

ance among our fellow-men would vanish, if the community would guarantee us the necessities of life, but confiscate the surplus earnings of our labor. But the hearts of all right-minded men recoil from such a condition of things, and their arms will at all times be willingly raised in defence of our present system, which is based especially upon private ownership in land.

Yet, this right, though engraved upon the heart of man by the hand of nature, has its restrictions. It is true that the state is from God and has the right of *eminent domain*, in virtue of which it can abridge or take away class privileges or curtail private ownership for the benefit of the whole community. How far this right may extend it is unnecessary to discuss, for it is subject to circumstances and fluctuates like the mercury in a barometer in the different political systems. Suffice it to say that though a corporation or state has the right to own public property, yet, this right does in no way collide with the right of private ownership. The right of private property is limited by the state's

eminent domain, by the necessities of other men and by the universal law of charity, which makes all things common in case of extreme necessity. In conclusion, then, I would say that the Henry George theory had its origin in the misconception of poverty, and is but an evil remedy wrongly applied.

For poverty, like all human misery, the unavoidable result of man's physical, mental and moral infirmity, can never be abolished, but may be alleviated by the two grandest virtues of Christianity—justice and charity. Whenever they are properly practiced, poverty is seldom seen.

Let us, then, not be deluded by the pleasing theories so plausibly presented by modern socialists, but rather be guarded by history, experience, common sense and reason. Then, nothing for the future need be feared. Private property will remain secure. The steady march of civilization will continue as in the past, and progress, peace and prosperity will crown the endeavors of men.

F. L. FRENCH, '91.

MY TROUBLES.

I wrote down my troubles every day ;

And after a few short years,

When I turned to the heart-aches passed away,

I read them with smiles, not tears.

—John B. O'Reilly.