

of his may deserve; whether it deserves any recompense in money, or whether money in any quantity could hire him to do the like.

"That this labour has found hitherto, in money or money's worth, small recompense or none; that he is by no means sure of its ever finding recompense, but thinks that if so, it will be at a distant time, when he, the labourer, will probably be no longer in need of money, and those dear to him will still be in need of it.

"That the law does at least protect all persons in selling the production of their labour at what they can get for it, in all market-places, to all lengths of time. Much more than this the law does to many, but so much it does to all, or less than this to none.

"That your petitioner cannot discover himself to have done unlawfully in this his said labour of writing books, or to have become criminal or to have forfeited the law's protection thereby. Contrariwise your petitioner believes firmly that he is innocent in said labour; that if he be found in the long run to have written a genuine enduring book, his merit therein, and desert towards England and English and other men, will be considerable, not easily estimable in money; that on the other hand, if his book proves false and ephemeral, he and it will be abolished and forgotten and no harm done.

"That, in this manner, your petitioner plays no unfair game against the world, his stake being life itself, so to speak (for the penalty is death by starvation) and the world's stake nothing till once it sees the dice thrown; so that in any case the world cannot lose.

"That in the happy and long doubtful event of the game's going in his favour, your petitioner submits that the small winnings thereof do belong to him or his, and that no mortal has justly either part or lot in them at all, now, henceforth, or forever.

"May it therefore please your Honourable House to protect him in said happy and long doubtful event, and (by passing your Copyright Bill) forbid all Thomas Teggs and other extraneous persons, entirely unconcerned in the adventure of his, to steal from him his small winnings, for a space of sixty years at shortest. After sixty years, unless your Honourable House provide otherwise, they may begin."

Respectable printers, publishers, and booksellers, are naturally scandalized at the application of such terms as "stealing" "pirated editions," etc., to their free dealings with authors' works. But to a writer who, like Carlyle, has produced a book, which is the embodiment of the thought and experience of studious years, of long and patient labour much expenditure of time, and not a little outlay of money in the accumulation of his materials, it is not easy to cull a phrase which shall express his feelings on its appropriation for the sole use and profit of a stranger, and yet prove acceptable to the highly respectable appropriators. Shakespeare's Falstaff tried his hand at it long ago. "'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh, a fico for the phrase!"

We have had some grave lessons of the need of a high standard of morality to be the guide of public opinion, and of public life in Canada. In the long run all experience proves that honesty is the best policy. In spite of all the gains of the American community from the wide diffusion of cheap literature, they have sustained a serious loss in the impediment it long presented to the encouragement of native talent. But apart from this, it is a reflection of grave import to a people among whom the love of literature has been fostered by such means, to consider how many struggling authors who have contributed to their pleasure, would have welcomed a reasonable share in the profits of American reprints and a gleam of sunshine in some of life's deepest gloom. Scott died in the