

One great improvement, however, there is; the preaching is by telephone and you can shut it off.

The physical arrangements are carried to millenarian perfection. Instead of a multitude of separate umbrellas, one common umbrella is put by the state over Boston when it rains. The whole community is converted into one vast Wanamaker's store. You turn on celestial music as you turn on gas or water. These visions of a material heaven on earth naturally arise as the hope of a spiritual heaven fade away.

It is specified that at a man's death the state allows a fixed sum for his funeral expenses. This is the only intimation that over the social and material Paradise hovers Death.

A vista of illimitable progress—progress so glorious that it dazzles the prophetic eye, is said all the time to be opened. But how can there be progress beyond perfection? How can there be great progress without organic change? How can there be organic change without something like a revolution in the government? Finality is the trap into which all Utopians fall. Comte, after tracing the movement of humanity through all the ages down to his own time, undertakes by his supreme intelligence to furnish it a creed and a set of institutions which are to serve it forever. Progress, however, we do not doubt there would be with a vengeance. The monotony, the constraint, the procrusteanism, the dullness, the despotism of the system would soon give birth to general revolt, which would dash the whole structure to pieces.

We have touched very lightly on each point, because we have felt all the time that we might be committing a platitude, and that the gifted and ingenious author of "Looking Backward" might laugh at our simplicity in seriously criticising a brilliant *jeu d'esprit*.

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