

"See yonder poor o'er laboured wight
So abjeet, mean and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil.
And see his lordly fellow worm
The poor petition spurn
Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn."

It matters not that the social and economic conditions which fired the Scottish Bard's imagination have very largely become history. Some would even say that the boot is on the other foot and that the autocracy of labour is more arbitrary and exacting than the aristocracy of birth had ever been.

Where the spirit of stewardship is lacking the question which naturally will be asked is, whose business is it if people choose to spend their money on dress, jewellery, pink teas, etc. Surely no one—at least no one upon whom the gentle quality of mercy has not descended and who has not learned the fine art of unselfish service. Nevertheless the proletariat has always had a peculiarly effective, even if destructive, way of solving such problems when they were stirred to violence. Marie Antoinette's cynical remark "Why don't they eat cake" when told that the people were clamouring for bread, was the prologue to the dreary ride in the squeaking cart on its way to the guillotine.

The particular curse of democracy is the indifference manifested by the most cultured of our citizens to the very obvious duties of citizenship viz. participation in the