

sons to be advised at once to choose a more fitting occupation. I suppose I should soon find my own "occupation gone." Well, really, with all her faults, her relics of feudalism, her mass of pauperism besides her mass of wealth, her abominable class distinctions, with all this and more, one does feel when in England that he is in one of the best countries in the world—shall I not say the best?—I mean that the heart of the nation is the biggest and the purest. One feels in England that people do not *wish* to cheat you—to get the best of you. If you are an advanced Reformer you will often deplore what seems amazing stupidity; you will see vast evils as they appear to the American or Canadian eye, and yet when you come to know the people connected with these institutions that you would speedily sweep away, you find they are among the finest you ever met. The difference between their great evils and ours is that theirs have come down as legacies of the past—things that have had their day and should be removed. They were not imposed on the people of the nineteenth century—they were unfortunate inheritances. But in America our great national festering sores are the result of deliberate and gigantic frauds—of rapid growth, and indicating corruption of the grossest forms. Our Tammany, whiskey, and railroad rings, our Pacific Railway and other scandals, cannot be foisted on other centuries, and no Daniel need "come to judgment" to tell us what they mean. Now, if my estimate of England's moral worth is approximately correct, the question arises, to what is it due? Is it owing to the excellence of her school system? Well,

the Board Schools of London are, to my mind, wondrous. They represent in the midst of conservatism the most democratic ideas as applied to education. They are remarkable in another aspect. They are an example of legislation being much in advance of the popular intelligence. At the present day even many of the people send their children to these schools under protest—such is their unfortunate inheritance of prejudice. I have myself in the streets of London heard a woman, hurrying her child along to school, roundly berating the authorities as she passed, all for compelling her to send the little one to be instructed. Nor has England to thank the legislators so much as certain far-seeing, noble-hearted men and women of the Metropolis, among them Huxley and certain other distinguished scientists, when it was then much more the custom than now to abuse as perverters of all the primary and essential beliefs of mankind, but one of whom his country has since enshrined in the resting-place of the mighty dead; and yet did ever man work less for fame and more for truth than Charles Darwin?

Well, dear Sammy, I did mean to tell you a good deal in this letter of the Londoners, in a small way; but to me, and I hope to you, it is not so much what people look like, how they eat, drink, and are clothed, as to what sort of stuff they are made of in the better part of man, that concerns most. But really next time I write you must hear a little about the minor matters, which are not without their own interest, but for this time, Sammy, be satisfied. Yours as ever,

TOMMY.

(To be continued.)