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PSYCHOLOGY AND LIFE

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A SHEPHERD REMEMBERS
IT HAPPENED IN PALESTINE
HIS LIFE AND OURS
HOW CAN I FIND GOD?
THE GUARDED UNIVERSE
GUARDING OUR SUNDAY
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PSYCHOLOGY IN THE SERVICE OF THE SOUL
THE MASTERY OF SEX THROUGH PSYCHOLOGY AND RELIGION
THE TRANSFORMING FRIENDSHIP
JESUS AND OURSELVES
AFTER DEATH
THE AFTERWORLD OF THE POETS
DISCIPLESHIP
WHY DO MEN SUFFER?

PSYCHOLOGY AND LIFE

By

LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD, M.A., D.D.

Formerly member of the Board of examiners in Psychology for ordination candidates in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Formerly lecturer in Psychology for the Workers' Educational Association. Certificated Teacher of Psychology under the Board of Education.

FOREWORDS BY

SIR HENRY B. BRACKENBURY, M.D., LL.D.

(*Vice-President, British Medical Association*)

AND

DR. WILLIAM BROWN, M.D. D.Sc., F.R.C.P.

(*Wilde Reader in Mental Philosophy in the University of Oxford*)

"*Inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te.*"

ST. AUGUSTINE.

LONDON

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

TO

MY GOOD COMPANIONS

ERNEST AND MARY APPLEYARD,

MARGOT AND JOYCE,

WITH WHOM I WAS PRIVILEGED TO TRAVEL IN

MANY COUNTRIES, THESE ESSAYS DESCRIBING

TRAVELS IN THE KINGDOM OF THE

MIND ARE AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

FOREWORD

BY

SIR HENRY B. BRACKENBURY, M.D., LL.D

Vice-President (late Chairman of Council), British Medical Association;
Chairman of Council, Institute of Medical Psychology;
Vice-President, Central Association for Mental Welfare.

IT is an honour and a privilege to be asked to write a short introduction to a book such as this. As an exposition for thoughtful but non-technical readers of the modern outlook and method of psychology in relation to conduct it would be difficult to better it. Its author's wide reading, accurate learning, and experienced judgment are evident on every page, and any testimony from me to his qualities would be both needless and impertinent.

It is, however, I suppose, with regard to the theme of the first chapter of the book and Mr. Weatherhead's standpoint as manifested therein that my words have been thought to have some possible value. I am as convinced from the medical side as Mr. Weatherhead is from the clerical, that the matter of his book is of the most vital and urgent importance for the effective work of the two professions. However intimate they are in their origins, these two professions have necessarily drifted apart and assumed different functions. So much has this been the case that at times there has been the appearance of some antagonism of outlook, and even now there is some tendency for each to cling unduly to its own prerogative and to feel, if not to show, some jealousy at the encroachments of the other.

During the last eighty years, and especially during the present century, the outlook of medicine has been immensely widened. This widening has taken three directions. The practising doctor deals with the individual person, with health, and with human environment. Whereas his predominant occupation was with the body, he has come to see that to help his patients in their distress he must deal with the whole personality—body, mind, and spirit—and that it is often the psyche quite as much as the body which needs his attention. As to health, he is no longer content to regard his aim as merely the cure of disease: his activities are now more and more consciously directed towards the preservation of health as much as to its restoration, and even towards the perfection of health—the carrying to their highest point of the functions of the whole personality—by such advice and constructive means as are within his power. Further, he has realised to an ever-growing extent wherein the environment of those for whose health he is responsible consists. At first it was the narrow circle of the family to which he gave consideration, then the school, the factory, the workshop, the business, until now he must regard and weigh all the surroundings and influences to which his patients are exposed throughout their daily life. There may even be said to be a fourth direction in which this widening of outlook has taken place, for the very modern science of genetics is beginning to demonstrate to us and define for us the exact influence of heredity, and the new psychology has convinced

us of the abiding and pervasive influence of early and forgotten impressions and events.

This immense broadening of the field of work of the medical practitioner has necessarily brought him increasingly into contact with other skilled workers in parts of the field. Within his narrower confines of anatomy and pathology he could not well help being exclusive: to-day he cannot afford to be. Medicine has become a social service as well as a science and an art; and the doctor must do his part in intimate association with all sorts of other social workers, the teachers and the clergy above all. I hope it may be considered right that he should take the lead in several branches of this service, and I am sure he will prove himself worthy of his position and his task.

Here we are dealing only with the co-operation of the doctor and the Christian minister, and that only within one portion, the most valuable portion, of the field wherein each should do his share. Within this sphere I want to reinforce from the medical side the powerful plea which Mr. Weatherhead urges from the clerical standpoint. I agree that "Religion and psychology are inevitably wedded. Psychological troubles are mainly due to a faulty adjustment to life and reality. Religion offers a perfect adjustment." I appreciate the bounds within which the author would restrict any psychotherapeutic work of ministers, and the statement that "co-operation will not be furthered by one profession attempting to do the work of another, but by each broadening the basis and scope of its own proper

activities." I attach the greatest importance to his insistence on science as the basis of a call to faith and of any "treatment of wounded minds," and on the facts that "there can be no future for spiritual healing apart from a scientific technique," and that "there will be no place in the future for credulity and magic."

For all this there is great need for more training in psychology and more knowledge of some elementary psychotherapeutic methods, both for medical students and for theological students and young ministers and clergy. I think that Mr. Weatherhead a little under-rates the place which this can have in the medical curriculum, and the degree to which it can be made use of by the general medical practitioner as distinguished from the specialist. I am inclined, too, to deprecate the use of certain words which have come to have a predominantly medical connotation—such as "patient" and "clinic"—in connection with the relation between the sufferer and the non-medical helper.[1] If, further, I cannot go the whole way with Mr. Weatherhead in a few of his paragraphs, this does not matter, for my hesitation is with regard to prophetic outlook rather than to present-day facts; and in this he is at least as likely to be right as I am. But, without other reservation, I commend his book to the notice of my colleagues in the medical profession, as well as to all their potential patients, the general public.

HENRY B. BRACKENBURY.

[1] The author has added a note on this point at p. 21.

FOREWORD

BY

WILLIAM BROWN, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.C.P.

Wilde Reader in Mental Philosophy in the University of Oxford.

THE development of psychology as a science during the last thirty years has been so rapid and so successful that its *practical* applications in the domains of education and vocational guidance, medicine and religion—to mention only the more outstanding instances of its usefulness—are becoming of increasing importance to all who wish to get the best out of life and to realise its potentialities to the full. Of special interest in this connection is the relation of medical psychology to religious psychology and the parts played by the physician and the clergyman, respectively, in the production and preservation of mental and spiritual health. In the following pages Mr. Leslie Weatherhead has dealt with this problem from the point of view of the clergyman, or minister, in no partisan spirit but with wide and well-informed sympathy for all aspects of the subject. He has shown how the minister with psychological knowledge and some practical training may co-operate with the medical psychologist in the care of the mind, without encroaching upon the latter's special province in dealing with cases of mental breakdown, by psycho-analysis or by other technical methods of psychotherapy. While the psychotherapist himself cannot ignore the spiritual factor in all

forms of mental healing, the minister has a position all his own in dealing with specifically religious problems and can render powerful help in the unifying and harmonising of the mind on the highest spiritual level.

Mr. Weatherhead is a sound psychologist, with a wide experience of the practical applications of the science, and his book will be found of great help to those for whom it is intended.

W. B.

Oxford.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

IT was at one time my ambition to write a large text-book of technical psychology and try to work out, in doing so, its relation to religion. But I have never reached the point when I felt competent to do this. And, if I did, no one would read it; two rather serious obstacles in the path of an author!

So this book remains a series of essays written in his spare time by a working minister, interested in psychology, who has a large city church; a church, be it said, which allows him great liberty to do the kind of work herein described and of which it is an increasing joy and privilege to be in charge. In the following chapters certain conclusions about psychology, health and religion, which have been tested and proved of value in his unending work among sick souls, are written down.

Let me tell the reader one or two things before he begins. The first chapter he will probably find dull, and he may miss it if he likes. Somehow I hope he won't, especially if he be doctor, patient or minister. However, I am bound to call it introductory. It contains part of the philosophy of life which lies behind all my psychological work.

For the rest, I have tried to write in a light style because I want the busy people who have little time for reading, and who, when they do get a chance to read are mentally tired, to be

carried along and pick up the message of the book without fatigue. Information can be imparted through a light style as easily as by a heavy, ponderous one, though the critic will call the first "popular" and the second "highbrow." I have not excluded humour, partly because it would be such an effort to do so, partly because it is one of the faculties God has planted within us to save us from going mad or becoming pompous and conceited, partly because human behaviour, of which Psychology is the science, is so often laughable.

I can express the objects of the book briefly and, I hope, not too presumptuously. The first is frankly to save people from so-called "nervous breakdown." Many nervous breakdowns are brought about by mental conflicts, conscious or unconscious, in which people would never have become entangled if they had understood a few simple things about the way in which a mind works.

The intelligent and well-read mother of a family to-day understands nearly as much about the hygiene of the body as did the doctor of a hundred years ago, and in some directions more. The result is that physical fitness has improved. The average life is fifteen years longer than it was even forty years ago. Ordinary people know a wonderful lot about health and sickness. If you don't believe me go and sit on a seat in the park where three women are talking!

The time has come when we may safely disseminate facts about mental and psychological hygiene. We shall not make the majority morbid.

We shall save many from pitfalls and help others to climb out of them. I think we can show them how essential to the mastery of the art of living is a grasp of simple, psychological truths and how utterly essential is a right relation to God.

The second thing I hope to do in this book is to show those who are at sixes and sevens with themselves, entangled in conflicts, afflicted with irrational fears, sleepless with worries, enfeebled by repressions in which their energies are locked up,—leaving none for the business of living, —paralysed by a crippling sense of inferiority, beaten by passions that frighten them, chained down by habits, terrorised by memories of old sins; those who are carrying on bravely, but against odds which not even their most intimate friends can guess, that there is a path through the wilderness and enough light by which to see at least the next stretch of road.

Do not, however, rush to the conclusion, when you have read this book, that you must immediately hasten to a psychologist and be "analysed." Remember that an analysis is a lengthy, expensive and often distressing treatment. It works wonders in those cases for which it is the suitable treatment. But my advice to people is to think of it as one think of a major abdominal operation. Avoid it if you can. A recent psychological investigation which I undertook at the request of a distinguished medical specialist in his nursing home cost me seventy separate hours. It was distressing as well as lengthy, and was only

undertaken because life was intolerable and the patient incapacitated. Even then it was not what the Freudians—who have patented the phrase—would call an analysis. But don't be analysed if you can help it. I may add that psychological treatment is never, in my opinion, wise, in cases of feeble-minded persons or those with definite insanity such as the manic-depressive type, or in cases of mania, dementia-præcox or paranoia.

One word of explanation. Every practising psychologist, whether his profession is that of schoolmaster, doctor or minister, knows what a great part sex plays in life. Sex not understood or misunderstood; sex mishandled, partly, or even wholly, repressed; sex, to which the right adjustment has never been made, is responsible for more breakdowns than any other factor in our psychological make-up. It is such a powerful instinct, that, like all powerful things, when it is not wisely understood and handled it causes disaster proportionate to that power. No one is living a harmonious life who has not come to terms with it, who is left with patches of ignorance or half knowledge concerning it, or who is trying to run his or her life as if there were no such thing. In the past it has been so much tabu that it is the most repressed of all instincts—a fact eloquently confirmed by the violence with which some folk refer to it—and thus the most fruitful cause, in some aspect or other, of breakdown.

As these pages proceed, reference will be

made to it. The reason a whole section is not devoted to it is that I have tried to deal with it in an earlier book[1] wholly devoted to that most important subject.

I want to thank those who have helped me so readily in this book. Sir Henry Brackenbury and Dr. William Brown have placed me under a debt which I can never hope to repay.

Some sections of the book have appeared in the form of articles to the Press, especially *The Leeds Mercury*. I am grateful to the various Editors for permission to reprint.

There are no illustrations which so powerfully illustrate a point to compare with those taken from real life, and I am deeply indebted to many people who have given me their confidences for allowing me to print what follows. Names, of course, are fictitious; and some other devices, such as the changing of the sex, have, in some cases, been adopted in order to provide a protective disguise. The psychological facts, of course, have not been tampered with. Footnotes throughout the book not only indicate part of my own indebtedness, but are printed in the hope of enticing the more studious to read what I consider the best books on the subjects referred to. My beloved father-in-law, the Rev. Arthur Triggs, has again put me in his debt, by his careful reading of the proofs. My secretary, Miss E. M. Bailey, has once more given a

[1] "The Mastery of Sex: Through Psychology and Religion." (Student Christian Movement Press.

devotion and painstaking attention to detail which are beyond praise, and I am grateful for the help of my friend Philip Found.

LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD.

Leeds,
December, 1934.

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CHAPTER I

PSYCHOLOGY, RELIGION AND HEALING

MR. NEVILLE ROTHWELL sat back on the couch in my interview room, his hands locked behind his head. Then it was I saw that tears were standing in his eyes. The next moment his elbows were on his knees and his face between his hands. His shoulders shook with great, deep sobs. There was no other sound in the quiet room save the ticking of a little clock on the shelf behind his head. My heart went out to him. But the time for words was not yet. Or rather, it was the time for his words, not mine.

"I'm beaten, Padre, just beaten," he said at last, "I can't go on any further. There's only one way out of the hell I'm in, and I'll have to take it. It's not self-pity," he added in explanation—and after many years' experience of the signs of that most disintegrating of all emotions, I believed him—"the fact is I'm just whacked. My doctor has got tired of me. He's gone over me a dozen times and can't find anything wrong. I've drunk bottles of bromide and valerian, and I'm no different. The Vicar's a jolly good chap. I go to Communion. I say my prayers. I try to read the Bible and can't keep my mind on it. They both try to help me. They both tell me to get out more, and have company in,

and enjoy myself, till I could throw things at them. My doctor sent me to a nerve specialist. He examined me carefully and then slapped me on the back and said there was nothing the matter, and I must 'pull myself together' and 'not imagine I was ill.' Three guineas for that! I should like to get all the people together in a room who have given me those two pieces of advice and somehow force them to go through the hell I've been in since last November. They don't understand. Do they think that a hefty chap like myself with a wife and two lads does this for fun? Do they think I'm making it up, or that I would be like this if I could be jolly and cheerful and sanguine again? They are always chanting the same old anthem till I'm sick of them all. My chief can't understand me. He let me have extended leave, and I mooned about Bridlington for another fortnight, feeling like nothing on earth. I didn't get any better. In fact I had ten times more leisure to analyse myself and get in a real panic. Now I've come to you as a last hope. Can you do anything?"

"I promise not to tell you to 'pull yourself together,'" said I. "And I promise not to laugh at any of your fears and fancies until you can laugh at them with me. What we are going to do is this. We are going to have a number of interviews together in which you do most of the talking. Next Wednesday afternoon you are going to sit there and begin to tell me your life story. Start with the earliest thing you can remember and come slowly along through

childhood and school days, adolescence, first business experiences, engagement and marriage, right on to the present day. Especially you are going to tell me about the things you feared as a child, the frights and shocks you had, the things you loved doing. Then tell me about the things for which you hate yourself, then about your sex life, your religious ideas, your ideals and frustrations, your envyings and dislikes, the dreams that have stuck in your memory. Just sit there and tip it all out, and I'll listen and make a note or two."

"But what will that do?" asked my patient.[1] "The doctor says it's my nerves."

"I'll have a chat with your doctor," said I. "I've worked with him before. Your nerves probably *are* affected. We'll find that out in a moment. But your nerves are not the *cause*. Your inner mind is in a state of disharmony—not your brain, there's nothing the matter with that, and there's no sign of your going mad—but a mind in conflict affects the sensitive nervous system often before it affects other parts of the body. The conflict may be very deep in the mind, right down in what we call the unconscious; a conflict, it may be, between your

[1] I apologise for the use of the word "patient" in this book. Just as the word "psycho-analysis" has been patented by the Freudians, so the word "patient" is the immemorial patent of the medical profession. My excuse is that the word "client," or "case" is even worse and rather inhuman in the work herein described. The correct word to describe a person receiving pastoral treatment would be "sheep," but if the word "sheep" is substituted where I have used "patient," my difficulty will be appreciated.

various selves. For there is not only the self which expresses itself through the conscious mind. There are various 'selves' fighting each other underneath your personality. They need integrating and unifying. These selves must be recognised and come to terms with. It may be a condition needing an analysis lasting months; needing more time than I can spare and more skill than I possess. If so, you'll have to be sent on to a professional psychotherapist. But it may be conscious, or so near consciousness that you can bring it all to the conscious level. Let's see what you can bring to consciousness. Remember that McDougall says the first law of mental health is to know yourself, and remember William James' wise word about the necessity of exteriorising your rottenness. Let's look all the factors full in the face."

So followed half a dozen conversations in which Mr. Rothwell tipped out the contents of his mind, related his dreams, lay back on the couch with every muscle relaxed and thought aloud, just murmuring whatever ideas came into his mind.

"Why can't my religion help me?" he kept asking. "It troubles me to think that all my faith has gone. I can't pray. I can't listen to sermons. I get no help whatever from going to church because I keep thinking of myself all the time."

Now in many cases religion does help. A letter lies on my desk now in which a woman says that merely attending services for six months has entirely cured her of nervous fears

which haunted her. But many a neurasthenic is like a man sitting in a room in which the windows are all smoked glass. As he looks out, the world seems the dullest and most dismal of places. God seems distant and unreal, religious phrases are repeated, but they lack meaning and do not correspond to any experience in the patient. Religious reality may be inhibited by unconscious factors such as antagonisms, bitterness, experiences of being let down by so-called religious people. These factors may now be forgotten. As his friends watch such a patient's life they see one utterly depressed. But it is most important to realise that it is his attitude to life that is wrong. In other words, the central self of the patient is untouched. But the windows of the house of life, through which he is bound to look as long as he is in the body, are smoked and he does not know how to clean them. Gradually he must be shown that it *is* the window through which he is looking that is wrong, and not himself; not the "ego," the real self. He is entitled to that amount of comfort.

Further, it is often little use telling him to "pull himself together," or, to keep the figure, to clean his own windows; for, standing where he is at present, he may not be able to reach them, or may not know how to remove the smoke stains, or the smoke stains may be on the outside and he on the inside unable to open the window. An appeal to religion may not be immediately successful, but this must not be thought to be a loss of faith on the part of the

patient or a proof that religion is "no good." For even bright sunlight cannot pierce a heavily smoked window. And that fact is no criticism of the sun, or proof that the watcher by the window has gone blind.

When we got down to the factors which *caused* Mr. Rothwell's conflict, his religion was the great therapeutic agency. But those factors had to be discovered, brought to the surface and faced in the light of conscious reason. To tell him, at the first interview, to have faith, or surrender his fears to Christ, would, in my view, have been as cruel as to tell the victim of a suppurating appendix to surrender it to Christ. Scientific help is as necessary in the one case as in the other. Even suggestion would only have been a means of treating the symptom. What is needed is the unmasking of the causes of the symptom. Then the curative agency can operate. When the thorn is pulled out of a foot the healing agencies can cure the wound. It is the same with the wounds and troubles of the mind and spirit. A letter lies before me from Mr. Rothwell. He says, "It is wonderful that I should have come to you feeling so awful and that you should have made me well." There is nothing wonderful in this. Nor did I make him well. But the scientific treatment of wounded minds and spirits is in its infancy because the laws which operate and the energies which can be released are so little known.

I am writing this book in an endeavour to make clear certain things which I believe cry aloud for recognition. In the first place there

are many people suffering all kinds of torture, mental and physical, because their condition falls into the class of case which it is no one's specialised province to treat *adequately*. They are in a kind of no-man's land. We all look on helplessly, and no one seems able to do all that needs doing. Such a patient may have serious physical disabilities, but when they are diagnosed as "functional," the staff of a hospital more or less write him off as being outside the reach of their normal ministrations and little further interest is usually shown in him. His general practitioner knows that his drugs and treatments are likely to avail little and often modestly says he can do no more. To interview the patient is to feel that the modesty of the doctor was justified.

Yet those so-called functional physical symptoms are not the worst features of the case. They represent and manifest a deep psychological disharmony or spiritual unrest. But the average minister is as helpless as the average doctor. Where the latter will recommend bromides, valerian, a long holiday and tonics, none of which has any power to heal a wounded spirit, the former will pray with the patient, encourage him to go to church, exhort him to read the Bible and appeal to him to trust in God. Of the two the minister is more likely to help, but it is the kind of help that is similar to putting a poultice on the cheek instead of having the tooth out. It treats symptom rather than cause, and may be more dangerous if it makes the symptom disappear than if it fails altogether.

The person most likely to help is the psychotherapist. If he be a person with a healthy religious life of his own and if his fees are not prohibitive he is the ideal person. He is the doctor of the mind in whose area many such cases fall. But, to write honestly, I must say that the two "ifs" in the above sentence are rather big ones. I am not grumbling at the fees charged. Many psychotherapists are ready to meet the patient in such a matter, and considering the cost of the physician's training and the time taken by treatments the fees are not usually unreasonable. But many lay psychotherapists appear to have dismissed religion as a mere refuge of weak, silly and rather sentimental souls, a kind of dope which the strong-minded will eschew, a useful device in treating hysteria, but of no greater value.

I am not going to ask here that a lay psychotherapist should teach religion, and sectarian religion, of course, can have no place in the treatment of the troubles of the mind; but experience shows me that religion, in the broadest sense, is an absolute essential. Health is correspondence with environment. If man is, as most would agree, body, mind and *spirit*, then the health of the spirit is its correspondence with its environment, and the name of that environment is God. Why babble about being in tune with the Infinite and then leave out the only conception of the Infinite we have, namely, the religious conception of God?

Again, religious ideas have a power which non-religious ideas lack. We may listen here to

Dr. Hadfield, now of Harley Street, but formerly the minister of the Kirk Memorial Congregational Church, Edinburgh. "I am convinced that the Christian religion is one of the most valuable and potent influences that we possess for producing that harmony and peace of mind and that confidence of soul which are needed to bring health and power to a large proportion of nervous patients. In some cases I have attempted to cure nervous patients with suggestions of quietness and confidence, but without success until I have linked these suggestions on to that faith in the power of God which is the substance of the Christian's confidence and hope. Then the patient has become strong." [1] We may listen further to another Christian medical psychotherapist, Dr. David Yellowlees, who says, "It is a matter of plain historical fact that religion in its highest manifestations gives not only peace of mind, but great and increasing powers of endurance, qualities in which the neurotic is sadly lacking." [2] Nothing could be stronger than the evidence of Dr. William Brown, Wilde Reader in Mental Philosophy at Oxford. After being analysed for ninety-two hours he found his religious convictions were stronger than ever and his religious feelings purified from sentimental and accidental accompaniments. He says, "I have become more convinced than ever that religion is the most important thing in life and that it is

[1] "The Spirit," ed. Canon Streeter, p. 114. (Macmillan.)
[2] "Psychology's Defence of the Faith," p. 128. (Student Christian Movement.)

essential to mental health." [1] What a difference there is between saying, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better," and saying, with faith in Christ, "In Him that strengtheneth me I am able for anything." "Have faith!" say the spiritual healers and the psychotherapist. Then surely it is all gain that I should have faith in a Person who can take my broken life and unify it, help me harness my wild impulses to His plan, and bear the transference which the physician cannot bear for ever. Let there be analysis by all means, carried out with skill and care; but how can synthesis be carried through without reference to God who alone makes this cosmos a *uni*verse and who, in my view, is the only hope of the personality becoming a harmonious *uni*ty.

Crowning all the evidence I have brought forward, is that which now comes from no less an authority than Jung himself. When I came across these words my joy was immense. I could hardly believe my eyes.

In his book, *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, he says,[2] "It is in reality the priest or the clergyman, rather than the doctor, who should be most concerned with the problem of spiritual suffering. . . . During the past thirty years, people from all the civilised countries of the earth have consulted me. . . . Among all my patients in the second half of life—that is to say, over thirty-five—*there has not been one whose prob-*

[1] Quoted by Waterhouse, "Psychology and Religion," p. 203.

[2] Pp. 262 ff. (Kegan Paul). (Italics mine.)

lem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that everyone of them fell ill because he had lost that which the living religions of every age have given to their followers, and *none of them has been really healed who did not regain his religious outlook.* . . . It is indeed high time for the clergyman and the psychotherapist to join forces to meet this great spiritual task. . . . Side by side with the decline of religious life, the neuroses grow noticeably more frequent."

I believe that healing, by non-material methods, has an immense and honourable future. I believe that the scope of such healing will gradually extend from what we now call, or miscall, the functional to the organic. I prophesy the dawn of a day when certain kinds of modern surgery, for internal growths for instance, will seem a kind of carpentry which will make future generations open their eyes with dismay that there ever were such days when men were so limited in their knowledge of the ways of healing. And in such a day there will be a very small space for the use of drugs.

I say this not in any spirit of depreciation of modern surgery and medicine, for I have an immense admiration for both, but because I have had a glimpse of immense energies, some of them resident in personality itself, and others able, under certain conditions, to sweep through the personality from some source outside it which I cannot name otherwise than divine; energies which can cure not only functional disorders, but even those disorders deemed organic

which may turn out to be but the concomitants of a psychological or even spiritual disharmony.

After all, if, low in the scale of being, the caterpillar can retreat into the cocoon, and change, without outward interference, the physical structure of the caterpillar into something which emerges as a glorious butterfly; if the newt and the lizard can lose a tail and grow another by an influence which we must call mental, though not, of course, volitional, it is not incredible that when man understands and knows how to use the forces of his own mind, how to lay aside his active consciousness and harness the unconscious to his will, how to link up with energies outside himself released by prayer to, and faith in, God, he will be able to stop the continued nourishment of cells he does not want, such as cancer cells, until they slough away and disappear, and encourage the growth of other cells even to the replacement of living tissue. Already in psychological experiments, many of them in my own rooms, warts have been made to appear and disappear, burns and urticaria to appear on the flesh, milk to flow from breasts, tears from the eyes; the temperature has been put up and down, the heart-beat altered in speed—all through non-physical energies. Thousands of well-authenticated cases of the healing of so-called "physical" troubles have been described.[1] "I confess," says Princi-

[1] By Coué, J. D. Beresford, A. T. Schofield and others. See the evidence marshalled on p. 214 of my book "Psychology in Service of the Soul." Cp. also McDougall, "Body and Mind," pp. 351, 374–5.

pal Cairns,[1] "that unless one possesses a comfortable *a priori* theory which enables one satisfactorily to decide as to what is or what is not true beforehand, it is extremely difficult to escape from the conclusion that diseases usually called organic sometimes yield to (psychological) methods as certainly as many that are called functional." If but one authentic case be allowed, the point must be conceded that in certain cases non-material energies can adequately deal with so-called physical disabilities, and no one, I think, will come forward to disprove all such claims.

But the time for treating all physiogenic disease by non-physical methods is not yet. No one can condemn a stricken person for trying any method of cure of which he may have heard. Who can reproach the invalid for unorthodoxy? If he be cured he is likely to turn on those who reproach him with an ancient and silencing reply, "Whether this man be a sinner or no I know not. One thing I know. Whereas I was blind, now I see." There is more than humour in *Punch's* picture of the patient, given up by a distinguished specialist years ago as a dying man, meeting and greeting the great man afterwards, only to hear him say, "Ah! I see some quack has been tinkering with you."

At the same time, our knowledge of the conditions under which non-material methods successfully operate is, as yet, so small that, except

[1] "The Faith that Rebels," p. 159. (Student Christian Movement.)

in the case of those disabilities now brought within the survey and treatment of psychology, such, for instance, as the physical symptom of an anxiety state (see p. 258), physical disharmonies are best attacked by the known methods of medicine and surgery. Clinical practice cannot, in these scientific days, usefully progress far ahead of theoretical knowledge. The present state of knowledge indicates that only when known methods have been shown to have failed can anything in the nature of spiritual healing be wisely recommended. In the present state of our knowledge the best method by which the interests of the patient can be served is to treat his physical maladies by physical methods, aiding them by faith and prayer.

Spiritual healing must be scientifically investigated and become an art based as much on science as present medical methods are based on science. This, to many, will sound absurd. "Spiritual healing," they say, "must be based on faith, and to talk of science is absurd."

But, as I have tried to work out elsewhere,[1] faith, the kind of faith we talk about in relation to faith-healing, is largely confidence in the possibility of cure. There was a time, when masses of people were so credulous, that faith could be called out by a great or impressive personality. A king or a prophet could call it forth, and thousands of people were cured by means of "the king's touch" or "a prophet's word." A witch could call it forth by her eerie

[1] "His Life and Ours," Chapter on "Healing," p. 155. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

incantations. A sufficiently elaborate ritual could call it forth even up to the days of Wesley.[1]

In our day such credulity has all but gone. Science has taken its place. The paradox is true that I can best call forth faith by being able to explain to the incredulous patient those processes by which cure can be expected. This does not mean that I shall use his intellectual understanding during treatment. I shall want his active intellect, in many cases, to cease functioning as far as may be. But only by some kind of explanation can I nowadays produce that kind of confidence which seems still to be necessary if any mighty work of healing is to be done. It is a curious anomaly of history that faith, for a long period, suppressed science whenever it could. Science had its revenge. For a long period science so dominated people's minds that faith became difficult or impossible. Now we are seeing not only a marvellous *rapprochement* between science and religion, but the thrilling spectacle of science producing in men the kind of belief in unseen forces which it once ridiculed.[2]

[1] Many of the remedies prescribed by Wesley in his book "Primitive Physic" (1748) owed their efficacy rather to the influence of John Wesley's personality than to any inherent quality they themselves possessed.

[2] "No tissue of the human body," says even the *British Medical Journal*, "is wholly removed from the influence of spirit." Cf. also Dr. Henry Yellowlees, "Clinical Lectures on Psychological Medicine," p. 306. The Psychologist of the Future "will believe in God. Otherwise I cannot conceive how he will succeed in reaching across the gulf between science and mysticism, between symbol and reality," etc.

In this last fact I place unbounded hope for the future of the art of healing. And the "science" likely to prove of supreme importance in this field is, if I may be permitted the phrase, "religious psychology." I mean by that a psychology which not only investigates mental processes, complexes, repressions, phobias, anxiety states and all the morbid conditions of which the mind is capable, but also investigates the conditions of mind under which prayer and faith and trust are effective. I have seen, in my own experience, recoveries from serious organic illness which I can only put down to the therapeutic effect of energies released in the mind of the patient by the prayers of others.[1] Yet, others, suffering from the same diseases, and prayed for with equal sincerity, have passed away.

We have seen, in some cases, a confidence or faith engendered which has actually altered cell formation in physical tissues. We must investigate by what psychological or religious methods such a valuable mental condition can be brought about. To say, "Have faith," and put all the onus on the patient, as if he could have faith by turning on a tap, is not good enough for this scientific generation which clamours not for a sign, but for *reasons* for believing in cure, for science as a basis for its faith.

The difficulties here are enormous. My own

[1] See my book "Discipleship," pp. 59–60. (Student Christian Movement.)

mother had such a strong faith in God that the memory of it has always been one of the strongest factors in my own religious life. She died of a painful cancer. I dare not say of her, or of thousands of other saints, that she had no faith. I can only say that no one knew how to bring about those mental and spiritual conditions by which spiritual energies, which *could* have cured her, could be released. On the other hand, I have known cures in the cases of very suggestible hysterics take place when they had little or no "faith" in the religious sense. In one case a fine mind seems a handicap. Yet in other cases I have failed until I could get a patient intellectually to grasp the psychological principles on which I was working. When he saw how reasonable it all was, confidence was established and a cure was begun.

The misery of thousands cries aloud for research and investigation. The question which I admit obsesses my own mind can be quite easily stated: "Under what conditions in the human personality can the mighty healing energies of the spirit be released, and how can those conditions be brought about?" Some readers would want a capital S for the word spirit in that question, and I do not demur.

The beginning, it seems to me, must be a study of psychology, and also of the relation of religious experience to it. Already, as every reader of the literature knows, psychotherapists are daily seeing cures which would have been called miracles before the War. The cases of

some of the men I know, and know of, in the Harley Street area would thrill the world if they could be made known. One sometimes wishes that medical etiquette did not insist on such a degree of modesty. The records and work of the Institute of Medical Psychology fill me with admiration, and I hope that kind of work will rapidly extend to the provinces.

Gradually, I hope, when more has been done with psychological disorders and with so-called functional disease, the psychotherapists will turn their attention to the psychological treatment of so-called organic disease. If only the conditions referred to above could be discovered, and the energies referred to above could be released, I feel that the rather artificial barrier between functional and organic would disappear, and that no disease would offer an overwhelming resistance to the energies God means us to use.

And what in the meantime? We cannot expect the general medical practitioner to do much in the area which I have tried to indicate. No one who knows anything of the medical student's curriculum could ask him to add psychology to his studies, when nothing short of a two years' course could, or perhaps should, give him confidence to undertake psychological treatment. If he takes a long course, and particularly if he takes the Diploma in Psychological Medicine, he will want to become a specialist. If a general practitioner is any good at his job he will be too busy to give the time which psychological treat-

ment demands. If he is not, he will hardly be a successful psychologist!

One feels impelled to warn the public against supposing that a medical qualification is any kind of indication of ability in psychological work. One of my medical friends, one of a number of medical men and women who have been psychological patients of mine, told me of his decision to set up in a certain town as a specialist in psychotherapy. When I expressed my astonishment that he thought his training along these lines was sufficient, he glibly replied, "Oh, I thought I'd take three months off and mug the stuff up." Had he done so I presume nothing could have stopped him being a consultant, an "expert" ready to patronise some ministerial friends of mine in that city who took a stiff psychological course at college and have been reading it and practising it for fifteen years since. The *psychological* qualifications of the medical psychologist should be looked into. The doctor *quâ* doctor is not sufficiently equipped, and in this matter quackery abounds within the profession which rightly, in most directions so carefully, guards against it.

For the real psychotherapist I have nothing but admiration, especially for those who have a place in their philosophy of life for the broad truths of religion. The number of such men and women is increasing. All I could wish from the general practitioner is that he should know enough psychology to recognise the forms of psychological disharmony which abound, and

know the right type of specialist in psychotherapy to whom to send his patient.

But I believe that the minister of the future will have a work to do in the sphere of what I have called religious psychology.

First I want to suggest that ministers should receive a far more adequate training in modern psychology. Let me hasten to explain that I do not advise that ministers should practise psychotherapy, or, in the strict sense, psycho-analysis. Some elementary psychotherapy might, with advantage, be done by certain ministers who have had opportunities for study and training, who have temperamental gifts, and who might act as consultants to brother ministers in regard to cases of people who want specialised handling. But I am all against ministers in general practising psycho-analysis or psychotherapy. If they begin that they will soon tend to do nothing else, and unless they really know their subject both theoretically and practically they may make very serious mistakes. I am continually sending people who consult me to medical psychotherapy specialists, and could safely claim to have sent more people to such specialists than any average general practitioner of medicine. Psychotherapy and psycho-analysis are not the work of most ministers.

But I do press for the minister to have more training in psychology. I learn with delight that at a certain University in Britain theological students are allowed now to study with medical students in certain subjects, and not only to

listen to hospital teachings by the Professor at the bedsides of certain chosen patients, but also to have charge of certain beds and be responsible for carrying out psychological treatment.[1] Such news makes some of us envious who have tried to specialise, and have had to get medical friends to show us how to carry out nerve-tests and look for physical signs of psychological disharmonies and get our training as best we could; but we welcome such news very cordially indeed. May the future make that amount of psychological training compulsory for all would-be ministers!

A scrutiny of the curriculum of theological students in my own denomination does not make one feel that much time is wasted, but I would emphasise the importance of psychology. Every day of his life the minister will be dealing with *people*. Surely the science of human behaviour is of paramount importance. Surely the science which will teach him how to deal with living men and women and reveal to him how they think and act and feel should be second only to theology.

What could a minister well read and adequately trained in psychology do?

(*a*) As he visited his people, going into homes unbidden and unsummoned—and the only person thus honoured—he would detect the early beginnings of neurotic trouble or even of psychosis. Many cases of the former he could treat himself, for a few skilful conversations

[1] Letter of a student actually doing this work, dated September 4th, 1933.

would work wonders.[1] As it is, people wait till they are really ill, and often until some physical condition supervenes, before they call in the doctor. The general practitioner who sees them is quite likely to be a man with no training in, or knowledge of, psychology at all, or he may be like one who referred, in his patient's presence, to "all this Freudian muck," and so dismissed a subject to which many highly educated men and women have devoted their lives. Therefore he goes on prescribing this or that, and the patient gets no better. Perhaps ultimately a medical psychotherapist is consulted, but his chances of effecting a cure are lessened because the case is then so advanced. A thorough analysis may take an analyst eighteen months.

(*b*) A minister psychologically trained could act in relation to the medical psychotherapist much as the general medical practitioner acts to the medical or surgical specialist. He could take a little trouble to try to understand the patient, and then, finding, as he often would, that the case was beyond him either in regard

[1] Cf. Dr. T. A. Ross in his excellent book, "The Common Neuroses," p. 142 (Arnold.) "His case needed only free discussion for the symptoms to be dissipated." Cf. also "Functional Nerve Disease," ed. Dr. H. Crichton Miller, p. 151 (Oxford Medical Publications) Lecture, by Dr. Maurice Nicoll. "Anyone who understands analytical methods, and through them has gained insight into the nature of neurotic trouble, can help neurotics without submitting them to analytical treatment. . . . Any form of treatment that gives them some adequate explanation will be of use to them. A good transference and a suitable explanation will effect great relief in many cases."

to ability or time, he could send him, in good time, to a consultant whom he knew to be a man with religious sympathies as well as ability in psychotherapy, an ability, it may be noticed, which is nearly as much a matter of gift and temperament as the knowledge of psychological facts and methods.

(*c*) A minister with psychological insight and knowledge could also do almost untold good by lecturing on psychological subjects and even, occasionally, preaching sermons which showed how marvellously almost all that is of value in the new psychology is already offered in the New Testament. Religion and psychology are inevitably wedded. Psychological troubles are mainly due to a faulty adjustment to life and reality. Religion offers a perfect adjustment.

Further, mental hygiene is so very much a matter of understanding human nature. Knowledge of my body and the simple principles which govern physical health is very valuable and tends towards physical fitness, but no understanding of my body can save me from trouble with my appendix or a cyst on my liver. But a knowledge of the working of the mind can prevent psychological disharmony to a far greater degree. Indeed, the cure of many psychological disharmonies is a matter of getting the patient to *realise* —not merely to know—how and why he got into the mess in which he now finds himself. The recognition of the psychological factors which underlie nervous breakdown is the most adequate way there is of preventing it. When we re-

member how much time is taken by the psychoanalyst and therapist in searching the childhood of the patient for the causes of an adult breakdown, it seems reasonable to argue that some knowledge of psychology, on the part of parents, would save many children from those wounds in the mind which lie dormant for so long and then break out and discharge in later years.

The minister has the pastoral care of the child, and his advice to parents, if based on knowledge, would generally be welcome. His influence and opportunities are enormous if wisely used.

(*d*) Further, the minister with psychological knowledge, added to his training as a minister, will find some cases for which he is the ideal ministrant. How often have patients said to me, "Of course I couldn't possibly tell a doctor what I've just told you." Many cases need help on scientific psychological lines, but when the disability is unmasked it is found that there is a refusal to accept forgiveness, an inability to "get over" the sin of a score of years ago, a refusal to forgive another, a fear of having committed the unpardonable sin, a morbid fear of having angered God by taking His name in vain or using some vile word in regard to Him or to the Holy Spirit.[1] The minister should be able to help in those sex-tangles, worries, fears and bad habits which

[1] I have had several cases in which a patient has either thought of, or spoken aloud, such words as "Damn the Holy Ghost!" and then developed the mistaken idea that the "unpardonable sin" had been committed.

affront the religious faculty, with which the doctor cannot deal and of which he hardly hears, and which never come to the psychotherapist until perversion drives a patient to him, needing a treatment lasting perhaps two years. One's mind runs to case after case where one's psychological work seemed to have meagre success until, with the patient, one turned to religion for help. Sin and selfishness are underneath so much psychological illness. It is making nonsense of the healing miracles of Jesus to assert that religion and healing never have anything to do with each other. Only the patient must not just be told to trust God, or have faith, or say his prayers. He must be understood. And if we haven't—and we haven't—Christ's insight, we must learn how to look deeply into a mind by scientific methods and then apply the required truth, (*e.g.* forgiveness) for the right case at the right time in the right way. And not many doctors or, for that matter, psychotherapists, will say to a man, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," or speak to the bereaved of the life after death or teach a patient how to pray.

A bad case of masturbation-complex occurs to my mind, in which it seemed to me as if psychological methods swept the house of life, but left it dark and cheerless, and then a glorious religious experience seemed to light a glowing lamp in every room. And that particular complex I have sometimes failed to cure, after long and patient hours of treatment, only to find that an experience of real religion—one of those

things that no one can engineer or apply as a treatment—took a patient to immediate, complete and lasting victory. I believe that the medical psychotherapists will have to come to terms with the fact of sin,[1] and that, after analysis, it would often work wonders to send the patient to a carefully chosen minister so that the synthesis, re-education and harmonising of personality, might be secured by one with the parallel authority in religion which the physician has in his realm. This part of the work, it seems to me, is the essence of "pastoral work," demanding a training little less elaborate than that of the physician.[2]

[1] Cf. Grensted, "Pyschology and God," p. 129. (Longmans.) 10*s.* 6*d.*

[2] Since these words were in type they have received extraordinary support from an article contributed to the Press on September 25th, 1934, by Dean Inge. He writes as follows:

"I hope that in the future the clergy will regard themselves primarily as physicians of the soul. The proper study of mankind is man; and there is no more fascinating study than the varieties of human nature.

"The theological colleges ought to give courses on psychology, including the important subjects where some medical knowledge is desirable. Much more is known about these border-line cases than was known fifty years ago.

"I should like to see the practice of private consultation much more developed, and treated more as a matter of course, than it is in the Protestant churches. A clergyman who has tact, experience, and real sympathy can do much more good in this way than by his public ministrations.

"If we were set to fill a number of narrow-necked vessels

As my friend, the Rev. Dr. Waterhouse, Professor of Psychology at my old college, writes,[1] "The Church should be responsible for setting apart and training a ministry of healing which would have the confidence of medical men. At present every clergyman has people coming to him who should consult a physician, and every physician has cases which are really cases for spiritual help. But sooner or later must come the day when the care of the body, of the mind and of the soul will meet together, and when the spiritual adviser, the psychologist and the medical man will co-operate in a united ministry of healing, and the body and soul God hath joined will no longer be put asunder."

I look forward to the day when ministers, doctors and schoolmasters will all have a definite training in psychology. That training would enable them to recognise psychological disharmony, prevent much serious breakdown and

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with water—and we are all narrow-necked vessels—should we set them up in rows and dash a bucket of water over them? That is the method of the pulpit. A few drops may get in here and there, but most of the water is wasted."

And again, "The most important part of a clergyman's work should be that of physician of the soul. The church has neglected that important part of a clergyman's duty—consultation. It ought to be a matter of course for our people to come to us when they are in difficulties about their souls." Dr. Inge went on to stress the number of people in difficulty about sex and to advise the clergy to study the subject in order to help. *Daily Telegraph*, October 2nd, 1934.

[1] "Psychology and Religion," E. S. Waterhouse, p. 137. (Mathews and Marot.)

treat elementary cases. There should also be consultations one with another.

"I count among my friends," writes Dr. Rathbone Oliver, a distinguished American psychiatrist,[1] "one priest who is neither a physician nor a psychiatrist. . . . He describes himself very humbly as 'a young priest who is interested in mental difficulties.' Often I have sent to him patients of mine who were either recovering from some mental illness or tormented by some mental difficulty, and he has been wonderfully successful with many such cases. My medical colleagues criticise me severely because I am encouraging a layman to practice medicine. I am doing nothing of the kind. I am sending certain types of unhappy, anxious or mentally ill people to a man who is a better psychologist than I am, who loves souls, and who, as a priest, has something to give distracted and tormented people that the most distinguished psychiatrist does not possess."

In the case of a child's nervousness and fears, doctor and schoolmaster would consult, instead of what happens now when a *pavor nocturnus* is treated with potassium bromide. In adult cases where the religious factor entered in, or where moral behaviour was involved, the minister would be a consultant. Now, what frequently happens is that the patient is told he is suffering from "nerves" or, what is worse, "only nerves" (as if it were all his own fault)

[1] "Pastoral Psychiatry and Mental Health," John Rathbone Oliver, pp. 7–8. (Scribners.)

when all the time the gospel of the free grace of God, offered him intelligently, would save him from "nervous breakdown." Some ministers and schoolmasters and doctors would specialise and be consultants in a special sense to members of their own professions. And fortunately there are a dozen magnificent men and women in the Harley Street area who do not seem to find Christian piety and first-rate ability in medicine and psychology incompatible, and who would be a kind of final high court of appeal. Some of them are already prepared to co-operate. I quote from Dr. Burnett Rae: [1]

"I am not one of those who think that the business of healing is the prerogative or the task of any one profession or class of men. In this matter God has given to every man his work. Our opportunities differ, our gifts differ. There are many ministries, but one spirit. The clergyman has an opportunity which the doctor can never have, the doctor an influence such as no other can wield; the parent, the teacher, the nurse, the friend, all are called to their special task and all must exercise it with the common desire to help and to heal. Our co-operation will not be furthered by one profession attempting to do the work of another, but by each broadening the basis and scope of its own proper activities. When this is done we shall inevitably be brought closer together, for we shall know that our task is such that we cannot succeed in doing it apart from

[1] "Spiritual Healing and Medical Science," J. Burnett Rae, p. 29. (S.P.C.K.) An excellent essay.

the help which the other has to give; and we shall realise, also, that the object and the aim which we have is common to us both, the alleviation of suffering, the health of the whole man—body, mind and spirit. . . . Doctors and clergy must learn to take a more intelligent and appreciative interest in each other's work, otherwise they are likely, in the future, to overlap and interfere with each other. They should welcome the opportunity of meeting together in conference. . . . In the meantime, it would seem to be imperative that we should strive not only to make our religion more psychological, but our psychology more truly religious." In all big cities there should be psychological clinics served by psychologically trained members of all three professions, as well as experts for special branches such as stammering, and fulfilling the function attempted by the Institute of Medical Psychology.

There is a future for spiritual healing, the healing of disease by non-material methods, but I am convinced that there can be no future for spiritual healing apart from a scientific technique. Our age is becoming more and more " scientific " in its demand and temper, and unless some unexpected revulsion comes, there will be no place in the future for credulity and magic. But faith and prayer are not unscientific. And psychology is slowly winning a place as a science, and she will be given a place—I prophesy—as honourable as that held by medicine and surgery now. Only, in all future methods of healing we must under-

stand conditions and be able to give reasons and apply scientific methods without, at the same time, being hampered by predecided "limits" or using too readily the word "impossible."

I believe it to be part of the rationality of the universe that there is no ill to which personality is heir from which we shall fail to deliver people if we use all the resources which are available to those who accept the challenge of illness to seek and go on seeking and refuse to despair. If any kind of disease continues, it shows we have not looked long enough or carefully enough for the means with which to overcome it. We may find little more help in physical remedies. I don't know. But we haven't done more than make a start with non-physical remedies. Such inquiry as has been made shows that the only positive thing we can say about them is that under certain conditions—not yet understood—their power is almost limitless; and it may yet be found that much even of what we call organic disease is but the symptom of mental, or even spiritual, disharmony. "Is much which we call organic disease," asks Dr. H. P. Newsholme, "only functional, but based on faulty habits of action in the deeper strata of the personality, and *approachable only through those strata*?

. . . Why is there this devotion to the buttressing of the outworks of body and mind, and on the other hand the relative neglect of the state of the central citadel of the

soul?"[1] Let us, then, go forward together, pooling all our knowledge and resources, for the God who wills health for all is with us.

[1] H. P. Newsholme, M.D. etc., "Health, Disease and Integration," pp. 260–300. Italics mine.

CHAPTER II

WHAT IS PSYCHOLOGY?

WHAT *is* psychology? The word is on everybody's lips. It is used or misused in every book we pick up. To some it is a "blesssed" word which describes something which is almost a fetish. To others it arouses feelings of hostility and scorn. "Psychology can't explain *everything*," they say loftily. And that's that.

A brief, and not inaccurate definition is that psychology is the science of behaviour. Slowly but surely that wild and seemingly often irrational and irresponsible thing called human behaviour is being brought within the confines of an orderly science. And what a fascinating science it proves to be to all to whom human nature is the most interesting and the most lovable thing in the world! A man sitting opposite to you in the tram for twenty minutes may tell you twenty things without speaking to you. The symmetry or asymmetry of his face, the shape of his head, his eyes, his mouth, his fingers, his nervous twitchings, his obvious "pattern,"—all are eloquent.[1] A woman telling you her story in your interview room will tell you more in the things she doesn't say, and in the way she tells the things she does say, than

[1] The standard book on the relation between physical characteristics and mental types is "Physique and Character," by Kretschmer, translated by W. J. H. Sprott. International Library of Psychology. (Kegan Paul & Co.) 18*s*.

in the information she imparts, though her choice of words and especially the words emphasised are important. The lines of the figure, the brow, the chin, the lips, and especially the eyes—all speak. Eyes are so eloquent of fear, distrust, furtiveness, serenity, happiness, innocence, guilt. The way an umbrella is held, or a cigarette, the way a handkerchief is twisted—all will point to conclusions which the psychologist would be foolish to accept, very foolish to be caught noticing, but most foolish of all to miss altogether. "If you never wholly give yourself up to the chair you sit in," says William James, the famous psychologist, "but always keep your legs and body-muscles half contracted for a rise; if you breathe eighteen or nineteen times a minute, and never quite breathe out at that—what mental mood can you be in but one of inner panting and expectancy, how can the future and its worries possibly forsake your mind? On the other hand, can they gain admission to your mind if your brow be unruffled, your respiration calm and complete, and your muscles all relaxed?" Wise words indeed! And the conditions they describe can be observed immediately by the psychologist. All human behaviour is an eloquent language. In our use of language we recognise this. We talk of "a mincing gait." We say, "he put his head on one side," as though the position of the head were significant, as indeed it is. We say, "he put his foot in it." Similarly we say, "his jaw dropped," "He thrust his chest out," "he is weak-knee'd," and so on. I think of one of my friends whom I have come to

know fairly well during the last few years, but whose chin and elbows told me in the first ten minutes almost as much of one side of her nature as I know now. A woman who bustles in with her elbows out has no inferiority complex, whereas a man who shouts and bullies often has. (See pp. 179 ff). One finds that physical characteristics often speak more truly than words concerning an inner mental state. Here is a definite language. But we must learn the language. Even then we may make mistakes. But there is a language to be learnt. It has its grammar, its moods and tenses and conjugations and rules. He who would manage his own moods and, for other human beings, follow the verb "to be" through all its irregularities must know them. Even then there will be stiff problems. The problems of "being" are immense. But he is best equipped to solve them who knows the science that underlies them. And psychology is the science of behaviour.

The mark of behaviour is the manifestation of purpose. When I drive a golf ball it follows certain laws, but it manifests no purpose. I wish it would. The golf ball has not yet been discovered which will "behave." I read of one the other day which was driven off the tee by a player. It hit a tree, bounced back and knocked at the door of the club-house. Not being admitted, it ran along the veranda and came to rest near the person who drove it, so that he only had to alter his stance slightly in order to hit it again. But surely had it been capable of "behaviour" it would at least have climbed up on the tee again before it settled down to a brief

rest. A golf ball or any other ball "follows a path mechanically determined." Contrast that with the movement of an animal. Those of us who have ever tried to get a mule through a gateway or a pig down a passage are quite agreed that neither "follows a path mechanically determined." Purpose is manifested. And the manifestation of purpose or the striving to achieve an end is the mark of behaviour.

Another working definition of psychology would state that it is the science of mental processes or of the activity of the mind. No intelligent person—that is, none of the readers of this book—will confuse the mind and the brain. I shall say little of the brain. That is not in my province. The mind uses the brain while man is the possessor of a body, but the two must not be identified, any more than a violinist who uses a violin must be identified with his instrument. The mind is the player, the brain is the instrument. While in the flesh we are like a violinist who cannot manifest himself in any other way but by playing the violin, but that does not mean identification. If the violin is damaged, such a violinist may for some years be mute, but *he* is untouched, a thought I always try to convey to folk who have dear ones who are insane. And when the violin is smashed utterly, the violinist, so I believe, passes where we cannot follow, but only to pick up and use some other instrument, which St. Paul called a spiritual body,[1] through which more eloquently and completely he can manifest his untouched personality.

[1] 1 Cor. xv. 35 ff.

The activity of the mind has always three aspects which it is important to remember. They are called knowing, feeling and willing, or, for those who like things in technical terms, intellection, emotion and conation. Sometimes one aspect is dominant, sometimes another, but in every example of behaviour all three are operative.[1] In the act of going to church are the knowing of what I am doing, my reasons for doing it, the goal I hope to attain by going. There is also the feeling of pleasure (or pain!), and, but for the willing or conative part of the act, I should never get out of my easy-chair.

We see at once that we all have the laboratory for this science of psychology in our own mental processes and in the behaviour of those whose lives touch ours. A morbidly introspective person should not study psychology, and is advised to shut this book without even looking at the last page. For the introvert to pursue, however lightly, the study of psychology, is to ask for the same trouble which fell upon the pathophobic who read a number of medical books only to discover, to his horror, that he had symptoms of all the diseases mentioned except housemaid's knee and even a resentment that this should be denied him! But those who are healthy-minded and who do not mind being honest with themselves, are recommended—especially if their work brings them in close contact with other people—to understand as much as they can take in of the

[1] Here, Mr. Preacher, is an illustration of the Trinity less unintelligent than some; but this, though the best I know, does not take us very far.

science of behaviour. They will become sympathetic with others, for to understand is to forgive and to sympathise and to reach the only position from which one can stretch out the helping hand to another. And, further, they will understand themselves, and, in the difficult business of living, to understand is to conquer.

What a prize, then, is offered as the reward for the toil of understanding! No other science offers such a reward. In medicine I may, by understanding, prevent disease or alleviate it. But rarely by understanding do I cure it. But if I understand my mental processes, not only can I prevent much psychological disharmony, but, having developed it, much of it can be cured if I am helped to recognise that it is there and what the factors are which led to it. The closing stages of a psychotherapeutic treatment are reached when the patient begins to understand the workings of his own mind, the tricks it has played him, the false adjustments and compensations it has made, the phantasies and retreats and escapes into which it has fled.

Psychology now, of course, is a science with many branches. We speak of (1) Normal Psychology. We mean by this the investigation of the more ordinary mental processes seen by introspection and comparison and their arrangement and classification. We speak of (2) Abnormal Psychology, by which we mean the classification and arrangement of abnormal states. We speak of (3) Genetic Psychology, the development of processes from the standpoint of Evolution, trying to ascertain which processes developed

first, and so on. You will hear of (4) Child Psychology, an examination of the workings of the mind of a child, (5) Industrial Psychology, an examination of the conditions of mind brought about by modern industry, under what mental conditions men can best work, mental factors which bring on fatigue, and so on. We hear of (6) Racial Psychology, an examination of the way in which the mental processes of one race differ from those of another. Then we speak of schools of pyschological thought. We speak of (7) Behaviourist Psychology, which supposes that free will is a myth and that every act is predetermined by the condition of the mind built up by previous mental activity and behaviour. We speak of (8) Gestalt Psychology, which could almost be called Pattern Psychology, the thesis being that lives are lived out according to a pattern and that there are a limited number of such patterns. Lives may differ as tunes differ, but there are only a certain number of keys in which the tunes may be played.

Then everyone knows the names of Freud, Jung and Adler, who all founded different schools of Psychology.[1] In this book, of course, no survey of these different aspects of our science will be attempted. I shall attempt to show simply and without undue technical language the nature of the mind, so that, with some idea of that nature being understood, the reader may pick up a

[1] Standard books are, "Introduction to Psycho-Analysis," Freud (Geo. Allen and Unwin), 15*s*. "Psychological Types," Jung (Kegan Paul), 25*s*. "Individual Psychology," Adler (Kegan Paul), 18*s*.

simple mental hygiene and method of reacting to life which will save him from much of the unhappiness of psychological maladjustment and disharmony. Then I shall take up some of the simpler disharmonies, like inferiority and fear, and so on, and show upon what factors mental re-adjustment and health depend. I hope by doing this that some readers in early stages of disharmony may cure themselves and prevent what is called nervous breakdown, and that others will betake themselves speedily to an adequate psycho-therapist. Further, I hope to show how in our dealings with others we can understand, prevent, and even by our attitude heal those who, in the most poignant cases, are ignorant of what is amiss, but who, frustrated, angry, thwarted, disabled and depressed, feel a sense of loneliness or of failure, or of unco-ordination or futility, and who, a great army which no man can number, comprise the wounded spirits of the world.

CHAPTER III

THE MATERIAL AND PROVINCE OF PSYCHOLOGY

I WAS once giving a course of twenty-four lectures on psychology and was watching, out of the corner of my eye, one of the students diligently taking notes. I therefore very rapidly said: "The difficulty of observing your mental processes is that you cannot see yourself by yourself, for when you look at yourself you use a bit of yourself to see yourself; so therefore it is not the whole of yourself you see, is it?" He looked up, caught my eye, returned my smile, put down his pencil and gave up.

But the point thus expressed is one of real importance and difficulty. The chemist can put a tiny crystal on the slide of his microscope and he can dispassionately observe it, turn it over and see it wholly and completely. One wishes one could do that with one's own mental processes or those of another. But in neither case can our observation know such detachment. John Locke, one of the founders of the British School of Psychology, in his "Essay on the Human Understanding," (1690) speaks of "the scene of ideas," as though one watched the actors on a stage. But the processes of the mind are not separate enough for such a figure to be of much help. It would be closer to the truth to speak of mental processes as waves of the sea. None has an independent existence. Each flows out of

previous processes and falls back into subsequent processes. And just as I cannot capture a wave and examine it, I cannot hold a mental process and examine it. It has changed even while I watch.

If I try to examine my own processes, I cannot do so with any scientific detachment, for I cannot escape my own prejudices and excuses. I am looking at only a part of my own reactions, and looking at that part through glass, coloured by my own preconceived notions, my education and outlook. However sincere, I tend to see what I want to see and to be blind to the things for which I should hate myself if I recognised them.

If I examine the mental processes of another, I have a better chance. Yet I cannot *directly experience* any mental processes but my own. I can get *clues* about the state of mind of another in ways to be looked at in a moment. But they are only clues. Often one wishes one could lift the skull of a person. One is desperate to know what is happening in that head. But if one lifted the skull, one would see only a dirty white mess rather reminiscent of sweetbread, and one's psychological research would certainly be handicapped after such an experiment by about ten years in gaol! So one *asks* the patient to describe his mental processes, realising at once that one is asking the one person in the whole world who is likely to give the most biassed opinion of what they are!

Jones and Smith are friends in Parkville-on-Sea. Jones is a psychologist and Smith collects

stamps. Jones asks Smith to supper. Smith brings his stamp album, and after supper they pore over the volume together with a high-power lens. Smith can easily show Jones his stamps. Then Jones asks Smith to show him his mental processes. Jones explains that he wants to get inside Smith's mind and examine it with a high-power lens. Smith may undress, and Jones may note certain indicative things about his body. The observation of the body often gives an important clue. Smith may tell Jones all Jones asks—his habits, his fears, his experiences, his childhood, his ideals, his dreams. Jones, it is true, may note certain symptomatic actions and certain slips of the tongue, but in the main he depends, for his insight into Smith, on what Smith tells him. Smith and Jones can look at Smith's stamps. But Smith and Jones can't look at Smith's mind. Jones's main glimpse of that is through Smith himself, and Smith is part of the thing he is trying to show. He can't get away from it. No wonder life is lonely. We never do understand one another completely.

> No human heart can enter
> Each dim recess of mine.

Words cannot say what we want to express. "Oh, you don't understand!" How often people have said it to their dearest! The mystery is deeper. We are prisoners to ourselves. There are rooms in our own personality we have never seen. If they were opened to us we should not recognise them as our own at all. Only the poet can describe this mystery, and of all the poets I have

read, only one even of the poets gets near the truth.[1]

> "The sweetest wife on sweetest marriage-day,—
> Their souls at grapple in mid-way,
> Sweet to her sweet may say:
>
> 'I take you to my inmost heart, my true!'
> Ah, fool! but there is one heart you
> Shall never take him to!
>
> The hold that falls not when the town is got,
> The heart's heart, whose immuréd plot
> Hath keys yourself keep not!
>
> . . . . .
>
> Its gates are deaf to Love, high summoner;
> Yea, Love's great warrant runs not there:
> *You are your prisoner.*
>
> Yourself are with yourself the sole consortress
> In that unleaguerable fortress;
> It knows you not for portress
>
> Its keys are at the cincture hung of God."

Longfellow talks about

> Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing,
> Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness:
> So, on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
> Only a look and a voice, then darkness again, and a silence.[2]

But the figure doesn't explain enough. I must think of a ship with a hold that is locked up and of which only God has the key. Yet from that locked hold issue ghosts at dead of night; ghosts that put steel nails beside my compass, so that though I think it is true, it is distorted by something unrecognised till my vessel is nearly on the rocks: ghosts of dark and deep repressions and irrational

[1] Francis Thompson in "A Fallen Yew." (Italics mine.)
[2] "Theologian's Tale."

fears that loosen my anchor chain and cut my rigging and make holes in the ship's sides; ghosts that beckon me on with luring, siren music and then mock and laugh and snap their fingers like fiends when my vessel shudders and reels from stem to stern because it has touched a hidden rock. "Out of the heart of men proceed fornications, thefts, murders, adulteries, covetings, wickednesses, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, railing, pride, foolishness: all these evil things proceed from within." [1] What a list of ghosts from the lips of One who, more than all, before Him or since, "knew what was in man!" We hate others to know of them, and for ourselves we deny that most of them are there. As I said, Psychology is a difficult science, this science of behaviour.

One of the familiar dodges by which the mind plays tricks on us, a dodge that makes the province of Psychology a very difficult country to explore, is called "Rationalisation."

We must spend a little time with this word, because all who wish to have that honesty of mind which is the basis of mental health must be awake to the possibility that they are rationalising.

The term rationalisation is now a psychological technical term. It indicates a trick the mind has of allowing us to evade the pain of facing our real motive by supplying a "reason" for our behaviour which has all the appearance of being entirely satisfactory. Some people rationalise consciously, that is to say, knowing the real reason of their behaviour, they give a reason

[1] Mark vii. 21.

which makes that behaviour shine in a more attractive light. We see this in the stout old lady who, climbing a mountain, said, "I'm going to rest here because the view is so good," when she knew perfectly well that the real reason was that she was "puffed."

We see it in Edmund, aged four, who met a strange dog in the street and at once fled home with all possible speed. "You weren't really frightened, Edmund?" asked his mother. "No, mummy, not a bit," said Edmund, "but I thought it was a good time to see how fast I could run."

But we usually reserve the word for that self-deception which is unconscious. It is incredible to many, but nevertheless true, that a person can quite sincerely give a "reason" for his conduct, and believe it honestly to be the real reason, when all the time the latter is quite different, much less worthy, but wholly unconscious.

An illustration is necessary. Dr. Bernard Hart[1] tells the story of a young man who was a Sunday School teacher who came to him one day with the surprising news that he had become an atheist. When asked why, he marshalled his evidence with quite impressive skill. This evidence, he said, had now convinced him, after long and patient study, that there was no God. He was quite sincere in really believing that this was the reason for his atheism. But a few talks with the psychologist elicited the fact that the girl to whom he was engaged had eloped with a fellow Sunday School teacher. Here, then, was the

[1] In "The Psychology of Insanity."

true reason of the "atheism"; the arguments he had studied so carefully were part of an unconscious rationalisation, the giving of a false reason because the true reason was distasteful. In my experience most "atheism" has a similar basis. Again and again if we are honest we shall catch ourselves out in such rationalising. We say that A is not a very good business man because his methods are unsound. We may know little of those methods, but we do know that his wife snubbed a friend of ours! We say that B is not a very good preacher, or that he "plays to the gallery," or that he has "popular gifts" and knows how to "dress the window," when the real reason for our criticism is that his church is full and ours is not. The rationalisation is often more complicated. Freud [1] tells of a man who objected to his wife's choice of a red wallpaper for the dining-room. He said it hurt his eyes and that he couldn't possibly stand it. Investigation showed a buried memory of visits in schoolboy days to the headmaster's study for a purpose which need not be indicated. The headmaster's study was papered in red. That his eyes were hurt was a rationalisation. The true reason was that another part of his anatomy had been hurt and probably reddened in a red room.

But rationalisation is more complicated still. We have all heard of the psychological law of the association of ideas. How often a perfume, a tune, a name, conjure up memories which lie buried in the same set of ideas with the stimulus! For years the smell of fresh paint made me feel

[1] In "The Psycho-Pathology of Every-day Life."

a vague sense of dismay and fear, until I remembered that the hall in which I sat for the first important examination of my life, the Oxford Junior Local Examination, had been newly painted. Some months ago I sat down at my desk to send a post-card containing the hymns for the following Sunday to my organist, who then lived at 142, Tempest Road, Leeds. In writing the address I put 146 instead of 142. Hastily I crossed out the 6 and put 2, but sheer force of habit led me to ask why I had made the mistake, since I knew the address so well. Such slips of the pen always have an adequate cause, like everything else in this law-governed world. Then I remembered that Hymn 146 in the old Methodist Hymn Book begins, "Fierce raged the *tempest* o'er the deep." The Law of the Association of Ideas had led me into a slip. The number 146 was in the same set of ideas as the word "tempest," and the thought of writing the address containing that word made me set down the number 146, which was associated with it and was similar enough to 142 not to stimulate me to careful accuracy. I remember a friend of mine showing me a snapshot of his baby which he held in his arms. After he had left me I found myself whistling the tune of the baptismal hymn, "See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand." I had seen a child in a minister's arms in the snapshot, and the association of ideas brought the tune into my mind. A correspondent of mine, a chaplain in the Royal Air Force, was giving an address on Schweitzer. He spoke of Schweitzer as doctor, philosopher

and musician, but could not remember his other main distinction, that of theologian, or the title of his famous book, "The Quest of the Historical Jesus." On the way home he recalled that he had lent this book himself to the wife of a doctor who was a convinced pacifist and who had greatly perturbed my correspondent by his advocacy of Pacifism. My correspondent "forgot" the title of the book and Schweitzer's theological activities, because they were in the same set of ideas with Pacifist views which he was unwilling to face.

So, while dressing in the bedroom of a hotel in Italy from the balcony of which was a glorious view of lake and woodland, with the snow-clad Dolomite mountains soaring up ten thousand feet into the blue, I heard a friend walk out on to the balcony of the adjoining bedroom and then return to his room, humming the tune of the hymn, "My God I thank Thee Who hast made the earth so bright." Afterwards he said there was no conscious relation in his mind between scenery and tune. He had not realised what tune he had been humming. It had "just come into his mind," he said. But, having had a scientific training, he could not dismiss the matter as coincidence, and, indeed, the incident convinced him that the theory of unconscious mentation is not as "far-fetched" as he had formerly supposed. The explanation of many rationalisations must take this law of association into account.

Mr. Robinson says that he cannot remember someone's name because obviously the name is a

difficult one. Yet the name is Lomond. Not a very difficult name. Mr. Robinson once discovered in a conversation with a psychologist that the name Lomond is in the same set of ideas in his mind as Scotland (Ben Lomond). His one and only visit to Scotland included an adventure which was rather to his discredit. He therefore wants to forget the visit to Scotland. He has repressed the entire set of ideas relating to Scotland. I should expect to find him not too fond of the Scottish people! He says he cannot remember the name because it is difficult. That is rationalisation. The true reason is that the name would "light up" all the ideas associated with it and call to mind something he wants to forget.[1]

The province of Psychology, then, is the content of the mind, conscious, subconscious and unconscious, but we must be prepared to take a lot of trouble to track the processes which appear in consciousness down to their original causes. We must be awake to the tricks the mind plays and the devices which it adopts. Nothing which gives us a clue should be overlooked. So the wise psychologist will study Freud's theory of dreams even if he doesn't accept Freud's conclusions. For dreams will tell him something.[2] He may employ hypnosis, and search under its conditions the deep places of the mind.[3] He may use "free association," letting the patient simply think aloud and say whatever comes into

[1] See my book "Psychology in Service of the Soul," Chapter "The Romance of Unconscious Motives," p. 98 (Epworth Press), for more examples of the true reasons behind our forgetting.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 29. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 118.

his mind. The reaction of the patient to stimulus words may be employed.[1] Slips of the tongue will not be missed.[2] Slips of the pen in any correspondence may reveal much. Just recently I had a semi-serious conversation with a young teacher, and charged him, half in fun, with taking a delight in caning the boys. He wrote a most emphatic letter which contained the sentence, "You know I simply love caning." The word love had been crossed through and the word hate written above, but I am afraid I did not pay much attention to the correction. Symptomatic acts often indicate much. By these we mean acts of which people are unconscious, but which indicate conditions in their mind. A young girl recently sat in my interview room having made an appointment "because she was in such deep trouble." She sat silently in my chair for a time in great embarrassment. "I hardly know how to begin," she said, "and when I've told you, you will think I'm a rotter." Since all the time she sat in my room she had been slipping her engagement ring off and on her finger, I knew, from much experience, that I was safe in asking her if I could say it for her. "You don't know what I want to say," said she. "Yes," I said, "you want to say that you are dissatified with your engagement and are wondering whether to break it off or not." The effect was electrical. She leapt from her chair and accused me of hearing the story from another. The next second she corrected this, since no one else had the means

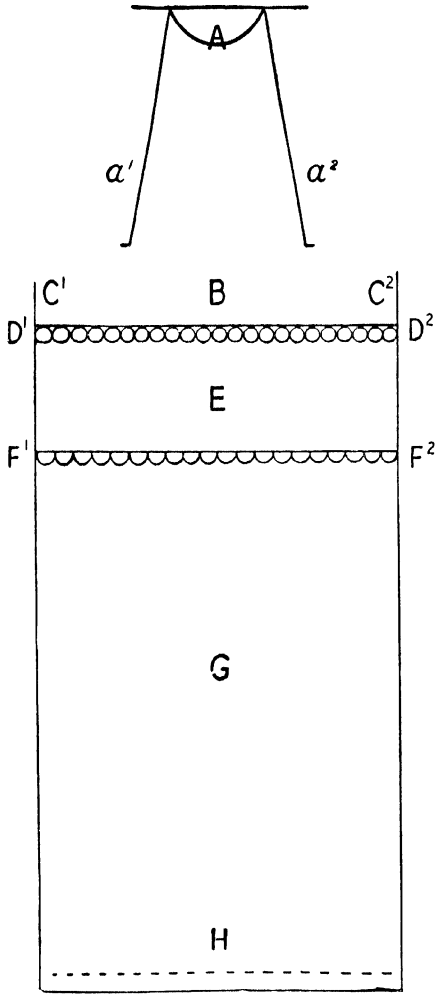
[1] See my book "Psychology in Service of the Soul," p. 104.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 114.

of knowing. I then explained to her the significance of symptomatic actions. Such actions often help the observer of the mind and shorten an embarrassing interview.

Since the province of Psychology is the mind, then anything influenced by the mind may provide a clue. The body can tell us many things about the mind and nervous condition.[1] The evidence of the nervous reflexes is eloquent. The Babinski sign is sufficient evidence to pack the patient off to a mental specialist. The fast heart (tachycardia), the eyes, the throat, the spine are worth noticing. And I remember how the observation of a scar on the body of one patient gave me a clue which led to her recovery. Mental processes are so elusive and psychological conditions often so complicated that we cannot, as it were, drive past any signpost without studying it carefully. Having done so, it may be clear that the patient needs a doctor, or a mental specialist, or a medical psychotherapist, or a minister with understanding and some psychological training or knowledge. Perhaps the Church of the future will bring about such co-operation as shall provide a kind of clearing-house for those who suffer greatly, even though they bear their wounds where none can see, in the untraversed depths of the mind.

[1] Cf. the importance placed upon this by Mr. Cyril Burt, D.Sc., in "The Young Delinquent," pp. 248 ff. (University of London Press.)


A
a'
a²
C'
B
C²
D'
D²
E
F'
F²
G
H

CHAPTER IV

THE LEVELS OF THE MIND

In this and subsequent chapters, where we are in the region of the conjectural, I shall resort to much illustration with the request, to borrow a phrase from Mellone and Drummond,[1] that the reader will not re-ify. In other words, where an illustration is used to show one aspect of the mind it must not be applied to other aspects of it, and, since the mind is an immaterial entity, the illustration must not be unduly pressed even in regard to the aspect illustrated. For instance, if we mention "habit tracks" in the mind, we must not suppose that habits do cause actual channels to be made, far less must we suppose, as one student did on one occasion, that reference was being made to the convolutions of the physical brain.

With this in mind the reader is invited to study carefully the diagram. It was suggested by a chapter in Miss Violet Firth's excellent booklet, "The Machinery of the Mind," [2] though I have taken the liberty of altering her illustration.

A is the spot-light of attention shining upon a tank full of water. The sides of this lamp a^1 and a^2 can, by methods which teach the art of mental

[1] An excellent manual of normal psychology. Mellone and Drummond "Elements of Psychology." (Blackwood.)

[2] Published at 2*s.* by Messrs. George Allen and Unwin.

concentration, be lengthened so that they nearly touch the water. In that case the attention is not wandering, but concentrated. The lamp, we will imagine, can be moved on a swivel, to shine on anything floating in the tank, but in the case of concentration it is at rest. The area *B* is the focus of consciousness. The material floating on the surface of the water which is in the area *B* is the material on which the attention is being concentrated. The areas C^1 and C^2 are the fringe of consciousness. Material floating there is in consciousness, but not in the focus of consciousness and not under the bright concentrated rays of attention.

I am sitting by the fire in my study writing this chapter. My attention is directed to the endeavour to express this matter clearly to the reader. What I am writing is in the focus of consciousness (*B*). The light (*A*) of attention—which is part of the mind as much as the tank—is directed on it. But I am also dimly conscious of the warmth and crackle of the fire, of the sunshine coming through the window. These impressions are in the fringe of consciousness (C^1 and C^2).

Let us proceed further. The line $D^1 - D^2$, the level of the water, is the level of consciousness. But just under the surface of the water is a mesh. We could liken it to fine, wire netting the mesh of which we can to some extent control. Below it is the area of water marked *E*, which we call the subconscious or, as some psychologists call it, the fore-conscious or pre-conscious. This is the area of the mind from which we can bring to

consciousness memories or impressions if we want to do so. The reader is not thinking at the moment of what he had for dinner yesterday—unless, indeed, it has been giving him many happy returns ever since—yet he can easily bring that memory to consciousness, and probably has already done so. The memory was in the area *E*, and quite easily slipped through the mesh to the area *B*, or perhaps reached the surface at *C* (dimly remembered) and then floated along till it entered *B*.

The art of concentration is partly seen to be the art of managing the mesh just under the surface of consciousness. We find the best minds are those which can tighten the mesh so that the irrelevant things do not come through, and loosen it so that the relevant things come through. You will let through, as you read this chapter, memories of occasions and happenings which illustrate the points I try to make. These will help you to remember the argument, and make the reading of the book of greater value. You will exclude any memories which the Law of the Association of Ideas brings up to consciousness, unless they are relevant and helpful.

The art of praying depends much on the art of controlling the mesh between the subconscious and the conscious. As I pray I open the mesh to let through the memory of a child I saw in hospital yesterday. She must come into my conscious prayers and the lamp of attention be flashed on her. But I must tighten the mesh against memories of the concert I went to last night, or my prayer will become continually

interrupted by unwanted and irrelevant memories bobbing up to the surface.

Now we may go deeper. Below the subconscious area is the unconscious. Of course actually no one can pretend to draw a line and say, "Here the subconscious ends and the unconscious begins." All areas of the mind shade off, one into another. But, for the sake of clarity, we may suppose a line separating the areas. At $F^1 - F^2$ I have drawn such a line, and I imagine here another mesh, a sieve stretching across the tank, and in this case the size of the holes is not controllable by the normal personality.

This mesh is called by some psychologists the endo-psychic censor. Below it is the vast depth of the unconscious, in which area are all the impressions, knowledge, memories, ideas which the mind has ever had and which are not conscious or subconscious. This area *G*—which must have a chapter to itself—is not normally accessible.

Below the level *G* is what Jung has called "the race mind." (*H* in the diagram.) It is conjectured—and of course all these levels are in the realm of conjecture—that in the depths of the mind are race-memories: memories which we bring over from our ancestors. Into this conjecture I will not go deeply. I have often wondered why so many folk who love a swallow hate a bat, love many living things but shriek at a snake and hate rats and mice. Is there in them a more than usually defined racial memory of the creatures which disturbed the cave-man's

slumbers? Many will laugh and say such a suggestion is far-fetched. Then let them tell us why so many intelligent people have an otherwise inexplicable hatred of the living things mentioned above. I suggest that many apparently irrational prejudices and fears may have their origin in a mental factor deep in the so-called race mind which we inherit. Bats and snakes and mice and rats disturbed the slumbers of the cave-man and set up fear. We may inherit, deep in the mind, his disquietude.

Recently the treasurer of the Froebel Society, lecturing in London on "The Child as Musician," stated that in his opinion "race-memory" was a well-established phenomenon. He believed, he said, that often children sang snatches of old cadences buried deep in the heart of the race. The lecturer, Mr. Wm. Platt, spoke of one child who, at the age of three months, would stop crying if music were played. At four months he would smile at bright music, but would begin to whimper at discord.

Another child of twenty months, with his parents who were listening to a band, became absorbed when the "Tannhauser" overture began. The child became more and more excited until the music reached the climax upon which the hymn to Venus bursts in. The child had a favourite companion whom he called "boy," and immediately upon the advent of the Venus hymn the child in his excitement began to shout, "Boy, boy, boy!"

Mr. Platt gave an instance of a child of six months inventing a tune of four notes which

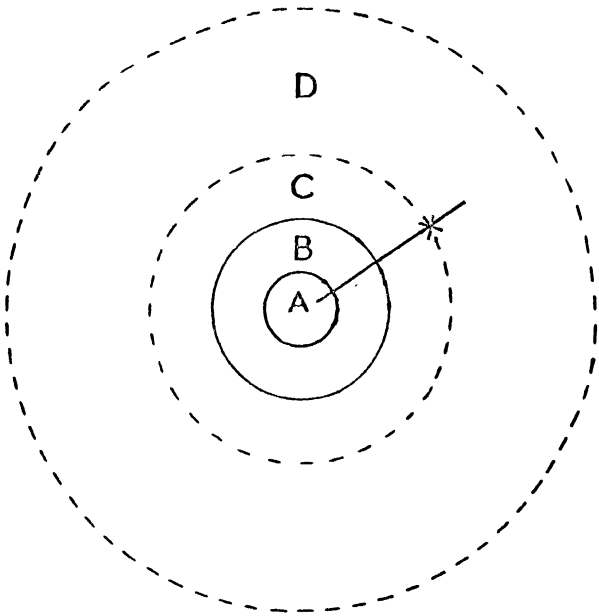
approximated to the opening two bars of the "Fifth Symphony" of Beethoven. The little phrases of children, he added, were often allied to old Church modes that were in vogue before the minor and major were invented.

Experiments in hypnosis suggest a vast depth of mental life stored with memories. In my own work I have been able to lead an adult person under hypnosis back and back and back until he described unimportant things—which it was most unlikely he had been told—which happened in the second and third years of his life. The importance of this in dealing with some types of disharmony will appear later, but at this stage it may be pointed out that something may be "forgotten" by the mind in the sense that it sinks into the unconscious, yet it may still give a great deal of trouble. It may, to keep our illustration, send up bubbles into consciousness which are very disturbing and destructive of our peace of mind; and yet the worst of it may be that we don't know what is causing them, just because they originate in our unconscious mind, in the area to which we have no direct access.

One warning must be added. The diagram must not be misread to mean that an impression is received into the mind and that it slowly falls to the bottom through the meshes, and that whether it is subconscious or unconscious is only a matter of time. Material may be unconscious that took place recently, and impressions which were first conscious years ago may still be only in the subconscious part of the mind.

Some like to think of the mind as a target.

The bull's eye is the focus of consciousness and the inner ring the fringe. The outer rings represent the subconscious, and then, further out, the unconscious. The process of remembering is that of bringing an impression from the further rings



of the subconscious to the fringe and then the focus.

A, then, is the focus of consciousness and *B* the conscious. We can draw more definite lines here. *C* is the area of the subconscious, separated, as it must be, by a very tentative line from the unconscious—and who shall draw the boundary of the unconscious? At the point *X*

there may be a name I have forgotten. Consciousness sends out a search for it. As it gets through the subconscious we begin dimly to recognise it. We say, " It begins with *H*. Hepworth, Hepton, Hendall, Hanworth. *Hancock*, that's it." But if you are wise, and you are trying to remember a name, you will start the process and then think of something else. From the conscious mind a movement is then begun which loosens the buried memory and lets it get back to consciousness. If you keep on straining after it, it can't get out. Rattle your stick in the rabbit hole and then walk away. If you've got your hand and arm up the hole how can the ferret get out? Which things are a parable. It seems as if maintaining a concentrated effort to remember a name blocks up the passage along which it is bound to come.

Let us pass now to other figures which illustrate some things about the nature of the mind. We all know the difference between getting a grain of salt into the eye and getting a grain of sand into it. Salt will cause minute inflammation, but because salt is soluble, the tears which are induced, the waters which bathe the eye, can deal with the intruder. The salt is dissolved and there is no more trouble. But sand in the eye is a different matter. The eye will endeavour to deal with the situation. The waters of the eye will seek to wash it out. Or, during sleep, wax may form and surround it and banish it. But we all know cases in which there is no peace until we have submitted to the sand being removed from the eye by some skilled person.

So impressions and experiences fall into the mind. Some are easily dealt with by the mind. We " think no more about them." But others torture the mind for a long time. Perhaps at last the mind finds a way of dealing with them. But there are some that need a skilled person to deal with them. The further they have sunk in the mind the harder his task. He—and we must leave the figure—must bring them to the level of consciousness and help the patient to deal with them himself.

Take another figure. I have a friend who still has shrapnel in one of his lungs. It gives him little or no trouble save on a particularly cold or wet day. Then there may be slight pain. I suppose the shrapnel happened to be clean and the lung tissue has surrounded it and hardened and he has no actual trouble. If the shrapnel had been dirty, I presume there would have been suppuration and discharge and no health until it was removed.

We must not press the figure too far, but it helps us to understand some things about the mind. It can take the shock of some experiences, and after a brief while there is no further trouble. The wound—the trauma as we call it—is clean. The mind deals with it, and no further trouble arises save that perhaps there is a " mental ache " when things happen which, in things psychological, are like a sudden chill to a wound. But if the wound be " dirty " there will be unrest and nerviness, which we might even call a discharging wound in the mind. After I had tried to explain to a man his trouble, he suddenly

said, "You mean I've got a boil in the unconscious." It sounds a crude way of putting it, but the analogy is not without value.

To go back to our tank illustration, something at the bottom of the tank may throw up bubbles to the top, and a bubble doesn't give much of a clue as to what is causing it below the surface. So we have people doing irrational things, suffering irrational fears, enduring irrational pains for which no *conscious* explanation is to hand. Again and again we find that deep in the mind, so low as to be unconscious, is some trouble which must be raised to consciousness, faced, and adjustment made to it, before peace of mind and health of body can be attained. We shall discuss this more fully in the chapter on Repression.

CHAPTER V

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

IT is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of the unconscious part of the mind.[1] Let me set down some of them :—

1. Physical functions are controlled by it, both in health, such as the functions of respiration, circulation, digestion and so on, and in disease such as is called " functional disease."

2. Choices which appear the result of whim are conditioned by it.

3. Ideas first received by the conscious mind profoundly affect it after they have sunk into the unconscious.

4. Habits of thought or action begun sometimes with difficulty by the use of the will are continued by the unconscious.

5. Psycho-Analysis—to borrow Freud's term for the moment—Psycho-Synthesis, Pyscho-therapy, all depend on getting ideas out of it and into it, for it is the home of our repressed complexes.

And 6, through it—one had almost written from it—rush those instinctive tendencies which are among the great driving forces of the personality.

These points cannot adequately be dealt with

[1] A useful book is " Modern Theories of the Unconscious." W. L. Northridge, M.A., Ph.D., B.D. (Kegan Paul.)

here. Many books have been written to expound the implications of each of the six sentences above, and reference will be made to some of them in footnotes. All that will be attempted in the text will be a brief enlargement of these points with a view to showing the importance of the deep places of the mind.

1. We shall not stay long over physical functions except to show how important it is to realise that if the unconscious is not in a healthy state the possibilities of "functional disease" are almost without limit. If once an idea is received into the unconscious, it is a very easy matter for a physical symptom to develop which may either express the idea, or behind which it may the better escape detection. If there is a conflict in the unconscious—and we shall discuss this later—then the unconscious will probably provide a physical symptom which will relieve the patient of the strain of the conflict. Quite serious illnesses may be functional, and the patient on his conscious levels sincerely desires to be better, but underneath the unconscious is playing him the trick of "desiring" the illness, since by it the conflict is evaded or decided. Take the simplest case. I have a headache. I want it to be better. I don't want pain. But an appointment lies ahead of me which I dread. My unconscious is trying to get me out of the appointment. I fear that at it I shall not do well. If I force myself to go and if I do badly I have an excuse for failure: "I couldn't do well feeling as ill as I did." So the headache is unconsciously motivated to escape the ordeal or provide an

excuse for doing badly at it. Yet I am not pretending I have a headache. The pain is only too evident. Driven by my conscious mind and will, I proceed to take aspirins. But as soon as the ordeal is over the headache has gone. I must not be called a malingerer. One cannot induce a headache by the conscious will short of banging one's head on the wall. It is a trick the mind plays me, and we shall study many such tricks as this book evolves. It is a trick I can cure when I show the unconscious that he is "found out," but the pain is not imaginary. There is no such thing. I sometimes wish that those who talk about imaginary pains had to suffer them. A pain caused by the imagination can be as painful as a pain physically caused.

The ideal treatment for all trouble caused in the depths of the mind is one which penetrates to the unconscious and attacks the origin of the disharmony. Let me relate a case which was brought to me from a distant town. Kathleen was a bright and healthy girl of twenty. Her parents were middle-class people of modest means. Kathleen's father was a sincere churchman and a churchwarden. Kathleen was an ardent attender at church and greatly loved by all who knew her. During the week she worked in the office of a garage, doing the typing and secretarial work. A new curate appeared on the scene, and the reader needs no lengthy sentences to jump to the next step. They were engaged. Kathleen was radiantly happy. The wedding day was fixed. Then came a dreadful day when the curate broke off the engagement. From that

day Kathleen had a curious habit. She simply could not be persuaded to eat. She would put food into her mouth even, and then empty it into her handkerchief or serviette and afterwards throw it away. She became pale, thin, hollow-eyed and showed symptoms of anæmia. Her doctor could only say, "You must make her eat." Her devoted parents did their utmost, adding tears and threats and entreaties, but all to little purpose. A visit was made to a London specialist, unfortunately not to a psychotherapist, who could have recognised the case at once. The specialist said, "There is nothing the matter with her if only she will eat." At last, in desperation, hearing that I had had a similar case, they brought her to me. Her mother showed me earlier photographs of a plump and bonny girl. I could hardly believe they were of the same girl. For Kathleen, aged twenty-three, weighed five stones three pounds, and her body looked like that of an Indian famine victim. Any psychologist would have recognised almost at once the dread "self-immolation complex" functioning deep in the unconscious. Kathleen said quite simply, "I know I ought to eat, and I do try to, but all the time I feel there is a strong inward power which is telling me I must not eat." No words could have been more apt. The "inward power" was that of a morbid unconscious. We shall talk of complexes later, but the explanation can be put simply. The breaking off of the engagement was, of course, a very big shock. It was a traumatic experience—a wound in the mind. But it was not a clean wound, for, to

use a former illustration (p. 79), there was emotional dirt clinging to it. It was suppurating. Not only was there resentment against the curate, but wounded pride. Kathleen had dreamed every day of the time when she would not be merely a typist at a garage, but a vicar's wife, a person of great importance in the life of some village or town. When the engagement was broken off, Kathleen, like many idealistic young girls, never considered that she might marry someone else. To her it was a life sentence to work she hated. So her "unconscious" hit on a plan, a kind of revenge, though to the reader a cutting off of the nose to spite the face. Putting it popularly, but not inaccurately, her unconscious said, "Life is over for you. Be a martyr. Offer yourself as an offering on the altar of unrequited love. Fade away and die. Then you will punish the curate, and all the neighbourhood will pity you. 'Poor darling!' they will say, 'she died of a broken heart.'"

It must be remembered that all these mental processes of Kathleen's which we have been observing were unconscious. She was not responsible for them, and all directions to "pull herself together" were doomed to failure. Fortunately she was intellectually bright, and we began our interviews with talks about the way the mind works and the tricks the unconscious can play. Then the conversation was brought round gradually to a discussion of her own case in such a way that she herself *discovered* the explanation of her own condition. The unconscious enemy was tracked down and driven into the

open sunlight of consciousness, and there recognised for the stupid, evil thing he was, and promptly despatched. Kathleen recognised that now she could bury the past. It was a cleaned-up past, if the expression can be allowed. I was weighing her from time to time, and the week after her great discovery she put on two pounds. No medicine or surgery, no dieting or manipulation would have availed. Slowly she accepted the view that God still had a purpose in her life. Indeed, she must not close her mind to the idea of marriage, and in the meantime she must carry on living a day at a time. I am delighted to report her complete recovery, even though, at present, she is not married or engaged.

Few who are without psychological experience realise what a dread hold the unconscious can get on us and how hard it can be to break that hold. I had another case of a boy of eleven with this same self-immolation complex. He heard his father—who suffered a terrible financial catastrophe—say that now they would all have to live more simply. Turning to the boy, the father had said, "Eric, you mustn't eat so much, I can't afford it." Somehow the words became traumatic and produced a morbid unconscious condition which we might describe by saying that the boy thereafter felt that to eat more than a minimum was disloyal to his father, a species of theft. In vain the father entreated the boy to eat, and bought him delicacies. The boy wasted away and was brought to me. I knew that the very best opinion must be had at once, and that daily treatment—impossible

for me—must begin forthwith. I therefore sent them immediately to a London psychotherapist; but in a few weeks, in spite of the correct, and indeed the only treatment, the boy died, though there was no trace of any disease.

In my file I have a press cutting relating how the alleged theft of a purse preyed upon a girl's mind so much that she refused to eat, and finally died of starvation. The house-physician at the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases said the girl had eaten nothing for four weeks. "*She told him that there was something at the back of her mind telling her it was wicked to eat.*" It was the same complex. I think those who read to the end of this book will not be in doubt as to the importance of the unconscious, and I think they will be in a position to prevent the unconscious, which can be such a mighty asset if understood and used, from becoming—what is only too possible—the impostor and the tyrant. I recently gave a demonstration to a number of medical friends of the phenomena associated with hypnosis. Under deep hypnosis—a state of abnormal unconsciousness—it can be shown that ideas in the unconscious can alter the temperature of the body, the respiration, the speed of the heart, and even produce urticaria on the skin. No treatment of a subject like the relation between Psychology and life can afford to leave out the importance of the unconscious part of the mind.

2. The unconscious determines many choices which we make and for which we should be unable to give a conscious reason. We have seen a little of this in speaking of rationalisation (pp. 63 ff.), for

in rationalising, the true reason often quickly becomes unconscious, and may never have been in consciousness at all.

I do not propose to spend much time on this point, since I have done so in another place,[1] but it must be kept in mind by those who would understand the working of the mind. What is so hard for some to accept is that a person is not a deceiver, a malingerer or a hypocrite whose conscious and unconscious motives do not agree. It must be asserted very dogmatically that a person may give a conscious reason for a choice or course of conduct and be absolutely honest and sincere, while at the same time, unknown to himself, a very different reason may lie in the unconscious and be the truly dominating factor. It may be years before the unconscious factor arises to consciousness. It may never rise.

So we can have a man honestly seeking membership in the Church, in whom the dominating factor is an attraction to a young lady in whose eyes he will stand in much more favourable light if he is a Church member. I do not mean, of course, that he is unconscious of the attraction, but he is unconscious that the attraction is his dominating motive in seeking membership. When, as a matter of history, the young lady began to attend another church, the young man's "membership" wilted and died. So we have the single woman taking up work among "fallen girls." Her honest conscious motive is philanthropy. Her unconscious motive and the truly dominating factor in her choice of work is sexual

[1] "Psychology in Service of the Soul," pp. 98 ff.

curiosity. She herself, during analysis, discovered this. The discovery of this unconscious motive must not cause her to give up her work. If she did that, the curiosity would have no normal outlet, and morbid symptoms would possibly follow. She must acknowledge to herself the formerly unconscious factor and dedicate her curiosity to this worthy end. Greater health of mind has been reached by the discovery of the condition of the deep mind. Greater sympathy will go out to the erring, since it is now realised that the cause of the "fall" and the energy of the worker both derive from sex. In the same way, much public work, such as preaching, singing, lecturing, conducting, reciting, acting, has self-display as a potent factor, often unconscious, but more dynamic than a love of art or a love of truth. The discovery of the more powerful factor, however, does not render the work of less value. It does mean better mental health to the discoverer.

Freud in his "Psychopathology of Everyday Life" gives scores of cases of the way in which the unconscious determines our choices, our motives, our slips of tongue and of pen, our forgettings and rememberings. It must not be thought that the psychologist is a kind of low-down detective searching always in everyone's conduct for unworthy motives and always suspicious of hypocrisy. As a psychologist he is not there to assess moral values, but to help his patient to recover mental poise and harmony and face the inner world of his own being.

3. Monsieur Coué once said a thing which has often amused me. He was giving instruction

to one of his patients in the art of auto-suggestion. "Keep on repeating it," he said, "over and over again. You needn't think too much of what you are saying. Say it as you say the Litany in church." Truly that is how the Litany is often said, though one wonders if it is the best way of saying it. But Monsieur Coué is right in teaching that the value of a therapeutic idea in the mind does not depend so much on whether the conscious mind possesses it as whether the unconscious is permeated by it.

If the depths of the unconscious are really permeated by an idea, the idea tends to actualise. Here we see at once the tremendous importance of the unconscious. The value of suggestion, whether "auto" or "hetero," depends on whether ideas can successfully reach it.

One of the great enemies of successful suggestion is the critical faculty of the mind, which varies with different people, but does *not* appear to depend on education or experience. I have had as patients teachers, university graduates, ministers and doctors who, for the moment, one will assume to be educated. I have had farm-labourers and humble folk who would make no such claims. Yet there seems to be no safe deduction which one can make. Some educated people are highly suggestible, others are not. The same is true of uneducated people. Other factors come in, of which superstition is one and credulity another. Faith seems to be in a different category, for it is something attained, and true faith seems to me to have small relation to suggestibility.

By the critical faculty, of course, I mean that faculty of the mind which examines with close scrutiny every idea given to it and which tends to reject those ideas which are not of a piece with former experience. If I say to most of my friends, "You cannot remove your hand from that table," their critical faculty at once flashes a message to the centres of the brain that it is a ridiculous statement, and they proceed to move the hand to show how heartily they reject the idea which is contrary to experience, since the hand is in no way bound to the table. Yet I have a friend, a graduate of Cambridge University, to whom such a statement spoken with confident voice would produce an inhibition, and she would be quite unable to move her hand until given permission to do so. Her conscious mind tells her that her inability is irrational and, as she says, "it is so silly"; nevertheless the unconscious has received the idea of inability, the idea having got past the critical sentry on duty, and the unconscious maintains its hold in spite of all the efforts of the conscious will.

We must not stay to discuss the whole subject of suggestion at this point.[1] It must suffice to

[1] Good books on this subject are:

(*a*) "Suggestion and Mental Analysis," William Brown. (University of London Press.)

(*b*) "Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion," Baudouin. (George Allen & Unwin.)

(*c*) "Christianity and Auto-Suggestion," Brooks and Charles. (George Allen & Unwin.)

(*d*) Chapter by J. A. Hadfield on "Treatment by Suggestion," in "Functional Nerve Disease," ed. Dr. H. Crichton Miller, p. 61. (Oxford Medical Publications.)

show that the whole purpose of suggestion is to get ideas deeply into the unconscious, for it is there that they produce their powerful effects on personality. Nor shall we discuss hypnotism,[1] save to say that under deep hypnosis an idea can often be got into the mind at a low level without being registered by consciousness at all, and such an idea has an effect on personality which is sometimes little short of miraculous. During hypnosis the critical faculty is inhibited. It must be added, however, that ideas received by the mind during hypnosis often do not permanently influence the mind, because the habit tracks of earlier thinking are so deep and only a dissociated part of the mind has been affected. The transient effects of hypnotic suggestion must, in most cases, be reckoned with. Some cases lend themselves to this treatment and others do not. In some cases it would almost appear as though the sentry (critical faculty), having been asleep, awakens and seeks to make up for his slackness by a very determined onslaught on the idea which evaded him.[2]

I am driven to the view that what is called auto-suggestion may be a very valuable method

[1] See Chapter, "The Religious Value of Hypnosis" in "Psychology in Service of the Soul," p. 118. See also Lloyd Tuckey, "Hypnotism and Suggestion" (Baillière, Tindall and Cox), 15s. Wingfield, "An Introduction to Hypnotism" (Oxford Univ. Press). Milne Bramwell, "Hypnotism. Its History, Practice and Theory" (Rider).

[2] For the conditions under which suggestion is successful see "Psychology in Service of the Soul," pp. 65 ff., and also Baudouin, "Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion." (George Allen & Unwin.)

of praying. In a memorable sentence [1] Jesus said: "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them and ye shall have them." God's gifts are received by believing that they are available, not by imploring a reluctant God to hear and come to our aid. I once heard a man pray with uplifted fists and loud voice for God's gift of peace. One would have thought that his picture of God must have been that of a reluctant old gentleman sitting by the fire reading, who, if the prayer were importunate enough, would put aside his book and say to one of the angels, "For pity's sake give that man some peace."

But God is all around us, longing that we should appropriate the peace He offers. It is not an unworthy conception of petitionary prayer to fall asleep murmuring the words, "The peace of God is mine. The peace of God is mine. I shall sleep quietly all night and awaken in the morning, calm, cheerful and serene, ready for anything the day may bring." God does not leave us when we fall asleep. He still besieges us with His endless grace. His divine energies are still working to bring us wholly into His will and purposes, into all the wonderful fullness of life which is His plan. His ordained processes go on working in the unconscious. We should try to co-operate with Him. For so He giveth to His beloved even in sleep.

[1] Mark xi. 24.

CHAPTER VI

SOME ENERGIES OF THE MIND

We must now discuss some of the most important energies of the mind. If we are going to learn to be masters of our minds we must know, so that we can deal with them, those forces which sweep through personality. We need now a different kind of illustration from that of the tank (p. 71). When we think of the instincts, the source of those terrific forces so hard to control by will and reason, we may think of a rushing river of psychic energy dividing into various channels, but of tremendous force. The various instincts refer to the various channels along which these primal energies of the mind rush. But, as we shall see later, these rivers may dive underground and be lost sight of, and even undermine personality to a dangerous degree, so that it tends to cave in. Or they may be dammed and lead to stagnation and morass. Or they may flow in perverted channels where they are a nuisance to society, if not to us. It is essential, then, first to have some working idea of what instincts are.

The word "instinct" is frequently misused. Men speak of "the political instinct." We may be thankful that there is no such thing, or we could not stop people from being politicians! Men speak sometimes of religion as an instinct. Religion has some of its roots deep in the instincts,

but it is not, strictly speaking, an instinct. Its universality does not prove its instinctive nature. It is rather a universal faculty. Hunger is an instinctive thing, and if the reader cares to do so he may miss the next eight meals and test his hunger. I hazard the view that it will be increased. Let him miss his prayers for the same period, and I think he will be less inclined for prayer, rather than more inclined. In the case of a faculty, the less we have the less we want. Music is a faculty well-nigh universal. But, if we never indulge in it, its appeal dies. Darwin said that if he could live his life over again he would give a short time each day to music, since in his old age he found it meaningless. Prayer, too, is an expression of the religious faculty, an art to be cultivated, not an instinct to be followed.

An instinct we might simply define as an innate urge, common to all minds, which cannot be acquired or eradicated. Another definition would be that an instinct is a primal urge, the source of those innate tendencies, not born of experience nor needing to be learned, which, rushing up from the unconscious mind, form much of the driving power of personality.

Professor McDougall,[1] in a valuable chapter on Instincts, gives us the following list in the order shown below:—

Parental.
Combative.

[1] "Outline of Psychology," Vol. I, p. 121. (Methuen.) See also his "Social Psychology," which deals fully and excellently with the Instincts.

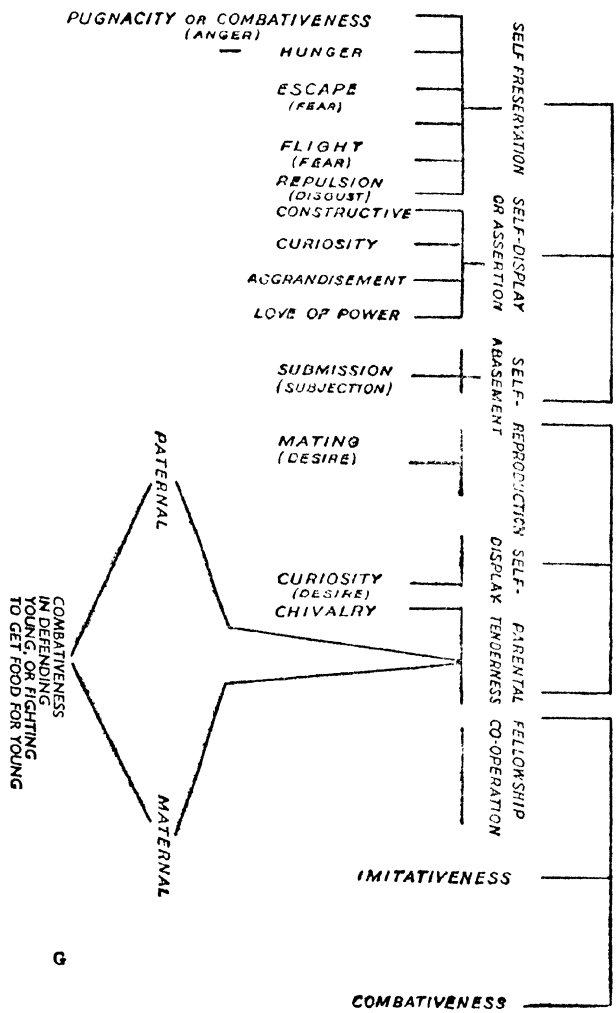
Curious.
Hunger.
Repulsion.
Escape.
Herd.
Self-Assertion.
Submission.
Mating.
Acquisitive.
Constructive.
Appeal.

I turned with interest to various other text-books on Psychology, and found that the list varied. Some writers have concocted a list of nearly forty "instincts." For the sake of simplicity, and, as I think, without the sacrifice of accuracy, we may reduce them to three, Self, Sex and Social; and then label some so-called instincts as aspects and impulses linked with those instincts, and, while we are about it, notice those emotions or feelings which are not instincts, but which are linked with the instincts. Fear, for example, is often called an instinct. It is not an instinct, it is an instinctive emotion.

We take the three primary instincts and divide them first into their varying aspects. Our next division divides these aspects into their various tendencies. In brackets are stated characteristic emotions linked with these tendencies.

For example, from the main instinct which we call Self or Self-regard, we have the aspect of Self-preservation. From Self-preservation we have the tendency to Flight. Linked with this

tendency to flight is the characteristic emotion of fear. So our scheme would be as follows:—



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I hesitate, of course, to appear to disagree with eminent authorities in Psychology, but I hold that this scheme is ultimately better than most bald lists of instincts, because it shows the obvious difference between instinctive activities which bear the same name but represent quite different mental processes. If a youth takes a watch to pieces or applies his eye to the bathroom keyhole when the maid is taking her bath, we might say that in both cases he is curious. Yet the sources of those two instinctive actions are different. The first shows a quest for knowledge so as to build up the self. The second shows a curiosity definitely sexual. The curiosity of a starving child in relation to the contents of a pantry would reveal yet another origin. Again, an explorer is attacked by wolves and fights with a combativeness which has its roots in the Self-preservation aspect of what I have called the Self-Regard instinct. A man in a trustees' meeting votes against the motion of another man simply because he perceives that the rest are going to vote against it and he is too big a coward to stand alone. One watches him glare at the proposer with splendidly simulated scorn, but his opposition has its root in the herd instinct. His combativeness merits the same name, but in reality it is differently caused and, indeed, a different thing. The combativeness of the parents defending their young is different again, though the same word is used of all three. In my scheme I use the words Self, Sex and Social in the widest sense.

If this may be accepted, we shall see at once

how to fit in to the scheme the impulses and emotions or feelings which are characteristically linked with the instincts and their aspects and tendencies. In the famous story of the gouty old gentleman walking slowly down a lane who discovered a bull rushing behind him, and who got over a five-barred gate in less time than it takes to write this, and who then found it exceedingly difficult to get back into the lane, we have behaviour which it is not difficult to analyse. The "self" instinct is roused in its aspect of self-preservation, there is the tendency to flight, and the characteristic and dominating emotion is fear. The reader will find it interesting to analyse in this way incidents which manifest instinctive behaviour.

Keeping the illustration of the river, we may think of the emotion as the slope of the ground which gives the water in the river its energy and force. Seldom does the personality reveal such tremendous energies as when instinctive emotion is driving it to its goal. In another place I have tried to show how fatigue vanishes when personality proceeds to draw on the resources which flow into it as soon as instinctive emotions are operative.[1] No man is so tired that he does not rush from his bed at the cry of "Fire." No woman is so tired that she will not stay up all night to nurse her own child. No lover is so weary that he will not keep tryst with the beloved.

[1] "Psychology in Service of the Soul," pp. 137 *et seq.* (Epworth Press, 3*s.* 6*d.*) See also "The Spirit," ed. B. H. Streeter, pp. 70 *et seq.* Essay by Hadfield on the "Psychology of Power."

Hunger drove a prodigal home. Curiosity has made the researcher or explorer forget the hours. Loneliness would drive us into the fellowship even of the uncongenial. Such energies often seem more powerful than those of the conscious will, and can often defeat it. Let these energies flow in the same direction as the conscious will, and personality possesses a secret of power which admits of no defeat.

The analysis of motive often shows to what a large extent the instincts or the instinctive tendencies or linked emotions supply the *dynamic* of our behaviour. The word " motive," like the word " instinct," is greatly misused, for it is used both of the dynamic of behaviour and of its goal. When a girl sings a solo at a concert, what is her motive? She would say, " To entertain the audience," and in so saying would speak truthfully. But if honest she would not deny that " self-display " or, as she might call it, self-realisation or expression, formed part of the dynamic that drove her to the doing of the deed. We must be honest enough to recognise in our motives both the goal of our striving and the motive power or dynamic which carries us toward the goal. So often is this instinctive that the really selfless act is rare. The inducements held out by the Government, by business firms and others, show how readily they recognise that patriotism and service may be an end worth striving for, but that the dynamic must be supplied to move men toward that end, and that this must be instinctive—namely, acquisitiveness. There must be something to be got out of it, as we say, even if it is only self-complacency!

How many of us joined the army with our dynamic and end motives mixed up?[1] If we had been asked why we joined up, we should unhesitatingly have answered that it was patriotism, or to secure an honourable peace, or to protest against the violation of Belgium. And all that was true. That was the end motive. But the dynamic motive from which the energy came was much nearer home! As is so often true with a dynamic motive, it came from the instincts. It was the herd instinct. All our pals were joining up. No man felt comfortable who was out of khaki. No girl would look at a "civilian"!

People who say they are actuated by the highest motives often fail to recognise in themselves the instinctive urge of much "altruistic" behaviour. The preacher and actor and singer and speaker with no self-display as dynamic are indeed likely to fail. The desire to do good to others, the sense of duty, the desire to serve and uplift, to impart knowledge and truth are there all right. But the honesty which is the basis of mental health should compel us to ask ourselves what power is really driving us along towards these so worthy goals. I think in most cases we shall find them rooted in the instincts. Such analysis even as we may carry out on ourselves will often show that so-called altruistic behaviour often has a motive which drives us to do things which compensate us for losses in other departments of our life.

A picture of a teacher, Miss X, leaps to my

[1] I owe this useful distinction between the end motive and the dynamic or initial motive to Dr. J. A. Hadfield.

mind. She is short of stature and her character is weak in the extreme. When she stands before the children in her class she shrieks at them, and on occasion lays about them with a large cane. I have no doubt that if questioned she would prove her capabilities as a good disciplinarian, and describe her motives as the instilling of knowledge into the minds of the stiff-spined but terrified little wretches who tremble before her. This may be her goal, and in that sense her motive. But undoubtedly—as analysis would show her—her dynamic motive lies in her instinctive tendency to use *power* derived from the self-asserting aspect of the self-instinct, and compensatory to her smallness of stature and feebleness of character.

Yet it is important to add that to find that an instinct produces the real energy of the mind which is carrying us to our goal when we thought ourselves so altruistic, is not to take from our work all its value and demand its being given up. If this were true, most of us would have to give up our work, for the dynamic motives of most of it are in the instincts. Three things must be watched:—

(*a*) The dynamic motive must be recognised.
(*b*) Our work must be re-dedicated.
(*c*) Our goal must be kept unselfish.

The preacher, for instance, once awake to the energies of the mind which are operative, must say to himself, (*a*) "Yes, I undoubtedly have the tendency self-display, but it is innate, *i.e.* God-

given. I recognise it is there, and that I can be a better preacher with it than without it. (*b*) I now dedicate it to God as one who says, Since self-display is a force within me, let me at least use it in preaching the Gospel rather than in some less useful way. (*c*) Let me remember to keep the *end* altruistic, *i.e.* I must not let self-display, which may be the dynamic motive, become also the goal." Such recognition of motive is essential in the completely healthy mind. And as long as the goal is altruistic, the preacher is delivered from the charge that his work is "only self-display," and *mutatis mutandis* we might all do well to inquire within concerning our own particular work in the world. The direction of a motive to a pure end purifies the motive even if its recognised source or origin is instinctive, selfish or even unworthy.[1] Such recognition must not lead us to give up our work, for if we did the energies of the mind would be likely to find a far less satisfactory outlet, or, finding none, become repressed and give rise to serious neurotic trouble.

When Gladys, the beautiful nineteen-year-old and only daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Travers, comes to me and offers to do slum work, I am not going to be in a great hurry to point out the truth, though I will tell it to you. She is a pretty, but rather colourless young modern, recently discharged, poorly educated but with

[1] All motives which spring from the self-regarding instinct are not necessarily "selfish" in the bad sense of the word. If so, jumping to one side to avoid a falling brick would be "selfish."

perfect manners, from an expensive school. In her own set she counts for nothing, is looked down upon and despised. The moment she steps into the slums she will be a great lady, looked up to, worshipped and adored. I can see her stepping out of a Rolls-Royce with an admiring crowd of kiddies with open mouths making way for her. She is getting a tremendous "kick" out of it all. She drops flowers here, and fruit there, and comfort and sympathy everywhere, and she will go back to her gaudy home feeling like an angel returning to Heaven after a sojourn on this sinful earth. She thinks her motive is to help the poor. It is—partly. That is her sincere *goal*. But her *dynamic* motive is compensatory self-aggrandisement. And this is the motive that drives her to this course of conduct. She gets the adoration in the slums which is denied her in her own set, and we see the compensatory factor to which reference has been made. But what a mistake to stop her! If I do that she will idle about in her own set, painting her face and lounging in theatres and cafés, wasting her time and personality in that criminal vanity which is the worst sin of the well-to-do, and which is so damnable in a world where so much service cries out to be done. Perhaps one of these days I shall know her well enough to be allowed to explore her mind with her to the point where she will discover herself to herself. Already I know her well enough to know that when that happens she will re-dedicate both herself and her work. And her aim will remain altruistic. It is her own mental health and poise that cry out for the

recognition of the dynamic motive, the energy of the mind which carries her on her devoted way. Perhaps she will read these lines. In the meantime, the sick like grapes and kiddies love oranges!

In the next chapter we must pass on to other energies of the mind beside those instinctive tendencies and instinctive emotions which so often colour our motives.[1]

[1] The discussion of motives was divided because motivation illustrates both the importance of the unconscious and the energies of the instincts.

CHAPTER VII

MORE ENERGIES OF THE MIND

(SENTIMENT, WILL, IMAGINATION AND CONFIDENCE)

I HAVE tried to show in the last chapter how much mental energy is released into personality by the instinctive emotions. Those who have read any Psychology at all are familiar with the word sentiment, and know that it has a significance deeper than the connotation given to it in ordinary conversation.

" Our emotions or, more strictly, our emotional dispositions tend to become organised in systems about the various objects or classes of objects that excite them." [1] Such organised systems of emotional tendencies are sentiments. A sentiment is the permanent disposition out of which emotions arise. Friendship, for example, is a sentiment which may give rise to various emotions such as sorrow, joy, jealousy, hope and fear. Patriotism is a sentiment giving birth to various emotions. Love might be said to be both emotion and sentiment. As sentiment it leads to fear, jealousy, and so on, as well as to the tender feeling or emotion also called love.

We need not labour the fact that our sentiments leading to emotion set free in us energies which carry us to our goal. We think of what we can carry out in the name of, and for the sake of, friendship. We know what men will do when

[1] McDougall, " Social Psychology," p. 122.

those energies which spring from the sentiment of patriotism are set in motion. Here is a force which is stronger, say, than the instinctive tendency to preserve life. Men will die for their country. They will die for one whom they love. It is generally true to say that human personality is functioning at a higher potential when it seeks to serve another than when it seeks to serve itself.

Further, no chapter on the energies of the mind can leave out the tremendous importance of the will. In an age when we rather tend to shirk self-discipline and the training of the will it is necessary to emphasise how much can be done by sheer, dogged perseverance, by those who in the face of much opposition refuse to give way to their feelings and who get things done. Mr. Drinkwater's prayer surely calls forth a response from us all.

> Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
> Grant us the power to labour as we know,
> Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,
> To strike a blow.
>
> Knowledge we ask not, knowledge Thou hast lent,
> But Lord the will, there lies our bitter need.
> Give us to build above the deep intent,
> The deed, the deed.

At the same time, it is even more important to realise that the will is in some ways like the machinery of a car. It is there, strong, efficient and powerful, but it needs some other force to take hold of it and fire it if we seek to find the maximum power in personality and really master the art of living.

Notice, for instance, some situations in which the will seems strangely useless. The new curate feels it his duty to call on Lady A., who lives in his parish. The new curate was an Oxford "rugger" blue. He's a great he-man who measures six feet in his socks, and he is broad in proportion. The one thing he loathes in this job to which he has enthusiastically given himself is the conventional calling which his vicar says he must do. Like a scared child he creeps up Lady A.'s drive, complete with nice dark grey suit and dog-collar. In parentheses one wishes that young men, when they see the parson in his dog-collar, would remember that he is just as much a man as they are, and a few years ago was probably rowing in his College boat or playing in a football team. In his hand our curate clutches his newly printed card, sincerely hoping that Lady A. will be out and that he can leave the card with the housemaid and cross Lady A. off the list. But alas! Not only is she at home: she is holding one of those abominations of desolation called an "At Home." Poor curate! He sits in a low chair with his knees up in the air, trying to balance a cup and saucer, spoon, plate and bun, and then rise gracefully to be introduced to each new arrival. Let him switch on his will-power as one who says, "Go to, I *will* be at my ease." I think the will in that case will not turn out to be very efficient to bring about the desired end. But supposing Lady A. comes and asks his advice about sending her boy to Oxford, kindles his interest and makes him *feel* at home. Then his will begins functioning like a Rolls-Royce

engine in a car in which one rides, unconscious of the mechanism, since the action is so smooth, whereas before, the will was as hard to work as that same engine on a cold morning when it refused to start and got one hot and hectic trying to make it do so. "To will is present with me," says St. Paul, "but to do . . . is not." [1] And he also says, "The love of Christ constraineth us." [2]

Again and again we shall find that the will needs to be fired by feelings of interest or confidence or affection, or by that activity of the imagination by which one envisages oneself as successfully performing the task which is being essayed. Those who have watched a young lady *trying* not to blush, or a speaker without experience *trying* to address a gathering, or a novice *trying* to hit a golf-ball, or a patient *trying* to go to sleep, or a person *trying* to remember a name, are ready to believe that the secret of mastery in many things is not to be found in the flogging of the will. It is not that the will is to be decried as useless. Without it we should do nothing. It is that other energies of the mind, if they are working in an opposite direction, nullify its force. They need to work in the same direction and empower the will. It is not much good trying to push the mill-wheel of the will round with one's hands when the stream of feeling or imagination is flowing the opposite way. The wheel of the will is of tremendous importance and value. The miller can't grind his corn with the stream alone. But will and imagination must go the same way. If not, the imagination is likely to win in the

[1] Rom. vii. 18. [2] 2 Cor. v. 14.

conflict. It has greater energies inherent in it than has the will. To say loudly, "I will," when an inner still small voice adds, "But I don't think I can," is really to hold an imaginative picture of oneself failing; and fail one assuredly will if that picture be not changed. When Peter was invited to come to Jesus on the water he exerted his will, but his mental picture was of himself sinking. Therefore he began to sink.

One of M. Coué's illustrations cannot be bettered, I think, at this point.[1] "Suppose," he says, "that we place on the ground a plank thirty feet long by one foot wide. It is evident that everybody will be capable of going from one end to the other of this plank without stepping over the edge. But now change the conditions of the experiment, and imagine this plank placed at the height of the tower of a cathedral. Who then will be capable of advancing even a few feet along this narrow path? Could you hear me speak? Probably not. Before you had taken two steps you would begin to tremble, and *in spite of every effort of your will* you would be certain to fall to the ground.

"Why is it, then, that you would not fall if the plank is on the ground, and why should you fall if it is raised to a height above the ground? Simply because in the first case you *imagine* that it is easy to go to the end of this plank, while in the second case you imagine that you *cannot* do so." Indeed, Coué and Baudouin and others have expressed our point in a law which they call the law of

[1] Coué, "Self-Mastery through Conscious Auto-Suggestion," pp. 11–12. (George Allen and Unwin.)

reversed effort, which runs,[1] "In the conflict between the will and the imagination, the force of the imagination is in direct ratio to the square of the will."

We begin to see, in the light of this, why it is so hard to cure certain bad habits. The will is being engaged. Concerning that there is no doubt. But the forces of the imagination are running the opposite way, and there is no confidence in success. Therefore, strange though it is to say so, the more the patient *tries* the worse he gets. Yet I have seen bad habits speedily broken when the patient has held before his own eyes the imaginative picture of himself completely rid of the habit and has had confidence in victory. "I can" is far stronger than "I will," and the bed-time suggestion, "I am completely free from this habit, completely free, completely free," the body being meanwhile entirely relaxed, quickens the imagination in some people to the release of such wonderful power that they think no more about their will at all. They gain a victory. It is all in the New Testament, as indeed is most of what is valuable in modern psychological treatment. The passage already quoted from St. Mark[2] might almost be translated, Imagine you've got the things you pray for and they are yours. "I *can* do all things in Him that strengtheneth me."[3] "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin but alive unto God in Christ Jesus."[4] See yourself cleansed and you will become clean. The New Testament

[1] Baudouin, "Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion," p. 125.
[2] Mark xi. 24. [3] Philip. iv. 13. [4] Rom. vi. 11.

doesn't deal with sin by appealing to the will. If it did it would not be a gospel, save for the men and women whose wills were strong. Its appeal is for faith in One whose indwelling can renew us. Not "try harder," but "believe in recovery." Not "flog your will" but "put on Christ."[1] Let me imaginatively receive Him into my heart in the confidence that He can give me release, and the release is mine more quickly and completely than my will could ever achieve unaided. Such imagination is the basis of faith. Faith, again and again, if analysed, is found to be imagination grown up; imagination developed and tested and confirmed in experience. They are not the same, of course. You can have imagination without faith. But you can't have faith without imagination.

All those who teach or train children know what magical results occur when the imagination is brought to the aid of the will. How hard for me to allay my child's fears by an appeal to the will, if, during some childish sickness, the flames of his bedroom fire throw weird and frightening shadows on the ceiling! How easy if I can appeal to his imagination; if I can make him see those same frightening shadows as fairies who have come out of the black coal to warm his bedroom and sing him to sleep!

The tasks of grown-up people can similarly be faced with far greater power if the will be kindled by the imagination. How hard it sometimes is for me to force myself to the discipline of prayer! But if that part of my prayer which

[1] Gal. iii. 27; Ephes. iv. 24; Col. iii. 10, 14.

is an attempt to realise the Divine presence can be kindled by allowing the mind to make an imaginative picture of Christ present in my room, or in some hut on the hillside where I may meet with Him, then in a few moments I have forgotten that I had to force myself to pray.[1] And if, in praying for others, I can, imaginatively, say, go into their sick room with Christ and watch Him touch them back to life and health, then how tremendously my "will-to-pray" is reinforced and strengthened.[2] This is not to be dismissed as "only imagination." The imagination is a respectable, reliable and God-given faculty by which we can make mental pictures of realities which exist but which cannot be apprehended by the senses. That it can be used in regard to what does not exist does not detract from the truth of the earlier statement. Even reason can be misused. It is misused in the process called rationalisation. (See p. 63.) Imagination has as valuable a sphere in the apprehension of reality as has the reason. Countless discoveries have been made because scientists have used their imagination.

If therefore we have tasks to do which irk and chafe us, it is worth while spending some little time in trying to discover whether we may not regard them in a new light, bring some imaginative romanticism to play upon them, or take such an attitude to them that a new interest fires the

[1] See "Jesus and Ourselves," pp. 272 ff. (Epworth Press.)

[2] See "Discipleship," pp. 57 ff. (Student Christian Movement.)

will so that the personality may tackle the work with new verve and greater power. So many dull, dreary and difficult tasks would be child's-play if we were only child-like and kept in good repair the imaginative faculty, which makes childhood so happy and children so lovable.

> All may of Thee partake,
> Nothing can be so mean,
> Which with this tincture, "for Thy sake,"
> Will not grow bright and clean.
>
> A servant with this clause,
> Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
> Makes that and the action fine.[1]

"The struggling stream of duty," says Matthew Arnold, "is reinforced by an immense tidal wave of sympathy and emotion." "Love," said St. Paul, "is the filling-full of the law."[2]

Turn now to the energy which is released in the mind when our attitude is one of confidence. Nothing has ever been done in the world by those who in their heart of hearts disbelieved in their own capability of achievement. The attitude of mind which says, "I can," does definitely release in personality energies and forces which otherwise are not available.

An experiment of Dr. Hadfield's is of interest here. He says,[3] "I asked three men to submit themselves to test the effect of mental suggestion

[1] George Herbert. I have worked out the point that dull work can become divine service in "Psychology in Service of the Soul," pp. 145 ff.

[2] Rom. xiii. 10.

[3] "The Spirit," ed. Canon Streeter, p. 77. (Macmillan.)

on their strength, which was measured by gripping a dynamometer. I tested them (1) in their normal waking condition; (2) after suggesting to them under hypnosis that they were 'weak'; (3) after suggesting under hypnosis that they were 'very strong.' In each case the men were told to grip the dynamometer as tightly as they could—that is to say, to exert the will to the utmost. Under hypnosis the mind is very suggestible, and the response to the suggestions of weakness and strength gave very remarkable results. In the normal waking condition the men gave an average grip of 101 lbs. When, under hypnosis, I had given the men the idea that they were very weak, the average grip was only 29 lbs., one of them, a prize-fighter, remarking that his arm felt 'tiny, just like a baby's.' My suggestions of strength produced an average grip of 142 lbs., as against the 101 lbs. which was the best they could do in their normal waking conditions. A second test, measured by the time occupied in holding out a weight, gave similar results. In brief, when I suggested 'weakness,' the full flood of energy was checked and the men were capable of only one-third of their normal strength, whereas, by suggestion of 'strength,' latent powers were liberated and their normal strength increased by half as much again." In other words, when their minds accepted the idea, "we cannot," they were weak. When their minds accepted the idea, "we can," they were capable of power, registered by the gripping machine, greater than they could summon in the normal waking condition.

I have found in my own work that sometimes the most amazing results follow the acceptance of the idea of ability to do the thing the patient desires to do. Here again we notice how weak is the will if it be unaided by the inspiration of confidence. "I will" fails so often because it is accompanied by an inner doubt which fiendishly whispers, "You can't." If that last suggestion of the devil is accepted by the mind, then the will is powerless. The devil knows enough Psychology to know how we can be made to fail!

Let me add an illustration from a very common happening in my own work. When a person is hypnotised in the course of a psychological treatment, one of the ways in which the psychologist tests the depth of the hypnosis is by some such direction as follows. After hypnosis has been induced one says to the patient, "Your right arm has become very heavy. You cannot raise it from the couch. You cannot move it. Now try; try hard; try harder; use your will." Because the patient is hypnotised, that is, because he is in a condition in which his mind is accepting the ideas given to it, he cannot raise his arm, however much he may use his will. Because he believes he cannot, all his trying avails nothing. He can't because he believes he can't; he has accepted the idea that he can't, and his will is powerless to overcome his inability. You would see the muscles of his arm tighten and his face furrow with the effort of trying, but he cannot raise his arm. Then the psychologist may say to the patient, "Now you can raise your arm. Do so. Raise it above your head." Immediately it flies

up. For now *he believes he can.* There is confidence. There is faith.

So in normal life we often can't because we think we can't. Will-power is overcome by the inhibitions of our lack of confidence, our lack of faith that we can succeed. We try, but nothing happens. We may even get worse. If we relaxed our efforts and drenched our minds with the suggestion, "I can," and especially, "I can in Him who enables me," we should be astonished at the success we should achieve. For then the wheel of the will and the stream of expectation would be running in the same direction.

Our very prayers sometimes do the opposite of what we need. For sometimes they involve the dragging out of past failures and falls to such an extent that the spectacle dismays us, and the final suggestion left with a mind that prays for, and wills deliverance, is of failure in the future carried forward from memories of the past. When we have faced failure and admitted its shame, and experienced a cleansing penitence, then we must put our sins where God has put them, behind His back and ours, and let the mind dwell on future victory, confident that His strength will be added to our own. Not to do that is to deny ourselves and deny Him also; refusing to believe that, though others may find release, there is any hope for us.

Let the machinery of the will, then, be kept in good repair. Let it, by discipline and endeavour, be efficient and strong. But then let us learn how to supply it with the driving forces which it needs if it is going to function adequately.

Interest, imagination, confidence, are secrets we must understand. They flood the mind with feeling. Without them we are as those who laboriously push wheels round with their hands. But with them energies are released in personality greater than we ever dreamed. So concerning your troubles, let your mind soak itself in the thought of triumphant victory and go to sleep saying, " In Him who strengthens me I can, I can, I can."

CHAPTER VIII

REPRESSION AND SELF-CONTROL

We shall never grasp what modern psychology is talking about, nor shall we have any understanding of the more serious inabilities to face up to life which are miscalled "nervous breakdowns," unless we get very clearly into our minds what repression really is and its essential difference from suppression.

I write with the very greatest sympathy for all victims of such "breakdowns." They are told by fond but ignorant relatives that "there is nothing *really* the matter with them." They are told to "pull themselves together" and "not to be so silly," and that their terrors and pains are "imaginary." "If only you wouldn't give way to yourself so," says stout Aunt Lucy to her trembling niece. "Look at me, I don't go about thinking I've got something the matter with me." It's true she doesn't. But how is her niece to know, not only that Aunt Lucy is made on a pattern as different mentally as physically, but that she has never had a shock or been wounded in the mind or been thwarted in any way whatever since she was ten? And her husband could vouch for that during the last twenty years. Such well-meaning idiots as Aunt Lucy do nothing but torture the victims of neurosis, and the only thing we can do to muzzle

them is to try to make them understand one great fact which deserves different type.

Repression takes place in the depths of the unconscious mind, and the condition cannot be remedied merely by summoning the conscious will. The condition exists at a depth of mind far lower than that on which the will operates.

We all want to get a sufferer to face his sufferings nobly, but merely to tell him to pull himself together is as cruel and futile as to say the same to a sufferer from deep-seated internal physical injury. A young girl of twenty-one was in my room recently suffering from phobia, a repressed fear. Her father blustered about the room and got red in the face with anger at her " carryings on." Finally I got him out of the room, but not before he had reduced the patient to tears. I think he wanted me to continue the same kind of treatment. " Do what you like," he said as he went through the door. " Shame her out of it. Give her a good thrashing if you like. She deserves it." " As if I should be like this," she said between her sobs, " if I could help it." What a true word! As if a young, physically healthy girl would be in bed in a heat wave, for weeks before she came to me, and cut out all the things young girls love, just out of sheer 'cussedness.' The trouble was a repressed fear. On the conscious level was a fear of going out anywhere. But that was only a bubble on the surface. The bubble came up from something at the bottom of the well of the mind, something she couldn't reach. If she knew and faced the *origin* of her fears, they would not haunt or hinder her another hour.

When I say to her, "Why are you afraid to go out?" I know she will answer, "I don't know." To be Irish, if she did know she wouldn't be in that condition. It was precisely because she couldn't deal with the situation by the use of the will that she was in such anguish. When she was cured her father came again. "Well, I'm damned," he said. "She's a different girl." "The second statement is true," I said. "I should think the first is highly probable." If these lines meet the eye of a victim, let him be comforted. If they meet the eye of a relative, let him realise that the true neurotic is a patient needing treatment, not a coward or a fool needing abuse.

But repression is seriously misunderstood in another way. There is a slogan current at the present time, which is exceedingly harmful and dangerous. In two words it is, "Never repress." It teaches that all "repression" is dangerous and leads to nervous breakdown or neurosis, and that full expression should be given to all those instinctive energies which sweep through the personality.

The popularity of such advice, falling in as it does with man's natural desires, has led Dean Inge to write as follows:

"Psychologists are talking of the evil of repression, and practically suggesting that the healthy life is one that gives full rein to all its instincts and impulses, and does what it likes. There, Christianity, whatever form it takes, must give a firm answer. If this idea is right, then all Christian moralists and old moralists, like Plato, are wrong."

Here, obviously, is a challenge that must be met, and the subtlety and danger of the situation are that the advice, "Don't repress," is perfectly sound and entirely in harmony with Christian teaching; but when a psychologist says that repression is bad, he does not mean what the man in the street means by repression, or what Dean Inge means in the paragraph quoted above. The man in the street means by repression any "bottling up" of instinctive energies and impulses; but that is not repression in the technical sense at all, as we shall see later on. The danger of quack medicine is that the quack, without any medical training or experience, uses the same words as the doctor, and is all the more dangerous on that account. The public must be warned against quack psychology packed in slogans which contain psychological expressions used in a different sense. Quite frankly, there is a quack psychology abroad, emanating from people without psychological training and experience, which is as dangerous to mental harmony as quack prescriptions are dangerous to physical well-being. One cannot quite understand how a scholar and thinker of the calibre of Dean Inge has failed to perceive that it is not the psychologist who is out of harmony with Christian teaching, but those who use his jargon without his meaning, and who are responsible for popular slogans which are all the more popular because they tell a man that it is good for him to do that which he greatly desires to do. In this matter men have snatched a supposed sanction from

psychology by not stopping to understand one of its technical terms.

To understand this business of repression, it will be simplest if we think of the mind as a very deep well, an illustration similar to the one already used. The surface of the water in the well is the area of consciousness. Floating on the surface are a number of corks, which we will suggest are all the things which are in consciousness. We will imagine one on which our attention is engaged, within the focus of consciousness, so that if you are in an arm-chair reading these words, the focus of consciousness, I will hope—perhaps rather optimistically—includes the meaning I am trying to get over to you through these printed words. But you are also conscious of your friend sitting in the other arm-chair, of the warmth of the fire, the comfortable chair in which you yourself are sitting, the light, and perhaps occasionally the chiming of a clock.

Just underneath the level of the water is the subconscious. In this stratum of water are memories and impulses which are not conscious, but which can be brought up into consciousness if required. The names of the friends we met on our last summer holiday we do not hold in consciousness, but probably we could remember them by an effort of will, unless they stole our bathing costume or did something unpleasant, when it will be found much harder to remember their names.

Underneath this subconscious layer is the vast deep of the mind which we call the uncon-

scious. Like an iceberg, the mind has its greater part submerged. In this "unconscious" are all the memories and impulses which the mind has ever received from the first moment of conscious life. I will not stay to prove this. Reference has already been made to it. It is one of the most interesting facts of modern psychology that, although we say we forget things, nothing is really ever forgotten in the sense of being obliterated from the mind. It merely sinks so deeply into the mind that we cannot reach it from the surface. In certain abnormal conditions of the mind very early memories can be recovered to consciousness. Professor Wm. Brown, the distinguished psychologist, has recovered from an adult mind memories belonging to the first year of life. If a man is drowning, it is said that the same phenomenon occurs. Once an impression or a memory or complex has sunk into the depths of the unconscious, it cannot, under normal conditions of the mind, be recovered by an act of will.

We can now approach the subject of repression. Repression is the non-voluntary but purposed thrusting down into the unconscious mind of something which, so long as it is conscious, is distasteful to the personality.[1] The most important thing to remember about psychological repression is that it is unconscious. If it is a

[1] The phrase "non-voluntary but purposed" may need some comment. It is the *purpose* of the personality to get the distasteful factor into the unconscious, but it is not a voluntary act of the personality in the usual sense of the word. I cannot say, "At 4.30 to-morrow afternoon I will repress my sex instinct." Suppression is a conscious, voluntary act. Repression is not.

conscious "bottling up" of anything it is not repression. For this, we reserve the word "suppression." It is not true repression unless and until it is unconscious. To put it another way, the opposite of repression is not expression, it is conscious recognition. The opposite of suppression is expression.

The figure of the well will take us a little bit further. I cannot keep a cork one foot from the bottom of the well unless it is held there by some force. Without force it would rush up to the surface. In a similar way no repression can be maintained without an expenditure of nervous energy. Look, for a moment, at a thing that often happens. A child has a fright, a man has a bereavement which he resents, a woman has a sex instinct of which—having been brought up wrongly in regard to sex—she is ashamed. All three, instead of facing up to these disturbing elements in a healthy way, push them down into the depths of the mind. They become unconscious, and, in the popular sense, "forgotten," but two things happen. Though unconscious, they still continue to function, throwing symptoms up into consciousness, and at the same time nervous energy is being used to keep them unconscious.

All doctors and psychologists have observed a fact upon which psychology is now throwing light. It is that after the smallest physical disturbances some people manifest symptoms, the seriousness of which is out of all proportion to the physical trouble. An attack of influenza, a slight accident, have sometimes been followed by

insomnia, great physical weakness, and a high temperature. The reason is often that such people were already using up so much nervous energy in repression, that they have too little left over to face the sudden demand of any extra shock or illness, however slight. Every person in the world has a certain amount of what is called by some psychologists neurokyme or psychic energy. We will call that quantity *X*. If there is a big repression, a quantity of neurokyme will be used to maintain it. We will call that *A*. Therefore, for the business of running his life and meeting any demand made upon it, such a person has only available *X* minus *A*, and if it should be that the repression is so great that *A* is nearly equal to *X*, then the slightest fatigue, shock, illness, or any other demand, leaves its victim without enough energy to meet it. He has no fluid assets with which to meet his new liability, and bankruptcy, collapse and breakdown result. Similarly one has known, say, a woman who, after childbirth or during the climacteric, or change of life, manifests disturbing mental symptoms. Or one knows men who after a debilitating illness or exhausting experience show signs of serious psychotic troubles. Probably in both cases there is a "sleeping psychosis" which has been kept repressed in the unconscious by the use of a lot of neurokyme. When the latter is called away from this task to face the new weakness, then the sleeping psychosis wakes up and gives trouble. The repressed material is able to light up and become active and disintegrating because the

energies being used to keep it repressed are called away to face the ordinary business of living, weakness having depleted the normal supply of such energy.

I said above that a thing that is repressed still continues to function in the unconscious part of the mind and throw up symptoms into consciousness. In order to illustrate this, I will desert the figure of the well and use a physiological illustration. I may have an abscess on my wrist. If I am impatient, instead of getting all the pus out first, I may put a dressing on it, bandage it up, and in a way heal it. In a few days I may then notice symptoms which do not appear to have anything to do with the abscess, such as the outbreak of a rash on my face. Nevertheless, the rash is due to the fact that I have driven the poison from the abscess into the blood-stream, where I can no longer control it. It is a good illustration of repression. Instead of facing up to something in consciousness which I do not like and treating it in a healthy way, to be described later, I push the objectionable thing down into the unconscious, where I can no longer control it or treat it; but it continues to function, throwing up into consciousness all kinds of symptoms which do not seem to have anything to do with their original cause, but which hinder and disable the life and spoil all mental peace and harmony.

Properly reacted to, nothing can happen to us which cannot be allowed to sink into the depths of the mind, and remain there powerless to harm us. A good deal of the work of psycho-

analysis is the task of bringing to consciousness repressed elements in the personality which are causing maladjustment, though the patient is unconscious of them, and finds that all efforts of his will are helpless in dealing with them. The will works on the conscious level, but, as we have said repeatedly, all repression is unconscious and the will has no power over it. The symptoms of both the psychological and the physiological disharmonies are not within the sphere of the will to control.

Sir Philip Gibbs, in one of his novels, "The Hidden City," gives a good illustration of repression. A girl is a violinist in a cinema orchestra, but finds to her distress that as soon as the lights go down and the smell of tobacco-smoke fills the theatre, she is overcome with a nameless and inexplicable dread. She does her best consciously to overcome it, only to find that the strongest efforts of her will cannot put the dread away from her. As the strain of fighting her fears goes on she gets worse, and at last suffers paralysis of her right arm, which prevents her playing any longer and drives her to a psychologist. When she is asked if she can remember any shock or fright which she had as a child, she is unable to do so, that is to say, the event is not within the reach of her conscious power to remember. There is nothing subconscious to account for her disability, but the methods of analysis are capable of probing into the unconscious mind, and it emerges later—and the girl's mother confirms the fact—that when she was a tiny child lying in her cot at night, her father

came up to kiss her good-night. The light was out in her bedroom, and as he bent over the cot, his cigarette fell from his fingers and set fire to the bed-clothes. The smouldering sheet was very quickly put out, but not before the child received a fright, which probably, in order to try to be brave, she put away from her. But when in adult life in the cinema theatre the same conditions occurred, of darkness and the smell of cigarette smoke, the nameless fear in the unconscious "lit up," as we say, and produced in her the symptoms we have described above. This is an exceedingly common type of case, and a great many of the fears and anxieties of grown-up people are the result of shocks or frights or worries which they had as little children. Those shocks are truly repressed material; for what is, in the technical sense, repressed, is always unconscious. That fact must be steadily held in the mind.

Let me add here a rather striking illustration from my own experience. Entering the retiring room previous to lecturing at *X*, I opened the following letter, which, with slight omissions, I quote:

"DEAR MR. WEATHERHEAD,

"I have heard you speak twice, and I have read your book, 'Psychology in Service of the Soul,' and I have wondered several times since then if you could help me and would be willing to do so, but on Sunday night I had such a dreadful nightmare that when I heard you were

coming to *X*, I have been tempted to ask for your help.

"I am twenty-six years old, and ever since I was about six I have suffered from hideous nightmares, sleep-walking, talking in my sleep and such things. No sooner do I fall asleep than I either begin to talk about all sorts of absurd things, wander round the room, and often dream so vividly of danger approaching my sister, who sleeps with me, or to myself, that I strike out at the direction from which the dangerous thing is coming, screaming in a dreadful fashion, terrifying my family and hurting my sister.

"On Sunday night I dreamed that a horrible-looking man was creeping up to my sister, and as she did not see him beforehand he sprang at her and began to claw at her face with a hand fashioned just like an animal's claw. I began to beat him off with my bare hands, but my own screams and my sister's must have wakened me, for I found Joan crying bitterly and in great pain—it was her face I had been beating.

"This sort of thing often happens, and I cannot help it. I do not know I am doing it, hurting Joan, terrifying the family, and all I feel is a deadly tiredness next morning, usually, unless I wake myself.

"I dare not sleep at a friend's house, or go away from home without a trusted friend. I have seen my own doctor, who says I shall grow out of it, and a specialist who said I ate the wrong things. I tried to keep to his diet, but found it just as bad. I cannot afford to experi-

ment with specialists, as I work in an office for six pounds a month.

"Yours truly,

"ARMOREL BASSENTHWAITE." [1]

I was hesitant to give Miss Bassenthwaite an interview because the town was a distant one, and often one can do very little at a single interview. However, she came, and the result was exceptional enough to be worth recording.

Before she spoke one could guess that the case was one of sex repression, and that probably it was due to a sex shock at six, when the nightmares began. Questions elicited the expected answer that she had been brought up in sex ignorance, which was almost complete. Questions elicited further the expected answer that there had been a love affair with one whom we will call "Jim." This had been a decorous experience, but was broken off "because," said the patient, "I only wanted to be with him, and he wanted more, and he kept talking about things I did not understand. He told me all I know about sex." I suggested that after the experience with Jim the nightmares were less terrible. This was so, for the simple reason that Jim's crude information lessened a little of the repression about sex mysteries by making some of them conscious. Asked for her dreams, Miss Bassenthwaite gave the following as a constantly recurring dream.[2]

[1] An assumed name, of course, as the reader will guess.

[2] A constantly recurring dream is *always* a symbolical picture of a condition of mind which needs adjustment.

"My father was the caretaker of a council school. There was a room under the infants' department where he kept brushes. It was very dark, and I was always frightened of this room. In my dream I get into that room by different routes and the door slowly shuts. As soon as I am in the room I am terrified. Someone else is there. He" (note the masculine gender) "approaches me, and I scream. I am in an agony of fear."

It is now apparent, to the least psychologically-minded, that the cause of the repression is a sex assault at the age of six. The room is the darkness of her ignorance. The man in the dream may be a man who assaulted her, or an impersonation of sex (for it is sex that she fears). It would be bad technique to tell her this. She must discover it, for cure depends not on knowing, but realising. Asked if the man's face reminds her of anyone, she is silent for some seconds. Then she leans forward with eyes bulging, and beads of perspiration on her brow. "Yes, I'd forgotten all about it. I've never told anyone before. I was six or seven, and was at a school party with Joan. We went into a room to change our slippers. A man came in: I don't know who he was. He had long hands and pointed nails." (Note that in the dream the man had hands like *claws*.) "He gave me an apple with one hand and an orange with the other. I can see his horrible hands now. Then he uncovered himself, and asked me to do the same. I refused and tried to run out of the room. He stood against the door

and made us promise not to tell anyone. I never have till to-day. I was terrified. I've not thought of it for years." It may be noted that the repression was not overcome by an act of the conscious will. She had first to be given a clue; unaided she would not have linked her nervous condition with the forgotten incident.

But when she remembered the incident and brought it to the surface of conscious reason, she began to tread the path of recovery, the only further thing required being readjustment. Added to this advice I recommended the following auto-suggestion:

"Every night as you fall asleep, say over and over again: 'In Thee who givest to Thy beloved in sleep I lay me down. I shall sleep quietly and restfully without waking until I want to arise. Then I shall be serene and confident, ready to face anything the day may bring. Into Thy hands I commend my spirit.'"

I had to leave her and lecture, but subsequent letters are exceedingly interesting.

In her next letter Miss Bassenthwaite wrote to say that she thought further treatment was necessary, as she still had unpleasant dreams, and had again walked in her sleep. By the nature of the dreams I was quite certain that all that was now required was the frank recognition of sex desire as a legitimate and normal thing, and the re-direction of sex energies. I wrote, therefore, and suggested a short visit, so that this adjustment might be outlined for her, but distance was a barrier, and such advice as could be given was conveyed by letter.

A further point evolved in our correspondence. Cramped housing conditions meant that Miss Bassenthwaite and her sister had had to sleep in a room divided into two only by a curtain. On the other side of the curtain slept a man lodger, who seems to have been a person of irreproachable behaviour and character. He waited till the girls were in bed before he came upstairs, and the arrangement worked well enough until Miss Bassenthwaite, walking in her sleep one night, got into the wrong bed.

It is not the slightest disparagement to my correspondent to say that the act was an *unconscious* desire for sex experience. Most people have dreams of this kind, and rightly do not feel it is wicked to have them. Indeed, they are not responsible for them. The only difference is that this was an acted dream with unsatisfactory results. However, adjustment is reached when hidden tendencies are exposed. Troubling dreams and torturing nightmares always cease when the dreamer hits on their *true* interpretation.

I was quite sure that the recovery of the original sex shock which had distorted the attitude to sex, the recognition of the sexual bases of certain dreams both active and passive, the frank facing-up to the important rôle of sex in life and true adjustment to it would effect a complete cure in the case of Miss Bassenthwaite as I have seen it do in the lives of so many men and women.

I was not disappointed. I have before me now a letter which is dated March 10th, 1931:

"DEAR MR. WEATHERHEAD,

"You will be glad to know that since I wrote you last I have had no nightmares or bad dreams such as I described to you before. They seem to have vanished completely."

The remarkable and exceptional thing is that the origin of a trouble that cursed a life for twenty years was discovered in twenty minutes, and a disablement through repression costing heavy specialist fees was cleared up by one interview and three letters.

It is most important that the energies of the mind, which we have already studied, should not be repressed. The mastery of life depends very largely on the efficient handling of our instincts, and everyone of us has each of these three dynamic instincts, a fact which, if fully recognised, would save a great many people from disasters which they bring upon themselves by denying that they possess such instincts or the emotions linked with them. To say, "I have no motives of self-display," or, "I have no sex instinct," is not only to lie to oneself, but, by failing to accept oneself, leads to repression, consequent self-maladjustment, and often to more serious trouble.

Each instinct has a biological goal. Self—that of self-realisation, sex—that of producing the species, social—that of protection by the herd. But in the artificial civilisation in which we are living it is often impossible for everyone to let the three rivers of instinct flow out to their appointed sea. There comes to be a certain con-

flict of instincts. For instance, a man's self instinct urging him to dominate others leads him to be ostracised by the herd. Therefore his herd instinct comes into opposition with his self instinct. A woman desires children, but the War has carried off so many men of her own generation that she can only have children by means which would destroy her self-respect. Self and sex are therefore in conflict.

Let us therefore ask ourselves what are the possibilities before us in dealing with our instincts and with their energies. The possibilities are five:—

1. Biological expression.
2. Perversion.
3. Sublimation.
4. Suppression or Self-Control.
5. Repression.

We need not spend very long with the first four. I have discussed the subject elsewhere.[1] The first is possible for those happy people who have no instinctive energies which they cannot express in the way nature meant them to be expressed.

Others are not so fortunate, and are led into trying to deal with their instinctive energies in what is called a perversion. They do not dam up the rivers of psychic life, but they lead them—sometimes unwittingly and sometimes through a shock early in life—into a swamp which does not do them any good, nor does it do any good to

[1] See " Psychology in Service of the Soul," pp. 158 ff.

the community. A man's self-instinct is not led out in the right way; he finds nothing he can do or be, and, therefore, impatient to express himself, he gambles. If he wins, his self-esteem is flattered; he is looked up to by his friends; he is finding some outlet for his instinctive energies, but his activities are anti-social, are of no use to the community, and they generally make him rash, hot-headed, violent, or alternatively peevish or morose. He has found a perversion instead of an expression or sublimation. In the same way with the second instinct, a woman having no mate of the opposite sex exhibits a morbid affection for a young girl, lavishes upon her a devotion which does the girl no good, and, because it is a perversion, is no true solution of the problem of the older woman; a perversion known as homosexuality.[1]

A third way is that of sublimation, namely, directing the instinctive energies, the biological channel for which is for various reasons impossible, into some channel by which they serve the community and satisfy the soul. These last two points serve to test a sublimation. Is it satisfactory to the highest self, and is it of value to the community? For instance, a woman who makes a fuss of a pet animal finds an outlet for her affection of a sort, but it is of no value to the community except that part of it which makes a living by selling pet animals. The real sublimation is found in the woman who looks after little children, for in that there is an outgoing of her personality which enriches her

[1] See "The Mastery of Sex," p. 151.

own life, and is of tremendous value to the community. In passing, two things may be said. One is, that it by no means follows that every woman finds sublimation of the sex-instinct in caring for little children. The point is wearyingly made, and many women feel it is a farce. It depends which aspect of the instinct is strongest. Caring for little children is of value only if the maternal aspect is the strongest aspect of sex in that personality. The second thing that ought to be said is this. It would be idle to pretend that all the water in the river of sex life could be adequately used up by driving the water-mill of any sublimation; that is to say, sublimation is not as complete a use of instinctive energy as is the biological use, but sublimation may be the best under the circumstances, and is certainly sufficient to save from neurosis. Sublimation, when perfect and complete, should itself be unconscious. It will be obvious to all that the repression and sublimation of the same energy cannot co-exist in the same personality, and that is why so many attempted sublimations fail. People try to sublimate while there is still too much repression. Energy is required for sublimation. In other words, there must be something to sublimate. Sublimation has been described above as a directing of instinctive energies toward a higher goal, but if any of these instinctive energies are being repressed they are not available for sublimation. The repression must be relieved before the sublimation can be a success. People fail because they dig the channel for sublimation,

but there is no flow of water along it. The river is dammed further up its course by some unconscious repression. Only when that is released will the waters flow in the channel of sublimation.

The fourth method is that of suppression, but before we pass on, it must not be supposed that we are advocating these methods as alternatives. Most people express some of their energies in a biological way, some in sublimation, and some in suppression. You are asked to forget the mere dictionary meaning of the word suppression, and realise that by it the psychologist means the conscious and voluntary control, or, if you like, "bottling up" of such instinctive energies as we cannot use in their biological way, or cannot sublimate, or both. It is what our fathers called self-control. It cannot be said too emphatically that if a person has a strong instinct—say the sex instinct, since that causes more neurotic trouble than any other of the instincts—and if that person cannot express his sex instinct in its biological way, and if he cannot find a sublimation in which all the energy is used up, it will never cause neurosis as long as he recognises, quite clearly and completely, that he has got this energy on his hands. As long as he is conscious of it he can control it. To some extent he "bottles" it up, but because he knows he is bottling it up, and knows what it is which he is bottling up, it will do him no psychological harm. As I have tried to show above, there is all the difference in the world between turning away from the energies that come from the sex instinct falsely thinking them unclean, pretending

one does not possess them and pushing them down into the unconscious parts of the mind, and "forgetting" all about them, and, on the other hand, accepting them, realising them, sublimating what can be sublimated, and keeping the remainder in witting control. The first is repression because it is unconscious, but the second is suppression or self-control because it is conscious.

We are now in the position to return to the slogan with which we set out. To say, "Don't repress," is very good advice as long as we know what repression is. "Don't repress" to the psychologist thus means, "Recognise what you are doing, and the forces you have got to deal with." As we pointed out, the slogan is dangerous because, when he hears the words, "Don't repress," the man in the street takes it to mean "Don't suppress"; in other words, "Don't exercise any control at all." It is no wonder that, thus interpreting the slogan, Dean Inge speaks so forcibly about modern psychology. For to say, "Do not suppress, do not exercise control, express all your instinctive energies," is not only bad morally, but an invitation to license for which there is certainly no sanction in the science of psychology.

In my experience it is absolutely proved that the right thing to do is always the healthy thing to do. The healthy thing to do is the right thing to do. This is a most important comment on the so-called New Morality. It is true in the vexed question of sexual morality that intercourse between unmarried people might be the

quickest way of relieving pent-up sex feelings, but it is not only bad morality, it is bad scientific treatment to relieve one trouble by setting up another. The sex pressure is relieved more quickly by this biological way than by any other, but there is set up a conscience-distress, which, in a person with any self-respect, is far more disintegrating to the personality than even repression, let alone conscious control.

Here is another example of repression. A girl is in love with a young man whose small salary makes it impossible for them to be married. The girl's father has a good deal of wealth. She finds herself thinking that if her father died her problem would be solved. She puts the thought away from her in the wrong way. Instead of calmly facing it, and realising that fundamental desire for marriage is greater than desire for a parent to go on living, and realising that for ethical reasons she must be content to wait, she is shocked by her own thoughts, and turns away from them in horror, rather pretending to herself that she has never had such thoughts. Now, if we do not admit the existence of complexes, we lose our power to control them. Repression excludes the forces from consciousness. Self-control acknowledges them and uses them. Repression, as Hadfield once said, is turning bad boys out of the class, where they continue to annoy us by throwing stones at the window. Self-control makes them monitors! In repression they sink into the unconscious, but there is so much maladjusted emotion adhering to them that they give rise to trouble. So, such a girl

might dream that her employer stood over her in some threatening attitude. The mind, in a dream, quite easily changes the father into the employer, so as to save the dreamer from the worst kind of shock, and such a girl would be lucky if she escaped with only terrifying dreams. Many cases of forgetting are really repressions; the non-voluntary, but nevertheless intentional, driving into the unconscious of mental processes which are distasteful to the personality.

The way to avoid repression, with all its power of causing disruption in the personality, is never to turn away from any set of ideas which are distasteful to it, from any shock or experience that disturbs it, from any part of the personality itself, such as the sex instinct, which may seem unclean or problematic, but to look all these things in the face, in the clear light of conscious reason. In the case of a traumatic experience,[1] it may be necessary, to live through it imaginatively again, going over it item by item in the mind, and by doing this to rob the experience for ever of its power to harm you. By means of getting soldiers to re-live the terrifying experiences of the trenches, shell-shock was often successfully treated during the War.[2] When such experiences

[1] A traumatic experience is one which has caused a wound or shock to the mind.

[2] It is interesting to remember that Remarque, who wrote, "All Quiet on the Western Front," penned his experiences without any idea of writing a book, but merely to escape from despair by exteriorising the war experiences which caused it. He wrote the whole book in the evenings of a six-weeks' period. When asked by his friend Eggebrecht if he had any idea what the book meant, he

were remembered, great emotion was often witnessed. But this was a welcome sign, termed by the psychologist, the abreaction. It was a kind of letting off of emotional steam which otherwise would have got repressed. For similar reasons, "a good cry" is often a healthful thing. We remember Tennyson's line,

"She must weep or she will die."

It is best to admit that one of the most troublesome instincts is that of sex. The dangerous thing about it is that we should pretend we have no such feelings. To acknowledge and accept them is to keep them where they can be controlled, and, indeed, we must put away, once and for all, the view that there is anything wrong or unclean in them. It is no more wrong to be hungry for sex experience than to be hungry at dinner time. Both are instinctive and legitimate, and divinely planned desires. But a hungry man must not steal, or else there will be a conflict of instincts, herd against sex, and the herd will ostracise him. So if a man has sex hunger, let him recognise it, accept and direct it, sublimate it as far as he can, but not steal an experience, not express it with no regard for others, lest there be a conflict of instincts again, and in such a conflict both the self and herd instincts will

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replied that he realised the importance of having discovered the cause of his depression. He says, "My friends also felt the book to be liberating; the things they suffered from, lost their power when they were given utterance" (Putnam Book News).

punish him. He will suffer from self-reproach, and if the herd find out they will regard him as an anti-social member.

Let one last word on this point lift the whole matter on to the highest plane. The life of Jesus, all agree, is the pattern of a perfect life. Jesus was a full-blooded man, perfectly human—indeed, so perfectly human that some of us feel we need another word. We may well believe that in His utter selflessness all the instinctive energies under the heading of self, save that of self-preservation, found complete and harmonious expression. We may well believe that in His fellowship with the twelve, and in His contact with men His social longings, directed by the herd instinct, found expression. But He was unmarried. There were, therefore, forces within that personality which did not find vent in their biological goal. Yet that life remained perfect, not by repression, not by perversion, but by sublimation and self-control.

Those who hold that all instinctive energies should be given their biological satisfaction, and that to do otherwise means disharmony, have hard work to account for the life of Jesus. It would be a bold man who claimed that that life was less than perfect. His sex instinct, which as a perfect man He must have possessed, had to be sublimated, and when we see Him gathering little children to His arms, unable to bear the thought of their being driven from Him, some of us feel that we are not only watching a great teacher drawing spiritual lessons from the faith and trust of little children, but, in part, satisfying

that great hunger for children which every true man knows and feels.

As one watches the way in which He mastered His own life, one feels that there was a place where strong self-control had to be used. "It is the way the Master went; should not the servant tread it still?" And if to many life seems hard and cruel and false, without sympathy and without understanding—even though it be a hard, steep way, even though there be something in it which we can dare call a Cross, at least there is a way through all our problems. Nor is it lonely any more; and some will find that self-mastery can only be gained by walking that hard way; and if they so desire they will find that He who walked it once, alone, is willing to share it again with them, and in the end they will find that nothing vital has been lost. They will look into the face of their Guide and Companion. Their own faces will be radiant. Their hearts will be satisfied. Their minds will find peace.

We must deal much more fully with the way in which repression may be avoided, but before we do so a very interesting question arises. Why should it be avoided? "If it is nature's way of dealing with something troublesome in the mind," says an objector, "why try to improve on nature by the painful and troublesome method of dragging the repressed material up into consciousness?"

The answer is an easy one. We illustrated repression on p. 79 by likening it to shrapnel in a lung which dirt caused to suppurate. Now, the body will always *endeavour* to expel any foreign

body within itself. It is only when such a course, for some reason or other, is impossible, that the foreign substance is surrounded by tissue and an attempt made, as far as possible, to shut it off from hindering the life of the body. The illustration is not good enough to be pressed very far, but we may say that the first intention of the mind is to assimilate an experience. A man who in time "forgets" a bereavement, having made a true adjustment to it, does not "repress" it. The experience passes into the unconscious, but no mental energies are used up in keeping it there and no morbid discharge exudes from it. If, on the other hand, he buries it in the unconscious with resentment and bitterness surrounding it, which the mind cannot assimilate, then, having failed in her first intention, to make it assimilable, the mind represses it. And, just as surgery may have to be resorted to, to cut out shrapnel if it begins to give trouble by discharging pus, so the repressed material in the unconscious may begin to discharge into consciousness unpleasant fears, forebodings and obsessions, requiring that kind of psychological surgery we call analysis before the condition is remedied.

Let us turn now to try to discover how self-control can be maintained and repression avoided.

I only wish it were possible, in a few clear directions, to show people how their repressions can be discovered and cured. Unfortunately, the relief of a real repression requires the elaborate and difficult technique and sometimes lengthy process of psychological investigation.

Repression can, however, be prevented, to a

very great extent, by the right attitude to things as they happen. What are the things in life which most tend to get repressed? I have divided them into three.

1. Fears.
2. Shocks.
3. Sins.

These three make all sorts of complexes, by which I mean groups of ideas having a strong emotional force at their centre, and because we want to have done with these things they are pushed down into the mind below the level of control, where they often continue to function.

There are fears we often have which are called phobias. That is to say, irrational fears which we cannot dispel by the force of the will, like the fears of the girl violinist mentioned on p. 128. One man fears the dark, another fears to go into any closed place, another fears to cross a street, another has a morbid fear of illness, and the Greek language has almost been exhausted to find names for these repressed fears, which we shall discuss later in the chapter on Fear.

From shocks we have repression related to the shock. A man suffers bereavement, for instance, of one whom he dearly loves, and his life is permanently embittered because, with the bereavement, he bears a resentment against God. Thousands of people have suffered, even in childhood, sex shocks, either from the "play" of other children or the unscrupulous conduct of adults. The incident is "forgotten" in the sense

of being repressed. Then you find, for instance, that a person is terrified of marriage, afraid that some disease has been developed, afraid that he or she cannot have children, deeply indignant when any one appears scantily clad or if reports reach him of sexual misbehaviour, or shows some other symptom of the repression.

Buried sins for which a person has never had any real sense of forgiveness are the cause of many a breakdown. The repression shows itself in the symptom of believing one has committed the unpardonable sin, or that God is angry, or sometimes, in a curious and unnatural fear, at the sight of a policeman, an overwhelming sense of fear as the victim hears someone running behind him, or manifest terror at someone knocking suddenly at a door. These are sometimes symptoms of such a repression.

As I write these words I am trying to help a man who has attempted to take his life on three occasions. Finally we discovered that at the bottom of his mind was the repressed memory of a misdemeanour which took place forty years ago. For years the repression lay dormant. Then some story in the Press, of a faintly similar sin, being discovered and punished, made him suppose that the police were after him. He was quite sure he was being followed. Only the patient unravelling of the story saved his sanity, plus that most amazing of all psychotherapeutic agencies, the doctrine of forgiveness. It is terrible to see people enduring the tortures which repression can bring. In this case the " sin " was nothing worse than most of us have done, or

thought of doing, and in no country in the world is it punishable by law.

Now, taking the three things in order, that I suggest are the cause of so much repression, let us realise that the things we fear have no real power to hurt us if we face them. If we could only look steadily at them and say to ourselves, "Well, if the worst happens, I shall do this, or that, or the other," looking steadily into the face of even gaunt spectres like unemployment, we shall rob them of their power to hurt our spirit.

Turn secondly to shocks. Take the shock of bereavement. It is no good turning away from it and burying the matter in the mind if you bury resentment and bitterness with it. The thing to do is to face the whole situation resolutely, and cut out self-pity, that most disintegrating of all emotions; to be relentlessly honest with oneself, not attempting to be more sorry than one really feels, to realise that the one who has passed need not be grieved over, since he is in the Father's hands, and that exaggerated grief may be a debilitating kind of self-love. Then we must face the future with brave heart and steady eyes, determined to let that bereavement have a value in our own life by making us deeply sympathetic with others in trouble who have neither the faith nor the knowledge which we have been granted to make them the masters of their lives.

Turn now to the question of sins.[1] The best psychology in the world cannot say more than

[1] Striking examples of repressed sins are given in "Body, Mind and Spirit," Worcester and McComb, pp. 157 ff. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

that simple word of the Master, "Repent." Readjust yourself, think again. Do not merely turn away from it and forget it, and do not, on the other hand, morbidly keep digging it up and looking at it. Let me suggest three things that we ought to do about our sins.

1. The first part of repentance is to put right anything that *can* be put right. Said Zaccheus, in that great triumphant hour of repentance, when he entered the new world that Christ offers to us all, "If I have wronged any man I restore him fourfold." Even before we come to God and ask Him for His forgiveness, this earnest of our penitence ought to be carried out. We must go and be right with our brother before we come to the altar.

2. The second thing is that we must realise the forgiveness of God. I think I could write a book on the therapeutic value of the received idea of forgiveness. I have seen men and women recover their health of body and mind when they have realised what forgiveness means. It is not enough to know with the mind that you are forgiven; there is all the difference in the world between knowing a thing and realising a thing. It is one thing to know that bereavement is sad, it is a very different thing to realise it. And some people find that they have to say it over and over again to themselves till it dawns on them like the glory of a summer morning, that what they knew as a fact of the mind all their lives has become, in one liberating moment, an experience of the heart.

For see what realising forgiveness does mean! It means three things at least.

(*a*) A relationship restored. To be forgiven means that the relationship between you and God is as though you had never sinned. Let me be sure to get this over to you accurately. The *relationship* is as though you had never sinned. Sin may often mean consequence and handicap, but the *relationship* is restored. The Prodigal may have been a convalescent, may have had to be nursed both in body and mind after his venture into the far country, but he was a *son*, not a swineherd, and the effect of that on the spirit is a tonic the value of which cannot be exaggerated.

(*b*) It means a new beginning, the past is really over and done with. You begin again with the chains off and the heart free, the prison doors open, blue sky and sunshine and the great open spaces before you. The words of the Bible are of tremendous significance here. Our sins are "blotted out," "put behind God's back," to be "remembered no more for ever." "As far as east from west," as "high as heaven from earth," they are removed from us. It is as though writers cannot find language adequately to express this glorious thing that has happened. It is a new beginning.

(*c*) Forgiveness does not mean that consequences are always remitted. It does mean that their nature is changed. If I have sinned I may still have to suffer, but it has a marvellous effect on the mind to feel that that suffering is not a nemesis which I resent, but a friendly discipline which I can even welcome, because, my heart being free from all rebellion and bitterness, it is

helping to make me what God wants me to be.

3. These things being so, there is a sense in which we must forgive ourselves our own sins, by which I mean, we must put them behind our backs. If God has put them behind His, we are not to go poking about behind His back dragging out our sins and wearing them round our neck again. A good many people become morbid by continually remembering sins of the long ago and letting the memories of them haunt the mind like evil spectres. To do that is to make future success against them less easy, and people do it because they simply will not accept, or do not know how to accept, forgiveness. When you have faced your own sin, put right anything that you can put right, realise the forgiveness of God, realise that the relationship is restored, that you are starting again, a new man, that whatever you suffer is remedial discipline, not retributive punishment, put it behind your back, then it can be forgotten, you have "cleansed and called home your spirit." You have followed Kipling's advice :

> Let nothing linger after, no whimpering ghost remain
> In wall or beam or rafter, of any hate or pain.
> Cleanse and call home thy spirit. . . .

It is worth noticing the value of prayer in preventing anything from sinking into the unconscious life before it is robbed of its sting. While the injury, the shock, the terrifying experience, the insult, the bereavement, is still readily made conscious, lift it up in prayer to

God. Ask how best you may face up to it, take self out of it, put fear from it, scrape the resentment from it. In the atmosphere of true prayer these things happen.

So treated, the things which otherwise cause repression can sink into the depths of the mind robbed of their power to hurt us or to cause future distress. The mind can now assimilate these experiences and preserve its inner harmony, and the personality is not using up energy in wasteful repression. It has all its forces mobilised in full strength for conscious self-control, and unweakened, unhindered, it can live that strong, purposeful, radiant life which God meant all human life to be.

We have spoken much of repression, and little of self-control. In a few paragraphs I want to suggest some practical hints which psychology offers us in the achievement of self-control, and then notice a fact, which is so widely illustrated by a study of modern psychology, that the New Testament, while its teachings never conflict with scientific psychology, goes much further, and shows us a way out of our troubles which is far above any method of which psychology comes in sight.

In order to make this part of the subject as practicable as possible, let us arrange it in headings.[1]

1. *The Principle of Recognition.* Of this we have spoken already, and not much need be added; suffice it to say that any achievement of self-

[1] An excellent book on this subject is "The Control of the Mind," R. H. Thouless, M.A. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

control depends on our recognising the forces within us which we desire to control. No control will ever be realised by turning away from, or by trying to evade, the forces that sweep through the personality, much less by denying that they are there. Instinctive forces cannot, by any known process, be eradicated, and the method of evasion and pretence simply means that those forces function at a depth of the personality at which they cannot be controlled. This leads at once to repression and to all the evils which we have noticed before.

Suppression, the technical psychological term which I use to connote the full recognition of the forces of the personality, coupled with a determination to handle them well, sublimate what can be sublimated, and control the rest, is a synonym of self-control. It involves in its early stages—until sublimation is perfect, and therefore is itself unconscious—the keeping in consciousness or subconsciousness those forces which we need to master. It involves some such mental process as follows: "I acknowledge quite frankly, to myself, that I do want to do this evil thing, and I will not foolishly pretend that I do not want to do it; but I can see that, if I did it, I should so injure my self-respect and I should hate myself. Moreover, I should undermine my nervous health, and, above all, I should bring sorrow and pain to others. Therefore, while acknowledging that I do want to do this, I am determined not to do it, cost what it may." That is a far more efficient method of control than pretending that I am not that sort of person, that I never

wanted to do this at all, and methods of evasion and self-deceit which lead to repression; and we must carry this principle of recognition to things that seem dreadful to admit to the personality. If you wish that the man above you in business were dead so that you could step into his shoes; if you wish that you could run away with somebody's else's wife because you are tired of yours; if you know that your real motive in doing a thing that looks like philanthropy is self-display, or the exercise of a prurient curiosity, it is much better mental hygiene to admit it and then control it, than to pretend it is not there.

2. *The Principle of Contemplation.* The second principle of control we may call the principle of contemplation. It is a known psychological fact that if you contemplate an emotion its intensity fades. We do not always want our emotions to fade in intensity, and the working of this principle makes many engagements unhappy. An engagement is always a nervous strain, and once two young people are in love with one another and are tolerably certain of one another, and sure that their mutual attraction is not merely physical, the sooner they are married the better. An engagement is a strain because the man wants to make a woman his wife, and a woman is often full of a kind of nervous apprehension as to what marriage involves. But something else is happening to both. They are both examining their emotions. Are we really in love? Shall we really suit one another? Shall I meet somebody else later, whom I like better? Shall I be able to get used to

his face? Shall I be able to keep calm when she loses her temper? And some youngsters become so introspective and take out the emotion of love so often and look at it, that its intensity is lessened, sometimes with disastrous, and nearly always tormenting results. That is a mistake, for nothing is a certainty, and love must be expressed to remain strong. Let them get married and solve their problems as they go along.

But this law is a very useful one in the matter of self-control. Supposing, for the sake of argument, I have a tremendous anger against a person, an anger which prompts me to physical violence, or, at least, to the writing of a stinging letter. If I will only contemplate my emotions, if I will only sit down and say to myself, "Why do I feel like this?" I shall find that the contemplation of the emotion has helped to make it fade out. This is especially true in the effort to control the sex instinct. When we are tempted to let it express itself in some secret habit or in some act for which we should afterwards hate ourselves; we should train ourselves to stop and say, "Recognised that I have this instinct, why do I want to do this thing? I shall only hate myself afterwards for doing it. It will be followed by depression and self-loathing. Desire is powerful within me now, but if I do what I wanted to do it will be just like grasping at a pretty soap bubble which seems infinitely desirable, but when grasped is only a wet patch in the hand and a hateful memory. I will not get panicky about it, but I will control this energy. I am unwilling to wound my own mind and to use a beautiful, creative

instinct like sex to bring about a result which ends in self-loathing."

Let it be granted at once that it is no good beginning to practise this principle when in the grip of an emotion; we must train ourselves in little ways at first, and not be too downhearted at occasional failure.

3. The third principle is that when we wish to control an emotion we should simulate its opposite.[1] Sometime when you want to try a little psychological experiment, go into a room by yourself, draw down your eyebrows in the most vicious frown you can make, clench your fists, bite your lips, and stamp about the room. You will then find out this most interesting psychological truth, that by simulating the physical signs of an emotion you can produce the emotion. You will feel the slightest bit angry, even though there is nothing to be angry about. Perhaps a better experiment to try would be this. When you feel depressed, get up from your chair, throw back your shoulders, stiffen your spine, and laugh. You will find this most interesting psychological fact again proved, that to simulate the physical signs of an emotion produces the emotion. You will feel depression pass away and give place to gaiety. From this we deduce a piece of advice of real value in the control of the emotions. If you simulate the physical signs of the emotion you want to feel, the emotion will begin to possess you, and control will be easier. Supposing you have to sing to a great audience, or recite or speak

[1] I owe this suggestion to Prof. Thouless, formerly Professor of Psychology in the University of Manchester.

to them. You try, by your will, to control the knocking of the knees and the dreadful feelings of nervousness which possess you, and the will will take you a certain way. But simulate the appearance of perfect unconcern and coolness. Do not look at the floor and tremble. Pull back your knees, throw your head up, act as though you were used to doing this every day of your life, and you will be amazed to find that the emotion of courage comes back. I never speak to a large audience without being nervous, and this method has been of great help to me.

4. This leads up to a fourth principle: the value of the imagination. We have noted this in an earlier chapter and need not go into it again. We are to imagine ourselves in the condition we want to be in. We are to believe ourselves becoming what we want to be.

5. One further word, lest the power of the will be overlooked. If will and imagination are opposite, the imagination wins, but if will and imagination work in the same direction, a tremendous energy is released in the personality. Some have pointed out the value for self-control of turning the mind away at once to other things by doing certain actions. This is an act of will, and it is extremely valuable as long as you first recognise the forces in the personality—as long as your turning your mind to other things is not an evasion. Most people are familiar with the psychology of habit. Every time you do a thing it is as though that doing ploughed a furrow in your mind. Mental energy may, for the moment, be thought of as water which will flow down that

furrow more easily than it will do anything else. The more frequently you do a thing the deeper becomes the furrow, so that, given an initial stimulus, a habitual act is frequently carried out without further thought. Those who are slaves to any habit are faced with the task of making their mental energy flow in another direction, when there is a deep channel already cut for it along which it will flow easily and without any exercise of will. If, therefore, we are going to control habits by an act of will, we have got to make new habits to replace the old, and by act upon act of will make the new track deeper than the old one, which is not so much a matter of time as a matter of application. The way to break a habit, therefore, is to refuse to allow it to be continued, *by making other habit tracks down which the mental energy can flow.*

6. I cannot leave the argument without pointing out the value of humour. Some men would achieve self-control if only they could learn gradually to laugh at themselves. Take that very common thing, a bad temper. How funny a man looks when he is really angry! If anyone wants proof of evolution, let him dispassionately study a certain type of man in a bad temper. You will there see all the psychological mechanisms adopted by the apes to terrify their opponents and thus make the coming battle easier to win. Blood flows to the head, hair rises on the back of the neck, the corners of his mouth curl—that is the remnant of the snarl of the beast—the eyebrows draw together in a scowl, the eyeballs flash and bulge, the fists clench, the voice is raised, and any other noises that can be made are made. These

are exactly the things that happened among the monkeys millions of years ago. If we are in earnest about our quest for self-control we must learn to laugh at ourselves.

Let me come now to a point that is of more value than all these put together. A woman psychologist has recently said that whenever she is seeking self-control she has only to think of a certain person whom she admires greatly, and say to herself, "How would he react in such circumstances as these?" and she finds that the battle is won. Truly we must admit that this is of tremendous value. Noble biography is inspiring for just this reason. We see how human men and women of old, not only flesh and blood like ourselves, but with instincts like ours, reacted to certain challenges, and the history of the lives of the saints is worth reading from this point of view alone.

But we can go further. We look at a Life that was lived two thousand years ago: the life of one who was perfectly human, who was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. Some of us feel that the word humanity is not big enough for Him, in the same sense as we feel that the word animal is not big enough for ourselves; but at the same time we do feel that He does not say to us, "I can be like this, you cannot." We believe that His whole life says to us, "This is what God meant every human life to be." We look at Him, and are immeasurably stimulated by the thought that He won through, using no weapons save those which are available to us, and He beckons us along His road.

But we can go further than this. Christianity would be immeasurably less a Gospel than it is if Jesus were only an example, and moved over the stage of history two thousand years ago and then passed into the silence from which no man returns. The New Testament itself is a lie unless this Friend of humanity truly lives now. It is one thing to copy an example; it is another thing to live with a friend. For in all true friendships something living passes from the one to the other. There is a transforming power that works from within. To copy an example and to be moulded by the living friend is the difference between carving a rose out of marble and growing roses on a briar by the ingrafting from a finer flower.

The disciples found that out. At first probably they copied Him, and while they did that the principle of energy was their will; but as they lived with Him they achieved something greater than was possible to them through the will, and the principle of energy was not their will but His friendship. If we had lived with Him we might have begun to copy Him; to do things and be things, because He did them and was them; but His friendship would soon mean more than that. We might certainly cast away old habits because He would disapprove of them, but all true friendship ends in friends being alike, and the friendship of Jesus was, and is, the greatest transforming power the world has ever known.

If He is not with us still, I see little meaning in the old Gospel. It cannot be proved by intellectual argument; to try it is to prove it. To begin with daily acts of imaginative faith that

He is present, is gradually to find ourselves caught up into that new world in which fishermen and customs clerks can become saints and martyrs.

Then self-control is not a grim, dreary battle in which we try to make ourselves do things and try not to do other things, with all the emphasis on our trying, but a fellowship so full of power and beauty that it has proved itself the most wonderful regenerating force in the history of the world, unhindered by clime, condition, caste or creed or culture. There is no advice from a psychologist which has a dynamic comparable with that energy which is released in personality by what is called the conversion of a soul. If the kingdom of personality is in insurrection and tumult, with passions and forces which sometimes frighten and terrify those who thought they ruled over them, there is no psychological principle which gives "power to become" to compare with that old evangelical invitation, "Come to Jesus and begin again." The surrender of the whole life to the sway of Jesus Christ; the quiet daily lifting of the life in renewed loyalty to Him, seeking only to do His will; the fellowship with others in which we share what we have found, both getting and giving help, particularly in seeking to win others to Him who have no living experience of Him—these things release a power and energy into human lives that have no parallel. I can only set down my own convinced opinion after fifteen years of psychological study and practice, and a Christian experience going back much further than that. It is that a real ex-

perience of Christ which follows surrender, and loyalty to Him as far as one is able, is the most powerful force which the human personality ever knows and the greatest transforming energy the world has ever seen.

CHAPTER IX

THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX

1. Its Causes in Childhood

The word complex is very glibly, but not always accurately, used. The briefest definition, perhaps, is that a complex is a system of emotionally toned ideas, ranged around one central idea, remembering that the emotion has a potential energy. Those who see things most easily in pictures may imagine the ideas as the fingers and thumb of a hand, held together by the palm—that is, by one central idea to which all others are related—and then imagine the hand as clenched into a fist, tense with potential energy. We should particularly distinguish a complex from a repressed complex. Some psychological writers tend to confuse the reader by speaking of a complex when they mean a repressed complex. A repressed complex—and here we must leave the figure of the hand—is a system of emotionally toned ideas which becomes pushed down into the unconscious part of the mind, because its presence in the conscious mind is distasteful to the personality, but which functions in the unconscious, producing all kinds of morbid results which we shall notice later. To say of another, "He has a complex," is not really to make a very profound or strikingly intelligent remark. Everybody has complexes. If I

take two people on separate occasions for a ride in a car they will react according to their complexes. One may have what we will call for the moment a "photography complex." He will watch the scenery and look at landscapes as possible photographs. The other may have what we may call a "motoring complex." He will watch my driving, observe how and when I change gear, watch cross-roads, children and hens, in quite a different way from the photographer. It is thus seen that a complex will modify behaviour. If, indeed, I knew all my friend's complexes and their relative strength, I should be able to prophesy with some success his behaviour in any given situation. Nor does this deny his free-will, since he has been at least partly responsible, by his past choices and refusals, for the building up of his complexes and the determining of their strength. Every mind is full of complexes, systems of ideas with a strong emotional tone about them. An inferiority complex is a group of ideas, the central one of which is disbelief in oneself, in one's values to the community, and in one's abilities in this or that direction, with a strong charge or feeling of helplessness and fear at the heart of the complex, which drives one from this or that situation, makes one dislike going into the company of others, fear meeting a stranger, shrink from attempting the difficult, or anything that may be criticised, and so on.

We may well ask ourselves why an inferiority complex worries us. Many other complexes do not do so. Why does this? Why is it spoken

about so much? It is because it militates against self-realisation. We must all realise that to wish for power and perfect self-expression and self-realisation, for the harmonious functioning of every possibility within us, is a legitimate and good thing. It is not acquired. To wish for power and self-expression is innate and instinctive. It can be directed, but it cannot possibly be eradicated, and it cannot be thwarted without grave consequences to the personality. We must further realise that self-realisation depends on believing in oneself, but is not to be interpreted as supposing that we are in every respect as good as other people. This would be delusion. It depends on believing in ourselves as personalities to whom God has entrusted certain gifts, and who have a contribution to make to society and the Kingdom of God which no one else can make; a contribution of real value which can enrich the community, and in the giving of which we can find harmony and life.

Now if a man has an inferiority complex, then because he also has a wish for power he has two forces in the same mind going in opposite directions. His wish for power is saying "I can." His inferiority complex is saying "I can't." Two rivers are flowing in opposite ways causing tumult and futility. An inferiority complex is thus a fruitful cause of breakdown.

To rob a grown-up person of legitimate belief in himself is to do him a grievous wrong. In many cases the suicide would never have taken his own life if his belief in himself had not received a death-blow. To rob a little child of

belief in himself before his possibilities have been explored or discovered, is a crime. We are robbing him of the greatest asset to character, and if we succeed to any extent, then the child's wish for power, denied its natural vent, will break out in unpleasant ways. Cruelty to smaller children or to flies or animals is an illustration. Thieving, the getting of things that will give a sense of power, is another. Lying is another, due often immediately to the same fear which has made the complex, and sometimes to a child making a phantasy in which he *can* be somebody. Grumbling at his environment is another, and what is commonly known as "cussedness," or, more technically, "negativism," is another. One boy complains that he is always unlucky, another develops a false humility, another becomes vastly conceited about nothing, another develops morbid fear, another cannot face up to life. In all such cases we are ready enough to blame, and in cases of theft and cruelty ready enough to punish, but rarely ready or skilful enough to diagnose the case accurately as one of false compensation for a sense of inferiority. Such compensation often manifests the fact that the complex has become repressed. That is to say, a child does not think of himself consciously as inferior. His feelings of inferiority have become pushed deep down into his mind, but the complex is still functioning, a fact which is proved by his becoming a bully, a thief, or a coward. If his personality had been given expression, the very energies which have made him a delinquent would have made him an asset to any community.

Look briefly at this actual case. Here is a man in the forties, who has had one job after another, only to lose each successively. He is sent up to London to apply for a job, and when the manager comes to interview him he trembles violently, stammers and stutters, says "Yes" when he means "No," and gives such a poor account of himself that he is turned down. He goes to another city in search of another job. As soon as the manager comes in, the patient puts his head between his hands and sobs like a child. He can give no reason. There *is* no conscious reason. The reason for this inferiority goes right back to childhood. He came at the end of a long family. He was unwanted. He learned from his own parents' lips that his birth was an accident. No particular interest is taken in his education. Other brothers and sisters are praised continually in his presence. Praise rarely or never comes to him. His father says to him, "Well, I don't know what *you* expect to make out of life. There isn't a single thing you can do well. Who do you think is going to employ you?" One night they found him sobbing in an attic, and they said to him, not unkindly, "What is the matter with you?" "No one wants me," he said, and it was the truth. No one did. Small wonder, then, that, no one believing in him, he has no belief in himself. No one valuing him, he has ceased to value himself. Faced by any task or responsibility, his mental attitude is, "I can't do it. I am no good." Life asked him the relentless question it asks us all sooner or later: "What have you of value to

give to the community?" In his heart he replies, "Nothing!" And he adds, with a passion few would guess: "O God, why was I born at all?" Whereas everyone knows, surely, that you never do anything worth doing in this world unless you start with some belief in your own capability. If you really think you can do a thing, you have at any rate taken the first step to ensure success. If you *really* think you cannot —for a good many people say to others that they cannot, but to themselves they say the opposite—you have taken the first step to ensure failure.

Modern life is so full of cases of men and women who break down at the tremendous tasks and strains which it imposes, that all of us who have anything to do with children ought to do all that we can, so to strengthen their personality as to help them to face a life which will become even more exhausting as the years go on. This is the real need, even though some parents with inferiority complexes want to know what help the psychologist can give them to assist them to face the strain of being brought up by their children!

I propose, therefore, to indicate the chief causes in childhood which account for the inferiority complexes, especially those which become repressed complexes in later years. For inferiority is frequently *caused* in childhood, though the complex may not give trouble until adult years are reached. We need not spend much time over them, especially the first, which is *organic disability*. If a child has a club-

foot or a weak heart, parents ought to be especially careful that activities are found him through which he can express his nature. They must steer him between the Scylla of allowing him to be the petted, spoilt and conceited invalid, and the Charybdis of the child cursed with the inferiority which develops from his inability to run and play like other boys. They must find something he can do well. We all know cases of children who are utterly spoilt and conceited because they are semi-invalids. What has happened is that, conscious of their organic disability, and not having found a normal outlet for their powers, they have developed what the psychologist calls an over-compensation. They have put on "side," to cover their sense of inferiority. In this way a child often covers his sensitiveness with a conceit which becomes habitual and unconscious. Under this heading of organic disability we must include the very small child who is petted and fussed because he is small, or the overgrown child being constantly snapped at for being clumsy and boisterous, and made to feel ungainly.

Another cause of inferiority in childhood is the *relation of children in a family to one another.* I have seen a family in which there were two boys and two girls. In each case the younger looked up to the older, but when, in each case, the older arrived at the age of puberty, the younger developed something akin to envy, and, at the same time, a strong sense of inferiority. The little girl felt that she was "only a girl," while her sister's developing figure proclaimed

the woman; and the little boy felt that he was "only a boy," while his brother's downy upper lip and deepening voice proclaimed the man. In such a family, to say to the younger, "Don't be so stupid," may produce an unpleasing inferiority complex. The situation is one that needs to be handled with sympathy and insight: the accepting of a certain amount of unrest and dissatisfaction in the younger, so that the younger children can find their way, without psychological problem, into adult life.

Far more serious than these causes are the causes which arise from the *wrong attitude of parents to children.* A child, it should hardly be necessary to say, should never be allowed to feel that he is unwanted. A boy should never be allowed to over-hear that his parents are disappointed that he is not a girl, or vice versa. Two other words may be added in passing. If a child is adopted by parents, he should be told this at the earliest age possible, certainly before he is five. He can then absorb the fact with far less shock than if he finds out, or has got to adult years before he is told. I have recently had to deal with a case of breakdown, where the origin of the trouble was at length found to be the discovery by a girl, at eighteen, that she was not the child of those whom she had called parents. This set up in her a most terrible sense of inferiority, particularly in relation to her supposed cousins. "I feel," she said bitterly, "as though I had been living all these years on false pretences." The second word that may be said in passing is that if a child is born outside

marriage, and his parents subsequently marry, the former fact should be withheld from him completely. I had one case of a person who was thrust into a most grievous condition of mental distress by the discovery of a marriage certificate which proved that her parents were married only two months before she was born.

These are not the most common or the worst causes of inferiority in a child. A common cause is that similar to a family I know, in which the second child was extremely attractive. The first child was a lovable little chap, but certainly less charming than his little brother. When the younger was wheeled out in his pram, people would turn and say, "What a beautiful baby!" Fond relations would fuss him beyond measure and admire his pretty ways. The day came when the baby began to crawl, and this marked a development which was hailed with enthusiastic rapture by his parents. His mother happened to ask the older boy to go out of the room for something, and to her amazement he crawled across the carpet. His horror-stricken parents then realised what an awful blunder they had unconsciously made. The older boy was crawling because crawling in his younger brother had brought forth praise. He was hungry for praise, and an inferiority complex was already developing. It took nearly two years of very carefully revised treatment before it could truly be said that this little chap regained his belief in himself through a renewed confidence of the belief of others in him. This, of course, was not done by pretending that qualities existed which did not exist,

but by praising such qualities as existed in such a way as to call them forth into fuller development.

A very common cause of inferiority in a child is the case in which one parent, or worse, both, has what may be called *a dominating personality.* A friend of mine completely broke down during the first term at a theological college, and was persuaded to consult a psychologist, and, to his amazement, part of the treatment indicated by the psychologist was that the patient should destroy all the photographs he had of his father. Amazing though it may seem, this student had photographs of his father, not only in his study, but also in his bedroom, where students commonly have other photographs. It was shown to him how all his life he had depended far too much on his father, accepted his father's opinion as final, was terrified of his father's displeasure, carried away entirely by his father's judgment on all kinds of questions. One of his constantly recurring dreams was that of a castle, beside which was a broken-down shack. The patient saw himself wringing his hands over the wreck of the shack. The meaning of the dream is obvious. Further investigation showed that in his father's study, to which he was summoned as a child for some fearsome interviews, there hung a picture of a castle with a high tower, a low round tower, and, near by, the ruins of a former part of the castle, supported by the castle wall. As a child he had thought, as children do, of the biggest as "Father," the lesser as "Mother," —his mother certainly is rather low and very round!—with only one left with which to

identify himself. He was the ruin. The picture fitted his case only too well. His father was a very moral and excellent man, but the patient's ruin was his dependence. He was propped up by the castle.

To change the figure, it was the case of an oak tree with a sapling growing too near it. The sapling is overshadowed by the oak, feels of no importance beside it, cannot see the sky above, is not strengthened by the winds that blow, and is not living its own normal life. If then the giant oak is removed, the sapling goes down in the first storm. Again and again, one has had to advise people to go right away from home, to live their own life, and to break away from the chains which bind them to their parents. To take one illustration. It is certain that the reason why hundreds of people of my generation do not come to church is because they were forced to go to church three times a day by their parents, with, perhaps, an "after meeting" thrown in after the evening service. Now, at last, they cast off the chains, without ever having discovered what there is, or is not, of value in religion. They cast off religion because, in their minds, it is part of the bondage and tyranny of the past. Only a week or so ago a lady was telling me of a family of five sons. She told me that as soon as their father came into the room with a kind of "let us pray" expression on his face, all the boys assumed the demeanour of whipped curs. After their father died, the whole family broke up in moral ruin. If one of the parents is of a strong personality, he should

take special pains to stand away at times to give room for little lives to grow, and he should seek to encourage them in their own thoughts, and to make their own decisions and judgments, or the children will be driven into inferiority.

Another cause, which has special reference to the case of wealthy people, is the over-fussing by a parent. A child in a poor home, allowed, in the very nature of the case, to have all kinds of untended tumbles, and to face the rough edges of life without protection, is not nearly so liable to develop inferiority as the child who is fussed over by a devoted mother, expected to be perfect, always nicely dressed, always taken out by the hand and amused by her elders, who is taught to be terrified of a cold in the head, not to go near dirty children, never allowed to spend her pocket money without oversight, or do anything by herself. Such a child is likely to develop into a colourless nonentity and to lose all sense of values, and when she does make her contact with the world, and has no one near to hold her hand and see that her vests are aired, she will feel the inferior baby which other people have made her.

On the other hand, inferiority may also be induced if the parents rub into a child's mind its disadvantages of society, education, dress and culture, which, if left alone, children rightly do not feel to be disadvantages, though in the case of girls, particularly, the question of dress needs to be watched. I know at the moment a woman of over sixty who is abnormally obsessed with

problems of dress, quite unduly worried as to what she should wear on this and that occasion, and who has most poignant memories, as a young girl in her teens, of being sent to a party in a black dress which she was forced to wear when she was serving in her father's shop. But inferiority is not only caused in the badly dressed child. I have seen another child shrink with a sense of inferiority through being dressed in a silk frock with flounces, when other little girls all wore simple linen frocks.

There is one last cause of inferiority in a child which must be touched upon. It is due to the wrong kind of school teacher. Let me say, at once, that I believe that the majority of members of this great profession have emerged from adherence to the type so caricatured by Dickens. At the same time, a large number of teachers have still hanging over them the scorn with which their profession is regarded by very many who ought to know better. Public opinion has still to cleanse its mind from the picture of the school teacher with a cane in his hand who knows no better method of imparting knowledge than that of holding over the child fear of punishment, fear of humiliation, and, worst of all, fear of sarcasm. It is because of the tendency of all our minds more or less to acquiesce in that caricature of modern teaching, that many teachers themselves have a very deep inferiority complex. Therefore they pass that complex on to the children they teach. To put it popularly, if you are "downed," you tend to get up by "downing" somebody else, and so often the teacher is "downed,"

partly by public opinion and partly because so often he is himself criticised to the point of being bullied by officials, managers and inspectors. Dr. G. F. Morton, Headmaster of the Leeds Boys' Modern School, in his fine book, "Childhood's Fears," says: "In spite of the platitudes and mealy-mouthed tributes paid to the profession, it is still the most despised and the most rejected in the land. . . . Teachers are unaware of their own complexes, and of how, unconsciously, even the best of them are projecting their own feelings of inferiority on to their pupils. The teacher seeks to degrade the child because he himself feels degraded, and because he has so many masters dictating to him, he seeks, in turn, to dictate to the child."[1] Far too often, though physical violence is rightly being put beyond the reach of the ordinary teacher, Dr. Morton's words are true, and to them may be added those of a great woman teacher, Miss Geraldine Coster, Principal of Wychwood School, Oxford, who says: "The prototype of the teacher is 'the dominie with the tawse.' There was nothing romantic or admirable about the desiccated scholar with his birch terrorising unwilling morsels of humanity into reluctant book-learning. The man who earns his living by hitting the small and helpless cannot be a popular hero. He is a figure of fun. A woman in the same position is an even more repulsive personage. As the years have gone on the practice of teaching through terror has, to a great extent, died out,

[1] "Childhood's Fears," G. F. Morton, M.A., D. ès L., p. 109. (Duckworth.)

but the tradition that a teacher is one whose business it is to make children miserable dies very slowly." [1]

To parents and teachers, teachers in Sunday Schools as well as day schools, modern psychology brings a tremendous and urgent message and appeal. Because that message has not sufficiently been heard, the lives of hundreds of our fellows have been spoilt, and every one of us could truly give a dozen instances of personalities disabled by the inferiority complex. Education should surely help to find expression for what God has put into personality. Every little personality whose life touches our own is of infinite worth to God. Each little personality is a thing of greater delicacy and sensitiveness than we realise even yet. If we take upon ourselves to lead or train or guide, let us have respect for those personalities. Let us treat them with dignity and courtesy and kindness, with firmness which is really leadership, and the humour to which children so readily respond and which makes so many rough places plain. And let us be ourselves what we would wish them to be. Nor can we too often remind ourselves that the most solemn words about caring for children were spoken by the gentlest lips in the world. "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones";

[1] "Psycho-Analysis for Normal People," Geraldine Coster, p. 153. (Longmans.)

for whatever you think about them on earth, they are regarded as the greatest assets of the kingdom in the eyes of God. They are indeed the hopes of God, the possibilities by whom His dreams may come true. Never for a second does He cease to be concerned for them. "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."

2. Characteristics and Compensations of the Inferiority Complex

All of us are familiar with the man who struts, rather than walks, with his toes pointing at ten minutes to two and his mouth at twenty past eight, who is dogmatic, imperious in temper, self-assertive, conceited, very critical of others, disagreeable and fussy. It is easy to criticise him. None of us likes him, but from a psychological point of view he is ill. There is a psychological disharmony which needs treatment rather than rebuke. To leave him alone and avoid him, which is what most of us tend to do because he really is so hard to live with, is, in a way, just as cruel as to avoid a man because he has got some physical disease. We push him into a loneliness which is very often hard to bear, and he tends to become bitter. The religion of an older generation would have been content to instruct him to seek the Christian grace of humility. This would be to treat the symptom instead of the cause of the symptom. Modern religion, enlightened by a knowledge of modern psychology, often recognises what are called faults as symptoms

of a deep psychological disharmony which must be attacked at its roots.

Let us ask what has happened to our little man. All his life he has been under-sized. In his school days he was nicknamed, "Little Tich." He begins to discover that because he is small he is looked down on. Before he gets to manhood our patient finds himself looked down upon psychologically because he is looked down upon literally. He is never shown how to make a true compensation, so he makes an over-compensation. He buries his sense of inferiority underground, as it were, and you have a repressed inferiority complex. That is to say, you have his ideas about his inferiority held together by strong feelings of resentment and fear—the fear of being thought to be inferior—pushed down into the depths of his mind, below the level of consciousness. There the complex functions, and it is—to refer to a former illustration—as a hidden abscess in the body which produces symptoms such as blotches on the skin which would not readily seem to be related to the abscess. So our patient shows symptoms which do not seem related to inferiority, rather the opposite; symptoms of intolerance, conceit, bumptiousness and the like, which are all symptoms of the repressed complex functioning in the unconscious part of the mind.

It is important to emphasise its unconsciousness. He does not *know* that he is conceited, and intolerant, and hot-tempered. Many such a person is, in moments of self-examination, utterly bewildered to know why it is he so easily flies into a temper and so easily gets his feelings hurt.

On the other hand, some people do not realise that they *are* conceited, but they are, and the reason is that in the unconscious part of the mind a false compensation for their buried inferiority is being made. The curious thing about many such people is that the more assertive they are, the more they are making it plain to anyone who has read any psychology that in their soul of souls is the fear of being thought inferior to others.

I have diagnosed, at some length, this case of what we called above, organic inferiority, because it is an obvious and illustrative type; but the same kind of thing might be done for all cases which manifest the inferiority complex. Look briefly at other typical cases characteristic of the complex and illustrating the kind of compensation made, and then we will pass on to classify the false compensations, and finally show the true way out.

Here is a man who was once a member of a fellowship group which I conducted some years ago. The group was largely composed of University students. This man, who was a very worthy and intelligent man, had not had the advantages of a good education. Whenever he spoke in the fellowship he quoted some learned writer instead of contributing his own views. He would begin like this: "You will remember that Benjamin Kidd says in his book, 'The Science of Power,' so and so, and so and so. Sir Oliver Lodge says in 'The Survival of Man,' so and so, and so and so." Why did he do this? Partly from a sense of inferiority, which said to

him, "Don't express your own views. Give the views of experts." But much more potently than this, his unconscious mind was saying to him: "Prove to the fellowship that you are not as inferior as they suppose, since you have read these highbrow books." I emphasise again how unconscious the victim of the complex was of its functioning, since, if he had been conscious of it, he would have seen what a fool he made of himself by his manner.

A good friend of mine, who has always been weak in his Greek, always left a Greek Testament, and generally an open one, on his desk, presumably so that if anyone came into his room when he was away they would be impressed with his learning.

I know a preacher with an American "D.D." who covers a vast ignorance with a pompous style that deceives many. Once at a meeting he did what it is his habit to do. Instead of coming in with the other speakers, he came in late. This creates a splendid impression. When the others come in, people say, "Where is Dr. X?" That is one point gained. Further, the solitary entrance brings the "Dr." a glory undimmed by having it shared by others. Frequently in audiences readily deceived by show, it brings him a round of applause all to himself. On this occasion, as the dramatic entry was made, a little girl watched the pompous figure pass with an assumed unselfconsciousness which completely deceived her. She turned to her brother, a theological student, and in an awed whisper said, "Who is that?" In a similar

whisper, but this time assumed, came the answer: "Sh! That is God's eldest brother." I should think the angels in heaven chuckled with holy glee. Such pomposity is *always* a cloak which covers a terrible fear; the fear of being found out to be the very ordinary person one is.

Now, if one goes into the presence of a real scholar, he never makes one feel uncomfortable by his display of learning. I remember some interviews I was privileged to have with the late Dr. Peake. You could not find anywhere a more humble-minded man. He would discuss things with you, and ask your opinion in a way that was embarrassing when you realised what a great scholar he was. But his interest in another's opinion was not assumed. It was entirely genuine and sincere, and the real scholar does not display in any truculent way his learning. *He does not need to.* Whereas the man who, to cover his inferiority, wishes to make you think he is a scholar, takes every precaution to impress you because he needs to, not having the real thing itself. His over-compensation, assumed to cover inferiority, gives him away.

In the same way, here is a woman of ordinary standing, who has set herself to climb the social ladder with the help of quickly-made money. She does things in the big style, wears loud clothes, boasts of the number of maids she has, refers to the "under-gardener" so that you may realise that there are two, and brings as many important people as possible into her conversation. "Lady So-and-So said to me the other day, as we were

chatting in her garden . . ." She deceives herself into supposing that this is an effective way of telling you two things: (1) that she knows Lady So-and-So, and (2) that she has been invited to Lady So-and-So's garden. Such a person would not let you know for the world that her mother used to serve fish and chips in a little shop in a back street. To anyone with psychological insight, she is making herself ridiculous. It is an over-compensation which is a false compensation, and her carefully-developed drawl, and the aspirates so carefully sounded, do not cover up the fact that underneath is a deep sense of inferiority. To be humbly born should not, and need not, give any sense of inferiority. The fact remains that amongst unadjusted people it does.

I heard of a man, recently, who was engaged to a girl who was a missionary candidate. Neither had any money, but both seemed in love. The girl belonged to the best type of modern, athletic, University girl. Then suddenly the man jilted the girl, and became engaged to a very wealthy widow, whose husband had not been dead many months. The new husband lives in a gorgeous house, and runs three cars with her money. He was heard recently inviting someone "to my little place on the south coast." It was a gift to his wife from her former husband. With great amusement his friends watch him trying to play the new part as if he were used to it. The butler who stands behind his chair at dinner terrifies him. His dress tie is a sight to see. He takes his friends, who are now carefully selected, into

the drawing-room and explains to them how much each picture is worth. This, to him, is its main interest. His marital predecessor was an Oxford Blue. At some pains to himself (and his wife), he is developing quite an Oxford drawl, sometimes rather lessened in its effect by a slip of grammar, and sometimes rather spoilt by a direct question as to which was his college. The girl to whom he was first engaged wasted a few tears in secret, and then became a first-rate missionary in India. The worm whom she would have made a man still covers a mean, small, vulgar, cowardly little soul with the wealth which, like a cloak, he hugs so tightly round him. Only in his case it is not just a cloak; it is a shroud.

The girl who buys her complexion over the counter and plasters on the lip-stick is unconsciously over-compensating for repressed inferiority. She is really saying, "I know I haven't got much of a face, but I'm making the best of it." To which some may feel led to reply, "Well, go on with your efforts. After all, we have to look at you." But the really beautiful woman doesn't overdo cosmetics. She has no need to. She has no inferiority to hide.

We need to come from the contemplation of such cases to remember that nearly all exaggerated conduct—the over-painted girl, for instance—is a compensation for inferiority, and for that fear-feeling which is at the heart of every inferiority complex. Frank recognition of inferiority does not matter. It is the emotional tone of the complex. It is the fear of being

thought or discovered to be inferior. It is this emotional tone which brings the passion into the loud voice and strident tone, which nearly always mean fear. They reveal the funk and the coward. The barrister with the loudest voice has generally got the weakest case. The teacher who slaps his desk and says, "I am not going to have any nonsense," or who resorts to violence, reveals to anyone with psychological insight that underneath there is a sense of inferiority and inability to keep order. The good teacher has no need to adopt such a device as over assertion. The foreman who shouts at his men, the forewoman who loses her temper, both give themselves away to the psychologist as knowing, in their soul of souls, that they suffer from a sense of inferiority, and know themselves inefficient in their job. It is curious, really, that such methods are still so plausible, even with adults. One may comfort oneself by realising that as the knowledge of psychology becomes the possession of more people, folk will cease to be imposed upon by the dogmatic temper and the imperious manner of voice and bearing. Noise and violence are old dodges, and go back to the monkey-stage of human development. They are the remains among us of those methods of trying to keep one's own courage up and to impress the opposing tribe by the raucous cry and the bared fang.

Let us classify some of the false compensations under which the mind tries to hide its sense of inferiority.

The first we may call that of *over-assertion*, such as is illustrated by the little man, or the

uneducated man, or the woman with social ambitions whom we have described. It is an over-assertion of the self as a compensation for a sense of the inferiority of the self, and we may note that there is all the difference between the blusterer who boasts of his self-confidence and the man who is really quietly confident.

The second classification we may call that of *under-assertion.* It is a very difficult type to deal with, because the victim asserts his own inferiority and uses it as a kind of foil. You have the person with a deep inferiority complex, generally partly repressed, who uses his very sense of inferiority to get for himself the gratification for which his inmost soul is craving.

Here is Dora, only daughter in a home where many visitors are coming and going. Dora has no gifts of beauty or culture. She cannot entertain the visitors on the piano or with her voice. She feels inferior to the vivacious and entertaining women who come to her home. Some can sing. Some can play. Some are beautiful and attractive. Some can talk brilliantly and wittily. What does Dora do? She is found to be bashful, retiring and self-effacing in a noticeable way. She is found to be drooping in a corner in a not ungraceful pose. Her conversation is mostly self-disparagement. She is compensating for inferiority by under-assertion. There is such a thing as modesty. But this is not it. There is such a thing as humility. But humility is not thinking less than the truth about yourself. It is not thinking about yourself at all in that constantly comparative way. Dora

has made herself a perfect coat of armour against all criticism. It is to accept it. For indeed it only says what she says. She takes all the wind out of her critics' sails by eagerly asserting what they say. But what she lives for is that someone may say to her father, preferably in her hearing, "How unselfish Dora is! How self-effacing!" That indeed would be a rich reward. For Dora is as conceited about her alleged humility as some girls are conceited about their pretty faces and some men about their brains. Yet, knowing what she does, there is still repression. Dora doesn't know the real causative factor in her inferiority complex. Her under-assertion is not just conscious knowledge of inferiority. The latter would be healthy enough to drive her to make good somehow in *some* kind of activity. Everyone can do that. Her under-assertion is a symptom of repression.

The third type of false compensation is that of *infantile regression.* By regression we mean that the mind, unable to face life on the adult level, slips back or regresses to a childhood level. During the War a lieutenant in the Navy, known to me, found the strain of life on a battleship too much for him. On one occasion, after a dreary and nerve-racking search for submarines over the grey waters of the North Sea, he was found in his cabin playing with a teddy bear. The condition was, of course, border-line, and more serious than the ordinary observer will find in everyday life. But modern life will furnish instances of the tendency.

Horace and Gladys get married. Horace is a

good fellow, but of the type known in Yorkshire as a "gormless mut." He gets on all right with women, but men, especially he-men, look down on him and have little use for him. Unfortunately they have no children. Gladys, having a strong maternal impulse, mothers her husband. I nearly wrote "smothers" her husband. Horace loves it. It is the only time he ever feels a man. Gladys gets up in the morning and lights the fire and cooks the breakfast for her lord. He stalks down, appropriates the paper and eats his meal. The jolly fellowship of the breakfast meal is wrecked of course, but all important people should know the news as early as possible! He tucks the paper under his arm and sallies off to join the throng of the world's workers. If you rang him up at 11, he would be out for a coffee. Ring up at 12.30, he is out for lunch. Ring up at 2, and he isn't back from lunch. Ring up at 4, he's away to his tea. Ring up at 6.15, and he has "just left." On his arrival back he expects Gladys—who meantime has done as much hard work in a day at home as he does in a week at the office—to be beautifully gowned and to have a meal nicely cooked for her *man*, with his slippers warming in the fender. Horace leaves his pipe in one place, his matches in another, his papers somewhere else and his shoes anywhere. Gladys tidies up after him, saying out loud, "Oh, these men, these men!" "*Men!*" what a lovely thought! Horace is inwardly purring. But Gladys ought to say, "Now, baby dear, pick up your things and go to bed." Horace is regressing. Unable to face life through a re-

pressed inferiority, he is dropping to a childish level where he gets mothered. He has merely regressed to the point where a child leaves his toys about on the floor, and loves the sense of importance which he gets by finding an adult like his mother picking them up for him. Gladys will never make her husband a man in that way. It is a false way out.

A fourth kind of false compensation is that of *sensation*, and it is this false compensation which results in a good deal of misconduct and crime. The tendency towards it you may detect in the man who says, " Oh, life is too boring for anything. I shall go and get drunk, or assault a policeman, or something." One is not really surprised that a man with something about him (in whose life there has been continual thwarting of purposes which he knows *might*, under proper conditions, bring him to self-realisation) should turn to gambling or drunkenness or crime. If he gambles and wins he becomes a winner and gets the appreciation which all minds need. To be able to put away liquor is to pile up credit with those who honour the man who can " put it away." A vast amount of so-called crime is pathological in its origin. Society sins against men by pushing them into inferiority through unemployment, and then punishes them because the compensations they make are anti-social. How much crime, I wonder, is psychological illness with an unpleasant symptom?

Think for a moment of the result of continuous unemployment on the mind of a real man. Society is saying to him, " You have nothing to give the

community which it really needs." The dole is even thought of, by some, as a reluctant charity paid to men who are rather a nuisance to the State. This is intolerable when one remembers that should war break out the State would call all these men heroes, praise what they could give, and demand a sacrifice even unto death. The dole must be thought of as a retaining fee, gladly paid to retain the services of men whom each has something to give the community, if only the community life were organised to receive it, and who are no more responsible for the rotten condition of society than we are. It should be remembered that inferiority complexes mean reduced morale, and the psychological morale of a nation is as important as its physical fitness.

So two brothers go to the same school—not always a wise procedure. Smith Major is good at games and good at lessons. Smith Minor is good at neither. Therefore he suffers from a sense of inferiority. What does he do? He learns more swear words than any other boy in his form. His swearing is a false compensation for a repressed inferiority. He makes a sensation and gets notoriety, the drug—if not appreciation, the food—of the mind. Perhaps some such motive was underneath the younger brother in the parable of the Prodigal Son. The younger of them said to his father, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me," and in all the superiority of suddenly acquired wealth, he went forth, determined no longer to suffer the intolerable inferiority which came through the relationship

of his elder brother, who, at best, seems to have been a kind of snob.

The fifth type of false compensation is that of phantasy. It is the type illustrated by Cinderella, who, feeling inferior to her sisters, dreams that the Prince himself claims her as his partner. So the boy Joseph, feeling inferior to his brothers, who "had a down on him," as we say, dreamed that their sheaves were bowing down to his. It is the phantasy of the servant maid in the kitchen, feeling "kitcheny" and inferior, with the fourpenny novelette on her knee, in which the story is told of another servant maid who marries a millionaire. She stares into the fire and makes her little phantasy of what might happen to her.

"Why shouldn't she?" you say. The answer is that that little servant maid making that kind of phantasy before the kitchen fire is not reading her novelette as an adjusted person would read it. *She is identifying herself with the heroine.* And by identifying herself with phantasy she is becoming less and less adjusted to reality. She *is* the heroine waiting for the millionaire. The consequence is that if some blackguard comes along and tempts her, she will be swept away, and all her resistance to temptation will have gone, for she will make him fit into the story too. And these stories don't end with a lovely house on the Riviera. Some of them end in Bow Street police court. You can see young girls standing there weeping at least one morning every week. When phantasy is more real than reality it is time to stop dreaming. Adjustment is needed until the mind no longer feels inferior because of the work she happens to

do. Unfortunately that adjustment is not too easy to bring about. More is needed than wireless in the kitchen, another easy-chair and an extra night out! It is by phantasy that the weakling boy compensates for his inferiority. The more the weakling the more he dwells on the exploits of a Tarzan or a Buffalo Bill.

The ancient Jews were a nation with an inferiority complex brought about because they couldn't fight. The Jews never have been successful warriors. They never will be. Palestine has been conquered again and again. So the Jews made up a lovely phantasy which the Psalms and Prophecies reveal. "God will come down with the armies of the sky," they said. "He will smite our enemies and come and save us." Jesus did His best to break their phantasy and show them the true way out. They should have seen what they *could* do and have stuck to that. They were a nation of spiritual geniuses. That was their greatest strength. But no, they clung to the phantasy. And in 70 A.D. reality in the shape of Titus' army smashed them and their phantasy too.

Here is a girl of fifteen dreaming of being a missionary. Let her dream her dreams. They are of God. Yes, but let her realise that no missionary society to-day wants an unqualified person, however well-meaning. If, therefore, the next step is matriculation, let her not hide her scholastic inferiority under dreams, but stick to her Latin grammar, lest reality, in the shape of her matriculation examination, smash her dreams to atoms.

The danger of phantasy, especially when indulged in as an escape from inferiority, is that we should completely live in a phantasy-world, lose our touch with the world of reality, and become introvertive and neurotic.

The sixth type of false compensation is that of a definite neurosis or "nervous breakdown." This is such a big subject that we cannot deal with it now. To deal with it adequately would take a whole book. You may have a person whose body is functioning perfectly, and who, subsequently, without organic cause, becomes paralysed from the waist downwards or shows physical symptoms which are disabling, when at the bottom of the illness there is merely a very big repressed inferiority complex, with enough energy in it to inhibit the proper functioning of the legs or organs. It is as though the unconscious said to its victim: "Here is a way to hide your inferiority, end your conflict and bask in a limelight of pity, sympathy and interest."

There are some people who do this at first consciously, but there are many in whom all this is unconscious, and therefore I want to utter a word of warning against any words of criticism. It is as unfair to blame the neurotic as to blame a person for having the measles. Many men during the War developed war-shock, but though there may have been a few cowards, the majority were really psychologically ill. It was their unconscious mind that suggested to them this false way out. They developed physical symptoms to save them from the awful strain of the war and the sense of inferiority born of inability to face it.

Prof. Mackenzie, a Congregational minister and an able psychologist, in his book, "Souls in the Making,"[1] gives a case which one could parallel many times. He says: "I had one case of an undergraduate who broke down in his second year at the university. He had lost all interest in his work; had definite neurasthenic symptoms. I found that at the public school he attended he had come out dux. When I began to explore his school life, I soon found that his work had been motived by the desire for recognition, and not any real interest in the subjects in which he had done so well. Going back farther still, I found that he was the only offspring of a late second marriage, and had been held up as a little paragon to the much older children of the first wife. He could not bear to take any place in the class but the first, and that is not easy at a university; and he broke down under the strain. As we drew from memory, with free association, incidents and motives which dominated his childhood and schooldays, we were able to see them in their true perspective, and he steadily regained interest and health; and to-day is doing as well as his ability will allow him."

Here is a case which I saw, and was asked to treat, but the distance of the patient's home made treatment impossible and she died some years ago. The patient was a highly-sexed, attractive girl in her late twenties. We will call her Mabel. She and her younger and prettier sister, Ethel, went for a picnic one day on the Cornish moors with a young man, Tom. Probably both girls

[1] P. 212.

were in love with Tom. Having chosen the site for a meal, Ethel and Tom went off together, leaving Mabel alone preparing the meal. They were away for nearly two hours. Mabel was annoyed and vexed beyond description. She was jealous, and not a little frightened. At last Ethel and Tom returned, and the meal was eaten. Mabel maintained a frigid silence, sitting with one leg under her. When the time came to go home, it was found that Mabel could hardly rise for the pain in her leg. Tom gallantly gave her his arm, and Mabel maintained her grip of his arm long after it was necessary, so that she might keep near him and thwart the supposed intentions of Ethel on his affections. They reached home and the occasion passed. Tom possessed a motor-bike and side-car. At a subsequent picnic it was suggested that a bigger party should be made up. The question arose as to who should ride in the side-car, and Tom suggested Ethel. On the morning of the picnic Mabel developed a pain in her leg, which grew so bad that obviously she could not go at all unless Tom would take her instead of taking Ethel. So she went, and the pain continued, thus affording an excuse for the continued attentions of Tom.

With less and less frequent intervals the pain continued, though neither doctor nor *X*-rays could detect a physical origin. Mabel became more and more lame. Being lame, many excuses were made. She was not allowed to do house work, and this served her well, for she hated it. She was taken out in cars and side-cars, and this

she loved. She gave herself sexually on many occasions to various men, always excusing herself that, as she was lame and couldn't be married, "it didn't matter." Thus her lameness quietened her conscience. She was offered, and accepted, from a philanthropic manager of a motor-works, the work of answering his telephone at a high salary. If she had recovered from her lameness, this work would probably have been extended or removed. Thus, in a sense, her lameness was her livelihood. When I saw her she could not walk across a room, but would walk round it with a stick in one hand and her other hand on wall or furniture. Yet when I hypnotised her she walked across a bedroom floor from bed to window without a stick or any other support. It is true that she faltered and staggered, but one must remember the disused state of her muscles. I am quite sure that she could have been cured, but distance was a difficulty, no psychologist could be found near her, and another trouble supervened, from which she died.

Some will blame her and call her deceitful. In the first stages she was, but who amongst us is entirely free from occasional deceptions? The later permanent lameness was the result not of conscious but of unconscious mentation for which no one can be blamed. It began in a sense of inferiority compared with her sister, which was repressed into unconsciousness, and which functioned there, producing a lameness as a false compensation and a method of getting the love for which her nature was hungry. In this way scores of people are "ill." They need neither

physician nor surgeon. Bromides have no effect on the unconscious mind, nor can the keenest knife dissect it. They need the psychologist who can help them face reality and adjust themselves to it; who will not analyse only, but synthesise and get the patient into tune with the Infinite. And in the subsequent synthesis and readjustment I do not know anything that has the value and potency of the Christian religion, with its gospel for the wounded spirit, however deep the wound and in whatever way it may have been caused.

The true compensation for the inferiority complex is the way of achievement, and about this we must speak in the next section. It is illustrated by Demosthenes, who overcame his stammer, and the sense of inferiority due to it, by becoming an orator. Roosevelt and Sandow were both delicate children, but overcame inferiority due to it in ways that are known to all. "Live dangerously," says Nietzsche. How much of the tone of this philosopher is due to the fact that he was an invalid we cannot gauge. Napoleon's progress was partly due to the fact that he was little and deformed, and determined to compensate for it. Thus many a man who was once a mother's darling became a reckless airman or a brave bomber during the War.

The whole question of inferiority and the true way out of it becomes, in my view, a religious question. God has planted within the personality of every man certain possibilities. It is for him to find out what these possibilities are, not to waste those tremendous energies in making false

compensations which deceive himself more than they deceive the world. There are methods by which we can expend all our energy in making our personality count for its true worth.

3. The Cure of the Complex

It is not sufficient, dimly to perceive that one has an inferiority complex and to say to oneself, "Well, I'll try and get over it." To get over it often means turning away from it, trying to forget it, pretending it isn't there. This is not so sound as to face up to it, and thus to get through it. Nor is it the ideal method of cure merely to repeat to oneself twenty times every night, "I am getting better and better." Such a method, in that it is, in this case, unscientific and does not go to the roots of the matter, may result in over-compensation, which we have already described. It may change a shy man into an arrogant man, who is just as shy underneath.

The cure of the complex depends on two things:

(1) Self-knowledge; and (2) Self-adjustment.

Perhaps the best advice for attaining mental harmony is contained in these two words, knowledge and adjustment. We need to know ourselves as completely and relentlessly as possible, to be absolutely sincere with ourselves, and then to adjust ourselves to circumstances, to man and to God.

1. The question is how to know oneself.

(*a*) If the inferiority complex is repressed, then this self-knowledge may be impossible without the help of a psychologist. Our own resistances, camouflages, self-deceptions have gone on for so long that we have deceived ourselves. Or, indeed, we may be the victim of some mishandling in our child life, and the whole result may be a complex beginning early in the unconscious, and never having been completely conscious.

An inferiority complex can be so repressed in the unconscious, that the victim cannot understand the cause of the curious symptoms, nor can he thoroughly cure himself. It would need patience and skilled analytical inquiry to recover to consciousness those repressed factors which have built up the complex. This abnormality, if very extreme, and especially where there is a streak of mental instability in the family history, may lead to the kind of insanity which is called paranoia, in which the victim, in some moments, believes himself to be a king or prince. It is an exaggerated and pathological form of the over-compensation. But such cases of abnormality are rare and, in any case, outside our orbit and survey. Such a case is one for the specialist in mental disease.

(*b*) Most of us could know ourselves much better, and face up to our inferiority complex before it becomes repressed, if we were willing to be utterly sincere with ourselves; and to achieve this I suggest the following methods.

(i) If you suspect that you possess an inferiority complex, sit down quietly for an

hour at a time for as many days as necessary and go over your past history. Some people find it a help to begin with the earliest thing they can remember and to go quietly and slowly forward, especially looking for those causes of the complex which I have mentioned in the first section of this chapter. Then it would be of value, while doing this, to decide which, if any, of the types mentioned in the section is the type or classification under which you come. To discover the cause and the type is to have taken a big step towards cure, because you are beginning to understand yourself; though care must be taken not to push your case under any ready-made classification.

(ii) It is invaluable if you have a friend, particularly a friend with any psychological insight, to whom you can go and talk quite frankly; to whom, for instance, you could say, "I am conscious that I need readjustment. Do you mind telling me, quite frankly, where my life seems to you to lack in strength and grace?" I suggest a game which is to be strongly recommended, especially where a number of people live together in a house and do not always get on well with one another. The game consists in writing down two things you like and one thing you do not like in those with whom you live, and get them to do the same thing for you. Thus a husband writes concerning his wife: "I love the way you look after the house and the kiddies, and slave for them. I love the way you invite the lonely, rather than the social leading lights of the

neighbourhood to the house, but I do not like the way you are always changing the furniture about." In the same way a wife writes down: "I like the way you delight in giving me pretty clothes and good holidays. I like the way you won't stoop to shabby tricks in business, but I don't like the way you leave the kiddies, their education and discipline and training all to me." We can all stand being told a thing that is wrong with us if we are told two things that are right with us. Let there be jam and we will eat our sandwich.

(iii) A third way of knowing oneself which has been suggested to me is that of looking into a looking-glass and talking to oneself. I have heard of a man who did this for some minutes, and then said out loud, "You dirty little cad!" And after that he began life over again!

I would suggest, instead of this, that we stand face to face, in an act of imaginative faith, with Christ. To do this is self-revealing in a way which is terrible but cleansing. Moreover, as I have pointed out elsewhere,[1] the presence of Jesus, unlike the imagined presence of other great men, does not drive us into inferiority. We feel that He so believes in us, so sees beneath the worst to the best, that we begin to believe in ourselves because we cannot deny His faith in us. His presence has the power of calling forth everything splendid in us. Faint, dull embers blaze forth again. Hope is quickened and life renewed. We are reinforced within,

[1] "Jesus and Ourselves," pp. 258–9.

and He has the power of mobilising all we ever hoped to be and drafting it into front-line service. His knowledge of us, neither better nor worse than the truth, and piercing to the motive; His sympathy and the knowledge that all He asks is that we should be our very best selves, and not an imitation of another—these things are the best cure of the inferiority complex I know.

(*c*) We must try to realise that sincerity with oneself demands candid realisation of what we *can* do as well as what we cannot do. If you know you can do a thing, admit it thankfully. If you know you are pretty, be thankful and admit it. A friend of mine wrote half a dozen books on theology, and then tried to answer a criticism in a paper by opening with the sentence: "I do not pretend to be a theologian." That is falsely-assumed inferiority and a kind of unconscious insincerity. A person who does not pretend to be a theologian does not write half a dozen books on theology. We must not put our limitations nearer to ourselves than God has put them; for to do this is not only having no faith in ourselves, but having no faith in God. There is all the difference in the world between abominable conceit and the man who quietly says to himself, "I know I can do this." Egotism is the anæsthetic which God allows us to take, in order to deaden the pain of feeling inferior fools; but the sooner we begin to do without the anæsthetic, and can bear the truth, the sooner we waken to the joy of real living and true adjustment. I

think it is wise not to compare ourselves with others, either pretending we are like them on the one hand, or, on the other hand, depreciating ourselves, as someone did a little while ago in my hearing, who said, "After I heard her play the piano I decided I would never play again." If you are in a job, and think you can express your personality better in another job, get into that other as soon as may be, but if this is impossible, then be as efficient a person in the job you are in as you can be. Let every power in your personality be mobilised. God only asks of you that you should be the best "you" that you can be.

The great need really is utter sincerity with yourself. Never pretend to yourself motives that are not true motives. Don't lie to yourself, or you will make such a liar of your own memory that ultimately you will credit your own lie.

> "To thine own self be true,
> And it shall follow as the night the day
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

(2) A deeper problem is not only to ask how we may know ourselves, but also how we may adjust ourselves. Religion comes in here also.

What has the Christian religion to say to the man who has a sense of inferiority? It has many things to say. The first thing is that all service ranks the same with God. It is not what your daily work is, but the spirit in which you are doing it. God asks from us all that we should discover all the resources of our personality, mobilise them into activity and dedicate them to

His service. If a crossing-sweeper does this, he is serving God, and pleasing God as much as the archbishop who does this, and more than the archbishop who does not. If, for some reason or other, he cannot mobilise his resources and direct them and dedicate them, he must use them as well as he can, knowing that at some point in life, whether in this world or in another, God, who has given him his talents, and who regards them jealously as among the assets and treasures of the Kingdom, will require them at his hands.[1]

So fear not, lowly toiler in the job you don't much like. God has not forgotten you. You may be selling clothes to difficult customers, looking after someone else's children, and so hungry to have your own home. You may be doing what some ignorant people call menial work. You may long for recognition and find it not. You may nurse sick, irritable people, or pack butter into boxes, or teach grubby schoolboys. You are to try to see your job as service to the community and service to God. Do *your* job as well as it can be done by you. It is only required in stewards that they be found *faithful.*

But there is more to be said. If Christianity be true, it means that Christ is the reality of all our dreams of what God meant human life to be; that far too much emphasis is put amongst us on human achievement in things scholastic, in the collection of this world's goods, and in what is called social position, popularity and fame,

[1] This point is more fully worked out in "His Life and Ours," pp. 83 ff. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

whereas the supreme thing to God is whether His spirit is being manifested through the life.

A very great friend of mine said to me on one occasion: "I feel such a sense of inferiority in such and such circumstances because Mr. A. has got a B.A. degree, and I am only a shop assistant." What better answer can there be than that Jesus was a shop assistant; an assistant to Joseph in a little carpenter's shop for years? And yet His Name is above every name. It is the extent of his moral character that matters. The other matters not at all. As the dying novelist, Scott, said to Lockhart: "Be a good man, Lockhart: you cannot help the world better than by being a good man." And we simply must, as religious men and women, get this sense of values into our head and heart, and get right out of both, that false sense of values which belongs to paganism. Otherwise we shall be like the shop-walker who looks down on the porter even as the bank clerk looks down on him, or the shop girl who looks down on the servant girl even as the society girl looks down on her. Both the looking up and the looking down are wrong. We shall be victims bound entirely by a false sense of values. It is utterly unchristian, and contrary to the interest of our own peace of mind and inward harmony, to look down on some people because we are pleased to think that their job is lower in the scale, or that they have not so many friends or so much money; and it is equally wrong to look up to some people *merely* because they have more money or more friends or more brains, or what is called in this pagan civilisation a higher social position. What-

ever we think of one another, God does not think less of a man who drops aitches, eats peas off a knife or whose breath smells of onions. Nor does He think more of a woman who visits the hairdresser every week, whose stockings are silk all the way up, or whose dress is in the latest Paris fashion. What does matter is whether we have been kind to others, and honest and sincere with ourselves. To the Christian who really has the spirit of Christ there is only one test of values, and that is of moral character. We must keep our eyes on Christ, who alone can help us to keep our sense of values in the right place.

And this brings us to our last thought. We are not to try to cure our sense of inferiority by a false kind of self-assertion, and we are not to continue stooping to less than our own height. The Christian has a way out from the inferiority complex. He asks God that he may have his vision clear to see himself first of all; and he is ready to look fearlessly, relentlessly, inexorably at himself, using, perhaps, the help of others, and sometimes even the psychological specialist, that he may see himself. So he attains self-knowledge. "To be frank and honest in all relations, but *especially in all relations with oneself*, is the first principle of mental hygiene."

Then the Christian asks that his sight may be clear that he may see Christ. When he does that, adjustment follows. For in Christ he realises that moral values are the only values that count, and that strange miracle happens to which we have referred. When you stand near Christ, though your own littleness is apparent, His great-

ness is not the kind that pulls you down. It is the kind that stimulates you, stirs you, and calls you to higher things, because His presence has the amazing power of making you believe in yourself. It makes you utterly humbled, and yet it makes you tremendously proud. You are lowered to the dust, but you are exalted to the stars. It is as though the incarnate Christ said to you, "This is what God meant human life to be. Come, my brother, and tread the way with Me." And at last we realise that there is something within the reach of all of us, greater than wealth, greater than fame, greater than culture. It is the greatest thing that any man could do, and the marvel is that any can do it. It is so to express Christ that others may see Him in us. This is the cure of the complex. And nothing will produce a greater happiness. Nothing will give such a sense of well-being. Nothing will bring a deeper peace. For there is no wealth which a man can amass, no intellectual superiority he can attain, no power he can gather, which in God's sight sets him above the humble life which to its very utmost shines out in a dark world with the love of Christ, revealing day by day His spirit and His nature. And here alone, as we shall discover one day, lies man's true *raison d'être*. The vindication of our existence will lie there. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.[1]

Sometimes it must seem to many who live thwarted and frustrated lives as though men's lives were bits of toys thrown down by some

[1] Matt. xiii. 43.

irresponsible baby upon a nursery floor. But the bits are pieces of a jig-saw puzzle. They all fit. Each needs the other. God cannot put the picture together without each one. So you, with your rough edges and queer angles, have as important a place as anyone else. His picture is a universe of souls. A *uni*verse.

And Christ, that great lover of souls, that great believer in human values, will never sit down upon His throne in the consummation of the ages when the universe is rolled up, with *one* life left out, with one piece of the puzzle missing. So they shall come—these lonely, humble folk who find it hard to get rid of their feelings of inferiority and who can hardly believe that *their* life counts for much—they shall come from the north and the south and the east and the west, and they shall sit down *together* in their Father's kingdom.

CHAPTER X

THE MIND OF A CHILD

THE literature of this subject[1] is so immense that to many it must seem absurd to give to one short chapter so comprehensive a title. If the reader goes to any well-equipped library, he will find, in the psychological section, rows of books devoted to this one topic. In passing, we must

[1] The books to which I am chiefly indebted are the following:

"The Child from One to Twelve," by Arlitt. Published by McGraw-Hill Book Co., Ltd.

"New Babes for Old," by Dr. Winifred De Kok. Published by Gollancz.

"The Psychology of the Unadjusted School Child," by Morgan. Published by Macmillan.

"Difficulties in Child Development," by Mary Chadwick. Published by George Allen & Unwin.

"Parents and the Pre-School Child," by Blatz & Blott. Published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

"The Young Delinquent," by Cyril Burt. Published by the University of London Press, Ltd.

"Childhoods Fears," by Morton. Published by Duckworth.

"Child Psychology and Religious Education," by Wilson. Published by The Student Christian Movement Press, Ltd.

"The New Psychology and the Parent," by Crichton-Miller. Published by Jarrolds.

"Auto-Suggestion for Mothers," by R. C. Waters. Published by George Allen & Unwin.

"The Nervous Child," by Hector Cameron. Published by Oxford Medical Publications.

pay a tribute here to our American friends. Some people have said that they are fifty years behind us in theology. Whether that be true or not I cannot say. They are, in my opinion, certainly fifty years ahead of us in child psychology, child guidance clinics, and psychology applied to education.

In this brief chapter what will be attempted will be a description of the nature and working of the mind of a child from the psychological angle, in the hope of doing two things.

In the first place, we have all noticed the distressing gulf between parents and their adolescent children. Many homes are used, by children in the later teens, only as dormitories. The relation between parents and children, in many homes, is frankly a relation of war, often disguised, but certainly containing more hostility than harmony. Such adolescents, for instance, hardly ever confide their intimate problems to their parents, and would go for advice to almost anybody rather than to them. They are prepared to admit that their parents are "good sorts," but they do definitely feel that their parents would not understand them, see their point of view, or sympathise with them. This is because, since childhood's days, the parent has never really entered the world in which the child's mind lives and moves and has its being. We find that as soon as children can get away from such homes, they do so.

The second thing I should like to attempt in this chapter is the prevention of psychological disablement. Those who practise mental-

analysis, or are familiar with the literature, will realise how frequently the psycho-analyst finds, *in early childhood*, the origin of the disharmony from which a patient is suffering. We ought, therefore, to be able to do something to guard the mind of a child, so that these distressing adult disharmonies could be prevented.

I propose only to say three things about the mind of a child: 1. It is very sensitive. 2. It is greatly swayed by instincts. 3. It is highly imaginative.

I

It is very sensitive. Probably before birth occurs, the child's mind is sensitive to the mental preoccupations of its mother. Novelists have often exaggerated this influence, and even now we do not exactly know to what extent the condition of a mother's mind influences that of her unborn child. The facts have not been correlated sufficiently. We only know enough to appeal to a mother, as far as she can, to guard her mind from disturbance, anxiety and temper, during her pregnancy.

Certain it is, however, that as soon as a child is born he manifests an acute sensitiveness to what might be called the psychic atmosphere in which he lives. By that psychic atmosphere I mean the effect of the attitudes to life of the people whose lives touch his. This sensitiveness is far more acute than many people recognise. A child being fed at the breast of a mother who suddenly develops an anxiety will often show signs of fretting, even though the breast-milk, in

quantity and quality, seems almost unaffected. Indeed, if the mental anxiety be acute enough, the quality of the breast milk will undergo a change. Dr. H. P. Newsholme in his excellent book, "Health, Disease and Integration," tells of a baby, previously in perfect health, which fell back dead on its mother's bosom. Before suckling the child, the mother's mind had been filled with anxiety and terror, and her mental state had produced toxic changes in the breast milk which had poisoned the baby.[1]

But often the effect is a direct effect of mind upon mind, the mind of an adult on the mind of a child. A bottle-fed child will fret if the people who are nearest to him are in a condition of fretfulness. I have heard of an interesting case in a child's hospital, where an infant was doing splendidly, taking his food, putting on weight, sleeping well and in a condition of perfect health. Suddenly he began to lose weight, could not sleep, and was upset by his food. The matron, admittedly a person of unusual discrimination, having excluded other possibilities, summoned the nurse in charge of the baby, only to find that the nurse herself was passing through a time of great mental distress. When the nurse was taken off that particular ward the baby immediately began to recover.

[1] "Intense emotion on the part of a woman can cause toxic changes in her milk, as shown by the poisoning of her infant fed at the breast, and can similarly cause the passage of toxic material into her blood and thence through the placenta to the fœtus, exerting a corresponding poisonous effect on the latter," p. 54.

Miss Dorothy Wilson, in her excellent book "Child Psychology and Religious Education," [1] gives an illustration which is at once moving and convincing, which she quotes from Clavier. "The child of an atheist father and a religious mother used to listen to his mother singing in a low voice to him as he lay in his cradle. As he grew a little older he found she was singing of some Invisible Friend, but he could understand no more than that. Yet, when frightened by any vague terror, he remembered his mother's tone and attitude at these times, and felt peaceful and secure in the protection of this mysterious being. When he was only three years old they moved to a new house. The mother, whose faith was overcome by misfortune, came under the atheistic sway of her husband, and spoke no more of God to her child. He was only eight years old when his mother fell seriously ill, but he turned at once for help to this Invisible Friend, was assured of the recovery of his mother (which did take place), and always, after that, believed in, and prayed to God." Here, before three years of age, we find a lasting religious impression made almost entirely by suggestion. Since reading this story I have often done a very simple thing which I recommend to you. That instead of praying silently for our children, or in another room, we should pray aloud by their cot. I believe it is valuable, even if a little child is asleep, to pray aloud by his cot in the spirit of a prayer which is taking the things God offers and which one most desires for one's child. We may

[1] Student Christian Movement Press, p. 38.

say, if we like, that this is "only suggestion," but there are—as we saw on p. 93—forms of suggestion which are prayers.

Remembering the extreme sensitiveness of the child's mind will help us to guard him from catching from us one of the most infectious diseases of the soul, morbid fear. It is common to ascribe a great deal in a child to heredity. We have all been in homes in which a child has manifested some curious fear, anger, or dislike, whereupon the mother has turned to the father and said, "He gets that from your side," and the father generally finds himself able to make a suitable reply. We must make allowance for what there is in heredity, but we can definitely say that there is far more in psychological infection, and this is especially true concerning fear.

Of course, every child, like every adult, will manifest the emotion of fear when fear is a good thing and not a bad thing. As I hope to show,[1] fear is a most necessary and useful emotion. Fear, of course, is an emotion which is the dynamic of the impulse of flight or fight or other action necessary for self-preservation. At the same time, we do want to guard our children from catching fear from us in situations that do not demand it for safety. It is wise to allow a child to fear the fire, to fear the traffic, to fear poison, but by wise control of our own emotions we can save him from fear where fear is a liability and not an asset.

Now, a small infant has only two fears: the fear of falling and the fear of a loud noise. Why

[1] See pp. 249–254.

he has these fears we will not discuss just now, but apart from them he comes into the world with scarcely any differentiated fears. But he is extraordinarily sensitive to fear in what I have called the psychic atmosphere, and this may easily be proved. I found, for instance, in the case of my own little girl that if she slipped and fell and gave herself quite a bad bump and I controlled my fear, she neither cried nor even whimpered, but if I quickly drew in my breath, showing fear lest she had hurt herself, she would immediately cry. In the same way, a child is normally not afraid of thunder, but if a maid rushes into the room and pulls down the blind and tells the child to keep away from the window, and herself, by voice, feelings or manner, shows fright, the child may develop a fear of thunder which will dog him to the end of his days. One mother during the night was awakened by a severe thunderstorm. She ran along the landing towards the bedroom where her little boy was sleeping alone. Being a very wise mother, she stopped at the door and listened. John was evidently sitting up in bed thoroughly enjoying the experience. As she listened, she heard him say, "Louder, God, louder." A terrific crash followed his words, whereupon John, quite satisfied, said, "Stout fellow," and then apparently lay down to sleep. An unwise mother, rushing in, might easily have sown the seeds of subsequent disharmony.

When we say that an infant is only afraid of falling and noise, we must remember the law of association of ideas. Supposing, as in an actual

instance, a baby is taking his bottle when, in the same room, a nurse knocks a tray full of glasses and china off the table. The terror caused by the sudden crash is in the same set of ideas, in the baby's mind, as the taking of his bottle. Ever after that, therefore, he regarded his bottle as an object of terror. In some way, in his mind, it was linked with the terror of a noise.

During the War I heard a magnificent illustration of the way in which children's minds can be guarded from fear by associating something liable to cause terror with ideas which have a pleasurable content. Here again, the nurses responsible must have been remarkable, far-seeing and plucky women. One night, in a children's hospital, the nurses received information that a Zeppelin raid was expected. They said to the children, "Now to-night there is going to be a fire-work display. You won't be able to see the pretty fire-works, but you will hear the bangs." Sure enough, a little later, the Zeppelins went over London and bombs were dropped. Controlling their fears, not knowing when a bomb might drop on the hospital, the nurses forced their faces to smile. The children sat up in bed and clapped their hands, one of them saying, "Oh, nurse, that must have been a beauty. I wish we could see it." But for the action of the nurses, fears might have been set up in the minds of many children capable of bringing disablement in adult life. This seems, to me, one of the rare occasions when it is justifiable to deceive a child.

Fear when unnecessary and abnormal can

bring havoc to a mind and disruption to a personality. We shall discuss this more fully in the chapter on "Fear," but it may be noticed here how often the "phobia"[1] has its origin in childhood.

It is relevant here to speak about what is called *pavor nocturnus* or night terror—a kind of phobia common in children. Many parents will have noticed that their children go off to bed as good as gold, only to awaken in the night screaming, apparently with terror. One little boy I knew awakened screaming every night just after eleven. Whatever time he was put to bed he always awakened at this hour. Long inquiry at last revealed the fact that one night at this hour his father had changed some hens from one coop to another. There had been a noise of clucking and scuttling, of the raised voice of his father shouting to a man friend, and the whole experience had happened in the dead of night, as it appeared to the boy, so that he thought burglars were trying to get in. Apparently he said nothing to his parents, in order that they might not laugh at him. The fear was repressed, but it was very much alive. We all know that the unconscious mind has an uncanny way of recording the passage of time. Some of us, for instance, can waken ourselves at any given hour in the twenty-four. Evidently the repressed fear, locked up in the unconscious, produced a cyclic nightmare violent enough to waken the lad at the same hour as that of the original disturbance. The interesting thing to notice is, however, that

[1] See p. 263.

as soon as the child recovered the memory of, and accepted the explanation of, his terror, the latter disappeared. He has never been troubled with it since. I have, at the moment, the case of a little girl who awakens one hour after she has fallen asleep. I believe that we shall find that an hour after falling asleep, on some occasion, her little mind received some kind of shock, and if we can get her to accept the correct explanation, the night terrors will disappear. In my experience this is the only way in which night terrors can be cured, though many children gradually grow out of them.

In a similar way a shock to the mind can induce all kinds of physical symptoms. In her excellent book, "Psycho-Analysis for Normal People," Miss Coster gives the case of a little girl who was sick on the first day of school term. Physical treatment by various specialists proved useless. Finally, under psychological treatment, the girl produced from her unconscious the memory of how, on the day she went for the first time to a kindergarten, her brother, a medical student, took her up to a dark attic where he had suspended a skeleton, the sight of which terrified her into sudden sickness. The incident had been repressed, and therefore forgotten, but the association between sickness and school remained, and gave rise to the distressing results from which she had suffered for years. As soon as these facts were elicited the trouble ceased. Such complete repression of the cause of a trauma is by no means rare. Pages could be filled, from

my case notes, of people whose disability began in a shock in childhood.

Five years ago I had the very interesting case of a young married woman who was terrified of Death. This was no ordinary natural shrinking, but a morbid horror. It reached the point at which the patient felt that Death was an evil shape always following her and trying to track her down. One night she even fled in the darkness to a river, determined to end the awful business of fearing death and yet being hunted by it. She would end it once and for all. I think only the power of God released by the prayers of her friends saved her that night.

When she first came to me she was in a pitiable condition. All the physical nerve tests which I applied showed how serious her condition was. Complete breakdown, or something worse, awaited her unless something were done and done soon. Anything that suggested death, such as the passing of a funeral, a report in the press, the onset of the most trivial symptom of illness in her husband or relatives, prostrated her.

The word-association test only revealed this horror of everything to do with Death. Free association revealed other incidents—the sight of a dead baby's body, the sight of a woman in a fit, and so on. It was under hypnosis that at last I found the origin. And that discovery was terrible enough, the patient shrieking and crying and wringing her hands and perspiring while, in the hypnotic state, she related the experience.

She had lived as a child in a house overlooking a cemetery. She had witnessed the burial of

two children and had afterwards heard that they had been buried alive—probably an entirely mistaken story; but it had got deeply into that sensitive child-mind. It probably had never been shared with another. Possibly the child had been forbidden to go into the cemetery, and therefore never told a soul of her adventure. But there was a wound in the mind. The traumatic experience was repressed without first having been faced. And the result was grievous disablement at twenty-five. The cure was like a miracle. Immediately the patient recovered, and is now one of the most radiant and happy Christian women it is my privilege to know.

I often think that the mind of a child is like the sensitive film in a cinema-camera. In the preparation of a cinema film the photographer takes hundreds of impressions one after another by revolving his sensitive film. The mind of a child takes thousands of impressions every day, and those impressions become the substance of his mind. We may take the illustration further. Probably most people when they were first given a film camera were in a hurry to take photographs. They went out into the garden and photographed the cat sitting on the wall, and then, forgetting to turn the film round, took a snapshot of a relative. When the film was developed it was found impossible to separate the cat from the relative, and I believe there is no process known to photography by which the one can be taken and the other left. Does not this give us our first principle of teaching

in the light of modern psychology? That we are to teach so that more can be added, but so that nothing will have to be taken away. And we are to realise how very difficult it is to correct a wrong impression when once the mind has received it. We must remember, for instance, in our homes, that a child's mind is not only taking in impressions when, in a certain mood on a Sunday afternoon, we sit down and teach him Bible stories. He is also taking in impressions when we are angry or, for instance, short tempered with some vagrant at the back door.

One would ask Sunday School teachers to remember this principle of teaching. For instance, some years ago it was a common thing, in teaching the Old Testament, to let the children receive the impression that God was the kind of person who liked the Israelites but did not like the Egyptians, and so, when the latter were chasing the former, He allowed the former to get over the Red Sea, waited until the Egyptians got well into the middle and then turned the arrested waters on to them until they were drowned. It may help us to put away this false impression if we remember that if such a thing happened to-day we should probably open a subscription list and do relief work for the wives and children of the lost Egyptians. We should not think that God favoured one nation more than another. It is hard to think that God has altered. It is certainly hard for a child to receive in the mind the idea that God is like that, and then the next Sunday to be told that God is like Jesus, loving His enemies, doing good to those

who hate Him, and never showing resentment or the spirit of revenge.

In speaking of the sensitiveness of a child's mind, I think a child is especially sensitive to injustice, ridicule and praise. Most children do not live in dread of punishment. They do most deeply resent unjust punishment. Anything that hurts their fine little sense of what is fair seems to create in them the most intense emotional reaction. I can remember myself, at the age of seven, being absent when a teacher of our class taught subtraction sums. When I returned to school, the other boys could do subtraction. I could not. The business of borrowing ten and having to pay it back again seemed to me complicated and absurd. Feeling a dreadful sense of inferiority, I got my sister to give me twelve subtraction sums, and obtaining a huge piece of paper from my mother, I sat down alone to work them out. The memory of that night is with me still. I suppose it could only have been an hour or so that I was busy. It seemed a tremendous sacrifice of time. I can recall again, in imagination, the memory of my hot head and sticky hands, and the wearying sense of the laboriousness of the task. The next morning I took up to the teacher the task which I had done instead of going out to play. I can hear now the sound of her taking the paper in her fingers and tearing it across and throwing it in the waste-paper basket without looking at it, saying with dreadful sarcasm, "Anybody can do them if somebody does them for him first." It is hard for me, even so many years afterwards, not to

feel bitterness rising in my heart against that callous and unjust treatment. I can remember the teacher's name, the clothes she wore, the desk at which she sat, and I can specially remember that she had very white flabby hands. The whole scene is simply seared into my mind because of the injustice of her treatment. I only hope these words may catch the eye of one who, realising the sensitiveness of the mind of the child, may refrain from any treatment that is unjust.

Ridicule, again, is a weapon which I am sure we ought never to use with a child. For instance, it is a perfectly useless treatment of childhood's fears to ridicule them. We must understand the child and show that we sympathise, and only laugh at his fears when he himself has got to the point of laughing at them too. Then we can both laugh together. But to ridicule them at first is only to drive him into a desperate loneliness, and make the problem worse by leaving him to face his little fears without our sympathy and understanding. I appeal that ridicule should never be used to a child.

A child is very sensitive to praise. I cannot spend a long time on this point. It was mentioned in the chapter on "The Inferiority Complex." I will only appeal for this—that if we are compelled to criticise a child for poor work in this and that and the other, we should go out of our way to praise the child for things he can do well. No adult should ever let a child suppose that there is nothing he can do well. To give him such an impression, which is always wrong, is to rob him of his belief in

himself and to deal him a blow which may disable him for a lifetime.

II

The second point I want to make is that a child's mind is largely governed by instinct which he is only gradually learning to control. Adults, of course, act instinctively far more than they are generally ready to admit. We sometimes say that women work by instinct and men by reason. The truth is that women work by instinct and men work by instinct, only men make up reasons afterwards. A child often acts instinctively, but his power to control or to decide whether his instincts clash with one another—for instance, his instinct for self-display clashing with his social instinct and the desire to be acceptable in a fellowship—is only gradually being developed, and often what is called naughtiness is instinctive behaviour not yet regulated and controlled.

We need to recognise that the energies derived from the instincts and the instinctive emotions are the driving forces of the personality, and that it is of the utmost importance that they be handled wisely and directed into channels of usefulness rather than, as the Americans would say, trained out.

It is further important to realise that all the instincts are present from birth onwards, though they vary in their degree of development. I turn aside at this point to utter a word of warning about the sex instinct. It is sometimes supposed

that this instinct is not operative before puberty. Normally it is true to say that the sex instinct is not operative *consciously* before puberty, but it is there and alive, and serious harm can be done to the sex harmony of later life, before it is realised that the sex instinct is there at all. Of course, the psychologist includes in the word "sex" all the aspects of sex life, and sees in the little girl playing with her dolls the unconscious manifestation of the maternal impulse in the sex instinct. But no words can be too strong to warn parents so that they may guard their children from sexual disharmony in adult life caused by incidents in childhood. I quote one case, briefly referred to in my book "The Mastery of Sex," [1] where this subject is more fully dealt with.

A young man of twenty-nine came into my room one evening to explain, in accents of deep tragedy, that he thought himself a kind of psychological monstrosity. He related that he was often sexually interested in members of the opposite sex, but that the sight of a girl's shoe roused in him the most acute sex sensations, and to look into a window where ladies' shoes were exhibited for sale brought him an intensity of sexual feeling which he could hardly control. I recognised at once that he was a victim of a comparatively rare psychological disharmony called shoe-fetichism. Had he known this, his fears would not have been so terrifying. Under hypnosis it was discovered that when he was a tiny child his nurse would lay him on a hearth-rug in front of the fire and tickle him in the genital

[1] P. 158. (Fifth edition.)

area with the toe of her shoe. In this unwise way the nurse precociously stimulated sex feeling through the medium of a shoe. At puberty, therefore, when sex life developed, instead of being roused in the ordinary way by a beautiful face or form, it was only rousable by the sight or touch of a shoe. Before the patient was awakened from hypnosis he was told that on awakening he would recall this incident to memory. When he did this the abnormal symptom vanished. He became as other men, and his gratitude was overwhelming, for a trouble which haunted him for years lost its hold in a few days.

The two things to remember about a child's mind, then, are first that the three great instincts are there from the beginning, and secondly that they will often drive him to conduct which may seem to be naughty, but that, since these forces are the driving power of his personality, they must be redirected and not stamped upon.

For instance, if John, with dirty shoes, stands on the best drawing-room cushion at the head of the chesterfield, and, waving a dirty stick, says to his horrified grandma, "I am the king of the castle. Get down, you dirty rascal," however naughty we may feel that behaviour is, it is really an uncontrolled and unregulated manifestation of an energy which is the essence of leadership. In other words, if, as the Americans say, it be trained out, we are not only injuring a personality, but we may be depriving society of a future leader. Some of us have been horrified to see the child who is over-trained; who will give up his toys even too readily to another, at once assent to the

suggestion of another, obey like a whipped dog the instruction of a parent, never showing any resistance or any initiative, always ready to give up anything. Such a child is often called " good " by his or her parents, but the goodness is a purely negative quality. The boy on the drawing-room chesterfield must certainly be told to get down, but ways should be open for him to exhibit those same tendencies in a manner which is not regarded as anti-social.

Here, again, is a boy who takes down the dining-room clock off the mantel-piece, removes the back and stirs up the works with a rusty nail. His father naturally feels incensed, thrashes the boy, and tells him never to do such a naughty thing again. If the boy obeys only through fear, it may be really a greater tragedy than if he disobeys, because the spirit of curiosity which prompts his " naughtiness " is the spirit of the inventor, the research chemist, the scientific investigator in any field, and even the explorer. If he could be given an old alarm clock and allowed to do what he liked with that, we are not training out the curiosity, but directing it, we are not doing an injury to a personality, and we are not depriving society of a useful worker.

Further, we must notice that if, for instance, the potential leadership in a child's character is thwarted, it often leads to a neurosis of which conceit or inferiority, or both become symptoms; that if curiosity is thwarted it becomes that morbid curiosity which is so distasteful a symptom in some neurotics.

I want to suggest, therefore, that in all cases of

"naughtiness" we should attempt to analyse back to the instincts operating in the behaviour we condemn, and see if we cannot direct them, instead of attempting to eradicate them. It may be remembered, in passing, that one of the strongest instincts in a child is that which makes him want to show off. Indeed, many tantrums are indulged in by children who subconsciously recognise that a tantrum turns the limelight on to themselves, bringing father from his study, Mary from the kitchen, and mother from the dining-room, and perhaps an aunt or grandmother from upstairs. Few children could withstand the thrill of hearing half a dozen grown-up people say, "Why, Tommy, whatever is the matter?" One is reminded of the little girl whose birthday fell on the same day as the minister's visit to tea. Betty was instructed that she should not say anything to the minister; that he was coming to talk to her parents, not to her. She was allowed to sit next him at the table, but was instructed not to direct attention to herself. Betty had been given for birthday presents a wrist-watch and a bottle of scent. Every few seconds she put her wrist-watch to her ear and displayed her wrist adorned with the watch as near to the minister as she dared. Further, she kept taking her handkerchief, smothered in scent, and ostentatiously blowing her nose. Neither of these performances caught the attention of the minister, and at last, in desperation, Betty broke all the regulations. In a voice of suppressed emotion she said to the minister, "If you hear anything or smell anything, it's me." She could

not bear to be out of the limelight a moment longer.

If only we could realise the instinctive nature of the child's mind we should save him from a great deal of trouble later on. Most of the people alive to-day of thirty and upwards are, to some extent, disabled in their attitude towards sex, because that instinct was allowed, by parents or teachers, to be associated with shame and disgrace. I should like to think that any words I could write would help the children of the future to have as normal a relation to sex as they have to digestion or any other function of the human body. If you point to an aeroplane in the sky and say to a child, "That is an aeroplane," you say it in an unembarrassed, unemotional voice, and the child accepts the idea and builds it into his fabric of knowledge. Yet if a child says, "Where do babies come from?" it is still only too common that a parent will, at once, look confused and embarrassed, blush, and change the subject or tell the child to ask another time. Immediately the child's mind registers the idea that there is an emotion of shame or unpleasantness or secrecy about the subject. What is even worse, a child will still sometimes be told lies about the doctor's bag, or the stork, or the gooseberry bush, and he will not only have the emotional reaction to sex spoilt for him, but he will be left in doubt and have something to unlearn. Here are all the factors which, later on, will set up a neurosis in regard to sex; the emotions of shame and furtive secrecy, and the morbid curiosity of the unsatisfied mind. Now, if, in the same voice in

which he spoke about the aeroplane, a parent could say, "Babies come from inside their mummies," a child would receive that information, and build it into his fabric of knowledge just as he did in the case of the 'plane. Let us take the illustration further. Supposing a child were present at an air display and showed fear of aeroplanes, thinking one of them might fall upon him. If you said to him, "What are you afraid of?" he would say "Aeroplanes," and the situation could be faced. But supposing, in his little mind, aeroplanes were indecent, then if you said, "What are you afraid of?" he would either not answer at all, or say the word, "Nothing," or say he was afraid of the trees falling on him. All those who have done any psychological work know that this is what complicates all investigation of a sexual neurosis. The patient is so ashamed of sex, and regards it as so indecent, that he is not conscious of being afraid of sex at all. He has transferred his fear of sex to something else, not in itself a likely cause of fear, because he regards sex as indecent, and the confession that he is afraid of it he regards as the sign of a depraved mind. One of the most important tasks before this generation is to give sex its normal place in the thinking of young people. When they have a normal attitude towards sex, then plays and novels and films written to excite the sex passions will leave them cold, and will not be able to produce that erotic emotion which makes such things successful in these days of sex repression. It is what is secretive and supposed to be shameful and a little bit wicked

that produces the sex thrill and what the Americans call the " sex kick." I do not think we can do much for the present generation. We can do a great deal for the next generation.

Following from the discussion of the instinctive nature of a child's mind, I want to set down some axioms which I have gathered from study, observation and experience in regard to the vexed question of naughtiness and punishment.[1]

1. The first is that punishment should never be retribution. It should always aim at the replacing of a bad habit by a good one. It is very sad sometimes to see a parent punish a child severely when the punishment is merely the working off of the parent's own emotion of annoyance and irritation. We have seen a child punished very severely when the severity was occasioned by the value of an object broken; where a child could not possibly have known that the object was one of value, and where punishment would not have been inflicted if the object had not had great value. This is a dreadful affront to a child's sense of justice, and will probably teach him not to be more careful, but to cover his tracks in future and hide any damage he does. He will also despise his parent.

2. Following from this, we must be careful that we are not punishing a child for what is essentially a good quality. Commonly, if a child shows a strong will in things we do not like, we punish him for being obstinate, stubborn and

[1] I owe much here to Miss Arlitt's book " The Child from One to Twelve."

perverse. If he shows the same strong will in things we do like, we praise him for being determined, resolute and game. Before punishment we do need to realise whether the child understands the nature of the thing in which he is persisting and why it is good or bad to persist in it. This is especially important because persistence is the quality a child possesses and an adult soon loses. A most interesting proof of this is given in an able book by John Morgan, called, "The Psychology of the Unadjusted School Child." In this book the author writes as follows: [1]

"An adult may persist in a certain trend if he sees clearly a reward for such determination, but he will not do so without an incentive; a child, on the other hand, is stimulated by a task itself regardless of any outside reward. This difference in persistence was brought out in the results of a test made on adult college students and elementary school children. The test consisted in working out a series of maze puzzles. The whole maze, with the exception of a small section of the path, was covered. Some of the pathways could be blocked off or opened at will, so that four different maze problems could be set on the same board. At first the child was given a very easy one, next a fairly difficult one, then a still more difficult one, and finally one which had no solution. The first three taught the child to expect success, and the last was given to see how the individual would react to failure.

[1] P. 68. (Published by Macmillan.) Quoted by permission.

These tests were given in school periods so that the child could not work longer than forty minutes on the last maze, but the surprising thing is that in no case did the child give up until it was time to stop. The adult college students reacted quite differently. Most of them gave up the last problem in from ten to twenty minutes. They might have been induced to stick to the problem by the offer of some reward, but the task itself was not enough of an incentive to cause them to persist. There were several exceptions to this—one especially marked. This young man worked for over an hour, very carefully going over the whole maze, and finally produced a picture of the maze as he had worked it out to prove that it could not be solved. It is the writer's opinion that this is the type of individual that an educational system should produce—one who attacks a problem with no incentive except the desire to conquer and does not give up until he succeeds or convinces himself that the solution is impossible."

3. We should be able to avoid a lot of conflict which we call "naughtiness" if we treated a child as a small grown up. If I were writing the last few sentences of a lecture or sermon, and did not obey, on the instant, a peremptory summons to dinner, I should feel very hurt if a person three times my size, on my two minutes delay, picked me up and carried me forcibly to the dining-room and dumped me in my chair. Yet this is the way we often treat a child. If we said, "John, when you have finished building that tower with your bricks, please come and have

dinner, because it is all ready for you," we should avoid those conflicts which are so distressing to both parent and child.

4. In regard to the giving of commands, it may be all right to demand instant obedience, but I think we should make them as few as possible, and make sure that the child understands what it is he is commanded to do. A psychologist was once staying in a home where he thought the number of commands was very great, and he decided to count them. He found that in two hours one little boy was given one hundred and twenty commands, forty-seven things he had to do, and seventy-three things he had not to do. This reminds one of the little boy who, when asked his name, said, " My name is John Don't." He had always heard those two words together.

5. The fifth point I should like to make is that what we call " naughtiness " is sometimes a child's refusal to give us obedience and loyalty. It is worth pointing out that we have no right to suppose that a child should give us obedience and loyalty and affection because we happen to be his parent. We have got to take pains to win these things from the children and to deserve their respect. This was well illustrated in the child whose mother said to him, " You must do as I tell you." He replied, " Why should I? " The mother found it difficult, but she said, " You must do what I tell you because I had to do what my mother told me, and she had to do what her mother told her." " H'm," said John, " I wonder who started that silly game? "

6. It is, I think, important that we should not

deceive a child, unless we are quite sure that the end justifies such means, as in the case of the nurses and the Zeppelin bombs. Miss Arlitt tells the story of a little boy who used to make trouble if his parents went out at night, so on one occasion they said to him, "We are not going out to-night, so you will be quite all right." Unfortunately for them he heard the front door slam. He jumped out of bed, watched them walk down the street, called to the maid, pointed at them through the window, and said, "Mary, there go the two biggest liars I have ever seen, and they expect me to tell the truth." I am afraid it would take those parents a long time to win the respect of their child. Particularly harmful and odious are those methods of deception which call in fear; such as, "If you do this a big bogey will get you." "If you do that you will die." How many false ideas of God have been implanted by that awful talk of a great eye watching a child's every action, or by the phrase, "If you are naughty God won't love you." Why, the whole centre of the Gospel is that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.

7. Punishment should have a logical relation to the crime, and if possible be the natural outcome of it. I plead that all caning and smacking is a confession of abject failure if it is used after the child is five years of age, unless the case is very exceptional. It will not always be easy to make the punishment fit the crime, but it should always be done where possible. Not, "You have been cross and irritable all the morning and must be put to bed as a punish-

ment"; far less, "You must be caned." For what will physical pain do and what relation has it to the "crime"? But rather, "Little boys who are cross must be tired. You must go and rest for half an hour, and then you can come back and play." Not, "You have dropped all those pieces of paper on the floor. You will be smacked for being untidy." But, "You must pick them all up before you can go out to play." A child should never be punished for things that are accidental, and if there is doubt he should be given the benefit of the doubt. Children should never be punished in a way which makes them argue, "Next time I will take care not to be found out." Mary came in late from school. Her mother said, "Where have you been, Mary?" She said, "I went to Gladys' house to play." Whereupon her mother whipped her severely and said, "That will teach you to come straight home next time." After a few days Mary repeated the same fault, and when her mother said, "Where have you been?" Mary said, "The teacher kept us in." The mother said no more. But the punishment had taught Mary to be a liar, and who can blame her?

Not only should punishment have a logical relation to the crime, but it should follow it immediately. It makes one's blood boil to read of a little chap who committed some fault in the middle of the morning. His mother said, "When your father comes home to-night I shall ask him to thrash you." The father came home at night and found the boy looking at a picture-book. He said, "Your mother says you have got to come

upstairs and I will whip you." After the whipping the father turned to his little son and said, "Now, why did I whip you?" The little chap turned his big, tear-filled eyes up to his father and said simply, "For looking at my picture-book," since that was what he was doing when he was punished. He naturally thought the two were related. The fault of the morning he had forgotten all about, and probably had never realised that it was so terribly wrong. Such a punishment is not only useless, but definitely an injury to a child's personality. It widens the gulf between his parents and himself. He tends to think of them as two tyrants in league making a combination against him which gives him no chance whatever; a tyrannical combine which at any moment may descend upon him and produce misery and pain. Either there will be in his heart an awful sense of insecurity and injustice, or a terrible loneliness or, worse still, a repressed resentment. His parents, on the other hand, tell one another that they are doing the right thing and bringing up their child strictly, and are horrified and amazed when they discover that he would rather confide in anybody than themselves, and that as soon as he gets a chance to leave home he will do so. He has never found in his parents his greatest pals.

Who can blame any intelligent person for escaping, as soon as may be, from an environment of irrational tyranny? He would be a fool to stay. The story is sad to the end. In their old age his parents will feel neglected and lonely. They will

wonder why John never seems keen on coming to see them. They will wonder why other sons, whose faults were not corrected and whose parents took no such trouble as they took, grow up happily and never break the parental tie.

It may seem as if what I have written weakens the authority of the parents and is a plea for slack discipline and the spoilt child. My own conclusion is that parents cannot have it both ways. If they wish, they can dominate the child's life and exact from him that "instant obedience" which appears to be the doubtful ambition of some parents to obtain. If so, they will often stand in a relation to the child which contains fear; not even reverence, for we reverence only what we can respect and see a reason for respecting. I am afraid that it is true to say that the obedience of the Victorian children was largely exacted by fear, and fear was deliberately fostered, since the Victorian parent had not the faintest intention of winning the child's friendship. He exacted, as his right, what, in point of fact, is no right at all, the immediate, total and blind obedience of his child for no other reason than the family bond which existed between them. In no other way could he defend and guard his ridiculous dignity.

> Their's not to reason why
> Their's but to do

or be punished. People sometimes think the psychologist exaggerates. It is true he sees the abnormal cases, and may, at times, make false deductions because of that fact. But at this

moment I have the case of a boy of fifteen, sent from the police court, whom I am trying to save from prison. Two days ago, under hypnosis, he related a story he was too loyal or too frightened to tell the magistrate. At fourteen, his mother had thrashed him with a walking stick, locked him in a coal cellar and shouted to her son that she was going forthwith to throw herself into the river. If the mother's earlier behaviour was anything like that, and I think it was, is it any wonder that the son is a "problem child"? Recently a step-mother locked her little girl in a dark room, told her it was full of "bogies," and left her there all night. In the morning the child was insane. She rushed away, threw herself down some steep stairs and was killed. Still those of us who trace the conflicts of adults back to childhood, hear the old, dreary story of whippings and punishments and fear-causing devices containing so many seeds of neurosis in later life.

But there is another alternative open to parents. Relinquishing any alleged rights, they may seek to win the friendship of their children instead of demanding it. Such children may not offer them the conventional respect which parents used to love showing to visitors. Indeed, such children may call their parents by their Christian names, as mine do. But parents and children are chums. They understand each other. They don't infringe each others "rights." When the desires of the parents are made known, an explanation is given rather than a will enforced. Such relationships allow a child's mind to develop

naturally and happily, without fear or repression or resentment.

III

The third point that I want to make is that a child's mind is imaginative, and that imagination is one of the most wonderful gifts which God ever gave to a little child. It is as delicate as the bloom on a butterfly's wings, and if it is handled with careless and coarse fingers it will hinder the flight of the delicate mind which produces it. When we revel in the imaginative genius of Robert Louis Stevenson, J. M. Barrie and A. A. Milne, we ought, in our minds, to pay a tribute to their parents, but for whose care that imaginative faculty would have been ruined in childhood. Probably all of us have been amused at the way in which a little child can live in an imaginary world, however dull his real world may be. An old chair may be an express train, or a motor-car, or an aeroplane, or a ship, or a castle, or a robber's haunt, or half a dozen other things. Further, an adult with an ordinary imagination can see a child's eyes sparkle and his whole being thrilled as he is told some story of fairies or elves and dragons. The question whether such things can happen does not matter.

Again, that imaginative faculty is often most useful, as every parent knows. Tell John to sit in his high chair until he has eaten that plateful of porridge, and only make an appeal to his will, and you may be met by tears and tantrums. Sit by his side and dig canals down which the milk can run towards that hidden gold in the centre of

the island, namely the treacle in the middle; have imaginary men digging new canals, and what comes out of the canals is going down John's throat without his noticing it. In other words, as Coué discovered long ago, where the will is incompetent, the imagination firing the will produces one of the biggest sources of energy which the human mind ever uses.

Now, if we are going to revel in this imaginative power of the child, we must, at all times, be ready to enter into that world of which imagination is the key and in which the child is so thoroughly at home. And grown ups must learn to grow down—if it *is* growing down—so that as a little child they may enter the kingdom of imagination. Do not let us with our stern, grey realism come down like some horrible fog on a sunny day, obliterating the joyous world in which a child's mind revels. Let us try to enter it.

Some people not only fail to understand, but they actually accuse a child of lying when all that has happened is that his imaginative faculty is working at full speed.

Dr. Jane Hawthorne, at the New Health Society Summer School at Malvern last summer (1934), said that she remembered the case of a five-year-old child whose mother one day found that a gold watch which she had left on her dressing-table had disappeared. Everybody was summoned to find the watch, and the place was temporarily in a turmoil. The five-year-old boy enjoyed this, as he was escaping from lessons in the nursery. When the watch could not be found the excitement died down a little. The

boy then went to his mother and said, in a tragic and pathetic voice, "I am very sorry, Mummie; I took the watch."

His mother was horrified and said, "Darling, why did you tell me a lie? Why didn't you tell me before you had taken the watch?" He was asked what he had done with it, and said, "It was such a nice watch; so very much like my own toy watch. I took it into the bathroom because I thought I would like to see what it looked like in water, and I put it in the bath."

The mother was on the point of going to the bathroom, when a maid came and said that the watch had been found elsewhere, undamaged. The boy had not stolen it at all, but, realizing that the excitement of finding the watch would absolve him from doing lessons, and that the further excitement of his being thought the culprit would also postpone his return to the nursery, he imagined that he had stolen it. That child is now a very brilliant lawyer. A child of that sort should not be punished as untruthful. Very often the only child was a very lonely child, and would imagine all sorts of things to compensate for its loneliness.

Let me interpolate here a word about the small child and truthfulness. It is absurd to demand from a child that exactitude about concrete fact that we have been pleased to label "truthfulness." The child lives in a much wider world of wonder and delight than he can whittle down to accurate statement. Unless he is frightened, he will not lie in any wrong way. He will betray a better conception of Truth than many a grown up.

For, unlike them, he will not maintain literal accuracy and yet at the same time act a lie or hold back part of the Truth, behaviour condoned by most grown ups.

"I am not suggesting," says Mr. Gilbert Thomas in his fine book "The Master-Light," [1] "that, as early as is reasonable, children should not be led to respect 'the truth' as an essential element of Truth itself. But Truth implies a whole spiritual attitude, of which, again, the child is the natural reflection. To insist rigidly on a small child's conformity with our standards of verbal accuracy is to substitute the letter that killeth for the spirit that giveth life."

In the same way, we must not punish theft as if the child had developed our adult and civilised sense of property. He hasn't. "Morality is not inherited," says Mr. Cyril Burt, "but has to be learnt by each succeeding generation." The little child is a little animal who takes or tries to take what attracts him.[2]

It is curious that parents will be quite content to tell their children stories of elves and fairies and impossible animals, and then call it lying when a child makes up such stories of his own. We have all heard of little Betty Brown, who came in from the garden and shouted, "Oh, mummy, come and look; there is an elephant in the garden." Her mother said, "Don't be

[1] "The Master-Light, Letters to David," by Gilbert Thomas. (George Allen & Unwin.) 5s.

[2] Theft later in childhood is often pathological. I have known it due to inferiority, to a search for power, and in the early teens to an ignorance of sex-facts.

ridiculous, Betty. You know it isn't an elephant. It is only an old tree stump. Now you had better go upstairs to your bedroom for half an hour and ask God to forgive you for being a naughty little girl and telling lies." Poor little Betty went slowly upstairs, and at the end of the prescribed time came down again. "Well," said her mother, "have you done what I told you?" "Yes," said Betty, "and God said 'Don't mention it, Miss Brown. I thought it was an elephant myself.'"

Recently I read of two young parents about to punish a little boy for saying he had seen a tiger in the garden. "You mean a cat," said the mother. "No," said John stoutly, "I mean a tiger." Exasperated, the father was about to punish him for untruthfulness when a knock came at the door. "Excuse me, madam," said a man in uniform, "have you seen a tiger round this way? he has escaped from a menagerie."

One is eager to make this plea, that the child's imaginative faculty should be guarded because so often religious faith depends upon it. This is not to suggest that religious faith is only a matter of imagination, but it may begin in the imaginative world. We may remember that the faculty of imagination is not only a faculty by the use of which we can conjure up images of things which have no reality at all, it is also a faculty by which we can conjure up images of things which have reality, but a reality which cannot be perceived by the senses. When Newton first saw an apple fall, he imagined a law. No one has ever seen the force of gravity, but everyone

believes in its existence, and that exercise of the imagination was tested in experience. In a similar way a child prays, perhaps, to Jesus, and believes that present in the room, however invisible, is that gracious figure Who moved through Galilee two thousand years ago. Let us concede that a little child may believe in God and Christ just as he believes in Santa Claus and fairies. But he gradually begins to apply the test of experience. As we know, he early throws off Santa Claus, and as early, probably, throws off his belief in fairies. It is a very significant and impressive thing that he goes on believing in God and Christ and, indeed, unless the New Testament is wrong and the lives of the saints for two thousand years merely the record of morbid psychosis, then the more he applies the test of experience, the more certain he will become of the real presence and activity of God in the world. Imagination is often a doorway thus into faith, or, if we like to put it so, faith is imagination grown up and tested. But to kill a child's imaginative faculty by wrong treatment may deal a disabling blow at his faith. And the way to faith through the gate of reason is surely much more difficult.

In conclusion, those of us who touch the minds of children are thus faced with a great responsibility, for from us a child gets two of the most important things which any child could have: 1. His sense of values, and 2. His idea of God.

When we speak of his sense of values we should do well to recognise that to send him to Sunday

School for half an hour every Sunday afternoon will do very little to make his sense of values if, in our home life, it is obvious, to the least discerning, that we think money, dress, having a good time, or asserting our superiority over others, are the most important things in the world. I am afraid we must say that by the age of seven a child has his sense of values fixed. He has picked up his sense of what are the important things in life.

In the second place, he gets from us his idea of God, and it is sometimes pathetic to realise how the human lives of those around him distort and spoil a child's idea of God. Those who have studied Shelley's "The Cenci" remember how impossible Beatrice found it to call God "Father," in view of her own father. A little boy in a Sunday School class listened to the story of the prodigal son with its wonderful picture of the father, and then said, "Are you sure God is like that?" "Yes," was the answer, "why?" "Because my daddy is not like that," was the child's simple but significant reply. A lady inspector, well known to me, speaking to a class of little children, kept using the word "father." A little boy put his hand up. "What is it?" she asked. "When you say 'father,'" he said, "do you mean the man who sleeps with my mummy at the week-end?" It is an astonishing thing to me that though Mary the mother of Jesus has received her share of adoration and reverence in all the churches, and particularly in one, Joseph is scarcely mentioned. In the light of all that psychology teaches of the importance of the first few years of a child's life,

we must surely pay a very great tribute to the father of Jesus. Indeed, his memorial, did we but recognise it, could scarcely be greater. It is the first phrase of the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father which art in heaven." Jesus could never have taught men to think of God as a perfect human father unless Joseph had been a very remarkable man.

We are not to get frantic about this responsibility. We are to remember that there is scarcely an older problem in the world. Indeed, I think I am right in saying that the oldest bit of writing we possess in the world is an ancient fragment of stone from one of the lowest strata of the ruins of Babylon. The first words which can be deciphered run as follows: "Alas, alas, times are not what they were. Children no longer obey their parents."

At the same time, so many lives around us have been disabled in childhood that we do well to take very seriously our contact with the most sensitive thing in God's creation, the mind of a child. My friend Studdert Kennedy, shortly before he died, said a thing that moved me very much concerning his three boys. "I am the king of a tiny kingdom of three sons. I desire, above all things on earth, that they may grow up fair and fine and free. Not seldom am I filled with fear of my responsibilities. And because of the knowledge which that fear brings I pray. . . . God save the king." And remembering both my childhood's home and my present home I would add another equally important prayer. . . . "God save the queen."

CHAPTER XI

FEAR, ANXIETY, PHOBIA AND WORRY

FEAR is often thought to be one of the great enemies of human happiness. We tell ourselves that the world would be a far happier place it there were no such thing as fear. We think of fear always as an enemy and never as a friend. The truth of the matter is that fear, if we use the word in its strict psychological sense, is always a friend and never an enemy. The confusion arises because we use the word "fear" to cover exaggerated and irrational fears, morbid fears, distrust, suspicion mixed with hate, anxiety, phobia and worry. Without fear, however, as I hope to try to show, we could not live. Without fear the race would never have come to the human level of development. When we mourn the fact that hundreds of our fellows, every night, lie awake through fear—fear of poverty, fear of disease, fear of unemployment, fear of unpopularity, fear of what people will say, fear of what people may do—we really need another word.

We should keep the word "fear" to describe the purely instinctive emotion. I have seen it written down in serious books that fear is an instinct. Fear is not an instinct, but an instinctive emotion.[1] But because it is instinctive it is

[1] See p. 96.

innate. It is not something which the mind gradually develops. It is a reaction which is an essential part of mental activity. And though we say about a man sometimes that he is "fearless" and that "he does not know what fear is," we do not mean it literally, for there is no such person. Fear is an emotion native to personality, and because of this it must be good, for nothing essentially evil has been planted in our personality by the hand of God. When we say that a man is fearless, we really mean that he can overcome his fears. If he were literally fearless—that is, without fear—for that very reason he could have no courage. The measure of his courage is the measure of his fear, and we see that fear is a good thing, since, without it, there would be no such thing as courage, no such thing as confidence, and, as I think, no such thing as reverence; for reverence and awe, which, it must be noted, are essential parts of worship, are made up of sublimated fear. The man who is confident is not the man who knows no fear, but the man who, recognising the fear-causing situation, recognises, also, those resources with which he can face it.

It helps us to see fear as a valuable thing when we watch it in the life of the animal. There is no animal in the world without fear. If we go back, in imagination, to the world as it must have been before man appeared, we find that some of the most valuable qualities in the animal are the result of his reaction to fear. When the primitive horse smelt the leopard or felt its claws, it was fear that made him run away. His speed was his greatest asset, for it saved

his life; but without fear he would have been devoured. On the other hand, fear caused some animals to remain perfectly motionless in the hope of melting into their background and being overlooked, and Nature has provided many animals with a coat which helps them to merge into their surroundings. The dark bars on the tawny coat of the tiger look exactly like the shadows of bamboos on the tawny ground; and although the tiger has the reputation of being the fiercest of animals, it is interesting to note that it will remain motionless if it can, hoping to avoid detection. An exception may be made for the tigress with cubs or for the tiger that has tasted human blood; but, in the main, the rule holds.

Indeed, in the light of what exaggerated fear can do in human lives, it is interesting to note that fear produces in some animals flight, and in others complete immobility. All psychologists realise that in human beings great fear will produce, in one person, not flight, since that would make him look ridiculous, but a mental tendency to flight, together with all the symptoms which would be found in the body of an animal prepared for actual flight: the fast-beating heart, the tense muscles, the nervous tension, the warm, moist skin, and so on. On the other hand, we speak of a person paralysed with fear, and I have seen cases of functional paralysis the causative factor of which was exaggerated fear.

But in the animal world, whether fear made the animal run or freeze into its background, it was definitely a beneficent mechanism, the aim of which was to preserve the animal's life. That is

why it is true to say that without fear the race would probably never have reached the human level; and still it is true to say that you could hardly cross Piccadilly at midnight but for fear. It is said that the London traffic divides people into the quick and the dead. It is fear that makes for quickness. We have already referred to the gouty old gentleman going down the lane who quickly got over a gate because a bull was charging down the lane behind him, and it is worth remembering that what saved the old man's life from the dangerous animal was fear. And again and again fear serves man and saves man.

The pure instinctive emotion of fear makes for efficiency. No one in his senses would trust himself, in any position of danger, to one of whom it was literally true to say, "He has no fear." And who would be operated on by a surgeon who was literally without fear? Who would wish to be guided through dangerous jungle, or, indeed, driven in a car through fast traffic, by one literally without fear? Literal fearlessness is a much too cabbage-like mentality for dangerous situations. I would prefer the man in whom the instinctive emotion of fear results in confidence and courage. Of course, people often manifest morbid or exaggerated fear, which ought to have another name; for where fear is a friend, morbid fear is an enemy. Fear makes the chemist dispense a prescription with care and accuracy. Morbid fear makes him run down the street after the customer to get the bottle back, in terror lest he may have put in arsenic instead of aniseed.

Fear makes the explorer light his fire and leave his revolver loaded when he settles down for the night. Morbid fear would keep him awake all night. Fear makes a friend of mine, who is in charge of a leper settlement in the Himalayas, wash his hands and take precaution against infection. Morbid fear would send him home from India by the next boat.

And shall we not all be willing to admit that fear plays a similar part in moral life? I think, if we are absolutely honest with ourselves, we shall discover that, again and again, we should have done wrong, but the fear of consequences made us do right. We would do ill, but fear is present with us. My contacts with hundreds of people, and the privilege of their confidence makes me say quite dogmatically that hundreds of people would slip into immorality if there were not a very healthy fear of the consequences. The hesitation of some to resort to wrong methods in business or in filling up income-tax returns is due not seldom to fear of the consequences of being found out rather than to a meticulous rectitude. It was a very, very wise man indeed who said, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,"[1] and when we remember the background of that writer, and that his theology always linked sin with disaster and righteousness with business success, we might paraphrase the sentence, "The fear of consequences is the beginning of wisdom," since it was most earnestly believed that God would come down in wrath upon the evil-doer. And, indeed, fear does play

[1] Prov. ix. 10.

that part. At the beginning of our education in the school of life, while we are still in the lower forms, the fear of consequences helps us to keep on the straight and narrow path. When we graduate in the school of life, we do right because it is right, and we do good because it is good; but, undoubtedly, the fear that is roused by the prospect of the consequences of being found out forms the beginnings of the wisdom of mature life.

Our first point in this chapter, therefore, is that if fear is an instinctive emotion, taken over from our animal ancestors and present in the mental make-up of every man, woman and child, and put there by the hand of God; if without fear there is no such thing as courage, no such thing as confidence, no such thing as worship; if fear acts as a great dynamic to save our life in moments of danger and to make us efficient and resourceful; then, I think, the point is established that fear is a friend.

But I must speak now of a psychological condition which is often described as fear, but wrongly so. It should be called anxiety, and anxiety might be described as a morbid mental condition in which are both desire and fear. Here it will be recognised that the word "anxiety" is the right word. Even in English we use it in both senses. We say, "I am anxious to meet you," which means desire; we say, "I am anxious about you," which means fear. I want to stress, for a moment, that the mixture of desire and fear, in psychological anxiety, is itself

morbid. If my loved one is out late at night, shall we say driving a car in the fog, then I desire, very much, that she shall come home safely, and I have all sorts of fears about the dangers of the road; but it is not a morbid mixture of desire and fear, and, therefore, not anxiety, or even worry. I think it must be said that it is not a morbid condition at all. It is part of my love for my friend, and it might be called concern. As we shall see later, worry has a different analysis, and anxiety is more morbid than this. Such concern cannot be called evil, because it is part of love, and it may be said that God Himself has such an emotion in regard to us: a great desire concerning us and a great knowledge of all those factors which may pull us down. The burden of His suffering on our behalf is the burden of His concern.

But the psychologist is only too familiar with the morbid condition caused when instinctive desire is frustrated or likely to be frustrated; when desire is pulling one way, as it were, and fear is pulling the other way. Then the mind can get into such a morbid state of conflict that the personality can be completely disabled for the task of living, life becomes a burden, a person feels unable to face life, and we have the condition called "nervous breakdown." I do not, of course, mean that every nervous breakdown has only those factors behind it, but again and again a morbid anxiety condition is at the root of the so-called breakdown. We might say that a nervous breakdown very rarely has its origin in the physical nervous system.

The nervous system shows signs of stress earliest because it is such a sensitive part of the physical mechanism that it is most readily acted upon by mental conflict. The nerves are the most sensitive registers of all the physical indicators of conflict within the personality, though more gross physical indications are by no means uncommon, as we shall see.

Every psychologist would be able to supply illustration after illustration of the kind of anxiety that is being described, in which both fear and desire operate. A man desires to do well in business, but has a deep inferiority complex. This means desire, on one side, to do well, and fear, on the other side, that he cannot do well—a morbid mixture that produces anxiety. A girl wants to be married. She has the desire, which every normal girl ought to possess, for love, marriage, a home and children; but, on the other hand, she has been brought up in culpable ignorance of sex, the whole subject is filled with fear, she has a morbid terror of the physical relationships which marriage involves; and because desire and fear are in conflict she has what is called a nervous breakdown. It is technically an anxiety state, and the cases of girls who break down through that particular conflict alone fills the files of every practising psychologist.

So we may have the business man whose business is going on the rocks and who desires to leave and flee; but there is the fear, prompted by self-respect, of being thought a coward and of what people will say, so that he is pulled two

ways, in one way by desire, in another way by fear, and we have a condition of anxiety and a nervous breakdown.

A girl may have a desire to go abroad as a missionary. Opposing that may be a fear of being disloyal to duties at home—looking after aged parents, for instance. There is another condition of anxiety which may, if it becomes morbid, produce breakdown. A man desires to please his master, but fears to be thought a toady by his mates.

Again and again the psychologist discovers that such a conflict may begin in consciousness, but sometimes it is pushed down unwittingly, but not without purpose, into the unconscious parts of the mind. There the conflict rages. The victim does not realise the factors in the conflict. If he did, psychological help would scarcely be needed; but the conflict is unconscious and sends its terrifying repercussions up into consciousness in the form of all sorts of irrational fears and terrors. We find insomnia, pain at the base of the spine, tachycardia, a fast-beating heart. The reflexes are exaggerated, the hands tremble, twitchings of the body are common, and there is the notorious tight band round the head. We have the condition described as the anxiety neurosis.

Many nervous breakdowns, however, also the result of anxiety, produce even more disquieting physical symptoms. Without going into the matter too technically, we may say that if the mind can produce a physical symptom which eases the mental conflict, it will do so, even if the symptom

be a paralysis, lameness, a stammer, dumbness, or any particular kind of physical disability. It is as though the mind said to the patient, "You cannot stand this conflict any longer. Here is a physical symptom which will provide a means of escape." Every observer of psychological anxiety must have noticed that he could divide his patients into two classes. In the first, there are the anxiety patients, who show obvious signs of exaggerated fear, the trembling, the fast-beating heart, the exaggerated reflexes, and so on. In the second, there are those patients who show none of these signs. They may show a comparatively care-free mind as far as one can detect; but they have a physical symptom that disables them, but which solves their conflict.

An illustration will make the point clear. During the War an English soldier, with rifle and fixed bayonet, dashed over the top of his trench and jumped into a section of the German trenches. He bayoneted three Germans whom he found there and held that particular part of the trench. When his officer came up, this man was congratulated on his courage. He was then found to be trembling from head to foot, but no one had any words for him but words of praise. Two days afterwards he went absolutely dumb, and was unable to speak a word. To make a long story very short, on psychological treatment, the fact was revealed that when he jumped into the trench the three Germans were already wounded. It is contrary to international law to bayonet a wounded

enemy. If he had been discovered he would not have been congratulated for bravery. He would have been punished. We see, therefore, the conflict in his mind. A desire, on the one hand, to be regarded as a hero, and a fear, on the other hand, of being found out. Apparently the fear raged for two days, and then it was as though his mind said to him, "This conflict cannot go on any longer. If you were dumb the conflict would be solved. No one else was in the German trench. No one saw what happened. If you don't let it out yourself no one will ever find out. But you might babble in your sleep. The only way of complete escape is to be dumb." Therefore dumb he became.

Now, it must very emphatically be said that this was not malingering. Malingering is consciously to pretend to be ill when one is not. All these mental activities, which I am describing, went on in the unconscious, and it was the activity of the unconscious mind which produced the symptom of dumbness to get the man out of the terrible conflict in which his mind was seething. One hazards the opinion that no amount of treatment directed to the muscles of the throat, or any other, medical or surgical, treatment, directed to his dumbness, as such, would have cured him. It was only when, after psychological treatment, the conflict was dragged out of the unconscious, and its nature shown to its victim and consciously accepted, that the dumbness disappeared, confession was made, and adjustment established. Here we have, in this illustration, the typical symptom of the anxiety

neurosis; and all over the world there are people suffering what appear to be physical illnesses, whose illnesses are caused by a conflict in the unconscious mind. For there are few physical diseases the symptoms of which cannot be produced by the unconscious mind if those symptoms would be a way of escape from the acute mental conflict caused by the anxiety.

Some years ago I had the joy of helping a young lady from the south of England who, for two years, was lame and walked with a stick. Her physician, sending her to me, said, "I can find no reason whatever why this girl should be lame. There is nothing whatever the matter with her legs." The girl came to me, and, on examination, her legs proved to be exactly the same length, and there appeared, as the doctor had said, no reason why she should not walk. Here again we must make a long story short. When I was examining her I noticed that, on the other leg from the one which appeared to be lame, there was a scar from hip to knee. On asking her how she had got this terrible wound, it transpired that one day, stepping off a tram-car, a motor-car had struck her and inflicted this injury. Following the accident she was, of course, laid up for many weeks, and, through the kindness of friends, her convalescence was a very happy period indeed. Flowers and chocolates were sent to her room; as soon as possible she was taken for rides in cars, tickets for the theatre appeared, and altogether there were many reasons for regretting the end of the convalescence.

However, she completely recovered and walked well without any sign of a limp. Then I discovered that, just previous to the second lameness, which the doctor could not understand and concerning which he had sent her to me, she had been jilted by an attractive young man. The reader will understand, at once, what happened. To be jilted is a wound in the mind. Indeed, in psychology we call such an experience a traumatic experience. It was, therefore, as though her mind said to her, "When you were wounded before, you feared facing up to life, and you desired a lot of fussing, and you got it because you were ill. If you are lame again you will get sympathy, kindness, affection which you are denied through the breaking off of the engagement, and which you greatly desire. Therefore be lame." I was confirmed in this diagnosis by the fact that when the patient was deeply hypnotised she could walk across my room without holding on to anything, and without any sign of lameness, but as soon as she was awakened she could not go six feet without a heavy limp and holding on to the table or the wall. One is delighted to report that she now walks without a limp. Her stick reposes in the cupboard of my room. The conflict, raging in the unconscious, was gradually brought to consciousness and accepted as the explanation of the condition, by the patient, and recovery followed. One again hazards the opinion that had her leg been treated by all the devices known to modern surgery and medicine, her lameness would have remained.

It is this kind of case which makes some of us feel that we have a new light on some of the miracles in the New Testament. It would be very unwise for anyone to say what our Lord could do or could not do, but no reputable theologian will now suppose that the divinity of Jesus depends on the miracles. In other words, some of the miracles, one now believes, are illustrations of the use of laws which the modern science of psychology is revealing to us; and it does not lessen one's conception of the character or power of our Lord to find that psychological methods are able to produce similar results to those which He obtained. Indeed, St. John recalls that Jesus said, " Greater things than these shall ye do." One remembers the story of the man let down through the roof, and how Jesus, looking upon him, said nothing about his legs. The cause of the lameness was not there. " Son, be of good cheer. Thy *sins* are forgiven thee. Arise, take up thy bed and walk." Evidently the patient's " palsy " was not due to an organic cause, but was due to a conflict in the mind with which sin had a great deal to do. Where some of us would need a long investigation, the penetrating insight of Jesus saw at once into the heart of the conflict that was raging within the man's mind, probably in the unconscious parts of his mind. Jesus, therefore, did not order him to take this treatment or that. Jesus immediately resolved the conflict by assuring the patient of forgiveness. I hope it is not presumptuous to say that I could quote case after case in which the received idea of forgive-

ness of sins has resolved the conflicts in men's minds and led to the complete disappearance of disabling physical symptoms. And I am quite sure, therefore, that no science of psychotherapy will be complete which leaves out that tremendously important doctrine; and that thousands of people suffering through similar causes will remain uncured unless the liberating truths of religion are brought to bear upon their case.

We must now pass to the subject of phobias. Anxiety is an enemy, fear is a friend. In the same way, what the psychologists call phobia is often called fear. I hope, in this section of the chapter, we shall see that fear is a friend, but that phobia is, indeed, a terrible enemy. What is a phobia?

Here we may go back to the illustration used on p. 71, where the mind was likened to a deep tank, the surface of the water being consciousness, the area just underneath the subconscious, and the depth of the well the unconscious. Quite often a man will have a fear of which he is quite conscious; but, gradually, it will slip into the mind, and may reach the unconscious, where it is held repressed. But because the personality has not made the correct adjustment to it, the buried fear will continue to discharge symptoms into consciousness, which we might think of as bubbles rising through the water of the well, from something near the bottom, right up to the surface. In the case of a phobia there is a buried fear in the unconscious which is sending up bubbles to consciousness in the shape of a

fear which the victim recognises to be irrational, and constantly calls himself "silly" for possessing, but a fear with which reason and will cannot deal, for the cause of it is below that level of the mind on which the will and the reason operate.

This is a most important point to make, particularly as the victims of phobias are generally told by their friends "not to be silly," and to "pull themselves together," and that there is nothing to be afraid of in a closed room or a dark tunnel or whatever the fear-causing object is. Or again, the victim is told to trust in God and to use faith, when what he needs is treatment which will bring to light the hidden cause of all his fears, which is away down in the depths of the mind.

A phobia, then, is an irrational fear caused by a repressed experience in which fear played a part, an experience now forgotten and in the unconscious. We have nyctophobia, fear of the dark; claustrophobia, fear of closed-in spaces; agoraphobia, fear of open spaces; aichmaphobia, fear of sharp instruments; pathophobia, fear of disease; pantophobia, fear of all things. And then, when we are driven back to the English language, we talk of cancer-phobia, a morbid fear of cancer, and so on.

A few illustrations will make clear what a phobia is. One of the best-known illustrations is one recounted by the psychologist, Rivers, of an officer who was found to prefer standing on the top of the trenches when heavy shelling was going on, and who, even in the face of the com-

mands of his superior officer, refused to go into the dugout, where his life would have been comparatively safe. We see there the important difference between fear and phobia. Fear is a friend. Fear would have driven him into a safe place, but phobia is a morbid fear due to repression, which is a definite enemy driving him into a place where his life is imperilled.

Analysis showed that the cause of the claustrophobia in question was that when the officer was a little boy he used to take rags and bones to a rag-and-bone man who lived at the end of a long, dark, closed-in passage. His parents forbade the little boy to go. One evening in the winter, when it was quite dark, he went down this closed passage and knocked at the door, and a large dog sprang out on him. Here was the initial trauma, the wound in the mind. The boy did not tell his parents. If he had, probably he would have found some relief. And in parentheses one must say that parents should always encourage children to speak of their fears, and never let a child hide his fears away under the supposition that it is braver to do so. Anyway, the child buried this fear, and the memory of it gradually faded from consciousness; but it was buried in the unconscious with a lot of emotional material with which the mind could not deal, and, if one may keep the figure, bubbles were continually sent to the surface in the form of the fear of any closed-in space.

Recently, I was asked to help an adult person suffering from what the psychologist calls aichmaphobia. The main symptom was utter terror

at the sight of any sharp instrument. If the patient were having dinner, and the host sharpened the carving knife, she fled from the table in an agony of fear. If she were teaching a class of school children, and a boy took out a pocket-knife, she had to ask him to put it away immediately. The sight of anybody peeling potatoes or sharpening a pencil would turn her sick, and her fears were quite beyond the reach of her conscious control. She would constantly call herself "foolish" and "silly," but it would be as cruel, unscientific, and unreasonable to blame her for her fears as to go to a person with scarlet fever and say, "You are silly to have spots on your chest. Pull yourself together, and don't be so foolish." She requires treatment, not criticism. A person psychologically ill is frequently treated to cruelty arising from the same kind of ignorance which in former days burnt witches and whipped the insane. This aichmaphobia is a case of a truly repressed complex, and it was not until the original shock in childhood which caused it was recovered by the mind, and the repressed mental energies allowed a vent, that the fears, being brought to consciousness, could be dispelled. The origin of the trouble was ultimately found to be the answer of a nurse to a question of the patient about the mystery of birth. The nurse said that babies were cut from the mother with a sharp knife. The fear of sex, common in many young women, thus became linked with a fear of sharp knives, and a knife became unconsciously a phallic symbol. A true "anxiety" in the psychological

sense was thus set up, in which fear of, and desire for, sex experience both played a part, as they do in all cases of anxiety. When the incident was recovered to consciousness, and the above tangle of implications gradually unravelled, the patient made a corresponding recovery, and is now practically normal, save that at a meal, the hand holding the knife tends still to tremble, though with nothing like the former violence.

The fear of disease is a normal and healthy fear, driving us regularly, as it should, to the physician, and forcing us to take reasonable means to avoid disease. But I remember once staying in the home of a lady who washed the salad in lysol. This can only be called a morbid fear of disease. The lady, I think, had read, many years ago, some pamphlet which filled her with alarm because it described the number of microbes there are in the air. From that, and probably from other incidents, there followed a morbid fear that everything was covered with germs. She washed her hands scores of times a day, boiled all manner of things in disinfectants, and even treated the salad in the way I have described.

Some little time ago I discovered, in teasing a young friend of mine, nineteen years of age, that he had a particular horror of having his throat touched. If anyone approached him with both hands open in the pretence of grasping him by the throat in the way in which one would throttle another, his alarm became really distressing. The situation was in no way serious, but it was

very intriguing to a psychologist. I therefore persuaded him to allow me to make certain investigations directed to the exploration of the unconscious mind. First of all he recovered a memory, with some emotion, when, at the age of seven, he was at a Christmas party at which he played a part during a game, which he described as "playing at burglars." Another boy jumped out from a bedroom doorway and grasped my friend with both hands round the throat. At this my friend screamed loudly and was definitely very upset.

In earlier days I should have imagined that this was the original incident which lay at the root of the phobia, but a longer experience in psychological work has shown me how often the mind will, as it were, try the dodge of offering to the investigator a plausible story of origin in order that the traumatic incident may still be concealed. Further investigation revealed the origin of the phobia; for it was discovered, by analytical methods that need not be described, that at the age of four and a half my friend had heard a story which greatly terrified him, and which described how a little fellow of tender years had had his throat grasped in the two hands of a big boy of fifteen, who, in my friend's words, "as soon as he got hold of the little boy's throat had gone mad," and grasped the throat more closely than he thought, with the result that the little boy had been strangled to death.

One had only to witness the emotion present when this story was recovered to consciousness in order to realise that in truth this was the real

cause of the phobia. And, indeed, since that brief treatment the patient has shown no further signs of any kind of distress, even if I tease him and pretend that I am about to strangle him by grasping his throat. Whereas, at one time, this motion would have filled him with obvious alarm, it is now only capable of making him laugh.

One need not further describe phobias. They are of different names and of no name at all. Sometimes they seem to be trivial to the observer. The psychologically uneducated sometimes laugh at the triviality of some phobias, but the trained observer knows the measure of distress and unhappiness which a so-called trivial phobia is capable of causing, so that, in many cases, life becomes unbearable. And, indeed, sometimes the way of suicide is sought. It is no good asking the patient to pull himself together and to use his will. Nor, if I may say so reverently, do I think it is much good to pray for deliverance and to surrender his fear to God. This patient with the hidden fear needs as much skilled treatment and investigation as the patient with the hidden growth, and the fact is so deep in the mind that those resources which are within the control of the will do not avail against it.

We now turn to the subject of worry. It is important to remember the distinction made already on p. 255 between worry and concern.

By worry I mean the fruitless expenditure of the energies of the mind in regard to some situation to which the mind is not prepared to

face up. We hear men saying such things as, "Whatever shall I do if . . .?" and they say it in regard to something that has not happened, and many of them say it in regard to something which is not even likely to happen. Fear has not only pervaded the "feeling" part of the mind. It has invaded and partly conquered our "knowing." [1] The imaginative faculty is beaten already.

I can only set down those practical methods which I myself have found to be of value at the onset of worry. I do not try to put the worrying situation out of my mind. People will tell us to do this, and they mean well; but their advice, if taken seriously, might easily cause greater distress than ever, because an attempt to put a thing out of the mind, unless skilfully done with psychological insight, may result in putting it into the mind, pushing it down more and more deeply, till, at last, it is in the unconscious: that is, it is forgotten, but is still capable—because adjustment has never been correctly made to it—of throwing up symptoms into consciousness which are more distressing than the original worry.

Sometimes one of the most dangerous things that happen is that a person forgets what he is worrying about. It is better to set it in the very centre of the mind and take a healthy attitude to it; and then it has been so cleansed that it *may* fall into the unconscious, for the mind

[1] May I refer the reader to the distinction between knowing, feeling and willing in the mind, made on p. 55. An animal's fear is confined to "feeling."

can then receive it without fear of further trouble.

One of my friends, some time ago, found that he was worrying. He went to his physician, who was a person of less imagination than most, and he merely told him to take up golf. My friend could apparently only play at a time when others could not play. On one occasion, motoring down a road near the golf course, I saw him "taking up golf," though it would be more accurate to say that he was taking up the golf-course! With bowed shoulders and miserable mien he followed the little white ball about, looking just about as miserable as a human being can look. No doubt he was worrying about the situation all the time.

Similarly, women have complained to me, again and again, when they have been advised to forget their worries by doing their housework. As one who does a little housework once a year on a holiday, I can only give it as my testimony that I have never found anything in the world which I could do, and, at the same time, think intensely on a totally different subject, as is possible during what is called housework. I should think one could wash up for forty people and worry about something else all the time.

The only dodge that I have ever found valuable is to set out, in the centre of the mind, the situation about which one is worrying. I have found it of help, in doing this, to write the situation out. If it is a decision that has to be made, it is a wise thing to write out the pros and the

cons. Then I find it useful to reckon up the situation as far as I can see it at the moment, and to say to myself, "If that happens I will do this. If this happens I will do that." If it is possible to *do* a thing at once, in regard to the worrying situation, then, of course, it should be done. And, in parentheses, it is a very foolish practice to worry all night concerning some situation about which one has decided to write a letter the following day, when, by writing the letter then and there, one could get a night's sleep. Again and again I have risen in the night to write a letter because I found I was worrying about the situation, and then discovered, to my great delight, that sleep followed immediately. To do a thing, or to decide to do a thing, is to divert the stream that is dashing itself on the rocks, spending its energy in an entirely wasteful way, into a channel where it may drive the dynamos of daily living.

I am not so foolish as to be blind to the fact that the mind must get practice in the way it deals with worry. But to set the situation before the conscious mind, observe it as dispassionately as possible in all its aspects, to do what can be done, to decide on a definite course in the contingencies one can foresee, and to train the mind to wait peaceably for such contingencies as one cannot foresee—these are ways which have helped me, at any rate, to conquer the demon of worry. What a wise old saying it is that we should not try to cross the river until we get to it. When we get to it there is so often a bridge or a ford that we did not dream existed. Further, in the

matter of making a decision, I have found it amazingly true, in my own life, that when we get to the cross roads, if we do put our trust in the wisdom of God and in His power to help and guide us, we are never completely mystified as to which is the right way to take. I have been mystified up to a few hours before I got to the cross-roads as to which way I should take, but when I actually got there I knew what to do, and I have never found anybody whose experience would argue otherwise. One often lacks the pluck to do the thing that is right; but it is pluck, not guidance, that one lacks.

The conclusion, then, of our chapter on "Fear" must surely be that fear, technically understood, in the purely psychological sense, is always a friend; but that anxiety, phobia and worry, morbid manifestations of mental states containing fear, are always enemies. We find, further, that the cure of anxiety, phobia and worry have at least this in common: their causes must be brought up to consciousness and surveyed by the conscious mind; for it is only on that level that the resources of reason, will, faith and trust, can deal adequately with the enemy.

When we turn to the most perfect life of all, we do not find that it was lived without fear. Indeed, we find recorded by a doctor a symptom of fear which shows a depth of anguish rarely realised in the lives of men. "His sweat became,as it were, great drops of blood falling down upon the ground."[1] This is a symptom of extreme anguish

[1] Luke xxii. 44.

of mind which is rarely witnessed. The courag of Jesus is not that negative quality based o literal fearlessness. Surely it is true to say tha the measure of His courage was the measure c His overcome fear. One would have been im possible without the other. And when th shadow of the Cross loomed up so close to Hin that even He cried, " If it be possible let this cu pass," He proceeded to take such an attitude t calamity that He wrung from the situation th courage only commensurate with the fear whic that situation was capable of producing.

I believe that He can bring men to the poin when they realise that there is no situation cap able of defeating the human spirit; when th measure of the most terrible calamity the min can imagine becomes the measure of courag which can be made out of the situation in orde to overcome it.

If we could only receive it, God has so guarded this universe that though fear plays its useful part—since it makes us awake and careful and efficient, and gives us the stuff of which confidence and courage and reverence are made—there is nothing capable of happening to any one of us that has any inherent power to make us afraid. We may know fear as a valuable psychological emotion, innate in human personality and entrusted to us by God as one of His servants doing His service; but, knowing fear, we may keep it in the servants' hall, and never let it assume mastership. Nothing need make us afraid.

If we can receive this truth and live by it, we

shall be able to say about any calamity what Rupert Brooke says about War:—

"War knows no power; safe shall be my going,
Secretly armed against all death's endeavour,
Safe, though all safety's lost: safe where men fall,
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all."

CHAPTER XII

DEPRESSION AND IRRITABILITY

ONE of the most worth-while tasks in the world is to give people real help in the problem of living. It is an art which we are all compelled to practise; and if we can master the art and find harmony and poise, life can become a very different thing for us from what it is when we fail to find such harmony, when our personality lacks unity and co-ordination, when we are fretted and jarred and out of tune with life. True rest, and indeed the only kind of rest most of us can permanently possess, is not found by escaping from life, whether the wings of the dove of flight take us to the wilderness, or to a monastery, or the seaside, or to some fantasy retreat which we have made in our own minds. True rest and harmony are found in perfect self-adjustment to circumstance, to men, and to God. The happiest souls in the world are those who have made themselves fit into their particular sphere, or made their sphere fit them; in whose case all the powers of personality are expressing themselves in their owners' various reactions to life.

Jesus spent a great deal of patience and time in showing people the way of life. Though His words have been discussed and their meanings unexhausted for two thousand years, yet He was never incomprehensible. "Truth embodied in

a tale can enter in at lowly doors," as Tennyson has reminded us; and when people listened to Him they heard Him gladly, because the lowliest found something of practical value; felt that this Master of life perfectly understood his problems; found something that made life seem richer and more full of meaning than it had ever seemed before; learned a little bit more of the art of living. Jesus, for instance, spoke much of worry and anxiety. He knew how it exhausted the mind and how fruitless it all was. There is no discourse in the world on worry containing such penetrating insight and such good news to those who worry as the section of the Sermon on the Mount which speaks of God's love and tender care for lilies and birds.

So I come to this subject of depression and irritability, knowing that here is a problem which all of us have to meet at some time or other. Even the most sanguine and light-hearted person sometimes feels " in the dumps." Indeed, some of those who are the most high-spirited and light-hearted seem, for that very reason, to be capable of going to the depths of depression. The currency of the phrase " fed up " illustrates the fact that if we talk about depression we are not out of touch with the lives of most men and women; and, for some, depression is a constant November gloom of the spirit. They take no interest in their work, their pleasures bore them, they do not believe in themselves, they detect wrong motives in others, the power of their will seems paralysed, they think slowly and heavily, they shun society, and the only thing they enjoy is to

talk about their own condition, the rottenness of the weather or trade or the Government; they frequently express the wish that they were dead, until they make others share their wish, for depression is one of the most infectious diseases of the soul. Some need a doctor, some a minister, some a psychologist. Some need sympathy, some need a smacking, but all need helping; for until their depression is cured they will always be liabilities instead of assets in our midst. Here is your farmer. Tell him how well the wheat looks, and he will say, "Yes, but I lost all my hay." Say it is a glorious day, and he will say, "It'll turn to rain." Say, "Nice spell of fine weather," and he will say, "What we want is a drop o' rain." Say, during a rainy day, "Nice growing weather." "What we want is sunshine," he will retort. And farmers have no monopoly of such an attitude to life.

On the other hand, you have the man who is irritable. Sometimes, indeed, the two states go together; but frequently the same disease of the soul shows itself in one man in a deep depression, and in another as irritability. Your irritable person is easily upset by little things, has outbursts of temper out of all proportion to the size of the stimulus. He is generally morbidly sensitive to what people think of him. Alternatively, both depression and irritability show themselves not so much in temper, but in tears,—especially in what has been called the unfair sex,—in long weepings over imagined slights, or in what might be called the martyr spirit. Perhaps one of the hardest types of person to live with is a

person with a martyr-spirit. "You go and enjoy yourself," she will say, "and don't bother about me." But if the advice be taken she is miserable for hours. It is terrible that her depression should be able to infect others and spoil the fun of a whole evening. She takes a morbid delight in hugging fancied slights or injuries to her bosom, deeply resenting fancied burdens laid upon her.

I am afraid we men are given to this too. We give no reason for our depression. In fact, we are probably working off on our women folk a depression caused by our superiors justly calling us incompetent fools. We do not explain this. We are just peeved, depressed and irritable. Our loved ones are solicitous, but we only walk further into the fog of our depression. They follow us, hoping to bring us out, or at any rate share our condition, but we shake them off in the spirit that says, "Oh, never mind me." At last they give it up, and with downcast eyes leave us. Then we feel a grim content. We have scored. We have made others suffer. We ought to be ducked in a cold bath; but such are women folk that they fuss us the more, put our slippers to warm, give us scrambled eggs for supper, and push the bottle to our side of the bed; so, of course, we try it again, and feel quite *men* to have such loving attention paid us. In a fantasy-retreat made out of his babyish immolation-complex a man can get an anodyne to dull the pain of the criticisms of his boss.

What I want to do first is to introduce the subject and look at the question from the physical

standpoint; then, later, look at it as a psychological problem, then as a spiritual problem, and, finally, having looked all round it and right through it, suggest a way out. For many hate themselves for being depressing and irritable, and in their best moments would gladly follow some line which would bring them out of it.

First of all, then, the whole problem may be a physical one; and as we speak about this we cannot but be tremendously impressed by the way in which the New Testament includes a Gospel for the body. Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians (vi. 20), says: "Glorify God in your body." Writing to the Philippians, he says: "Christ shall be magnified in my body" (i. 20). "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." Jesus said, "Take no thought for your bodies what ye shall put on," meaning, "Do not be *worried* about your body." We get a glimpse of what Jesus thought of the body when John in his Gospel says (ii. 21): "He spake of the temple of His body"; and that idea of the body as a temple inhabited by God is one that seems generally held in the New Testament.[1]

It is therefore in harmony with all New Testament teaching that as far as possible we are to keep our bodies just as fit as they can be kept. Not only disease, but a slack attitude to the body, are the enemies of healthy religion. "A healthy body," says Bacon, "is the soul's guest chamber; a sick, its prison." Maximum spiritual efficiency cannot be reached apart from maximum physical efficiency. In other words, it is up to us to give our spirit the very best medium

[1] *E.g.* 1 Corin. iii. 16–17; vi. 19; 2 Corin. vi. 16.

of expressing itself which we can possibly give it; or, putting it into a slogan, "You cannot be as good as you might be unless you are as fit as you can be."

Many people will challenge this at once. They will say, "That cannot be so because some of the greatest saints have been the greatest sufferers." My answer is that they have not been saints because of suffering; they have been saints in spite of suffering. Suffering has awakened and challenged their spirit, and by a glorious response to it they have won good out of evil; but if their spirit had been awakened to the same extent in some other way they could have risen to quite as lofty heights of character. We may support this conclusion by two considerations. The first is that there is nothing automatic in the effect of pain by which the illness of the body brings the health of the soul; indeed, the normal result of suffering is that very depression and irritability which we are discussing. If you have an attack of gout or toothache or indigestion, you may test this for yourself; and next time you go to a dentist I shall be surprised to learn that an abscess at the base of the tooth makes you experience the onset of feelings of saintliness.

The second consideration is that we are given to understand that Jesus had perfect physical health. His training as a carpenter and His love of the open air made it possible for Him to meet the enormous demands made on His physical strength, and though we hear of His being tired, we never hear of any disease of the body. Would Jesus have been even more perfect if His body had not been such a splendid medium for His spirit?

Let us pay a great and sincere tribute to those who, in spite of crippling hindrances in the body, show a radiance and strength of spirit which put us all to shame; but if they were suddenly freed from the disability which is physical, would they not become greater powers for good, because in the hands of the spirit, so to speak, there would be a more perfect instrument for it to use?

All this has a bearing on depression and irritability. I well remember the Professor of Homiletics, at the theological college at which I was trained, saying to us, "You have no right to do anything on Saturday which will even risk lowering your physical fitness on Sunday"; and he urged us to realise and act upon what I am sure is true, that spiritual and mental faculties are at their best when the body is at its best. My own experience would confirm this. I feel a much greater sense of the joy and radiance of religion, and of the presence of God, when my whole body is tingling with health, say after a morning's cold bath or an evening's round of golf, than I do in the depths of a heavy cold or during the after-effects of influenza.

It is not for me to deal with those physical causes which can produce both depression and irritability; but, quite seriously, it may be that your liver is saying "No," to God; that there is some physiological thing wrong which could quite easily be put right, and which would make a real difference in your outlook on life. For instance, a lack of balance in the proportion of glandular secretions, not drinking enough water,

not ridding the body of waste products, eating too much—a thing most of us do—and not eating enough fruit and vegetables, not taking exercise, sleeping too much or too little, may darken the windows through which the soul looks upon the world. A man will eat gooseberry tart at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, and then wonder that he cannot see God on Sunday. It's a wonder he can see anything! His body is cramping his spirit.

In this there is something of comfort as well as of advice. Let us imagine that we are looking at an oil lamp a hundred yards away. If the light seems dim it may be that the flame is low, or it may be that the lamp-glass is dirty. The effect, measured by the light given out, is the same. Now, for flame, think of spirit; the ego, the real "you." For lamp-glass, think of your body, your means of manifestation in the world, the thing through which your spirit shines and is mediated to men and women. If the light looks dim from a hundred yards distance, it may be, indeed, that there is something the matter with the flame, that there is something wrong with your inner, spiritual self; but it may be that all is well there, but that the lamp glass is dirty. In other words, the body is not acting as a perfect medium for your spirit.

Now, when I say that there is both comfort and challenge in this, you see the challenge to be that to some extent you are spoiling the effect of a fine spirit, for it is crippled in its expression, and if the matter can be adjusted, then I am afraid failure to face the challenge is strictly

blameworthy. It is not sinful to be ill, but it is sinful to be more ill than you need be.

On the other hand, there is much comfort in this. For instance, a woman of forty-five and a man at sixty go through a time when the body is undergoing certain changes, and at such times irritability and depression result. Some splendid people feel absolutely ashamed, and even heart-broken, at what they call their bad temper and their moods of depression at such times. Many of us have noticed the same thing in a convalescent after illness. Now, it can be truly said to all such people, "Do not trouble about it, for it is not the flame, it is only the lamp-glass. It is not really you it is simply your medium of expression, and, when the glass is cleaned up, the light will shine out again with all its radiance. Do your best to overcome it by turning up the wick and making the flame brighter. But you are entitled to the comfort of realising that the glass is wrong, not the flame."

The point to notice is that if we are the victims of depression and irritability, let us first look for a physical sign. Indeed, in these days, and in the light of what I have said above, it is good spiritual advice to say to everybody, "Go and be overhauled by a competent medical man or woman once a year." It is a religious tragedy if you are depressed and irritable, and infecting others with depression and bad temper, when as much Kruschen's as would go on a sixpence could renew your faith in God and man.

Many will ask whether depression and irrita-

bility, though perhaps not physically caused, are not mainly caused by inherited temperament. It is a blessed word! Inasmuch as temperament is partly the result of a psychological condition, I want to leave it to a later point in our discussion; but strictly you do not get your temperament hereditarily. There is less in heredity than was thought by earlier ages. We need to stress this hopeful and comforting fact. As Dr. Fosdick once pointed out:[1] "Shakespeare was the son of a bankrupt butcher and a woman who could not write her name. Beethoven was the son of a consumptive mother and a father who was a drunkard. Schubert was the son of a peasant father and a mother in domestic service. Michael Faraday was born over a stable, his father an invalid blacksmith, his mother a common drudge." You get your temperament more by infection than by heredity. For instance, no child is born with a mind that worries and is fearful; but if his childhood is lived out amongst people who worry about everything, and whose dread and terror show in their language and in their whole attitude to life, he will watch the disease, and he will become a man who believes that the world is a terrifying place to live in, and that life is full of worry and fear. For this reason we have a great duty to our children, to hide our fears if we cannot exorcise them. But inasmuch as depression and worry may be acquired, then if we can get them, we can often get rid of

[1] "Adventurous Religion," H. E. Fosdick, p. 36. (Student Christian Movement Press.)

them. There is no need for them to be there at all.[1]

There is a well-known Latin tag which shows how the healthy mind and the healthy body go together: *Mens sana in corpore sano.* It is no less true to say that the healthy soul and the healthy body go together also. Physical exercise, cold baths, sun baths, fresh air, the toning up of the whole physical system, for many people would banish depression and irritability, and quite literally would give them a new faith in God and in the world. If we are religious people we want to dedicate our whole being to God. We cannot offer Him less than the best we know. Let us offer Him an instrument as perfect as we can make it, a body disciplined and fit. If the body is His temple, let us make it as clean and beautiful as we can.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Until *this earthly part of me*
Glows with Thy fire divine.

A Psychological Problem

By calling it a psychological problem I mean that, just as some depression and irritability have

[1] Much depression and irritability are caused by sex starvation or sex maladjustment. I have discussed this question fully in "The Mastery of Sex" (Student Christian Movement Press, 5s.). Much depression is due to mental disease. Here, of course, the depression must be treated by having the disease competently treated by the appropriate medical methods.

their origin in physical causes, so some types have their origin in some disharmony in the realm of the mind. It is with these types that I want to deal briefly now.

Let us look, then, at the main psychological causes of depression and irritability. I shall divide them into six. 1. The first is a mind distracted, not so much through having too much to do—though commonly it is put down to that—but as a false economy in the matter of mental energy. Your depressed and irritable person will often say that he cannot concentrate, and he thinks that lack of concentration is the effect of depression and irritability. It is not so much the effect as the cause. Because he does not teach himself to concentrate he becomes depressed and irritable. His depression and irritability will clear up tremendously as he learns to spend wisely the forces of the mind. What should we think of a man driving a railway engine who drove at ninety miles an hour, when it was quite unnecessary, between Leeds and Leicester, and then told the passengers in a hectic and irritable voice that he couldn't get them to London? Yet some people have just as foolish a method of travelling through a day. By six o'clock they are depressed and irritable, feel they have far too much to do, think they are breaking down, and turn their homes into hell, when by quiet and wise behaviour their evening would be serene and their tempers unruffled. What should we think of a housewife who continually spent more than her husband allowed her, and who not only did this, but who bought the wrong things, who spent a tremendous

amount on lard and forgot to buy any butter, or who concentrated her mind on providing a splendid breakfast, but forgot to get any dinner, tea, or supper, or who, instead of making a list of the things she was going to buy at shops and working steadily through the list, made six journeys to town where one would have done? You would say that was a ridiculous way of spending time and money, yet a great many people spend their available mental energy in just as foolish a way.

Dr. Ross in his sane book, "The Common Neuroses," [1] tells of a depressed clergyman who was appalled, because, as he said, he "could not even concentrate on a novel." When it was suggested that he should try reading some theology, he was surprised to find that he could read this with ease. The only difficulty was that the energies of the mind were being misplaced and mis-spent.

If you dream constantly that you are stuffing things into a bag and can never get them all into it, or that you are running to catch a train and always missing it, or that you are lost in a wood and constantly tripping in the undergrowth, or that you are climbing an unending hill and getting hectic because you never seem to reach the top, all these dreams may indicate that, in the Yorkshire phrase, "you have got too much on your plate." I believe that God speaks to us in dreams now, as much as He ever did, only you may have to call in a psychologist rather than a soothsayer to explain them. But if you have such dreams as I

[1] Page 86 (Arnold).

have indicated, it shows that in the depths of your mind there is a sense of inability to cope with life, and you must throw some lumber overboard. You must either do fewer things, or do them in an orderly way and with a quiet mind, setting things out in their proper perspective of importance. The problem is not a problem of physical strength:[1] it is a matter of being the master of your own personality and budgeting the income of the mind.

I am very sympathetic here, for in my own life I only wish there were fifty hours in the day and twenty days in the week. Life could not be lived unless one definitely decided how best to use one's energies and to leave out the secondary things, however important, however worth doing, and however people will criticise because they are not done. Indeed one often starts the day saying, "Now what needn't I do to-day?" The things that *must* be done fill all the hours.

As in all things, Jesus shows us the perfect way. He was the busiest man who ever lived, and yet that is the very last thing we think of in regard to Him. He got through vast masses of work every day, but He lived so near to God that God told Him the next thing to do. And I believe that those who live near to God still do know what they must do, and what they must leave out. He went to each task quietly and steadily, and did that with all His personality, then left

[1] See "Psychology in Service of the Soul," Chap. VII, pp. 137 *et seq.* "Don't be Tired To-morrow." (Epworth Press, London.) 3*s.* 6*d.*

that and went to the next task, and to the next, and so on, not worrying about the task that was behind Him, or the task that was before Him, not becoming frantic about what could not be accomplished, not worrying as to results, but doing His best and leaving results to God. He gave a place of honour to the fellowship of the meal. He did not rush through His meals and spoil the fellowship of the table for others. He did not cut down the hours of sleep in a way that made Him depressed through physical fatigue. He did not regard time spent in resting as wasted, and He was too great a master of the art of living to neglect His body. He offered His body to God as a perfectly clean and tuned instrument for the divine purpose. We become depressed and irritable when we are spending unwisely the forces of the personality.

2. The second great cause is that the mind is worried by financial and business affairs. I must not stay on this problem, which, in a way, could almost be regarded as a phase of the cause we now have just noticed. It is in these days very understandable. Hundreds of people are not worried by financial problems for their own sake; they are concerned about those who depend on them. Jesus made it very clear that He understood this situation. "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." [1] But He tried to get people to realise the rich treasures of the heart which lie in setting the mind on spiritual things which can bring peace to the soul, even when there is little in the pocket; and I think I

[1] Matt. vi. 32.

have His mind when I suggest that we are to set forth the situation, not turning away from it, or running away from it, and then do whatever can honestly be done for the welfare of those who depend on us. We may *think* twenty years ahead, but we are to *live* each day at a time, and find our whole nature supported and kept serene by a sense of nearness to God.

3. The third cause is the depression and irritability which settle down on the personality through the stagnation of the mind. Everybody has what some psychologists call "the wish for power," and if the mind is allowed to stagnate, and that stream of mental energy does not flow out in some kind of activity, then, turned in on itself, it makes the stagnation which we call depression or irritability. I was asked by a doctor lately to see a lady living in a hotel at one of our well-known seaside resorts. The doctor thought that probably some psychological treatment was indicated in view of her extreme depression and irritable nature. The first half-hour's conversation revealed that she was very wealthy, and in no pain, but that her programme was as follows. She had breakfast in bed every morning, came down at eleven, went for a walk if it were sunny, or sat in the hotel drawing-room looking at the papers if it were wet; had a mid-day lunch, and retired to rest immediately after it, getting up in time for afternoon tea. Between tea and dinner, if it were fine, she sometimes had a little walk, or, in the summer, a drive in the car, and after dinner, so she reported, "I try to play bridge, but I get so sleepy that I go to bed

about nine." She was a lady of not more than fifty years of age. She seemed quite surprised and hurt when I put to her the question, "Have you ever done a single thing for anybody except yourself?" She was not ungenerous to certain philanthropies, but signing cheques, though useful, is a poor expression of personality unless there is a deep interest taken in the object of the philanthropy. She was a member of some committees, but always felt "too ill" to attend them. This, of course, is a grossly unusual case, but there are scores of people, especially women, and especially women of a certain class of society, whose depression and bad temper would vanish like morning mists before the sun if they had to do a day's washing, just as some people's bad temper is brought on by this.

I have a friend who has an invalid husband and a delicate daughter, who will come and help us with our washing at home, and then go home in the early afternoon and do her own, and who will finish the day as cheerfully as she began it. She goes quietly on with every task, and the evening brings her that healthy tiredness in which there is no evil, and leaves the mind harmonious and poised because it has controlled a well-spent day.

4. The fourth cause is the most important and the most common, and I want to spend the most time over it. In one sentence, a tremendous amount of depression and irritability are caused by what the psychologist calls infantile regression. Sometimes, although a person's body grows up, and there is nothing the matter with the development of his brain, he refuses to grow up

psychologically. That is to say, at certain points his attitude to life goes back to the infantile stage.[1] For instance, here is a man who is irritable. He swears when he misses a golf ball or misses a shot, he snaps at other people because he breaks a shoe lace, or pricks his finger, or hits his thumb instead of the nail, or spills his tea on his clothes, or loses a few shares. Why does he do it? Let me tell you. When he was a tiny baby, if his dummy fell out of his mouth, or if he dropped his mug or broke his rattle, he emitted a short, sharp cry, followed by a howl. Whereupon, very foolishly, his nurse or his mother at once ran to put the dummy back in his mouth or pick up his mug or his rattle. In other words, the cry brought him comfort. This made a habit track in the depths of his mind, and now, though his conscious mind would agree that the expletive or show of bad temper does no good, his unconscious mind, as it were, directs him to try the same dodge, in the hope that failure and calamity can thus be put right.

The man who says "Damn!" at this point and at that, is making an infantile regression, and his expletive is only another form of his infantile cry. It simply means that, emotionally, a man has not grown up. When I hear of a grown woman of some fifty summers who cries because she is not asked to pour out tea at a Sewing Meeting, or because her name is inadvertently omitted from the list of Bazaar stallholders;

[1] I am not here thinking of mother or father fixations or of the Œdipus and Electra complexes, though these may also be thought of as forms of infantile regression.

when I hear—as I did recently—of a woman who grew peevish to the point of tears because her rival was given a wrist-watch set in diamonds and platinum, a giddy height to which the weeper could not persuade her own husband to soar, then I think a woman's tears may be the symptom of infantile regression. When as a tiny baby she cried, her mother rushed to pick her up and say to the nurse, "I can't bear to hear her crying, nurse," and to say to the baby, "Didums, didums." So deep down in the adult weeper's mind is the unconscious habit track which leads her to try the same game, even though she is grown up, in the hope that the magic will work.

I have recently had to deal with the case of a grown man who was an excellent illustration of infantile regression.

He is a university graduate, a married man with children, and in his profession he is capable of doing very well, but in conversation he said, "I cannot understand it, but I am afraid of life. It seems a dreadful thing to me to have to go out into the cold, hard, hostile, competitive world and earn a living. I just want to shrink into myself and to stay in my own room." I could see that it was a typical case of infantile regression, and so, though it will sound curious and far-fetched to the reader, I asked him if I might finish what he was about to say. I said, "You are still passionately fond of your mother. You sleep with your knees up to your chin. You love rocking-chairs and you are fond of jazz." "Well," he said, "you are either a thought-reader or

somebody told you." "No one," I said; "I admit a large element of lucky guess, but any psychologist could read you. You are still a spoilt baby. You have grown up in body" (he is about six feet two inches), "but not in mind."

It may be interesting to note my reason and data for completing what he was about to say. Freud, the great pioneer of modern psychology, has shown that in cases of infantile regression the unconscious mind prompts a desire to go back actually to the pre-natal state within the mother's womb. In that pre-natal state the child is warm, comfortable, well-fed, and his knees are up under his chin. He never has to go out into a "cold, hostile world" and do anything for himself. When the mother walks he is swung with a soothing motion which is one of our reasons for loving rocking-chairs and the gentle motion of a swing, or a car, or a boat, or sitting with our arms round our knees swaying backwards and forwards. Further, all the child hears in that happy pre-natal life is the surging of the blood through his mother's arteries, which is one of the main reasons why we like the sense of rhythm which jazz notoriously supplies. Those things are associated in our minds with the vestigial memory of our pre-natal happiness when everything was done for us.[1] And in a case of infantile regression such as this there is a fixation on his

[1] This point is admirably developed by Dr. Paul Bousefield, a follower of Freudian methods of analysis, in his book, "The Omnipotent Self." (Kegan, Paul & Co.) Cf. also "The Health of the Mind," J. R. Rees, p. 175. (Faber.)

mother, a refusal to face the cold, hard world, a desire on the part of the unconscious mind to go back to the pre-natal state, which, in consciousness, reveals itself in a love of rocking-chairs and a nice warm fire, and a cosy room, and nothing to worry him, no living to earn, and jazz on the wireless. After birth a child is wrapped up warmly and cuddled; crooning sounds are made to him; he is rocked on someone's knees—there is a rhythm of movement and a rhythm of sound. Why should these sounds and movement comfort the child? They comfort him because they reproduce the pre-natal conditions which he has just left.

Now we can begin to see why rocking-chairs are dying out; the race is growing up. We can see why peppery old colonels of seventy years of age fire out expletives, drink alcohol, smoke endless cigarettes, and why Indian colonels are worse than British. In India one is waited upon by servants, a fact which helps to prevent one from growing up, since it reproduces the time when one was waited upon. Such a colonel "remembers," without *consciously* remembering, that when he was six months old and in trouble, he was given something to drink, possibly out of a bottle, so he says, "Let's drink something out of a bottle!" This vestigial, subconscious memory reminds him that on other occasions, when he cried or was in trouble, he was given something to suck, so he says, "Let's suck something!" and there you have a psychology not only of swearing, but of a good deal of drinking and smoking! Yet, my dear reader, though you

will smile, and put your tongue in your cheek and say the argument is far-fetched, do not completely dismiss it. I also am only half serious here but there is something in it. If you completely dismiss the argument, then what is your alternative explanation of the many examples of childishness in this type of adult? The loss of temper in argument has a similar explanation. The unconscious mind remembers that when the child lost his temper or abused his nurse, for the sake of peace she gave way to him. Therefore, though his conscious mind may realise that all this is very foolish, his unconscious mind, running along the habit track made so long ago, impels him to try the same dodge.

We cannot too definitely emphasise that the conscious mind *has* to give up the idea of babyhood. In a non-adjusted adult it is the energy of the unconscious mind which rushes up from the depths and issues in the expletives, the irritability, the gloomy depression and the irrational tears, which are symptoms of the regression to the time of unchallenged omnipotence.

Jealousy, we may say in passing, has the same origin. The cause of jealousy is often supposed to be a great love for another. More often it is a great love for oneself. The jealous person is hurt to think that others should not want him wholly and entirely for themselves.

Prevention of this state of depression and irritability through infantile regression lies with the nurse and the mother in infancy. A child, of course, while it should have a certain definite hour in the day when it is cuddled, should some-

times be left to cry, so long as it has been ascertained that a pin is not sticking into him or that there is no other cause for his disquietude. He should never be picked up at other times and cuddled or fed or rocked to sleep, or else a habit track is made in his mind which prompts him to believe that he has only to scream and cry and he will be comforted. If this happens, there is an effect in personality which not only has a bad influence on the child as a child, but may produce psychological symptoms even in adult life.

For instance, here is a man who finds his breakfast not ready when he descends for it. If he is bad-tempered or irritable or sulky about it, it is a mild form of infantile regression. He has refused emotionally to grow up, and to that extent he is maladjusted to life. Probably when he was a child he woke up and cried for his breakfast. His mother bustled to get his bottle ready, and said, "There you are. Now keep quiet." So he tries the same dodge again, for though his body weighs ten stones and he is a director of several companies, his psychological self is a Peter Pan which has refused to grow up. And while "Peter Pan" is a charming play, in real life Peter Pans after fifteen years of age are a nuisance to the community, sensitive to criticism, always worrying about what people say or think, always turning their mind in on themselves, always thinking that if they want a thing society ought to see that they get it, and generally spreading their depression and irritability on all around them.

5. A fifth cause under the psychological heading I should describe as the depression caused by a flight from reality. It is not dissimilar in many respects from the cause referred to above. I have just had a case which will serve to illustrate this point. Let us call the patient Mr. Lewis. Mr. Lewis married, some years ago, a very brilliant lady who was a lecturer at Cambridge. This lady is a big, heavy woman, masculine in appearance, commanding in disposition. Mr. Lewis is small, timid and lame. He has a marked sense of inferiority, probably going back to childhood: he has always been lame. But this physically-caused inferiority has been emphasised by the companionship of his wife, who, both physically and mentally, is his obvious superior. Mr. Lewis is tormented with an exaggerated desire to excel, but this he feels he never does really achieve. He suffers, therefore, from a humiliating sense of frustration, which makes him give way to petulant outbursts of temper, and even to tears. His wife unfortunately twits him and tells him "to be a man," and his condition when I first saw him was pitiable.

He is not without courage. He is an idealist in many ways. But he cannot face an unideal world; and I noticed two closely linked reactions to life. He married his wife from motives of protection. He had an early fixation on his mother, and his wife is a mother-substitute. The first reaction is his flight from reality. He will not go into the trenches and face life as life is. He will stay in dug-outs dreaming of what the world ought to be, enjoying it when, for a

moment, sunshine bursts through and the world is what he thinks it ought to be, and then going back into a deep depression, behaving like a child, running to his wife for security, for comfort, for protection. All his dreams, without exception, show his hunger for security.

The second reaction is his feeling of resentment against the world for not being ideal. He has a tremendous sense that the world has done him a great disservice—this is probably due to his lameness—and that the world *owes him something*. He nurses a great resentment against life. All his aches and pains, temporary headache, lassitude and fatigue, a wet day, are signs to him of malevolent forces arrayed against him personally. Therefore he shrinks from contact with his fellows, never does a service for others, though he protests he "will when he is better," always feels that the world is cruel to him, and leads a life of flight from reality which is his unconscious rationalisation and compensation for refusal to face life. Only, because it *is* a subterfuge, even though unconscious, and therefore, not blameworthy, it lands him in a depression which it is pitiful to see.

As the organic origin of the inferiority-sense was revealed to him, and much that is written here was discovered by the patient—not told him, it is important to remember—he began to rise magnificently above his depression and incapacity. As I write this, a letter from him lies open before me, in which he says, "I have found, thanks to you, an entirely new way of looking at life."

It must not be supposed that such a condition clears up at once, but if he keeps on looking at life as he is doing now, his "will to power" will be liberated and flow outward towards self-realisation, instead of inward to self-disintegration, resentment, inferiority and depression.

6. The sixth cause for depression which must be added is the hunger for appreciation. Some kind of appreciation is as essential for the buoyancy of the mind as food and drink, fresh air and sunshine, and occasional holidays are necessary for the body. Some people falsely imagine that to praise another is to make him conceited. It is not so, except in rare cases. The result of praising a person is to make him humble. Indeed, there are few things so humbling as to be sincerely praised. Praise is a tonic. It makes you feel unworthy of what is said and yet desirous of making it true. The conceited man has often become conceited because, denied appreciation and the praise of others, he has been driven to praise himself. The praise of others would not have caused conceit, it might rather have saved him from it.

Praise costs us so very little. Its results are out of all proportion. We should not be so slow to overcome our British reticence, and we should make ourselves more ready to appreciate others. In many cases appreciation would cure depression and banish irritability. People are often depressed and irritable because week in and week out they go on and on, and no one ever utters the slightest word of appreciation. Let us be much more willing to offer sincere praise. A

word to the living is worth six wreaths to the dead.

All this may seem curiously remote from religion, but, as Hadfield has so well pointed out,[1] "the fact that so many seek for power and yet do not receive it, suggests that piety is not the only requisite of power." If the house caught fire you would not be pious but foolish if you threw yourself on your knees and prayed that God would put the fire out, save the house and the lives of those within it. The truest piety would be to throw water on the flames. When you know the laws which can help you to cope with a situation, the truest piety is to use them in the name of God, whose laws they are. It is so in matters of the mind. As with illness, so with ignorance; it is not a sin to be ignorant, but it is a sin to be more ignorant than you need be; and when you understand the laws of the mind, the truest piety is the use of psychology; and this business of depression is a serious flaw in many splendid characters, who are as they are simply because they do not understand themselves. If they did, they are men enough and women enough to take the reins in their hands and control the horses, rather than lie in the bottom of the chariot and with philosophical mien try to endure the jolts, using what they call their trust in God as a cushion, a cushion, one is bound to add, which often very quickly wears out.

Where there is depression, others suffer beside

[1] In "The Spirit," edited by Canon Streeter, p. 115. (Macmillan.)

ourselves. If we are depressed through business or the lack of it, our wife is almost certain to do something wrong, whether it be the engagement of a maid, or the cooking of our dinner, or the making of our bed. Depression and irritability both spread themselves to others. Jerome K. Jerome describes in " Three Men in a Boat " how depressed people often are about the weather. If someone joyously tells them it's going to clear up, they feel better, even if it rains all day. " Well, poor chap," they say, " he couldn't help it. He did his best." But if someone prophesies more rain, not only are people more depressed, but if the prophecy is fulfilled they feel a personal resentment against the prophet. " Silly old ass ! " they mutter, as if, out of spite, the prophet had made it rain.

Piety is not enough, and if we love God with our mind, as Jesus, in the first and greatest commandment, directed us, we should then try to understand ourselves, find the origins of our depressions, take ourselves in hand. What I have tried to do is to help those who want to live serenely, calmly, bravely, victoriously, but who, in spite of will and resolution, fail, because, not understanding themselves, they are overwhelmed by the curious forces within them.

A Spiritual Problem

We have considered this subject from the physical point of view, and then from the psychological point of view. I wish now to discuss it from the spiritual point of view, though it is

exceedingly difficult to draw any line between the psychological and the spiritual. He would be a bold man who tried to draw a hard and fast line where the function of the mind ends and that of the spirit begins.

Yet the heading, "A Spiritual Problem," is justified, because the cases of depression and irritability to be discussed under it can all be traced to selfishness, which is a disharmony of the spirit rather than one of the mind, as such. No one, for instance, would care to be designated a mental case and removed to a home because he was selfish; though such a person is often more in a state of disease than many a psychotic, and does more harm in society. I have often wished I had enough money to start a nursing home or Institute of Religious Psychology where psychological treatment, or psycho-spiritual treatment, could be given to the bad-tempered, the worried, the spiteful and the proud. They really do need treatment. Yet, though the line between mental and spiritual is a faint and wavering one, it is there. The spiritual is divided from the mental most sharply in that the intellect, as such, does not differentiate between what is right and wrong. There is in man a function higher than mind which will not let us be blind to moral values, and which says to the cultured and ignorant alike, "This thing is right. That thing is wrong."

There are three spiritual causes of depression and irritability worth distinguishing, even though the root cause of them all is selfishness.

1. The first is a false reaction to criticism.

Let us admit at once that it is no easy matter to be criticised for the things we do, and to receive such criticism gladly. It is natural to pray " that we should be saved from our enemies and from the hands of all that hate us." When we are not so saved, our reaction, too often, is a depression or an irritability; both of which, it must be noted, we are capable of working off on other people. If we would live a perfectly harmonious mental and spiritual life, we should not pray to be delivered from the hands of those that criticise us. For self-knowledge, as we have seen, we depend on others, and if we only listen to those who praise us, we only know a bit of ourselves; and when we are criticised and slighted we ought dispassionately to consider what is being said, for those critics may be the very servants of God doing His work. We remember how a mother receives a spoilt boy after he has had his face smacked by other boys at school. She says, " There, there, did that horrid boy tease my little darling? " But that teasing may be a valuable part of his education. Many people's prayers are exactly in the spirit of the small boy who runs to his mother to get away from other boys. We go to God in order to hide in Him from the criticisms of others which so depress and exasperate us. We tell ourselves He will understand us and be kind to us, and shield us from those " horrid people." But if we faced up to those criticisms, we should add steel and grit to our character, and cure our depression. We may listen to Browning here: [1]

[1] " Rabbi Ben Ezra," vi.

" Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

At the same time, it may be said that a lot of people get depressed by trying to make themselves do things that they cannot do, when they have no need to attempt them. It is really amusing to watch people trying to make themselves like doing things that they have no need to do, and cannot do well, because they get some "kinky" idea that such things ought to be done. So people on holiday, whose muscles are soft with long residence in cities, will buy a rucksack and set themselves to tramp fifteen miles the first day of their holidays. They come back, having done less than half the distance, tired, irritable and depressed. There is no reason on earth why they should do this at all. They set themselves the stupid task because they have read or heard of somebody else who really enjoyed doing it. This was illustrated in the case of a friend of mine who retired, and who had a great gift as a writer. But one of his misguided friends told him that, now he had retired, he ought to take up gardening. So this man, who in one morning could write an article which would bring in enough to pay a gardener for three days, grubs about in his garden with an aching back, as depressed and irritable as he can be, and gardens very badly, because he does

not understand any more about gardening than I do. To another much wiser friend of mine, a man said, "There is nothing you undertake that you do not do well." "For the simple reason," he replied, "that I do not undertake anything that I cannot do well." Of course, we cannot all do this. There are things we have to do at which we are inept. But it is a point worth watching. If you've got ginger hair and wear a red frock, don't be depressed and irritable because people turn and look at you. Don't "assert your independence" by continuing to perpetrate the atrocity on society. Wear green and be happy!

2. The second cause of depression and irritability about which I wish to write under the spiritual heading is the refusal to see another person's point of view. It is possible, as we know only too well if we are frank with ourselves, to be so obsessed by one's own point of view that it is really difficult to realise that another person is looking at the matter altogether differently. Is not this particularly true in domestic relationships? It is no evidence that people are not happily married or truly in love if they have occasional differences. When people say to me, "We have never had a difference for forty years," I am very suspicious that either so long a period of bliss must have power to impair the memory, or else that one of them must have been a tame rabbit for forty years. How boring it must be to live with a person for forty years and never have a difference! But sometimes the difference does go to a length which causes de-

pression and irritability, and if this be so, is it not, in ninety cases out of a hundred, because one, or both, will not stop looking at the problem merely from his own point of view.

Of course, some people can be very exasperating. A man was trying to tell me a story a few days ago in the presence of his wife. He started: "The other day . . ." He had only got those three words out before she said: "Be more explicit; it was Wednesday." "I was going down the High Street"; he continued. Whereupon she interrupted: "When you told it to me it was not the High Street," and so the conversation continued. Of course, such an interrupter needs an anæsthetic. But the only anæsthetic we are allowed to use in polite society is humour. Do not let us lose sight of this divine cure for our depression and irritability. When Jesus commanded us to love one another —since He must have known that love is not a thing that easily follows a command, nor would a person be flattered if he knew you were loving him because you were commanded to—did Jesus not mean that we are to look for the other man's point of view and always seek his best? "Love," says St. Paul, "is never glad when others go wrong, love is gladdened by goodness, always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient."[1]

3. The third cause is sin. I do not know anything that is capable of bringing such a black sense of depression upon the mind as constantly

[1] 1 Corin. xiii. 6–8 (Moffatt's translation).

to fall below the ideal which one sets for oneself. And whatever we may think of the relation between psychology and religion, what some psychologists have called "conscience distress" is as true a psychological condition as the repression about which they tell us so much. And "conscience distress," if it is not relieved, is as capable of bringing neurosis or nervous breakdown as any other psychological disharmony. We are so made that life will only work one way, and that is God's way. If you flout a physical law of nature long enough, you will be broken in the end. If you pretend there is no such thing as the law of gravity, and jump off the roof of the Town Hall, you can prove that axiom. As Chesterton says, "You will not break the law of gravity, you will prove it." If you flout the laws of the mind or pretend they do not exist, they will soon pull you up. Try going for a week without sleep, or doing stiff mathematical calculations for forty-eight hours, and you will prove this for yourself. People forget that the same is true in the realm of the soul. If you ignore the laws of the spiritual world, or pretend they don't exist, you will lose some of the best things in life. To pretend that wrong is right, or to try to live your life without God, without what Dr. Crichton-Miller, the famous psychologist, calls "your attitude to the Infinite," is to find yourself just as much "up against it" as if you flouted the physical or psychological laws. Sin can play the devil with your nerves [1]

[1] See "Jesus and Ourselves," p. 147. (Epworth Press, London.) 3*s*. 6*d*.

and temper; and if it is true to say that man is body, mind, and spirit—and few would be willing to deny this—he cannot live as though he were only body and mind.

Perfect health means perfect adjustment to your environment. The health of the body is its adjustment to the physical world. The health of the eye, for instance, is its adjustment to light. Light is the relevant environment, and the eye was created to be in harmonious relationship with it. If that adjustment is spoiled and light remains, then we say the eye is diseased. The health of the mind means adjustment to the environment of true ideas, the harmonious expression of the instincts, and so on. The health of the spirit depends on its adjustment to the infinite Spirit and the spirits of men and women round about us. God is the relevant Environment, and the health of the spirit demands a harmonious relationship with Him.

Some people get very depressed as they think of the sin and wickedness, the pain and sorrow in the world. The contemplation of these things will not cause us depression for long if we realise that Christianity is a Gospel. It is good news. There is forgiveness for the sinner, comfort for the sufferer, balm for the sorrowing. And while there may not be a solution of the problem of pain, suffering and evil, Christianity makes us able to bear pain, and bear the thought of it, by showing us the nature of God. The New Testament is not blind to sin and suffering, but it opens with the songs of angels above the cradle of the Christ, and closes with the songs of the

redeemed sung by all the ransomed hosts of heaven. No heart was ever so moved by sin and suffering as was the heart of Jesus. But He was not depressed. Always His word was: "Be of good cheer!" His prayer was that others might enter into His joy. Joy is the permanent sentiment at the heart of the universe. Pain and sorrow and grief are passing and transitory emotions. Those who weep depressingly that

"Earth is a desert drear,"

either do not believe that in Christianity is the remedy for all dreariness, or else they have never stirred themselves to turn six feet of the desert into a garden. Poor little prisoner of depression, let a Jew teach you to laugh!—

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion . . .
Then was our mouth filled with laughter,
And our tongue with singing." [1]

Let me summarise. There is a depression and irritability largely of physical origin, or rather, the physical impairment dulls the light of the spirit. If possible, leave no stone unturned to get cured. The fingers of surgeons, both in the use of instruments, and in what is known as manipulative surgery, the brains of physicians and their drugs, the hands of masseurs, the application of electricity, of ultra-violet and infra-red rays, and the thousand and one discoveries of modern science, are all means which God uses to heal the bodies of men and women. In the meantime, if physical disease dulls the inner

[1] Psalm cxxvi. 1–2.

light, turn up the wick so that what you really are shines forth triumphantly in spite of the hindrance.

There is a depression and an irritability which come from psychological disharmony or arrested psychological development. We must budget the expenditure of the mind's energies and make that budget balance, neither spending nothing so that the mind is glutted, nor over-spending till we are incapable of carrying on. We must know ourselves. We must grow up. We must face up to life as life is.

There is a depression which comes from a false reaction to criticism and from doing the wrong things. The answer is, face your critics, learn from them, and, as far as possible, concentrate on the things you *can* do, for those are the things that express personality.

There is a depression which comes from not seeing another's point of view. The cure is found in loving one another and in seeing the best in each other.

There is a depression which comes from a sense of sin. What some of us need more than anything else is to take an offered forgiveness and make a new start.

What a wise word is that word of Paul to the Ephesians (iv. 26), "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath!" We have Moffatt's authority for translating the word "wrath" by the word "exasperation," which is, perhaps, a word that includes both depression and irritability. It is almost an uncanny prescience of great psychological truth to find in the New Testament the

knowledge that the thoughts which are the last in the mind at night go working away through the depths of the mind all through the night in that unconscious but active mental life which we call sleep. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of the last thoughts at night and the first thoughts in the morning. Our fathers and mothers, who taught us to say our prayers night and morning, were wiser psychologists than they knew. The ideas that are dominant in the mind when the mind is quiescent are the most determining ideas of the personality. If ever you have the misfortune to be psycho-analysed,[1] the psychologist is sure to ask you what you think about last thing at night and first thing in the morning. If you go to bed exasperated, then that poison will work through the mind all night. "Never let the sun set upon your exasperation." If you are reacting wrongly to some sharp criticism which is true, then to-night, before you go to bed, write to your critic and thank him for what he said. If there is any quarrel between you and another, write to-night and take steps to make an oppor-

[1] I say "misfortune," for a real analysis, which frequently takes months, may be a very severe and distressing process. Like a big internal operation, it is to be avoided if possible. Simple conversations with a psychologist, aiming at curing a particular psychological disharmony, are another matter. Psycho-analysis in the Freudian sense—and the Freudians have the copyright of that word and dislike it being used for anything but the recovery from the unconscious of the whole of the repressed material—is comparable with a major operation on the mind, and should be avoided if life can be lived happily without resorting to it.

tunity to talk it over again, that you may see his point of view. If you are carrying a load of sin or conscience-distress and are bound down by it, here and now, before you go any further, put your burden down. There is One who offers you forgiveness who says, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us," and who really can break off the shackles and set you free, and can send you out a free man or woman, no longer tortured by the memory of what is past, but with all the past blotted out and behind His back for ever. And if it is all behind His back, you must put it behind yours.

I will only add this word. Many of us are interested enough in the health of the body, and it is right that this should be so. We take steps every summer to put that right, and if we are wise we take regular exercise all the year through. And indeed, the body soon cries out if its interests are ignored. Pain, disease, discomfort, fatigue, are all voices of the body which scream out, "Don't forget me!"

Many of us are interested enough in our mental health. We take steps to rest and recreate our minds. Relaxation, light reading, theatres and entertainments are not overlooked. We talk much of our nerves even when those little grey threads are all right. We really mean our psychological processes are not working properly. We call in the overworked doctor and listen to him as, rather heavily, he advises a rest in a congenial place, or bids us drink potassium bromide. So often he means, "I'm sick of the sight of you

and I can do no more for you." Or, perhaps, he sends us to a psychologist. Indeed, the mind has voices which soon are heard if its demands are overlooked. Insomnia, that tight feeling like a band of iron round the head, "neurasthenic" pains at the base of the spine, feverish, restless eyes and finger-tips, exaggerated nervous reflexes, twitchings and tremblings, and a racing heart: on behalf of the mind those voices cry, "Don't forget me!"

We are not merely minds and bodies. There is a faculty implanted for making possible communion with the Eternal. In our best moments we would hotly contradict anyone who denied the existence of the human soul. That soul, like the body and mind, functions according to laws. If the laws are disregarded the soul suffers, and many of its sufferings involve suffering also in the mind, and quite often also in the body. The human individual is a unity: one part cannot suffer alone.

That soul also has its voices. They do not strive nor cry. They are never blatant. They are, for the most part, still, small voices. We have heard them, when, lying awake in the quiet watches of the night, we heard the earth sigh as she turned her face to the bosom of the night. We have heard them as the splendour of some gorgeous sunset turned to grey behind the western hills. We have heard them when our own little child has lifted up to ours, eyes full of complete and perfect trust. We have heard them when a woman we love has steadfastly believed in us though all the air was full

of deadly rumours. We have heard them when someone for whom we had done some trifling service turned and thanked us beyond all our deserts. We have heard them when the communion wine trembled and sparkled and looked like blood in our hands; yes, looked like blood, until we nearly dashed the crystal down, unwilling to drink the blood of such an Incarnate Love poured out for us. How those voices have haunted us! Alone among the hills, beneath the majesty of the stars, beside the homeless sea, in the holy hush of dawn, we have heard them. Alone in a darkened church, with a thousand others, but still alone, we have heard them, as a voice we trusted prayed for us the prayer we could not pray, repeated the old lovesome words of invitation, "Come unto Me ye depressed and irritable ones, and I will give you rest." Alone, when old mother-memories steal back upon us like half-forgotten melodies learned long years ago, memories of days when we dreamed our child-dreams, made our youthful, hot resolutions, set our high ideals before us, determined to do and be those things that are worth while: in such an hour of memory the voices call. Alone on an autumn evening, as we stand at the window and watch the rose-petals falling sadly into the dusk; as we turn to the early fire and sit down gazing into its depths till faces of the long-ago shine out from its glow—yes, then the voices call.

They are quiet voices—too quiet, perhaps. But they never quite cease to call to us. A rustling wind, a score of daffodils, a violin's sob, a

child's voice, a church bell, the rustle of the wings of the angel of death in the room where a loved one lies dying, can set these voices calling, calling, calling. Given only a certain mood of the spirit, and we hear them, hear them even when we *are* depressed, when all the wheels of being are slow, when we are jarred and out of tune.

They are the voices of the soul,—that soul that will not be for ever put off. That soul that cannot quite be stifled or drugged or deceived. Perhaps we have done everything in the world to find health and radiance, happiness and peace, except to listen to, and heed the soul, crying always that same plaintive cry, the cry of the stream for the ocean, the cry of the prisoner for freedom, the cry of the watcher for morning, the cry of the wanderer for home, the cry of the starving for food, the cry of the soul for God.

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