are not touched by modern influences at all, like the Cotter with his Bible whom Burns describes, like the Catholic following with his soul as well as his eyes the affecting spectacle of the mass.

And yet we are in this new world—this restless, striving, doubting world; we are in it, many of us, not because we want to be, but because we cannot help it. Leisure, some one has said, is gone—gone where the spinning-wheels are gone, and the pack-horses, and the show wagons, and the peddlers who brought bargains to the door

on sunny afternoons. Could we bring those days back, even if we tried? So the days of simple faith have gone—gone for those who have any acquaintance with science and the larger knowledge of to-day—gone where fairies have gone, gone where the gods of Greece have gone; and 'tis utter vanity to try to read the Bible as the cotter did on Saturday night or to see the mass with the eyes of a Catholic. We take our world—this strange, new world—for better and for worse. We stand in our place with our own day here. With a kind of dumb instinct we believe in it; despite its madness and its joylessness, we believe in it—somehow mankind must be equal to its destiny, and it is the part of good men and brave to make the best of the situation now.

It was a subtle distinction which one of the masters of world-wisdom, Goethe, made—that there is a realm of things in life which we cannot change and another realm—or a realm within this realm—that we can change. He called the one Necessity, the other Chance—by this not meaning the causeless, but the accidental, the variable, what our will can affect. He said, “The fabric of our life is formed of Necessity and Chance: the reason of man takes its station between them, and may rule them both; it treats the Necessary as the groundwork of its being; the Accidental it can direct and guide, and employ for its own purposes: and only while the principle of reason stands firm and inexpugnable, does man deserve to be named the god of this lower world. But woe to him who, from his youth, has accustomed himself to search in Necessity for something of arbitrary will; to ascribe to Chance a sort of reason, which it is a matter of religion to obey.” To apply this to the matter in hand, the new life

and energy, the new ambition and tension that belong to modern industry and that give the key-note to so much of our life beside, belong to the Necessary: they mark a new epoch in the inevitable expansion of mankind. But the lack of leisure, the joylessness and the madness of the modern world are an incident, an accident, and when men come to see this, they can have the good of the new epoch without the evil. Equally do the new knowledge, the altered conception of nature and life, that in relation to the old conception is doubt, belong to the Necessary; but the sense of loss, the depression or the mere patient stoicism, belong to Chance, may be changed and pass into a greater joy. Woe to those who wish back the Middle Ages in industry, the Romanticists among our social reformers! Woe to those who strive to have men worship the Bible as they once did, or the church, who would turn back the hands on the dial of time! But woe also to those who identify Chance with the Necessary, who think that leisure and rest are not to be reasonably expected under modern conditions, who think delight in life, and joy, and deep peace, do not naturally accompany the scientific view of the world! Respect the necessary, change the accidental! is the word of wisdom for to-day.

The fact is, the new stage of industry into which the world has passed is going to make possible more leisure than man has ever known before, when there comes to be any rational ordering of the new forces at work. In the old Greek world slaves gave men leisure. Now machinery is to give men leisure—the difference being that while the old order gave leisure to a few, the new order is to make it possible for all. With machinery five, ten and a hundred times as much can be produced as used to be pro-

duced. Already this country is producing vastly more than it can consume—this is the meaning of the cry for “new markets.” In time, as civilization spreads, and every country passes into the modern epoch, all countries will produce more than they can consume—and then there will be no way out, but to suit production to needs and to set men free for half or three-quarters the time they work now. This, I say, I believe will be the upshot of the new forces that are at work—not aristocratic leisure, as in a former day, but democratic leisure, a new day for mankind.

And even now who will not say that men might have more leisure, if they tried? Are not the working hours shortening for the laboring class? They are. Twelve hours or more used to be a working day. Now it is ten. Can we not encourage the laborers in their efforts for a still shorter day? We can. And could not all of us make more leisure, if we wanted to—not indefinitely, but a little more? Could we not jealously guard Sunday? Could we not close our offices and shops a little earlier Saturday? When a holiday comes, could we not take it? Could we not refuse this or that extension of business or new enterprise that makes us anxious and worried—could we not be content with moderate work and moderate leisure and moderate wealth? Of course there are individual exceptions, but could not most of us have more leisure, more quiet, more chance to think and to enjoy, if we tried—tried with a little determination and resoluteness?

And yet this is only touching the surface of my subject. The deeper question is, Can we nobly use our leisure? Perhaps I cannot better preface what I wish to say

than by quoting these lines on "Christmas Day" by a poet of to-day:\*

"The morn broke bright: the thronging people wore  
 Their best; but in the general face I saw  
 No touch of veneration, or of awe.  
 Christ's natal day? 'Twas merely one day more  
 On which the mart agreed to close its door;  
 A lounging-time by usage and by law  
 Sanctioned; nor recked they, beyond this, one straw  
 Of any meaning which for man it bore!"

It is not merely lack of leisure, but of elevated joy that I deplore in modern life—not merely haste and waste, as it wears out the body, but as, in conjunction with other causes, it dries up the heart and spirit of man. How can we have joy, I can imagine it said, on whom God or the gods no longer smile, who see only the sky over our heads and who, as we look ahead, see only the grave into which we go? I have already pictured this state of mind. Is it final?

To my mind, the world since the advent of modern science, is what it always was—a great, solemn, divine thing. Yes, it is a vaster world, a more majestic world, a more transcendent world. What infinite ages it has lasted, as contrasted with the few thousand years in which our fathers believed! Into what infinite depths of space it extends! What a contrast to the view in which the earth is the centre of things, in which the sun and the moon and the stars are set in the firmament to give light upon the earth, is the view according to which the sun is older than the earth, and the sun himself but one star among a host of stars—stars that dot thick and innumerable the

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\*W. Watson, "Poems," p. 203.

heavenly plain! Who can take in, who can comprehend a world so vast? Moreover in this world, there is eternal motion. The world that seems so still under our feet moves, the sun moves, even the stars move—if many do not seem to, 'tis probably only that they move together. There never was a time when the morning stars sang together: they have always sung—there never was morning for the world, it is from everlasting, and to everlasting it will go on. It is a living universe in which we dwell, not a dead one that had to be galvanized into life by an outside hand. In darkness, in stillness, in decay, and seeming death, there is life. The air, the ground, the sea are instinct with life—and heat cannot consume it and cold cannot destroy it; and when the earth and the moon come to an end, the eternal energies that took form in them will yet go on. Yes, in this world there is no death; it is endless as it was beginningless. And as it is infinite in time and in space, and unending in its activity, so is there infinite variety in its activity and varied grades one ascending on top of another. How little we know, or at least how little we realize, the nature and possibilities of the common elements about us! Consider now not the lilies of the field, but the mud in our streets. An uninviting subject surely—a grimy mixture of clay and sand, of soot and water. But, as scientific authorities tell us,\* separate the sand, let the atoms arrange themselves in peace according to their nature, and you have an opal. Separate the clay, and you have white earth, fit for the finest porcelain, and on a still further purification, you have a sapphire. Take the soot and properly treat it and

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\*So Lubbock, "Science," in "Pleasures of Life."

it will give you a diamond. The water, purified and distilled, will become a dew-drop or a crystal star.

With such facts in view, the Greeks pictured Nature as Proteus who could take any shape he chose. Nothing is what it seems. From what is you cannot judge what will be. The world is like a vessel which forever overflows. It is as if it were fed by secret springs, and deep is below deep. Think of what the earth once was—a fiery mass, a fragment thrown off from the flaming sun. Who could have foretold its possibilities? If you could have stood and looked on, how idle it would have seemed to say that sometime it would be covered with a carpet of living green, that strange beings would tenant it, that cities would be built on it! It is the history of the world that is the revelation of the world. Experience is greater than any prophet. As Emerson says, putting himself at that distant starting-point, "How far off yet is the trilobite! how far the quadruped! how inconceivably remote is man! All duly arrive, and then race after race of men. It is a long way from the granite to the oyster; further yet to Plato and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must come, as surely as the first atom has two sides."\* And because we know what we do, we anticipate more. It is not rational to think that the universe is exhausted in its present attainments. The old Proteus may have fresh surprises for us. Man may rise to higher shapes, as he himself is an improvement on the animal. Other planets may be inhabited by beings compared to whom we are a race of pygmies. New worlds, new heavens and new earths, may be born out of the prolific

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\*"Nature," in "Essays," Vol. II., p. 173.

womb of time. As the universe is infinite in space and infinite in time and infinite in variety, so may it be infinite in progress toward perfection, and the ladder on which it rises may have round on round without end. So old experience may attain

“To something of prophetic strain.”

So with the aged Ulysses we may say,

“Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough  
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades  
Forever and forever when I move.”\*

And yet as in the past, so in the future it may turn out that the reality will surpass our thought, that we cannot even dream what shall be, that only experience can prove the unfathomed riches of the world, which will drown the dream

“In larger stream  
As morning drinks the morning-star.”

So do I conceive that those who take experience and science for their guides may think and picture to themselves the world. It does not seem to me a picture that is dry or dreary or forlorn. It needs no smile of a father in heaven to light it up. It has itself a certain clear and heavenly radiance. Somehow, to my own mind at least, it breeds hope and a solemn cheer and a certain exaltation of mind. Theology is but an imaginative interpretation of these facts; it might be called the rhetoric of science. It puts a spirit behind each fact (or behind all the facts together), just as the ancient Greeks put a spirit into each tree or into every running stream. But the living tree is more wonderful than the spirit, and the living universe is more wonderful than the ordinary conception of God.

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\*Tennyson, “Ulysses.”



The real God is but a name for its untiring, quenchless, energy, that forever creates and recreates the vanishing forms we see. As a tree sheds leaves, so does the universe shed worlds and the creatures that grow upon them. The Eternal is in every one of us, or more or less, and he is in the dust under our feet, and in the farthest star, and he is in life and in death and in what comes after death—we are a part of Him (if we must say Him), and our only difference from the dust and the stars is that we know we are a part, that we are conscious of our kinship with universal nature, and that hence we may have joy and gladness and worship, as his other works may not.

Friends, this sense of connection with a larger whole, this filial feeling toward the universe, this conscious dependence on the powers of earth and air and sky, has always had in man, from the time he was old enough to think, some kind of festal expression. A festival, as I now use the term, is an expression of this deep joy in life which I have been trying to describe and which by no means passes away because we conceive the universe in terms appropriate to modern conditions of thought. Agreeably to their conceptions of the powers about and above them, our earliest forebears spread a banquet to be partaken of alike by gods and men. "The gods appear manifest amongst us," we read in the Homeric legend, "whenever we offer glorious hecatombs, and they feast by our side, sitting at the same board." Sometimes the food is placed on their altar or sacred stone, sometimes it is the essence and savor of it that rises into the air where they hover. The meal is at once an expression of the union between the worshiper and that which he worships, and a cementing of that union. And when the feasting is over,

there is music. "All day long," so reads a description in the Iliad, "they worshiped the god with music, singing the beautiful pæan to Apollo [a glorified image of the sun] and his heart was glad to hear." Sometimes there is dancing as well as music—all an expression of the joy of people's hearts. In early Israel it was the same. At their feasts, the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play. According to the legend, after the deliverance from the Red Sea, Miriam took a timbrel in her hand and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. David, we know, danced before Yahweh. Sometimes the merrymaking would go to the pitch of frenzy and the worshipers dance themselves into an ecstasy. Such simple, childlike joy continued to be expressed down even into the Christian period among primitive folk. In Bretagny it is said that dancing still takes place among the peasants at their jubilees or pilgrimages, and up to within a century there was dancing in the churches themselves in honor of the saints of the locality. At the ancient festivals poetry was not indeed born, but found some of its chief inspiration. The Greek drama, however, had this distinctly religious origin: all the great Athenian tragedies were acts of worship dedicated to Dionysius—the god of the vineyard and the vine—and were first rendered at his great festival. Here, too, arose processions, and games and sports. It sounds oddly to us, coming of such sober and prosaic stock, to speak of games and sports in connection with religious worship. But to the Greeks there was no incongruity; and the sports and games were indeed in honor of the deity and a proof of the joy which men had in his worship. As a recent writer has observed,\* there is nothing in modern life that

can properly be compared with a victory at Olympia. The modern horse-race or boat-race may attract vast crowds, and may even assume the importance of a public holiday; but the Olympian gathering was not merely that: it was also a religious celebration. The most unlike the ancient Greeks are our Protestants—the least unlike them the Catholics, who do not altogether reprobate pleasure and amusement on holy-days; and yet there is this fundamental difference—the pleasure the Catholic is allowed is a relief after the worship, not the worship itself. As it has been strikingly put, § “the Parisian goes to the theatre on Sunday evening, because it is a holy-day, and because he is allowed relaxation and amusement after his devotions at High Mass. The old Greek went to the theatre to honor and serve his god; his praise was offered up not before, but in, the performance.” Hence there was a seemliness, a decorum and a dignity about Greek sport and dramatic art that are altogether wanting under modern conditions. Suffused through all and over all was religious feeling. It was part expression of the great, deep joy in life that came from a consciousness of union with the great controlling powers of life and from a sense of being and acting in their presence. Perhaps the nearest approach to what a Greek tragedy was to the ancient Athenians is not a play, much less an opera, but an oratorio—or, may I not say? a mass.

Is it fanciful to think that the old-time religious festivals may ever be renewed? I cannot admit it. We cannot renew the old forms, we cannot worship the old gods;

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\*Jebb, “Classical Greek Poetry,” p. 13.

§Mahaffy, “Social Life in Greece,” p. 380.

but the universe itself is what it ever was, and man is forever its child. What makes my being, where are the sources of my life? Did I make myself, do I support myself? Were my parents anything more than bearers, conveyers of nature's energy to me, and since I was born have I not lived on the air about me, on the light of the sun above me, on heaven's rains and dews, and on the fruits of the goodly, holy earth? Is the bread I eat mere bread when it makes me think, is there not mystery in milk and wine, does not water convey to me an invisible grace, is not the earth electric, is not the breeze balm? What should I be without these ministrants, and why shall I not bless them? Why shall I not lift up holy hands and praise our brother the sun and our sister the moon, our brother the wind, our sister water, our brother fire and our mother the earth, or, if these are evanescent forms through which the Eternal energy pours itself, then the Eternal energy itself.

"O bright, irresistible lord,  
 We are fruit of Earth's womb, each one,  
 And fruit of thy loins, O Sun,  
 Whence first was the seed outpoured.  
 To thee as our Father we bow,  
 Forbidden thy Father to see,  
 Who is older and greater than thou, as thou  
 Art greater and older than we.

Thou art but as a word of his speech,  
 Thou art but as a wave of his hand;  
 Thou art brief as a glitter of sand  
 Twixt tide and tide on his beach;  
 Thou art less than a spark of his fire,  
 Or a moment's mood of his soul:  
 Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir  
 That chant the chant of the Whole."\*

Believe me, this religion is not going to die because Apollo dies or Dionysius or Zeus or Yahweh or "God" (as he is commonly conceived to-day), science will be our instructor in it—and why shall it not have its festivals?

I use the word festival in its old sense. I mean a solemn and yet a joyful occasion. Those adjectives are not inconsistent. There may be an elevated joy and there may be a joyful solemnity. The festival I have in mind would be a celebration of the power and beneficence amid which and by which we live. It would be a consciousness of our kinship with the great eternal forces of the world—and the forms, the actions that naturally befit such a consciousness. We may not spread a banquet for ourselves and the gods, but somehow we shall express our communion with nature, our sense that we are at home in the world. It shall be to us what a festival was to the Greeks, "a forgetfulness of evils and a truce from cares." Noble poetry shall be heard in it, and stately music will be rendered. Perhaps all will blend in and be a part of some great action, drama or liturgy. How many realize that the mass is really such dramatic action! "In the mass," says a recent writer, not at all a Catholic,\* "we have an elaborate series of symbolic actions which constitute an improving and solemn drama. The pantomimic element is furnished by the ceremonial observances of the officiating priest. In the reading of the scripture lessons to the congregation there is the epical element. And there is the lyrical element in the music and the processional chants and hymns, with anthems and antiphones. The people join in the per-

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\*W. Watson, "Poems," p. 212.

†W. Binns, "Modern Review," Vol. I., p. 800.

formance; they are either rapt spectators, or they respond in prayer and praise; sorrow and sin, joy and deliverance, all the means that tragedy uses to purify the soul by pity and by terror are presented in religious pomp to the eye and ear. It is a theatrical representation of the fundamental Christian mystery as conceived by the church, the mystery of Incarnation." Yet the impossible miracle of the Catholic church may be paralleled by the miracles of science. There are great natural phenomena, full of wonder, full of blessing, and that have almost always deeply affected mankind. This midwinter festival, that is only superficially Christian, that was celebrated before Christianity was born, and will continue after Christianity is dead, commemorates one of them. It means that even the frosts of winter cannot quench the life that is at Nature's heart. Easter, another pagan festival, commemorates another natural phenomenon. It signifies that life has risen. The time of harvest is still another. It signifies the gathering in of the fruits of life. There might be moving dramas based on each. There might be something speaking to the eye as well as the ear—and as for the latter, there are sounds and harmonies that go as deeply to the soul, moving it to wonder and praise, as any spoken word. And besides these, there are events in human life, birth and death, that naturally stir to solemn thought, that might be dramatically treated. And there are great men's acts, heroisms, martyrdoms, discoveries of new truth—acts that show how high nature's child can rise, that inspire us when we are faint-hearted and weak; these too can be more impressively represented than by merely talking about them—namely, by letting the acts be done over again before our eyes.

or in the Chinese Empire. It is this sense of mutuality, as if somehow the human race had a common fate and were linked together for good or ill in all its conduct—it is this which has been conspicuously brought forward as never before in the world's history, now at last in the nineteenth century. And with it has come the thought which had been dimly appreciated before, that by the right kind of coöperative effort we can alter conditions in the Empire of China, in London or Berlin, or here at home; and it is our duty to contribute a share to that result.

I am not, you understand, speaking of the world's thought which began thousands of years ago, that one man is responsible for the salvation of the soul of another man in the next world. No, what I have in view is the sense of responsibility for the amount of happiness or unhappiness, of joy or ill, which falls to the human race here and now; and that something can be done on a large scale by the right kind of united effort to change and ameliorate the less fortunate conditions of our fellow-men. It establishes the truth of the saying: "I am my brother's keeper."

The working out of this feeling of mutuality as yet has been wretchedly feeble. The efforts in many ways have done more harm than good. All that we have done in our century has been to sow the seed, to start the thought, to arouse the feeling or passion. This much has been done. It will rest with the coming centuries to do the reaping.

I speak of our time as akin to the Dark Ages, and this, of course, may make you smile. But where is the light and the enlightenment?

A long while ago philosophers and religious teachers

established the distinction between body and spirit. I believe in that distinction. It has been misunderstood, dragged in the mire, through superstitions of one kind or another. But the fact is there.

The first effect of the mighty achievements of the nineteenth century has been to set up such a worship of the body-side of life, such a care for physical comfort, for the good things of life, as they are called, for the surface-side, for external pleasures, the play-side of life, that the *spirit* of man or *in* man has been in a process of decay. In a sense, this has been the most unspiritual age for the last two thousand years.

If there has been an age since the dawn of philosophy, to which the saying of old: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?" applies, it is the age of the nineteenth century. It does not mean losing the soul by and by. It means losing it *now*, by the drying-up process on the inside, while we eat and drink and worship our bodies and care only for what is on the outside.

There is an eternal suggestiveness in those lines of Mrs. Browning:

"For we throw out acclamations of self-thanking, self-admiring,  
With every mile run faster—O the wondrous, wondrous age!  
Little thinking if we work our *souls* as nobly as our iron,  
Or if angels will commend us at the goal of pilgrimage."

You will see what I mean by this. There is danger of the spirit-side of man dying out, in the passion of the day for physical comfort or physical pleasures. Never, I suppose, in the world's history has there been so much talk about religion, so much study of the subject, so many books written on it, so much investigation into its history, as in our age; and yet sometimes I feel as if there



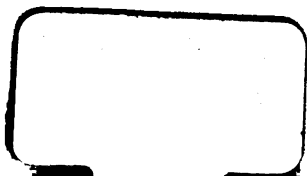
had never been for two thousand years so much irreligion as in the nineteenth century.

I am not altogether discouraged. The conquest of nature has been so sudden, the opportunities for comfort and luxury have been so unexpected, that the human race is bewildered with the change. It has been like a child with a new toy. But behind all these achievements, all this conquest over nature, all these comforts and luxuries, all our tunnels and bridges, our banqueting and our pleasures, our microscopes and our telescopes, our chemical retorts and our factories—behind all this is the same old soul or spirit, as the endowment of the human race. It has been given to us alone. The creature beneath us knows naught of it. And the century to come may awake once more to a realizing sense of what it is losing. With the thought of the human race as still in its youth I keep up my hope.

One conviction I hold on to, looking back over the last hundred years. I know that many brave deeds have been done. I know that many unselfish lives have been lived. I know that there has been struggle against evil, and a battle for justice. I know that the right arm of the soul of man has worked, and worked hard, for truth and right. And it is a faith deep in the core of my being, that not one of those lives has been wasted, not one blow for justice has gone for naught, not one effort to conquer an evil passion has failed of its account; not one brave deed for right and truth has been dissipated. It has all counted for something. It has gone on and will go on; through the next century and centuries after, on and on while the human heart lives and pleads and while the human hand works. Whatever this century has done for right and truth and justice, can never die.







the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased in the UK (Mental Health Act 1983, 1990).

There is a growing awareness of the need to improve the lives of people with mental health problems. The Department of Health (1999) has set out a strategy for mental health care in the UK. The strategy is based on the following principles:

- People with mental health problems should be treated as individuals.
- People with mental health problems should be given the opportunity to participate in decisions about their care.
- People with mental health problems should be given the opportunity to live in their own homes.

The strategy also states that people with mental health problems should be given the opportunity to live in their own homes.

The strategy also states that people with mental health problems should be given the opportunity to live in their own homes. This is a key principle of the strategy and is reflected in the following objectives:

- To reduce the number of people with mental health problems who are in hospital.
- To increase the number of people with mental health problems who are living in their own homes.
- To improve the quality of life of people with mental health problems.

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