

as law can give it them, a permanent civil service : that they have practically secured it is not yet certain. It already appears that the party which when out of power voted for reform, being, or expecting soon to be, in power, deprecates its improvident virtue. In Canada we have always been better off, but we must hold fast our advantage. Superannuation, if abused, may become a cloak for removal, and we have had proof enough already that flagrant jobs may be perpetrated in that way. In England it was by the weariness of the dispensers of patronage, and to release them from incessant importunities, that competitive examination was introduced. Here, the dispensers of patronage are not yet weary.

To the proposal to limit holdings of land to 320 acres, or any other arbitrary quantity, the objection was obvious that this would preclude the possibility of farming on a large scale, which may prove, and seems likely to prove, the most productive system of agriculture, and therefore the best for the whole community. It is replied that large tracts might be held not as freehold, but on lease. What would be gained by that arrangement? If the lease was long, the land would be as much appropriated by a private owner as if it were held in fee, though the inferiority of title would somewhat diminish its value; and the monster iniquity, which it is the aim of Nationalization to slay, would practically be as full of life as ever. If the tenancy were at the will of the State, that is, of the politicians, the invariable consequence of insecurity, however caused, would follow; less labour and capital would be expended on the land, it would be worse cultivated, production would fall off and the community would have less bread. Mr. George, like Rousseau, believes that the whole world has gone astray since the dawn of civilization; he would take us back to primeval barbarism, the relics of which in Afghanistan and other half-savage communities, though he seems not to be aware of their existence, are the actual realization of his ideal. Nothing, surely, can be more evident or notorious, nothing can be proclaimed more loudly by economical history, than the good effect of secure tenure on agricultural industry, and consequently on production. And this, for the community in general, is the decisive consideration. We cannot all hold land; if the country were divided equally among us to-morrow, everybody who was not an agriculturist would have, next day, to part with his lot to those who were: the one thing of importance to the mass of us is that the land should yield as much as possible and thereby give us plenty of bread. We have not yet had any attempt on the part of the Nationalizers to prove that if the politicians were the universal landlords, the land would yield more than it does at present. But, in truth, the minds of these theorists generally are too much engaged in anticipating the social delights of confiscation to take in so secondary an object as the subsistence of the community. Some of them perceiving that security is necessary to production, aver that the security needed is not that of land ownership, but of labour. What is meant by labour? The fruits of labour? If so, as raw land is worth no more than so much water, and as the whole value, in the case of farm land at least, arises from labour spent in clearing and tillage, secure tenure of the fruits of labour is equivalent to secure tenure of land, and Nationalization is reduced to a name. Either it is a name, in which case it will hardly put an end to the existence of poverty, or it is robbery; and if it is robbery, the large, powerful and perfectly innocent class which the philosophic bandit threatens with spoliation, as soon as the threat becomes serious, will draw the sword. Nor will the farmer or landowner stand alone. Even Radical journalists in England who have been dallying with Agrarianism and the Land League, begin to perceive that their own plant, as well as their neighbours' harvests, is the product of labour, and would, by the use of the same talismanic phrases be brought within the sweep of confiscation. It is much easier, and to some natures much more agreeable, to confiscate than to produce. This is a solid fact, and it is the only particle of solid fact which underlies the theory of Nationalization. What would Nationalization itself, according to the very principles of the Nationalizers, be? It would be a robbing of the human race, to whom the earth is given in common, for the purpose of enriching a special body of monopolists who style themselves a nation.

THE prophet of Nationalization has been trying to stir up social war in a country of which he is not a citizen, by declaiming on the contrast between the habitations of different classes in London. He finds, he says, the good houses tenanted by those who do not work, and the bad houses tenanted by those who do work, an iniquity which, he suggests, ought to be at once purged away by revolution. His statement, as usual, is a gross exaggeration. In London, as in every great modern city, while unhappily there are quarters full of heartrending squalor and misery, there are also multitudes of artisans, and of others engaged in manual labour, comfortably housed, and well provided in other respects; while of the larger houses,

though some are occupied by mere men of pleasure, an immensely greater number is occupied by men of business of various kinds, commercial or professional, who are just as much "workers" as any navvy. The flatterers of the artisan have taught him that his labour alone deserves the name of work; and that all other members of society, however industrious they may be, and however indispensable their activity may be to the subsistence of the artisan himself, are human caterpillars and encumber the earth. Gladstone, Bright, Huxley, Tyndall are not entitled to the honours of labour. But are the dwellings in Whitechapel worse than those of a savage tribe, and is the lot of their inhabitants generally worse than that of the savage? This is the real question to be asked when modern society is arraigned as one vast aberration from the path of primitive right, and when it is proposed that to escape from the inequalities of our present lot, we should revert to a state of nature? Human society, like everything else in the universe which science reveals, is imperfect in its structure, though, as we hope or believe, as religious men at all events hope and believe, it advances through cycles of gradual improvement towards ultimate perfection. The accumulation of wealth brings with it undeniable evils, overgrown fortunes, idleness, waste, luxury, frivolous display. Yet, upon the whole, it has manifestly been not only helpful but indispensable to progress. Without it we could have had no great undertakings of any kind, no commerce but the pettiest barter, no science nor any of the things which science has brought; we should be still dwelling in caves and chumping acorns. Nor would the distribution of places in the cave and of acorns be more equal than in the distribution of wealth in a civilized country: the stronger man would always take more than his share. Vile and miserable is the existence of the sybarite who lives in sloth and uselessness by the sweat of other men's brows; before God, in his own conscience, and for the sake of his own true happiness, every rich man will, as far as possible, regard his patrimony as wages for which some service is to be rendered to humanity. But the lowest of sybarites is nothing like so noxious to the community or practically so great an enemy to its progress, as is the preacher of plunder, class enmity and social war.

IT is certain that had the Lord Chief Justice of England crossed the Line, as he intended, he would have been followed into Canada and here attacked by four Irish assassins detailed for that purpose. Had he been murdered, his blood would have run on Canadian soil, but the flag stained by it would have been that of the United States, the guest of whose people the Chief Justice was, and by the hands of whose Irish citizens he would have fallen. It is now announced that a large sum has been sent to England by Mr. Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*, for the purpose of "avenging O'Donnell." We know the form which vengeance takes; public buildings will be blown up, with any Saxons who may chance to be in or near them, and crowds of innocent passengers will be massacred in railway trains. Open war there will not be, nor will Mr. Patrick Ford be under fire. When the "Alabama" and her consorts stole forth from British ports to attack the commerce of a nation at amity with Great Britain, the Americans were justly indignant, and the best morality of England not only protested but insisted, and at last with effect, that satisfaction should be made for the wrong. Yet that was, at any rate, a war of men, and not of devils. This is a war of devils, and not of men. It may be doubted whether there is in the history of crime any previous example of public meetings held and subscriptions openly taken up for the perpetration of the greatest, most dastardly, and most diabolical assassinations. Murder generally has, at least, the grace to cloak itself in darkness. Ask any decent American what he thinks of having the citizenship of his country used as a cover for the operations of thugs against a friendly nation, and, if he is not a politician on the stump, or a journalist writing for Irish subscribers, he will frankly tell you that he is overwhelmed with shame. But the government is too weak to uphold public morality and vindicate its own honour. It is too weak because it is not a national government, but a government of faction, and dares not alienate Satan, if he can command votes. The British government has wisely abstained from pressing demands which could not have been granted, and which might have estranged the moral sympathies of the better part of the American people. But no harm would be done by a calm and respectful protest against the wrong. Such a protest seems to be due not only to England herself, but to civilized humanity.

Among the Irish in Canada, as was said before, there has been scarcely any manifestation of sympathy with the Invincibles and their atrocities, nor does it seem that much money for the Skirmishing and Dynamite funds has been drawn from this country. The absence on this side of the line of the frenzied hatred of England and Englishmen which prevails among the Irish on the other side, is conclusive proof that the virulence is