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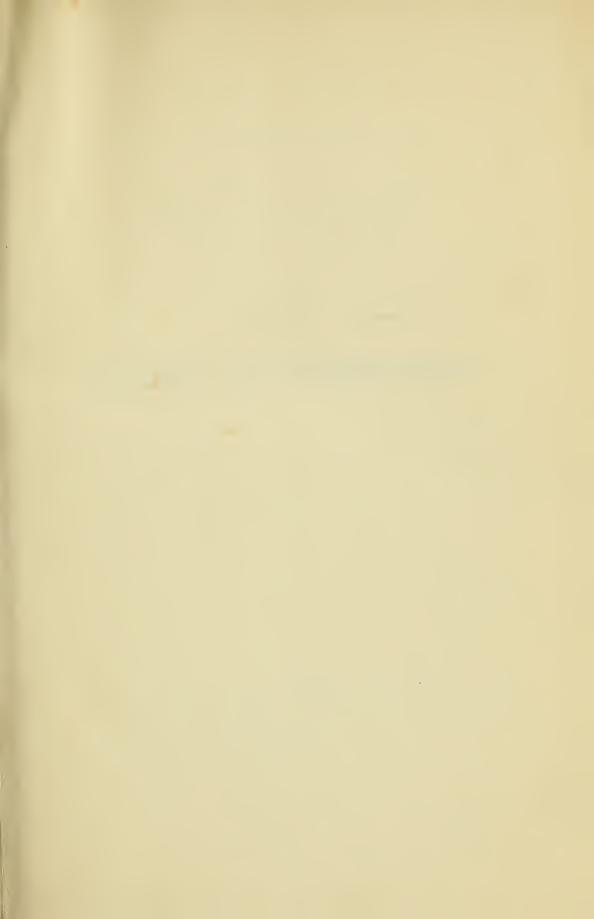
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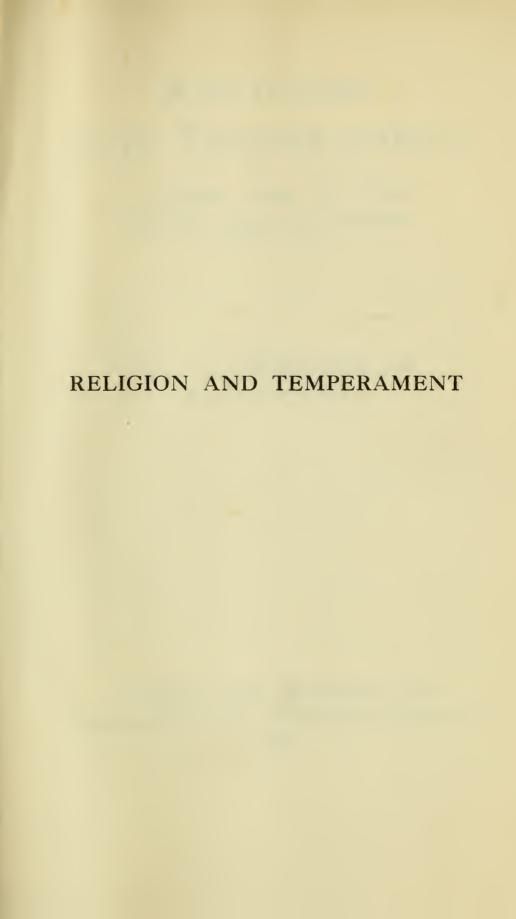
Rev. James Leach







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A Popular Study of Their Relations, Actual and Possible

BY

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#### CHAPTER I

HOW FAR IS RELIGION A MATTER OF TEMPERAMENT?

It is some few years ago now since a certain resplendent and only too well-dressed youth was being assailed by an older man in the interests of the higher spiritualities. Religion is so definitely individual a matter that a servant of Jesus who wishes to plead efficiently for his Lord must needs study carefully the idiosyncrasies of each person he hopes to influence; and the older man went about his Father's business warily, and prepared the way carefully for his ultimate pronouncement that the younger had very definite spiritual possibilities, which were perhaps unsuspected and which were certainly unrealised, simply because the youth had never given them a chance to develop.

"What you need," said the older friend, "is to submit to the dominance of a great liberating personality like that of Jesus Christ, and you would be amazed at your own capacity for religion."

But the younger man had other ideas. He was a tenor attached to a continental Opera House, and

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the experiences that had come his way had helped him to believe that he was temperamentally nonreligious. Occasionally he had encountered what he recognised as genuine religion in someone else. He mentioned his mother, and a lady friend, and made it clear that the beauty of their holiness had appealed to the artist within him. But he traced his appreciation to the alert æstheticism rather than to the latent spirituality of his own temperament.

"Consumption," the tenor announced blandly, is to the consumptive, and religion to the religious."

The verdict was delivered with an air of finality. But the older man recognised, not for the first time, that the great truths of Christianity are equal to surviving an epigram. So he plied the singer with arguments, and received in return a catalogue of cheap scepticisms. "The Trinity!" urged the tenor, with a shrug of the shoulders that had more than once done duty in interpreting Wagner, "Three in One and One in Three! Impossible!" The man with a brief for the spiritualities knew within himself that theology is not necessarily religion and religion is not necessarily theology; but he also saw that, instead of insisting on this, he must answer a wise man according to his wisdom. "Your match!" he therefore said. "When you were lighting your cigarette, there was the flame itself, there was the light, there was the heat. Three in one and . . . Almost blatantly theological, is it not?" The tenor relinquished his point with a smile, for he was of the

order for whom analogy is equivalent to argument; and, besides, the epigram had exhausted his intellectual possibilities for the time being. But he was obdurate regarding his main position. In vain the older man drew forth quotations from the vasty deeps of his recollection. Homer, he averred, had ventured the opinion that, as young birds open their mouths for food, so all men crave for the gods. William Edward Hartpole Lecky was cited as claiming "that religious instincts are as truly a part of our nature as our appetites and nerves." Reference was even made to Sabatier's statement that man is incurably religious. The quotations were received with an unfeigned interest that was merely the veneer of a polite incredulity. Life had to teach the singer more before God could get at him in other ways. So the older man learnt afresh what he knew His friend must wait for a great love, or a big sorrow, or a strong and resisted temptation, before his latent pieties asserted themselves. Soon after the talk the beckon of each man's calling led them different ways. Less than two years after the older friend heard that the tenor was seriously assessing the claims of the Roman Church to the custody of his soul, and the latest rumour credited him with having become a confirmed Christian Scientist.

The tenor was simply a type of myriad others. All too often, until actual experience teaches them otherwise, many men honestly conclude that, what-

ever be the case with other people, they themselves are temperamentally non-religious.

# Every Man Potentially Religious

His case and others that will be cited later in this chapter tend to show that the form religion takes, the extent and particularly the pace of religious development do depend largely on temperament, and yet the least likely souls have so often succumbed to the power of spiritual forces that there is full justification for believing that every human being is potentially religious. It is indeed more than arguable that spiritual capacity is the sole gift that definitely marks off men from the lower animals. To begin with, nearly every other human talent exists in a more or less rudimentary form in the lower animal creation. It becomes increasingly difficult to maintain the old distinction between reason and instinct; and it is impossible to persuade the owner of an intelligent dog that animals cannot think. We regard the Assouan dam as one of the triumphs of modern engineering. The beavers also are engineers. Madame Tetrazzini is a great singer, but she is complimented when her hearers compare her to a nightingale. The City man, foolishly eager for further acquisition, has his counterpart in the jackdaw, who also accumulates what he considers valuable, and accumulates in the main for the mere joy of possession. But though animals have gifts of intelligence, constructiveness, music, and acquisi-

tion, yet no animal save man is spiritual. The den of the tiger never becomes a temple. The song of the nightingale never becomes a psalm. It is man, and man alone, who is capable of spiritual development; and this capacity is seemingly the only human gift that is not shared in some rudimentary degree with the lower animals. Hence the presumption that each man is dowered with that spiritual capacity which alone marks him off from the beast of the field and the bird of the forest. It is essential to a man that he should be human. It is essential to the human that he be potentially religious.

This conclusion and much else that it connotes is often obscured by a further consideration that illuminates the relations between religion and temperament. It should be freely admitted that religion is a matter of temperament for some folk far more than for others, and Tertullian had experience to back him when he spoke of "a soul naturally Christian." Ralph Waldo Emerson was such an one; for in his case heredity and environment all but amounted to a temperamental compulsion to religion. He had among his ancestors seven ministers of New England Churches. His father was minister of a Unitarian Church in Boston, and his earlier forebears included William Emerson, preacher and patriot and soldier of the Revolution; Joseph Emerson, \* of Malden, "a heroic scholar," who prayed every night that no

<sup>\*</sup> Memoir of R. W. Emerson by James Elliot Cabot, vol. 1, p. 9 (Houghton, also Macmillan 1887).

descendant of his might ever be rich; and Father Samuel Moody, \* of Agamenticus, in Maine, who, when his wife, to restrict his charities, made him a purse that was difficult to open, gave away purse and all to the next beggar. With such ancestors it would have been difficult for Emerson to be other than he was. Yet even for Emerson heredity was bias rather than destiny; and who can say what his development might have been had he not come under the influence of an orthodox maiden aunt, eccentric in saintliness and brilliant in intellect? With Ralph Waldo Emerson temperament alone did not decree religion. The truth about the relations between religion and temperament would appear to be this. Sainthood is often assisted by temperament, and the anima naturaliter Christiana of Tertullian is of necessity a big factor in the life of all endowed with it. But no man comes into the world without religious possibilities. Spiritual seed and spiritual soil are part of every human personality, even though the time, the circumstances, the extent, and the quality of religious development be matters of temperament.

# From Atheism to Theosophy

This conclusion is strengthened by the consideration of typical examples of folk who seemed at one time to be destitute of spiritual capacity, but who, nevertheless, have lived to show how false was any such suspicion. Even militant atheism makes its con-

<sup>\*</sup> Cabot's Emerson, vol. 1, p. 10.

tribution to this class. Bradlaughism and Theosophy are surely sufficiently far apart for progress from one to the other to seem impossible within the limits of one individual experience. Yet Mrs. Besant could tell us much about the road between. In the "Gospel of Atheism," a propagandist lecture she delivered repeatedly and published in 1877, there is a note of passionate and even exultant identification with a definitely non-spiritual attitude. To herself she seemed so destitute of all religious capacity that the very concept of God, let alone any personal spiritual experience, appeared unattainable. "Atheism," \* she proclaimed, "is without God. It does not assert no God. The Atheist does not say 'There is no God,' but he says, 'I know not what you mean by God. I am without idea of God. The word "God" is to me a sound conveying no clear or distinct affirmation." The author of these significant lines lived to write with an even greater intensity of conviction sentences like these: "Only one condition is needed in order that a Christ may share his strength with a younger brother: that in the separated life the human consciousness will open itself to the divine, will show itself receptive of the offered life and take the freely outpoured gift. For so reverent is God to that spirit which is Himself in man, that He will not even pour into the human soul a flood of strength and life unless that soul is willing to receive it. There must be an open-

<sup>\*&</sup>quot;The Gospel of Atheism," a lecture by Annie Besant, 1877, p. 5.

the receptiveness of the lower nature as well as the willingness of the higher to give. That is the link between Christ and the man; that is what the Churches have called the outpouring of 'divine grace'; that is what is meant by 'the faith' necessary to make the grace effective. As Giordano Bruno once put it: 'The human soul has windows, and can shut those windows close.' The sun outside is shining, the light is unchanging: let the windows be opened and the sunlight must stream in. The light of God is beating against the windows of every human soul, and when the windows are thrown open the soul becomes illuminated." \*

Those who regard religion as entirely a matter of temperament usually point for verification, first to the cultured, and secondly to the criminal classes. It must be admitted that some men of science seem so obsessed by immediate and superficial conclusions from scientific processes, that it is not easy for them to give fair play to any deduction that suggests even the fundamentals of religion. Nothing is more curious than to see such a man struggling on the verge of, say, Theism, and yet resisting what, save for sheer bias, would appeal to him as a reasonable conclusion. Professor Tyndall, in a lecture† on "Crystalline and Molecular Forces," said: "And if

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Esoteric Christianity," by Annie Besant, 1901, p. 225.

<sup>†</sup> Sixth Series of Science Lectures delivered in the Hulme Town Hall, Manchester, 1874. Lecture I., p. 11.

you will allow me a moment's diversion, I would say that I have stood in the spring-time and looked upon the sprouting foliage, the grass, and the flowers, and the general joy of opening life. And, in my ignorance of it all, I have asked myself whether there is no power, being, or thing in the universe whose knowledge of that of which I am so ignorant is greater than mine. I have asked myself, Can it be possible that man's life is the highest life? My friends, the profession of that atheism with which I am sometimes so lightly charged would, in any case, be an impossible answer to this question, only slightly preferable to that fierce and distorted Theism, which I have had lately reason to know still reigns rampant in some minds as the survival of a more ferocious age." A man who went as far as this could have gone much farther had he let his spiritual nature have its way; and his refusal to do so, whatever else it was, was in essence unscientific.

# Huxley and Darwin

Huxley referred to the religious feeling as the essential basis of conduct. A more drastic logic applied to certain other of his statements would have landed him in a position very different from that with which the public of his day credited him. In his "Lay Sermons," on p. 286, he describes the tadpole in its slimy cradle, and adds: "After watching the process hour after hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more

subtle aid to vision than an achromatic object-glass would show the hidden artist with his plan before him, striving with skilful manipulation to perfect his work." The same halting mental process is revealed in a passage in his "Scientific Lectures," where, after referring to the many possible defects of the eye, he adds, "But they are all so counteracted that the inexactness of the images very little exceeds the limits which are set to the delicacy of sensation by the dimensions of the retinal cones. The adaptation of the eye to its functions is therefore most complete, and is seen in the very limits set to its defects. The result, which may have been reached by innumerable generations under the Darwinian law of inheritance, coincides with what the wisest wisdom may have devised beforehand."

The attitude of Charles Darwin was much the same. In his work on "Orchids," the great pioneer of evolution confesses,\* "The more I study nature the more I become impressed with ever increasing force that the contrivances and beautiful adaptations slowly acquired through each part occasionally varying in a slight degree but in many ways, with the preservation of those variations which were beneficial to the organism under the complex and ever varying conditions of life, transcend in an incomparable manner the contrivances and adaptations which the most fertile imagination of man could invent."

<sup>\*&</sup>quot;Fertilisation of Orchids," by Charles Darwin. Second edition. Revised 1877, p. 285 (Murray).

In the "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," edited by his son, there is set forth a naïve epistle \* which enables the discerning to see exactly how he managed to avoid belief in that Theism whch offers an intellectual basis for a life of religion. He wrote: "Another sort of conviction of the existence of God, connected with the reason and not with the feelings, impresses me as having much more weight. This follows from the extreme difficulty, or rather impossibility, of conceiving this immense and wonderful universe, including man, with his wonderful capacity of looking far backward and far into futurity, as the result of blind chance or necessity. When thus reflecting, I feel compelled to look to a First Cause, having an intelligent mind in some degree analogous to man; and I desire to be called a Theist. This conclusion was strong in my mind about the time, as far as I can remember, when I wrote the 'Origin of Species,' and it is since that time that it has very gradually, and with many fluctuations, become weaker. But then arises the doubt, Can the mind of man, which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions? I cannot pretend to throw the least light on such abstruse problems. The mystery of the beginning of all things is insoluble by us, and I for one must be content to remain an agnostic."

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Charles Darwin," by Francis Darwin, p. 61 (Murray, 1902).

This passage meant that he trusted intellectual processes when they confirmed or illustrated the evolution hypothesis, but he shrank from allowing his mind to dictate the only conviction that really rationalised the doctrine of evolution. Evolution thought of as initiated by an Evolver brings the whole scheme of evolution inside the scientific doctrine of causation. But some men of science resist this completion of the evolution idea because of the wholly illogical bias revealed in the above quoted passages.

If this judgment seems harsh and ill considered, the following testimony by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace \* may serve to verify and illuminate it. Dr. Wallace, who discovered at the same time as Darwin much that is often associated only with the latter, contributed to "Harmsworth's History of the World," Part I., p. 92, this passage:—

"Thus, the universe in its purely physical and inorganic aspect is now seen to be such an overwhelming complex organism as to suggest to most minds some vast Intelligent Power pervading and sustaining it. Persons to whom this seems a logical necessity will not be much disturbed by the dilemma of the agnostics—that, however wonderful the material universe may be, a Being who could bring it into existence must be more wonderful, and that they prefer to hold the lesser marvel to be self-existent

<sup>\*</sup> See "Religious Beliefs of Scientists," by Arthur H. Tabrum, p. 60 (Hunter & Longhurst, 1910).

rather than the greater. When, however, we pass from the inorganic to the organic world, governed by a new set of laws, and apparently by some regulating and controlling forces altogether distinct from those at work in inorganic nature; and when, further, we see that these organisms originated at some definite epoch when the earth had become adapted to sustain them, and thereafter developed into two great branches of non-sentient and sentient life, the latter gradually acquiring higher and higher senses and faculties till it culminated in man-a being whose higher intellectual and moral nature seems adapted for, even to call for, infinite developmentthis logical necessity for some Higher Intelligence to which he himself owes his existence, and which alone rendered the origin of sentient life possible, will seem still more irresistible."

The sentences earlier set forth from Mrs. Besant's "Esoteric Christianity" illuminate the failure of some men to develop along religious lines and supply its most reasonable explanation. What God gives to every man is the possibility of religious development, and not compulsion towards the divine. It is His to woo and not to compel. He persuades, but He does not force. It would vitiate the quality of the ultimate religious life were He to overcome scientific or other bias by sheer coercion; and perhaps because other and later worlds will give Him further opportunities of influence His patience is as lasting as His love.

Yet even in this world an anti-religious bias is not necessarily part of the equipment of the true scientist. There have been cases where that bias, once strong, has passed as life has deepened and widened. George John Romanes, the great naturalist, a close friend and fellow worker of Darwin, passed from its cramping numbness to a singularly attractive and humble-minded Christianity; and all the world knows that among professed Christians have been numbered Kepler, Newton, Robert Boyle, Michael Faraday, Herschel, Clerk Maxwell, Lord Kelvin, and Professor Stokes.

# St. Augustine

The faith of these scientists may be paralleled among the giants in other intellectual realms. One historic case in particular is worth citing, because of its bearing on the question of the existence of temperamental irreligion. In the fourth century a man of thirty-two, born of a pagan father and a Christian mother, had mastered most of the wisdom of this world, and as a result had passed from the materialism and dualism of Manicheanism to the monism and idealism of Neo-Platonic philosophy. But the change had left him still a sensualist, who found the sins of the flesh irresistible. There is probably no less promising material for sainthood than your scholar and sensualist who has passed his first youth. Yet this particular scholar came under the gracious influence of Ambrose of Milan, an expert ripe with the culture

of two worlds; and the contagion of so noble a personality compelled him to spiritual struggle with the world and the flesh. For a long time the battle went on. And one day he left a companion who was with him in a garden, and in black despair flung himself down under a fig tree and wept in sheer agony of longing for spiritual experiences that temperament seemed to deny him. "Why not," he cried to God, "at once? Why not at this very hour end my foulness?" Here is his own account of the answer to his prayer:

"I spoke thus, and wept in the bitterest sorrow of my heart. And lo, I heard a voice as of a boy or girl from a neighbouring house—I know not which chanting, and frequently repeating: 'Take, read; take, read.' And immediately, with a change of countenance, I began to think most eagerly whether boys were in the habit of using these words in any of their games, but I could not recall any such expression to my mind; so, repressing the violence of my weeping, I arose, interpreting it to be nothing less than a Divine admonition that I should open the Book and read the first chapter I should find. For I had heard of Antony, how he accidentally came in during the reading of the Gospel, and took what was being read as addressed to himself individually: 'Go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow Me.' And by this oracle he was at once converted to Thee. Thus stirred, I returned

to that spot where Alypius was sitting; for there I had laid down the volume of the Apostle when I rose up. I seized it, opened it, and read in silence the passage on which my eyes first fell: 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh in its lusts.' I would read no further, nor was there any need for me to do so; for instantly, when I had finished the sentence, by a serene light, as it were infused into my heart, all the clouds of doubt were dispersed."

The serene light became a permanence, and he who profited by its radiance developed into the saint, the greatest of the four great Fathers of the Church, Augustine of Hippo.

### From Crime to Sainthood

Even the criminal and the depraved, despite the bias of their careers, have so often recruited the ranks of the saints that it is not easy to argue that any one of them is incapable of religious development. In the eighteenth century John Newton, a one-time deserter from the Royal Navy, and later a drunken, swearing, immoral slave-trader, came under the thrall of Christ, and, serving his Lord as a godly clergyman of the Church of England, lived to write the hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." In London at the moment of writing this chapter there dwells a man who is himself a living apologia

for Christianity, and who, furthermore, is typical of many such. The author met him at a meeting of a learned society, where his physique served to confirm certain points in a highly technical paper on "Criminology." Conversation elicited the facts that he was the son of a jeweller who had, in his youth, turned him out of doors for stealing a diamond ring. Petty pilfering soon landed him in a reformatory. Release from this gave him opportunities for larger thefts, which led to prison. Renewed freedom found him a burglar; and it appeared that in his later alternation he had served sentences amounting in all to thirty years.

"What are you doing now?" came the question when this startling information had been assimilated. The man smiled. It was a smile of infinite good humour, of tenderness even, and the goodness was as evident as the humour. It was a smile to remember; and the next moment he was not smiling alone. "What am I doing now?" he repeated. "I'm a cashier." "What?" came my amused and amazed queries, "Where? And how long?" "In a bank," was his answer, "and nine years' character to my name, thank God." It was astounding, but true. Through the medium of the Salvation Army his Lord had found him in the prison cell, and, his sentence over, the same religious organisation had provided him with friends and secured him a new start in life. Further, not only has he kept absolutely straight; but, later, the testi-

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mony of others afforded assurance that he is ripening into a strong-souled and winsome Christian character whose chief delight is in claiming for Christ his earlier criminal associates. Many have responded. For others he is still praying with calm confidence. He has the best of all reasons for refusing to believe that religion is entirely a matter of temperament; and he is even prepared to maintain that such is the potential power of Jesus Christ over every personality that turns wistfully towards Him, that He is able to save to the uttermost them that draw nigh unto God through Him.

#### CHAPTER II

#### RELIGION AND CHRISTIANITY

The fact that not all words have always the same meaning for all people has been a fruitful root of controversy; and it is well, therefore, at an early stage of this book to define terms. The definitions submitted will be of set purpose limited both in outline and exposition by their bearing on later pages; and no attempt at anything exhaustive is contemplated. Religion and Christianity and Temperament are the three terms occurring most frequently in this book; and the present and the following chapters are therefore given to such explanations and comments as seem to serve the interests of clarity.

Philologists always claim the first word in the interpretation of vocabulary; and yet they do not particularly help forward any attempt to elucidate the meaning of "religion." To begin with, there is no agreement as to whether the Latin original was religio or relligio. Then controversy has gathered round alternative derivations. Cicero traced the noun back to the verb relegere, which means to collect together, to gather and so to go over a subject in thought. In his "De Natura Deorum," ii., 27, 28,

he claimed that "men were called 'religious' because they reconsidered with care and, as it were, went over again in thought all that appertained to the worship of the gods." Lactantius, the early fourthcentury Christian apologist who tutored the Emperor Constantine's son Crispus, claims, in his "Divinarum Institutionum," iv., 28, that by the chain of religion we are bound to God; and he therefore maintains religare, to bind, as alternative derivation. Servius, a commentator on Virgil, who lived in Rome some seventy-five years after the death of Lactantius, and St. Augustine, who was baptised in 387, took the same view; and Liddon's conclusion was that while Lactantius may be wrong in his etymology, his connecting of the word with the idea of an obligation by which man is bound to an invisible God shows that he has certainly seized its broad popular sense.

It would seem as if in this case etymology is more profitable for exposition than for exact information; for religions certainly both bind men to gods and set them thinking on all that pertains to the worship of these. Experts of other orders are often about equally helpful. Anthropologists, for example, focus much of their attention on Animism, which Dr. Joseph Estlin Carpenter declares to be not indeed itself a religion but rather a primitive kind of philosophy which provides the intellectual form for the interpretation alike of Man and Nature. Animism at least shows us men who have taken a first spiritual step by distinguishing between material objects such as

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bodies of men or animals, rocks and trees, and powers conceived as acting in or through them; and possibly this portraval led Dr. E. B. Tylor to set forth "belief in spiritual beings" as a minimum definition of religion adoptable by anthropologists as a working conception. It is certainly only a rough definition, for Robertson Smith's great point, that ritual is primary in primitive religions while articles of belief are only secondary, and Mr. R. R. Marrett's criticism, that the outlook of animistic beliefs is toward the quasi-material as well as toward the spiritual, are both relevant. Dr. J. G. Frazer's definition of religion in his "Golden Bough" also enjoys a large fame, and yet it is also markedly incomplete. Meaning by "powers" conscious or personal agents, he sets it forth ("Golden Bough," 2nd edition, vol. i., p. 63) that religion is "a propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man which are believed to direct and control the course of nature and of human life." Mr. Marrett is right when he says that the definition improves on Tylor's in so far as it makes worship integral to the religious attitude. He is also right in claiming that by regarding the object of religion as necessarily personal, Dr. Frazer is led to exclude much that primitive man regards as exerting mystic influence on his life; and there is force in his comment that to maintain that the powers recognised by religion are always superior to man is to leave unclassed practices which display a bargaining or even a hectoring

spirit on the part of those addressing them. Would Dr. Fraser refuse to regard as religious in the animistic sense the spectacle of an Indian hedge priest and his familiar bargaining in dialogue, or a primitive Australian threatening the "dead hand" he carries about as a divining rod that if he is wrongly guided he will throw it to the dogs?\*

#### Some More Definitions

Temporary limitation of outlook is suggested by the average attempt to define religion; and probably most originators of definitions would be prepared to admit themselves obsessed by certain leading characteristics of religion and hence tempted to sacrifice completeness to emphasis. What we must, therefore, look for in definitions is an indication of such phases of religion as bulk largest in the minds of their authors, and once this is understood, there are few definitions that are not profitable for instruction. Max Müller, the philologist, was a link between investigators whose outlook is mainly on animistic faiths and scholars who for the most part associate religion with its more developed forms. In his "Natural Religion" (1899, p. 188) he taught that "religion consists in the perception of the infinite under such manifestations as are able to influence the moral character of man." The definition does not appear to suggest that belief in a deity is essential to religion; and it would bring into the category

<sup>\*</sup> See get. Prayer, "Ency. Brit." XXII., 256.

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of religions Buddhism, which in its original and philosophical form is godless. Schleiermacher, that great early-nineteenth-century middleman in theology, ethics, philosophy and science, in his later life identified religion with feeling ("Christliche Glaube," i., p. 6 onwards), and especially with the feeling of absolute dependence or the consciousness of being in relation to God; and James Martineau defined religion as "Belief in an ever living God, i.e. of a divine mind and will ruling the universe and holding moral relations with mankind."

These two latter teachers set forth religion as its more developed forms present themselves to the minds of their votaries in their most permanent moods. It is obvious that their definitions not exhaustive. Perhaps because God is greater than our largest thought of Him; religion is too big a subject to come within the limitations of any attempt to define it. Yet, as already suggested, the wise will increase their wisdom each time they meditate on any honest attempt. They will even learn something from controversies like that between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Harrison, who argued gravely the comparative merits of the religion of the unknowable and the religion of humanity. From such arguments and from whole series of definitions they will further cull this definite fact: that he is safest who undertakes to say not what is necessarily meant by religion, but what he himself means most commonly when he uses the word. The

present writer conceives religion as belief in an ever living and unescapable God, persuading the believer to attempt a life of relationship with the Divine.

Which is the most effective form of religion? This book takes it for granted that Christianity has an efficiency that is not discoverable in any other religion; and the postulate is capable of proof. Indeed trial by comparison always means victory for Christianity. No true Christian will sneer at other religions. Whatever helps others away from the material and towards the good must always have claims on his reverent consideration: and often he will show his own familiarity with God by discovering traces of Him in men and systems where others see nothing of the Divine. Yet for all that he will refuse on occasion to be merely apologetic and will boldly challenge comparison between Christianity and any rival religion. To show forth Jesus and to challenge other faiths to produce his peer is both the Christian's delight and duty; and he can admit with sorrow the inconsistencies of professing Christians, contemporary and earlier, and then can point to the best in the lives of Christians of successive ages and challenge history to show its like outside the area of the influence of Jesus. There are also other methods of comparison. The evolutionary ideal of a successful life as involving progressive development can be taken for granted, and then an attempt can be made to discover how far the most serious rival to Christianity assists a process obviously

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forwarded by the teaching and influence associated with Jesus. The definition of religion as belief in an ever living and unescapable God persuading the believer to attempt a life of relationship with the Divine implies that Buddhism is not really a religion. It is a philosophy, a great ethical system, but its lack of a personal God would seem to put it outside the pale of religion strictly so called. Yet the philosophy of Gotama is regarded popularly as a religion; and since Buddhism as a whole is for the intelligent and devout mind perhaps the most serious rival to Christianity, to compare them in themselves and in their relations to the evolutionary ideal of a successful life as marked by progressive development is to offer rivals to Christianity their maximum advantage.

#### The Inwardness of Buddhism

There is help towards understanding the true inwardness of Buddhism even in such inadequate outline and incident as the following. The young Rajput after much searching of heart gave up wealth and family ties and all that most men value so that study and self-denial, meditation and penance, might yield him peace. He fought through his season of temptation under the bo-tree, and the religious side of his nature triumphing, he regarded himself as having attained to Nirvana, the calm or sinless state or condition of mind reached by a dying out or extinction of sin. Thenceforth he preached as a plan of salvation the Noble Eightfold Path, that is

to say right views, right aspirations, right speech, right conduct, right mode of livelihood, right right mindfulness, and right rapture. The unemancipated life was seen by the Buddha or Enlightened One as a process of pain due to seeking satisfaction of craving, the said craving in the main being lust of the flesh, the lust of life and the love of this present world. Men, he proclaimed, are impelled to craving by separateness, individuality; and their salvation lies in realising the Truths and traversing the Path, in breaking unholy Bonds, in putting an end to intoxications and hindrances, and thus attaining the ideal of Arahatship "the state of him who is worthy," a state identical with Nirvana, "the dying out" in the heart of the three cardinal sins—sensuality, ill-will and stupidity.

The scheme of ideas underlying the above exposition is made clearer by an incident in the life of the Buddha.\* Gotama, wishing to influence a farmer, who was a wealthy Brahmin, took an almsbowl and stood near one of the farmer's fields and begged. Said the owner of the field to him: "Why do you come and beg? I plough and sow and earn my food. You should do the same." "I too, O Brahmin," said the beggar, "plough and sow; and having ploughed and sown, I eat." The farmer was astonished. "You only profess," he replied, "to be a farmer. No one sees your ploughing. What

<sup>\*</sup> See art. Buddha, "Ency. Brit." IV., 740. Also another version in "Buddhism," by T. W. Rhys Davids, p. 134 (S.P.C.K., 1910).

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do you mean?" "For my cultivation," rejoined the Buddha, "faith is the seed, self-combat is the fertilising rain, the weeds I destroy are the cleaving to existence. Wisdom is my plough, and its guiding shaft is modesty. Perseverance draws my plough, and I guide it with the rein of my mind. The field I work is in the law, and the harvest that I reap is the never-dying nectar of Nirvana. Those who reap this harvest destroy all the weeds of sorrow."

No one with any spiritual sense can fail to discern the beauty and power implicit in these glimpses of the Buddha and Buddhism; and it is much that it represents Nirvana as attainable in this life.\* Yet when ideal Buddhism is contrasted with ideal Christianity, which seems the more likely to assist progressive individual development? In Buddhism there is a note of exaggeration regarding the sadness of human life, and pessimism makes for inaction rather than development. Then although the stages of the Noble Eightfold Path involve the practice of positive virtues, yet Nirvana is in the main represented as a state of quiescence. It is true that Pali poetry attaches to it an occasional expression like "the bliss of effort"; and modern Pali scholars warn us against the error of thinking Nirvana involves either eternal trance or absolute annihilation of the soul. But it is not unfair to remark that the Buddhist ultimate ideal suggests the torpor of tranquillity

<sup>\*</sup> See footnote 2, p. 132, vol. 3, "Sacred Books of the Buddhists" (Frowde, 1910).

rather than the energy and increasing individuality of a developing personality.

## Calvary and Nirvana

This is significant both in itself and by contrast with Christianity. One may learn much by setting over against one another Calvary and Nirvana. Calvary means that for all Christians the cross is imperative; and always for mortal man to suffer the cross must include among other things the suppression of unholy desire and a larger identity with God. Yet both suppression and increasing identity with God eventuate in normal Christianity, not in torpor or loss of individuality, but in the developing of personality along divinely appointed lines. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," means that true religion fulfils itself in a Christdeveloped personality; and so while Buddhism stands in effect for the minimising of personality, Christianity aims at its development. This last fact alone gives the latter the larger claim on all exponents of evolutionary ideals. Then no small part of Buddhism is its adopted doctrines of the transmigration of the soul and the allied ethical conception of Karma, according to which a man's social position and physique are fixed by his actions in a previous incarnation. What has passed from one body to another by transmigration is not soul or consciousness or memory. It is craving only that is transmitted. Yet how can identity be preserved if neither

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soul nor consciousness nor memory are retained? And if in these respects the individual differs from himself in previous migrations, is it a just or reasonable arrangement that retains results of unremembered actions as determinant factors of a life that otherwise has little connection with its previous existences? The doctrines of Karma and transmigration are but two extra examples of that chief weakness of Buddhism, its attitude towards personality. Christianity, by its emphasis on the importance of the salvation of the individual soul and by its clear teaching concerning personal immortality, takes totally different ground; and its attitudes towards personality and progress alike prove its inherent superiority to Buddhism as a faith for nations and men who see in evolution a continuous and upward world process. Further, the best in Buddhism is discoverable in Christianity where it exists in the degree that assists but does not retard individual development. This can be understood by recalling the earlier contrast between Calvary and Nirvana, or by noting the extent to which New Testament Christianity emphasises the need of emancipation or self-suppression or any other ethical demand of Gotama. And of course to the best in Buddhism Christianity adds a best of its own.

# Theosophy and Positivism

There is yet another testimony to the efficiency and supremacy of Christianity in the extent to

which latter-day rival systems of thought or morals are in their main teachings either derivative or identical. Indeed it is not too much to say that practically all contemporary serious rivals of Christianity that challenge its supremacy on spiritual grounds have as their working idea a more or less clear reproduction of one main tenet of the older faith. Take, for instance, Theosophy and Positivism. They are excellent examples of the sporadic competitors that Christianity is always surviving. What is the main idea of Theosophy? The first of the three declared objects of the Theosophical Society as founded by Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott was "To form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour." The only condition of membership of the Society was assent to this article, which in effect proclaims brotherhood as the main idea of Theosophy. Who taught the race brotherhood? The influence of Jesus in this connection is the more significant when we recall that such brotherhood as there was in ancient Athens and Rome was the brotherhood of the ringfence. The slave, the manual worker, was outside the recognised limits of fraternity. Christianity at once set to work to bring him in. St. Paul, writing to Philemon regarding his runaway slave Onesimus, pleaded that he should be received "no longer as a servant, but more than a servant, a brother beloved." And while Christians have been slow to recognise all the obligations of brotherhood, there has never been

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a time when her adherents did not represent the greatest world-force making for fraternity.

A similar line of comment is relevant to Christianity and Positivism. What is the central idea of Positivism regarded as a religion? We do not answer this question by recalling the saying of a devotee that Positivism is Catholicism plus Science, or by repeating the gibe of a critic that it is Catholicism minus Christianity. The following sentences are, however, a not unfair synthesis of prominent phases of Comte's teaching. The conception of God is superseded by the abstract idea of Humanity, present and future, regarded as the Great Being and visualised as a mighty Personality on the throne of the universe. Social evolution registers the true progress of men and women; and all such progress must be preceded by moral transformation as shown in, for example, changes for the better in the family and marriage, and the gradual moralisation of capital and other social agencies. Preliminary transformation and definite evolution alike are to result from a wholehearted development of the sympathetic instincts; and this development is to be a product of the Religion of Humanity which has as its feature the Worship of Humanity.

What is the real meaning of that Worship of Humanity which stands revealed as the main idea of Positivism? By the Worship of Humanity Comtists mean the service of humanity; and so the development of benevolence in man and the habit

of living for others are for the true Positivist the ultimate aim and standard of practice. Yet who stands in history as the main exponent and the supreme example of the service of humanity? All too often the disciples of Jesus contended among themselves, moved by desire of precedence and passion for place; and even when in the last year of our Lord's ministry they gathered for the pascal supper the unseemly strife marred the dignity of the occasion. Their Master heard and understood, and after the first cup of wine he poured water into a basin; and to the shame of them all he girded himself with a towel and washed their feet. Then, "after he had washed their feet, and had taken his garments, and was set down again, he said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him. ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." The scene answers our question. Yet there is another to be asked. Who through the ages has inspired the chief servants of humanity? Let Francis of Assisi, washing the sores of lepers, Elizabeth Fry, tending abandoned prisoners, David Livingstone laying down his life for Africa, Dr. Barnardo, living

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for destitute children, serve as representatives of many who owed all the inspiration of lives lived for others to the influence of Him who died for humanity on the Cross. Positivism has learnt most and learnt best from the very Christianity it seeks to supplant, and with all its rivalry it offers yet another testimony to the supreme efficiency of Christianity as a world-religion.

## Christianity Defined

It remains still to make clear what is meant by Christianity. The term Christianity is applicable to any Christocentric scheme of spiritual and ethical truth conjoined with a life that reveals the scheme in practice; and whilst many such schemes have in them much that is inherently unbelievable by non-sympathisers, yet it seems proved that there is hardly any spiritual idea anywhere that God has not at some time or other used to help someone. All religious thinking, all attempts to formulate religious thought, all spiritual feeling is a phase of that eternal divine process whereby God is always trying to get at the souls of men. Every heathen religion is a measure of His success; and Christianity is what it is because it represents God's maximum success in getting at humanity and inspiring men to divine wisdom and a diviner life. God gets at men by imparting Himself and realising Himself in their best life; and so manifestly is this His aim that fellowship between Himself and men is more regarded

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by Him than the imparting of absolute truth or the accuracy of men's ideas of reality. For Him the personal relationships between Himself and the soul of each individual are the most momentous facts in His universe. When among a Semitic people whom we know in their later development as Jews, there was developed a specialised capacity for such personal relationships, and when that development became so marked that it lifted them above the level of other races, the Jews became the centre of His self-realisation and revelation. Since they were human they in the various stages of their development found believable only such ideas of God as made Him in some sort an image of themselves; and often their working notion of Him represented the temporary limit of their capacity for belief even more than it showed forth the ultimate reality of the divine. "The Lord is a man of war" was a conception that owed at least as much to a nation of fighters immersed in racial warfare as it did to the true character of the God who was content to appeal to men in the highest form they for the moment found credible. Yet every such conception of God prepared the way for a later conception nearer to reality; and the Old Testament is the history of the ascending conceptions and their relations to the life of the Jewish people.

When successive conceptions had so far educated them that some of their finer spirits were capable of recognising and dimly appreciating a revelation

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of God as perfect as human limitations would permit, God expressed in the personality of Jesus all of Himself that could be expressed in a human life. What God the Father is in eternity, the Incarnate One showed forth in time; and for men and women He is the truth about God as far as that truth is capable of being expressed within human limitations. For the understanding of that truth the Jesus of the synoptic gospels must be linked up with the Christ of the Pauline epistles; and the latter is identical with and yet greater than the former because St. Paul realised divers aspects of his Lord's personality hidden from men who saw Jesus in the days of His flesh at short range and really understood His largest significance only after the Resurrection. In other words, to the historic Jesus St. Paul added all that his own experience and inspiration had taught him concerning the eternal Christ who, be it well understood, was and is equally historic; and the eternal Christ is of course larger than any picture of Him that can be constructed from New Testament materials or later Church history.

The man who sincerely links up his life with the eternal Christ through his knowledge of Jesus is the true Christian. The institutional and the intellectual have their uses, and it would not be easy to exaggerate the debt of religion to Churches and creeds. But the essential thing is contact between the eternal Christ and the individual soul. For that eternal Christ is God in history, and we see Him

as truth or energy or in other phases according as our need dictates the method of our outlook. As aforesaid, in the pages of the New Testament we see Him as the truth about God. When through His personality there comes to the believing soul forgiveness or spiritual dynamic making possible deliverance and development, we experience Him as Grace. To know the Jesus of the New Testament and through Him to come under the influence of the eternal Christ and to strive to live as that influence suggests—this is to be a Christian indeed.

#### CHAPTER III

#### TEMPERAMENT AND WILL

Power of introspection varies with the individual. But every man who essays a Christian life or otherwise attempts sustained moral effort can discover by looking within himself phases of his personality which help and other phases which hinder the desired progress. This means that each individual in earnest has to reckon with his own temperament. The life that realises itself on lines of least resistance makes a law of temperament. Those who understand that life is a serious business co-operate with or strive against their temperaments as spiritual effort demands; and the wisest of them remind themselves daily that God gave them life so that they may transform a temperament into a character.

What is temperament? It is easier to know you have a temperament than it is to realise what temperament is in itself or what one's own particular temperament is. Hermann Lotze, in his master work "Microcosmos," a ponderous essay in two lengthy volumes on Man and his relation to the World,\* lays it down that we are very little acquainted with the circumstances upon which varieties of human

<sup>\*</sup> Vol. II., Chap. II., p. 25 (Edinburgh, Clark, 1885).

endowment depend. They may, he says, be for the most part conditioned by bodily constitution or it is not impossible that by a spiritual fashion incomprehensible to us the mental developments of ancestors are transmitted as innate capacity to later generations. But whatever its origin, temperament exists. Different men have differing temperaments; and varieties of temperament as of all other innate natural capacities appear to be most marked under conditions of advanced civilisation. Yet clear as these differences themselves may be in many cases, the significance of the term "temperament" continues vague. "The original meaning of the word seems to indicate that we should understand temperament to signify general characteristics of the course of mental life which do not of themselves exclusively predetermine either a fixed degree or a fixed direction of culture, but which certainly promote or hinder in various ways the development of intelligence and moral character. These we cannot pronounce to be either altogether unconnected with or indissolubly attached to special varieties of bodily constitution and predispositions to particular forms of disease. . . . Differences of temperament are just like those differences in the movement of a current which are due to the original nature of its source and channel. According to the original density of the fluid, according to the direction of its fall and the nature of its bed, the various obstacles with which it meets cause it to be disturbed in some cases by deep slow movements, in others

by waves which merely fret its surface." It would seem that Lotze's outlook on Temperament may be not inadequately restated by defining Temperament as that individual peculiarity of personality, influenceable by physique, whereby the feeling, thinking, speaking and acting of each person is permanently affected.

The definition gains in clearness by perusal of certain notes of lectures of Lotze published after his death under the title of "Outlines of Psychology." A passage \* in Dr. G. T. Ladd's translation reads: "We ascribe considerable influence over the course of all the spiritual states to the Temperaments; by which we understand nothing more than the differences in kind and degree of excitability for external impressions; the greater or less extent to which the ideas excited reproduce others; the rapidity with which the ideas vary; the strength with which feelings of pleasure and pain are associated with them; finally, the ease with which external actions associate with these inner states themselves."

# Temperament and Physique

Lotze's teaching regarding Temperament represents the sanest and most balanced attitude towards the topic; and his reservations are as informing as his definite statements. There is especial value in

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Outlines of Psychology," dictated portions of the lectures of Hermann Lotze, translated and edited by G. T. Ladd (Boston, Gunn & Co., 1886, p. 137).

his refusal to accept much that has been written about the connection between temperament and physique. Hippocrates, the famous physician of antiquity who practised at Athens and Pella some four hundred years before Christ, recognised four temperaments and supposed them to arise from varying mixtures of the four secondary or compound elements, blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile. There are not two kinds of bile, for black bile is only concentrated yellow; and this fact is but an index of the extent to which later discoveries modified the theory of Hippocrates. Yet his classification survived in the category that divides temperaments into the sanguine, the phlegmatic, the choleric and the melancholy. Galen, yet another famous physician, who, during the second century of the Christian era, lived, among other places, at Alexandria and Rome, wrote a work on Temperament which influenced all later teaching on the subject. He described nine different varieties. Four simple uncomplicated temperaments were labelled the dry, the moist, the hot, and the cold. Four temperaments said to be formed by fusions of the simple were described as the hot and moist, the hot and dry, the cold and moist, and the cold and dry. A ninth temperament, in which no quality was in excess, because a perfect arrangement and balance of characteristics ensured perfection, was named the balanced. Gradually humoral pathology, learning not only from Galen, but from Hippocrates, also established a doctrine

of four temperaments, the sanguine, the bilious or choleric, the atrabilious or melaneholic, and the pituitous, lymphatic or phlegmatic. Temperament was supposed to depend on the presence in a person's system of an excess of one of the humours, or a preponderating influence of the organ concerned in the production of that humour; and examples of each temperament were supposed to have certain clearly defined physical and mental characteristics.

Accounts of these presumed characteristics are interesting or otherwise in proportion to the interest of the reader in the fanciful, and his patience in discovering truth amid much that is not truth. Many pages of forgotten lore are summarised in the following: The sanguine temperament was traced to the predominating influence of the heart and the blood; and those possessing it were said usually to be short, and late in life to develop a tendency to stoutness. Small head and bones, short neck, fair complexion, red hair and blue eyes were said by many writers to be among their commoner characteristics; and they were credited with bad memories and tendencies to heart disease, while all their illnesses, including insanity, were said to run an acute course. know folk of undeniably sanguine temperament, concerning whom most if not all of these suggestions hold good; and probably to turn the suggestions over in one's mind is to be surprised at their seeming accuracy. Yet to think further is to realise that some of our acquaintances with most of these charac-

teristics are on the whole melancholy; and we also know persons who are dark and tall and undeniably sanguine. The safest conclusion regarding the timehonoured catalogue of characteristics of the sanguine is that the list is often accurate enough to explain its existence, and yet there are too many exceptions for it to be accepted as a safe guide.

Similar observations apply to traditional accounts of the other three main temperaments. Persons of melancholy temperament were often said to be slight in figure, tall, with the head small and narrow, the forehead broad, features small and sharply cut, skin dark and dull and often sallow, hair usually brown, eyes dark or grey, and with marked liability to nervous diseases and insanity. One observer summed them up with the cheerful remark that the melancholic are afraid to sit down for fear of being broken. Possessors of the choleric temperament were usually credited with thick bodies, big square heads, outspread noses, wide mouths, rough voices, dark complexion, hair and eyes, and a large liability to general paralysis or mania. The phlegmatic were said as a rule to be thick-set, short-necked, bulky, with a lack of proportion in their build, colourless complexions, light and thin hair, eyes that look washed out, and are often grey, slow speech, a general lack of energy and special liability to catarrhs, which, like most of their other features, have a tendency to become chronic.

All this is both informing and confusing. Still earlier literature on temperament provides a wealth

of further suggestions which are also largely fanciful, and yet somehow commend themselves as not being without some basis in fact. The sanguine, the choleric, the melancholy, and the phlegmatic for years represented the usually accepted classification, and all kinds of applications of the epithets were made. One writer, reversing much previous speculation, claimed that men live through the temperaments successively, weeping babyhood being usually melancholy, youth sanguine, maturity choleric, and old age phlegmatic. Another used the classifications to label nations, and claimed that the French are sanguine, the Dutch are phlegmatic, the English choleric, when they are not sanguine, the Italians choleric and the Germans melancholy. When the reader has sufficiently pondered these earlier fancies he will do well to winnow the chaff from the wheat and he may not unfairly be expected to come to some such conclusion as the following: There is such a thing as temperament, and each individual has his own; and though we know little about the connection between them, temperament and physique have inter-relation.

## Classifying the Temperaments

The question of classification raises a difficulty. Wundt \* claims that the fourfold division of the temperaments is correct; and he establishes his point by associating with them various characteristics

<sup>\*</sup> See "Physiologische Psychologie," Vol. II., p. 345.

such as strong, weak, quick and slow, that go far to make them exhaustive. It must be admitted that the classification is extremely valuable, for to have in mind the sanguine, the melancholy, the phlegmatic, and the choleric is to be helped in the attempt to visualise order in what must otherwise be chaos. Yet two comments are markedly relevant. First, there are comparatively few people who are pure examples of any one temperament. Most of us are combinations; and it is often more informing to speak of a disposition rather than of a temperament. Yet very often indeed the personal characteristics of an individual in the main suggest one clearly defined temperament. Few of us are pure examples of a particular temperament. Many must discover predominant within themselves one special temperament; and on this fact depends the utility of this book. The fact that most people favour one temperament more than another gains in significance by our second comment that there are more than four easily discernible temperaments. Who fails to recognise the practical temperament in Frederic the Great, or the artistic temperament in Shelley, or the ascetic temperament in John the Baptist? Often possessors of temperaments describable thus can further be classified as largely melancholy or phlegmatic or choleric or sanguine. But as in the cases quoted, when main characteristics are so clearly defined, it is more convenient to extend the category and label them as aforesaid. Hence, while this book attempts

to do justice to the four main historical temperaments, two of its chapters also deal with types sufficiently definite to be considered from further temperamental standpoints.

# Life Work Irrespective of Temperament

However men's temperaments may vary, their life task is always the same. This world gains both significance and justification from the fact that it is one of God's schools of character. As an earlier sentence suggests, and later pages continually set forth, the most rational explanation of the universe regards human life as an opportunity of character. Temperament is the nucleus of character; and God would have every individual invite Him to co-operate in the evolution of the latter from the former. Instinct alone is no safe guide. To ignore, or be careless, concerning the possible evolution, is to let temperament have its way, and to invite spiritual disaster and ethical ruin. Such disaster and ruin need not be particularly spectacular. The measure of both is the difference between the man that is and the man that might have been. Thus many a mediocre Christian is more to blame and more of a failure than the criminal whose temperament and training have given him but little chance. To change a temperament into a character necessitates the new birth, conversion, prayer, ethical endeavour, Christian work—all the aids to a good life. For all men need all the help they can get.

All men are in esse, and even more in posse, children of God. We all have spiritual life; and unless this were so the new birth would be impossible. Birth is not the beginning of life. It is the passing from a narrow environment into the wider area of existence demanded by the needs of development. The spiritual new birth is a passing from the limitations of the narrow and largely animal pre-Christian life into the sunshine of God's love, the atmosphere of the larger spiritual world, ampler conditions of development. To know this change is to experience conversion, i.e., the turning round of the unholy phases of temperament, so that like the engine on the turntable they face in the right direction, and show promise of movement towards the divine. Conversion is rarely the destruction of old tendencies. It is more usually their turning round. Obstinacy in sin becomes spiritual firmness. The animal that hindered sainthood furnishes energy of holiness. Conversion is of two kinds—conversion by evolution, conversion by revolution. A child brought up in a Christian home will often provide an example of the former; some drunken swearing blackguard will often testify to the reality of the latter. Children under Christian nurture must never be allowed to think the more cataclysmic change is expected of them. For them conversion should be the spiritual phase of adolescence. Whose knows the new birth and conversion finds he has a Father and an Elder Brother, and he discovers that they both have one

will for him. They desire for him sainthood. The converted finds that while certain phases of his temperament assist his spiritual evolution, others are always striving against the new direction of his life. Much in him tends to turn round again. Conversion he finds is the beginning of a new life of struggle; and his only chance of spiritual development is to call God to his help in Jesus Christ, to avail himself of all available spiritual help, and in particular to set his whole will on the passage from temperament to character.

## From Temperament to Character

No one ever changes a temperament into a character unless he desires for himself what God desires for him, and sets his will definitely, firmly and permanently towards the highest and best. We cannot take any chances in this matter, for too much is at stake. The Wharfe runs a pleasing river down towards Bolton Woods in Yorkshire, and at one place, known as the Strid, the channel narrows amid big boulders, and by reason of the rocks and the narrowing the stream there runs deep, foaming and swift. From one side of the seething waters to the other is not far, and, save for nervousness, there is no reason why the average man should not leap across. But should he fail he must, in default of immediate help, lose his life in the turbulent flood. Tradition has it that long years ago a noble youth of the district came down the hill-

side towards the Strid with a hound that had shared his earlier sport fastened to his wrist; and reaching the narrows he leaped lightly, hoping to do as he had often done before, and to reach the other side. But he had forgotten the animal. The hound baulked at the jump; his master's leap was checked; both were plunged into the stream and perished together. Had he but realised that his safety was only sure after he had loosed himself from the animal! What was disaster and death for him may be parable for others. We must set our wills against certain phases of the animal in us, we must loose our nature from every link with the worst phases of the beast if we would not risk ethical disaster and spiritual death; and this is only possible when our whole wills are determined and exercised in the interests of the divine.

Each man's temperament reveals to him original sin and original goodness; and sometimes so strong are temperamental compulsions that men often ask whether their wills are really free. It is important that the question should be answered, for to be in doubt paralyses all moral effort. The reply that follows is of set purpose practical before it is philosophical; and in the interests of the appeal of the whole, book an attempt is made to relate the answer to everyday life. Further, while argument will have due weight, much in the reply will be mainly appeal to the average man's sense of reality and right. One way of approaching the question is to take a

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broad view, and try to realise how and why men and women are in this world at all. It is an obvious conclusion that we are not here upon earth by our own will. We did not choose to be born; we did not select our parents; we did not decide when and where we should enter into this human life. It follows then, by the ordinary laws of causation, that some other than one's self decided and regulated these points; and this conclusion is put from a Christian standpoint when we say that God of His own will sent us into this world. A God Who was sufficiently master of the forces of the universe to send us here would of necessity be sufficiently rational to have sent us into this world for a definite purpose. He would be too wise to create us simply by a movement of divine caprice; and we cannot imagine a rational Creator Who has devised our life and this whole world for anything but rational ends. If we look to the history of the world, and if we watch the life of men whom we all feel to be realising the ideal of their present existence, we discern in both definite progress. The world moves slowly, but every century sees humanity a little farther up the hills of advance; and the man who is recognised by all as having rightly used his opportunities is the man who in the course of his life progresses stage by stage through knowledge and action to some higher individuality. What logic deduces by a scrutiny of the race and the individual, Christianity confirms. For it is one of its most definite tenets that God has sent men into

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this world as into some school of experience wherein He wishes us to develop; and, though they may differ in their way of putting it, all thinking men are practically agreed that the average human life is misunderstood unless it is regarded as an opportunity for development.

# Capacity and Choice

It seems then that we are here for development. If now and then some poor soul lives all his life undeveloped, and at forty still retains his childish mind, we think of him as an idiot and abnormal. The life that does not reveal development shows failure. But how do men develop? Watch the process and we detect at least two separate elements. First, each man has certain initial tendencies that may be thought of as his life capital. These tendencies must needs greatly influence his life, and his development is largely an evolution of them; but this evolution implies both effort and choice. Mendelssohn was a musician, in part only because the talent for music was born within him. Millais was an artist, in part only because he came into the world with a latent genius for painting. Innate talent alone did not make Mendelssohn a musician or Millais a painter. They deliberately chose to develop along the lines of their talents, and each worked hard to realise himself; and failing choice and effort it is quite conceivable that either might have been something else, or have gone aside to, say, drink and excessive

vice, to such an extent as to wreck all his possibilities. All this means at least that with each of them will entered into development. They chose painting or music in preference to another career. Again and again they preferred to work rather than to slack, and again and again they chose the way that led to the composer's fame or the Royal Academy. So by a continued exercise of will that ensured the development of their original possibilities they came to be what they were. Does not this way of putting things so far commend itself as to suggest an answer to the question, "Is there such a thing as free will?" What has been said implies that freedom is limited by innate capacity, but the development of innate capacity is regulated by the exercise of the will power of the individual. In a word, the will is both free and not free. There are certain things that it cannot do. If the talent is not within the personality all a man's will power will not develop him into a musician or a painter. If he was born like the late Dean Stanley he must be content to recognise the national anthem only because people stand up at its first bar. A higher will than his own has dictated the lines of his temperament, and he must perforce accept his limitations. The Christian recognises further that God has many ideals in His world, and He gives different men different capacities, so that by their development of them His different ideals may be realised. But it depends very largely on a man's own choice how

far he does or does not realise those capacities, and what direction that realisation takes. All men are what they are by evolution of their possibilities, largely regulated by definite acts of choice. The human will is not entirely free. But it is so far free that development is regulated by will power that chooses or rejects alternatives. Free will varies with the individual, but there is for every man at least a sufficient area of possible choice to give him a rightful opportunity of development.

With the above as interim conclusion it will be well to consider what can be said against it. The main objection to the idea of free will phrases itself something after this manner: we are the mere products of heredity and environment, and these two factors account for the whole development of humanity. Yet the work of a man like the late Dr. Barnardo proves conclusively that heredity is not necessarily destiny; for into the orphanages that were under his control there go year by year little ones who are the children of shame, and under the influence of the Gospel and the gentleness and kindness that they meet with in the Homes, they become God-fearing men and women. Hence it is clear that tendencies due to heredity can be corrected. If in answer to this it be said that nevertheless the combination of heredity and environment is accountable for development, the obvious comment is that, even if it be admitted, such a fact does not necessarily exclude the freedom of the will. Everything depends

upon what is meant by environment, for much environment is brought into being by the exercise of the will. For instance, a young fellow who is in, say, a business house where sordid ideals seem to furnish the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere can either correct that atmosphere or inhale it. Outside Rome there is a monastery that was originally built in one of the most miasmal portions of the Campagna, the great marshy plain which extends for miles around the city. When the monks first went there they found the air was laden with damp and with so much else that was poison to their systems that man after man died as the result of the environment. But to one of them there came the happy thought of planting eucalyptus trees, and the worthy fathers acted upon it to such good effect that now, thanks to the trees, the spot is healthy and their death-rate is normal. It would have been quite possible for them to permit the bodies that they received by heredity to be acted on by their physical environment uncorrected and unremedied; but they deliberately chose to correct their environment, and so life became possible. Even so the young man whose environment seems to make for the destruction in him of all that is highest and best can, if he will, take hold of great ideas that imply the worth of reverence and purity and honesty and honour; and he can so plant these slips from the tree of life that they will grow within the area of his experience, and will correct the spiritual atmosphere that he

breathes. Hence a Christ-likeness that might otherwise dwindle and die may flourish and develop. But this must be by his own choice, and by an exercise of his will-power in the right direction.

If it be answered to suggestions like these that all such choice is determined by capacity, and that innate character is not wrought by men, but is determined by the Creator, the objection is easily met. Heredity means not destiny but tendency; and it is only common sense to say that character in the first instance is never absolutely set either towards good or towards evil. Character is entirely the result of temperamental capacity developed by choice, and men have come to their present characters very largely by their own past use of their freedom of will. As W. E. Gladstone put it, "In man character is a growth, the result of acts performed in series; for the choices of these acts and the shaping of his character through them he is provided with governing faculties, with conscience to sever right from wrong by internal action, and with a self-determining power of will to accept or repudiate the authority of conscience, and to place action in harmony or in conflict with it." Much of this may, perhaps, be summed up in the admissions of two objectors to the idea of free will. Huxley referred to man as a machine "capable within certain limits of self-adjustment." And Mr. Blatchford, who believes so little in free will that each week he publishes a paper to incline the will of the people towards Socialism, has similarly

given away the case for Determinism. For after inveighing against free will with a dogmatism one had hoped was confined to old-fashioned theologians, he went on to say, "I believe that I am what heredity and environment made me; but I know that I can make myself better or worse if I try." Is it too much to claim that these considerations and quotations effectually dispose of the scientific case against free will?

There still remain, however, two more or less religious objections to the idea, and they must at least be touched upon, because they present a real difficulty to so many people. First, some persons are inclined to claim that since God made us, therefore it is He that compels us to all our acts. And, second, these same people, and also others, sometimes claim that the fore-knowledge of God means that He foreordained all our deeds. Let us take the earlier case first, and in each case let us meet the difficulty by an illustration. A very simple analogy will dispose of the idea that because God made us He therefore compels us to all our deeds. Is it common sense to claim that parents are responsible for all the deeds of their boys and girls? A mother and father will often watch a child, and will see both in earlier and in later years developments of traits that they discover in themselves; but for all that, is it not absurd to say that they force their child to the greater number of the actions that make up his life? Heredity and example both have their sway, but in the end

it is the child who is accounted responsible for his deeds. If a son commits a crime, he may owe his tendency towards wrong to some weakness he has inherited from his parents, but the law arrests him and takes no cognisance of his father and mother. Hence the fact that parents are producers of their own children does not mean that they are the creators of all their deeds. Even so the fact that God made us does not mean that He forces us to all our actions. Neither does the fore-knowledge of God necessarily mean that He compels us to certain lines of activity. Indeed the idea that to know beforehand means to compel is simply one that will not stand the test of examination. For example, the author knows that certain of his readers will go to sleep while reading this page, but his fore-knowledge does not mean that he will compel their untimely slumbers. Surely the crude analogy makes clear the difference between fore-knowledge and fore-ordaining. Finally, there is something to be learnt from pondering the following quotation from John Stuart Mill, who, after arguing at great length that there is no such thing as the freedom of the will, wrote: "This feeling of being able to modify our own character, if we wish, is itself the feeling of moral freedom which we are conscious of. A person feels morally free who feels that his habits and temptations are not his masters, but he theirs; who even in yielding knows that he could resist; that were he desirous of altogether throwing them off, there would not be required for the purpose

a stronger desire than he knows himself capable of feeling." Surely the case for free will holds good when so notable an opponent can be quoted in its favour.

## The Case for Free Will

The pages just preceding have dealt only with objections to the idea of free will. The last section of this chapter will offer an outline of the reasons for believing that there is an area of judgment and activity in which man is free. The most convincing, though perhaps not the most logical, proof of this is our own feeling that we are free. If men are left to themselves, and are not artificially tempted to think otherwise by the propounding of elaborate arguments against the freedom of volition, nine out of ten of them when they think about the matter at all decide that the will is free. This fact is not of itself necessarily convincing. But what is practically universal consent must count for much: for it shows that our sense of the freedom of the will is a part of our birthright, and it means that the Power Who is behind the universe has grounded in the nature of man a belief in his own free volition. It is just conceivable that He may for some occult reason have deceived us; but this would be so totally different from everything else we know about Him that it cannot be readily believed. Even opponents of the idea of free will, when they maintain that our sense of

freedom is a delusion, add that owing to the constitution of human life we must act as though that freedom were a reality. The sense of freedom shows itself at almost every turn in human life; and a tracing of its different phases is tantamount to proof that man has a free will. Take even the vocabulary of the average man. How full is it of words that express intention or the lack of it. A man says: "I do not think I will." Or he remarks, "I will," or "I shall," or "I mean to do it." And by following up determination expressed in words like these men have overcome seemingly unsurpassable difficulties. There was, for example, in ancient Greece a man who stammered, and he said to himself, "I will become an orator." And by speaking with a pebble in his mouth, by practising often on the seashore, and by many another device, Demosthenes became the great orator history records him to have been. And each man in his own way of life realises himself by a series of intentions, expressed or unexpressed. When we say "I will not do it," or when we say "I will," are we befooling ourselves? Or are we exercising freedom of will?

Again, if the will of man is not free, how can we account for the universal sense of responsibility that shows itself both in human society and in the individual. The whole superstructure of civilised society is based upon an idea of personal responsibility, that necessarily implies an ultimate freedom of the will. Take so simple a matter as common law. If the law

could not hold the average man responsible for his deeds, then one of the very foundations of modern society must be removed, and the probabilities are that the building would fall to the ground. Or take ordinary social life. If anybody does another a kindness the beneficiary says "Thank you," because he realises that back of that kindness was the exercise of a will to help or a will to please. No one says to a friend who pleases or helps, "It gratifies me that heredity and environment have combined to compel you to do me a service. You could not help doing me that service, so I do not thank you, for you are a mere machine that had no choice in the matter; but I am glad to express my gratitude to your fathers and grandfathers, and I am filled with thankfulness toward the environment that has acted upon your hereditary capacity and compelled you to do this." Any such talk would be the sheerest nonsense, and surely in this fact there is revelation as to the reality of the freedom of the will. Once more, if there is no free will how can we account for a man's sense of traffic with his own conscience, and his feeling of choice as regards moral alternatives? You are tempted to do something that is wrong. The temptation comes to you from your environment, and you have that within you by heredity that compels you to make some kind of response to it. Consciously or unconsciously do you not as a rule feel that you can either commit the sin or leave it undone? And is it not true of every man, in at

least certain stages of his development, that either at the time or afterwards he knows himself to possess, or to have possessed, the power of decision? When the temptation comes his conscience warns him against it. He listens to his conscience, or he decides not to listen to it. He feels that within him which goads him towards evil or turns him to God, and if ultimately he sins he knows perfectly well that his will has made the choice, and that by the exercise of his freedom of will he is turning towards evil. Too often a man's will itself is biased towards evil. That is so, in part because of the constant infirmity of humanity, and in part because previous choices of evil weaken capacity to choose the best. But that, when the bias has done its worst, a sense of free will, as a rule, remains is abundantly proved by the fact that when men and women who have done wrong come to themselves they are subject to remorse and a sense of guilt. Men under conviction of sin cannot get relief by blaming either heredity or environment. They are moved to remorse because they know that they themselves have consented to transgression; and the sense of guilt that pervades practically every religion, and runs through all the world, is eloquent witness of the fact that within certain limits men know themselves to be free.

## The Uses of Freedom

These considerations would seem to make it clear that for the average person there is an area

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of life in which the will is free. Once that is assumed another question more important is raised. If the will is free, how do men use it? Are most of them just indifferently realising the promptings of heredity and environment? Or are they by deliberate intention constantly choosing the highest and the best? Most men are far too careless about this matter. They think the small choices do not count. This is not wisdom. Life is mainly made up of a series of petty choices, and he who takes care of the little choices is equal to the highest choice when the opportunity comes to him. What men need is so to discipline themselves that in everyday life they, either consciously or unconsciously, make the higher choice whenever two alternatives present themselves. The obvious comment on this appeal is that in many the will is weak, and so they feel unduly weighted towards the base and the unholy. That is often the case, but there is remedy for it. God made no man for isolation. As we have seen already, by limiting the area of free will He has fixed certain lines of each man's life; but so that there might come into the life of all that spiritual quality that can only result from choosing the best, He gave to each, within certain limits, a power of choice. He never meant men to be equal to that choice alone. He also has His own Will with regard to us, but in the highest and the finest things it is a Will that does not compel. it persuades, for God loves the volunteer spirit rather than the compelled. Further, God's ideal life for

every man is not a solitude but a comradeship; and the man who with profound reverence takes the Eternal Christ as Comrade always finds that he is free to do as he ought, and never does he attempt the right without help. So if any man keen on turning a temperament into a character will act up to the implications of this chapter he may be sure of ultimate success; and future chapters are just so many attempts to show how the help available in the truths and forces of Christianity is adaptable to the needs of each individual temperament. All men are not helpable in the same way. But once a man says, "Not my will, but Thine be done," his spiritual evolution is beginning in earnest. When he adds "Our wills are ours to make them Thine," and finds by experience that the highest exercise of his free will is in submission to and co-operation with the Eternal Will, sainthood is not far away. God never yet mocked any man's spiritual ambitions.

#### CHAPTER IV

#### THE PHLEGMATIC TEMPERAMENT

The phlegmatic do not advertise; and they are indeed by nature so unobtrusive that they are liable to be overlooked. But whoso looks for them soon finds them, and that everywhere, and at all times, and in great numbers. Examples of the temperament must needs be cited from those whom circumstances have invested with publicity, for rarely do the phlegmatic of their own volition court the notice of the world. If it comes they do not refuse it, but they do not seek it; and the same thing is true of their relationship with place and power and money, and most other objects of general ambition.

Two rulers, one Roman and one English, are well fitted to serve as types to assist our first visualising of the temperament. The Emperor Galba and Queen Anne have not at first sight much in common; but a common temperament creates its own points of likeness. Tacitus was a master of verbal portraiture; and one of his sketches has limned in masterly lines a picture of that Galba who reigned as Roman Emperor from June, A.D. 68 to January, A.D. 69. "His character," he wrote,

"was moderate, free from vice, yet not virtuous. Not careless of fame, yet no braggart; not covetous; sparing of his own wealth, niggardly of the State's. Friends and dependants if good he left uncriticised; if evil, he was culpably blind. But his birth and the confusion of the times shielded him so that apathy passed for wisdom. In youth he gained a soldier's reputation in Germany; as pro-consul he ruled Africa with moderation, and afterward North Spain not less well." That Tacitus was justified in his drawing is proved abundantly by facts like the following: - In Galba's youth, Augustus and Tiberius are said to have prophesied for him imperial greatness; but there is no evidence that their attitude either exhilarated him or made for pride. A happy married life was broken by the death of his wife; and, cherishing her memory, he turned aside from the attentions of high-born ladies, and made light of approaches he could not fail to regard as flattering. Caligula's death caused Galba's friends to suggest that his distinguished services against the Germans justified his claiming the throne. But to the imperial purple he preferred the toga of the private patrician; and when Claudius, the successor of Caligula, showered courtesies on him as a sign of appreciation of his moderation, he accepted the favours calmly. In A.D. 45 and 46, he undertook service in Africa, and there, with almost mechanical determination, he set to work and curbed the licentious soldiery, reduced the barbarians to submission, and administered

strictly the affairs of the province. During the reign of Nero, caution made him seek obscurity; and when during his rulership of Spain it became clear that Nero wished to murder him, he allowed events to drive him to the headship of the Roman world, and later accepted the position and title of Cæsar. Up to this point his phlegmatic temperament had served him well, but force of circumstances had carried him beyond its point of maximum utility into a position where it meant risk. His care over expenditure was misunderstood; and when he presented his adopted son to the senate and the soldiers without giving the latter the customary largess, he made many enemies. His disinclination to take any pronounced line of his own left him under the sway of three favourites; and through their influence he gave himself to arbitrary acts whose consequences he did not in the least foresee. Insurrection found him quite unprepared; and when at length courage, born not so much of character as of circumstances. drove him out to meet the rebels, he was cut down in the forum by a troop of horse.

It is not coincidence alone that links the careers of Galba and Queen Anne. As before suggested, in each career the phlegmatic temperament is clearly discernible. This appears when the account of the Roman Emperor by Tacitus is set beside a sketch of the English Queen written by the Duchess of Marlborough, once a favourite, and later an unfriendly critic of Anne. The description has its

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own piquancy, first, because its author at earlier dates wrote very differently, and second, because she told the truth in the quoted sections of her sketch not so much to do justice to the late Queen Anne as to vex and spite Queen Caroline, the consort of George II.\* Given a woman of the type of the Duchess of Marlborough, shrewish and shrewd enough not to forget she had once written in other vein, the conditions were such as to favour a reasonable accuracy; and such quotations as are here set forth may be taken as representing also the verdict of more impartial historians on the character of her who not unworthily was hailed by her people as Good Queen Anne. "Queen Anne," wrote her one-time favourite, "had a person and appearance very graceful—something of majesty in her look; she was religious without affectation, and certainly meant to do everything that was just. She had no ambition, which appeared by her being so easy in letting King William come before her to the crown . . . and she thought those that showed the least ambition had the best character . . . Queen Anne was never expensive, but saved money out of her £50,000 a year . . . She made no foolish building, nor bought one jewel in her reign . . . She never insisted upon any one thing of grandeur more than she had when her family was established by King Charles II. . . . Queen Anne was extremely well-

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Lives of the Queens of England," by Agnes Strickland, Vol. VIII., p. 550 (Colburn, 1852).

bred: she treated her chief ladies and servants as if they had been her equals, and she never refused to give charity when there was the least reason for anybody to ask it."

## Common Sense and Repose

The epithet "phlegmatic" can be traced to a Greek word meaning "abounding in phlegm"; and a common attitude towards the phlegmatic temperament is expressed in the observation that something within itself seems usually to clog its movements. The suggestion is not unfair if it be borne in mind that the slowness of the phlegmatic is in the main slowness of initiative. Unlike the sanguine, they are not great beginners. Compared with other temperaments they are not easily started. Repose is their note rather than activity, and especially rather than initial activity. But once really roused they display a persistence which will keep them as a rule for a long time at a good average speed. They are not smooth runners at the best; but their main difficulty is ignition, not continuing the journey once the mechanism acts. They rarely come out of the garage under their own power. But once they really take the road they may be depended on for a lengthy run. They are slow down hill. But they go up hill on less nominal horse-power, and with less consumption of petrol, less wear and tear of tyres, fewer replacements and repairs, and less frequent hootings than any other make of

humanity. They have an extraordinary endowment of that particular kind of sense that is called common, presumably because it is so rare; and management under orders or administration sees them at their most efficient. It is not entirely surprising that the unimaginative and the too imaginative often find them dull, and have even been known to complain of their stupidity and lack of responsiveness. Let it be admitted at once that they are better friends than company; but even in their less bright hours they are restful, there is no fatiguing brilliancy about them, they are comforting and even soothing, unless their imperturbability rouses resentment. Their very contentment with life, their easy toleration for people they have no intention of imitating, their comparative happiness under modest circumstances and amid modest surroundings give their quiet gladness a quality of contagion. This was well illustrated by the classic poet, Horace. He was not a man of the highest type; and they are not wrong who have referred to him as the polished poet of expediency, and have spoken of his code of harmless selfishness. His attempt to build on the tastes of a small farmer the culture of a man of the world, the self-respect inherent in his attitude to Mæcenas, his gentle joy in his Sabine farm, his refusal to change Mæcenas for Augustus as patron, his quiet contempt for people who cared only for the making of money, a certain anæmic quality in his poems-all these reveal the phlegmatic temperament; and there is something

attractive and satisfying about a man who could write:—

Let no care trouble you; for poor
That man is not, who can insure
Whate'er for life is needful found.
Let your digestion be but sound,
Your side unwrung by spasm or stitch,
Your foot unconscious of a twitch;
And could you be more truly blest,
Though of the wealth of kings possessed?\*

Here is no heroic note, but the phlegmatic settling down within himself, and finding all things good. Such people clearly have a function in the world. They serve a distinct purpose. Even those phlegmatic who are not poets justify their existence so long as they live out the spirit of Horace's verse. After all, they give cleverer people a chance, they provide the professional wit with his opportunity, they calm the nerves of others by their apparent inability to get either depressed or overjoyed without due cause. Their economy of all emotion save a surface geniality carries its own meaning. They mind their own business to an extent that more curious people have no chance of understanding; and this is only one advantage of their lack of alertness. This and their lack of undue personal sensitiveness save them many a pang and many a quarrel. For they receive the shafts aimed at them with no

<sup>\*</sup> Epistle I., 12, translated by Sir Theodore Martin in "Horace," p. 142 (Blackwood, 1870).

more concern than St. Sebastian received the arrows of others; and their slowness of speech often has this effect, that they disconcert an enemy with a look when men of readier tongue would force the difference further. Their temperamental slowness means that caution is one of their habits. They think all round a thing before they act or refrain from acting; and all their conclusions are thoughtfully arrived at. As an earlier sentence insists, most remarkable of all is their staying power. They make mere acquaintances readily enough, and forget them with equal readiness. Enthusiasm, gush, backslapping—these are not their ways. They cannot always be counted on to shed tears at the moment of parting; and "No flowers, by request" is one of their working principles. But once their friendship is accorded in earnest, it persists through the years; and absence only means that on return you can take up their comradeship exactly where you left it off. There is no eagerness on their part to embrace new responsibilities, but once a duty is accepted their fidelity has the dependableness of machinery; and when they lay on themselves a task recognised as an obligation their persistence approaches miracle.

## Herbert Spencer, Phlegmatic

This emphasised point of staying power affords so definite an example for other temperaments that it is more than worth while to see it in operation. Few men have better illustrated the tenacity and

fidelity to high purpose of the phlegmatic than did Herbert Spencer in the long-drawn production of his "Synthetic Philosophy." Born in 1820, Spencer, the son of a Derby schoolmaster, became a civil engineer until, in 1841, one especial job was finished, and he was able to write in his diary "Got the sack-very glad." He had become interested in geometrical problems, in mechanical inventions, and in political and social theory, and having saved some money, was determined to utilise the leisure it placed at his command in living along the line of his tastes. Return to his profession followed this period of miscellaneous speculation and activity; and in 1848 he again gave up engineering on being appointed sub-editor of the Economist at a salary of one hundred guineas a year, in addition to free lodgings and attendance. The engagement brought him into touch with a circle of intellectual friends like Marian Evans, afterwards famous as George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, Huxley, and Tyndall; and its comparative liberty gave him the opportunity of writing his first book, "Social Statics," whose extreme individualism so fitted in with the tenets of the dominant Manchester school that it was unexpectedly successful. An increasing number of friends and the publishing of more books marked the next six years; but the strain of producing his "Principles of Psychology" brought on a nervous

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Art. in Dict. of Nat. Biog.," Second Supplement, Vol. III., p. 360, by Hugh S. R. Elliott.

breakdown from which he never wholly recovered. Its main symptom was a cerebral congestion, which gave him a peculiar feeling in his head whenever he tried to think, and brought on insomnia. Eighteen months' rest made it possible for him to return at intervals to writing; and in 1857 there occurred to him the idea of writing a system of philosophy founded mainly on the doctrine of evolution. January 6th, 1858, at the age of 37, he drew up \* a rough draft of his ambitious scheme. His own later testimony was that it was remarkable that the scheme as at first thus suddenly conceived should have resembled so much the scheme eventually executed. To secure the necessary leisure he tried to get various official posts, but failed. Ultimately he decided to issue the work by subscription. A nervous breakdown delayed the first instalment, other attacks made intervals between issues irregular, subscribers lapsed, and other discouragements were not lacking. But a timely legacy helped. The reception accorded to his first volumes was not repeated to the books he published in 1864. These latter received little notice; and before another three years had passed his financial position compelled Spencer to give subscribers notice of cessation. His father was still living, and his claims to support were imperative; but the father died in 1866, and Spencer felt he could afford to continue the

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer, Vol. II., p. 15 (Williams & Norgate, 1904).

issue. American admirers made him a handsome present of money, fame materialised, and at length his work began to pay. There were financial ups and downs, but acute money troubles became a thing of the past. The great hindrance henceforward was his health. He was able to work only for some twenty minutes at a time, for continuous application brought on his cerebral congestion; and it was his habit to dictate while rowing on the Serpentine or in the intervals of games of racquets. His health declined steadily, but at every opportunity he persevered; and in 1896 the last volume of the "Principles of Sociology" was published, and so was completed the whole scheme of the Synthetic Philosophy determined on thirty-eight years before. He was thirty-seven years old when he decided to produce the books; he was seventy-six when the last volume came from the press. Praise falters at the very stupendousness of his achievement; and yet if appreciation must express itself in words, Mr. Frederic Harrison has pronounced the right and the felicitous verdiet. "The story," he said at Oxford, in 1905, "of Spencer's life has been one of almost unexampled absorption in the vast task to which he dedicated himself from youth. The record of British philosophy can hardly furnish an instance of perseverance in labour so continuous, so protracted, so beset with difficulties and obstacles of all kinds—scanty means, desultory training, oppressive neglect, bodily suffering-in a career

wherein profit, honour and success were hardly to be expected, or came so late as to be little valued. For more than forty years he laboured to build up his encyclopædic system step by step, without for an hour swerving from his aim or sacrificing one of his rigid rules of life. Personal tastes could not draw him nor could obstacles deter him from his goal. . . . No prospect of gain, no hope of rest, no fear of destitution, no prostration by disease ever tempted him or ever drove him from his allotted task. man ever more entirely fulfilled the maxim of the French poet which another philosopher took for his favourite device: "What is it that makes a great It is the ideal of youth carried out in mature age." It is thus that, almost alone of modern philosophers, Herbert Spencer achieved all that he purposed, and perhaps all that he was capable of completing."\* Surely wheresoever the phlegmatic temperament is mentioned this eulogy should be repeated if men seek to do it justice.

To study carefully the list of characteristics compilable from earlier pages is to understand the utilitarian phases of the phlegmatic temperament. Men and women of absolutely the first order are more often than not melancholy in temperament. But the ranks of those who achieve for their fellows the highest services of the second class are almost always recruited from the phlegmatic. For marked efficiency

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; The Herbert Spencer Lecture," delivered at Oxford, March 9th, 1905, by Frederic Harrison, M.A. (Clarendon Press).

in their spheres of activity the phlegmatic need as a rule a touch also of the choleric; and this last is common enough in all temperaments for them to have their share of it. It is rarely that the phlegmatic make their own opportunities. Birth or chance or the working out of circumstances that they only in part control usually put them in positions that enable them to show their mettle; and under conditions where the sanguine would attempt too much, and the choleric would spoil possibilities by untimely ire and decisions settled in seasons of passion, they prove themselves again and again exactly the men for the situation. Their sanity of judgment, their deliberation, their touch of remoteness, their power of ignoring or deliberately disregarding hostile criticism and opposition not necessarily serious, combine with their capacity for following up a decision to secure to them all the essentials of success; and they can play a subordinate or a leading part with equal ability. The second fiddle is one of the most difficult instruments in the orchestra of life, but the phlegmatic are masters of it. This is one reason why they make satisfactory husbands. Their genius for subordination links up with their appreciation of home and their talent for quiet family affection, and often ensures them that greatest of prizes, a happy married life. All this does not mean that they are necessarily to any unwholesome extent the creatures of others. Indeed, they can hold their own and hold it effectively in practically any relationship that calls

for the mean between self-suppression and self-assertion.

#### The Prince of a Difficult Rôle

Albert, Prince Consort, who married Queen Victoria on February 10th, 1840, was a supreme example of all that has just been adumbrated. He was so successful in making the best of every situation in which he found himself, and so completely did temperament pass into acquired character that the casual observer might well fail to realise how many of the traits of the phlegmatic were bound up with his initial personality. Further, from his earliest years he was so surrounded by mentors encouraging and, where necessary, urging him to a maximum development that he overcame most of the less attractive tendencies of his temperament. But the testimonies of that acute and kindly judge of princes, Baron Stockmar, classify him beyond question. In a letter written to Leopold, King of the Belgians, early in 1836, Stockmar said, "He is said to be circumspect, discreet, and even now cautious. But all that is not enough. He ought to have not merely great ability, but a right ambition and great force of will as well." A tour in Italy with the Prince gave Stockmar opportunities of further observation; and in a memorandum \* he noted that Prince Albert's constitution could not be called strong, that "great

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Life of the Prince Consort," by Sir Theodore Martin, Vol. I., p. 33 (Smith, Elder & Co., 1875).

exertion is repugnant to him, and his tendency is to spare himself both morally and physically"; that "full of the best intentions and the noblest resolutions he often falls short in giving them effect . . . he shows not the slightest interest in politics. Even while the most important occurrences are in progress, and their issues undecided, he does not care to look into a newspaper. He holds, moreover, all foreign journals in abhorrence; and while declaring that the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung is the only paper one wants or that is worth reading, he does not even read that . . . On the whole he will always have more success with men than with women, in whose society he shows too little empressement, and is too indifferent and retiring." Prince Albert himself unconsciously completed the links of Stockmar's chain of suggestion when years later, shortly before his last illness, he expressed in words a mental attitude which meant that he had no wish to die but did not care for living.\* Speaking to Queen Victoria, he said, "I do not cling to life. You do: but I set no store by it. If I knew those I love were well cared for I should be quite ready to die to-morrow . . . I am sure if I had a severe illness I should give up at once, I would not struggle for life." These direct and indirect testimonies unite to reveal Prince Albert as possessed of the phlegmatic temperament; and great was his triumph in con-

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Life of the Prince Consort," by Sir Theodore Martin, Vol. V., p. 415 (Smith, Elder & Co., 1875).

quering such traits as involved risk, and in making the best and the most of his more advantageous characteristics.

That he was a model husband and an ideal father is matter of common acceptance. played well every other part to which circumstances called him is not so universally realised. At the outset, while his relations with the Queen were all that could be desired, there were difficulties with other members of the royal household. "The difficulty," he wrote, "in filling my place with the proper dignity is that I am only the husband and not the master in the house." It is easy to understand much that this meant. He overcame the difficulty by firmness and tact. To assist Queen Victoria he gave himself to the study of public affairs that earlier had no attraction for him; and with all his thoroughness he was careful not to give an impression of interfering unduly in matters of state or encroaching on the privileges of the sovereign. During his correspondence in 1850 with the Duke of Wellington respecting the proposal that he should succeed the latter as commander-in-chief he set forth his guiding estimate of what his position as Prince Consort demanded. "This requires," he wrote, "that the husband should entirely sink his own individual existence in that of his wife—that he should aim at no power for himself or by himself-should shun all contention—assume no separate responsibility

<sup>\* &</sup>quot; Life of Prince Consort," Vol. II., p. 260.

before the public, but make his position entirely a part of hers—fill up every gap which as a woman she would naturally leave in the exercise of her regal functions—continually and anxiously watch every part of the public business in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment . . . As the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs, sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the government, he is, besides, the husband of the queen, the tutor of the royal children, the private secretary of the sovereign, and her permanent minister."

The temperament which stood the Prince in good stead in the various relations indicated in his letter served him equally well in other directions. His talent for economy did not make for popularity with the Court tradesmen, but under his management the estates of the Duchy of Cornwall more than quadrupled their rent-roll. All the best traits of the phlegmatic came out notably in his association with the Great Exhibition of 1851. His forethought, his wisdom in council, his skill in reconciling competing elements, his capacity for personal work-each made its own contribution to the success of the enterprise; and the Prince showed both persistence and restraint in his attitude to opposition. Lord Brougham, in the House of Peers, denied the right of the Crown to hold the exhibition in Hyde Park. Colonel Sibthorp, in the House of Commons, prophesied that England would

be overrun with foreign rogues and revolutionists who would destroy the religion of the people, subvert their loyalty to the throne, and filch England's trade secrets. There was a widespread suspicion that Prince Albert, with the natural malignity of a foreigner, was pursuing a devious way of destroying his adopted country; and between the spirit these facts reveal and the many internal difficulties in organising the exhibition, it would have been little wonder had the Prince Consort decided his time and energy could be better employed. It seems certain that had he given up the project it must have fallen to the ground. But he met opposition in the spirit of the man whose influence killed duelling in England; and his persistence overcame all other difficulties. His premature death meant that he had put eighty years' work into forty; and he left behind him not only a legacy of notable service to Queen Victoria and England, but also a record that enriches the history of the phlegmatic.

His career makes it possible to understand how in a certain type of crisis none serve their fellows so well as the phlegmatic. There are occasions in the history of humanity, critical and epoch-making in their possibilities, and calling not for the dominance of a Cromwell or the ascendancy of a Luther so much as for dependable men, whose firmness makes them equal to most exigencies, while their dispositions are not so set but that they can adapt themselves to circumstances. At such times it is practically always the phlegmatic who come to the front.

William the Silent was a good illustration of this. The Prince of Orange had many of the drawbacks of the phlegmatic. He lacked warmth, and therefore was far from commanding universal sympathy.\* His temperamental tolerance and his change from Catholicism to Protestantism have made some suspect he was a Gallio; and despite his youthful building of forts under the eyes of his enemies and his conduct during the campaigns of 1568 and 1572, there have not been wanting suggestions that his caution all but amounted to actual cowardice. But apart from what is debatable in these suggestions each of them hints at characteristics of the phlegmatic that might well be of service in the positions in which he found himself. Certainly he and Elizabeth of England and Henry IV. of France stand pre-eminent among those who saved Western Europe from Catholicism when in the sixteenth century Philip II. of Spain devoted the forty-two years of his reign to the task of stamping out Protest-The Emperor Charles V. knew men, and antism. when William was under one and twenty bestowed on him great responsibilities both as soldier and as counsellor. The incident that gave him his appellation reveals the kind of situation in which the phlegmatic show to advantage. Philip II. of Spain and Henry II. of France had agreed to work together to rid Europe of Protestants; and under the impression that

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<sup>\*&</sup>quot; William the Silent, Prince of Orange," by Ruth Putnam, Vol. II., p. 420 (Putnams, 1895).

William of Orange was in the full confidence of his Spanish master, Henry one day, after a hunting party in the Vincennes woods, entered into the details of the private treaty he had made with Alva to exterminate heresy from Philip's dominions and his own. The accursed project was news to Prince William. But he said nothing to betray his earlier ignorance; and, Catholic though he was, he listened with secret horror to the details of a plan for introducing to the Netherlands an inquisition more cruel than that of Spain. His reticence, typical of the phlegmatic, gained for him the epithet of Le Taciturne, which thus had reference not so much to an habitual trait as to a single act of verbal continence. Later he wrote: "I confess that from that moment I determined in earnest to chase the Spanish vermin from the land, and I never repented my resolution."

This last was a true witness. When Alva came to the Netherlands to crush Protestants and enslave the country in the name of the Pope and Philip, William formally renounced Catholicism, and as a Lutheran raised a German army against him. His first schemes failed; but when the Protestants of Holland and Zealand rose William put himself at their head; and under his leadership a tract of country not bigger than Yorkshire stood successfully in arms against the mighty soldiery of Spain. The insurrection spread, and it became a difficulty to get Calvinists and Lutherans to work well together. William's nominal adoption of Calvinism served the

cause of freedom well; and to his credit be it remembered that, while Catholic worship was forbidden in the territories he controlled, he insisted on toleration for Catholics themselves. For sixteen years, until an assassin dispatched by Philip laid him low, he conducted the most honourable of modern conflicts for liberty. Deficient only in personal ambition and self-assertion, he stood always with devotion and gentleness for liberty, for toleration, for wise relativity, and for such sane conservatism as circumstances rendered possible. The moderation and persistence of the phlegmatic always assisted each triumph of his personality.

## The Demerits of the Phlegmatic

The attempt to give due place to light and shade in the picture of William the Silent may well serve as preparation for delineating the potential demerits of the phlegmatic. These are not few. For, as with other temperaments, their latent excellences are also co-existent with other possibilities that may dwarf and even degrade. That temperamental slowness whose advantages were detailed on an earlier page may induce undue procrastination, and in some men absolute sloth. The phlegmatic are always missing the tide because they do not sufficiently realise the certainty of its turning; and not seldom their ship rots in the harbour while they are saying they will go out on the next flood. Sloth and caution, too, frequently work together to rob them of the heroic

note; and even where sloth is not, caution alone often prevents their risking the perils beyond the bar. Yet the history of notable men and women is the history of the risks they have taken. The average phlegmatic are little inclined to voluntary heroism; and their instinct for self-preservation often misleads. When circumstances make heroism the best way out of a difficulty, they are generally equal to the occasion; but they play too often for safety, and so lose the great victories of life. Where would Herbert Spencer have been had he not again and again risked everything in critical hours? Again and again comforts are more to the phlegmatic than convictions, and so there overtakes them the nemesis of folk who perpetually thwart their own highest impulses; and what is equally unfortunate is that by their non-conductivity they often chill the legitimate enthusiasm of others.

Their fidelity to a settled judgment often leads them to exaggerate the value of consistency; and it is not uncommon for them to think a thing is right mainly because they themselves still believe it. The open mind is not one of their foibles. The Duchess of Marlborough testified that Queen Anne had "a certain knack of sticking to what had been dictated to her to a degree very often disagreeable and without the least sign of understanding or judgment." The verdict might be suspect were it not that Anne herself wrote to a correspondent, "I desire you would not have so ill an opinion of me as to think

when I have determined anything in my mind I will alter it." Hers was one of the cases to which the dietum applies that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. It is often a positive duty to be inconsistent; and few of us are right often enough to be able to disregard the obligation. Allied with this weakness of the phlegmatic there is often discoverable a seeming incapacity for new beginnings. They are creatures of habit, routine, regularity, to a degree that borders on the vicious. Yet a sane sense of the value of novelty and the worth of new interests enriches life. Anything else too often means a cramping of the whole nature; and the phlegmatic have been known to assist such cramping by carrying too far their passion for economy in money matters. Thrift still holds its own among the secondary virtues, and ethics and political economy unite in commending care in expenditure. But neither virtue is necessarily identical with habitual stinginess; and certain of the phlegmatic will never give their better nature a fair chance until by a violent effort they embark on a season of reckless generosity and deliberately give away more than they can afford.

## The Phlegmatic's Great Need

All this means that the phlegmatic are often in sore need of expanding their personalities, of living instead of existing, of feeling instead of thwarting emotion, of changing their strength of inertia for strength of expression. They need not only to let

their hearts live, but to stimulate them if possible. They do despite to the sacredness of love when as sometimes happens they accept affection from others as a matter of course, and seem neither to welcome nor return it. Nearly always their area of sensitiveness is too small; and they die daily in ignoble measure because of their lack of responsiveness. Self-concentration is their curse; and because of it they miss much. It is a question whether their imperturbability is worth the price they usually pay for it. A small girl to whom it had never occurred that anywhere in the world there was anyone who was not prepared to give smile for smile once entered a railway carriage. Opposite to her sat a stranger; and after the thorough scrutiny usual on such occasions her face lit up, and with unreasoning faith in the winsomeness of her own effulgence, she directed a beam of unaffected good comradeship on the man she had already added mentally to her lengthy list of friends. Soon her dismay was pitiable, for her fellow traveller did not comprehend. smiles of little children had no value for him. sat on, stolid, unseeing, unmoved, his face unrelaxed. It was the first time the maiden had encountered anything of the sort; and abashed and rebuffed and wounded beyond her power of explaining, she burst into tears. She was scarcely to blame, for she had just received her initial lesson in the hardness of life. "Doesn't everybody love little girls?" was her perplexed question later; and perhaps despite

explanation she decided that what ailed the unresponsive passenger was superfluity of naughtiness. In reality he was merely phlegmatic. The poor man missed more than he knew, and gave more pain than he realised. Such is often the way of persons of his temperament.

Herbert Spencer would not have failed to return the smile of the small girl, for did he not declare that his fondness for children was "a vicarious phase of the philoprogenitive instinct"? Much of our other criticism of the phlegmatic has little or no relevance to him; and further there must always be remembered his fidelity to high purpose, eulogised in earlier pages, and his sincerity and persistence in the search for truth. Yet no one can study his Autobiography or read Mr. J. Arthur Thomson's sketch \* of his characteristics without feeling that to an extent almost unparalleled in men of his eminence he balanced his qualities by illustrating many of the commoner defects of the phlegmatic. The remoteness from ordinary humanity and the non-sympathetic element that so often marks the phlegmatic were distinctly discernible in his personality; carried their manifestation to ludicrous lengths. When in company the conversation of others bored him, he would sometimes fix in his ears stoppers that shut out the sound of their unwelcome voices; and

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Herbert Spencer," by J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., p. 86 (Dent, 1906).

<sup>†&</sup>quot; Home Life with Herbert Spencer," p. 30, by Two (Arrowsmith, 1910).

with garrulous ladies was known to remark, "Take a book. Mustn't talk now." The number of people who wish they had the courage to imitate him is not a fair gauge of the quality of his attitude; and we may well leave the matter with the remark that when he sat in a drawing-room with the velvet-covered knobs shutting out part of his immediate environment, he was dramatising an anti-social remoteness of the phlegmatic that is too common. Of course, a sense of humour would have saved him from carrying the trait to such lengths. But despite his pathetic belief in his possession of that sense, and despite, too, his evident appreciation of his own witticisms, he never really knew what a sense of humour was. Once by way of entertaining some ladies he informed them that in his earlier days he used to joke Miss Marian Evans, later known to fame as George Eliot,\* on her "diabolical descent." The ladies were willing to laugh; and, since the point was beyond them, he explained that as her name was Marian she was also To save possible misunderstanding he a Polly Ann. further elucidated the joke by adding "Apollyon!" Scots readers will delight to remember that Herbert Spencer was undeniably English. The fact is that the phlegmatic so often joke with difficulty that they would do well to realise that a sense of humour is not invariably one of their assets. Certainly they reveal the sense less often and less successfully than persons of other temperaments.

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Home Life with Herbert Spencer," p. 42.

Intense subjectivity, exaggeration of individualism, and tendency to undue criticism of others from a purely personal standpoint are three frequent demerits of the phlegmatic; and in certain moods Mr. Spencer would have been not unwilling to confess to all three. As the preceding paragraph suggests, what he was hardly aware of was what most of us fail to recognise -the extent of personal limitations due to temperament. He had to an amazing extent those limitations of insight, of emotional range, of appreciation, and of inability to imagine the mentality of others that not rarely hamper the development of the phlegmatic; and this is the more remarkable when his capacity for unflattering self-analysis is recognised. There is one example of this in his Autobiography so extraordinary that even an admirer like Mr. J. A. Thomson calls attention to it. When in France he had passed a wayside shrine decorated by the hands of the faithful with rude crosses; and this is his amazing account of what the sight meant to him. A letter of June 12th, 1872, reminded him that at Boulogne he had met an old engineering friend. "He and I renewed our habit of early years, and took country rambles inland and along the coast. One of them left a permanent impression. We passed a wayside shrine at the foot of which were numerous offerings. each formed of two bits of lath nailed one across the other. The sight suggested to me the behaviour of an intelligent and amiable retriever, a great pet at Ardtonish. On coming up to salute one after a

few hours' or a day's absence, wagging her tail and drawing back her lips to simulate a grinning smile, she would seek around to find a stick or a bit of paper or a dead leaf, and bring it in her mouth; so expressing her desire to propitiate. The dead leaf or bit of paper was symbolic in the same way as was the valueless cross. Probably in respect of sincerity of feeling the advantage was on the side of the retriever."

Most people, on a first reading of the passage, would be inclined to characterise it as blasphemy, deliberate and intentionally offensive. It deserves even stronger epithets; and yet they would not be right. What it means mainly is that Herbert Spencer had so little mysticism that he had small chance of understanding the mysticism of other people. The last sentence of his Autobiography reads, "Thus, religious creeds, which in one way or other occupy the sphere that rational interpretation seeks to occupy and fails and fails the more it seeks, I have come to regard with a sympathy based on community of need; feeling that dissent from them results from inability to accept the solutions offered, joined with the wish that solutions could be found." It is easy to exaggerate possible implications from these words; and yet it is not unfair to suggest they show that Spencer came at last to that sense of spiritual need which, given time for further investigation, might have eventuated in the developing of a clearly recognisable spiritual sense. But such a consum-

mation was rendered practically impossible by his cosmic preoccupation.

The phlegmatic are susceptible to risks like his, for narrow outlook and short views are typical of their temperament. But, given alertness to these and other temperamental dangers, they are capable both of religion and of Christianity; and once they become Christians all their finer traits mean extra chances of usefulness.

## Newsagent and Statesman

This chapter may well close with some reference to a man of undoubted phlegmatic temperament, the Christianising of whose qualities guarded him against his worse possibilities, and developed all that made for the service of his Lord and humanity. W. H. Smith followed up commercial success as a newsagent and bookseller on a large scale by a political career, during which he served successively as First Lord of the Admiralty, as War Secretary, and as Irish Secretary, and then for five sessions led the House of Commons as First Lord of the Treasury with honest undistinguished shrewdness.\* He had most of the notes of the phlegmatic temperament. He would never have sought position or responsibility, but when both came his way he did not see any reason for refusing. Writing to an old schoolfellow after accepting office as Financial

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; History of Modern England," Vol. V., p. 222, by Herbert Paul (Macmillan, 1906).

Secretary of the Treasury he claimed,\* "I can say most confidently that I never set to work aiming at personal advancement in the slightest degree. One circumstance has led to another and I have gradually found myself of more account in men's eyes, simply from doing the work of the day as it presented itself to me." And towards the end of his career the same spirit persisted. He wrote some two and a half years before his death a letter † to Lord Salisbury in which he said, "I do not think it possible to exaggerate the gravity of the struggle in which we are engaged, and I have never disguised from you my view that in such a fight it is really the duty of the chief to put those men in the most prominent position who are best fitted to do the work. I am much stronger for my holiday, but I am not more ready of speech than I was, nor am I likely to be; and I am therefore most anxious that you should thoroughly understand that whether my health be good or bad, I am quite ready to give place to another leader, as a simple matter of duty, for the good of the country, now or whenever it appears to you desirable to make a change. I shall not refer again to the matter when we meet unless you do so.' The Premier had too marked a sense of his service to his party to do anything but press him to remain, and yet, true again to the phlegmatic temperament,

† Ibid., Vol. II., p. 239.

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Life of William Henry Smith, M.P.," Vol. I., p. 258, by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. (Blackwood, 1893).

Smith was not really a party man. He seems to have started life as a tepid Liberal; and he perhaps\* owed his first approach to the Conservative party to his rejection in 1862 by the committee of the Reform Club, who recoiled at the prospect of admitting to their superior circle a man who sold newspapers. When he first stood for Parliament as candidate for Westminster in 1865, it was as a Liberal-Conservative against Captain Grosvenor (Whig) and John Stuart Mill (Radical). He was slow in forming a judgment, but once formed he adhered to it without anxiety. For all his simplicity and kindliness he had more than a touch of aloofness; and while he was always considerate, his servants especially found him as a rule reserved and silent.† Indeed, one day he said to his valet: "I don't speak much to you; my mind is pretty full of other matters, but remember it is never so full that I cannot listen to anything you want to say to me." He had intense appreciation for his home, home life, the home circle, his children, and his wife. In 1882 he wrote ‡ on his birthday to his stepdaughter, "So long as I have the warm affection of wife and children, birthdays will be happy; but life is not worth living without love." He never failed to write each night to Mrs. Smith from his place in the House of Commons; and, in 1887, on the eve

<sup>\*</sup> Art., William Henry Smith in "Dict. of Nat. Biog.," Vol. LIII., p. 158.

<sup>†</sup> Maxwell's "Life of W. H. Smith," Vol. II., p. 119. † Ibid., Vol. II., p. 132.

of the anniversary of their wedding he penned amid the distraction of debate these sentences as part of her anniversary letter: "This must come to you as my first greeting on the anniversary of that happy day when we became one . . . God has blessed us, and we do owe very much to Him, for all our trials have brought us closer to each other and to Him, and every day I realise more and more of the strength and guidance which you ask and help me to gain."

The quotation suggests that religion was a big factor in his life; and further study of his career shows the extent to which he was influenced by spiritual motives and reveals also the quality of his spirituality. After setting aside, at his father's request, a youthful desire to proceed to Oxford and prepare for holy orders, he gave himself as partner to the development of the family business of newsagency. The management passed by degrees into his hands, and the extension of railways meant openings for bookstalls. In 1851 he secured a monopoly of those on the London and North Western system, and at once showed his spiritual metal by the scrupulous care he devoted to excluding pernicious literature. As railway bookstalls had hitherto been notorious for something quite different, young Smith got the name of "the North Western Missionary." By 1862 his reputation secured his firm the exclusive right of selling books and newspapers on all important English railways; and open-air advertisements and circulating libraries later became established features

of his business. Yet commercial exigencies did not prevent his accepting invitations to spare time and energy for hospital committees, for municipal service, for interest in the religious welfare of young men, and for a definitely spiritual concern for poor churches. The meanness not rare among the phlegmatic had no place in him, for he gave yearly large sums to church extension and schemes of philanthropy.

All the qualities ascribed at election times to candidates by their platform supporters, and even by themselves, do not always survive admission to the House of Commons. But its members always retain sufficient acumen to offer to character a tribute nothing else can extort from them; and Smith's parliamentary colleagues succumbed to his sterling integrity, his honesty of purpose, his disinterested devotion to the public service. In the early days of his leadership a good-humoured titter, not proceeding altogether from his opponents, would greet such of his constant phrases as "It is my duty in the interests of the public service." But before long no one laughed at the sincerities of the homely English gentleman who, without eloquence or other brilliant qualities, was obviously doing, as he understood it, his duty to God and country. Punch, carrying on the tradition of his earlier sobriquet, "the North Western Missionary," nicknamed him "Old Mortality." His associates readily took up the name as a term of mingled affection and respect. "Confound it! Who can help liking Old Mor-

tality?" asked one day a member of another party. An abstract from the-then Liberal-Pall Mall Gazette of May 13th, 1891, yields its own testi-"' Members desiring to take their seats will now come to the table,' shouts the Speaker in stentorian tones, and, behold, there marches up to the table a member whom we seem to have seen before. He blushes, but he is not in the first bloom of his manhood; he smiles nervously in response to the ringing cheers that greet him from all parts of the House, but he goes through the ceremonies of introduction-not with the awkwardness of a new member, but with all the grace and ease of one who has known them from his childhood up. And the curious thing is this: though he is obviously a Tory member, the whole House joins in his welcome, and grins from ear to ear with satisfaction, as at the coming of some very dear old friend. Curious? It is not at all curious; for who should this member be but the most popular man that has led the House of Commons for the last twenty years-Mr. W. H. Smith."

The significance of the scene above described compels investigation into the basal causes of a reputation that attracted such unanimity of endorsement. The problem is simpler than it seems. William Henry Smith was a religious man; and he lived out his religion. Of course his religion was of the sober, methodical type, but it had quality by reason of its intense reality. At the age of twenty-one he drew

## THE PHLEGMATIC TEMPERAMENT

up a list of the subjects for which he prayed daily. Both conception and contents of the list tell of the phlegmatic temperament; and yet for that very reason they have extraordinary significance. The document read as follows:—

1. For repentance. 2. Faith. 3. Love. 4. Grace to help. 5. Gratitude. 6. Power to pray. 7. Constant direction in all things. 8. A right understanding of the Bible, and a thorough knowledge of it. 9. Deliverance from my easily besetting sin—watchfulness. 10. Grace that blessings and talents—God's gifts—may not be the means of withdrawing my heart's service from God the Giver. 11. My wife—if it is God's will I should have one. 12. Like blessings for my Father and Sisters according to their several necessities. 13. My friends. 14. This place. 15. Missionaries. 16. All for whom I ought. 17. Pardon for all ignorance and sin in all my prayers. Remember February 4th, and pray that I yield not to temptation.

The test of such a list drawn up in youth is the extent to which the Christian principles underlying it persist through life and show forth in old age. Earlier pages offer their own evidence; and there is one story \* of W. H. Smith which shows how thorough may be the Christianising of a phlegmatic temperament, and how complete the escape from its self-centredness and other sources of temptation. When Smith was at the War Office, his private secretary noticed that each Saturday when his chief left for his country seat, he used to pack a dispatch box with papers and carry it himself on his journey.

<sup>\*</sup> Maxwell's "Life of W. H. Smith," Vol. II., p. 343.

Naturally enough the subordinate suggested the sending of the documents by post. Mr. Smith looked embarrassed for a moment, and then said: "Well, my dear Wilson, the fact is this: our postman who brings the letters from Henley has plenty to carry. I watched him one morning coming up the approach with my heavy pouch in addition to his usual load and I determined to save him as much as I could." To speak thus was to reveal the true Christian. The story has its own significance for the discerning; and that significance has most of meaning and profit for the phlegmatic.

#### CHAPTER V

#### THE SANGUINE TEMPERAMENT

More than to others, the world turns to the sanguine temperament with appreciation that often becomes affection. This is small wonder. Phlegmatic folk, despite their restfulness, often devitalise us by the mere strain of contact with their seemingly unimpressionable personalities. Melancholy people bore the average man, for the average man is convinced that he has troubles enough of his own. Choleric folk call out the caution and often the defensiveness of others; and they either irritate or amuse according to circumstances. But sanguine people have invariably a surface gift of pleasing. There is pleasure for the discerning in the mere recalling of the names of St. Peter and Columbus, Joan of Arc and Elizabeth Fry, John Frederic Oberlin, and—to complete worthily our series-Mr. Wilkins Micawber. Even to master the details of the life of some less-known sanguine personality is to find oftener than not much that fascinates.

Take for example a career like that of the forgotten Valentine Jamerai Duval, a French scholar of the eighteenth century. Duval was born at Artonnay, in Champagne, in 1695, of poor parents;

and when he was ten his father died. At the age of fourteen he learned the alphabet in the intervals of tending turkeys, and then losing his situation he set out to seek his fortune, little doubting but that the world would be kind to him. After several days' journey he developed smallpox, and lay for some time in a covered sheepfold. As soon as he was on the road to recovery he insisted on eating biscuit frozen so hard by the frost that he had to cut it with a hatchet. The kindness of a priest helped him through weeks of convalescence; and then, seeking a place in the sun, the lad set out towards the province of Lorraine. Often near starvation, he nevertheless sustained himself by perpetual faith in the morrow. A hermit, attracted by the lad, encouraged him to educate himself further, and gave him a letter to others of his calling, who set him tending cattle in the woods, and gave him the opportunity of learning to write. Almanacs had given him the idea that there was such a science as astronomy; and, aware of no reason why he should not master it, he got hold of a star map and diligently searched the heavens until he was able to identify the principal stellar groups of the northern hemisphere. Geography next attracted him; and then wishing for money to buy books he thought of a plan of snaring animals and selling their skins. The plan worked. With a joyful heart he carried the purchase money to Nancy; and booksellers were told that he knew nothing of prices and trusted to their honour not to overcharge.

Most of them cheated him; but when one tradesman was so far attracted by him that he treated him fairly, and even gave him credit to the amount of twenty shillings, the ingenuous youth saw in his conduct justification of his earlier candour. Other people became interested in his desire for learning, and finally Duke Leopold of Lorraine sent him to the Jesuits' College at Pont-à-Mousson. During his student days he lost his heart to a winsome damsel; and finding his passion interfered with his study he inquired concerning some cure for the malady. At last he lit upon a passage in St. Jerome proclaiming the virtues of hemlock as an antidote to love; and at once took so large a dose that his health was permanently affected. Travels to Paris and the Low Countries contributed to his education. and he ultimately accepted a post as librarian at a starvation wage. Then, after hesitation, he accepted the position of professor of history, antiquities, and ancient and modern geography at the Academy of Luneville; and before long, what with lecturing and tutorial fees, he was rich. Overjoyed at his good fortune, he gave great gifts to his old friends, the hermits, and did not forget them when he entered the service of the Emperor of Germany, to whom he told home truths in simple faith that he would not be misunderstood; and sanguine to the last he died at the age of eighty. All his lifetime people found it easy to like him. The farmer in whose barn he was resting when disease showed itself,

prophesied his death, but did his best for him. Hermits and princes, pupils and friends, all succumbed to his sway.

## Billy Bray, the Sanguine Preacher

Even more arresting is the history of another shining example of the sanguine temperament, Billy Bray, the great Cornish preacher.\* The psychology of his career is as significant as its spirituality. Once a high-spirited, drunken and lascivious miner, Bray was changed by conversion into an aggressive Christian, who commended his gospel by an earnestness assisted by perennial blitheness and universal good-comradeship. It was his own testimony that he had felt "the joys of religion at 250 below grass," which meant at two hundred and fifty fathoms below the earth's surface, where the converted miner was working at his vocation. The narrative of the lame man laid daily at the gate of the temple which was called Beautiful had special appeal for him. From it he gleaned scriptural warrant for his own practice of dancing before that Lord whom he felt worthy to be praised from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same. "And he, leaping up, stood and walked and entered with them into the temple, walking and leaping and praising God," was a verse that made Bray argue that if a cripple could so behave, then a Christian with sound limbs all his days ought

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Billy Bray, the King's Son," by F. W. Bourne.

to leap four feet to his two. His habit of praising the Lord aloud was not always appreciated; and when he was a guest in the house of others, and began his morning exercises before the members of the family were awake, even the most hospitable were sometimes known to expostulate. But more than once he said, "If they were to put me into a barrel I would shout glory out through the bunghole! Praise the Lord!" No misfortune was suffered to influence his temperament. When his wife died God was praised for her place among the shining ones; and while he admitted that he was not free from trials, he persisted it was "not worth while to write or speak anything about them." In any question came up, Bray always had an answer that revealed the sanguine temperament. A query concerning recognition in heaven was met at once with the refreshing observation: "I shall know Adam as soon as I see him as if I had been reared with him all my life." His accounts of his combats with Satan were enough to convince doubters concerning the reality of a personal devil. "The devil knows where I live," was perhaps the most doleful of his admissions; and, despite Bray's reproaching him with having lost a good situation, he called oftener than was welcome. But Bray knew a Stronger than he, and so he dared to boast, "I have been battling with thee for twenty-eight years, and I have always beat thee, and always shall." It is small wonder that a man capable of such an attitude

had overwhelming faith in the salvability of human nature, and proclaimed everywhere the power of God to save sinners; and his trust in the care of his Heavenly Father often revealed the sanguine temperament at its best. The following incident, nowset forth in print for the first time, may fitly close our account of him.

Though Bray's poverty did not prevent his adding two orphaned children to his own four, he was miserably poor. For long periods he lived on the principle that Father, as he always called God, would incline the hearts of fellow Christians to help when help was needed; and food and clothes and the wherewithal for his other modest needs always came. One morning an acquaintance met Bray at a Cornish railway station some few minutes before a train was due; and conversation elicited the information that the preacher intended travelling by the incoming train, but had no money to purchase a ticket to his destination. The acquaintance heard, and suspecting a ruse on Bray's part to induce him to pay his fare, determined to do nothing of the sort. "If you have no money to buy a ticket, how are you going to get one?" he asked, with something approaching irri-"The train's nearly due." "Bless you," tation. was Bray's answer, "It's all right; Father will pay. He always sees me through." And he beamed on his acquaintance, serenely sure. The train was steaming round the curve into the station when a second traveller came up to the preacher. "Aren't

you Mr. Bray?" he asked. "Tisn't many do came mister," was the cheerful answer, "but you'm right, my son." "Well," said the new-comer, "I heard you preach some time ago, and ever since I've had it in my heart to give you a sovereign to help you along. Here it is." "Tis welcome, and thank 'ee," replied Bray, radiant, but in no way surprised; and he took the money and bought his ticket. "I told 'ee Father would find the money. Praise Him!" was his exultant comment to the acquaintance; and when at the end of the journey they parted, his acquaintance had a sense of things unrealised before, and a new liking in his soul for the spiritually sanguine preacher.

## A Blithe Challenge to Life.

Beyond question there are reasons why folk of his temperament are so often popular. To begin with, the sanguine temperament, save for its seasons of reaction, is happy and hopeful. Sanguine folk possess by nature that blitheness which the rest of us must needs seek through grace; and their joie de vivre is often spectacular, almost processional in its quality. As they move through life all near them are aware they are on the march. What is achievement for others is endowment for them. Thus for them merely to live is to do God's service. They carry the torch of optimism flaring through a shadowed world. Advanced civilisation always tends towards pessimism. The sanguine maintain a perpetual challenge against

the decadent phases of the modern spirit. As they serve society so they serve their friends. As a mere spectacle the hopeful and the happy attract and lure to unconscious imitation. Their radiance of spirit creates atmosphere and disseminates sunshine. The party only begins when the sanguine guests arrive. If you desire social failure, ask to your would-be festival only the phlegmatic and the choleric and the melancholy. It is the sanguine who please and persuade other people into geniality. Their infectious personalities have unseen antennæ that reach out and stimulate our affection and our capacity for being pleased with others.

## The Window-Dressing Gift

Further, their good nature is assisted in its conquests by their wonderful gift of putting their best to the fore. The show-cases in the emporium may harbour only dust, and its shelves may be weighted only by empty cardboard boxes; and the warehouse may be entirely vacant. But even if it takes all their goods, the sanguine usually contrive to fill the shop window. The sanguine temperament is expert in window dressing; and Regent Street on any fine afternoon shows how all the world loves a good window-dresser. Even their pardonable weaknesses often endear them to their friends. Invariably they have a talent for sudden and brief anger which is usually histrionic in its manifestations, and soon spends itself and readily becomes

apologetic; and they are never more irresistible than when a season of picturesque passion is succeeded by penitence and sweet reasonableness. The aforementioned Valentine Jamerai Duval was much troubled in his youthful days by one of his hermit friends, a certain Brother Anthony, who considered secular studies were imperilling the young man's soul. At length the brother threatened to take away Duval's books and tear up his maps. The youth replied that if the hermit did anything of the sort he would make him repent it. Brother Anthony retorted with something about a box on the ear; but, as he came near, Duval in an access of rage seized a fire shovel and became so threatening that the hermit took to his heels and called lustily for help. Other brethren came running from the garden, but, thoroughly roused, the young student faced them, and by making great play with his shovel he expelled his horrified seniors from his room, and locked the door in triumph. But with victory came reaction. His temper cooled; and soon through the window he was arranging terms of capitulation. When the superior agreed to his having, save in seed time, harvest, and vintage season, two hours a day for study, he, to prove penitence and sincere desire to make amends, promised to serve the hermits for ten years with all imaginable zeal and affection. When he set about making good his pledge he found that not only was he forgiven, but his reverend fathers liked him more rather than less for his part

in a scene that had broken the monotony of their blameless lives.

All this was as it often is. Some of the nicest things in the world are done by sanguine folk who wish to show that they are still sorry for past temper; and it is part of human nature to feel kindly to those who have begged pardon and directly or tacitly asked indulgence for their weaknesses. Then, however freely they speak in a mood of quarrel, the sanguine never mean even for a moment more than a fraction of their epithets; and they are easily reconciled, and often they are past masters in the art of making up a difference. No wonder then that the sanguine enjoy the gladness of instant empire over the affections of so many of us.

## Making the Best of Things

Another trait that often distinguishes the sanguine is the power of making the best of circumstances. Save in their seasons of reaction they will always see the blue in the heavens though all the world be black. Jeremy Taylor, whose lofty and impassioned prose made Coleridge rank him with Shakespeare and Bacon and Milton,\* was chaplain to Archbishop Laud and chaplain in ordinary to Charles I. But the failure of the Royalist cause meant the downfall of his fortune and prospects; and for many years retirement at Golden Grove in Carmarthenshire and three brief terms of imprisonment were the main features of

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Jeremy Taylor," by Edmund Gosse (Macmillan), p. 211.

a career that would have tried sorely the temper of many. But Taylor was sanguine. True, he had very little faith in the human mind as an instrument of truth, and he based his great plea for toleration on the impossibility of presenting theology as a demonstrable science. But in the days when Anglican and Presbyterian and Independent were at open warfare, he dared to believe that peace would be possible if opponents "would not call opinions by the name of religion and superstructures by the name of fundamental articles." When his dark hour came, he gave himself to that process of spiritual arithmetic known as counting your blessings; and since the total set his heart swelling with gratitude to God he commented thus on his good fortune: "They have taken all from me. What now? They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse, and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance and my cheerful spirit and a good con-They still have left me the providence of God and all the promises of the Gospel and all my religion and my hopes of heaven and my charity to them too; and still I eat and drink, I sleep and digest, I read and meditate; I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields and delight in all that in which God delights." The man who faced misfortune in this temper deserved from Charles II. at the Restoration something better than an Irish bishopric. Yet here

again his temperament did him good service, for many another cleric would have refused the appalling task to which the author of "Holy Living and Holy Dying" devoted the rest of his life.

The fact is that when reinforced by seriousness the sanguine is a great temperament for a forlorn hope. When the seriousness means that the sanguine have more than a tinge of the melancholy temperament also, forlorn hopes often afford the greatest opportunities of service. Hasty observers might be pardoned for thinking that Admiral Blake, whom Cromwell used so deftly to exalt the name of England throughout the world, spent his life in captaining first one forlorn hope and then another. He was fifty years old, and had had no previous experience of command at sea when he found himself on his own flagship as second in charge of the English navy. But this change made little demand on his sanguine elements. Naval warfare in the seventeenth century was largely a matter of hand-to-hand conflicts with opposing vessels side by side; and an officer who could fight on land took it for granted he could fight at sea and was content to leave navigation proper to experts. So the sanguine phases of Blake's personality were shown not so much when he accepted admiralty as when earlier, on land, he defended Prior's Hill at the Siege of Bristol, and captained the defence of Lyme and of Taunton, and when later, at sea, he fought the Dutch with fifteen ships to their forty-two, and on a later day dispensed with the

co-operation of colleagues and flung his twelve vessels on Tromp's navy of ninety. The last big feat of Blake's life created a record, even for the sanguine temperament, for everything combined to bring him success.

## The Hero of Forlorn Hopes

Seeking for an opportunity of crippling Spain, Blake had passed the whole winter off Cadiz with but twenty ships; and somehow he had survived December winds and January seas. At length his vigil was broken by the spring news that a Spanish treasure fleet \* of sixteen vessels had all but concluded its homeward voyage, and after the fashion of such returning companies had put into the harbour of Santa Cruz to await instructions. Blake determined to proceed at once to the Canary Isles and attack it; and on Monday, April 20th, 1657, he was off the extreme north-east corner of Teneriffe, eager for battle. Don Diego Diagues, the Spanish Governor of Santa Cruz, felt little apprehension at his approach, and surface appearances certainly justified him. Santa Cruz harbour lies, a glorious pool, land-locked, the lower mountains brooding on the edge of its shore waters, the snow-capped giant peak of Teneriffe rising above them twelve thousand feet. It is roughly semicircular in shape, and its only entrance is narrow and bottle-necked. Its winds are fitful, "squally with calms." It is neither easy to enter nor easy

<sup>\* &</sup>quot; Admiral Robert Blake," by J. G. Stevenson, p. 80.

to leave; and in Blake's time the Spaniards had improved its natural advantages by an elaborate scheme of fortifications. The entrance was guarded by a great castle and lesser defences; and at intervals on its shores huge forts rose, furnished with the biggest guns obtainable, all fixed at an angle that enabled them to rake the harbour mouth. On that fateful Monday the sixteen Spanish ships were arranged after the configuration of its estuary. The ten smallest were drawn up in a rude semicircle following the line of its banks, and the six immense galleons of 1,600 tons were massed athwart the entrance. Thus the place must have seemed impregnable; and indeed years later Nelson failed to take it. He lacked the circumstances that favoured Blake; and without some adventitious aid no attack could have any chance of success.

Had Blake been a regulation naval expert he would probably have thought better of the whole project; and indeed several of his officers were opposed to it. But others remembered Porto Farina, and were ready for anything Blake was prepared to hazard. The admiral for his part saw far more clearly than Don Diego Diagues. With the Spanish fleet arranged as the circumference and base of an irregular semicircle, the shore forts, being ranged after the same pattern, could not fire on an invader without injuring their own ships. Of course, once inside the harbour an attack would be perilous in the extreme; but those perils would be modified

by the fact that the shore guns for the time being converged on the entry. The prospect was risky but irresistible; and Blake's plans were soon formed. Sir Richard Stayner, another of the sanguine, was with him in command of twelve ships; and he received instructions to open the battle by rushing the entrance and falling on the massed line of the galleons. After all the English sailors had solemnly joined in formal prayers, he moved grimly to his duty. The forts that guarded the harbour mouth crashed forth in defence, and as Stayner's vessels had to face their fire lengthways, they ran great risk of destruction. But modern mechanism for speedily varying the trajectory of artillery was not then in use; and the advancing ships, helped by a fortunately favouring wind, escaped most of the missiles by passing close inshore. Musketeers on the land found in this policy their opportunity, but muskets are not formidable against rapidly moving ships. Instinct with deadly menace, Stayner's vessels came near the six galleons; and veering until they were broadside on, they anchored bow and stern, and in a few minutes the smoke of their conflict hid the battle from idle gunners on the shore. Blake followed with his squadron, and covering Stayner's flank, he answered the attack of such few forts as were able to fire on Sir Richard. After a four hours' struggle the English were boarding the whole six galleons, and were driving the Spaniards overboard.

This done, the real peril of Blake and Stayner

began. The smoke cleared, the Spaniards in the land forts and batteries saw that now there was no reason why they should not fire, and they swept the harbour with their shot. Blake stood to gain by a renewal of the earlier confusing smoke; and since he could not possibly get the defeated galleons out of the harbour he had them fired, and while they were blazing he fell on the smaller ships and before long had them alight also. By now the tide was flowing outwards; and as the smoke of the many conflagrations filled the harbour, Blake gave orders for his men to take advantage of the ebb and the obscurity and thus get outside as speedily as they could. While every Spanish vessel that had not sunk earlier was slowly foundering, pyre and wreck in one, the English fleet moved towards the harbour The forts there were waiting for them, and they would have had to pay dearly for a slow exit. But at the moment of their need the wind changed to an offshore breeze that seemed miraculous; and with the English sailors exulting in the burnt ships and silenced batteries behind them, and actually laughing at the great castle-fort at the harbour entry, every one of Blake's vessels safely regained the open The sea-power of Spain had been demolished, and England's naval prowess would more than ever be the fear of all the world; and Blake's total casualties were fifty slain and one hundred and twenty wounded. Clarendon, the Royalist historian, later wrote: "The whole action was so miraculous that

all men who knew the place wondered that any sober men, with what courage soever endued, would ever have undertaken it; and they could hardly persuade themselves to believe what they had done, whilst the Spaniards comforted themselves with the belief that they were devils, and no men, who had destroyed them in such a manner." What puzzled Englishmen and Spaniards alike was a notable example of the way of the sanguine with a forlorn hope; and not for the first time temperament had dared the impossible and had succeeded.

## The Land of the Sanguine

Despite the appeal of Blake's career to Englishmen, Americans will peruse the story of Santa Cruz with more understanding and sympathy than they. For, in part perhaps for climatic reasons, the United States is par excellence the country of the sanguine. There is no other land where they are so obviously to the fore; and no people have ever so exploited the possibilities of the sanguine temperament. Christopher Columbus, who may not unfairly be regarded as the first American, was, like so many of his fellow explorers, of the brotherhood of the sanguine; and the pioneers and settlers who felt the lure of unknown areas, and, responding, made the United States what they are, were largely of the same The bankruptcy records alone go to prove that not only is North America pre-eminently the land of the sanguine, but it is a land where they are

encouraged to take full and repeated advantage of their temperaments. Throughout the commercial life of the United States the battle for dollars more often than not is to the sanguine; and the people are well content to have it so. Though their own annals are rich in stories of the sanguine who have achieved honourable commercial success, the English are nevertheless distrustful of the temperament; and they distrust its dreaming, imaginative, architectonic phases more particularly in business affairs. An Englishman will often succeed because he has done first one thing and then another, never seeing more than two steps ahead and climbing the mountain of success because he has kept his eyes not on the peaks but on the path. Oftener still an American will succeed because he has seen visions and planned and worked and risked accordingly, daring all on his dreams. More often than an Englishman gets there because things have so turned out, an American arrives because he meant to, and his sanguine temperament saw no reason forbidding success. English readers tempted to discount this fact will do well to remember that often it is not merely a phase of the gospel of getting on. Repeatedly it means that a sanguine American backs with his whole personality a vision of possibilities none the less poetic because they are commercial. Much in the career of Thomas Alva Edison bears out this observation. sanguine temperament, always self-revelatory, has rarely so illustrated itself as in Edison's own account

of the putting on the market of the first electric lamps. "When," he said, "we first started the electric light we had to have a factory for manufacturing lamps. As the Edison Light Company did not seem disposed to go into manufacturing we started a small lamp factory at Menlo Park with what money I could raise from my other inventions and royalties and some assistance. The lamps at that time were costing about one dollar and twentyfive cents each to make, so I said to the company, "If you will give me a contract during the life of the patents I will make all the lamps required by the company and deliver them for forty cents." The company jumped at the chance of this offer, and a contract was drawn up. . . . The first year the lamps cost us about one dollar and ten cents each. We sold them for forty cents; but there were only about twenty or thirty thousand of them. The next year they cost us about seventy cents, and we sold them for forty. There were a good many, and we lost more money the second year than the first. The third year I succeeded in getting up machinery, and in changing the processes until it got down so that they cost somewhere around fifty cents. I still sold them for forty cents, and lost more money that year than any other, because the sales were increasing raridly. The fourth year I got it down to thirty-seven cents, and I made all

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Life of Edison," by W. H. Meadowcroft, p. 214 (Harper, 1911).

the money in one year that I had lost previously. I finally got it down to twenty-two cents, and sold them for forty cents; and they were made by the million. Whereupon the Wall Street people thought it was a very lucrative business, so they concluded they would like to have it, and bought us out."

## The Inevitable Reaction

Temperaments that take great risks invite failure as well as success; and for the sanguine, failure, and even what merely looks like failure, invariably mean great depression. When in November, 1652, Blake was beaten by the Dutch, and Englishmen told each other that Tromp had fixed a broom at the mast-head of his flag-ship as a sign of his intention to sweep the seas, reaction sent the admiral into the deeps of despair. "I hope," he wrote in a letter to the Council of State, "it will not be unseasonable for me, in behalf of myself, to desire your honours that you would think of giving me, your unworthy servant, a discharge from this employment as far too great for me, especially since your honours have added two such able gentlemen (Monk and Deane) for the undertaking of that charge; so that I may spend the remainder of my days in private retirement, and in prayers to the Lord for blessings on you and on this nation."

The fact that Blake lived to achieve the victory of Santa Cruz is sufficient comment on his doleful epistle. Always the sanguine in their seasons of

reaction find the depths. Always later hours or at least later years show that they forget past melancholies almost to the extent of denying they ever existed. There is scarcely a trait of the sanguine that cannot be discovered in the personality and eareer of John Henry, Cardinal Newman. The attractiveness of his temperament is plainly seen in the fascination he exerted over his disciples; and his gift of communication, both in the pulpit and out, revealed him as spiritualising a talent common among the sanguine. When he was still Anglican his sanguine temperament allowed him to persuade himself that a via media between Romanism and Protestantism was possible; and this idea became the very centre of his life. Then one day the impressionability of the sanguine caused him to succumb to an influence that shattered his whole theory. In his "Apologia" he tells how an article in the "Dublin Review," by Dr. Wiseman, killed his faith in it by a single quotation. Wiseman was writing on St. Augustine and the Donatists with an application to Anglicanism. And Newman's own later testimony was ". . . a mere sentence, the words of St. Augustine, struck me with a power which I never had felt from any words before." To take a familiar instance, they were like the "Turn" again, Whittington" of the chime; or, to take a more serious one, they were like the "Tolle lege, Tolle lege" of the child which converted St. Augustine himself. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum!" By

these great words of the ancient Father, interpreting and summing up the long and varied course of ecclesiastical history, the theory of the via media was absolutely pulverised.

After he went over to Rome he showed at every turn those characteristics of the sanguine whereby they hail each new plan as the commencement of a new epoch, and thank God for the support of others who they unwisely imagine are as wholehearted and sincere as themselves. His attitude to the theory of development, his pathetic faith in the inherent reasonableness of the Vatican, his abortive hopes for the Catholic University of Ireland, and her sterile zeal for the translation of the Scriptures—all these proclaimed his temperament; and the ill-considered grounds on which he attacked Achilli showed he was not free from one of its demerits. The seeming ease with which he persuaded himself that things were as he wished them to be accounted for his attitude to the many miracles accepted by the Roman Catholics; and it explains other attitudes also. How else can a sentence like the following be accounted for? "It is true \* that the Popes have not preached, like the Protestants, universal toleration; but the facts show the difference between the Protestants and the Popes. The Popes, armed with a tribunal of intolerance, have scarce spilt a drop of blood; Protestants and Philosophers have shed it in torrents."

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Present Position of Catholics," p. 222.

It is, therefore, small wonder that Newman afforded example of the great reactions common to the sanguine. From 1859 onwards he became the victim of a feeling of sadness and failure. His books had ceased to sell. The Vatican had sidetracked him at Birmingham; and while he accepted what seemed God's will, it tried him sorely.\* On January 8th, 1860, he wrote in his diary,† "I have now been exerting myself, labouring, toiling, ever since I was a Catholic, not, I trust, ultimately for any purpose on earth, but still with a great desire to please those who put me to labour. After the supreme judgment of God I have desired though in a different order their praise. But not only have I not got it but I have been treated in various ways only with slight and unkindness. Because I have not pushed myself forward, because I have not dreamed of saying, 'See what I am doing and have done'-because I have not retailed gossip, flattered great people and sided with this or that party, I am nobody. I have no friend in Rome, I have laboured in England to be misrepresented, backbitten, and scorned. I have laboured in Ireland with a door ever shut in my face. I seem to have had many failures, and what I did well was not understood. I do not think I am saying this in any bitterness. . . O my God, I seem to have

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; The Life of John Henry, Cardinal Newman," by Wilfrid Ward, Vol. I., p. 573.
† Ibid., p. 576.

wasted these years that I have been a Catholic." All this is sufficiently poignant, especially when one recalls it was written within a few days of Newman's fifty-ninth birthday. Yet in 1864, Charles Kingsley's reference in "Macmillan's Magazine" to his presumed indifference to strict truthfulness gave him his chance. Encouraged by his co-religionists he took it, and the success of his "Apologia" gave him enhanced status, and he lived to receive the cardinal's hat from the hands of Leo XIII. When he had been a cardinal for seven years his temperament allowed him to believe that at no period of his career had he despaired either of himself or his Church. And on December 11th, 1886, Newman wrote to the Rev. A. Spurrier,\* "Who can have dared to say that I am disappointed with the Church of Rome? I say 'dared' because I have never uttered or written or thought or felt the very shadow of disappointment." The sanguine vary from hour to hour, so it is small wonder that this quotation and Newman's letter of a quarter of a century earlier tell different stories. The contrast may join with Blake's despondent letter and his later success to teach us that the reactions of the sanguine are rarely as trustworthy as their more characteristic moods; and they and the rest of humanity may, therefore, well learn to discount the suggestions of their less cheerful seasons.

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; The Life of John Henry, Cardinal Newman," by Wilfrid Ward, Vol. II., p. 526.

Yet there are by-products and mal-developments of the sanguine temperament capable of bringing hurt to others, and harm to the sanguine themselves. Sometimes their very optimism blinds them to the loss their persistence inflicts on others.

## Palissy's Heedless Risks

It takes a little boldness to draw attention to any phase of the life of the sanguine Bernard Palissy, other than his perseverance in discovering the secret of the famous glaze or his devotion to Reformation truths. Yet after all there was a Madame Palissy, and her view of things, even at this late date, deserves to be considered. Palissy's ultimate invention of the glaze is not the least of the triumphs of the sanguine temperament; and none can fail to respond when asked to admire the man who built his own furnaces, who braved poverty for the sake of his experiments, and who at last burnt his furniture as fuel for his furnaces. It was a great and a happy thing that he succeeded at last. Yet had he the right to make his wife and children pay the price his success cost them? We may pass over with less equanimity than was possible to her his carrying away of her bedroom door to serve some purpose in connection with his furnaces; and we may refuse to share that concern of his wife and bairns which drove them into the streets of Saintes complaining that, not content with having burnt their tables and chairs, he was now taking the very floor

from beneath their feet. But was it really reasonable that the food, the comfort, the health, the very life of his family should be sacrificed to his obsession? The world might well have waited a little longer for his glaze, had he given himself time to earn by painting or otherwise the money that would have kept his wife and children in comfort, and have provided him the wherewithal to engage assistants and purchase fuel. For, as a matter of fact, his family were sacrificed not to his discovery of the glaze so much as to his hurry in discovering it; and this way of looking at his career may well serve to warn the sanguine against unduly involving others in sacrifice incidental to the realisation of their legitimate ambitions. Of course, our dear ones often count it a privilege to share privations incidental to our lifeplan. But is it always right to take all that love offers? Is it always right to persist in a course of conduct that love only endures? Against the temptation of the sanguine to take no viewpoint but their own, and to indulge even unworthy ambitions largely at the expense of others, there can be no need to utter warning.

Much that is not welcome in Palissy and his life is due to the habit of the sanguine to see things as they wish to see them. Some sanguine folk are happy and hopeful largely because their shallow souls lack seriousness and penetration and dwell only amid selected aspects of the surface of life; and sometimes when such people are reasoned with they reply

that to go deeper than the surface means disillusion and misery. But everything depends upon the depth. Just to plunge beneath the surface is to meet the shock and the cold and the salt. The pearl oysters and the more valuable things of the sea are further The sanguine who go deep enough into the mystery of life may in the depths discover for themselves the wisdom and the love of God: and then realising that while the Christian is the only man who has a right to be sanguine yet his right is unquestionable, they may give themselves the benefit of the best phases of their temperament. The best life only begins for the sanguine when their temperamental traits have not only a physical base, but also a spiritual justification. To Christianise their temperament will guard them against other unwelcome possibilities. Often the sanguine are goodnatured because temperamental plasticity makes them easily adjustable to any circumstances and readily adaptable to any environment. They live to please. A cheery hawker of his own poems at an Oval cricket match between Surrey and Yorkshire was asked by a knot of Bradford visitors which side was going to win. "Surrey," was his purposely provocative reply. Yells of execration greeted the answer. "All right, gentlemen," the salesman poet said soothingly, "It's all right. Those are only my principles. I can change them if they don't suit you."

His prose dramatised the mood in which the

sanguine temperament too often faces the world. They have special need of spiritual rigidity; and that rigidity may guard them against more dangers than one. Both their best and their worst owe much to the facility with which they are impressed. But to be impressionable does not suffice in itself. It may mean short-lived enthusiasms, shifting lovalties, melancholies induced by reaction. Lotze lays it down that the sanguine are distinguished by great rapidity of change and lively excitability; and he credits them with an excess of sensitiveness to all external stimuli and capacity for reciprocal excitement among the different psychical states. Certain of their religious phases bear out this description. The sanguine are great people to preach to, especially if the preacher does not meet them between Sundays. But their quick comprehensive sympathies often exhaust themselves by their own transports. Hence the inevitability of the backslider amid the afterresults of revival.

The sanguine also, as we have seen, are as readily impressed by evil and difficulty as by good; and too often they are easily discouraged to their own hurt. The scribe who said to our blessed Lord, "Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest" revealed to Jesus a sanguine temperament; and the great Teacher was testing him when He answered, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Pliable, as sketched by

Bunyan in "The Pilgrim's Progress," is a typical example of the same temperament; and when, despite his good start, he turned his face from the Celestial City and struggled out of the mire on that side of the Slough of Despond which was next to his own house, he was merely completing a tragedy characteristic of his type.

## Epicures in Emotions

Even at their best the sanguine are too easily deflected and their emotional centre too readily Too often they become mere epicures in emotions. They swell the ranks of those religionists so eager for new spiritual stimulus that they visit every church in turn, eagerly giving themselves to sermon-tasting and the ecstatic singing of swelling hymns, preferably with a chorus. always such people have more desire to feel good than to be good or to do good. They may be great politicians, fervently hating the other party, and shouting loudly at public meetings; but appeals for help in canvassing leave them cold. Such people are merely following a programme of self-indulgence. Making a law of their temperament they deteriorate into vapid sensation-hunters reaping nemesis in recurring periods of emotional bankruptcy.

It is through another potential demerit of its impressionability that the sanguine temperament is a temperament of far more beginnings than endings; and this means achievements that are small

compared with possibilities, and futility at nearly every stage of life's journey. Samuel Taylor Coleridge affords an arresting example. Brilliant and lovable to a degree, he drew from Lamb the testimony that he was an archangel a little damaged. "Table Talk" and the "Ancient Mariner" give a hint of his potentialities; but they also show that compared with what he might have done he did nothing. He said that he had poisoned himself out of the cup of hope; but the liquid was adulterated, and opium when he needed iron was not the only error in its ingredients. Again and again he was a great beginner, but nearly always his life resembled a river that loses itself in the desert sands. Or to change the metaphor, his career was like his own Kubla Khan, a brilliant fragment, dream-born. Impulsiveness, another minor characteristic of the sanguine temperament, is a link between the worlds of emotion and action; and too often it betrays the sanguine into committing themselves beyond their later and better judgment. The career of St. Peter shows to what shuffling and evasions and lying and desertion of the best this often leads.

## John Wesley

The impressionability of the sanguine temperament accounts for much mischief between men and women. To be happy in marriage is to have made a success of life. Everyone, no doubt, when contemplating marriage is sanguine for the time being.

But if there is to be happiness in the married state, thoughtfulness and caution in forming the intimacies that so often lead to marriage, while needful for any temperament, are most of all needful for the sanguine. No more magnificent example of the consecrated sanguine temperament ever existed than John Wesley. That he was consecrated, the record of his life at the close of this chapter bears clear witness. That he was sanguine is equally obvious. "He was gifted," said W. H. Lecky, "with a frame of iron and with spirits that never flagged." In a letter written on his own twenty-first birthday to his brother Samuel, who had broken a leg, he reminded him of the story of the Dutch seaman, who having broken a limb by a fall from the mainmast thanked God that he had not broken his neck. Later in life he testified that for forty years he had never known lowness of spirits. Always a new book that appealed to him captured him thoroughly. John Byron, the Jacobite poet, has long since been forgotten. Wesley wrote of him that "He has all the wit and humour of Dr. Swift, together with much more learning, a deep and strong understanding, and above all a serious vein of piety." William Jones, perpetual curate of Mayland, Suffolk, a popular High Church writer of eighteenth-century theology, wrote an essay attacking Sir Isaac Newton's scientific teaching. Wesley read it, and approving ventured the verdict that "he seems to have entirely overthrown the Newtonian principles." Horne's "Commentary on

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the Psalms" was delightedly hailed as "the best that ever was wrote." It is small wonder that a man so disposed as John Wesley to think the best of everything and everybody he liked complicated his life by his friendships with women, whom his sanguine soul rated as far nobler than they were. There can be no possible question concerning the persistent excellence of his main motives or the immaculateness of his shining purity; and his own verses entitled "Reflections on Past Providences, October, 1749," set forth the whole truth concerning him:

Oft, as through giddy youth I roved,
And danced along the flowery way,
By chance or thoughtless passion moved,
An easy, unresisting prey,
I fell, while love's envenomed dart
Thrilled through my nerves, and tore my heart.

Borne on the wings of sacred hope,
Long had I soared, and spurned the ground,
When, panting for the mountain top,
My soul a kindred spirit found,
By Heaven entrusted to my care,
The daughter of my faith and prayer.

Thrice, at least, his relations with his women friends meant disaster and shadow, for the delusion that led the good man to conceive every Christian woman as modelled after the holy fashion of his mother worked its own punishment. Dr. Fitchett points out that as long as John Wesley was well and busy he found little occasion to occupy himself with

affairs of the heart; but the moment he was ill his nurses had a strange attraction for him. At Georgia, in 1737, Miss Sophy Hopkey tended him; and later his attentions to her became so pronounced that his Journal gives at least one clear picture of him on the eve of proposing. She said one minute she did not intend to marry, unless she married someone else; and the next moment she offered every indication of caring intensely for Wesley. Her relatives apparently wished for the match, and John Wesley's conduct must often have made them count on fulfilment of their desire; but the good man vacillated, and Miss Sophy suddenly married someone else at short notice. Then Wesley felt that the desire of his heart had been removed; and his subsequent attempts to submit the lady on other counts to ecclesiastical discipline led to his leaving Georgia under a cloud. Some few years later he published "Thoughts on Marriage and a Single Life," which inculcated the extreme of asceticism. Five years after, at Newcastle, \* he suffered from a troublesome bilious headache; and Grace Murray, a young Christian widow foremost in all good works, gave herself to helping the great preacher. He proposed to her and received as answer, "This is too great a blessing for me; I can't tell how to believe it. is all I could have wished for under heaven." But already Mrs. Murray was practically engaged to John Bennett, one of Wesley's preachers whom she had

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Life of John Wesley," by John Telford, p. 245.

nursed earlier; and when she told Wesley about him she made it clear she was vacillating between them. The next spring she went with Wesley to Ireland, and so helped him that his affection increased, and at Dublin they entered into a solemn contract of marriage. Five months later, their comradeship in Christian work in England was broken by Bennett's informing Wesley that she had sent him all the great preacher's letters. Wesley said she ought to marry Bennett, and part of her reply was, "I love you a thousand times better than I ever loved John Bennett in my life." At Newcastle she implored Wesley to marry her immediately. Soon after she became Bennett's wife, and on Whitefield devolved the task of breaking the news to his brother evangelist. This was the letter John Wesley wrote to Mr. Thomas Bigg, of Newcastle:-

Leeds, October 7th, 1749.

My dear Brother,—Since I was six years old, I never met with such a severe trial as for some days past. For ten years God has been preparing a fellow-labourer for me by a wonderful train of providences. Last year I was convinced of it; therefore I delayed not, but, as I thought, made all sure beyond a danger of disappointment. But we were soon after torn asunder by a whirlwind. In a few months the storm was over; I then used more precaution than before, and fondly told myself that the day of evil would return no more. But it too soon returned. The waves rose again since I came out of London. I fasted and prayed, and strove all I could; but the sons of Zeruiah were too hard for me. The whole world fought against me, but above all my own familiar friend. Then was the

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word fulfilled, "Son of man, behold, I take from thee the desire of thine eyes at a stroke; yet shalt thou not lament, neither shall thy tears run down."

The fatal, irrevocable stroke was struck on Tuesday last. Yesterday I saw my friend (that was), and him to whom she is sacrificed. I believe you never saw such a scene. But "why should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?"

I am, yours affectionately,

JOHN WESLEY.

# Wesley's Impossible Wife

It says much for the resilience of the sanguine temperament that less than eighteen months after Grace Murray's wedding he had married the widowed Mrs. Vazeille, yet another of his nurses. Ten days before his marriage he recorded, "Met the single men of the London society, and showed them on how many accounts it was good for those who had received that gift from God to remain single for the kingdom of heaven's sake, unless where a particular case might be an exception to the general rule." It is to be regretted he numbered his own case among the exceptions. Mrs. Wesley proved to be jealous, peevish, quarrelsome, a meddler, and generally impossible. On June 23rd, 1771, the good man wrote, "For what cause I know not, my wife set out for Newcastle, purposing 'never to return.' Non eam reliqui; non dimisi; non revocabo." Even at that the sanguine temperament made the best of things afterwards, when John Wesley remarked that if she had been a better wife he might have been unfaithful

in the great work to which God had called him, and might have too much sought to please her. But this is not the real moral of their relations. John Wesley's connection with her, as with Grace Murray and Sophy Hopkey, shows clearly that even the best examples of the sanguine temperament need alertness and divine guidance in their friendships with the other sex; and this of course applies to women as well as to men.

Women as well as men of sanguine temperament are capable of the best once they yield themselves entirely to Christ. Much that remains to be told of Wesley's life proves how God can use the sanguine to His greater glory. But before returning to him, we do well to understand clearly that sanguine womanhood when really consecrated is capable of the mighty and the memorable. St. Catherine of Siena was quite as remarkable in her own way as John Wesley was in his; and while their careers cannot be repeated beyond a certain point, yet the best in them can live again in sanguine women and men who emulate their devotion. Always for the sanguine to become Christians, indeed, is to turn all their traits to the best account. For example, their readiness to receive and act on impressions is for the Christian sanguine a mighty personal asset; and they often gain, by their capacity for overlooking difficulties, that which would deter the phlegmatic and overwhelm the melancholy and infuriate the choleric to the point of futility.

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# St. Catherine the Sanguine

St. Catherine of Siena, who was to the fourteenth century what St. Bernard was to the twelfth, illustrated throughout her whole life the finer possibilities of the sanguine temperament. The daughter of a dyer in Siena, she grew up so gracious a child that her goodness was common talk among the neighbours. When she was seven, she saw one evening at sunset, amid the golden glory of the heavens, a vision of her Lord clothed with majesty and power; and the sight deepened earlier religious impressions. Notably, it confirmed her ambition to imitate Jesus by going on a pilgrimage into the desert; and so one morning the sanguine little person went out of the city gate carrying a loaf of bread, and yet hoping to be fed by ravens like those that succoured Elijah. The hill country near her seemed the obvious way to the desert, and when she discovered a cave she lay down to rest, and then gave herself to prayer and one who knows the sanguine meditation. No temperament will be surprised that much thinking convinced her that God wished her to return home.

She went back; and her next characteristic step was to refuse an eligible suitor and to declare for celibacy. Her father assented, and for three years his daughter gave herself to fasting and prayer and meditation. She resisted temptations to impurity and scepticism, and so emphatically gave herself to her Lord that in a dream she beheld herself accepted

as the spouse of Christ. Then, in 1365, she became aware of a call to serve Him by tending the poor and the sick. In the hospital of Siena dwelt an old leprous woman named Tocca; and so ungovernable was she that the authorities ordered her expulsion. Catherine pleaded for her restoration; and after her return she visited her daily and dressed her sores, taking no heed of the foul abuse her patient lavished on her. At length Tocca's heart was melted, and her love went out to her helper.

Many besides Tocca were won by Catherine to more Christian moods. Nicola Tulda, a young knight of Perugia, was condemned to death on a false accusation; and the priests were in despair because his unhappy fate was rousing the evil in him. The young noble heard of Catherine, and sent for her to visit him. She came, and talked so wisely and gently that he made his peace with God, and promised to die bravely if Catherine would stand beside him on the scaffold. She gave her word and she kept it. As Nicola knelt for the stroke she whispered to him concerning the Lamb of God Who had died for him; and, the awful deed done, she received his head in her hands, what time she had a vision of the soul of her poor friend in the bosom of the Son of God.

Many who knew Catherine owed to her their very souls, for, sanguine concerning all, she persuaded them they were capable of their best; and realising that nations are but groups of men she addressed herself to the international and political life of her

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day, pleading always for brotherhood and peace. Pope Gregory XI. was so impressed by her sweetness and her wisdom and her sane hopefulness that he committed to her the task of re-arranging the relations between the Holy See and the Italian states. She persuaded him to leave Avignon for Rome; and the next pope, Urban VI., found in Catherine his most trusted adviser amid the schisms of his troublous days. Always she encouraged him to persevere in his reforming of the Church; and when, at the age of thirty-three, she died without a sigh, on Sunday evening, August 29th, 1380, her last triumphant words were: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

# Temperament plus Consecration.

That the career of John Wesley was so different from hers, and yet so like, does but show how likeness to Jesus makes good folk like to one another. England is not Italy, and John Wesley was not Catherine of Siena. But such was the wonder of the work of the sanguine apostle, that the great Methodist Churches of this generation are but part of his monument. Lecky has declared not only that the results of his work saved England during the industrial revolution, but also that influences traceable to Methodism reformed our prisons, abolished the slave trade, taught clemency to our penal laws, and gave the first impulse to our popular education. John Wesley himself was as great as his work; and the merest

outline of his life shows how the sanguine temperament, once really consecrated, can overcome its own temptations and make the best of itself. Always about Wesley there was that profound seriousness which meant he was in close touch with God; and his free translation of Johann Andreas Rothe's hymn, "Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden," might well serve as a confession of faith for the consecrated sanguine.

Now I have found the ground wherein Sure my soul's anchor may remain,

means that Wesley early learnt to count God's love the main fact of life and therefore did but utter his own soul when he wrote:

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
On this my steadfast soul relies—
Father, Thy mercy never dies!\*

His meeting with Peter Böhler, the Moravian missionary, was the great turning-point in his life; for from him he learnt that salvation is not through our own works but through God who was in Christ Jesus reconciling the world unto Himself, that the sole condition of salvation is faith, and that assurance of salvation is attested by the witness of the Holy Spirit. To communicate these truths he travelled

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; The Journal of John Wesley," edited by Nehemiah Curnock, Vol. I., p. 220 (Culley).

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a quarter of a million miles and preached 40,000 sermons. Always his sanguine temperament added force to his faith in his gospel, and every day it contributed to his courage and persistence in facing violence and other difficulties in the service of his Lord. What happened in one of his encounters with a Bolton mob was typical of many similar incidents. He went to Bolton from Rochdale, where wild crowds had assailed him, shouting, cursing, and blaspheming. Their attitude hardened him against a reception at Bolton, which brought an infuriated populace round the house where he lodged. The whole street was filled with mad folk intent on mischief. "Such rage and bitterness," he wrote later, "I scarce ever saw before in any creatures that bore the form of men." When one of Wesley's friends ventured into the street he was promptly rolled in the mud by the rioters; and at last the mob rushed the house. Wesley walked quietly into the midst of the invaders. "I called," he wrote later, "for a chair. The winds were hushed, and all was calm and still. My heart was filled with love, my eyes with tears, and my mouth with arguments. They were amazed; they were ashamed; they were melted down; they devoured every word. What a turn was this! Oh, how did God change the counsel of the old Ahithophel into foolishness, and bring all the drunkards, swearers, Sabbath-breakers, and mere sinners in the place to hear of His plenteous redemption." When next morning he preached at five o'clock the once infuriated

people clamoured for a second service. He preached again at nine. "Oh," he wrote, "How have a few hours changed the scene. We could now walk through every street of the town, and none molested or opened his mouth, unless to thank or bless us." Thus was the sanguine temperament justified. At every turn it helped him to make the best of circumstances. During one of his earlier visits to Cornwall, Wesley and one of his preachers, Nelson, received such scant hospitality that for three weeks they slept night after night on the floor. One morning early, about three o'clock, Wesley turned over and found his companion also was having a wakeful time. They just had to smile, for it was no use doing anything else. "Brother Nelson," said John Wesley, "let us be of good cheer. I have one whole side yet." And so he had, though the skin was all rubbed off the other.\*

Wesley was fully alive to one of the great duties and privileges of the sanguine, that of encouraging others; and good causes and good men struggling for noble ends were often cheered by his sympathy. His last letter was written to William Wilberforce, then a young man in his early thirties. Three years earlier Wilberforce had entered on what was to be a nineteen years' struggle for the abolition of the slave trade. Wesley's years in America had made him familiar with its evils; and the good old saint sent the champion of liberty the following epistle:—

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Fathers of our Faith," by J. G. Stevenson, B.A., p. 331.

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London, February 24th, 1791.

My Dear Sir,—Unless the Divine Power has raised you up to be as Athanasius, contra mundum, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing that execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you, who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God? Oh, "be not weary in well-doing." Go on, in the name of God and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it.

Reading this morning a tract, wrote by a poor African, I was particularly struck by that circumstance that a man who has a black skin, being wronged or outraged by a white man, can have no redress; it being a law in our colonies that the oath of a black against a white goes for nothing. What villainy is this!

That He who has guided you from your youth up may continue to strengthen you in this and all things is the prayer of, dear sir, your affectionate servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

Wesley himself was not backward in philanthropic effort or aught else that had promise of help for others. He founded an orphans' home in Newcastle, and charity schools in London; and he wrote commentaries, histories, and grammars of five languages. Amateur doctoring is a favourite diversion of the sanguine. Wesley issued a compendium of physic and even treated himself according to its directions. At length his glorious day drew to a close; and he proved to all the world that the Christianised sanguine

temperament is a great temperament for a death-bed. For when, not long before his passing, he left his bed for a brief season in a chair, he could not read or write or pray aloud. But he could sing; and sing he did the marching song of the sanguine temperament:—

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death Praise shall employ my nobler powers. My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immortality endures.

#### CHAPTER VI

#### THE CHOLERIC TEMPERAMENT

WHETHER encountered in Nero or Queen Elizabeth, Pope Pius V. or that cruel Duke of Alva whose persecuting zeal he further inflamed, William Rufus or Quilp in "The Old Curiosity Shop," the choleric temperament is self-advertising. About it there is little of the secretive; and rarely does it lurk for long devitalised or dormant. The unwary may approach it in another, like ignorant and unsuspecting tourists on the lower slopes of an intermittent volcano; and since volcanic soil is so often fertile, they may even grow glad when personalities, not yet revealed as choleric, suggest genial vineyards rich with the peaceable fruits of righteousness. But sooner or later there is an inner stir and a flaming of the crater; and fire and molten lava and heated stones are belched forth to the detriment of those they overwhelm. Such experiences are disconcerting, but usually they are also educational and disciplinary for the survivors; and at least they offer opportunities for strengthening self-control. In no age and among no people has humanity lacked such opportunities, for everywhere and always the spectacular phases of the volcanic temperament have been well

to the fore. Moses has a name in history that he was meek. Yet his slaying of the Egyptian and his smiting of the rock reveal his habitual restraint as the triumph of a consecrated character over a choleric temperament. The choleric were discoverable within the inner circle of those who in the days of His flesh lived with our Lord. "And it came to pass, when the time was come that He should be received up, He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem, and sent messengers before His face; and they went, and entered into a village of the Samaritans, to make ready for Him. And they did not receive Him, because His face was as though He would go to Jerusalem. And when His disciples James and John saw this, they said, Lord, wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did? But He turned and rebuked them, and said, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. And they went to another village." (Luke ix., 51-56). This passage reveals the choleric temperament in two men sharing one ideal; but often it shows itself in men of contrasted outlook. The excitable American tourist, who in Naples was angered by a cabdriver's brutality to his horse, and took the human brute's whip and thrashed him with it, played his part well in a scene that dramatised in two differing personalities alike the worst and the best phases of the choleric temperament.

It is worth while realising that there really are best phases of the choleric as of other temperaments. For the world, which has suffered much from the choleric, is inclined to believe only the worst concerning them; and most ethical teachers have scarcely a good word to say for the temperament. The choleric hurt other men, and those others do not forget. So for the average man to think of the cholcric temperament is not to visualise it detached. He at once personalises his thought and recalls some choleric individual who has included him among his victims. Jakob Boehme, usually known in England as Behmen, was a sixteenth century mystic of such power that Sir Isaac Newton was much influenced by him, and William Law was among his disciples. He wrote a treatise on the four temperaments, or complexions as he called them; and sweet and gentle as he was himself, he could not find words strong enough to characterise the choleric. The following extracts are taken from one of the earlier eighteenth century translations of his treatise into English; and the capitals and quaint language of the translation are retained of set purpose. "The Cholerick," wrote Behmen, "is of the Fires Property. It affordeth a stout Courageous Mind, vehement Anger, aspiring Pride, self-conceited Thoughts, regarding none . . . and would always fain be Lord and Master." \* This is from his synopsis of the

<sup>\*&</sup>quot;The Four Complexions." Originally written in High Dutch, March, 1621, by Jacob Behmen. London, J. Scott, at the Black Swan.

characteristics of the temperaments; and later he amplified his account. "If," he wrote, "the soul's life be surrounded with the choleric complexion, then is it fiery, fierce, wrathful, climbing up or aspiring and consuming. It affordeth also such a body as is meagre, evil, fierce, wrathful and angry; and if the soul imagineth thereinto or according to it, it kindleth the complexion yet more vehemently. For that also is fiery. Then there riseth up in that Man, Anger, Pride or State, lofty desire of Exaltation in might and pomp to suppress all under foot, to be a Despiser and Scorner of the Poor and Miserable, a Domineerer over the bended knee, not regarding though a thing perish in his anger. . . . There is great Danger with or in this Complexion, if the soul liveth according to the outward Imagination. . . . The fierce wrathful Devil hath a powerful Access to it, for the fiery Property is useful for him. He is also Proud, Stately, and Envious; and so also is this Complexion. O how hardly will the Soul be loosed or freed when it is quite kindled in this Property. The Devil need not tempt it. It goeth along very willingly after his Pipe.

"It will not easily be sad or sorrowful, for it hath in the Complexion a Fire-Light, and it ever supposeth that it is God's Light, that it is in good ways; and yet is a proud, stately, envious, angry, violent, oppressive or tyrannical Will and Spirit, so long as the Soul make use only of the Complexion. O, it affordeth a flattering hypocritical Show in its Pomp, out of its

Fire-Complexion and Hypocrisy in its great Pride and lofty Mindedness and yet will be esteemed holy. O thou Devil in the Form of an Angel, how dark art thou when the Complexion breaketh up in thy Dying."\*

All this is so definite and detailed that one suspects a personal explanation of the merciless quality of its analysis; and there is much to support the suspicion. Undoubtedly Behmen's sentences embody a catalogue of possibilities. But they appear to owe as much to experience as to reflection; and their subjective quality consists easily enough with the mystic's sufferings at the hands and tongue of the most determined of his opponents. Behmen's first work, entitled "Aurora," was not quite finished when, by the indiscretion of a friend, copies of the manuscript came into the hands of the clergy. Gregorius Richter, pastor primarius of Görlitz, was as choleric as he was orthodox; and deeply infuriated that a poor shoemaker should pretend to a spiritual knowledge he himself did not possess, he became Behmen's bitterest enemy, and denounced and cursed his book, and became only more furious when his victim received his insults with meekness. himself with rage, the pastor carried the campaign into the pulpit, and the mystic was accused of being a disturber of the peace and a heretic. The City Council of Görlitz was urged to punish the traitor, and citizens were told that if Behmen were not

<sup>\* &</sup>quot; The Four Complexions," p. 10.

removed from the town, God's anger would be awakened and the heretic's fellow-burgesses would be swallowed up by the earth after the fashion of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. In vain Behmen attempted to argue personally with Richter. New curses were the main results of his interview; and the City Council silenced Behmen and stipulated that he should abstain from the writing of books. When, after seven years' silence, he resumed his pen, Richter again vented on him all the resources of the choleric temperament; and at length, to save himself from being burnt alive, Behmen left Görlitz\* for Dresden on May 9th, 1624, feeling that Richter was the real author of his misfortunes. The afore-cited passages were written some three years earlier, when for Behmen to bethink him of the choleric was to visualise his pertinacious foe; and the personal element would seem to account for the one-sided nature of his schedule of characteristics.

Yet no temperament is more generally two-sided. Maybe, had all Richter's friends the gift of writing, someone would have left a line in favour of him. Certain it is that no reader of this page will recall the choleric among his acquaintances without thinking at once of certain of their excellences. A commercial magnate of our own day classified himself beyond all contradiction when, angered at missing a train, he returned to his not particularly astonished

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Life of Jacob Boehme," pp. 10-13, by Franz Hartmann, M.D. (London, Kegan Paul, 1891).

staff and, taking the office clock on to a landing of the stone staircase of his office buildings, relieved temper and temperament by kicking the timepiece down the steps. Its reverberations were presumably soothing; but in any case the cholcric temperament is more than a temper. A man in this magnate's employ found the strain of serving so tempestuous a chief more than his nervous system was equal to; and he courteously said so and discharged himself. His employer's grief and alarm at defection on such account was only equalled by his profound astonishment at anyone finding his temper trying; and after a period of resentment his conscience compelled him to busy himself in persuading another firm to give his former helper a better situation than the one he had left. The contrasted incidents are truer to the choleric temperament than is Boehme's account of it, for they show its best as well as its worst, and compel consideration of its nobler aspects.

# The Good Points

Once the critics of the choleric temperament admit that it has its good points, they may even be persuaded to peruse some brief catalogue of them. Nearly always the choleric have a kind of residual good-heartedness. The fires of geniality will not glow for everybody, and there is nobody in the wide world for whom they will glow all the time. Indeed, their geniality is always fitful and uncertain; but if you are the right person, and it is the right

time, and the choleric is in the right mood, then his or her geniality will have power of communication that can make very definitely for happiness. is the fact which often accounts for the comparative popularity of the choleric. People are impressed by their seasons of insurgent comradeship, and either have no experience of, or else forget or forgive, their less civilised seasons. Friendship with the choleric always has about it a certain element of risk, for sometimes they will sever the comradeship of a lifetime in the passion of a moment. But more commonly they offer continuity of friendship in return for patience with their explosive hours. Johnson's attitude to Boswell is a case in point. Further, they are great people for taking the side of their friends. Let anyone attack a friend of the choleric and one of two things happens. If the attacked is out of favour for the moment, the choleric will back the indictment with extempore emotional treachery; and on these occasions no friendship is too sacred for them to do it violence. But if the attacked is regarded as a comrade of the moment, then the attacker is often sorry he spoke, for he just has to quail before the heat of defence and the fire of epithets that come forth like boiling water and stones and dirt from a geyser.

This capacity for defence is a phase not so much of the deep-seated personal loyalties of the choleric as of their power of partisanship. This power makes the choleric a great propagandist temperament.

Usually it is most efficient with secondary types of propaganda, for the best and most serious work of the world is more often done by the melancholy, as witness Cromwell and Brainerd. But God can use the cholerie to great advantage for lesser tasks. The potentially irascible are rarely slow in taking sides; and many good causes have started to victory when someone has been moved to holy anger. Wherever there is effective propaganda of the average sort, there is invariably a choleric temperament somewhere, directing or thinking it is directing, stirring up generally, and providing an intermittent but seemingly inexhaustible supply of explosive energy. no committee is complete without one specimen of the choleric temperament. Of course, unless other members are subservient to the point of docility, the choleric committeeman is quarrelsome, overbearing, has little talent for conciliation, and often exasperates his best friends by ignoring much that is ideally due to fellow-workers. Further, no committee ought to harbour more than one example of the temperament. For if there are two, meetings are likely to resemble a combination of Babel and Armageddon. But one choleric personality is often invaluable. While the melancholy are counting lions in the way or anticipating deficits, and the phlegmatic are mildly pondering amendments, and the sanguine are prophesying, the choleric will gain energy even from all he dislikes in the rest, and will somehow hustle the good cause to a show of success. Opposi-

tion will rouse, but not daunt him; and he is usually at his best when energy of objection to something or someone else is yielding him new vigour and strengthening his determination to die or have his own way, not rarely conceived also either as God's way, or at any rate the only right one.

This last means that the choleric are not easily discouraged along the lines of their own desires. Mr. Roosevelt's remark that "Small is the use of those people who mean well, but mean well feebly" has no application to the choleric. Whether they mean ill or well, they never mean it feebly. They know what they want, they let others know, and they know how to keep on wanting till they get it. Of course, as other pages suggest, they often have to pay for such intensity by blindness to any viewpoint but their own, and sometimes, too, by carelessness regarding other people's feelings; and yet their one-sided energy and perseverance is often exhilarating, and their capacity for persistence affords noteworthy example to the sanguine, and sometimes to those of other temperaments also.

The ethically alert will readily discern that each of these finer possibilities of the choleric has about it a large element of risk. There is not one of them but is capable of mal-development; and too often traits which rightly used are worthy of all praise, deteriorate into the detrimental and blameworthy. The ambition and capability of high aim which so often mark the choleric too easily become purely

secular ambition and self-seeking. Earnestness and staying power too readily reappear as headstrong obstinacy, often mistaken for firmness. Enthusiasm of propaganda often has as its main symptoms narrowness of outlook, complete lack of patience with any attitude other than its own, one-sided harshness, and utter inability to understand opponents. rarely strikes the choleric that other people may sometimes be right, if only by accident; and usually they find it quite incredible that those opposed to them may be as sincere and high-minded as themselves. Their tenacity and perseverance frequently have ugly aspects, for too easily they take the form of an imperiousness that interferes with other people's rights of personality; and that interference may vary from mere intrusion to attempts at emotiona coercion, or even vindictiveness, when the last seems likely to serve a purpose.

# Self-Excused Irascibility

All such mal-developments are to be regretted if only because they lend new meaning to the saying that the corruption of the best is the worst. Yet the very worst phase of the choleric temperament has yet to be noted. The reference is to its frequent manifestations of anger. "Let us," urged Dr. Paley, "consider the indecency of extravagant anger; how it renders us, while it lasts, the scorn and sport of all about us, how it leaves us, when it ceases, sensible and ashamed; the inconvenience and

irretrievable misconduct into which our irascibility has sometimes betrayed us; the friendships it has lost us: the distresses and embarrassments in which we have been involved by it; and the repentance which, on one account or other, it always cost us." To the devout Buddhist a good man with a bad temper is unthinkable, for the follower of Gautama regards unholy anger as a sin of sins. Certain aspects of this attitude may suggest ethical exaggeration. Yet he is nearer the truth than are those choleric who are prepared to justify their own exhibitions of temper. Strange to say, even among Christians these are not few, for anger always has power of deceit; and some Christians are never so sure they are right as when they are in a temper. In the cathedral of Orvieto are several pictures from the brush of Luca Signorelli; and in one of them Anti-Christ is portrayed upstanding, dignified, seemingly a portrait of Jesus. It is only when one looks closely that the sullen character of the visage, the unholy gleam in the eyes, the general air of coarseness reveal him for what he is. As his figure might well deceive a casual spectator so that it was taken for Christ Himself, even so the ill-tempered are capable of regarding their own anger as suggestive of good, and have been known to justify it accordingly. This is in fact one of the commonest foibles of a certain type of Christian. A concrete example will clarify and emphasise the indictment.

To mention the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury is

to evoke gratitude for the consecrated labours of a great servant of Christ and the people. Yet the good man had a most unholy habit of showing temper to opponents; and what was worse, he would justify his attitudes. "I have not," he once said, " "that faculty for mild speech which distinguishes some people in this country. A story was told me by the late Earl Grey relating to himself and Mr. Burke. Lord Grey told me that on one occasion when in the House of Commons as Mr. Grey he had been speaking with considerable force of language and greater vehemence of tone than some persons might have thought seemly. On resuming his seat, he said to Mr. Burke, 'I hope I have not shown much temper.' 'Temper!' replied Mr. Burke, 'temper, sir, is the state of mind suited to the occasion!"" much for the blind spots of the choleric temperament that on the night of the very day made notable by this apologia Lord Shaftesbury may have solaced his last wakeful moments by a few verses of the Sermon on the Mount. Nothing but the seeming Christianising of Anti-Christ can account for other self-justifications. Lord Shaftesbury was at his worst in controversy; and in religious controversy he saw in bad temper no ill aid to what he deemed good theology. That brilliant and reverential delineation of the human life of our Lord, "Ecce Homo," by Sir John Seeley, especially roused his ire; and at a

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Life of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.," by Edwin Hodder, p. 589 (Cassell, 1892).

meeting in Exeter Hall he referred to the offending volume as "the most pestilential book ever vomited from the jaws of hell." This was the kind of statement that should have eventuated in humble confession to God, and whole-hearted apology to Sir John Seeley and the Christian public; and Lord Shaftesbury seems to have been conscious afterwards that his words were scarcely judicious. Yet despite, or perhaps because of, the storm of protest, he brazened it out and even told himself he was in the right. On May 12th, 1866, he wrote in his diary\*: "Speaking at meeting of Church Pastoral Aid Society I denounced 'Ecce Homo' as a 'most pestilential book.' This expression I well recollect. The report adds 'ever vomited from the jaws of hell.' No doubt, then, I used the words. They have excited a great deal of wrath. Be it so. They were perhaps too strong for the world, but not too strong for the truth. It escaped in the heat of declamation, justifiable and yet injudicious."

When a great soul like Lord Shaftesbury was capable of this sort of verdict, it behoves us all to be on our guard against self-deception, and to consider carefully the true nature of ordinary anger. Holy anger which rouses the soul against, say, cruelty to others, and often affords energy for some high type of propaganda is in a different category, though even the righteously angry should never be blind to the risks of their own passion. What is now being con-

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Life of Lord Shaftesbury," p. 591.

sidered is anger as it shows itself in the least spiritually successful hours of the choleric. Strange to say, this kind of anger is roused more readily by insults than by injuries, for the latter are often met with dignity, while the former rouse all the evil in the insulted. Further, while anger in its primitive form is resentment of attack, real or fancied, and is therefore an impulse of self-preservation, yet there can be no doubt but that it is often mingled with a sense of unethical pleasure.\* There is sense of injury, but there is also considerable self-gratification in the outburst, unless the wrath is absolutely impotent. The temptation to retaliation invariably means sinister pleasure alike in the prospect and execution of revenge; and the true character of anger reveals itself clearly when we consider the feeling that remains after an enemy has been deprived of the means of committing further injury. Practically always, until passion cools, the victorious angry are eager for the voluntary self-humiliation of the wrongdoer and for the infliction on him of some compulsory humiliation. Bain † says that the feeling of anger contains as its essential peculiarity an impulse knowingly to inflict suffering upon another sentient being, and to desire a positive gratification therefrom. scheme of ideas needs to be completed by the reminder that with increase of outward refinement, bad feeling

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;The Human Mind," by James Sully, Vol. II., p. 94. † "The Emotions and the Will," by Alexander Bain, LL.D. p. 177 (Longmans, 1899).

and sarcasm and innuendo take the place of less civilised manifestations of anger; and they are less justifiable, because the change presupposes a level of possibility that might well be characterised by the suppression rather than the mere transforming of primitive instincts. Indeed, it is questionable whether when the modern society woman "lets fly" at an acquaintance, her vitriolic Billingsgate does not imply a more blameworthy level than that of her sisters of the jungle who began their combats with the argumentum baculinum, and when club law had given its interim verdict settled the issue with teeth and claws. We are now presumably all in the higher stages of evolution, and this means increased ethical obligation.

This is the kind of illustration that makes it possible to believe that more than other temperaments, the choleric is animal in quality and suggests not so much evolution as mere survival.

Anger
Group

Simple Anger or Wrath
Intensive—Rage or Fury
Incipient—Displeasure
Mild—Irritation
Response to purposive injury—Hate
Anger breaking through control—Exasperation
Altruistic—Indignation
Sentiment—Indignation and Hate
Retrospective—Resentment
Revenge
Sub-hate—Detestation
Despite
Scorn

Careful study of the preceding table deepens this impression. It sets forth the commonest varieties of anger, and is extracted from "Studies in the Evolutionary Psychology of Feeling," by Hiram M. Stanley p. 158 (Swan Sonnenschein).

The only noteworthy omission would seem to be jealousy, which is peculiarly characteristic of the choleric temperament. The table makes it clear that anger is pre-eminently an animal passion. Without doubt in lower stages of evolution it was a noteworthy factor of differentiation. Even the least fanciful psychologists claim that men and women capable of anger carry about within them, ready at any moment to burst into flame, the smouldering and sinister traits of character by means of which our ancestors lived through so many massacres, harming others, but themselves unharmed.\* Other specialists sometimes write concerning prehistoric aeons with the picturesqueness and seeming accuracy of spectators of past processes of evolution; and the author of the above-quoted table, Mr. Hiram M. Stanley, is representative of a school of psychologists who agree that anger filled a spectacular part in the earlier acts of the cosmic drama. Using the word "mad" in the sense of angry he declares, "Very likely it was in competition of organisms for good that some favoured individual first attained the power of getting mad and violently attacking its fellows and so obtain-

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; The Principles of Psychology," by William James, II., p. 410 (Holt, 1890).

ing sustenance. . . . The oftener the early psychism got mad the easier it got mad. . . . By the acquirement and predominance of the anger stimulus certain animals became differentiated as a class from their fearful neighbours, and they then by this new impulse gradually attained instruments of offence, and also by increase of size became physically distinct forms. Henceforth the animate world becomes divided in a more and more marked way into pursuers and pursued. By mutual interaction fear is increased on one side as anger increases on the other, and the division into timid and fierce, predaceous and prey, becomes more and more established and marked. We take it then that it was a most momentous day in the progress of mind when anger was first achieved, and some individual actually got mad. If the exact date and the particular individual were ascertainable a memorial day set apart for all time would not be too great an honour."

This and the claim that anger is better than fear are representative of the best light psychology casts upon the choleric; and the quotation means mainly that the choleric temperament has its most definite affinities with lower stages of evolution. Innumerable other considerations confirm the suggestion that anger is characteristic of less developed types of personality or of the less civilised moods of the normal. One of the main differences between modern and early jurisprudence centres in legal attitudes to anger. The earliest administrators of justice seem

to have aimed at imitating the probable acts of persons engaged in a private quarrel; and awards of damages were proportioned to the measure of vengeance likely to be exacted by an aggrieved person under the circumstances of the case. There was, therefore, great difference in the penalties imposed by ancient law on offenders caught in the act or soon after it, and on offenders detected after considerable delay.\* The old Roman law of theft was an example of this peculiarity. The laws of the Twelve Tables seem to have divided theft into Manifest Theft and Non-Manifest Theft. Manifest Theft was the crime of a thief caught pilfering or captured while escaping with his booty; and in such a case the Twelve Tables, following the analogy of an owner in hot blood catching a robber, decreed that if the thief were a slave he should be put to death, and if a freeman he should become the bondsman of the owner of the stolen goods. Non-Manifest Theft was robbery detected under circumstances other than those above mentioned; and on the analogy of an owner whose anger time would have cooled, the old code simply directed that the offender should refund double the value of the goods stolen. Even in the time of Gaius Roman law maintained this distinction by mulcting the Manifest Thief in fourfold value while the Non-Manifest Thief had only to pay double. The Anglo-Saxon and Germanic codes were also influenced by the degrees of anger likely to be felt

<sup>\* &</sup>quot; Maine's Ancient Law," p. 387 (Murray, 1909).

by an owner catching a thief at the time of the crime or later, for they allowed a thief caught with booty to be hanged or beheaded on the spot, while anyone who killed him later was regarded as guilty of homicide. The question as to the modern guiding principle of penal law is outside the scope of this book. But it is a commonplace of modern jurisprudence that such laws as still relate punishment to the possible vengeance of the aggrieved catching a criminal in the act are based on a very low morality. Civilised law would seem more and more to regard anger as associated justifiably only with lower stages of civilisation.

### The Irrational and Primeval

Other analogies link anger with even lower stages of development. Sticklebacks will change colour and dart hither and thither, and show unmistakable symptoms of fury when a strange company of their kind invades their area.\* There is significance also in the irrational element so common in outbursts of temper by young children or savages. No conduct seems too futile in this connection. An angry child will kick the floor, apparently attempting to overcome resistance by main force. An Indian of the Amaha tribe on being forbidden to enter a trading store got infuriated, and to relieve his feelings put to death a sow and litter. A Brazilian tribe by way of revenge used to eat the vermin which molested them; and

<sup>\*</sup> Romanes, "Animal Intelligence," p. 246.

among the Kar Nicobarese when a quarrel takes place, one party to it will not seldom burn his own house down. The tendency thus exemplified would seem to link anger with non-rational stages of development. And irrational is the kindest term that can be applied to many of its manifestations. Does not a family living always in an atmosphere of petulance, and running readily to emotional crises and mutual aggravation and abuse, reproduce the conditions of the primitive family in times when man had learnt little of the science of living with others? Always anger disintegrates the social tissue; and even when love beareth all things, bad temper makes burdens where they should not exist. Herbert Spencer said Carlyle had a daily secretion of curses he was bound to vent on someone. In asking what was the effect of Mrs. Carlyle's share, one need not take Froude's view of their relations; and it must be admitted that often when one partner is choleric married people live more happily together than outsiders realise. Further, Thomas Carlyle put his choleric moods to many good uses, and he was not without physical excuse for his outbursts. Sometimes he used his temperamental irritability and his vitriolic intolerance against shams, or against the laisser faire theory, or those other heartless phases of contemporary political economy that led him to anathematise it as a dismal science; and though his method was so often denunciatory and irritably despondent, he without doubt expounded many of the deepest convictions

of his time, and was always a candid friend to spiritual religion and political and social idealism. Further, he had a great idea of the family bond; and something is due to the memory of a man who, as soon as he was earning £200 a year, helped one brother to study medicine and another to take a farm. must not be forgotten also that his infirmity was in part due to a persistent physical derangement likened by himself to a rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach. Yet when every extenuating circumstance has been allowed full value it is not easy to forgive him those seasons wherein his irascible temperament seemed concentrated on harassing the wife he loved into an early grave. Literature and history are the richer because his eruptive temperament intensified his passion for reality and justice; but imagination boggles at the spectacle of his remorse when after his wife's death he discovered from her letters and diary that his persistent ill-temper had burdened her with misery and aggravated ill-health. Apart from the sufferings anger brings on others it often reacts on the bad-tempered themselves. If when we are tempted to speak angrily we could always remember that our dear ones are mortal, how many of the choleric would have been spared seasons of poignant self-accusation! And this is not the only possible type of reaction. A choleric man will sometimes bring up a family that, partly by heredity and partly by association, is like himself; and as long as he is efficient and capable of domineering

he will lord it over his home circle like an uncertain Jupiter. Then he will grow old, and his powers of offence and self-defence will go, and his declining years will be spent among grown-up children who are repeating the tragedy of their father's temperament, and will bully him and treat him with utter contempt, and do everything to him he has ever done to other people. Such victims of a just Nemesis have scarcely need of hell, save as relief.

### Can it be Christianised?

Assuming that even a tithe of the cited possibilities of the choleric hold good, it becomes a serious question whether the choleric temperament can be Christianised. Half measures are not much use for the chronically bad-tempered. Psychologists have suggested that as anger increases by expression inhibition is the remedy; and the Pragmatism of William James was never more engaging than when he gave his blessing to the old device of counting ten before venting wrath.\* Such remedies are not always effective; and many readers will spare sympathy for the American child who announced he had counted up to twenty-three, and was getting madder every minute. The problems of the choleric child and the choleric adult can be solved only by constant pressure of spiritual ideas and habitual resort to spiritual dynamic. Nothing shows the

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; The Principles of Psychology," by William James, Vol. II., p. 463 (Holt, 1896).

futility of non-spiritual methods of ethical culture so clearly as the average bad-tempered person attempting to reform himself without Divine aid. The thing simply cannot be done; whereas again and again under spiritual discipline the choleric have become the saintly. Of all the pathos of little people, few plights are so pathetic as that of the well-meaning choleric child. And any on whom falls the duty of assisting such a one in the passage from temperament to character will glean both encouragement and hints of method from the history of the lad Louis, Duke of Burgundy, and, fortunately for him, also pupil of Fénelon. The tutor, Fénelon, afterwards known to fame as Archbishop of Cambray, was born of good family in the middle of the seventeenth century. His uncle, the Marquis of Fénelon, had him educated under his own supervision at Cahors; and so apt a pupil did the boy become that at the age of fifteen he preached, and the sermon, according to his biographers, was received with great applause. That the plaudits might not turn his head, his uncle advised retirement; and the youth was placed under the care of Abbé Tronson, Superior of St. Sulpice, in Paris. Orders, hard work as a parish priest, three years' spiritual care of a society of female teachers devoted to the instruction of converts from Protestantism, headship of a mission to Huguenots, the priory of Carennac, and publication of his first work, "Traité de l'Education des Filles," marked successive steps in his later career; and by 1689 such was his reputa-

tion that Louis XIV. entrusted to him the education of his grandsons, the Dukes of Burgundy, Anjou and Berri. The main interest of what proved to be an historic experiment in education centred on the first named. The young Duke of Burgundy was ultimate heir to the famous Louis XIV.; and the utter insignificance of his father's personality made people hope the more that the boy would grow up worthy of his succession to the Grand Monarque. His father was of phlegmatic temperament, and the prince seems to have inherited \* most of his qualities from his mother, Mary Anne of Bavaria, a delicate, unattractive princess, passionate and proud and caustic, terribly neglected by her husband and unpopular at court; and, whatever their origin, there can be no doubt as to the definiteness of his personal traits. "While the Duke was still living," Saint Simon wrote, † "Monseigneur was born with a naturel which made one tremble. He was so passionate that he would break the clocks when they struck the hour which summoned him to some unwelcome duty, and fly into the wildest rage with the rain which hindered some pleasure. Resistance made him perfectly furious. I have often been a witness to this in his early childhood. Moreover a strong inclination attracted him to whatever was forbidden to body or mind.

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;François De Fénelon," by Viscount St. Cyres, p. 73 (Methuen, 1901).

<sup>†</sup> Memoires XV., p. 79, quoted in "Fénelon," by H. L. Sidney Lear, p. 45 (Rivingtons, 1884).

satirical power was all the more biting that it was clever and pungent, and he seized promptly on the ridiculous side of things."

Teachers and parents and other observers of children will recognise in all this a not uncommon case of the choleric temperament; and there seems to have been no phase of his pupil's character that Fénelon failed to master. He realised that educational methods must begin with the needs of the individual child; and had the anachronism been possible he would have given his approval to Dr. Joseph Parker's reading of a time-honoured text as "Train up a child in the way he should go." When he thoroughly understood his pupil, Fénelon put in operation by degrees, and as occasion demanded, all that spirituality and tact suggested, and all that earlier experience in the care of souls had taught him was likely to be helpful. It was his system to have no system, and yet his own ideas were definite. In his treatise on Education, Fénelon takes for granted a spiritual base and aim. He insists on the need of laying a thorough foundation of sacred history which shows Jesus Christ awaited in the Old Testament and reigning in the New; and he points out that the teaching of Holy Scripture to a child should be followed up by vivid pictures of God's dealings with men, so drawn as to bring His power and judgment to bear on the juvenile imagination. He insists, too, on the importance of the example set before a child by its instructors, and points out that this example will

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teach far more than any precepts. But despite such definite ideas he never allowed his pupil to imagine himself the mere victim of some educational process. "Let the child play," he wrote, "and mingle instruction with play. Let wisdom only show itself to him occasionally, and then with a cheerful face. Beware of wearying him with an indiscreet precision. . . Never, without the most urgent necessity, be stern and dictatorial . . . or you will close the children's hearts against you. . . . Never reprove while either he or you are excited. If you do so on the spur of the moment, he will see that you are acting from temper or haste, not from affection and justly . . . Watch, if need be for several days, for the best moment at which to correct a fault; and never tell a child of a fault without suggesting some encouraging way of conquering it; and always avoid the vexation and fret caused by a hard manner of correction . . . People who never praise children must dishearten them."\*

## A Fable for Cholerics

The spirit of these adjurations informed Fénelon's attitudes towards the young prince; and endless were his devices for helping the lad. He wrote fables, dialogues between the dead, and other literature likely to influence his charge. The following extracts from a fable that conveyed its own lesson to the young reader will serve also to disclose some

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Fénelon," by H. L. Sidney Lear, pp. 48-50 (Rivingtons).

of the difficulties of his tutor. In "La Fantasque," a title not inaptly translated as Master Whimsical, Fénelon wrote\*: "What has happened to Melanthus? Nothing from outside. Everything from within. His affairs go smoothly, everybody looks out for the chance of pleasing him. What's the matter, then? . . . There was a wrinkle in his stocking this morning, and we shall all have to suffer for it. . . . He seeks all occasions to contradict, to make complaint, to exasperate all about him, and then frets that his resentments do not provoke them. . . . If his companions do not talk, their silence is affected and offensive. If they whisper, he imagines they speak against him. If they speak too loudly, he feels they talk too much, and are too gay while he is sad. . . . How shall we prevent these outrages? It cannot be done. We have no almanac good enough to predict the bad weather. . . . He vents his passion on the first that comes. . . . He freely owns his accusations all unjust. . . . After this farce is over at his own expense you might well imagine he'd never play the madman again. Alas! you're taken in! He'll act it over again to-night." It is easy to imagine the effect of fifty verses enshrining the above on a sensitive child; and it is even easier to pity the reader for whose benefit such literature was devised. But its harshest passages only meant that Fénelon's love had the courage of hardness; and the same virtue was revealed in other ways.

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Often, of course, the boy was out and out difficult; but Fénelon's loving patience and tender ingenuity were equal to every crisis. When an attack of fury came, tutor and servants alike ceased to speak to the lad, and even at meals he was waited on by men who looked at him as little as possible, apparently from fear of seeing something unpleasant. The implication of the common attitude was that he was out of his mind, and must be treated accordingly until repentance brought amendment.

True to the choleric temperament, the lad was inordinately haughty, and even his brother princes were for him mere links between his own greatness and an inferior order of beings. One day when his tutor rebuked him he answered angrily, "No, no, sir. I know who I am, and who you are." True to his principle of never uttering rebuke under excitement, Fénelon made no reply, but for the rest of the day said absolutely nothing to his pupil. Next morning before the prince was out of bed his tutor came to his room, and, speaking stiffly and ceremoniously, he said: "I do not know, Monsieur, whether you remember what you said to me yesterday, that you knew what you are and what I am, but it is my duty to teach you your ignorance alike of both. You fancy yourself a greater personage than I. Some of your servants may have told you so. But since you oblige me to do it, I must tell you without hesitation that I am greater than you. You must see at once that there can be no question of birth in the matter. You

would consider him a madman who should take to himself any credit because the rains of heaven had watered his crops, while those of his neighbour withered; and it would be no wiser to be vain of your birth which adds not one tittle to your personal merit. You can have no doubt but that I am your superior in understanding and knowledge. You know nothing but what I have taught you, and that is a mere shadow compared with what you have yet to learn. As to authority, you have none over me, whereas I, on the contrary, have a full and entire authority over you . . . and to convince you of this truth I am now going to take you to his Majesty, and beg him to appoint someone else whose care of you will, I hope, be more successful than mine." The threat was terrible. A night's rest had altered the outlook of the prince; and his pride made the lad sensitive to the prospect of public disgrace. Further, he really loved Fénelon, and sometimes he must have suspected, with the uncanny insight of children, that Fénelon was the only person in the world who really loved him. Poor Louis broke down completely, and tears told not of rage, but of penitence. "Oh, Monseigneur," he pleaded, "I am so sorry for what I said yesterday. . . . What will people think if you leave me? I promise, oh, I promise ever so much, that you shall not have to complain of me if only you will promise not to go!" The tutor had heard this kind of thing too often to be over impressed; and in the interests of his ward he delayed

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pardon, and for a whole day the lad suffered the discipline of anxious uncertainty. Then, through the intercession of a third, Fénelon agreed to remain with his pupil.

## A Wonderful Change

By methods such as these the lad was persuaded to development of self-control and transforming of his inward disposition; and when after six years' tuition Fénelon left him, the boy was more than ready to profit by further spiritual direction. He never became a really strong personality; but in reviewing the total effect of his training on his temperament, the Duc de Saint Simon wrote: "The marvel is that in so short a time devotion and grace should have made an altogether new being of him and changed so many redoubtable faults into the entirely opposite virtues." The characteristics of the choleric were well under his control; and often after he was grown up, men who remembered his boyhood marvelled at a triumph so complete.

One incident may serve to show the extent of the change. During the campaign of 1708 the Duke of Burgundy was nominally at the head of the French army, but practically subject to the Duke of Vendôme, who from the first treated him with an insulting air of superiority. After the Duke of Vendôme had lost the Battle of Oudenarde, according to Saint Simon by his own indolence and incapacity, the defeated general was consulting other military

experts as to his next step; and he turned to the Duke of Burgundy when the latter was about to speak, and insulted him publicly. The situation was well fitted to test the reality of the change from temperament to character. The one-time pupil of Fénelon kept absolute silence. All the experts counselled retreat. "Very well," said Vendôme, angrily. "I see you will all have it so, we must retreat." Then he turned spitefully to the Duke of Burgundy and said, "Indeed, for long, Monseigneur, I know you have wished to do so." The provocation was immense, but the assailed prince once more controlled himself and answered not a word. So definite a show of religion subjected him to criticism and misunderstanding; and many counted his spirituality against him. His reputation was rising when on February 18th, 1712, he was, together with his wife and son, carried away by a sudden epidemic. His winning through to character and spiritual competence proves that no instructors of choleric youth need despair of their reform. Love and patience, a putting of the child into touch with sources of spiritual help, and wise adaptation of methods will work wonders of transformation for even the most passionate.

## A Keswick Revelation

It may seem to some that while the great change above described is not impossible to a child, no such transformation can be expected in choleric adults;

### THE CHOLERIC TEMPERAMENT

and when people have been Christians for years and evil temper still persists, it is not uncommon for them either to acquiesce or to lament their own case as hopeless. Yet everyone interested in the psychology of the spiritual has seen such transformations of the middle-aged choleric as justify the assumption that improvement is mainly a matter of spiritual determination, of refusal to make terms with the unholy, of perpetual vigilance, and continual reliance upon God to reinforce a man's efforts for betterment. What God has done for man God is willing to do for men; and there are pages radiant with encouragement for the choleric in the biography of the late Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor, M.A., one-time Presbyterian minister in Aberdeen and Notting Hill. Read prayerfully, they promise assured blessing.

"Nature," says the biography, "had given him a peculiarly high-strung nervous temperament. This was especially seen from his childhood in sudden paroxysms of temper in which he would quiver from head to foot, or fling himself passionately on the floor. Even when he grew up these appear to have sometimes recurred. It was one of those things which, because they have to some extent a physical basis, even good men sometimes almost acquiesce in. One has heard a bad temper spoken of as a 'trial' or a 'cross,' as if it were like lameness or being obliged to winter abroad, a thing to regret but beyond one's control or power,

to be accepted as a permanent fact of a human personality. . . . It was at Keswick that Mr. Macgregor first learned to think differently about this. There he learned first of all, as never before, to understand that yielding to any evil tendency, no matter how rooted in one's nature, were it hereditary twenty times over, is sin. And God does not mean His children to live in any kind of sin, or of yielding to sin. . . . When He bids men seek and strive He waits to furnish them with power. . . . In that season of self-examination and soul abasement at Keswick, . . . Mr. Macgregor had a special sense of the evil, and made a special agonising confession to God of this besetting sin of temper. And when after these days of consecration he left Keswick, certainly to a very large extent the evil temper was left behind. From that time he was really in this respect a different man. Of course he never claimed, or dreamed of claiming, perfection in this matter. He would never have said, or dreamed of saying, that his inward disposition was all it might be or that it ought to beabsolutely conformed to the image of Christ. Man's goodness is always defective. Doubtless at times our friend was ruffled. But there were no more paroxysms, and those who knew him best knew how all but unvaryingly serene his temper was."

#### CHAPTER VII

#### THE MELANCHOLY TEMPERAMENT

Whoso seeks examples of the melancholy temperament need go no farther than the Old Testament. For the melancholy is pre-eminently the temperament of the prophets. Usually it is the crisis that classifies them beyond question; and Elijah under the juniper tree in the wilderness, asking God that he might die, was typical of many of his brethren. If these facts be doubted let the reader recall the spell of dumbness which dramatised Ezekiel's sense of restraint and defeat before the incredulity of his time; let him think on the stern, veracious, resigned, tender, and sad Jeremiah, with his shrinking sensitiveness and his noble courage in daring suffering to proclaim the word of the Lord; and let him spare pity for Hosea, who learnt through yearning over an unfaithful wife to understand God's relations to sinful man, and made anguished sympathy the stimulus to a life mission. These men and their like justify belief that there is in the melancholy a basal seriousness that compels contact with deeper phases of life and assists appreciation of the fundamental spiritualities. The melancholy have no rest in the superficial. If they find rest

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at all, they find it in the deeps whither their nature gravitates, driven thither by their own weight and drawn by the central forces of the universe; and, rest or no rest, the profound and the subtle lure them beyond denial. Their affinity for, and power of meditation on, solemn truth of high import, their capacity for profitable sensitiveness, educative suffering, deep affection, heartfelt sympathy, and the nobler emotions generally, their bias towards industry and sacrifice and all fruitful activity and self-denial—these are symptoms of a temperamental thrust towards the serious, the significant, the divine. The ranks of the truly noble among the sons and daughters of men are recruited from the melancholy more often than from any other temperament. For have not the melancholy furnished Paul among apostles, Livingstone among missionaries, Dante among poets, Cromwell among statesmen, Coligny among warriors, Bunyan among dreamers, Savonarola among reformers, and Michael Angelo among painters?

## Serious-Minded Cromwell

To investigate the personality and career of any one of these is to learn the characteristics of the melancholy, and to have vision of the finer possibilities, not of the melancholy only, but of humanity. Oliver Cromwell's life may well serve our purpose along these lines, for, thanks to the labours of Carlyle and Firth and other historians, materials for a

complete, and therefore just, estimate of him are easily available. When he is described as melancholy he must not be thought of as a lugubrious kill-joy. "He would sometimes," said a chronicler who had worked with him, "be very cheerful with us, and, laving aside his greatness, he would be exceeding familiar with us, and by way of diversion would make verses with us, and everyone must try his fancy. He commonly called for tobacco, pipes, and a candle, and would now and then take tobacco himself; then he would fall again to his serious and great business." To the same witness we owe testimony that Cromwell often amused himself with bowls and hunting and hawking; and he diverted himself with the last as he rode to London after his victory at Worcester. He rejoiced to leap ditches, and had an Englishman's delight in a good horse, driving a six-in-hand on occasion in Hyde Park. Music was one of his regular diversions. He had two organs in the great hall at Hampton Court, and once at least a certain singer who had a bass voice "very strong and exceeding trolling," was heard by him with great delight, was refreshed with sack, and had a most signal favour granted him. At the wedding of his daughter Frances a contemporary news-letter reported that the company "had fortyeight violins and much mirth with frolics, besides mixt dancing (a thing heretofore accounted profane) till five of the clock yesterday morning." Baxter even testified that Cromwell "was of a sanguine

complexion, naturally of such a vivacity, hilarity and alacrity as another man is when he hath taken a cup of wine too much." Certainly he loved an innocent jest and was always ready for a joke with a common soldier.\* In fine, his melancholy temperament in no sense soured his life. It simply gave him a bias towards spiritual essentials and a marked seriousness in all matters that were important.

How actual his melancholy was may be judged by the testimony of a Huntingdon physician, who reported him splenetic, and a London doctor who described him as "valde melancholicus." His conversion to Puritanism was followed by a period of depression and mental conflict which lasted for many years. A friend who knew Cromwell between 1628 and 1636, years afterwards wrote †: "This great man is risen from a very low and afflicted condition; one that hath suffered very great troubles of soul, lying a long time under sore terrors and temptations, and at the same time in a very low condition for outward things. In this school of afflictions he was kept, till he had learned the lesson of the Cross, till his will was broken into submission to the will of God." Religion was thus "laid into his soul with the hammer and fire"; it did not "come in only by light into his understanding." In 1638 he

<sup>\*</sup> See "Oliver Cromwell," by Charles Firth, M.A. (Putnams, 1909).

<sup>+</sup> Ibid., p. 39.

wrote to his cousin, Mrs. St. John, a letter \* which reveals alike his temperament and his character. The greater part of it reads as follows:

Ely, October 13th, 1638.

DEAR COUSIN,—I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas! you do too highly prize my lines, and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

Yet to honour my God by declaring what He hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly, then, this I find: That He giveth springs in a dry, barren wilderness where no water is. I live, you know where—in Meshec, which they say signifies *Prolonging*; in Kedar, which signifies *Blackness*; yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will, I trust, bring me to His tabernacle, to His resting place. My soul is with the Congregation of the Firstborn; my body rests in hope; and if here I may honour my God either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad.

Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in His Son and give me to walk in the light—and give us to walk in the light, as He is the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say, He hideth His face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it: blessed be His Name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," by Thomas Carlyle, one volume edition, p. 79 (Chapman).

of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of His mercy! Praise Him for me. Pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

Carlyle's comment on this letter so does justice to its writer and himself that it should not be divorced from the epistle. "There is," he wrote, "a tone in the soul of this Oliver that holds of the Perennial. With a noble sorrow, with a noble patience, he longs towards the mark of the prize of the high calling. He, I think, has chosen the better part. The world and its wild tumults—if they will but let him alone! Yet he, too, will venture—will do and suffer for God's cause, if the call come. What man with better reason? He hath had plentiful wages beforehand. Snatched out of darkness into marvellous light, he will never earn the least mite. Annihilation of self-Selbsttodtung, as Novalis calls it; casting yourself at the footstool of God's throne, 'To live or to die for ever; as Thou wilt, not as I will.' Brother, hadst thou never, in any form, such moments in thy history? Thou knowest them not, even by credible rumour? Well, thy earthly path was peaceabler, I suppose. But the Highest was never in thee, the Highest will never come out of thee. Thou shalt at best abide by the stuff; as cherished house dog, guard the stuff-perhaps with enormous gold collars and provender; but the

battle, and the hero-death, and victory's fire chariot, carrying men to the Immortals, shall never be thine. I pity thee; brag not, or I shall have to despise thee."

## A Practical Mystic

The basal seriousness depicted in the letter assisted Cromwell to that strongly marked personal religion which made him, in Lord Rosebery's phrase, "a practical mystic," and was the initial inspiration, the guide, and the sustaining power of his career. Under its influence he advanced from temperament to character; and whatever may be said by his critics the following claims to his credit are borne out by the verdict of history. More than any other man he saved England by his thoroughness of policy and his military genius from a royal despotism and an oppressive aristocracy; and whilst his own later methods were often only as democratic as democrats would permit, in all he did he sought sincerely to serve Christ and people. "I have been called," was his own testimony, "to several employments in this nation, and I did endeavour to discharge the duty of an honest man to God and His people's interest and to this Commonwealth." it came to pass that influences he made victorious secured for England a gradually increasing liberty of conscience; for as surely as he served his cause he served also the land he loved so well. As by-products of his policy there were initiated

such epoch-making factors as the modern conception of the duty of the State with regard to education \* and a definite colonial policy for England.† He lifted his country to a high place in the esteem of Europe, and the season of his paramount influence was the seedtime of the most wholesome forces making for modern progress in spiritual and intellectual directions. The prayer he prayed on his deathbed is as revelatory as the letter above quoted written early in his career. On Monday, August 30th, 1658, some four days before he died, there roared and howled all day a mighty storm of wind; and in the tumult of the winds the dying Oliver was heard to utter this petition ‡:

"Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee, for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the Name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too

<sup>\*</sup> Firth's "Oliver Cromwell," p. 354.

<sup>† 1</sup>bid., p. 390.

<sup>‡</sup> Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell," p. 373.

much on Thy instruments to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy People, too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer, even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen."

A man is known by his prayers, and the melancholy temperament would not fail of justice in the esteem of men if it stood or fell by its exemplification in Oliver Cromwell. What he showed forth and what he accomplished on a large and spectacular scale is not seldom repeated within the limit of individual possibilities by others of the same temperament. To be spiritual, to accept duty as a command of God, to be true to that command at whatever cost, to refuse to put up with evil in themselves or others, to have alike the courage and the logic of their convictions, and to show both by thoroughness of method; to use influence, position, money, and every worldly advantage to the glory of Godthese are traits often discoverable not in men and women of front rank only, but also among the obscure melancholy; and so these are often potent examples for others, are so many consciences to those whom they touch, are effective protestants against evil and the upholders of righteousness amid their environment. These things mean that their fellows owe the melancholy a great debt of appreciation; and it is a debt they are in no hurry to pay. Both parties to the obligation are to some

extent to blame for the hesitation. Others, by reason of a want of basal seriousness in themselves, often in their heart of heart resent the moral earnestness, the discomforting resentment of wrong, the reforming zeal and the general standard of the godly melancholy; and the melancholy themselves are by no means always sweetly attractive or winsome or conciliatory. Often they do not study grace of expression or courtesy of method, and they fail to allow for the variant temperament of others, and lack a reasonable tolerance for the frailties of human nature. All these factors are discernible in the relations between the Puritan and the rest of the world; and the Puritan is the typical example of the melancholy temperament. The difference between the working spirit of the average Puritan and that suggested by the perfect law of Christ is the measure of the extent to which the melancholy often fall short of the ideal; and the attitude of others towards even the best in the Puritan often reveals the antagonism of much in human nature to that fundamental seriousness which is the secret of the dignity of humanity, and compels unrelenting ideals and a high standard of conduct.

## Not Perfect by any Means

All this suggests that though the melancholy, and particularly the godly melancholy, stand high among the sons of men, yet nothing in their temperament carries with it certainty of perfection.

With them, as with their fellows, their highest possibilities can be realised only through alertness, discipline, determination, and prayer. There are, for example, certain aspects of the temperament not without their advantages, that nevertheless need The range of the emotional variability of the melancholy is a case in point. They are barometric, and at seasons even tidal. Where an average of happy seriousness would serve them best they oscillate often between the deeps of melancholy and the heights of gladness. This is a characteristic of the sanguine repeating itself, with the difference that while the sanguine are most generally on the summits, the melancholy are repeatedly found on the lower slopes, and often descend to the deeps of the valleys. David Brainerd, that mighty man of God who served his Lord during the early part of the eighteenth century as a missionary to the American Indians, left behind him a diary when on October 9th, 1747, at the age of thirty, he resigned his soul to Him whom he supremely loved. Two extracts \* from succeeding pages of his biography illustrate the barometric aspects of the emotional life of the melancholy:

"Wednesday, January 9th.—In the morning God was pleased to remove that gloom which has of late oppressed my mind, and gave me freedom and comfort in prayer. I was encouraged and strengthened,

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Life of Brainerd," pp. 161-2, compiled by Josiah Pratt, B.D. (Seeley, 1845).

and enabled to plead for grace for myself and mercy for my poor Indians; and was sweetly assisted in my intercessions with God for others. Blessed be His holy name for ever and ever. Amen and amen. Those things that of late have appeared most difficult and almost impossible, now appeared not only possible, but easy. My soul so much delighted to continue instant in prayer at this blessed season, that I had no desire for my necessary food. I even dreaded leaving off praying at all, lest I should lose this spirituality and this blessed thankfulness to God which I then felt."

"Lord's Day, January 27th.—Had the greatest degree of inward anguish that I almost ever endured. I was perfectly overwhelmed; and so confused, that, after I began to discourse to the Indians, before I could finish a sentence, sometimes I forgot entirely what I was aiming at; or if, with much difficulty, I had recollected what I had before designed, still it appeared strange, and like something that I had long forgotten, and had now but an imperfect remembrance of. I know it was a degree of distraction, occasioned by vapoury disorders, melancholy, and some things that particularly pressed upon me this morning with an uncommon weight, the principal of which respected my Indians. This distressing gloom never went off the whole day; but was so far removed that I was enabled to speak with some freedom and concern to the Indians at two of their settlements; and, I think, there was some appear-

ance of the presence of God with us, some seriousness and seeming concern among the Indians—at least a few of them. In the evening this gloom continued still, till family-prayer about nine o'clock, and almost through this, until I came near the close, when I was praying (as I usually do) for the illumination and conversion of my poor people; and then the cloud was scattered, so that I enjoyed freedom and conceived hopes that God designed mercy for some of them. The same I enjoyed afterward in secret prayer, for myself, my poor Indians, and dear friends and acquaintances in New England and elsewhere, and for the interest of Zion in general. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits.'"

Brainerd's diary is full of passages like these; and while both the range and the frequency of his extremes owed much to his ill-health, yet the quotations portray fluctuations discoverable in all of melancholy temperament. Up to a point these variations are unavoidable; and they have welcome aspects. They are a testimony to the sensitiveness of the melancholy; and sensitiveness may be the beginning of many things that are better than itself. Further, the joyous extreme of their variations is a compensation for their darker seasons, which in their turn give quality to existence. Yet, on the whole, as before suggested, the melancholy would gain by a shortening of their range of emotional variability and would do better work if a mean of happy seriousness regulated their average mood. Even where for

physical and other reasons this is hardly possible, they will do well to keep it in mind as an ideal and to set their wills against at least the darker extremes. No one capable of their experiences would ever blame them for their seasons of recurring gloom; and no one who has ever shared such periods has a right to say a word of criticism. Yet the melancholy do well to understand that to some extent at least their moods are controllable, and God asks of them, as far as in them lies, to be masters, and not victims, of their temperaments.

## Wings, not Weights

While their variability owes something to the changing aspects of the facts of life, it also owes a great deal to a temperamental tendency to linger on the darker side and to give insight and imagination undue scope. There is such a thing as overdoing perception of reality. The more burdensome possibilities of existence are meant by God to be wings quite as much as weights; and undue attention to their burdensome aspects vitiates much of their possible usefulness. Hence the melancholy should be on their guard against the point where seriousness becomes morbidity. That point is always passed when imagination deepens the gloomy aspects of life. It is passed a long way when imagination becomes emotionally creative, and brings to being areas of gloom and pain that need not have existence and at the best have few possibilities of profit.

the redeemed are justified in believing anything it is that God for Christ's sake has forgiven their transgressions and has ceased to remember them. The saint in the Celtic legend gave welcome to the Angel of Mercy when he came to tell him that his death hour was near and he must make the journey to the Celestial City. But as they walked up the white road that leads beyond the confines of the world, the saint, disquieted by recollection of his many transgressions, asked, "Mercy, where did you bury my sins?" To him the Angel, tender and understanding, made reply, "I only remember that I buried them, and I know not where; and as for the Father, He has forgotten that you ever sinned." The legend is true to the central implications of Calvary. Yet many of the melancholy Christian not only weigh down life by dwelling on the sins of their dead days, but even compel suspicion that memory exaggerates the immoral qualities of their past failings.

## John Bunyan

John Bunyan, dreamer and writer and preacher, was essentially of the melancholy temperament; and since he was brought up within sound of the Puritan gospel of his day, it is not strange that even his earliest forebodings had a religious aspect. In his autobiography, "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," he wrote, "As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it

was, indeed, 'according to the course of this world and the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience.' It was my delight to be 'taken captive by the devil at his will,' being filled with all unrighteousness; the which did also so strongly work, and put forth itself, both in my heart and life, and that from a child, that I had but few equals (especially considering my years, which were tender, being but few), both for cursing, swearing, lying and blaspheming the holy name of God. Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I have also with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood He did scare and affrighten me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with fearful visions. For often, after I have spent this and the other day in sin, I have in my bed been greatly afflicted, while asleep, with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who still, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid. Also I should, at these years, be greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell fire; still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends, who are there, bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness, under the judgment of the great day. These things, I say, when I was but a child, but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities,

amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down, and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins; yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish, either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil; supposing they were only tormentors; that if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor than be tormented myself."

Given a temperament that even in youth and in unregenerate days was of such melancholy sensitiveness, it was hardly to be expected that conversion would prevent recurrence of seasons of depression; and they came, weighed down by memories of past sins and fears lest those sins might set him permanently outside the mercies of God. These are typical passages from his autobiography: "But I had no sooner begun to recall to mind my former experience of the goodness of God to my soul, but there came flocking into my mind an innumerable company of my sins and transgressions, amongst which these were at this time most to my affliction: namely, my deadness, dullness, and coldness in my holy duties; my wanderings of heart, my wearisomeness in all good things, my want of love to God, His ways and people, with this at the end of all, 'Are these the fruits of Christianity? Are these tokens of a blessed man?' . . . Again, as I was at another time very ill and weak, all that time also the tempter did beset me strongly (for I find he is

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much for assaulting the soul, when it begins to approach towards the grave, then is his opportunity), labouring to hide from me my former experience of God's goodness; also setting before me the terrors of death and the judgment of God, insomuch that at this time, through my fear of miscarrying for ever (should I now die), I was as one dead before death came, and was as if I had felt myself already descending into the pit; methought I said there was no way, but to hell I must; but behold, just as I was in the midst of those fears, these words of the angel carrying Lazarus into Abraham's bosom darted in upon me, as who should say, 'So it shall be with thee when thou dost leave this world.' This did sweetly revive my spirits, and help me to hope in God; which when I had with comfort mused on awhile, that word fell with great weight upon my mind, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' At this I became both well in body and mind at once, for my sickness did presently vanish, and I walked comfortably in my work for God again. At another time, though just before I was pretty well and savoury in my spirit, yet suddenly there fell upon me a great cloud of darkness, which did so hide from me the things of God and Christ that I was as if I had never seen or known them in my life. I was also so overrun in my soul with a senseless, heartless frame of spirit that I could not feel my soul to move or stir after grace and life by Christ; I was as if my loins were

broken, or as if my hands and feet had been tied or bound with chains. At this time, also, I felt some weakness to seize upon my outward man, which made still the other affliction the more heavy and uucomfortable to me."

These quotations owe part of their significance to the extent to which they are typical of the melancholy temperament. They serve to show that if a saint like John Bunyan knew such fluctuations of mood and such depression by reason of past sins, the average melancholy who are spiritually minded can scarcely hope to escape such experiences. They will do well sometimes to regard them as symptoms of the very spiritual quality they suggest is in peril. For only the good are likely to be so troubled by the thought of having sinned against God. Other people do their troubling about other things. Further, as Bunyan found, such emotional fluctuations help the Christian men to realise that life is one of probation. They keep the soul humble and perpetuate its sense of dependence on the mercy of God; and so they have their uses. Yet such moods are certainly to be resisted as far as possible. They really betray a lack of faith in the essential goodness of God and reveal the old tragedy of a Christian who finds Christianity incredible. If the Christian revelation asserts anything beyond possibility of misunderstanding, it asserts clearly the certainty of forgiveness for the humble and the contrite; and always the Father's willingness to forgive rests on the love that

is permanent in Him, and not on the variable perceptions of that love in His children. The mercy of God is not at the mercy of men's moods; and to shut one's eyes for a season to the light, or to be blinded even, is not to extinguish the sun. God is in part dependent on His children, for He has so made His world that His heart yearns for their love, their understanding, their obedience; and always their goodness is His happiness. But nothing in the character of God depends on men's vision of it. Whether we see or not, whether we know or are ignorant, the nature of the Father is the same; and His delight is always to have mercy, for Calvary did but objectify an eternal aspect of His nature, and show forth a phase of His character that is a permanent foundation of the whole cosmic scheme.

## Morbid Incubating

These suggestions should always be set forth with all tenderness; and the weaknesses at which they hint should be regarded with a sympathy that forbids censure. Yet blame must sometimes play its part in any attempt to help the melancholy; and whilst that blame must always be gentle, since we are all human, yet the melancholy must be driven to accept responsibility for much that, uncontrolled, hinders spiritual and other legitimate development. It is not possible to praise them for the extent to which they are the creatures of their moods. The melancholic are entitled to be melancholy, but they have

no right to succumb entirely to their moods, to settle down to a welter of depression, and to luxuriate in the very hopelessness of their dejection. Yet this is so far a habit of many people that the unsympathetic have been known to accuse them of enjoying misery; and the unsympathetic have not always been wrong. Their contention is not one to dwell upon. It must suffice to state that the melancholy have sometimes been known to caricature themselves, and have even accompanied the process by an inordinate display of self-pity. There is a brooding, incubating, morbid side to certain of the melancholy which serves no good purpose at all. To yield to gloomy introspection often sterilises the possibilities of manhood and turns all life to futility. This is one moral of Shakespeare's "Hamlet." The shock of his mother's marriage, the discovery of his father's murder, the call to avenge the crime incubated the latent melancholy of his being; and melancholy when it conceived brought forth temptation to suicide, a sense of the spiritlessness and uselessness of life, grievance against fate's dictation of difficult duty, and loss of faith in ordinary men and good women. Thus the excess of Hamlet's reflective tendencies made him alternate between morbid inactivity and feverish energy, and his life became unrelieved tragedy. Others besides Hamlet have come to gloomy futility by brooding away all other possibilities in excess of melancholy. Persons in danger of repeating this experience need some definite aim accepted as

destiny and saving them from dissipation of energy by concentration and purposeful movement. Lady Macbeth deserves most of the things that have been said against her, but she would have been of more use to Hamlet than was Ophelia. Yet no one can do so much for the melancholy as themselves; and apart from the risks of the conceivable partnership each Hamlet does best to be his own Lady Macbeth.

When the brooding of the melancholy does not end in paralysis of volition it often produces defects of mood, of attitude, and of speech. Living overmuch in a prolonged succession of gloomy feelings issues in great loss of emotional control. One might expect that people who are constantly being disappointed would exhaust their faculty for disappointment. But the melancholy who let their temperament have its way with them become increasingly susceptible to fresh disappointments. They are ready prey to useless worry and spend a lot of time in anticipating troubles that never happen. can soon become impatient in suffering, complaining in loneliness, despondent in trial, irritably fretful under even the ordinary wear and tear of life; and if the ordinary causes of sadness fail, the worst of them are capable of extemporising a grievance because of the emptiness of their lives.

## The Party of One

All this connotes many possible defects of attitude. Self-loathing, lack of sympathy for others by reason

of concentration on self, inclination to undervalue the present and to despise immediate surroundings are not rarely discoverable among the unsanctified melancholy. Even the best of the melancholy need to beware of a tendency to separate themselves in thought from the rest of mankind. When in 1301 the Blacks gained the upper hand in Florence \* they began without delay to strengthen themselves by banishing opponents. In January and March of 1302, Dante was formally proscribed; and for some time he appears to have thrown in his lot with the rest of the exiles, and to have hoped, like them, for return to Florence by forcible means. But "the evil and senseless crew" so revolted him that their ingratitude and mad, impious, bestial courses "drove him to make a party to himself alone." †

For the rest of his life he was a wanderer from city to city. The attitude Dante assumed with perhaps sufficient reason is too often the attitude of those who lack his excuse. Too readily the melancholy man makes a party to himself alone, too often he becomes a solitary, living among his fellows, and yet not of them in any wholesome sense. Those social possibilities that are so fruitful for character cease to operate; and the life that a genial environment might sweeten and fructify becomes remote and often harsh and choleric, sustained mainly by a lofty scorn and a fierce vanity. Dante made amends for his suscep-

† " Parad.," XVII., 61-70.

<sup>\* &</sup>quot; Dante Alighieri," p. 112, by Paget Toynbee (Methuen, 1902).

tibility to such risks by his "Divina Commedia"; but too many of the melancholy are the prey of all these possibilities, and offer the world no compensation.

Their ordinary talk is sure to reveal the true inwardness of those melancholy people who are the victims rather than the masters of their tempera-Much too often their grumblings, complaints, and expressions of self-pity poison the atmosphere for others, and tend to depress their associates to their own level. Verbal continence and the duty of consuming their own smoke might well engage more often and more successfully the attention of the melancholy. Temptations to cynicism, to unholy satire, to sarcasm, become for them almost irresistible, as witness Swift and the relation of his temperament and his life to his books. Further, the best of the melancholy are liable to the mood in which they do not hesitate to say a thing just because it is disagreeable; and their criticism often causes unnecessary arrest of happiness. They have few equals in saying the things that make for general discomfort. Tolstoi, greatest of the melancholy of his time, seems to have indulged a gift of this type. Polyénof,\* the great Russian painter, gave himself for some years to the execution of his magnum opus "Christ and the Woman taken in Adultery." He journeyed to Palestine

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Life of Tolstoi: Later Years," p. 347, by Aylmer Maude (Constable, 1910).

expressly to make studies for it; and even before it was finished it was the wonder of a large eircle. Though he and the artist were not acquainted, Tolstoi called one day to see it. He gazed at it for a long time, and then pointing to its figure of Jesus he remarked abruptly to the painter, "You do not love this one!" "Which one?" asked the astonished artist. "This one, sitting in the middle," was Tolstoi's uncompromising reply. "But that is Christ!" faltered the painter. "Yes," answered Tolstoi. "You don't love Him." And he turned and left the studio without another word. The artist may have needed the rebuke, and Tolstoi may have had his own reasons for delivering it after this fashion. But would it not have better served every spiritual purpose to have given his message in more conciliatory form? Something must be conceded to the claims of Tolstoi's individuality; and yet we are only entitled to be ourselves when it is our best self that is manifested.

## When Melancholy means Madness

One of the most serious associations of the melancholy temperament is the extent to which any marked group of the characteristics deprecated in recent pages induces sooner or later more or less clearly defined mental aberration. The causation of melancholia \* is often complex, for both physical and

<sup>\*</sup> See chapter on "Melancholia," by Henry Raynor, M.D., in "System of Medicine," Vol. VIII. (Allbutt and Rolleston).

mental causes play their part. Defect of assimilative power, either absolutely or in relation to the patient's nervous activity, join with protracted mental phenomena such as grief, shame, worry, disappointment or general unhappiness; and when to these is added pain or nerve irritation accounting for or attended by loss of sleep, it requires an extremely strong constitution to withstand the combined influences. As the diseases that arise in beaten armies suggest, power of resistance to external influences is diminished in depressed emotional states; and the interaction of body and mind may further establish a vicious circle of nutritional disorder which tends to increase and prolong disease. Periods of loss of emotional control, seasons of apathy, sense of strain with every intellectual effort, cessation of delight in the new and strange, and lack of response to any normally startling impression not in line with the mood of the moment are common symptoms of the earlier stages of melancholia. In the next stage moral sentiments are affected; there is no pleasure in duty, past moral lapses are exaggerated, sympathy in its higher forms is reduced, and religion may increase depression instead of bringing joy. Unless the disease is checked, later stages may be marked by developments varying from complete melancholy and perversion of ordinary feeling (so that, for example, the nearest and dearest are hated) to self-loathing and desire to escape from life, which may eventuate in suicide. Melancholia

would appear to be more frequent in women than in men, more common among the well-to-do than the poor, more discernible among the old than the young, and more discoverable among the civilised than the savage. The melancholy who, because of physical or mental or spiritual reasons, suspect themselves of any definite tendency to melancholia will do well to consult at once a sympathetic physician. For while both spiritual and psychological experts can often advise with advantage in similar cases, they are foolish indeed if they attempt to deal with a case without the co-operation of an intelligent doctor; and the attitude of the more discerning alienists is making it increasingly clear that prayer and other religious influences can be utilised with advantage not only in cases of religious melancholy, but in other mental diseases. If melancholia can be taken in time the prospects of a cure are distinctly good. But little progress can be made until the will and much else of the personality of the patient is roused to co-operation with remedial measures.

## The Perils of Accidie

Where unwelcome phases of melancholy are traceable to physical causes there can be no blame for the victims unless they have brought disaster on themselves by tamely submitting to their temperaments. But the significant thing is that nearly all the mal-development that marks the personality of the average melancholy has been at one time

preventable; and there are ethical demerits of the mal-developed for which they themselves are largely responsible, and for which it is incumbent on them to seek remedy. Of all the temptations of the melancholy temperament none is so typical and constant as accidie. Later realisation of its existence and quality is due largely to the attention bestowed upon it by the late Dr. Francis Paget, who died as Bishop of Oxford in 1911. When he was Dean of Christchurch he preached in Oxford a sermon on "The sorrow of the world worketh death"; and such was the effect of his discourse \* that the jest went round that he had "invented a new sin for undergraduates." Yet there were many who, hearing of accidie for the first time, recognised that they had long been subject to it without diagnosing their disease.

Accidie, or ἀκηδία, may be briefly defined † as a weariness or distress of heart on the part of men who ought not to be sad, and yet wilfully allow to settle down upon them a sullen gloom, a morbid sombreness which severs a man from thoughts of God and "suffers him not to be calm and kindly to his brethren." Those who are sad after this fashion have anger already close to them. For from such sadness comes forth all too easily "malice, grudging, faint-heartedness, despair, torpor as to that which is commanded,

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Francis Paget, Bishop of Oxford," by Stephen Paget and J. M. McCrum, p. 123 (Macmillan, 1912).

<sup>† &</sup>quot;The Spirit of Discipline," p. 11, by Francis Paget, D.D. (Longmans, 1891).

and the straying of the mind after that which is forbidden." \* Gloom and sloth and irritation almost always tend to meet and mingle in accidic. As Chaucer put it, "Accidic or slouth maketh a man heavy, thoughtful, and wraive . . . For accidic loveth no businesse at all."

Dr. Paget's sermon † describes accidie as "The mood of days on which it seems as though we cannot genuinely laugh, as though we cannot get rid of a dull or acrid tone in our voice; when it seems impossible frankly to 'rejoice with them that do rejoice' and equally impossible to go freely out in any true unselfish sympathy with sorrow; days when, as one has said, 'everything that everybody does seems inopportune and out of good taste'; days when the things that are true and honest, just and pure, lovely and of good report, seem to have lost all loveliness and glow and charm of hue, and look as dismal as a flat country in the drizzling mist of an east wind; days when we might be cynical if we had a little more energy in us; when all enthusiasm and confidence of hope, all sense of a Divine impulse, flags out of our work; when the schemes which we have begun look poor and stale and unattractive as the scenery of an empty stage by daylight; days when there is nothing that we like to do-when, without anything to complain of, nothing stirs so readily in us as complaint.'

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; The Spirit of Discipline," p. 54. † Ibid, p. 60.

Few people who are melancholy by temperament, and not many who are not, can hold themselves guiltless in this respect; and a quickening of conscience would give accidie a place among the sins to which most of us recognise ourselves to be liable. It will be well also if realisation of wrong awakens passion for ethical improvement. Dr. Paget maintained that the way of remedy against accidie was to take due advantage of all sources of spiritual help, and then to give one's self deliberately to sympathy with the pain and sorrow of others, to turn resolutely to the work of the moment, refusing to be deterred by the weather of the mind, and to give one's self to serious and resolute consideration of that astounding work of our redemption which the love of God has wrought at so immense a cost.\*

# Patience towards "Nuisances"

Folk of happier temperaments have a distinct duty towards the melancholy; and patience is no small part of their obligation. When the melancholy depress other people it is not always easy for strangers to their troubles to regard them as anything except dreary nuisances. Yet the worse their plight the more claim they have on the sympathy of others; and whether that sympathy best takes the shape of comfort or of a wholesome douche of cold truths, it is in itself definitely imperative. For the melancholy, as for people of other temperaments, every possible

allowance should be made; and understanding and charity should dictate both our judgment and our treatment of them. After his two years on the French galleys John Knox suffered permanently from gravel and dyspepsia; and these diseases so assisted the bent of his disposition that he confessed that his nature "was for the most part oppressed by melancholy." Yet when Andrew Lang \* set himself industriously to blacken Knox's reputation he was too intent on making the worst of him to allow adequately for the perpetual influence of so definite a disability. It is not claimed that the disabilities of the melancholy excuse in them all that others would rather have otherwise. But every man is entitled to his due handicap in the race of life; and since none of us is perfect, it is not only charity but justice that should compel us to accord it readily. Especially should our souls go out in wise understanding and studied inspiriting and tactful comforting of the melancholy in those seasons when bereavement or illness or other definite misfortune brings out the natural mournfulness of their dispositions. To hear their account of themselves with sympathy, to make them feel we realise just how things are with them, to say the word that lightens the gloom, to assist their determination towards striving or resignation—this is indeed to do the work of God in the world; and there is defect of character where such duty is neglected.

\* See " John Knox," by Andrew Lang.

No scheme of helping the melancholy should fail to bring to their notice a fact touched on in earlier pages. No one can do for them what they ought to do for themselves; and so far as at any given moment personality and plight alike are capable of remedy, the matter is largely in their own hands. Always their duty is to keep their sorrows in that spiritual environment which is the natural element of the soul of man; for thus, and thus only, does suffering do its perfect work. The oyster when it is wounded will often make a pearl of its hurt. But for this to happen it must remain in salt water. Take it out of its natural environment and place it in, say, a fresh water river, and there is a wound but no pearl. Even so if a soul hurt by trouble keep itself in a spiritual environment the wound will produce sympathy, refinement, gentleness, or some other pearl of character. But all wounds of personality suffered in a secular environment mean the hurt without the pearl. The melancholy who by much thinking on God and much trust in Him and many prayers reap the rewards of those for whom troubles of soul become pearls of character, learn also by experience to understand the part that pain and tribulation can play in the economy of the world; and to understand this is to attain not spiritual profit only, but reconciliation to God's way of doing things.

Bereavement is always a sore trial, for the parting lacerates the soul in its tenderest susceptibilities; and where grief is real, there are some aspects of it that

even time can only dull. Yet to face the death of a dear one with the strength and comfort of the relevant spiritualities is to find even the aching void and the great loneliness bearable. The most melancholy of mortals bowed beneath the strain of the passing of the nearest and dearest could hardly fail to find comfort by pondering and accepting the suggestions of the poem

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.\*

Beside the dead I knelt for prayer, And felt a presence as I prayed. Lo! it was Jesus standing there. He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, Thou hast conquered death, we know;
Restore again to life," I said,

"This one who died an hour ago."
He smiled: "She is not dead!"

"Asleep, then, as Thyself didst say;
Yet Thou can'st lift the lids that keep
Her prisoned eyes from ours away!"
He smiled: "She doth not sleep!"

"Nay, then, tho' haply she do wake, And look upon some fairer dawn, Restore her to our hearts that ache!" He smiled: "She is not gone!" \*

"Alas! too well we know our loss,
Nor hope again our joy to touch
Until the stream of death we cross."
He smiled: "There is no such!"

\* By Rossiter W. Raymond. Quoted in Lyman Abbott's "The Other Room," pp. 50-1.

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"Yet our beloved seem so far,

The while we yearn to feel them near,

Albeit with Thee we trust they are."

He smiled: "And I am here!"

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they Still walk unseen with us and Thee, Nor sleep, nor wander far away?" He smiled: "Abide in Me."

When misfortune or other great trials come there is sometimes in the melancholy such dismal acquiescence in the worst, and such morbid fatalism that they at once give up the fight against circumstances. But unless great dramas like the Book of Job and the "Prometheus Vinctus" of Æschylus are to go for nothing, it is often a man's duty to champion his individuality against his fate. This does not mean that any dark aspect of life is glossed over. On the contrary, it implies that suffering is accepted as a symptom of all human progress on levels that mean gain in knowledge or spiritual quality. But the big gains of that description come, as Prometheus and Job teach us, to the souls that stand up against circumstances; and many men never see so much as in the intervals of striving with their backs to the wall. So the melancholy do well for the most part to stand up to circumstances, to challenge fate, to face the worst with high courage and determination, to assert their own individualities and show forth without flinching the dignity of humanity.

This truth is not without application to cases where resignation is clearly indicated as the first duty. The old monk who, suffering from an incurable disease, wrote over the door of his cell, "Here God's will is being done," was not only right, but noble. He had learnt the supreme lesson of resignation. Yet even under circumstances like his, resignation does not mean collapsing beneath misfortune. It means realising that, next to acquiescence in the will of God comes the duty of doing all that can be done in such relations of life as still offer avenues for spiritual expression. To do their duty to the last and to realise that at the worst the consecrated soul will find reason for thankfulness—this should be the programme of the melancholy, whom God calls to serve Him by submitting to what would move other people to perennial complaint.

A concrete illustration will make clearer the true inwardness of this plea. One great feminine soul, but little known to fame and in danger of being forgotten, lived through and lived out all the best suggestions of recent pages. Born in London \* on July 7th, 1824, Henrietta Louisa Sidney Lear gave much of her active life to nursing the sick and comforting the sad. First she nursed her mother through many years of great suffering and complete invalidism, and after her death her father in his later years. She married the Rev. Sidney H.

<sup>\*</sup> See Memoir prefixed to "Joy," by H. L. Sidney Lear (Longmans, 1897).

Lear, chaplain and brother-in-law to the then Bishop of Salisbury. Soon she was his nurse as well as his wife, and it was only by her devoted care and the spending of winter after winter abroad that he was spared to her for a few years. After his death in Mentone she returned to England; and in early middle life she took a small house in the Close of Salisbury Cathedral, and settled down to assuage the ache of widowhood by doing all that was possible to help others. Hospitality to innumerable servants of her Lord, district visiting, the writing of notable books, like her "Life of Fénélon," interest in the Salisbury Theological College, church embroidery, and the fostering of community life among Anglican women, were included in her programme of service. During many years full of beneficent activities she suffered from intense depression of mind and body. Weariness, dislike of everything, loathing of life were such perpetual symptoms that she found pleasure in nothing. But though her life was a burden and a misery, she refused to yield her soul to the physical and intellectual temptations to utter gloom. In the darkest hour she held aloft the torch of faith. To help her in the struggle she wrote a book called "Weariness," \* which was, and still is, a source of great comfort to many sick people. But she blamed herself afterwards because, on later reading, its pages seemed wanting in calm trust in God. Eight years before her death a heart seizure made so permanent

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Weariness," by H. L. Sidney Lear (Longmans).

a mark on her physique that her chamber, her sofa, and her garden became the limits of her lower world. Daily she anticipated the call to go hence, and because of the uncertainty of her life, when one of her many pets died she made no attempt to fill its place. To use one of her favourite phrases, she regarded herself as "undressing for the grave." Yet the disrobing meant continued patience and much quiet happiness and studied helping of others. Her maids responded to the spell of her gentle personality, and through them she kept up a scheme of visiting sick and infirm people, of lending them books and providing with comforts invalids less happily situated "Still waiting!" as she often rethan herself. marked to her friends, she directed the purchase and arranging of premises as reading and recreation rooms for the working men of Salisbury. Yet sorrow had not perfected its work for her. "wishing, not struggling to be free," she waited the summons of her Lord, one by one her dearest friends were preferred before her, for to them came the gladness of the great release for which she longed. In November, 1896, her left side became powerless. This seemed to prophesy paralysis. But she was ready even for the trial of complete helplessness and dependence on others; and much as this would have irked her, her comment was, "If it is God's will that I should lose the use of my limbs, then I will not murmur." Such was not the will of her Father; and before the middle of the month the

choir boys of Salisbury Cathedral were singing clearly and softly round her open grave that hymn, "Peace, perfect peace," which so impressively expresses the whole spirit of her life.

# "Joy" instead of "Weariness"

Appreciative curiosity as to how such a triumph of character over temperament became possible will be amply satisfied by mastering the obvious implications of the following. Some four years previous to her change of worlds, Sidney Lear felt that her book on "Weariness" ought to be supplemented by one on "Joy." Her Father had given her so much to be thankful for that, despite pain and weariness, the task became irresistible. But illness came on, and she was never able to finish the manuscript. The fragment that she penned was published,\* and so remarkable and penetrating are its six pathetic sections that the melancholy, especially if ill and lonely and waiting for the last great call, will gain much from even a brief account of it. "There is no worship where there is no joy" is one of its dominant notes, and the authoress insisted that for Christians in particular rejoicing is a duty as well as a privilege. "In His very love He may sometimes give us hard things to bear. But those are not what make us unhappy. It is the rebellious will, that strives against Him and His chastening, that brings un-

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Joy," by Mrs. H. L. Sidney Lear, to which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author (Longmans, 1897).

happiness." This is a typical sentence, and other pages insist that there is no grace in gloom, and appeal for recognition of the blessings of quiet, for appreciation of the joy in the lives of the young, for understanding that our best joys are often born in sorrow, for a great rejoicing in the future when the released soul shall "see the King in His beauty and behold the land that is very far off."

One passage written out of the fullness of experience is so rich in spiritual quality that others beside the melancholy will do well to ponder it. Out of her maimed life, and amid the ever-increasing shadow of death, the brave, understanding soul wrote \*:—

"But why should I be glad?' is the natural cry of the earth-stained heart. Why? Because you have a Father who loves you and watches over you: a more than brother, friend, in your dear Lord, an ever-present Comforter who knows, as you do not know yourself, what your needs are and how to supply them; because you are loved and cared for more tenderly than the tenderest mother ever loved and cared for her only child; because you are the inheritor of a priceless heritage; because you have a life before you, so filled with all that is most to be desired and longed for, that no earthly eye has seen or ear heard or heart conceived anything to compare with it. And if we can grasp and realise this thought, it will surely enable us to go patiently

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Joy," by H. L. Sidney Lear, p. 4.

—yet more bravely—yet more gladly, through whatever painful process of training and preparation may lie between us and that future blessedness."

Such a plea, backed by the life that was a comment on its sincerity and genuineness, means only one thing. The melancholy give themselves the best chance in life when they yield themselves to God in Jesus Christ and strive to live out such implications from the personality of Jesus as appear to them imperative. This will not necessarily ensure them happiness. But not all men are in this world to be happy. The elect souls are here rather to serve God and their fellows. To be as happy as is consistent with the higher spiritualities is a duty for us all. But usefulness is more than happiness; and always for the folk who understand—

The solemn shadow of the Cross Is better than the sun.

So what is true for all temperaments is emphatically true for the melancholy. Their first duty and their highest wisdom is in the fullest sense of the words to get right with God, to recognise the claims of Jesus to the overlordship of their souls, and to attempt in earnest the Christian life. Nothing worth happening comes to pass till the great surrender is made. Tolstoy had to find this out, and to understand certain aspects of his career is to realise the importance of total surrender Despite his fame as a writer, Count Tolstoy had

lived the godless, dissipated life of a Russian nobleman and officer of his day; and in late middle life the time came when he felt that unless he could answer the great question, What does my life mean? he could not go on living. Life could not be a device to enable a man to heap up riches, for riches did not satisfy, and if they did, death, which would take them all away, of necessity became more terrible. Family happiness could not be the explanation of life, for often it involved anxiety, and death was certain both for himself and those he loved. Fame did not satisfy, for his world-wide literary reputation had not brought him peace. Further, how many authors are read a thousand years after their death? And what is the use of fame to a man not here to enjoy it? The conclusion was irresistible that life is an evil, perhaps a cruel joke played on men by some demoniac power. Suicide seemed then its rational alternative; and in most quarters in which he pressed his inquiry he found nothing to set against that assumption. The scientist propounded his theory of automatic evolution, and at the most that offered a partial reply to the question, How did I get here? And that was not Tolstoy's query. The priest, in his opinion, refused to think outside his creed. The average ecclesiastic faced the question, but with a stereotyped reply that showed truth was not his passion. The actions of men promised revelation. But nearly all of them led animal lives, or exhausted their brain power on secondary mat-

ters, or were hypnotised by authority, or became mere epicureans, greedy of pleasure. The peasants alone, living simple lives of hard work, bearing their lot patiently, and dying with tranquillity when death came, seemed to have insight into the great secret. Certain of them talked to the troubled noble simply about serving God and not living for self. Their remarks were only in part revelatory, but the gospels they believed in promised elucidation of their attitude. Tolstoy read them carefully to discover that man's capacity to differentiate between good and evil proves that each has a spiritual nature and an animal nature. higher nature has kinship with the Divine. Jesus identified Himself with the spiritual phase of His own being, and bids us be perfect like Himself. So the answer to the question, What is the meaning of life? is as follows:-The Power that teaches a man to discern what is good is united with a man's better nature, and man realises the purpose of his existence when he accepts the higher will as his own and aims at doing good. Practically, this involves non-resistance to evil, cessation of anger, purity, refusal to use oaths, refraining from injury to those who act in ways you disapprove of, and loving your enemies.\* To recognise these facts was for Tolstoy to act on them in real earnest; and this is a summary of his testimony to the first results of the

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Leo Tolstoy," by Alymer Maude, p. 6 et seq. (Grant Richards, 1902).

great surrender and the mighty acceptance. "And I was saved from suicide. . . And, strange to say, the strength of life which returned to me was not new, but quite old—the same that had borne me along in my earliest days. I quite returned to what belonged to my earliest childhood and youth. I returned to the belief in that Will which produced me and desires something of me. I returned to the belief that the chief and only aim of my life is to be better, i.e. to live in accord with that will." \* The life that Tolstov lived, the books he wrote, the influence he exerted in after years, are now part of history; and however some may hesitate at certain of his teachings, few will challenge the statement that his conversion reveals for the melancholy their only sane and logical beginning of the process of making the best and getting the most out of life.

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; The Life of Leo Tolstoy: First Fifty Years," by Aylmer Maude, p. 411 (Constable, 1908).

#### CHAPTER VIII

#### THE PRACTICAL TEMPERAMENT

It is not difficult to recognise the practical temperament; and examples of it are discoverable in all ages and among all developed peoples. Frederick II. of Prussia, determining to widen the boundaries of his kingdom, revived an antiquated claim to Silesia, and robbed Maria Theresa to such purpose, and so intrigued in the matter of the partition of Poland, that when he died in 1786 his realm had nearly doubled in area. He carried out his wars of conquest without incurring a penny of debt. On the understanding that in all things his subjects obeyed him, he regarded himself as the first servant of the state; and while governing Prussia as one huge camp he insisted on civic justice, promoted the growth of manufacture, and did much to improve the general condition of his people. As general, as statesman, as financier and as administrator, his paternal autocracy made him worthy of the epithet "Great." That historians have agreed to call him practical is a revelation of the inwardness of the practical temperament. "Now it came to pass, as they went, that he entered into a certain village, and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house.

she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me." (Luke x. 38-40.) Martha had the practical temperament. Machiavelli outlining governmental methods, non-moral at the best, immoral at the worst, Pastor von Bodelschwingh building up and overseeing his colony of mercy for epileptics at Bethel, Rowland Hill promoting the penny post, and Samuel Budgett making his way in business—all these are examples of the same temperament.

# The Passion for Efficiency

To consider the persons just mentioned is to come to two conclusions. First, the practical temperament is the temperament of those for whom things done form the main test of life. Second, the practical temperament is in itself neither moral nor immoral. It is ethically neutral; and its ultimate quality depends on the aims to which it is consecrated. Determination to succeed is generally a hall-mark of the practical; and with many, efficiency is not so much an ideal as a passion. The practical temperament does not now receive the homage universally offered it in the Victorian era. There is, indeed, a very definite reaction against the gospel of getting on; and though Smiles' "Self-Help" is still going into new editions, its pages are less authoritative than they were.

Concerning that reaction several things may be said with advantage. It is not the business of every man to get on in the worldly sense. More people than we are prepared to believe have laid on them the duty of noble failure. Not all men are called to bow to the idols of the market-place; and high failure is always nobler than low success. the eyes of God to strive greatly is always to conquer. Long years ago in a certain Syrian township there dwelt a young Carpenter, the adopted son of one Joseph, a craftsman of that trade. Tradition has it that early in life the younger man, by the death of His adoptive father, found Himself head of the family business; and for some years His work supported His mother and a number of younger children. However that may be, it seems clear that He became expert at His trade, and that not only skill but honesty and thoroughness were characteristic of His workmanship. The proof of this is indirect and interesting. There came a day when He stood forth in Nazareth as representative of a morality and religion higher than the average; and this was so resented that anything reflecting on His plea would have been welcomed by many. Then had there been in Nazareth a door of unseasoned wood or a badly made chest that had come out of His workshop, it would have been produced in triumph to silence His discomforting demands and discredit His whole propaganda. But nothing of the sort ever took place; and we are justified in believing that Jesus

was a craftsman who, had He been therewith content, might have contemplated with confidence a career of commercial success. But instead of following this line of development, Jesus, knowing that He was in time what God the Father is in eternity, left the carpenter's bench at the age of thirty and began to proclaim to men the revelation that was His as God. For three crowded years of outpouring life He spoke His evangel to a people who in the main refused to believe it, and He spent His love on men and women who mostly requited it with indifference or scorn. At the last, through the machinations of his enemies. He fell into the toils of the criminal law, and was executed on a green hill outside a city wall. The earthly life that had commenced in a borrowed cradle ended in a borrowed grave. Yet who, except a few crazy Neitzschians, denies that the life of Jesus was a success? It is true that He might have lived and died in the little town as a successful tradesman. Yet are not the Gospels eloquent of better things? And is not any single hospital a better testimony to Jesus than would have been divers moneys hid in a field or invested in houses and lands near Nazareth? If the lowest ground be taken, does not the money collected every year for causes that appeal in the name of Jesus show that results generally associated with the practical temperament can sometimes issue from methods practical folk are capable of despising? Jesus succeeded just because He failed; and His

success affords enlightening comment on the type of efficiency usually associated with the practical temperament.

#### The Call to Succeed

Yet much about that type of efficiency is selfjustifying. We do well to insist that it is not the only type of success. We are wise to realise its risks. But it is only just to recognise that in their duly appointed spheres folk of practical temperament are not only justified in making the legitimate best of their opportunities. They are called to do so in the interests of that co-operation whereby God seeks to unify His world in one brotherhood of mutual The cosmic scheme calls aloud for each to help the rest; and unless each responds self-development halts and the others lack. There can therefore be no reasonable protest against the practical doing their legitimate best. Where they are often vulnerable is in method, and in their frequent failure to understand that the quality of a career is of more importance than its material results. But these are of the errors, and not of the essence, of the practical temperament. That the practical have as good a right as other temperaments to legitimate self-realisation, and that by self-realisation they can serve their fellows, is best proved by examples divorced from all suspicion of mere self-interest. The carcer of Florence Nightingale is not only significant, but even conclusive on these points.

At a dinner given to military and naval officers who had served in the Crimean War, it was suggested that each guest should write on a slip of paper the name of the individual associated with the campaign who would be longest remembered by posterity. Every paper bore the same name—Florence Nightingale.\* The tribute was deserved, for England owed her a debt that must always keep fresh her memory. Always practical and always kind-hearted, she put earefully to bed such dolls in her nursery as were considered in need of medical comforts, and when a fracture or a burn supervened, the setting and the bandaging were tasks of skill and delight. Cap, a collie with a broken leg, was her first living patient; and later girlhood found her a ministering angel in the homes of her poor neighbours. Two severe illnesses among members of her family further developed her nursing faculty; and Florence took a step new to girls of her social position when she determined to take up nursing as a vocation. Her practical temperament made her aware of her need of training; and work in British hospitals was followed by a course of instruction at Kaiserwerth, on the Rhine, where a Protestant Sisterhood, under Pastor Fliedner, combined hospital routine and instruction with beneficent work among the poor and outcast.

On returning to England she gave herself to

<sup>\*</sup> See "Life of Florence Nightingale," by Sarah Tooley (Cassell, 1868), p. 1 et seq.

philanthropic work. When the Crimean War broke out her friend Sidney Herbert was at the head of the War Office. Reports of the victory of Alma were diversified by accounts of mismanagement, especially in the British commissariat and medical service. The commonest accessories of a hospital were reported wanting. Lint and bandages and ambulance requisites were scanty. No attention was paid to cleanliness. There were no nurses but untrained male orderlies, and too few of them; and the wounded died by the hundred untended in the open. Mr. Sidney Herbert asked Miss Nightingale to organise an adequate nursing system. She consented to become Superintendent of Nurses for the Crimea, and with thirty-eight picked nurses she was soon on her way to Scutari.

There she found the Barrack Hospital, whither the wounded were shipped from the Crimea, in an indescribable condition. Surgical, fever, and even cholera patients were all jumbled together, without any bedroom furniture, while the lack of all conveniences for washing, sanitation, and cooking did something to harden the patients against the rats that attacked them as they lay on the ground, and the stench of six dead dogs Miss Nightingale counted rotting beneath the windows. When the Lady-in-Chief chased a rat with an umbrella the legend that all women fear a mouse expired. At once Miss Nightingale set to work, and despite much official opposition she produced order out of chaos. Soon

the Lady of the Lamp was seen at nights going her round with the light that illumined her visits of mercy. A good kitchen was improvised, stores were distributed as the sick required, an efficient laundry was set up, the apothecaries' store was set in order, and the wives or widows of soldiers were either sent home or else provided for. Miss Nightingale's own hand smoothed many a pillow or received from the hands of the dying trinkets designed for the dear ones at home; and her presence in the operating room helped many a soldier through his ordeal. More nurses came out; and after six months' continuous labour at Scutari, Florence Nightingale set out for Balaclava itself. There fever seized her: and when a report that she was dying reached Scutari. sick men turned their faces to the wall and cried like children. But in less than a month she was back in Scutari, and the fall of Sebastopol found her still at her post; and a period of service in the Crimea was her final link with the war. She reached home incognita, to find herself the idol of a nation; and the rest of her active career was given over to schemes for the improvement of the condition of the soldier, and to arrangements for furthering the efficiency of British nurses and nursing. All her days she showed the practical temperament at its best; and to recall her career is to understand its potential worth. Incidentally, recognition of that worth illuminates the quality of much service done by women in the sphere of the practical. The hausfrau still waits

for her pedestal, and the mother who immolates herself on the altar of domesticity receives as a rule less appreciation than is her due. Yet to encounter a housekeeper or a mother who lacks the practical temperament is to awaken to the worth of the average woman who possesses it.

# The Domestic Temperament

Popular opinion rarely credits the domesticated with any temperament whatsoever; and it is perhaps just as well that they themselves are not accustomed to dwell on the psychology of selfhood. Yet they should be kept in mind in this connection, if only because the world overlooks them and usually identifies the practical temperament with the spheres of commerce, law, politics, administration, and the more utilitarian arts and sciences. To see that temperament in any one of these regions is to be moved to comments that apply also in greater or less degree to its other areas of activity. Take for example the practical temperament in commerce. Business is emphatically the area of self-realisation of the practical temperament; and many are the sneers both at business itself and at the temperament. Napoleon jeered at England as a nation of shopkeepers. One wonders whether he recalled the epigram on the day after Waterloo. That a commercial career is not without obvious risks is insisted on later in this chapter. But there is more to be said for it than its critics imagine. The danger of

soulless materialism is not overlooked when attention is drawn to the fact that the most definitely commercial peoples have always been the most healthily religious. No nation has too much religion; and all commercial nations are in danger of commercialising their souls out of existence. But trading peoples have so often been religious that the combination calls for remark. Then, despite the risks of sordidness and chicanery, a commercial nation is more given to wholesome activities than nations with no trading aptitude. Intercommunication between different parts of the same country, the stream of travel to and from all quarters, relations with foreign sellers and buyers, the influence of commercial incentives to justice, the heightening of the average of prosperity, and the continuous rise in the scale of civilisationthese all are advantages that obtain in less degree among the commercially undeveloped.

Individuals may gain far more than money from a commercial career. To begin with, business can be either an area of competitive covetousness or it can be the medium whereby a man contributes his quotum to that universal exchange of goods and services on which so much of the well-being of the world depends. Then the commercial career which may deaden the personality can also be an education in discipline, in subordination which is not necessarily inferiority, in industry, promptitude, punctuality and tact. All these are great assets to character.

# Finance and Character

The practical temperament, especially as it reveals itself in business, is less fortified against criticism when considered in the light of its financial aspects. It is often pleaded that money can only be made through the exploiting of others by its making. Gold digging and kindred methods of acquiring riches must be almost the only exceptions to this rule. Oftener than not success means that the practical have reaped more from the labours of others than from their own work; and when the help of others has not been adequately recognised, the failure is just as much theft as if an employer had put his hand into an employee's till. The exploiter has stolen money's worth instead of money. But many a successful business man has done well for himself by incidentally giving other people chances to do better in his employ than ever they would have done without him; and as long under such circumstances as the exploiter deals fairly with the exploited gratitude may well take the place of grievance. This kind of teaching is, of course, not popular except in plutocratic circles, where it is made the excuse for a great deal to which it has no application. But it is well sometimes to be fair even to the successful employer.

Adequate fairness will go farther still. There can be no attempt to deny the disservice many exploiters of their fellows have done humanity.

But at the same time it ought to be recognised that men owe much to anyone whose gifts of initiative and organisation bring benefits to others. To take two extreme examples for the sake of clarity, was Lord Kelvin, or is Edison, unfairly remunerated by financial profits from industries they themselves created? Do not the rest of us owe much to men like Thomas Brassey, who marked the world with railways like a child drawing ink lines on a map? Are not a Sir Titus Salt or a Sir Richard Tangye among the real benefactors of humanity? The latter-day Socialist would seem to see in the creators of trusts almost the only large-scale business men for whom he has a good word, for he hails them as preparing unconsciously for the great socialistic combinations of the future; and it would appear useless to invite him to appreciate men like the two last mentioned. Yet a man who offers to thousands conditions that bring economic well-being more definitely within their reach is surely worthy of gratitude from all concerned for economic betterment.

# Temptations for Practical Souls

Many are the temptations of the practical temperament; and it is not easy to decide which is most special to it. Undue ambition, vulgar ostentation, and passion for luxury are often referred to as invariable accompaniments of the success of the practical temperament. They are certainly among the risks

of the successful practical. But such temptations are not more common among them than among other sections of humanity. What gives them notoriety in these connections is their facility for carrying out their desires. The germ of their follies is common to many other temperaments. Once the struggle for existence ceases to be consciously operative it is usually transmuted into the struggle for social status, the struggle for priority, or some such misapplication of energy; and the fact that the practical are as efficient as before in each new area of battle is scarcely a reason for offering them more blame than is accorded to others who have their will to do the foolish thing, but lack the ability to make their desire a fact. At the same time the practical will do well to be on their guard against the temptations they share with others. Robert Spence was once a servant of Laurence Sterne, but later he made money, attained position and was a notable figure in his own circle. Fortunately for him Methodism laid hold of his soul. Equally fortunately the natural man so far survived that the whimsical in him was not killed by the devotional; and with all his reverence he retained a sense of humour, even at his prayers. Every day he used to pray with an indulgent and yet alert smile, "Lord, save me from that great man, Robert Spence." The practical are not the only ones who need to pray similarly; but where some such petition is relevant it is well for all to give it a place in their orisons.

A temptation more peculiar to the practical is adumbrated when it is suggested that, in their desire for results, folk of that temperament are not sufficiently careful regarding means. This carelessness is often seen at its worst in the making of money. There is no need to accept as truth the epigram, "First they get on. Then they get honour. Then they get honest"; and yet the making of money will often betray quite good men into giving themselves the benefit of a doubt that will not stand examination. When young Daniel Macmillan \* purchased the stock of a bookseller in Cambridge, he took over certain volumes likely to demoralise readers. He was not at ease about them, but his conscience did not compel him at first to any definite action. Archdeacon Hare discovered the books on Macmillan's shelves, and expostulated by letter; and after thinking the matter over, Macmillan came to the conclusion that a trader has no right to make money at the expense of other people's well-being, and he burnt the unwholesome books. There was a similarly significant incident in the life of Samuel Budgett, the Bristol provision merchant, whose Christian character and commercial virtue made him a notable figure in his time. In Mr. Budgett's early days † pepper was under a heavy tax; and in the trade universal tradition had it that out of the trade

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Memoir of Daniel Macmillan," by Thomas Hughes, pp. 157-162 (Macmillan, 1882).

<sup>†&</sup>quot;The Successful Merchant," by William Arthur, p. 200 (Bemrose, 1885).

everybody expected pepper to be adulterated. Mr. Samuel Budgett's shop stood a cask labelled P. D. to distinguish it from ground pepper; and the inferior and cheaper material was mixed with the genuine article and the mixture sold as pepper. For some time Budgett gave in to the custom of his trade, but by degrees he became discomforted; and soon he felt that when all that could be said in its favour was made the best of, the mixing involved a fraud on the public. So he made up his mind that the cask of P. D. should perish. One night he, therefore, went to his shop, removed the hypocritical cask to a quarry, and there staved it and scattered P. D. abroad, presumably without sneezing. Then he returned with a light heart. Once inside the house his practical temperament told him there was no need to waste the wood of the cask. So the first thing he did next morning was to return to the quarry and gather up the staves. More than one city would see strange sights at midnight were all traders to follow the example of Samuel Budgett; and there would be some awkward meetings in overcrowded guarries. Yet who can doubt but that the Bristol trader was right? There is P. D. in all businesses, and the money made by it is too dearly earned.

The real test of commercial capacity is not the making of money. It is the making of money honestly. Given immunity from discovery, anyone free to eke out the poverty of his brains by dishonesty can make

money. But to make money honourably and fairly, that is a task that decides the quality of the practical temperament. Even at that, it is easier to make money than to spend it properly; and no man spends well who does not regard his money as a trust. What counts is not what the rich man gives so much as what he keeps; and God looks more often at a man's passbook than at his cheque-book. William Rathbone,\* the Liverpool merchant, whose generosity aided alike religious and educational and philanthropic projects, was at the age of seventy-two presented with the honorary freedom of his native city; and in thanking his fellow citizens for the honour they had done him he laid down a principle for giving which may well appeal also to others of the practical. "Allusion," he said, "has been made to my having devoted some part of the wealth gained in Liverpool to the benefit of the town. Here, again, it is I who am the debtor; it is I, and not my fellow citizens, to whom gratitude is due. As we all admit, whatever we may possess of wealth, talents, station and opportunity are not freeholds to be selfishly enjoyed by a man and his family and friends, but sacred trusts to be employed for the welfare of the community. And of all beyond what is necessary for maintenance, education, and moderate provision for his family, an increasing proportion is due, as wealth and power increase, to the public service,

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; William Rathbone: a Memoir," by Eleanor F. Rathbone, p. 466 (Macmillan, 1905).

not from generosity, but as the honest payment of debt. Life and experience only bring this more home to me. Which of the sacrifices which a prosperous man makes can be considered generous when looked at with those which thousands of our men and women make daily and unhesitatingly, in times of distress, illness, or death, when they share with their neighbours the means only too inadequate for the supply of the wants of themselves and their families? It is easy for the prosperous to be deemed generous, difficult for them to deserve to be so called." Too many examples of the practical when confronted by pleas like this ask: "And what percentage do I get on the money I give away?" The best answer is that to understand rightly the privilege of helping others is a perennial dividend; and the wisest are they who invest freely on those lines.

# Poverty of Imagination

For the practical to give what they can afford has protective value. It compels them to interest themselves in others. It breaks up their self-centredness. It compels them to use their imaginations outside their business. This last especially is great gain. Some of the most deadly of the temptations of the practical temperament have their origin in poverty of imagination. Such, at any rate, is the kindest way of looking at them. How else can we charitably account for the constant failure of practical folk to recognise that people not definitely practical

have as clear a right to exist as themselves? The question suggests exaggeration until some of the talk indulged in by the practical at the expense of others is recalled and realised in its full significance. Men who are doing well in the world, who have the comfortable consciousness that their affairs are prospering, and the bank balance is mounting up, will refer to a poor artist who paints pictures he cannot sell, or to a starveling scribbler writing matter of no market value, or to some other non-commercial type as though he were an argument for extremes of eugenics. God made even non-commercial types, and they may therefore be regarded as serving some providential purpose; and after all it is more to live than to make a living. Indeed, the practical have a special duty to non-commercial types, the duty of trying to understand them, the duty of learning from them anything they can teach to advantage, the duty of being courteous, and even considerate to them. The last plea will attract little response from many men of the world. Yet a single instance will make clear its inherent reasonableness. A young literary man,\* at the beginning of his career, had the merest acquaintance with Ferdinand de Lesseps, the great French engineer; and one night the young fellow found himself at a dinner party in Paris where, in addition to the engineer, were a superfluous king, an American railway magnate, a French millionaire, a minister of State, the editor of Le Figaro, and a

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Twenty Years in Paris," by Robert H. Sherard.

number of other people of note. When the narrator, the only insignificant person in the party, entered the salon he saw Ferdinand de Lesseps standing with his back to the fire, and talking to the king and the American railway magnate; and it never occurred to try to force himself on the notice of the great engineer, or to expect the latter would recognise him. Shortly before dinner was announced, the host came up to the young literary man and suggested that he should introduce him to Magnard, the editor of Le Figaro. This is the young man's own account of what followed: "Magnard was standing in the very centre of the drawing-room, talking to G----, who at that time was one of the editors of Le Petit Journal, and added considerably to his income by teaching foreign prime donne how to pronounce French. I had heard all about him from Melba. Magnard's back was towards us. The Count touched him on the shoulder and said: 'Oh, Magnard, here is a young confrère of yours whom I want you to know. It is Mr. Robert Sherard, of the New York --- ' Having said this, Kessler, who was one of the most vigilant of hosts, darted off to attend to the comfort of someone else. Magnard said nothing, but bowed a mock bow, bending his fat little body in two, so that his hair nearly touched the points of his shoes. Then he swung round on his heel, presented his fat back to my gaze, and quietly went on talking to G-B-. I never felt more confused in my life. "This scene had been enacted in the very middle

of the drawing-room, and had been noticed by every-body present. I confess that for a moment I had it in mind to step back and take a drop at the back of the uncivil editor so temptingly displayed. Magnard's pantomime, of course, was intended to convey to me and to the lookers-on that the editor of *Le Figaro* was a man of far too great importance to waste even a word on an obscure young foreigner. I heard more than one titter. I was at an entire loss how to withdraw in a dignified manner.

# The Supreme Courtesy

"At that moment I saw a movement round the fireplace, and I heard de Lesseps say: 'Oh, pardon me, but I see a young friend of mine there. I must go and speak to him.' And, breaking off his conversation with the two kings, and passing through the bevy of adoring women, the kind old gentleman came across the room to me with outstretched hands, saying such flattering things as "Quelle bonne surprise! Quel plaisir de vous revoir!" He came right up to where I stood in utter confusion, and gripped my hand, and then, taking me by the arm, drew me on one side—away from my pillory—and kept me talking with him until dinner was announced. It was done from sheer kindness. He had seen the public affront put upon me; he had disapproved of the rudeness shown to a young man of no importance; he had given Magnard and those who had applauded his buffoonery a well-deserved lesson. The effect

produced was immediate, for in those days Ferdinand de Lesseps was still one of the most important persons in the world. I at once became a personage. I was courted at table. In the smoking-room afterwards the magnate gave me a 'pointer' about Milwaukees, and the superfluous king handed me his gold cigarette case. But, better than this, Magnard himself came up to me and made himself as pleasant as he could. He hoped that I would call on him at Le Figaro. He would be glad to receive me at any time. This was the kindness which Lesseps did to me; this was the act which I never forgot."

The incident reinforces contentions and pleas of previous pages; and it may even prepare the practical for an appeal to recognise readily the intrinsic worth of the best of the unpractical, and to correct their own lives by the best in the unworldly. The writer has a friend who spends all his life helping other people, who never knows whether he is wearing his own clothes or those of someone else, and who is as much the antithesis of the practical temperament as was Oliver Goldsmith. This unpractical person once refused, after due consideration, the certainty of becoming a millionaire. He is not mad, but merely splendidly sane; and surely it is more distinguished to refuse to be a millionaire than to become one. Civilisation could better afford to dispense with half her millionaires than with this one man who, in another sense than Dante's, made the great refusal; for he has made himself the lover and friend and helper

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of literally myriads of people, and just to be with him is to learn what an expert in the good life cannot help teaching.

### The "Business Manner"

The practical who regard sympathetically the appeal for appreciation, passive and active, of other temperaments will at least give heed to a plea that they should be careful to make due allowance for the non-commercial situations of life. Said a mighty commercial magnate once to a friend, "I'm sorry so often to seem brusque and dictatorial and pushing. have fought for so many years for my own hand in the city that my business manner now marks all that I do. I try to correct myself, but it has become second nature." The magnate was confessing to a weakness common to his temperament. As he seemed willing not only to speak the truth but to hear it, his friend ventured to tell him that his weakness was at its worst when giving subscriptions in person, for though he was generous his comments as he wrote his cheques and his general manner of giving took all grace away from his gifts; and he was both surprised and pained to hear that a lady collector who happened on one of his less genial periods, one day left his office determined to tear up his cheque, but finally compromised by having a good cry instead.

The want of graciousness that formed the gravamen of the magnate's self-accusation often turns up in all sorts of relationships dominated by the practical

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temperament. An attempt to mollify bereavement by a type-written letter of condolence must surely stand alone; and yet the man who dictated the epistle to a stenographer, who not only typed but signed it in his name, was unaware of anything untoward. Too often about the ordinary private letters of business men there is a bluntness and a curtness which misleads non-commercial recipients; and the office manner is not always a success in a friend's drawing-room or the intimacies of home life.

Defect of imagination is the main origin of much deprecated in previous pages; and the same lack is definitely related to yet another tendency of the practical temperament. Experts within their own area of competence often seem unable to imagine that their specialised capacity does not of itself render them authoritative and competent in other spheres. When the practical are wise they deliberately cultivate some elevating phase of interest remote from business. As Browning put it in his poem, "Shop":—

Because a man has shop to mind
In time and place, since flesh must live,
Needs spirit lack all life behind,
All stray thoughts, fancies fugitive,
All loves except what trade can give?

I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
Candlestick-maker much acquaints
His soul with song, or, haply mute,
Blows out his brains upon the flute!

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But—shop each day and all day long!
Friend, your good angel slept, your star
Suffered eclipse, fate did you wrong!
From where these sorts of treasures are,
There should our hearts be—Christ, how far!

Apart from the relief, the new interest sends its devotees back to business with minds fresher for the change; and repeatedly when mercial experts give time and thought to other areas of interest their general aptitude assists their proficiency. For example, Lord Avebury was a banker, and sat for ten years in Parliament, and served on royal commissions dealing with eminently practical subjects; and he found time to become conversant with and write luminously on botany, entomology, geology, and anthropology. It is clear then that there is no incompatability between commercial success and competence in other spheres. But it is not true that for the practical to have marked ability in their own sphere necessarily makes them competent in less familiar regions; and because they do not recognise this, practical men are often less impressive than they imagine. It is rarely they approach the assurance of Sydney Smith's friend, declared by that cheerful cleric to be willing to perform the operation for stone or direct the Channel Fleet. Yet too seldom do they know what they do not know; and inability to imagine its own limitations is often a symptom of the practical temperament. Illustrations of this are not lacking.

James Mill, the father of John Stuart Mill, had an equipment superior to the average of the practical temperament. His intellect was logical in the highest degree. He was clear in outlook and precise in statement. As his writings on economics show he had great insight into commercial questions and marked capacity for handling them. Jeremy Bentham's Utilitarianism owed much to his co-operation and exposition; and more than any other man he is entitled to be regarded as the founder of philosophic radicalism. A brief experience in his youth as a preacher in the Church of Scotland left him with the delusion that he was an expert in religion; and later the good man actually propounded a plan which Professor Dicey has described as a proposal for the transformation of the Church of England into a national Mechanics' Institute, devoted to the propagation of Utilitarian doctrine. Soberly, James Mill laid it down that creeds and services, sermons and prayers were either useless or harmful. But he saw a future for the clergy as teachers of the gospel of Benthamism; and his proposals for utilising them for the greatest good of the greatest number must needs be set forth in his own words, or else the reader will be unable to find them credible.

# Amateur Presumption

"The work of the clergy," James Mill wrote, "would thus consist in supplying all possible inducements to good conduct. No general rules

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could be given for the work, but tests might be applied for results. Such would be—premiums for the minimum of crimes, of law-suits, of pauperism, of ill-educated children. The assembling of all the families on the Sunday, clean and well-dressed, has an ameliorating effect. Besides addresses of a purely moral kind, instruction in science and useful knowledge would be of great service. Even branches of political science might be introduced, such as political economy and the conditions of good government. Some of the elements of jurisprudence would be valuable—to teach the maxims of justice and the theory of protection of rights.

"These would be the more serious occupations of the day of rest. There should also be social amusements of a mild character, such as to promote cheerfulness rather than profuse merriment. Sports involving bodily strength are not well adapted to promote brotherly feelings; their encouragement in antiquity had in view the urgency of war. Music and dancing would be important. It would be desirable to invent dances representing parental, filial, and fraternal affections, and to avoid such as slide into lasciviousness, which the author is always anxious to repress. Quiet and gentle motions, with an exhibition of grace, are what would be desired. To keep everything within the bounds of decency, the parishioners would elect a master and a mistress of ceremonies, and support their authority. A conjoint meal on Sunday would have the happiest

of the early Christians; but with the exclusion of intoxicating liquors." \* It is small wonder that the publication of this programme in the "London Review" damaged the circulation of that periodical. The scheme meant that his practical temperament prevented James Mill imagining how little foresight and insight he had as regarding things religious; and his exhibition may well serve to warn practical folk against imagining that competence in one sphere of necessity makes them expert in others.

Absorption in a career and the physical relief necessary to its continuance represents yet another temptation of the practical temperament. The epitaph, "Born a man and died a grocer" is wanting in sympathy. But it may well serve as a warning to the practical of all occupations. No man has a right so to give himself up to a commercial career that in his anxiety to make a living he forgets to live. Such absorption first desiccates and then materialises and finally may brutalise the It stifles the man that might have been. It robs lawful claimants. Let the business man forget his family in the claims of his career, and he misses much that is best worth having. A modern play, "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," presented a picture of the wife of a self-made commercial magnate uneasy in the big house and among the liveried

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;James Mill," by Bain, pp. 387, 388; quoted by Professor Dicey in "Law and Opinion in England," pp. 321, 332.

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servants her husband's wealth afforded her, and actually looking back with regret on the years when they were poor, and her husband had time to love her.

# The Tragedy of the Wall of Gold

Many a successful business man is busy building a wall of gold between his wife and himself. Great often is the tragedy of the children of such a man. For the father is so occupied in piling up money for his boys and girls to squander after he is gone, that he has no time to contribute his share to their bringing up. The devotion of so much time to worldly affairs again and again means that the Church suffers from transference of the interest and energy she has a right to claim. Men worn out with business will on Sunday either neglect public worship altogether, or will attend divine service too dead for devotional receptivity or spiritual alertness, and only just alive enough to think out some of next week's business plans during the sermon. Christian work often appeals with special force to the practical in the earlier stages of their career; and the Church has no servants like those who, without commercialising their spiritual outlook, bring their tradition of efficiency into the service of Christ. But there are two critical periods in the life of the most practical and consecrated of Christian workers. The first is marked by marriage. The new interests invariably conquer the old unless the newly-wedded are both determined

their Lord and His claims shall have fair play. The second is the season when worldly success blunts the spiritual sense, makes Christian work irksome, and in the interests of seeming self-preservation makes seductive the giving up of the service of others.

If they yield, they are soon in the condition of those who have never claimed their spiritual birthright; and theirs is the worse case, for they have thrown away their spiritual chances by allowing the material to subdue them. This kind of giving in to the world is a mistake, even along commercial lines. For the practical, as for the rest of humanity, every surrender to anything less than the spiritual is bad business. This truth is so important in itself, and it has such a bearing on every spiritual and ethical temptation of the practical temperament, that this chapter may well close with considerations that enforce or repeat it.

To begin with, to withdraw from the spiritual is not to escape it. It is simply to blind one's self to the true inwardness of life and to limit one's self to the least enlightening points of contact with reality. What the practical afflicted or threatened by such darkening of vision need is some such reminder as that of Israel Zangwill's haunting poem "Blind Children." The singer pictures the young scholars of a school for the blind playing on the dappled grass in the sunshine that floods sightless eyes; and such, for him, is the abandon of their play that he asks:

# THE PRACTICAL TEMPERAMENT

How should they know or feel They are in darkness?

But O, the miracle
If a Redeemer came,
Laid finger on their eyes;
One touch and what a world
New-born in loveliness.

Spaces of green and sky, Hulls of white cloud adrift, Ivy-grown college walls, Shining loved faces.

What a dark world—who knows?
Ours to inhabit is!
One touch and what a strange
Glory might burst on us,
What a hid universe!

Do we sport carelessly, Blindly upon the verge Of an Apocalypse?

Too often so-called practical people are mere unpractical blind children playing at shops or some other game; and though the Redeemer is in reality in the midst of them, and yearns to heal, they do not see Him or aught else of the essential glory of the world.

Their tragedy is enhanced by the fact that spiritual things are spiritually discerned. Desire must precede vision. Sense of need is sight. More practical folk will avoid the fate of Bunyan's man with the muck rake, once the world is persuaded that, as said before,

neglect of religion is bad business. There are two reasons for this. One is that all men must die. The other is that since there is no suicide out of eternal life all must live for ever. The material ambitions of the practical temperament would bulk less large if the following simple truths were borne in mind. No bank honours a dead man's cheque. Shrouds have no pockets; and seven feet by four usually satisfies the most exacting demand of the dead for real estate. Then on the other hand this life is the beginning of a period of preparation for eternity. We have to live for ever; and immortality without goodness must needs be a curse. If Herbert Spencer is right in saying that perfect life is correspondence with environment; and if to be out of harmony with environment means pain; and if God Himself is the atmosphere of the after-life while the Lamb is the light thereof-Hell stands explained. Fra Angelico's pictures of the damned writhing in flames, Dante's "Inferno," and Jonathan Edward's rhetoric concerning the fate of the unsaved are under-statements. To be unspiritual in a purely spiritual world must needs be torture indeed. There is no way out for us immortals except the spiritual way. Tithonus in the legend was granted immortality by the goddess Aurora because of her great love for him; and when he wearied of the burden of the years, and craved release from life that knew no end, she changed him into a grasshopper. By reason of His love for us God has endowed all men with immortality, and He

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loves us too well for any prayer of ours to be permitted to rob us of the gift. He has only one idea of change for His immortal children. The environment of the after-life, His own personality diffused, is to do His perfect work upon us. As the Revised Version puts it, "We all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord, the Spirit." So it is bad business not to begin in earnest here that which alone means success for an immortal. When the practical temperament ceases to be unpractical and takes long views, it realises that for an immortal soul, just as character is true cleverness and goodness is real wisdom, so true wealth is relationship with God and loyalty to His demands. Even if this life were all, there would be an arguable case for religion. Since we are immortal, the case is irresistible. The religious is the practical.

# Scullion and Mystic

This conclusion gains in power when other auxiliary truths are allowed their full force. The sense of the divine can pervade and transform every legitimate occupation of the practical. Nicholas Herman, of Lorraine, known in the seventeenth century as Brother Lawrence, served as a scullion in the kitchen of the Carmelites Déschausées in Paris; and every hour he realised the Divine nearness to the full. "The time of business," said he, "does not with me differ from the time of prayer, and in

the noise and clatter of my kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, I possess God in as great tranquillity as if I were upon my knees at the Blessed Sacrament." Such an example at least shows that it is not necessary to assign the religious and the practical to two different departments of life; and it lends point to the remark that the practical is not only an area of test for the religious. Always it offers opportunity of exercising and strengthening the spiritual. Francis William Crossley, of Ancoats, was a Manchester manufacturing engineer, who put religion into every detail of his business; and among other testimonies this survives to his credit, the witness being the man who profited by his practical Christianity.

"Two or three years ago, my brother and myself decided to start business on our own account. We purchased a factory, and bought one of Crossley's gas-engines to supply the power. After we got the engine fixed, we found we had not purchased one large enough to do the amount of work necessary to make the business pay, and instead of making money by our venture we lost it. Things got worse and worse with us, until a few weeks ago my brother said, 'It is no use carrying on any longer, we are bankrupt.' And he urged that we should sign our petition at once and get matters settled; but I said: 'Think what a disgrace it will be! We are both of us church members and Sunday-school teachers, and I cannot bear the thought of bringing discredit

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on the cause of God.' I suggested that, instead of coming to any immediate decision, I should consult the Crossley firm about it. My brother said: 'What is the use of doing that? It is not Crossley's fault that the engine has failed. We should have got a larger engine.' However, in the end, he consented that I should run over to Manchester. I have been there to-day, and am now returning home. When I got to the works, Mr. Crossley was not there; I saw one of the managers, and he said he could do nothing for us. I was turning away in despair, when Mr. Crossley came up, and asked me what was the matter. He invited me into his office, and I told him the whole story. When I had finished, he said: 'I am very sorry for you, my lad, and will do what I can to help you. Go back and tell your brother that I will put you in a larger engine, and take back the old one, and it shall not cost you a penny to effect the change.' And he added, 'Ask your brother to find out how much you have lost since you started business, and if he will let me know, I will send you a cheque for the amount!'" The narrative is profitable for edification, and, where circumstances permit, for imitation also; and it shows clearly that God in His wisdom means the practical and the religious to work together to His own greater glory and their mutual advantage.

#### CHAPTER IX

#### THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

Lessing's remark concerning Conti von Raphael that "if he had been born without arms he would have been the greatest painter in the world," may serve to emphasise the fact that the artistic temperament does exist. There are some who doubt its existence. Their attention may profitably be drawn to the tradition of the peasant lad, Giotto, drawing one of his father's sheep with a sharp stone on slate or rock; and they will do well to ponder accounts of the lady's maid, who was afterwards Mrs. Siddons, reciting Milton and Shakespeare to her fellow servants, and actually developing a capacity for sculpture while she was still a maid at Guy's Cliff. The small girl, Jenny Lind, walking and jumping to music, and singing by the hour together to her cat is as significant in this connection as the boy, William Morris, with his head full of the Waverley novels, wandering about Epping Forest in a toy suit of armour, recognising birds on the wing, and rejoicing in green vistas, and the play of light and shade. Should any, recalling all these, refuse to see in them a common temperament, it is useless arguing further. More to the point is it to insist that unhappy is he for whom

reminder of the artistic temperament fails to conjure up arresting visions of beauty in many forms. Correggio's "Madonna of the Basket" in the London National Gallery, the Caryatides, who from beneath the porch they uphold look forth on the ruins of the Acropolis, that mighty centre dome which makes San Sophia a name of glory in Constantinople, a march of Wagner or a strain of Debussy, Caruso's rendering of some solo of the unwholesome Duke in Verdi's "Rigoletto," Ellen Terry's declamation as Portia, a poem of Burns or a page of Pater's matchless prose—all these are typical and appealing products of the artistic temperament.

# The Ministry of the Beautiful

To recall them is to understand that by design of God there is such a thing as the ministry of the beautiful. To consider nature only stirs the thought in us that this is the case. Unless God meant men to profit by the beauty of nature why, to adapt a question of Richard Le Gallienne, did He not make the sky green and the grass yellow? Very often, indeed, there is beauty in the world where ugliness would have served every utilitarian purpose. Flowers have their function in the scheme of things, but there was no real necessity to make them so beautiful. Why not black snowdrops? Men who ask that question often enough are driven to the conclusion that God put beauty into His world for some definite purpose. Certain effects of the beauty of nature

set us guessing what that purpose is. William Blake saw a lamb gambolling in a meadow and the vision inspired him to the creation of further beauty. This is a verse of his poem:

Little lamb, who made thee?

Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb, who made thee?

Dost thou know who made thee?

Provided only they were endowed with an instinct for regular exercise, we should probably have no worse mutton if lambs were born dignified and sedate, and their second morning brought them the placid soul of ovine middle age. But were things thus, the lambs of spring could never tutor the race in the joy of life and refinement of spirit that shine through Blake's dainty lines. Judged by its best effects, the beauty of nature is one of God's devices for educating humanity; and to realise how the race has profited by the beauty of art, is to understand also that all that rightly fosters and legitimately expresses the artistic temperament is part of the divine scheme for the education of the race. for art's sake can never have been a working principle of the Creator, who does nothing for its own sake. Always for God much of the meaning of things lies

in their relatedness. The pleasurable activities of pure contemplation as one looks at a great picture, the vague, seemingly illimitable emotions evoked by the pervasive appeal of good music, the domination of one's personality by some dramatic situation or eloquent period—all these are God-given opportunities of elevating joy and refining emotions. Perhaps such great moments make for profit, because though selfish people may gain by them there is in them nothing of selfishness; and to escape selfishness, if only for a time, is to deepen and otherwise increase one's capacity for living. The finest and sanest examples of the artistic temperament are they who answer to the appeal of beauty in every form that is really beautiful, and yet see art first and last as a help to increase of beauty throughout the whole life.

The last sentence is both provocative and suggestive. What is an artistic temperament? And how far does the justifiable demand for beauty in its manifestations extend? Artists, like other folk, often suggest one of the four great temperaments; and many artists can be described in terms of the artistic and yet another temperament. For example, Beethoven had both the melancholy and the artistic temperaments. Yet, since the artistic temperament is clearly defined, and since the epithet covers a recognisable group of traits, there is convenience in regarding under its name those to whom it can legitimately be attached. Happily for the world they are not few.

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The artistic temperament belongs to those who, consciously or unconsciously, are compelled by bias of personality to regard as the main end of existence appreciation or creation of what they recognise as beauty. This means that not all possessors of the temperament are necessarily recognisable as artistic by either themselves or others. The mute inglorious Miltons do not stand alone, for in the same category rank undeveloped Turners and nascent Ruskins. The cook who, on holiday at the seaside, ecstatically declared that a magnificent sunset was like a fried egg, was crude, but she classified herself at once; and whenever afterwards the interior of her frying-pan set her thinking of the erstwhile polychrome splendours of her holiday heavens, the soul of a Futurist was struggling for expression. Gladly would John Ruskin have given hand of brotherhood to the Highland peasant who declared that every morning he went to a certain spot amid his native hills and took off his bonnet to the beauty of the world. Cook and peasant alike show us that not all examples of the artistic temperament are scheduled in the catalogues of the Royal Academy, or offer to a Philistine public dainty volumes of verse not unfairly describable as "rivulets of text meandering in meadows of margin."

But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear, The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know!

is a not unfair boast. Yet the artistic do well to 258

remember that the number of their less-developed kindred is legion. There are some who, all unknowing, can only see with artist eyes or hear with the artist's ear. There are others who can enrich the world by picture and poem and oratorio. God has made all such of one brotherhood, if only because only those who are themselves artistic can appreciate the work of the artist.

# Living Beauty

Since the artistic are they for whom creation or appreciation of beauty is the main end of life, then beauty should mark their personality at all times, and their finished work always. The last is taken for granted, but they are not few who refuse to demand of the artist beauty of life. Such people must needs be taken seriously and helped to understand that sin is ugliness, while unselfishness and sympathy and tenderness are beautiful with a beauty more winsome than aught in the painter's picture or the poet's dream. For the artistic temperament to be shown something means more than to be reasoned with. Seeing is believing; and therefore for artistic folk to visualise a scene like the following is to realise not only how definite is the beauty of goodness, but also how one touch of ideal conduct can overwhelm the sordid and transform the unattractive with undeniable suggestion of beauty. The time is night, and the scene the Thames Embankment. The wind from the river is cold, yet

on the benches sit shivering wretches, the breaking driftwood of humanity. Along the pavement comes a young Christian lady who is dressed as though she were poor, but who is not poor. She has assumed her present garb so that moving among the outcasts as one of themselves she may glean from them the secrets of their lives, and be better able to help them. She sits down; and by and by an old woman sits near her. They begin to talk, and bit by bit in broken sentences the older woman tells the story of her life. The young Christian lady listens, and she is so overwrought by the story she is compelled to hear that she becomes almost hysterical. The poor old woman, unused to sympathy from other people, imagines that her new-found friend is troubled by some sufferings of her own; and realising that she is new to the streets says to her: "Never mind, dearie, it won't seem so awful when you are used to it. It is always dreadful at first." While they talk the policeman arrives and moves them on. As they walk along the older woman continues her story. She came from the country to London with a tiny capital to seek work. She failed to find it, her money is spent, her clothes worn out, and she finds herself one of the many for whom the world has no place. The young lady is affected to tears, and the poor old woman, noting this, and thinking that once again the sense of her own misfortunes has overcome her, presses a halfpenny into her hand. It is the last she has, and before she goes away she murmurs, "You

can't buy anything for a ha'penny till morning. The coffee at the stalls is a penny a cup at night, but at five o'clock you can get a cup for a ha'penny. It is dreadful to be hungry till you are used to it." Then the good Samaritan who has just parted with her last halfpenny to help a younger sister shuffles away penniless into the night. She has eaten nothing that livelong day, and her great heart compelled her to part with her last coin for the sake of another.

Most phases of this true story have no appeal for one's sense of the beautiful. Yet to recreate the scene is to understand how real is beauty of spirit and beauty of deed. To think out all its implications is to realise that however attractive is a scheme of life that exalts beauty of colour, and form, and expression, that scheme lacks greatly unless it also demands beauty of holiness and the high artistry of the gracious virtues. More than others, the artistic are under compulsion to achieve all the beauty possible to their personalities. Does not this bind them to beauty of emotion and thought and conduct?

There is guidance as to the right answer in contrast between the personalities of Michael Angelo Buonarroti and Benvenuto Cellini. For Michael Angelo thoughts of his art were inextricably mingled with meditations on death and judgment, with deep philosophic thoughts and much considering of the relations between soul and sense. As a youth, when attached to the school of sculpture established

by Lorenzo in the Medici gardens, he heard discourses which sought to reconcile Christian doctrines and the lore of the Academy, and thus he became a Later he came under the Christian Platonist. influence of Savonarola, and the spell of the fervent Dominican Puritan never afterwards really left him, while in old age it returned with redoubled force. John Addington Symonds says that the service of beauty was with him religion. It is equally true to say that during the greater part of his career he was so alert to the appeal of every kind of beauty that the beauty of holiness was to him as much a matter of desire as beauty of form and colour. This can be seen not only in his choice of subjects, but in many minor details of his life. Vasari tells of his kindness to poor girls who, lacking marriage portions, were often helped by his generosity; and he records an instance of his extraordinary consideration for his servant Urbino. Always the material was for him a window on the ideal. There is not a figure on the roof of the Capella Sistina but means more than the unaided eye can see.

Nor hath God deigned to show Himself elsewhere More clearly than in human forms sublime; Which since they image Him, compel my love.

Thus reads Symonds' translation of three lines of one of his finest sonnets to Vittoria Colonna; and they offer a clue to much else in his life and work.

Benvenuto Cellini was also capable of sonnets; and in the preface to his biography he wrote:

Life, glory, worth, and all unmeasur'd skill, Beauty and grace, themselves in me fulfil.

His bronze Perseus stands in the Loggia dei Lanzi in Florence; and as the young hero faces the piazza holding aloft the head of the slaughtered Medusa he seems to challenge the world to show the equal of his statue for technical excellence. Yet the man who produced it tells without remorse in his autobiography how he of set purpose tormented a model by forcing her to pose in an uncomfortable position hour after hour. When he had exhausted his satisfaction in this gratuitous cruelty he proceeded to what must be narrated in his own words.\* "So, vielding to my wrath, I took her by the hair and dragged her about the room, kicking and mauling her till I was worn out. And nobody could come to her help. When I had beaten her well, she swore she would never come back to me again. So I thought I had made a mistake, and had lost an excellent opportunity of gaining honour in my profession. Besides, all bruised and livid and swollen as she was, I saw that even if she were to come back, it would be necessary to have her wounds treated a fortnight, before she could be of any use to me-and then just at the same hour as before she exasperated me so that I had to repeat the punishment. Thus it went on for several days. Every day the same things happened, with hardly a single variation." Many

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini" ("Everyman's Library"), p. 338.

other pages of his book are given over to accounts of unholy amours and murders; and though Cellini was an excellent son and brother, and was further a devout Catholic, yet his life degraded his art. was emphatically one of those artists, typical of his time, who refused the appeal of spiritual beauty, and therefore did less than their potential best as craftsmen. By contrast with Michael Angelo, Cellini devoted his talents to the service of a sensual and soulless paganism. Let the verdict of John Addington Symonds on him and his like lend emphasis to the implicit appeal of this paragraph. "To throw," Symonds wrote,\* "the Christian ideal aside, and to strive to grasp the classical ideal in exchange, was easy. But paganism alone could give them nothing but its vices; it was incapable of communicating its real source of life—its poetry, its faith, its cult of nature. Art, therefore, as soon as the artists pronounced themselves for sensuality, merged in a skilful selection and reproduction of elegant forms, and nothing more. A handsome youth upon a pedestal was called a god. A duke's mistress on Titian's canvas passed for Aphrodite. Andrea del Sarto's faithless wife figured as Madonna. Cellini himself, though sensitive to every kind of physical beauty as we gather from what he tells us of Cencio, Diego, Faustina, Paolino, Angelica, Ascanio-has not attempted to animate his "Perseus," or his "Gany-

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Renaissance in Italy—The Fine Arts," p. 332 (1899, Smith, Elder).

mede," or his "Diana of Fontainebleau," with a vestige of intellectual or moral loveliness. The vacancy of their expression proves the degradation of an art that had ceased to idealise anything beyond a faultless body. Not thus did the Greeks imagine even their most sensual divinities. There is at least a thought in "Faun and Satyr." Cellini's statues have no thought; their blank animalism corresponds to the condition of their maker's soul."

#### Art and Morals

The quotation alone is fatal to those who draw distinctions between beauty of art and beauty of conduct, and talk as though the artist were superior to all demands for beauty of conduct and sometimes as if the beauty of his work excused ugliness of life. Some who acquiesce in this view have even been known to suggest that it is too much to expect personal loyalties from an artist. Why? We expect from ordinary people acquiescence in the obligations of relationship and friendship; and the artist is not an exception to human nature, but merely a good example of it. Concrete examples offer their own witness. There has been enough "chatter about Harriet," and so we will pass by Shelley. A career like that of George Romney is less painful, and affords abundant material for testing the principle that artists should be permitted the full rein of their temperaments. The brilliant success of Romney as a portrait painter is demonstrable

beyond question to anyone who will spend a little time before his "Lady Hamilton" in the National Gallery or his "Mrs. Robinson" (Perdita) in the Wallace Collection. Yet for him work and life differed in quality. The artist married Mary Abbott after she had nursed him through a serious illness, and during the remainder of his apprenticeship to Steele she kept him in pocket money by gifts of half-guineas earned by her own labour. Later she skimped to help him save enough to ensure a chance in the great world, and since there was not enough money for themselves and their two children she allowed him to go to London alone. All this devotion he repaid by absolute neglect, for during the next thirty-seven years he visited her only twice. Can it really be pleaded that the excellence of his portrait of Lady Hamilton is in any sense a set-off against his callousness to Mrs. Romney? Why, then, should we excuse in him what we condemn in others? Any such demand savours of sheer impudence. Things might be different if the artistic temperament connoted inherent inability to be true to marital or other personal obligations. But there is really nothing about the artistic temperament that makes loyalty to ordinary relationships or faithfulness to ordinary duties impossible. Difficult such loyalty and faithfulness may often be, but not impossible. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, was as definite an example of the artistic temperament as was yielded by nineteenth century England; and on the tablet to their joint

memory stand engraved below Lady Tennyson's name his lines to her:

Dear, near and true; no truer Time himself Can prove you, though he make you evermore Dearer and nearer.

The passage dates back to an early phase of their beautiful relationship; and it forms part of the dedication of an edition of "The Princess." Many years later Tennyson thus addressed his wife in the dedicatory lines of his last volume:

#### JUNE BRACKEN AND HEATHER

то —

There on the top of the down,

The wild heather round me and over me June's high blue, When I look'd at the bracken so bright and the heather so brown,

I thought to myself I would offer this book to you, This, and my love together,

To you that are seventy-seven,

With a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven, And a fancy as summer-new

As the green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather.

During the years that came between the two poems he was ever her devoted lover. "The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her," was another of his testimonies. "I am proud of her intellect," he wrote; and in conversation he referred to her "tender spiritual nature." It is easy to gather from all this that Tennyson's artistic temperament made the more beautiful and

appreciative his relationship with his beloved helpmate and counsellor; and his attitude at least proved that when the artistic temperament is refined into character it offers no bar to personal loyalties.

# Edgar Allan Poe

The plea for the artist's immunity from the ordinary code of morals really implies a claim that he is a law unto himself; and where this becomes the working principle of a life ruin is rarely long delayed. Further, nearly always the world is poorer by the work it might have received from the artist had he given heed to those moral counsels that in addition to much else mean self-preservation. great controversy has centred round the character of Edgar Allan Poe, who without doubt had it in him to lift American literature to nobler heights than any he essayed. Much of the controversy has been concerned with Poe's drinking habits, and with other less welcome phases of his character. Yet was not his great fault his failure to recognise that all men of artistic genius are not always entitled to do as they like? Adopted early in life by a wealthy and childless couple and sent to good schools, and the University of Virginia, he had many of the great chances of life. But always he went his own way. His aloofness during his school days from ordinary school-boy society may not have been so complete as alleged, nor have had all the results ascribed to it by some of his later critics; but it seems clear that his feeling

of unmeasured superiority to his school-mates,\* and the flattery of his home circle enhanced his selfconsciousness and made him think things were right because he did them. His college career was marked by a quarrel with his room-mate which led to a formal fight and a change of lodgings; and later his adoptive father took him away from the University largely because of his gambling debts. In July, 1830, he was admitted to the Military College at West Point; but other people had made the rules of the establishment, and once again he felt that Edgar Allan Poe was entitled to his own way. Before long he had resigned, leaving behind him a reputation as an indifferent poet, capable of appreciating brandy. A quarrel with his adoptive father preceded his disappearance to some underworld very little known to his biographers; and by degrees he emerged as critic, poet and story-teller. Had he kept away from the drink, a great career would have been before him. As it is, a few striking poems and a series of short stories, unsurpassed in their appeal to the faculties of wonder and horror, are all that remains of him save an embittered controversy. He might have built a temple to the gods of literature. But popular report to-day sees to his credit only a few stones of an outer wall to a temple of Bacchus. One may pay homage to what is inscribed on those stones, without failing to remember much that of set purpose has not been

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe," by James A. Harrison (Crowell, New York).

written here; and it is claimed that enough has been said to show that Poe's indulgence in alcohol was an effect as much as it was a cause. His was a case of the artistic temperament making a law of its failings, and considering itself free from moral obligations that bind others, and thus inviting the too common doom of the Bohemian.

#### When Art Runs Riot

A great English artist of a recent generation allowed his temperament to delude him into making its less holy suggestions his ultimate guide; and as a result he went so far deeper into the mire than Poe that it is scarcely fair to mention them in the same breath. A brilliant career at Oxford was rendered more notorious still by his professing intense emotions on the subject of "art for art's sake," and by his leadership of an æsthetic cult that became a craze. "He whistled in his bath. So un-Greek!" was his comment on an acquaintance; and much of his later criticism of others was in effect a repetition of that verdict. He became a public character whose pose was common knowledge, and whose epigrams were quoted even by the man in the street; and the puritan who ventured to suggest that both his stories and his amazingly brilliant plays had too often a hint of nastiness was scouted. Few claimed for him that he was on the side of the angels, but they who spoke of the unhealthiness of his influence found it wise to keep their further suspicions of moral

obliquity to themselves. Then in 1897 came his trial under the Criminal Law Amendment Act, and a sentence of two years' hard labour from which he emerged as Sebastian Malmoth,\* broken and an outcast, whose death on November 30th, 1900, in a third-rate Paris hotel, rounded off his career with a meanly dramatic end. Surely in all this there is much that makes for tears. Who can measure what art loses when men like Poe and Wilde refuse the call of high principle and allow sense and self to usurp the control of the soul?

If from the artist we are entitled to ask all the beauty his life can yield, then he owes to himself and to others discipline, hard work, and a perpetual striving after further development. Yet these are rarely easy, and for the best to give the world again and again their second best is too fatally possible. That way lies tragedy, especially when genius awakes to its own demerit. When the works of Millais † were collected at the Grosvenor Gallery, Lady Constance Leslie, who was an ardent appreciator of his genius, went early one day to the exhibition. On the stairs she met Millais, dejected in appearance, his head bowed down, seemingly going out: and as he looked up in answer to her greeting she saw tears in his eyes. "Ah, dear Lady Constance," he said, "you see me unmanned. Well, I'm not

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Article on Oscar O'Flahertie Wills Wilde," by Hugh Chisholm, M.A., in "Encyclopædia Britannica."

<sup>†&</sup>quot; History of Pre-Raphaelitism," by Holman Hunt, Vol. II., p. 392.

ashamed of averring that in looking at my earliest pictures I have been overcome with chagrin that I so far failed in my maturity to fulfil the full forecast of my youth." "And," added Holman Hunt, after telling the story, "he had cause to feel this disappointment."

# Purity in Art

Even when the artist works his hardest, painter and poet and musician and writer are over much in danger of forgetting that spectators and readers and hearers have souls. As this chapter testifies, too many voices bid the artist be careless of all beauties save those of form and colour and literature and sound; and too often he listens. Ruskin in his "Stones of Venice" divided artists according to their subject-matter into Purists, Naturalists, and Sensualists. The Purists, he said, take the good in the world or in human nature around them and leave the evil. The Naturalists render all that they see, sympathising with all the good and yet confessing the evil also. The Sensualists perceive and imitate evil only. The classification may serve for other artists besides painters and sculptors; and at least it makes clear a perpetual temptation of the artist who too often is tempted to ignore moral considerations, and to aim only at technical excellence. Yet, if moral beauty is indeed beautiful, we have a right to ask in the name of art for pictures that do not call to the animal within us, for poetry that has

no opiate for the soul, for music that does not stimulate or lure the senses to unwholesome life.

It must be admitted that painter and writer and musician might often achieve a higher standard of technical success by refusing to consider anything beyond technique. But the fact that there is spiritual beauty as well as æsthetic means that the true artist should appeal in his work not to the senses only, but to the soul as well; and any temptation to cultivate technical excellence at the risk of immoral influence should be repressed, not only in the name of religion, but also in the name of the highest art. At his wedding dinner, the grandmother of the French painter, Jean François Millet, said to him, "Remember, my François, that you are a Christian before you are a painter, and-never sacrifice on the altar of Baal." The young man heard, and made reply, "If they cover the canvas with gold and ask me to paint a St. Francis possessed by the devil I will promise you never to consent." Yet he was so misled by the ideals of the studios of his day that his earlier fame accrued through pictures he came to regard as unworthy of his high ideals. So he reconsecrated his brush. In 1850. a letter to Sensier declared his resolve to break once and for all with unworthy subjects; and nine years later he painted the "Angelus," that sublime representation of labour and religion, wherein conception and suggested spirit and technique combine in an appeal to senses and soul. The following passage

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from G. F. Watts restates the contention of recent pages, and sets forth the lesson of the career of Millet and like-souled painters. "Art," said Watts,\* "may be so beautiful in its technical excellence that it may seem to be unreasonable to desire more, but it will be like Fouque's beautiful 'Undine,' without a soul, and therefore a very imperfect creature. 'Undine' with a soul became in a certain way a less complete and certainly a less perfect and less happy creature, if a creature without a soul can be a happy one. So probably the art which aims at more than an appeal to the eye, from the nature of the difficulties to be overcome, may in a certain sense be less perfect. So much more to attain, and this so difficult of attainment. But taught by great art the artist finds satisfaction in the effort, the sense of right for itself alone, unconnected with the idea of reward or applause; not from an automatic impulse but from a yearning after the beautiful. This aspiration which lifts us away from and above all else is the most divine impulse that we know, the nearest assimilation with a divine spirit. To be really great it must be an earnest and simple though not unconscious effort. If it become too automatic it is little more than the mere gratification of a natural impulse, which, though ovely, is in kind the same as any inferior impulse, the result of temperament only."

Even when the artistic yield to considerations like the preceding and strive to combine beauty of

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;George Frederic Watts: His Writings," Vol. III., p. 43.

workmanship with beauty of life they will still discover within themselves weaknesses. Not all of them need be taken over seriously; and the cure for some of them is to learn to laugh at one's self. Arthur Guiterman aptly pointed this moral in the following sketch contributed by him to the New York Life:

#### BEHIND THE SCENES

Ι

Side remarks by Distinguished Author while composing the "Novel of the Decade":

- (a) "For heaven's sake, Mary! Can't you stop that child crying without singing at the top of your voice? How is a man to get anywhere with all that noise going on?"
- (b) "Yes, yes, yes; take the paste, take the shears, take the paper, take the stamps, take anything, but let me work in peace!"
- (c) "Oh, if you say so, I suppose we must pay that fool call, but I do wish you'd remember that every minute taken out of my working day cuts down our income by just so much!"

#### H

From the Dedication Page of the completed "Novel of the Decade."

TO

MY WIFE, MARY, without whose gentle inspiration, true companionship and constant helpfulness, these pages would never have been written, I gratefully inscribe this book.

The relevance of the above is not necessarily exhausted by its special application to the artistic temperament.

#### Undue Sensitiveness

Another group of weaknesses common to the artistic temperament at its best must be taken more seriously. Of all their temptations undue sensitiveness is most exclusively the mark of the artistic, for it is the defect of one of their supreme qualities. George Meredith once said in conversation with Mr. J. P. Collins, "I remember Tennyson saying to me once as we were walking from Orleans House down to the river, 'Apollodorus says I'm not a great poet.' I wondered to myself who Apollodorus could be, till I remembered there was a certain man of the name of Gilfillan who wrote under that name in an insignificant paper of those days, and I said, 'Why trouble your head with what Apollodorus says?' He answered me very gloomily, 'He shouldn't have said I'm not a great poet.' And I remember, too, that another attack in a third-rate weekly paper, great as he was, caused Tennyson three nights of insomnia. No, sensitiveness like that is too dear a price to pay."

All that can be said about such a weakness is that usually it is too much a part of the artist's personality for much improvement to be expected. Besides the patience that is due from the rest of us to what after all is not a moral defect, a further

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duty is laid upon us. We should spare such sensitive people as far as possible. Lord Houghton's biography and Mr. Swinburne's reference to "The false Keats . . . whom Shelley pitied and Byron despised "fortify the conviction that Keats was not the manner of man whose soul could "let itself be snuffed out by an article." Further, the duty of a critic is to criticise. Yet the Quarterly Reviewer and Blackwood's critic both did more harm to literature and brought more pain to a poet than they imagined when they blackguarded the author of "Endymion." Of course even poets must sometimes hear the truth. But care should be taken that it is true. Those who inform them should remember that it always takes two people to speak the truth—the man who speaks and the one who listens; and the form and energy of expression should therefore be proportioned to the sensitiveness of the hearer.

Weaknesses which imply spiritual lack and moral failure should, if the main contention of this chapter holds good, no more be tolerated by the artistic than by persons of other temperaments. They must not even be content with setting off a common virtue against a common vice. For example, anyone familiar with the contemporary stage or learned in theatrical history will testify that nowhere is there so much generosity and nowhere so much jealousy as among actors and actresses. The former does not justify the latter. It rather shows that already there exists a comradeship that might well give itself to guarding

against all temptations to envy and unfriendly criticism. Other culpable weaknesses of the artistic are often the defects of their excellences. Exaggerated self-respect becomes vanity, a sense of the claims of individuality becomes egotism, a legitimate capacity for sensation becomes a living on the nerves instead of the soul. For all these temptations, and for the right development of the personality of the artistic, the one sure method is the culture of the spiritual and the ethical. There is more than a hint of this fact in the pathetic life of the deaf So sensitive was the conscience of Beethoven. Beethoven that the merest suggestion of falsity brought him pain. The first time "Fidelio" \* was performed, the overture belonging to it could not be given, and another of the composer's overtures was substituted. "They clapped," he said later, "but I was ashamed; it did not belong to the whole." Discipline and sacrifice seemed to him essential to the life of the true artist. "Sacrifice,"† he adapted from the "Odyssey"; "never cease sacrificing the trifles of life to thine own art! God above all else!" How much he believed in an ethical base for every life is shown by a passage in the Heiligenstadt Testament—a letter he wrote to his brothers. "Recommend," he pleaded, "Virtue to your children. She alone, not money, can give happiness. I speak

†" Beethoven," by Romain Rolland, p. 70 (Drane).

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Beethoven depicted by his Contemporaries," by Ludwig Nohl, p. 241 (London, Reeves).

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from experience. It is Virtue who has upheld me in my time of trouble, it is to her along with my art that I am indebted for not having died a suicide death." He wrote his "Missa Solemnis," op. 123, which he considered his most finished work, "For the honour of the Almighty, the Eternal, the Infinite." Always he felt his talent was a gift from God, and must be used for His glory, and be assisted to its best by a life of goodness.

# A Singer of the Highest

There is both interest and significance in tracing the spiritual development of a great artist like the singer Jenny Lind. Born at Stockholm on October 6th, 1820, Jenny Lind attained to a complete musicianship which distinguished her above all her contemporaries, and held for many years the supreme position in the world of opera. As Alice in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," as Susanna in Mozart's "Figaro," and in the soprano music of Handel's "Messiah," and notably in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," she reached heights of vocal achievement that were the wonder of her contemporaries. For years her spiritual and her artistic development progressed together, until a more and more definite Christianity persuaded her into concentrating on the devotional phases of her personality. Always Jenny Lind was an idealist; and from the first her mother's mainly mercenary outlook on her career jarred her artist soul. Yet for some years her

idealism only meant that she took herself seriously. But on March 7th, 1838, when she made her definite début at the Royal Theatre, Stockholm, something happened.\* "I got up that morning, one creature," she often said, "I went to bed, another creature. I had found my power." In the character of Agatha in Weber's "Freischütz" she made the earliest of her bigger successes. The occasion had been anticipated with much nervousness; but with her first note all her fear went. Strong and clear her voice found its way to the very souls of her audience; and singing, she became blissfully aware of her gift of song and of the power it gave her over her fellows. She knew herself to be indeed a singer; and as she learnt there came to her, with the force of a revelation, the conviction that her talent was a gift from God, and henceforth she must use it not as the mere instrument of a career, but as an endowment for whose worthy use she was responsible to the Giver. Ever afterwards these conceptions dominated her; and for so much did they count in her life that she regarded March 7th as her second birthday, and asked that as year after year it came round again all who loved her would remember her in their prayers.

# The Spark of Eternal Fire

Mrs. Stanley, wife of a bishop of Norwich, and mother of Dean Stanley, was years later told by

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Jenny Lind, the Artist," Chapter IV. Holland and Rockstro (Murray, 3rd edition, 1891).

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Jenny Lind that every morning when she got up she felt that her voice was a gift from God. Two years after the day of the great revelation she came under the influence of A. F. Lindblad; and in 1882 she wrote. "I have to thank him for that fine comprehension of Art which was implanted by his idealistic, pure and unsensual nature into me, his ready pupil. Subsequently Christianity stepped in, to satisfy the moral needs and to teach me to look well into my own soul. Thus it became to me both as an artist and as a woman a higher chastener." Lindblad seems to have impressed on her that genius is a spark of Eternal Fire, that discipline and pain must be faced if the artist is to achieve the best, and that the necessary sacrifice must be made even if self perish in the flames. After the singer's death a copy of Lindblad's verses, quoted below, was found on a piece of paper, across the bottom of which she had written, "On these words I was launched into the open sea." The reference is to her decision to leave Stockholm for the larger world:

> Oh! if from yon Eternal Fire, Which slays the soul that it sets free— Consuming them, as they aspire— One burning spark have fallen on thee!

Fear not! Though upward still it haste,
That living fire, that tongue of flame!
Thy days it turns to bitter waste
But ah! from heaven—from heaven it came!

So far from turning all her days to bitter waste, Jenny Lind's sense of the divine origin of her gift meant that, as one of her letters testified, God did not desert her even when her nervousness was unreasonable. Other than this He gave her always realisation of both power and privilege as she sang. "If you knew," she wrote to a friend, "what a sensation of the nearness of a higher power one instinctively feels when one is permitted to contribute to the good of mankind, as I have done and still do! Believe me, it is a great gift of God's mercy!"

It is little wonder that throughout her triumphs in London and New York and elsewhere, her enraptured hearers so often testified that her influence on them was not that of a mere artist, but the power of a noble character, that had chosen song as its main medium of expression. As the years passed the religious phases of her personality so far developed that she became entirely out of touch with much that the theatre of her day stood for; and when her spiritual life found new power in evangelical Christianity she left the stage for the oratorio and the concert platform, and finally gave up her public work altogether so that she might have more leisure for the culture of the devout life. During her last English visit she woke to a vivid sense of sin and of the peace to be found in God's forgiveness; and early in 1850 she wrote to a friend, "I have for long had the most eager wish to earn, somewhere, a good

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deal of money, so as to endow a school for poor lost children in my own country. And the invitation to America came as a direct answer, so that I go there in this confidence. And I pray God in Heaven out of a full heart that He will guide me thither as ever before, with His gentle hand; and will graciously forgive me my sins and my infirmities. I have much to encounter. It is a big undertaking. But since I have no less an aim before me than to help in widening God's kingdom, the littlenesses of life vanish in face of this."

Perhaps she would have done more both for religion and the stage had she remained where she was and offered to the world the ever-welcome spectacle of a great artist who is also a great Christian. But she decided otherwise, apparently under the influence of one of those moods of reaction to which the artistic are so liable.

The fact is that an artistic career is so full of menace that many of the best artists allow themselves in later life to feel and talk as if the combination of the Christian and the artist were all but impossible. Michael Angelo in old age found that religion had survived all other interests, and when he reviewed his past years of fame and toil and realised fully the significance of their diviner elements, the aged saint recognised that nothing is lasting that is not of God. And so he wrote the sonnet addressed to Vasari, which reads in Symonds' translation:

Now hath my life across a stormy sea
Like a frail bark reached that wide port where all
Are bidden ere the final judgment fall,
Of good or evil deeds to pay the fee.
Now know I well how that fond phantasy
Which made my soul the worshipper and thrall
Of earthly art, is vain; how criminal
Is that which all men seek unwillingly.

Those amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed,
What are they when the double death is nigh?
The one I know for sure, the other dread.
Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
My soul that turns to His great love on high,
Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread.

The lines breathe the pessimism and self-depreciation of the aged. Far lesser artists have mastered the secret which escaped Michael Angelo. Not to go far back, G. F. Watts and F. J. Shields and James Smetham are three examples of painters who have found in Christianity their chief inspiration. Let the last serve as representative. When James Smetham was twenty-four years of age he passed through a period of profound mental depression.\* But at the death-bed of his father two years later there came to him the impulse to spiritual dedication. Later he thus described the experience. "One of my most formidable enemies was a vivid and ill-trained imagination. Against outward and inward evils of this kind there existed a very powerful love of truth and purity, and great approval of and

\* " Letters of James Smetham," p. 15 (Macmillan, 1891).

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delight in the law of God. The antagonism of these two forces between the ages of twenty and twentysix went nigh to threaten my reason. At length my deeply-wounded conscience was pacified by faith in Christ, and a life of great happiness commenced, which still continues." How his religion helped him as an artist appears from the following extract from his diary: "August 23rd, 1861. Painted three and a half hours in the morning at Caedmon. The sense of urgency would make me overwork myself. know it won't do. A few days' good work would be done, and then would come that ineffable disgust which would sap all strength out of mind and nerves, and make me hate the sight or thought of a picture. Five hours a day is as much as any but iron men can do safely; and yet artists are just the men to get roused to the utmost at times, by the sense of imperative action. Religion helps me greatly here. The large views of the gospel, the high hopes, the deep consolations, enable me to master myself even when I should be carried away by what seems a praiseworthy stimulus. 'Godliness is profitable for all things; 'profitable to direct." And in a notebook, dated about the end of 1871, he wrote, "I am led to recall almost in a spirit of devotion the inscription so appropriately gilded round the dome of the Royal Academy:

'The hearts of men which fondly here admire Fair seeming shows may lift themselves up higher, And learn to love with zealous humble duty, The eternal fountain of that heavenly beauty.''

Smetham discovered what the last chapter of this book suggests. Jesus is so varied a personality that all may look to Him and not be disappointed. "Every believer," he wrote to a friend, "realises by experience that Christ is the only perfect sympathiser. 'I'm not perfectly understood,' says everybody in fact. But if you are a believer you are perfectly understood. Christ is the only one who never expects you to be other than yourself, and He puts in abeyance towards you all but what is like you. He takes your view of things, and mentions no other. He takes the old woman's view of things by the wash-tub, and has a great interest in wash power; Sir Isaac Newton's view of things, and wings among the stars with him; the artist's view, and feeds among the lilies; the lawyer's, and shares the justice of things. But He never plays the lawyer or the philosopher or the artist to the old woman. He is above that littleness."

It cannot be without significance that Watts and Shields and Smetham were all evangelicals; for more surely than other Christians the evangelical realises first that Christ can redeem, and second that non-spiritual forces are powerless to elevate spiritually. Not all men are called to acquiesce in all the doctrinal details of evangelicalism; and yet the central soul of its teaching answers to the main need not only of the artistic but also of men of other temperaments. That main need is a peace with God which marks communion, ensuring conditions ideal for the

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development of beauty of holiness. The artistic often fail to allow that need to come to self-consciousness within themselves because they are under the grip of a great delusion. The delusion is assisted by temperament, for it takes the form of belief that art is all-sufficing. This chapter has not done its work unless it has made it clear that art makes a mighty and an important and ever-welcome contribution to the forces and facts that elevate and beautify life. But alone art has no real power to touch the innermost deeps of being, and it cannot give to the soul the lasting peace that religion alone can induce. This is the kind of statement many of the artistic dispute with picturesque fierceness; and there is therefore nothing for it save the appeal to experience. Is it not all but invariably true that the satisfaction and peace that come from religion increase as Christians grow older? "Home-Jesus -Peace" said a dying saint with his last breath; and he put into words an experience as common as it is sacred. The satisfaction art affords again and again departs in later life. It has power for a season, but often it lacks permanence; and disillusion always brings bitterness.

### Heine

Let one testimony be set forth as typical of many that go to prove man cannot live by art alone. There are extant two confessions of Heinrich Heine, that brilliant writer who, born a Jew,

forsook his ancestral religion, and gave himself to a life in which temperament was law. lyrical in form and abounding in a daring naturesymbolism, together with what was really artistic form of journalism, absorbed his nobler energies; and much in his career and work suggests now Aristophanes and now Ishmael. earlier years attempts were made to educate him as a lawyer. But art was more to him than jurisprudence; and there was always for Heine fascination in statues like that of the Venus de Medici, which, found at Hadrian's villa at Tivoli about 1580, was brought to Florence and in 1680 removed to the Uffizi. There it stands to-day, a glorious Parian marble figure of the goddess, restored by Bernini, and therefore complete in limbs and trunk, a graceful and indeed perfect symbol of much of the best for which art stands. The young Heine was familiar with a copy of it; and that copy meant more to the young student than all the law books he left unread. On a holiday tour in the Hartz mountains he dreamt one night that some of the most irksome phases of his university days were bringing trouble to his soul. But the dream was also fertile of consolation, for the dreamer of twenty-five later wrote,\* "I sought refuge from this Bedlam broke loose in the Hall of History, near that gracious spot where the holy images of the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Hartz Reise" (1824), translated by Charles Godfrey Leyland. "Pictures of Travel," Vol. I., p. 71 (1891, Heinemann).

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Medici stand near together, and I knelt at the feet of the Goddess of Beauty. In her glance I forgot all the wearisome barren labour which I had passed, my eyes drank in with intoxication the symmetry and immortal loveliness of her infinitely blessed form; Hellenic calm swept through my soul, while above my head Phæbus Apollo poured forth like heavenly blessings the sweetest tones of his lyre." The account reveals his youthful attitude towards art; and so long as he was reasonably well and strong and could follow out his career as an artist in words, his prose and his poetry alike make it clear that his sense of the sufficiency of the artistic contributed much to his well-being. But the day came when poor Heine, happily still cheerful at intervals, succumbed to what proved to be a disease of the spine; and as the disease gained he saw things hidden from the light of happier days. It became clear to him that man cannot live by art alone; and his own account of one season of revelation is unspeakably pathetic. Paralysis had so taken hold of him that he could only just drag himself along. One eye had lost its sight entirely, and he was obliged to hold up the eyelid of the other with his hand whenever he wished to see. In this condition, twenty-four years after the night of his earlier narrated dream, he passed into the Louvre and sought out that famous statue of Venus which was discovered during the nineteenth century in the island of Melos. When found it lacked arms, for both had been broken off, and no attempt

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at restoration has been made by its French owners, and it is perhaps the most glorious of the treasures of a nation rich in art. Let Heine himself tell the story of his experience.\* "It was in May, 1848, on the day when I last went out that I bade farewell to the sweet idol I had worshipped in my happy days. With great labour I dragged myself as far as the Louvre, and I nearly broke down as I entered the lofty hall where the ever-blessed goddess of beauty, our beloved Lady of Milo, stands upon her pedestal. I lay a long while at her feet, and wept so bitterly that even the stone must have pitied me; and the goddess did look compassionately down on me, but with so little comfort that it seemed as if she would say, 'Dost thou not see that I have no arms, and therefore cannot help thee?""

The contrast is too poignant to dwell upon; and it were more profitable to complete its suggestion by recalling the significant declaration of yet another Hebrew artist, "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save."

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Prose Miscellanies from Heine," p. 32, translated by S. L. Fleishman (Lippincott, 1876).

#### CHAPTER X

#### THE TEMPERAMENT OF JESUS

THERE is one Christ; and we all need Him. There are many Christs, and we need them all. When His supreme personality is regarded as a whole, Jesus stands revealed in time as what God the Father is in eternity, "for in Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." Well may Thomas Carlyle have written: "Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea eighteen hundred years ago. His spheremelody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompaniments, and rich symphonies through all our hearts; and modulates and divinely leads them." This testimony is true; and they who can adopt it as the verdict of their noblest experience know Jesus as the answer to Philip's demand "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." To have even a dim sense of the whole Jesus is to be blessed indeed. Further, even those who behold the sun from afar may learn more about its light by spectrum analysis. So to analysis the Light of the World yields arresting vision of His sectional glories.

Any analysis shows, for example, Jesus, Saviour of all men, Lamb of God who taketh away the sins

of the world. So overwhelming is this vision of Him that they do not greatly err who see no other Jesus, and who regard Christianity merely as the fulfilment of His promise: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Christianity is surely redemption, or it is nothing; and the Church has no anthem like that which proclaims: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Other rays of the spiritual spectrum show us a Jesus who may with reverence be referred to as the Intellectual Jesus. Somehow this Jesus has failed of appreciation, and the failure is not entirely to the discredit of humanity. It is a by-product of our recognition that for immortal souls character is the most significant wisdom and goodness is the only ultimate cleverness. Yet since the world pays an inordinate tribute to intellectuality and smartness, it is well from time to time to draw attention to the abounding mentality necessary for the conceiving and expounding of such amazing conceptions as the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and the Kingdom of Heaven. Of course the real power of these conceptions is in their spiritual phases, but nevertheless they have an intellectual character. Our Lord's gift of repartee, shown so often in His encounter with cavillers and opponents, still awaits adequate recognition; and a generation inclined to identify goodness with mental and verbal feeble-

ness will do well to re-read such passages as that which tells of our Lord's encounter with those who asked: "At the resurrection therefore whose wife shall she be of the seven?" His reply convicted His questioners of overlooking an element implicit in the doctrine they were controverting; and it was in all respects the retort best suited for both the cavillers and the audience.

## The Humour of Jesus

Generations trained to regard religion as inimical to joy may well be pardoned for failing to realise that Jesus had no antipathy to the genially social, the laughter-provoking, and the humorous side of life. Mirth that was merely idle, laughter that did violence to the sanctities, humour that was merely noxious must always have found an enemy in Him. But the festive aspects of any assembly never kept Him away from the company; and He was more than once found at weddings and feasts where laughter and jest and song were part of the order of the happy hours.\* Did not the Pharisees count this against Him? He was always ready champion His disciples against anyone who criticised their alienation from the more austere aspects of life. It is passing strange that it is necessary to argue the question whether Jesus had a sense of humour. People who doubt this are either

<sup>\*</sup> See art. "Laughter," by J. Ross Murray, in Hastings' "Dict. of Christ and the Gospels," Vol. II., p. 9.

blind to obvious implications from the gospel narratives or they are so obsessed by seriousness for its own sake that an unvarying gravity is essential to their conception of Jesus. They do not realise that neither seriousness nor humour has spiritual or moral quality in itself, and that everything depends on the ends to which each is consecrated. No one was more serious than Eugene Aram when he murdered his victim; and whatever may be true of the laughter of fools, the laughter of St. Francis of Assisi was part of his gospel. If Jesus had no sense of humour how could he so patiently have borne with Peter, who repeatedly must have been either amusing or intolerable? And what of His other disciples? No spiritual personality can dwell at ease among wellmeaning people contending for status and squabbling as to who shall be first unless a keen sense of humour compensates, in part at least, for much that discourages. Children have little use for and no attraction towards folk without capacity for happy mirth; and while they will forgive people who do not always weep when they weep, not to laugh when they laugh is to lose touch with them at once. Yet the Gospels give the impression that Jesus was an ideal comrade for children. Then, apart from His broad humanity, our Lord was too much a master of method not to enlist a holy playfulness in Himself, and a sense of the ridiculous in others on the side of earnestness. He knew no reason why Satan alone should profit by man's capacity for laugh-

ing at himself and his fellows. There is a surgical quality in genial irony; and our Lord must have had this in mind when He asked, "Many good works have I showed you from My Father; for which of those works do ve stone Me?" and when He observed: "It cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." Pretentious people continually drew to themselves the lancet of His ridicule, as when He pictured the self-righteous sounding a trumpet before them, and ambitious folk out of their reckoning, like the man who could not finish his tower. Jesus had a great sense of the utilitarian value of the grotesque to a religious teacher; and many a hearer must have smiled at His pictures of the blind leading the blind and both falling into the ditch, of a light being put under a bushel, of a man unconscious of a beam in his own eye, and yet acutely sensible of a splinter in the eye of his brother, of a father offering a hungry child a stone instead of bread, and of a Pharisee drinking from inside a cup but cleaning only the outside. Such humour meant that Jesus looked at life from a point above it,\* and had always a mind at peace with itself. It meant also that there was no aspect of human existence He failed to realise.

#### Jesus the Friend

Yet another Jesus may be spoken of as Jesus the Friend. "I have called you friends" was His

<sup>\*</sup> See art. "Humour," by T. R. Glover, in Hastings' "Dict. of Christ and the Gospels," Vol. I., p. 760.

word to His disciples. Friend He certainly was to the two sisters and the brother in that home in Bethany where even the family differences were referred to Him; and there must have been much comradeship between Him and the man whose beast was borrowed for His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. How else can we account for the confident note of the instruction, "Go into the village that is over against you; and straightway ye shall find an ass tied and a colt with her. Loose him and bring him unto Me. And if anyone say aught unto you, ye shall say, the Lord hath need of him; and straightway he will send him "? One needs to have given friendship, and to be very sure it is returned, before one makes so free with the property of another. Our Lord's much praying for those whom He loved, His declaration "For their sake I sanctify Myself," the perpetual consistency of His love with its own past, that wonderful patience in personal relationships which greeted even the Apostate with "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" and later so tenderly restored the disgraced Peter-all these show that Jesus had a genius for comradeship. What indeed was the Incarnation unless an experiment in friendship?

To realise Jesus as Saviour, as Intellectual, and as Friend is but to make a beginning of analysing His personality; and given such a beginning who can be equal to the complete analysis? We can only describe what we see, for whether we regard

Him sectionally or as a whole, Jesus is always far greater than our largest thought of Him. Yet to inquire concerning the temperament of Jesus is to increase knowledge. Some there are who regard such inquiry as blasphemy, and affirm that where our Lord is concerned there is no question of temperament. Surely such people forget that the Son of God was also Son of Man; and they miss obvious implications from the fact that while in Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren. It stands to reason that He who had in His ancestral tree Jacob and Tamar and David and Solomon had temperament. How else account for the temptations in the wilderness? How else interpret such a text as "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin"? What, indeed, was the mighty victory of Gethsemane unless it was the triumph of character over temperament?

### The Artistic Jesus

The public career that ended with the agony and bloody sweat of the garden and the pain and darkness of the hill top began with wedding festivities. It seems then as if the temperament of Jesus were not one only but many. What seems is made clearer by observation. Our Lord hath within Himself every normal temperament discoverable within

humanity. In the self-portraiture of St. Paul there is very little of the artistic temperament. He seems to have passed unmoved through all the beauties of the Mediterranean; and, save for his reference to the glory of the sun and the glory of the moon and the glory of the stars, we should scarcely know that the beautiful appealed to him. But Jesus has been hailed by artists as a perfect example of the artistic temperament. Certainly He had all the best of that temperament. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow "was one of His typical exhortations. Further, it is only His goodness that hides from us the perfect beauty, the ideal artistry of His life. The Byzantine artists who missed so much seem to have realised the artistic temperament of their Lord; and when, as in the famous mosaic on the wall of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice, they dared to show forth a Jesus, young, beardless, manly, and æsthetic, it is evident that they were determined to notify the world that a greater than Apollo was the object of their adoration.

The Jesus who was artistic also showed forth the practical temperament. True, He turned business men out of the Temple, but that was because they had made His Father's house a den of thieves. The disciples, when, after the feeding of the multitude in the wilderness, they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full, acted thus because they were the servants of a practical Master. "Then the Pharisees went out

and held a council against Him how they might destroy Him. But when Jesus knew it He withdrew Himself from thence "means that on occasion our Lord was fully equal to looking after Himself. Finally, was not the Cross business rather than quixotry? Anyone less practical would have tried one of those short cuts that are so fatal in the spiritual realm. He had the courage of the Via Dolorosa, because only thus could He open for men a permanent way to eternal holiness. Judged by merely worldly wisdom Calvary reveals itself as the triumph of astuteness.

The temperament of Jesus becomes more wonderful and more impressive when it is seen to reveal also the four great historic temperaments—the melancholy, the choleric, the phlegmatic and the sanguine. To the melancholy phases of His temperament the description Man of Sorrows bears witness; and similar is the testimony of considerations like the following. He loved men; and His love was no weak movement of sentiment, but a mighty outflow of goodwill, of well-wishing, of affectionate concern, of desire to do for others all that would help them. And how did men treat Him in return? To the credit of our common humanity be it remembered that the life which began in a borrowed cradle ended in a borrowed grave. But what of the way between? To our Lord came the love of a few people, and the unthinking and temporary admiration of many; and the very quality of the latter must have meant that for the discerning Jesus His popularity added to

His sorrows. It was part of His tragedy that His acquaintances were constantly admiring Him for the wrong thing; and His deprecation of repute as a miracle-worker seems to show mistrust of all appreciation that was not spiritual. No sincere attitude towards Him was ever misunderstood, but many a tribute brought Him anything but Then all too many of His acquaintances either hated Him or were indifferent. Imagine the emotions of the traders whom He turned out of the Temple, and the hate with which they and their friends regarded the All Loving. Hate can never have been easy for Jesus to bear. His love for all men made Him more vulnerable. The fact has relevance to the sins of humanity. How must Ignace Jan Paderewski feel when he hears a false note? The Christ was the Master of the Music of the perfect life, and He lived in a world of clashing moral chords and jangling spiritual discords; and the sinners were they whom He loved and therefore grieved over even as a good mother troubles concerning her prodigal boy. "God," said a great thinker, "has His own hell. His love for men." To ponder this statement is to understand that Jesus must have been melancholy.

# The Divine Melancholy

Then His sympathy also had its own significance. When He stood in the midst of those who wept for the dead Lazarus, He had it in mind to call back

His friend. Yet He groaned in the spirit and was troubled. "Jesus wept," and "groaning in Himself" He came to the grave. Approaching Jerusalem "when He was come near He beheld the city and wept over it." The cry from the cross, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" meant besides much else that the melancholic phase of His temperament was asserting itself for the last time; and Gethsemane had brought the melancholy of His holy life to a climax. Indeed, so significant was all that happened in the dread garden, that men may learn from its incidents to build many of their own greatest joys on the melancholy of Jesus. It is Roman saints with their great gift of meditation who have seen this most clearly; and our notice of the melancholy phases of the temperament of Jesus may well gain by perusal of the following passage from the treatise of Fra Thomé De Jesu on "The Sufferings of Jesus." "Marvellous," wrote Fra Thomé, concerning the Agony in the Garden, " is this His exceeding love, in that He would content Himself with nothing less than to take upon Himself a condition of such cruel suffering, that no one of His afflicted people should, thenceforth, be able to think himself visited with any sorrow like unto His sorrow; thereby declaring Himself to be our true Helper in tribulation and in danger. It pleased Him to be acutely sensible to His sufferings, to the end that we might not regard ourselves as lost, when our miserable nature feels acutely its own

distresses in the discharge of its duty; and that we might understand that, not by the natural weakness of the clay which He hath formed, will He judge us, but by the obedience of our will, which is in His sight of great price. It pleased Him to measure His Own sufferings by His Own Strength, in order that we may live secure in the confidence that in heaven, from whence the trials of human life are dispensed, the burden is never allotted to any one without measure; and ever in less weight than we can bear, and with more Divine aid than we deserve; that in all things we may have the advantage. It pleased Him to exhibit in Himself two opposite wills; one, of corporal weakness, which feared and drew back from suffering; and the other the reasonable Will, which bowed itself to the Divine appointment; to the intent that we should not regard ourselves as forsaken by God, when our weak flesh is contrary to the spirit, but that we should curb it by yielding ourselves up to the Divine Will; understanding that the vileness of our nature cannot harm the soul which does not consent with the will, but resists through obedience to the law of God. It pleased Him that an angel should come from heaven to strengthen Him, in order that, however comfortless we may be, we may never think ourselves forsaken, having the assurance that our sorrows are remembered and noted in heaven. And, finally, it pleased the Lord to seek consolation in prayer to His Eternal Father, although knowing that there would be no

exemption for Him from His appointed sufferings, in order to show us that heavenly comfort doth not consist in God's removing the trials which He inflicteth, but in our humble submission and conformity to His holy will; and in being always, through love, united to Him and dependent, in all things, upon Him."

## When Jesus was Angry

It is not improbable that the Pharisees talked about Jesus as if He were a marked example of the choleric temperament, for "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," must have made hearers fully aware of the power of holy anger; and since Jesus was all of God that could be expressed within the limits of a human life it stands to reason that He had power of being angry. When all the anthropomorphism of the Old Testament has been allowed for, the progressive adequacy of its idea of God is in part accounted for by its presentation of a Ruler of the world capable of being moved by intense moral indignation against sin and capable, too, of putting forth destroying energy against it; and therefore He Who was the truth about God, was of necessity potentially choleric. Unholy anger He condemned. and never did His anger arise from false love of self, but all that was possible to the choleric was possible to Him, and He triumphed both in expression and repression.

The phlegmatic phases of the temperament of

Jesus did much to make His career first possible, and then endurable. To picture that career in prospect is to recognise that none save the phlegmatic and the sanguine could have dared His outlook. Then what of His patience and reserve during the long years of obscurity and preparation? Those years were thrice in number the years of His ministry; and as the season of disclosure approached anyone not phlegmatic would have found the temptation to premature declaration irresistible. Note also how He bore aspects of His life that would have fretted to death anyone else with His insight. Ponder His attitude to the waywardness of St. Peter, that enfant terrible of the apostolic company. The perpetual triumph of sin, the pains of other people, the crass stupidity of His hearers, the opposition of Pharisees, the plots of malign Jews, and the certainty of seeming failure were part of what He faced with the temperamental toleration of the phlegmatic. Interrupters did not irritate Him, hecklers never upset Him, alarmists never put Him in a panic, contradicters were heard unruffled, and ingratitude did not surprise Him. Finally, His power of fasting forty days, and His capacity for sleeping in small boats during storms at sea suggest a physical base for His phlegmatic phases.

# The Sanguine Jesus

The sanguine in Jesus would require a whole chapter to do it justice. Incarnation, Nativity,

Calvary, and even Resurrection owed much to this element, which was in reality based on sublime conviction of the great certitudes. Yet, whatever its origin, the sanguine in Jesus is always definitely arresting. To see it in the Incarnation is a lesson. For centuries God had been thinking Himself into His universe, and insinuating Himself through His Spirit into the souls of men. The Incarnation was an objectifying of His method of appeal rather than authority, a proof of God's faith in the power of the Divine to persuade by appearing. Mystery there still would be, and must be even after the revelation of God in Christ Jesus, for the mechanism of human insight and receptivity has its own limitations. But the Incarnation is the light of the great mystery shining through one radiant life and suffusing with its glow the whole world of human spiritual consciousness. The sanguine is of the very essence of its radiance. The Nativity also carries the same suggestion. son of a peasant woman is born in a second-rate and obscure town in a third-rate and remote province of the Roman empire; and the idea is that the Boy Who wakens the echoes of a Bethlehem stable with His infant cries will later speak with a voice that echoes across the world and rings through the centuries. Of course we are all sanguine when we bend over cradles; and were there no other sources of joyous expectancy, little children must always be seeds of a perennial optimism for humanity. But those old masters are right who show forth the

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Bethlehem manger amid all the brightness of which their brushes are capable. For to the eye of the discerning the sanguine element in the Nativity meant that the infant Jesus was cradled in perpetual sunlight.

The same element was with Him in all the days of His ministry. It was implicit in the audacity and sweep of His plans, and in His faith in His own methods. Let some young Hindu, heretic as regards his ancestral Hinduism, set up as prophet, let him call around him a few fishermen, a tax-collector, and an apothecary, and with these as his helpers, let him dare conflict with Hindu priests and British authorities, and let him die at last the death of a criminal, serenely sure in the soul of him that before many centuries have passed a professed devotee of his teaching will sit on the throne of the King-Emperor, and rule in his name. Sanguine would be hardly the word to apply to him, and yet he would offer a mere shadowy parallel to the outlook of Jesus.

The philosopher who said he could believe in humanity were it not for men would have been amazed had he ever visualised our Lord's faith in the possibilities of the average man. That trust was revealed clearly in much of His method. He addressed a great part of His message to what was literally the man in the street. Unless transmitter and receiver are keyed together the wireless message trembles in the ether in vain. Jesus was not less wise than Marconi;

and He spoke spiritual truths to ordinary people. The inference is obvious.

Many a sentence of Jesus indirectly reveals Him as incorrigibly sanguine in other aspects of His attitude toward ordinary folk; and even when this suggestion is approached as matter for discussion, it survives dialectical scrutiny. Take for instance the saying "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned. Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven. Give, and it shall be given unto you." Does not such a passage imply that Christ thought the ordinary man was at least so fair-minded that he was not unwilling to do as he was done by? Again Christ had a clear conception of the good-heartedness of men and women. He drew the attention of His disciples to the fact that even men of dubious reputation loved one another; and by such an exhortation He gave His witness to the geniality and good comradeship of ordinary folk. The command to love your enemies implied that even in a man's enemies there was something lovable. Christ seems also to have regarded so typical a human experience as fatherhood as the centre of much that was to the credit of humanity; and He remarked on the fact that the demands of little children would not meet with the mockery of ordinary parents. Indeed, He did not scruple to use such traits as these to illustrate His teachings about the Great God Himself. For did He not say, "If ye then being evil know how to give good

gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good things to them that ask Him?" To remember that the character of the Heavenly Father was to His divine Son the most sacred thing in the world is to realise that there is significance in Christ's habit of interpreting divinity in terms of so common a human relationship as that of a father to his child. The requests that Christ did not hesitate to put to men have in them revelation of His appreciation. When, for example, with lips that were growing pale amid the darkness of the eclipse, He uttered His cry "I thirst," He was appealing to feelings of humanity that to His thinking might be looked for in any man. Always He spoke to sinners as though sin were really an alien element in humanity, and He did not hesitate to suggest an illimitable spiritual evolution for His hearers. "Be ye therefore perfect." Such considerations as these are eloquent of Christ's high opinion of ordinary men and women, and His opinion is more striking because He knew the worst and persisted in recognising the best. Ask a certain type of business man his idea of the average of character among his fellows, and his answer will tend to make you feel that by a rare piece of good fortune you are speaking to the only honest man in the world. Ask much of modern science its opinion of the ordinary man, and you will be told that he has come up from the slime and the animal and still has something of each about him. Ask much of latter-day theology

what it thinks of the man in the street, and such words as "reprobate," and "original sin," and "child of wrath" will be included in his reply. But search the gospels for the answer of Jesus to the question; and while His reply will not overlook the truths at which the business man and latter day science and much contemporary theology hints, the spirit of it will be such as we have just indicated.

#### When Jesus took Risks

This unflinching statement gains emphasis from a study of the attitude of Jesus towards divers individuals who crossed His path or lived amid the circle of His associates. Did not His patience with Judas mean that He preferred deliberately to allow the sanguine elements of His personality to obscure His awful certainty of the traitor's doom. Judas was not the only person with whom He took risks. He had an extraordinary belief in the better elements of womanhood; and it was this belief that prompted Him to say, where the less sanguine spiritual would at least have kept silence: "Neither do I condemn thee; Go and sin no more" (John viii. 2). Always He was the Great Encourager. How else would He have dared to restore the disgraced Peter to such honourable service? The fact is that the truth about humanity calls for a sanguine temperament to discern it; and Jesus knew what was in men because the sanguine in Him made a lamp for His knowledge.

The point is worthy of emphasis. Some few years

back a tourist turned aside from the high road to visit one of those wonderful subterranean limestone caves at Cheddar in Somersetshire. He had gone on ahead of the guide and stood alone in the darkness in one of the largest caverns, that at the time appealed to his imagination as the very apotheosis of night and chaos. Around him, in the shadows, there rose dimly fantastic pillars whose amazing shapes were matched by the twisted ugliness of those which hung vague and formless from the roof above. The very atmosphere of the place was heavy with damp; and the drip and plash of countless drops of falling water that with dismal iteration struck rock and pool gave the last suggestion of melancholy to what was almost an intolerable experience. But, as the tourist stood amazed, and almost trembling with the cold, the guide entered the cave with a great lamp, and at once the whole scene was transformed. The rising and the hanging columns alike were revealed, not as fantastic shapes of ugliness, but as miracles of formation and colouring. The light brought to view here pillars that were dazzling white, there columns that flamed pink or brown in the half shadows. Everywhere alike the shimmering pools and the film of moisture that coated the cave flickered iridescent and gleamed with shifting splendours, while the very drops of water that had fallen in the dark, as though Nature were weeping in silence over her own ungainliness, now showed silvern as they passed through area of light. Why the difference? Because the

guide had come with his lamp, because there had entered the cave the man with the light. Christ entered into the dark deeps of our humanity as the one spiritual Guide, as the Man with the Light, as the God whose lamp of divine knowledge illumined the eaverned splendours of the souls of men. "He knew what was in man," and therefore the best within the spirit of humanity was revealed to His sanguine soul.

Calvary also has its own relations with His sanguine phases. Jesus died for men not only because their sins drove Him to Calvary, but because He deemed them salvable. That mighty saving, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," ranked our Lord for ever as supreme among the sanguine, for more than optimism went to the dream of making a gallows irresistible. What is more, the Resurrection yields similar testimony. Survival could have no lure for the All Knowing Who was not sanguine. And of course all this, remarkable though it be, is not unexplainable. Would the link between God and man still be what it is were not a sanguine Deity on the throne of the world? Jesus as aforesaid was in time what God the Father is in eternity; and this fact makes clear much else beside the sanguine element in His holy personality.

# From Temperament to Character

Dante knew he was rising into a higher sphere because he saw a new beauty in the face of Beatrice.

So far as this reverent delineation of our Lord makes Him for us more glorious and more winsome, the gain shows we have risen to higher levels of insight. Yet one other big point still remains to be mastered. The earlier sections of this chapter set forth the temperamental elements of Jesus in their working out. It is necessary to realise that He made the passage from temperament to character; and the perfection of His humanity lay in part in the complete success of the transition. For the transition was a transformation, an ideal development. Both His uniqueness and the representative aspect of His personality give the measure of the extent to which He summed up within Himself every temperamental and other human possibility. But even with Jesus the most notable possibilities were certainties only so far as He made them inevitable by the quality of His spiritual methods. It was for Him to direct, to guide, to persist in their ideal development; and He triumphed gloriously in the result because in addition to the suppression of every unholy possibility, His development eventuated in an ideal proportion of temperamental elements. The proportion which men regard as most definitely characteristic of the Greek, and even at that look for mainly in the physical, found its most impressive example in Him Whose body was Hebrew while His soul was that of the Son of Man. Test Him by the characteristics of any temperament you choose, and you find His perfection lay in the fact that those characteristics

were never under-developed or over-developed. In every case they were developed exactly to the point that meant a maximum contribution to the perfection of His personality. He was choleric, but this element never so overcame other phases of His character that His anger became sin. Always His anger was His love on fire; and all such ire is selfregulative. Had the phlegmatic element in Him been allowed to over-develop, the widow of Nain might have met an unsympathetic Jesus, and Mary and Martha might have appealed to an indifferent Lord. Exaggeration of melancholy might have meant gloomy futility; and certainly to be sanguine over much would have brought Him to Calvary before His work of revelation was done. the ideal proportion of temperamental elements that made Him what He was. Even the development of His individual traits hit the perfect mean. Dreamer and doer, the Man of thought and the Man of action met in Him in ideal combination. He was always solicitous for others rather than for Himself, and yet when the ire of His enemies threatened hindrance to His plans He walked no more openly for fear of the Jews. He was ever the approachable Jesus, yet human intercessions and judgments had only their legitimate weight with Him. Always He asserted His own uniqueness, and always also He mingled with men as one who had much in common with them. He was simple and yet profound, sovereign and yet strangely dependent, joyous and

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serious, majestic and yet humble. In fine He was as free from exaggeration as He was from under-development. Had He possessed in pre-eminence some great virtue whose supremacy meant that in other respects He was weak, we should be compelled to admire Him. What then must be our attitude to Him Who without wavering or readjustment showed ever that inward spiritual harmony, that perfect ethical poise, that ideal symmetry which distinguished Jesus Christ?

## The Influx of the Divine

Of course all this spells Divinity. It means all of God that could be expressed in a human life; and the perfection of the human Jesus appeals to us for imitation. The appeal saddens by its vista of the impossible, and yet for all this it is none the less imperative.

Was Christ a man like us? Ah, let us try If we then too can be such men as He!

It was Matthew Arnold who wrote thus; and he spoke for us all. To see that Jesus was so like us is to see that He was so different; and both likeness and difference lay on us obligation. Original goodness is at least as much a fact as original sin; and we all have within us not only spiritual potencies but a great deal of actual goodness. Yet rightly regarded this last can never make for conceit. It means we are so good that we all ought to be better. If spiritual promise and ethical performance were both absent

from our lives, no one could blame us for being so often creatures of mere temperament, and so seldom children of character. But as things are, our nobler undeveloped possibilities are the measure of our demerit. Jesus passed from temperament to character in part by prayer whereby He laid hold of His Father's willingness to help Him and appropriated His power for development. Prayer kept vivid for Jesus the sense of His Father's perpetual nearness and permanent availability. It made His work possible, for always before some great outflow of power He gave Himself to anticipatory communion; before some great decision He steadied His soul against His Father's; previously to each crisis of His life He sought counsel and strength where He was sure of both; and against every sorrow He fortified Himself with the sympathy and sustaining grace of the One Who always understands. It assisted the passage from temperament to character, for it gave the Father conditions that made possible the perpetual transfer of Himself to His Son; it made it possible for the Son to receive all the Father wished to give, and to bear all the Higher Will laid upon Him; and it gave Jesus the great chance of profiting by His prayers for others. Amid all the mystery of the relations between the Father and the Son nothing is clearer than the dependence of Jesus; and it was prayer and the intercommunication through prayer that made this dependence contribute so powerfully to the character of our Lord.

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We also are dependent; and for us also the way of character is the way of prayer. And prayer and all right devotional method yield men and women their best only when there is also obsession by the personality of Jesus. Hero-worship is for most the surest help towards passing from temperament to character. Truth in the abstract eludes. Power, too, often remains an idea instead of a dynamic. But truth and power expressed in a personality have appeal and availability. Hence the need that all men should look to Jesus, and find in Him saving and informing truth and developing power. Temperament offers each of us possibility of a certain spiritual development; and to avoid making a law of our temperamental traits, and to achieve that ideal and proportionate development that spells spiritual success, we can have no help so effective as that which comes through domination by Jesus. Thus have the greatest souls come to their noblest selves; and so can the average man most surely achieve character.

## An Opium Smoker's Transformation

To visualise the process in operation is more than much pondering of theory; and the career of Pastor Hsi, a Chinese convert to Christianity, was a veritable exemplification of all that has just been suggested. Hsi \* came of good family, and was

<sup>\*</sup> See (a) "One of China's Scholars," (b) "Pastor Hsi, one of China's Christians," both by Mrs. Howard Taylor, and published by Morgan and Scott.

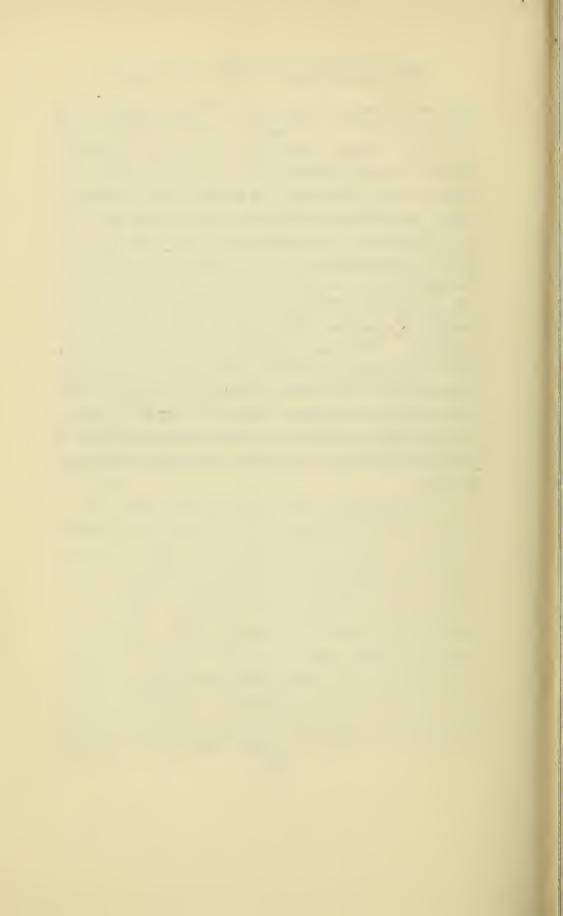
educated after the fashion of a Chinese gentleman of the literary class, which means that he was steeped in Confucianism, and taught to accept its tenets as all-sufficing. Success as a lawyer followed on his reputation as a scholar. But when his young wife died, there came a deepening of his personality that set him, entirely restless and dissatisfied, probing the great mysteries. Taoism and Buddhism in turn raised hopes they failed to satisfy; and with the apathy of despair Hsi drifted into the habits of a confirmed opium smoker, and becoming a complete wreck, kept his bed for eighteen months. A providential chain of circumstances brought him into contact with David Hill, a Christian missionary at P'ing-iang in Hsi's own province of Shansi; and Mr. Hill, recognising in the proud and yet broken Confucian possibilities that might be evoked under the influence of his Lord, set to work with rare tact to environ the scholar with Christian influences. engaged him to live in his own house as a teacher of Chinese; and the opium-smoker, disillusioned and embittered, saw the principles of Christianity worked out in the life of the saintly missionary. No direct proselytism was attempted, but a New Testament was left where Hsi was sure to see it. The scholar scanned its pages to find before long the secret of the life of David Hill; and as he read, the teaching of Jesus made such appeal that it slaked his curiosity regarding death and immortality and much else that he had puzzled over for years Then by degrees there came

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understanding of the fact that the Jesus of the New Testament had relevance to his own life, and could bring even to men like himself redemption, deliverance from sin and from error, power to realise ideals that had mocked him in the old days. Even the opium habit seemed to weaken as the sense of Jesus began to pervade his life; and at last such was his realisation of spiritual need and his triumphant expectation of help that in an access of reverence he knelt to read his New Testament. The sublime story of Gethsemane broke up the deeps of his nature. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death," was a cry that echoed through the recesses of his personality. "He loved me and gave himself for me," was the only possible deduction from its penetrating pathos; and the Holy Spirit was suffered to do His work, and Hsi bowed low with Chinese courtesy and yielded himself to Jesus.

The great transforming had commenced. Temperament had made its first significant move toward character; and the process did not halt. Submission, the eager acceptance of redemption, the sense of the mighty change made possible other spiritual experiences. The room made glorious by his new birth became filled for him by a sense of the Real Presence. He saw no form like that which gladdened Galilean toilers looking shoreward one silvern morning long years before. He reached out no hand to touch the hem of a garment like that which communicated healing in the years that were dead. He heard no

imperious voice like that which vibrates through the centuries with its "Lazarus, come forth." overawed, eestatic, overwhelmed, he was blissfully and yet humbly aware of Jesus pervading his whole environment, penetrating his inmost soul, persuading him to high levels of thought and emotion and life. So in his hour of illumination he saw with the eyes of faith Jesus not as Redeemer only, but as Master, Teacher, Inspirer, absolute Lord; and yielding gladly and gratefully to the mighty obsession, there thrilled through his whole consciousness the indestructible conviction, "He has enthralled me. I am for ever And he went out from the room to live, with much praying and striving against his temperament, and with perpetual consecration of its nobler phases to the service of his Lord, a life which was one of the greatest glories of the Church during the nineteenth century.



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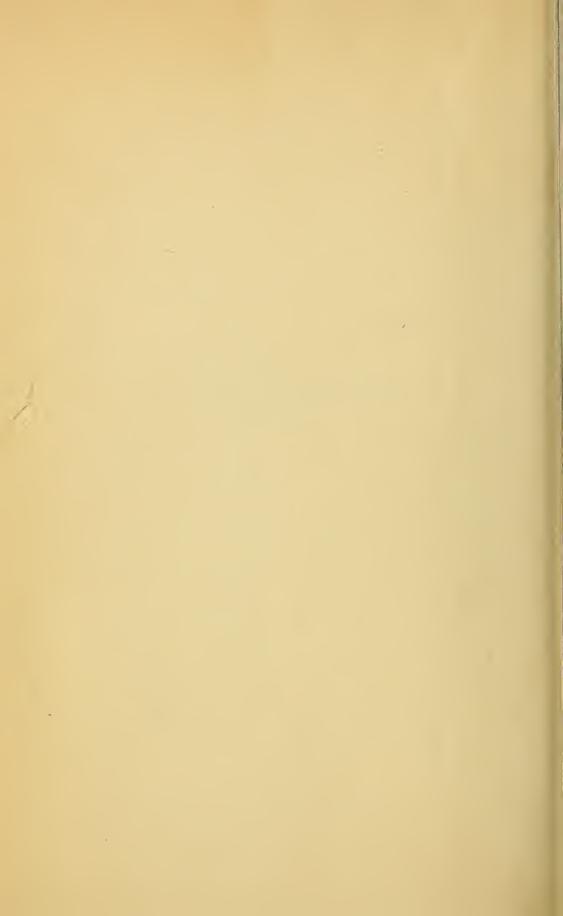
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