

not vindictive. It is useless to prate about justice. Society can only exist while its members conform to certain usages. The criminal, as we have seen, is anti-social. He is a perpetual menace to the community. If he cannot be mended he must be ended. If you will not cure him you must remove him. It is ridiculous to send forth a criminal again and again from prison with the fore-knowledge that his disposition is unchanged, that he is only fitted for one line by education, nature, will or want of will—namely, to prey upon society. It is not because he is wicked that he must be destroyed just as it is not because people are wicked that they are put in prison. No one pretends that is the reason nowadays. Men are sent to prison because the safety or convenience of society demands that certain acts shall not be done. It is for the good of the majority that these few should be sacrificed. They are sacrificed whether you destroy them or merely seclude them in Dartmoor or Pentonville. There is a good deal to be said after all for the Laws of Draco. "Every crime is worthy of death, and there is no greater penalty that the State can exact." Draco was a profounder legislator than his countrymen dreamed, and had he lived now might have been a most distinguished anthropologist. Persons who are hopelessly criminal by disposition, who have shown it by returning again and again to their old life of crime, persons who are palpably abnormal, or undeveloped, or incapable, persons who are hopelessly perverted morally—for all these there can be no room in this crowded world. There are some six thousand of them in our prisons at present, to all intents and purposes permanently installed. There are an enormous number in our asylums. The "criminal lunatic," as his very name implies, is an unfit person to survive. For the mere criminal

there is hope. He may, under certain treatment, become a reformed and useful member of society. But when to criminality lunacy is added, the case becomes hopeless, and death is the only solution of the problem. Further, if the criminal, while not in the ordinary sense lunatic, is found to be thoroughly irresponsible, hopelessly perverted, and mentally and physically incapable of reformation, he must be put out of the way also. He is a dangerous animal, and society must be protected against him. If it be urged that it will be difficult or impossible to certify absolutely that a man is beyond cure, then a certain number of convictions followed by sentence—say five—must be taken as evidence of a criminal disposition that cannot be successfully combated. If some one or two are thus destroyed unnecessarily, we can only comfort ourselves by the Abbot of Cîteaux' cynical order—"Kill them. God will know His own."—*Westminster Review*.

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A WORDSWORTH REVIVAL IN PROGRESS.—It is beyond question that there is a remarkable Wordsworthian revival in progress; the bard of Rydal and Windermere is written about and lectured about in nearly every literary centre, and is more generally read now than at any time in the last half century. This revival of interest in Wordsworth indicates that the literary world has had enough for the present of the ornate, overwrought, and oftentimes fantastic methods of later poetical writers, and desires a return to the simpler forms which he practiced with such conspicuous success. He was one of the greatest of the English poets; it was the fashion once among those who failed to appreciate his beauties, to call him dull and insipid, but it is so no longer.—*Buffalo Commercial*.