

pleasure have largely increased. The political franchise has been extended to the artisan, who is no longer a ward of the State, suing to it for paternal care and protection, but is a part of the State himself. "Labour" has become a title of distinction. Unionism has had its share in this, but so assuredly have good feeling and the sense of duty in other quarters.

Greater way would have been made but for wars and protective tariffs, of neither of which can the artisan say that he has himself been entireless guiltless. Artisans not a few in England voted for the Boer War; and the Alien Labour Laws and the Manufacturing Clause of the American Copyright Act are due to the pressure of the same class.

The existence of misery on a terrible scale cannot be denied, and must touch the heart of any man who has studied the history of his kind. We can only trust that this is not the end. But even as things are, there seems reason to hope that the inequality of happiness is not nearly so great as the inequality of wealth. Wealth cannot command health, peace of mind, or domestic affection. **A**