

the highest possibilities when they have given popular lectures on what Germany discovered from five to twenty-five years ago. The profession of medicine—a part of science—lies near the bottom of the middle class, buried under successive strata from royalties and nobilities through the church, the army, the navy, the bar, and successful trade. The descendants of Young and Newton and Harvey are organising to drive a part of experimental physiology from the empire. As literary art declines in England, the oratorical art seems to rise. Even speakers of but little fame are, many of them, easy and flowing, at times rapid as well as clear in their utterances; so much like Americans that only peculiarities of speech suggest the land of their birth.—*Journal of Science.*

THE UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

There is no more prominent characteristic of human society than the unequal distribution of wealth and happiness, an inequality which has prevailed in all ages and in all lands. Every effort after a community of goods has proved limited, temporary and futile.

Of this condition of things there must be some better explanation than such as would simply refer it to accident, to human imperfection, wrong doing or caprice. or would speak of it as an evil which though of such long duration, and of such firmly established character, is in reality temporary and is in a process of elimination, which will finally lead to its extinction. We may well conclude that that which has always been, and that, notwithstanding the suffering and sorrow and manifold evils of which it has been the fruitful source, must rest upon foundations of the deepest character. No explanation of it, will prove satisfactory but that which will refer it to a principle of the Divine Government, to the essential nature of man and to some abiding element in the constitution of human society. And if this be true, as it undoubtedly is, the unequal distribution of wealth and happiness of which we speak, is not to be regarded as a real and necessary evil. On the contrary, in itself and in its true nature, it is a good. There is no harm in the accumulation of wealth, on the part of individuals, even though it be in vast proportion, provided such accumulations be acquired in a perfectly legitimate manner and be used wisely and well under a due sense of the grave responsibilities and obligations which the possession and control of such wealth necessarily involve. There is herein an agency for an incalculable amount of good, both for the individual himself and society at large. Alas! that which was designed for human welfare, and which in fact has so greatly contributed to it, should have so frequently, by bursting the bonds of proper control, proved itself such a terrible agency for destruction, like the gigantic forces of nature, which man has subdued to his service, when they tear asunder the bands by which they must be restrained.

There is great evil in the unequal distribution of wealth, as it now is and always has been, because of its terrible exaggeration. The trouble does not lie in the simple fact of inequality, but in the great extreme to which the inequality has been pushed, necessarily resulting not only in the over enrichment of some and the impoverishment of others, but also in heaping upon some that to which they have no right and in depriving others of that which they need and which in equity belongs to them. This gross and harmful exaggeration in the unequal distribution of wealth has arisen from uncontrolled ambition, from immoderate greed, from all forms of corruption in business, from misappropriation of funds, from acts of criminality endless in variety, from wild and reckless speculation, from efforts to live at the expense of others rather than by honest toil, from idleness, from the stern demanding of mere legality instead of equity, from the cruel oppression of the poor, from thoughtless and mean spirited selfishness, from the withholding of relief from those to whom it is due, and from the pauperizing of multitudes by indiscriminate and misdirected charities.—*Penn Monthly.*

GLASS FOR SLEEPERS AND RAILS.—The sleepers to which we referred some time ago as undergoing a trial on one of the Metropolitan tramway lines, have proved so useful that it is proposed to make the rails themselves of Siemens' hardened glass, and by making rail and sleeper in one to overcome the principal difficulty of the Tramway Companies.—*Echo.*

LITHOGRAPHIC STONES.—There is a very large demand for lithographic stone in the United States, and the supply has until recently been chiefly from Germany. Now, however, Canada will probably contribute a considerable share in this trade, for the quarries of Marmora yield a stone which is quite as suitable for lithographic purposes as that obtained from Germany. It has been tested by practical lithographers, who say that its closeness of grain and general adaptability for the purpose will enable it to be used by lithographers with complete success.

TRUSTEE and HEIR.—It is related that a certain wealthy man not long ago made a will leaving his large property to a trustee for his son. Subsequently he called the boy in, and reading it to him inquired if he could suggest any improvement. "Well, father," said the boy, "your intentions are right, but as things go nowadays, it seems to me it would be to my advantage if you would make the other fellow the heir and transfer the trusteeship to me." The old gentleman thought the matter over and concluded to cancel the trustee clause of his last will and testament.—*Ex.*

LOWEST ON THE LIST.

The cold, wet day—the windy street—
The open gates of Trinity—
Whom do the College Fellows greet
With such rude mirth and mockery?
Poor Oliver! We know thy face,
So shy, so plain, so void of grace.

"Last on the list"—through taunts and sneers,
He stumbles to his garret room;
And for an hour his lonely tears
Give its poor walls a deeper gloom.
Then smiles return—this cheerful lad
The "knack of hoping" always had.

He took his flute, and of his woe
He made the saddest, sweetest strain;
"I am so dull, and plain, and slow,
No honours I may hope to gain;
No skill have I in anything,
Unless like some wild bird I sing."

And so the cheerful, kindly heart
Spoke to the world in native song;
Soft smiles and tears from thousands start.
Sweet singer, who could do thee wrong!
By all beloved, thy very name
Is spoken tenderly by Fame.

Now, if through Dublin you should stray,
Stop at the gates of Trinity:
There a grand statue stands to-day,
To that poor lad, who wearily
Passed through the gates, a scorn and drudge,
"Last on the list"—as men could judge.

And if through London, do not fail
The Temple's solemn yard to seek;
Brave knights lay there in carven mail,
Who never feared a lance to break
With mortal man—that mighty line
Who fought and bled for Palestine.

They are forgotten, and none know
Their names, or deeds, those Templars brave;
But ask a ten years' lad—"Where blow
The grasses over Goldsmith's grave?"
This singer more than nobles dear—
And he will say, "I know, sir. Here!"

"Last on the list"—but time is just;
And in Life's trial gold is gold.
Although the hand that wrote is dust—
His songs live on, his tales are told.
Highest in many a heart sits he
Who lowest stood in Trinity.

CORRESPONDENCE.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous letters, nor can we undertake to return letters that are rejected.

All communications to contain the name and address of the sender.

Letters should be brief, and written on one side of the paper only. Those intended for insertion should be addressed to the Editor, 162 St. James Street, Montreal; those on matters of business to the Manager, at the same address.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—It was not my intention to notice Mr. T. D. King again, but as he has, in the last paragraph of his letter, thought fit to give me the lie direct, I cannot pass it over. And I now beg emphatically to maintain the truth of my statement regarding the picture by Coleman, and the Wedgwood plate, notwithstanding Mr. King's denial.

I did not, however, mention all the circumstances connected with the plate; had I done so, it would not have redounded to Mr. King's credit, his gratitude, or his honour.

J. W. Gray.

June 8th, 1880.