

now the thing has been carried to an absurdity. We have seen one man make a thousand millions, only to find himself at the end a dyspeptic old gentleman whose name is become a bye-word over a whole continent. Another could find no better way of celebrating his eightieth birthday than by assembling the young men of New York and gravely holding up as their model, that he had not taken a day's holiday in fifty years, and had had his lunch brought daily to his office under a tin cover, so as not to have to leave his desk for a moment, or let a dollar slip! A third, to whom I am in private duty bound, has placed himself on record in print, that the man who dies rich, dies disgraced. He works hard to find ideas for getting rid of his riches, and, among other splendid acts, he has by a stroke of the pen lifted the burden of anxiety from the shoulders of a whole underpaid profession. And have we not in our midst another who, for the twenty years that I have known him, has lived as simply as a man can, and employed not only his wealth, but the great abilities which enabled him to acquire it, in showering benefits on our University, our Province, and the whole Dominion?

I do not despair of seeing a further step taken, when it shall come to be thought not quite the thing to make these great accumulations at all. The genius of our great captains of industry, our napoleonic financiers, must not be wasted. They must go on with the work that is their pleasure, but there are signs that they may come to be contented with what Archbishop Cranmer calls a sufficiency, and that after this they will stop grinding their employés, and devote the surplus as it comes in to the well-being of their fellow-workers, sharing the profits with them. Great experiments of this kind have already been tried. I call to mind Sir Titus Salt, the Cadbury, Mr. Lever, Sir Christopher Furness, and the Steel Companies. Higher ideals are evolving. Thirty years ago one of the young leaders of the Fabian Society—Mr. Sidney Webb, I think—poured scorn on the ideal of the middle classes, in the mid-Victorian period, which he described as the ambition to leave to their children what they are pleased to call a small competence or independence; that is to say, the right to be dependent and incompetent. I thought I saw in the old country last summer signs of a revolt among the young people from this particular ideal; an uneasiness at accepting from society that for which they give no service in return; a yearning desire among all classes, widespread to an extent that would surprise you here, for some better system. Who knows, gentlemen, we may even one of these days give a trial to Christianity itself. Oh, I know that we have fought each other for centuries about the doctrines. But no one can say the life has ever been tried except here and there among feeble groups whom the world regards as amiable lunatics. Our international