

States, and thoughtful men of all classes know it. It tantalizes and chafes the masses into all sorts of popular crazes for reform. Slow as old England is in some matters, she has begun to regulate the principle by placing a succession tax upon the estates of the wealthy. The London County Council has dealt with the problem of municipal monopolies in a masterly fashion, and the government has adopted the eight hour law in its various work-shops. There is no reason under heaven why a more extensive application of similar methods in the United States would not do a vast deal toward removing, what every one must regard as the most serious and at the same time most disappointing feature of American civilization.

A word more and I am done. I have frequently heard it said that Americans hate England and whatever partakes of the English name. Well, I confess that in a nation of seventy millions, no one is so travelled, experienced or well-read as to pronounce a judgment upon this point. I can only give my impression gathered from New England, whose sympathies are largely with a tariff policy that regards old England and every other foreign country as a commercial enemy. True, that policy may be softened down by historical, literary and social connections with the motherland, but it is still New England, the home of the revolution and the cradle of American liberty. But here and now, all things considered, it is my strong conviction that the bulk of genuine Americans do not hate or even dislike old England. On the contrary I believe there is a very general feeling of friendship, and among large numbers of notable men a sentiment akin to filial regard. Now and then a public journal raves a little at the sudden acquisition of English territory in Africa, or the proposed landing of a British cable upon a Pacific isle, but its petulant fever soon subsides. It is a mere bubble that plays upon the surface. Down deep there is a grand and mighty current of human brotherhood, having its source in the thousand rills of common language, institutions and blood. Like the dew of heaven it sheds fresh blessings every morning, and its power is not diminished with the flight of years. I do not recall anything more splendid in this regard, than the words of Ambassador Bayard, himself an eminent American, and a typical child of the first-born daughter of England. At a reception recently tendered him on his temporary return from the old country, he is reported to have said "I come back to America endeavoring to transplant, as far as I can in good language that which I saw in foreign countries that may be a help to my countrymen. I have been abroad to represent no party. I went to represent the whole country. I used no concealment; none of that wretched diplomacy of a past period that consists in using language to conceal thoughts, but I went using plain language, the mother-tongue of England and the United States; and used that language to make my meaning clear, to prevent equivocations, to say the thing that you thought, and think the thing that you say."

C. H. MCINTYRE.

Boston, Feb. 16th, 1895.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,

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