

really rushing to ruin at the very time that they think they are enriching themselves at the expense of others. Of course, there are persons who will tell us that any such apprehensions are purely imaginary and groundless. The world is growing wiser under the influence of Political Economy and other dismal or brilliant sciences. Political Economy! Why, we have a school among us who declare that Political Economy is a fraud. Not very long ago we were told that supply and demand, competition, and free contract would set everything right. But they have been so far from doing this that legislation has had continually to step in and deprive some of these principles of a good deal of their "freedom." There is no practical science which has not to revise its principles in the face of experience, and even if these sciences were "exact," they would no more stand before human passion, and especially before human envy, resentment, and hunger, than flax would stand before flame.

The danger is, in fact, nearer to us than many seem to be aware. Mr. George and Dr. McGlynn, although they seem to have had a quarrel, have not abandoned the Socialistic theories which they hold in common. The nationalization of the land may seem to fall short of what is called Socialism, but it involves the same principles; and it must proceed by robbing, or else prove a failure. On this proposal the Committee of the Lambeth Conference remark: "(1) If full compensation were given to the present holders of property, the scheme could scarcely be realized; while if full compensation were withheld it would become one of undisguised spoliation." Precisely so. The present holders of real estate have, in many cases, purchased the land with their savings. That property represents labour just as much as does a factory, or as railway shares, or money in one's pocket; and it would be robbery and nothing else to deprive a man of that which he had purchased under the sanction of the law, and for which he had given the fruit of his toil and self-denial. These truths are so self-evident that nothing could excuse the repetition of them but the manifest fact that they are repudiated or forgotten.

Besides, it is absurd to say that real property is to be nationalized and at the same time personal property is to be respected. The first could be done only on the assumption of a major premise that would carry the second. If it is good for the community that a certain privileged few should not have the principal claim upon the soil (and no one has an absolute right over it), then it would be equally good that capitalists should be relieved of their money, since that could be applied with more effect towards producing the greatest happiness of the greatest number by being cast into a common fund. Indeed it is gravely proposed by the author of a book noticed, some time ago, in *THE WEEK*, that the capitalist might be given the oversight of the factory or other institution in which his money was invested, and that he should be paid for his work of overseeing, but should receive no interest for his money. Apparently it did not strike the ingenious writer that the holder of capital might, in that case, prefer spending his money to investing it. But there is even a more amusing view of the case, which will occur to those who reflect that the owner of capital is not necessarily a ruler or an administrator. To those who are to profit by any such undertaking, it would often be far more profitable to let the investor of capital have his interest, and a clever manager his salary!

But we must return, for a moment, to the nationalization of the land. The Report before us goes on to say: "(2) If Government were able to acquire just possession of the whole property of a community, it is difficult to see how the affairs of any great commercial undertaking could be conducted by the State or Commons with the energy, economy, and sagacious foresight which are necessary to secure success." This is a very important consideration. As a matter of fact, State management is a very expensive affair, and it is not very difficult to understand how it should be so. When men may make a fortune or lose one by the conduct of an enterprise they will watch against waste or extravagance. It is possible that the future may raise Government officials who will have the same care for the public property that they would have for their own: we do not deny even that such may exist somewhere at the present moment; but the general impression seems to be that they are not very common. Not long ago we were informed that the British Government found it cheaper to have vessels built by contract than to be their own builders; and yet the Government had its property rent-free and the contractors made a profit by their business. The moral of the case is obvious enough. And so with regard to the land. We believe the farmers will make more out of their own land, or land for which they have to pay rent, than they would if they were paid a salary to farm it for the State.

We have, as yet, hardly touched on the subject of Socialism proper; and this must be left to another paper. But we have no need to apologize for dwelling upon a subject than which there is none more important or more urgent at the present moment. We may shut our eyes, or, ostrich-like, cover our heads, in the presence of danger; but the danger is falling. Prophets of evil have declared that the first drops of the deluge are falling, and that society will soon be submerged. We do not care to prophesy; but we are bound to "discern the signs of the times." Socialism is in the air. Well-meaning men, mourning over the miseries of the poor, are promulgating crude and ill-considered schemes for their relief; and young clergymen, full of Christian sentimental benevolence and not quite so full of historical and scientific knowledge, are proclaiming a kind of Christian Socialism which is scarcely Christian and is very likely to be mischievous. We will try to show next week, what the Lambeth Conference condemn and what they approve in the schemes for the improvement of the condition of the poor.

AN "inch of rain" means a gallon of water spread over a surface of nearly two square feet, or a fall of about one hundred tons on an acre of ground.

## SUNSET.

A CALM is on the ocean,  
A hush along the shore,  
The surging billow's motion,  
Is stayed, and ceased its roar.

The light of day is dying,  
Afar o'er land and sea;  
And Nature's voice is sighing  
In dirge-like tones to me.

Thou art, O man, but mortal,  
Thy strength is like the day,  
Time opens e'er her portal,  
To life, death, and decay.

But over land and ocean,  
A flood of glory streamed,  
That fired the heart's devotion,  
Like heavenly radiance gleamed.

The sun's departing splendour,  
Illuming sky and sea,  
Speaking in tones of grandeur,  
To mankind, and to me.

Thou art O man, immortal,  
Thou, life be like the day,  
Thy spirit through death's portal,  
Shall pass to live for aye.

As sunset glory beameth,  
On land, and sky, and sea,  
So faith by death revealeth,  
Man's immortality.

Toronto.

T. E. MOBERLY.

## LONDON LETTER.

IN that part of the cloisters belonging to the Bluecoat School where lies Isabella, the wolf of France (murderess, beyond a doubt, of poor Edward II.; yet she gave orders she should be buried with that dead husband's heart on her breast), not far from her accomplice, Mortimer, and near to an English Princess, wife of a Scotch King, I went wandering this afternoon, waiting for the porter to open for me those dormitories and schools where a hundred times already we have been with Lamb and Hazlitt, Richardson and Coleridge, gentle Dyer and lovable Leigh Hunt. The quadrangles are quite empty and deserted, for the boys are now at home, so no one disturbed me as I searched, but fruitlessly, for the huge footprints of which Hunt speaks in his "Recollections," or idly conjured up the ghosts of those dead lads, rough successors to the Mendicant Friars, who once with rattle of beads and murmur of prayer paced up and down here and watched the drifting rain, and the shafts of light, or listened to the city hum from beyond the shady courts. To the unfulfilled dreams of the restless, dissatisfied monk, to the incomplete schemes of the ambitious, plodding schoolboy, these low arched walls have stood, silent witnesses, as up and down, up and down, the dreamers have strode, the one with his gown of serge and still grave face, the other in his blue skirts and leather buckle, and his head full of the tasks that must be conquered, of prizes that must be won. A King raises his hand, and the friars are startled to find themselves of a sudden homeless in this great city, where as they pass disconsolate through the streets they can see beyond the open doors of the churches to the rifled altars, to the shadowy aisles, glittering no longer with silver vessels, no longer draped with the warm splendour of many-coloured tapestries; though peradventure the bitter resentment of the pious brethren was cooled on hearing of the good use to which their lost refectories and parlours, cloisters and cells, were to be put. Wiser than their contumacious neighbours at the Chartreuse, a stone's throw across the green fields, the Franciscan Friars in their green robes vanished quietly at the bidding of their sovereign, and the peaceful precincts over against the New Gate of the city soon swarmed with small Londoners, for whose benefit "that godly royal child, King Edward VI.," gave money and lands. Now, in their time, having held the place for over three hundred years, there is serious talk in high quarters that the blue-coated scholars should be sent from out of the quaint old spot in the heart of the city, which echoes with all manner of delightful memories (and to have only an ordinary acquaintance with our town is to possess, as did the fortunate intimates of the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, a "liberal education"), to some new red brick buildings in the chill, lonely country, where the quality of the air to be breathed is purer, it is said, though I doubt if in the long run it is any the more healthy than that which blows fresh across our parks and squares. In this opinion the porter, shaking his keys, fully agrees, adding there is no city in the world so well cared for as London, and no place where even mischievous schoolboys are so little in the way.

And then the porter and I by slow degrees go leisurely through the spacious empty house. First we come to the great Hall, on the site of the friars' refectory, and of the later Wren building, rebuilt sixty years since, where the only things of interest beyond the four small old windows of stained glass are a Holbein of Edward VI. giving the charter to the