

everything under pressure of a popular vote, would simply mean that the tremendous election interests involved would shortly lead to civil war; and this even if honest government were possible under it.

It is impossible, in a short article, to quote fully the doctrines advocated in this book. They are noticeable, because they are held by many, and their adherents are increasing. For these reasons every young man—above all every one interested in education, whether his own or that of others—should read what is there stated, not that they should believe, but that they should be prepared to contradict.

It is a great mistake that in every college there do not exist either regularly appointed teachers of political economy, or a system of education in that study carried out by the ordinary teachers in charge. Nothing is more deplorable than this mistake. The student can see, perhaps, that a book relating to this subject is wrong, false, pernicious. But to show others that it is so requires learning not given, or seldom given, in our schools. If the students are not taught, the masses will never be.

I might sum up my view of the work in question by saying that it proposes a system of public management calculated, in the end, to take from those who possess means, whatever they have accumulated, and give it those who have accumulated nothing. It would pay all alike for labour, and would put an end to industry, for to work idly would draw as much money as to work faithfully. It would end saving, for no one could keep what he had saved. It would end honesty, for it sets out with the idea of confiscation. It would end independent exertion, for exertion, if made, would be only made for the general body. It would do away with all wish to rise, for it aims its fiercest blows at those who have risen. It is a work to be read, that people may know what many advocate; but its teachings should be opposed by all who desire true progress, and dislike the idea of destroying old and sure foundations in the hope of promised benefits, doubtful of obtainment, and, if obtained, certain to reveal themselves in their true colours, the deadliest injuries to humanity.

R. W. PHIPPS.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Up the starry hills of heaven rise, thou radiant autumn moon!
Throw thy mystic mask of beauty
In sublime and solemn duty
O'er the slumbering world of mortals, doomed to dissolution soon.

As a dream dispelled at dawning, when the darkness turns to day,
As a cloud the strong wind chases
Through the far aerial spaces,
So is Life, of Love begotten, swift, like Love, to pass away.

One night waits for each and other, all the road of death must tread;
See the daylight burn to darkness;
Feel the clammy corpse's starkness;
Solve the mystery of living, and be numbered with the dead.

Is there aught in life to live for, power that passes, love that lies,
Friendship weaker than is water?
Are not all we sealed for slaughter
By the despot hand of Death, who, all-subduing, never dies?

Deathward ever, deathward ever, flows the troubled stream of life,
On with mad, relentless motion
To oblivion's broad ocean,
Where the sources of existence sever in the senseless strife.

Thou, but thou shin'st on serenely, circling to the spheric tune,
Chill and changeless: on thy bosom,
Like a ghostly golden blossom,
Sleeps life's semblance, sun-shed, silent; palely radiant plenilune!

GWYN ARAUN.

CHARLES READE.*

Dull and commonplace as are many biographies, it was impossible that such an one should have been written of Charles Reade. The work before us might more properly be described as an autobiography, since the compilers have allowed their subject to speak for himself in his numerous letters and diaries, and have contented themselves with ordering and arranging into a systematic whole the story of his life and works. It is all the more satisfactory that it should be thus in this case, seeing that the work is edited by two near relatives, and the very fact of relationship is apt, however carefully guarded against, to prejudice the mind and influence the judgment of literary executors. A few such instances occur throughout this biography, but much can be forgiven the authors, who have evidently been sincere in their desire to place certain matters in connection with Charles Reade's life in their true light, and who have, doubtless, been goaded into a somewhat spirited advocacy of his cause, by the incorrect estimate of strangers, and the malicious criticisms of enemies. The Rev. Compton Reade, in the preface, acknowledges his responsibility for whatever opinions are hazarded on men and things. He tells us that he "has written from the standpoint of a near relative, of a foundation member—for a quarter of a century—of his uncle's college, and of a close literary association." The selection of the fragments from Charles Reade's correspondence and literary remains have been made by Mr. Charles L. Reade, his literary executor. Such being the case one is prepared for an interesting memoir, and the reader will not be disappointed. There is not a dull page in the book. Literary biographies are always entertaining, and the strong individuality of Charles Reade, combined with his high reputation and popularity as an author, have contributed materially to enhance the value and interest of the record of his life.

Full details are given of Charles Reade's ancestry, from which it appears he was of gentle birth, the son of Squire Reade, of the manor of Ipsden, and Anna Maria Scott-Waring. His father was a gentleman of the old school, who preferred his country life and its field sports to the glamour of the city and political preferment. In this particular Charles was a true son of his father, as many anecdotes told of him plainly show; though, strange as it may seem, Charles Reade's constant boast through life was, we are told, that "he was, *par excellence*, his mother's son, a Scott-Waring rather than a Reade!" From the account given of Mrs. Reade, it is easily seen that Charles inherited from his mother those qualities of head and heart which made him so conspicuous:

"The mother of Charles Reade was no common woman. Born under the torrid sun of Madras, immersed while yet a girl in the life of politics, society and the Court, she was, before all things, a lady. Haydn taught her music, and Sheridan epigram and *repartee*. Her manner was perfect, and her conversational power so extraordinary as to have fascinated so superior a master of rhetoric as Samuel Wilberforce."

Charles Reade was the youngest of eleven children, and was born on the 8th of June, 1814. His school days at Rose Hill, Iffley, and at Staines were anything but pleasant memories to him, and his great regret seems to have been that he had never been at a public school. His election to a Demyship at Magdalen College was not due altogether to his having friends at Court, but to his own merit. It seems that one of the chief requirements at the examination was ability to write an English essay. In this Reade excelled, even as a youth. The subject of the essay given at the time Reade applied, was "How far is Ambition productive of Virtue?" The other candidates, to a man, the narrator of the incident tells us,

"imagining the college expected them to glorify Uriah Heepishness, proceeded on the old trite track to decry ambition, as one of the devastating forces of humanity. Charles Reade, however, being himself wildly ambitious, was not so canting a hypocrite as

* Charles Reade, D.C.L., Dramatist, Novelist, Journalist. A Memoir Compiled Chiefly from his Literary Remains. By Charles L. Reade and the Rev. Compton Reade. With Portrait. pp. x., 448. 12mo., Cloth, \$1.25. New York: Harper Brothers.