

haps by the sight of riches as wastefully squandered as dishonestly gained, clamours for confiscation of property, vainly imagining that new wealth—new tools—will confer new powers. My dear sir, were the millionaires impoverished by act of parliament tomorrow, who would be the wealthy the day after, or the few days after? The millionaires. They know the trick; you do not. No tools would ever enrich you or me. To make money requires perhaps as great a talent as to make a name. May not those who have it use it? Besides, if you insist on confiscation of property, must not your own be thrown into the pot? You say you have none. Surely then you have no say in the matter. First make your fortune, then enforce your tenet, and we will listen to you. But, after all, what his capital is to the millionaire your skill and your labour are to you. On your own showing you should be mulcted in these. Wherefore, thou, be wise, and, instead of clamouring for new tools, new systems and new institutions,—the nationalization of land, the confiscation of rent, a single tax, state-proprietorship of plant and products, universal suffrage, old-age pensions, total prohibition, female franchise, the payment of members, an eight-hours' day, inconvertible currency, legalized repudiation, a fixed rate of wages, and what not, see that your tools are sharp and go about your business. "Courage, brother!" as Carlyle says, "grow honest and times will mend!" I warrant you your honesty will prove a better whetstone than your clamour. Surely good workmanship is a thing to-day sadly lacking, if even our politicians think it incumbent on them every session to manufacture new tools for the fabrication of the State. Is no one to be allowed to work for more than so many hours a day, if his strength permits it and his family requires it? And is the weak but willing worker to be turned off because he cannot do in eight hours what his more stalwart fellow-workman can?—which would be the inevitable result of such measure. Are you and I and

our next-door neighbour to pay the pensions of our friends the day-labourers across the street, in order that these may be relieved of the necessity of prevision and thrift? If so, it strikes me that we shall cut down our friends' daily wages out of which to pay them—a retaliatory scheme perhaps our friends did not think of. And what about pensions for you and me? Will the day-labourers return the compliment? I trow not. Because Smith takes a glass too much, is Jones to have none? If male voters can hardly steer the ship aright, would women at the helm be a help? If unpaid membership scarcely preserves the House from rowdies, would a sessional allowance purge it? If five hundred thousand electors do not know their own minds, would a million know it better? Does any sane man think a tax on land-values would enrich the indolent, or state-proprietorship of products do away with dishonesty?

There is a lesson that has still to be learned, to be learned by heart, as much by the day-labourer over the way as by the millionaire that employs him, and it is this: The happiness of a nation is not necessarily the outcome of its material prosperity. As a matter of fact, so far is national greatness from being identical with material prosperity, that only the sturdiest nations can safely stand much of the latter without losing something of the former. Greece fell when by Alexander she was brought into too close contact with the sensuous luxury of the East. Rome declined when her tributary provinces poured their wealth into her lap. It is when the mob get their *panis* free that nothing will satisfy them but *circenses*. When Jeshurun waxed fat, he kicked. Opulence is no spur to effort. The opulent live at home at ease, satisfied with their two and three-quarters per cent.; the needy emigrate and make sixty or an hundred-fold. That prayer of Socrates for only "so much gold as the temperate can bear and carry," should be graven in every guild. Who have been the conquerors of the world? Rarely the potentate