

the other "isms," which deal with the material world of politics, could scarcely hope to come creditably out of such an exigent comparison. But they have always held modest views of what is possible to political effort. It has been left for Socialism to assert a supernatural origin and to claim spiritual efficacy. Yet "the reign of love and fraternity," whilst a beautiful ideal, will be regarded, even by the Socialist rank and file, as a somewhat visionary substitution for that redistribution of goods which has hitherto had a prominent place in the Socialist programme. Expropriation of capital seems to have been postponed, if not entirely abandoned. Certainly, "love and fraternity" cometh not by legislation, coercive or prohibitive. The most abandoned capitalist must now succumb to peaceful persuasion. This bids fair to be a tedious process for both persuader and (eventually) persuaded, but idealistic Socialist principles permit of no more drastic method of conviction. To inaugurate "the reign of love and fraternity" by legislative *force majeure* would, of course, be an immoral, nay, a criminal, absurdity, possible only to the children of Mammon, the sons of political unrighteousness. But a passing thought for the period of time which must elapse before mere man can attain to the perfect love of human brotherhood which will alone cast out capital and all its evils would have spared one anxious and conscientious politician much painful cogitation. He might, indeed, once more, and for the third time, have found occasion to change his view of the Socialist in practical politics. In that event, however, the gaiety of nations must have sensibly suffered.

Next to Mr. Walter Long's ingenuous essays in the bad art of indiscreet political letter-writing, the appearance of the Master of Elibank as a new crusader has most enlivened that recuperative dulness of the summer recess which proved so acceptable after six months of unwontedly strenuous Parliamentary life. Very early in his political career the Scotch Liberal Whip betrayed a Quixotic strain in his disposition, for which, it would seem, the cares of office have formed somewhat