

are fleeting past us unutilized; so that we actually imagine we must have been doing something reprehensible. A lady of my acquaintance used to say that she never permitted herself to read a really interesting book before lunch without experiencing a sense of having wasted her time, and I suppose some smack of the same feeling lingers on even in the best of us; for while it is generally not beyond our power, in the course of time, to part from the undisguised vices (or at least to suffer them to depart from us) the pseudo-virtues cling to us with invincible tenacity. One would have to be very great and good before one could thoroughly realize that happiness is an end in itself—that if we have been legitimately happy we have done the best possible thing not only for ourselves but for all about us. At any rate, so far as this intellectual or artistic work is concerned, I am convinced that there is only one complete justification for it, and this is that it should be done simply and solely because one likes to do it.

Ruskin, who in the course of his life said pretty well everything vital that has to be said about education, remarks somewhere that "all literature, art, and science are vain, and worse, if they do not enable you to be glad, and glad justly." This implies, I think, that they must also be produced spontaneously and with pleasure. I do not, of course, mean that work—persistent and painful work—may not be requisite for their production; but it must be undertaken willingly and performed without conscious strain. The man who is genuinely interested in anything may be trusted to labour at it eagerly enough; he will be content to go through such preliminary drudgery as is necessary and will scarcely feel that it is drudgery; and even if he should unduly overtax his strength in the eagerness to accomplish his desire, there will be no sense of forced effort in what he does. He will rejoice, not perhaps in the actual labour but in what it brings him—the opportunity of expressing himself according to his true bent. "I don't like work," observes a character in one of Mr. Conrad's tales, "no man does—but I like what is in the work,—the chance to find yourself. Your own reality