

temper about money. And a sad temper I think it is. Mammon is indeed lord of the ascendant. Nobility of birth, education in the classics, literature, science and art, are all giving way before this upstart god of money. A young country like our own may be excused for holding Mammon in high esteem. If our rich men are our only aristocrats, we may well be pardoned the small conceit, for we have a hope and prospect of climbing beyond the level of money's throne, where art, science, literature, personal worth, manly righteousness, reach by gradient into the heaven of Godliness; but when an old country of settled institutions and ways, turns from all that is lofty and ennobling to the mere seeking and worship of money, then that country has entered upon a period of decadence which must end in night and nothingness. What is a man who gives himself to money grubbing? His mind is a calculating machine—his conscience a ledger—the interest table is his paternoster, his decalogue and creed—his heart is dead and damned—the heavens have no glory for him—those gorgeous diagrams of fire that all night long blaze in the calm infinite blue, have no power to kindle a high and manly aspiration in his soul; no angel visions come to bless his dreaming; he thinks and dreams but of buying and selling and rates of interest. His life is not up, it is down—it is not developement, it is decadence—the dry rot is there and working it way down to the roots. And so it is with a people. Where love and worship of Mammon absorb attention and affection—where worth is judged by the standard of money—where nobility of character and force of brain and culture are reckoned as nothing by the side of bags of money, then that people have entered upon a period of decadence; their greatness must soon be destroyed, and the days of their power are numbered. England to-day is producing nothing great. A great man or two still move in the world of politics, but they made their greatness a generation ago; and when they are gone, who will take their place? Poetry is silent, and even the Laureate can but feebly sing a feeble, "Hands all round," or write a play the public will not welcome. Science is doing nothing at all, but only harking back on past adventures and achievements. The Royal Academy of Painting is dull and common place; the machinery of Parliament has broken down under the pressure of vulgar self-assertion—the ears of the people are filled with the dull chink of money. Men transcend their piles of gold and silver, and swelter there in the blaze of the sun of prosperity, or sink into the nothingness and burden of poverty. Oh! England,