

ganization for dealing with the armies of paupers frequenting our cities. We do not accept with unquestioning faith the doctrine of which Henry George is an exponent, and which he has expressed in the following words: "To extirpate poverty, to make wages what justice demands, they should be the full earnings of the laborer. We must, therefore, substitute for the individual ownership of land a common ownership. Nothing else will go to the cause of the evil—in nothing else is there the slightest hope."

We are aware that there are other causes of poverty besides those indicated, and we are not fully persuaded that poverty is the parent of all crime and misery. In the low vices which cluster round the Whitechapels of every large city, in the utter ignorance which characterizes the lower strata of society, and in the lack of Christian charity which rouses men to war when the only hope of a solution lies in the way of peace, we can see at least three factors in the universal depression. We are fully aware that there are other causes besides the monopolisation of land. And we can't help thinking that *Grip* has become too enthusiastic a champion of a theory directed towards the absorption by the country of the total rent, and the imposition of a uniform land tax on which it is claimed the salvation of the industrial world depends. The absorption of the total rent-values would make no material difference in the incomes of the citizens of a state, nor can the imposition of a uniform land tax affect the remedy proposed, at least in this country where so much land can be had for the mere settling upon it. It is not difficult to see that the remedy does not lie here. But the curtailing of pauper's rations, or any regulation connected with the pauper fund, is further from the mark still. Pauperism will not be reduced by taking away a fund which has, we admit, too often tempted individuals into the miserable class. The causes of pauperism lie deeper than this. If we have no other reason, the inherent pride in the human soul and the effort to make progress where progress is possible would teach us to discard the idea that the institution of a pauper fund is one of the main causes of the reputed increase in pauperism. There are some to whom such a fund proves a temptation, but in the great social problem they form too insignificant a factor to affect its solution. We wage no war with those who seek to institute a better charitable relief fund in cities. We believe that this goes in line with the great industrial problem, but we consider it a very unimportant part. The ignorant rabble, who "rub the poor itch of their opinion" and "made themselves scabs," cannot be dismissed with a shrug now. The problem which their poverty and clamor forces upon us demands a solution, and though a well organized charitable relief fund may cause a temporary lull in the storm which is coming, yet we feel assured that such a remedy can be only temporary.

Some other time we may have something to say on what we consider a true remedy for existing social evils.

LITERATURE.

THRUSH AND POET.

(From *The Week*.)

THE thrush's song is strongest when he sings
Love messages to some enthralling bird;
His eager heart, with inner impulse stirred,
Gives untold sweetness to the lay that rings
Through the cool wood and by the laughing springs,
With melody she ne'er before had heard;
His song is to all other songs preferred,
And swift she joins him with love-quicken'd wings.

The poet bird-like sings his keenest strain,
When all his being pulses with love's fire,
When all his moments feel the thrilling reign
Of her who can ennobling thoughts inspire;
Each way he turns, sky, air, and land, and plain,
Receive new beauties from his soul's desire.

T. G. MARQUIS.

"OH, THAT WE HAD NOT MET."

Oh, that we had not met to part
As we are parted now,—
The stain of anger on each heart,
Of anger on each brow!

Would that the love which shone so bright
Had killed me with its blaze,
Ere I had seen it robed in night
And robb'd of all its rays!

Would that the hours so fleet and fair
Had never come to me,
Ere I had known that once they were,—
That they no more can be.

Would I had slept the dreamless sleep
Ere I had come to know
That Love may sow in joy, yet reap
A harvest wild with woe!

Would love had faded ere my birth
Or blossomed on my tomb:
Nor ever mocked my youth with mirth
To curse my age with gloom!

And oh, that we had never met
And dreamed a dream of bliss,
To wake again to cold regret
To wake again to—this!

From "Lyrics" by

GEORGE F. CAMERON.

We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligations.—*Seneca*.