

Magdalenes; think of the moral and physical disease that this evil is spreading. Think of the vast army below the level of poverty, more than a million in London alone; consider the crime, the squalid misery arising out of this poverty. Think of gambling in all its aspects from fan-tan to the totalisator, the gambling in shares, in produce and in stocks; in cards, in dice and in sweeps; how all this is sapping the moral fibre of mankind. Think of the awful effects of the drink fiend, of the opium den; think of the waste and the brain-numbing effects of smoking. Look at the many millionaires, the trusts and syndicates of the world, and the myriad monopolies that, like rank fungoid growths, are spreading their fibres throughout all commerce. Think of the legal modes of mal-appropriation that everywhere surround us. Think of the spread of preventible pestilence and disease that our squalid insanitary mode of life is bringing around us, insidiously undermining our health to such an extent that the very teeth of our children decay before they arrive at maturity.

A portentous task indeed it seems to fight these many evils, especially when we know that almost every one of them is backed up by a powerful vested interest. How are they to be fought? Bunyan's giants are nothing to the monstrous evils of to-day. Yet all these evils, when scientifically studied, are seen by the evolutionist to spring out of a false environment—the environment of private property, of force, of law. The old political economy was based on the selfishness of man. No wonder it was called the "Dismal Science!" The new Political Economy, both Christian and Evolutionary, the Political Economy of Christ in his "Sermon on the Mount," and of Darwin in his "Evolution of the Group," is based on Brotherhood.

When mankind fully realises we are absolutely the product of our birth and surroundings, that we are, as it were, a cog in the mechanism of the cosmos, self-righteousness is folly, and to blame another an absurdity; whilst our ordinary idea of justice is seen to be a chimera. We do not

expect a serpent's egg to hatch into a chicken, however wonderful may be our incubator; nor if we sow hemlock, do we expect by high cultivation to be able to gather parsley. And this applies to man. Each individual, if we go back twenty generations, has a million ancestors; hence the evolutionist realises the complexity of forces that goes to the making of a man. Are the three hundred convicted criminal descendants of "Mary the Mother of Criminals" deserving of blame for their ancestry? Does it give them joy to spend their lives in jail? Would they not have preferred to inherit a palace? Is it a merit in the Queen that the other heirs to the throne died before she came of age? Is she to be praised because her heredity made her kindly, or blamed because she has the virtue of thrift and has saved much—though her twenty millions of accumulations represent some two hundred thousand deaths by overcrowding? It is not she who is to blame, it is the mechanism of the cosmic process which has caused all these deaths; and these deaths, by producing that "divine discontent," will, we believe, ultimately result in a maximum of joy for the race. Here is the solution of the whole problem: the production of a maximum of joy.

The emergence of the moth from the chrysalis may be painful: rapid evolution is generally painful. Yet on rapid evolution depends a maximum of joy. A burn is painful, a bad burn a long and acute agony. Why should it be so? For a maximum of joy. If burns were not painful, we dare not use fire. No one would arrive at maturity with whole limbs. Pain is the monitor of error.

Joy is God's index of a rightful act,
Pain is his message, telling Man he errs;
Dire misery points out deep social wrong.

Here is the clue to the labyrinth in which we are entangled, the key to the enigma of life, the answer to the question of the Sphinx. Nature is ever right. There is no error in the cosmic process. The Creator is no apprentice hand. It is we who, through our short-sightedness, blunder in our interpretation of his marvels.