

"Everything, in short," says Rogers in his *Political Economy*, "which facilitates the relation between Labour and Capital tends to raise the wages of the former, and to moderate the profits of the latter, because it eliminates risk, encourages accumulation, and suggests the employment of capital at home." It is not altogether a good sign that we should have come to speak of two sides of the community in this impersonal way. Behind Capital is the capitalist, and behind Labour is the labourer. It is with men, and not with material conditions that we have to deal, and the root of the trouble lies in breaking loose from these purely human relationships. The labourer is not to be regarded simply as a machine, nor the capitalist as a legitimate target for abuse and spoliation. There must be some mutual confidence, and some exercise of the principles of justice, or else the workman will learn after a time to do as little work as possible for the largest amount of pay, and the capitalist will learn to exact as much work as possible for the smallest amount of pay. No doubt there is room for some readjustment of outward relationships. We are bound to investigate the trenchant criticisms which are now being made of the methods of industry and commerce, and to consider how far they are well-grounded. It would be a reproach to admit that the State is unable or unwilling to control the avarice of unscrupulous corporations, and to apply the principles of common equity everywhere. But the panacea for existing evils will not be found so much in legislation as in a higher standard of public morality. "Man never yet fastened a chain round the neck of his brother," says Lamartine, "that God's own hand did not fasten the other end round the neck of the oppressor."

It is impossible to insist too strongly on the economic value of labour. The true wealth of any nation is in its working-classes, its peril in the idlers. But before we can secure greater sympathy among the members of society, we must accustom ourselves to use that word "workman" in a much more comprehensive way. At present its use is largely restricted to manual toilers, although the hardest work in the world, and the least common, is real thinking. The artisan has no right to look with suspicion on his delicate-handed brother as though he was subject to different laws of being. The obvious fact is that there are a great many kinds of work and wages, and that it is the business of each man, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of the community, to find out as soon as possible what he was created to do, and then proceed to do it. The popular philosophy of reconstruction is full of fallacies. The connection between industry and success is fundamental under any conditions of society. The responsibility for crime does not lie with the State but with the individual. Nature does not yield up her treasures with gratuitous bounty to a favoured few, but surrenders them only to force and labour. Talent for productive service is not the result of chance which a reorganized society would soon correct, but the outcome from generation to generation of industry, temperance and prudence. The desire for a thing does not necessarily justify its possession, for the main business of life is the overthrow of unnatural appetite, and the making—not of money—but of ourselves.

Reform must not ignore foundation truths, or it ceases to be reform at all. The best "Anti-Poverty League" will not be content simply to declaim against social wrongs, but will seek to destroy those pernicious habits which beget the brood of miseries. This cannot be done by framing incendiary resolutions. As long as there are idle and vicious men in the community there must be poor men who perhaps will gnash their teeth at the results of their own improvidence and sin, and regard the success of every honest toiler almost in the light of a personal affront. Even in the great cities, the numbers of those who, though willing, have no opportunity for work has often been greatly exaggerated, and if better facilities were afforded for distribution, pauperism would soon come to be regarded as under ordinary circumstances a crime. The kings of anarchy, for the most part, scorn the drudgery of honest labour, and prefer the more exhilarating task of kindling the flames for a nation's overthrow.

We need more conscience in every department of human industry. Among artisans there are not a few who are quite incompetent for the duties they profess to undertake, or negligent in the fulfilment of promises or, perhaps, so irredeemably lazy that they will scarcely work at all. The man who will not lay a drain-pipe carefully unless he is watched all the time, would be unfitted for any more responsible office, and has himself to blame if he is ruled out in the race for success. The man who breaks his word about the delivery of a pound of sugar would be equally unreliable if he were settling the affairs of nations, and would simply be in a position to do greater mischief. Even "strikes"—which are as old as humanity—are not always symptomatic of injustice done to the strikers. There seems a great deal of "striking" nowadays, not for the rights of labour, but for the right not to labour. We are losing the sense of the sacredness of work as the Divinely-appointed means for human development. There was a time when the thought of service awoke chivalry and faithfulness, and any one who did not serve was an object for condolence, not for congratulation.

But the fault is not all on one side. It is true that the rich man, as such, is no more bound to take care of the poor man, than the poor man is bound to take care of him. Ethical law deals first with men and not with circumstances, and imposes on all the debt of respect to which manhood is entitled. But this respect must be shown in the details of daily life. If the workman is hired as though he were a cunning piece of mechanism for the faster accumulation of wealth, it is not surprising that he should be unable to identify his interests with those of his employer. There is some danger lest, while improving machinery, we degrade individual life. Every man ought to take out of the sum of the world's work neither more nor less than the legitimate result of that which he puts into it. All kinds of productive energy are to be duly estimated, and proper credit given for their expenditure in useful ways. Capitalists are not always

"bloated," nor philosophers always careless of the welfare of the people. The destruction of capital, especially in its higher forms, would be the destruction of the world. In this age of the apotheosis of muscle, it is well to remember that brains must rule after all, unless we wish to return to primeval chaos. The irony of the artisan's situation becomes galling when he feels that his disabilities spring not from difference of mental qualification, but from injustice in social custom; for he may chance to possess more ability than the millionaire speculator, and be quite as much of a gentleman too. The accumulations of greed and selfishness can never be anything than a source of mischief, aggravated by the piteous sorrow of those whose cry is already entered into the ear of the Lord God of Sabaoth. It is one of the hopeful signs of the times that wealthy men show a growing appreciation of the duties which wealth imposes, and it is surely not utopian to look for many more whose minds and hearts are proportioned to their property, and who count it an honour to employ in various tasks of social improvement what they cannot make useful to themselves, nor anything but a peril to their children.

"Whoever would understand the social question," says Pastor Todd, "and contribute to its solution, must have on his right hand the works of *Political Economy*, and on his left the literature of *Scientific Socialism*, and must keep the New Testament open before him." It is high time that a protest were entered against the attempted divorce of religion from the realms of daily life. Every great problem in its last analysis is an ethical one, and the supreme need, in view of existing difficulties, is the practical application of the principles of Christianity. It does not repeat the specious sophism that all men are equal, nor demand the overthrow of property, nor ignore the significance of the individual. But it emphasizes the sacredness of duty, it insists on the inalienable rights of all men, it teaches us to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

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WILLIAM T. HERRIDGE.

TWO PUNISHMENTS.

"Among several mummies exhibited at the Aztec fair in Boston was one of a nun, imprisoned alive in a stone foundation wall one hundred and seventy years ago for trying to run away with a Spanish cavalier."—GLOBE.

It is the convent garden—but behold

A nun so late i' the garden! Wherefore now,
So moonlit late, sweet sister? Hast thou told
Thy vesper-beads with the lilies, and wilt bow

Thine orisons with the orange blossoms there?

Nay truly, not the orisons, and yet
The orange blossoms—through the scented air
Smiling she lifts her hand and plucks them, wet,

Wet with the dew as oft her face with tears,
Sweet as her faltering lips when they entwine
With his, exultant in the shade, who hears
Her black robe brush the starry jessamine.

Ah, how they mocked her when she turned her head
Once more among the myrtles to enquire
For her eternal comfort. How they said
"The flames of hell will temper thy desire!"

And how they forced her writhing to her place,
The narrow place that one takes when he dies,
Nor saw the whitened terror of her face,
Nor heeded the coiled horror in her eyes!

How when they mortared out the last dull ray,
She beat her feeble hands against the stone,
As Mary's stern avengers went away
And left her with her agony alone!

And now, oh tangled hair and shrunken cheek,
And withered eye, and robe so piteous rent,
How of her purpose passionate ye speak,
Her sweet unsaintly love's own monument!

While in the awful prison that his soul
Did straight build round him, he, to nameless end
Did starve and grope through endless years of dole,
With none her quick deliverance to send.

And still the sun that drew his love to flame
Methinks all glowing to the task returns,
And in his outcast soul there lives a name,
And in his wandering dust a memory burns.

SARA J. DUNCAN.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, says the *Chronicle*, of Augusta, Ga., is at work on his new book about the war, and hopes to have it ready for publication by next fall. His infirmities, he says, compel him to write slowly, deliberately, and uncertainly.