

held him with a strong hand, hoarsely crying "Don't!—don't!—don't follow the thing, whatever you do."

The story goes on to show how this apparition is always the forerunner of evil to the Winslow family, how Clarence finds an old will and repairs a wrong done, and how Griff—the hero—proves unworthy of Ellen's faith in him.

The book has touches of quiet humour, and possesses throughout an undercurrent of restfulness.

FERRARS.

FRENCH AND GERMAN SOCIALISM.*

THIS is an admirable little book and should be read by everybody who takes an interest in what is going on around him. It gives a clear and succinct account of the theories of Cavet, the dreams of Saint-Simon, the crazes of Fourier and the ravings of Proudhon, together with a well-digested resumé of the more argumentative and thoughtful Socialism of such German Socialists as Robbertus, Marx, and Lassalle. The difference between the two schools is well described—the French, a mere meaningless and illogical striving after equality; the German, a well-reasoned and to a certain extent practical demand for a more even distribution of the rewards of labour, as between workmen and capitalists. The fact that modern improvements in machinery and the consequent great division of labour has caused a yawning gulf to open, as between employer and employed, and that even the old feudal system was in some respects preferable as compared with our present regime, is also well brought out. Hallam pointed this out long ago, and also Professor Rogers as quoted by Dr. Ely. "It is in vain," says Professor Rogers, "to rejoice over the aggregate of our prosperity and to forget that great part of the nation has no share in its benefits. It may be that the wisdom of our forefathers was accidental; it is certain that society was divided by less sharp lines, and was held together by common ties in a far closer manner, in the times which it has been my fortune to study [the Middle Ages], than it is now. The feudal system of the Middle Ages was one of mutual interests; its theory of property involves far more exacting duties than modern rights ever acknowledge, or remember, or perhaps know."

The opinion of an intelligent Socialist like Karl Marx, as to the complete failure, from his own point of view, of modern Liberalism is also extremely interesting. "Although the Liberals," says Marx, "have not carried out their principles in any land as yet completely, still the attempts which have been made are sufficient to prove the uselessness of their efforts. They endeavoured to free labour, but only succeeded in subjecting it more completely under the yoke of capitalism; they aimed at setting at liberty all labour powers, and only riveted the chains of misery which held them bound; they wanted to release the bondman from the clod and deprive him of the soil on which he stood, by buying up the land; they yearned for a happier condition of society, and only created superfluity on one hand and dire want on the other; they desired to secure for merit its own honourable reward, and only made it the slave of wealth; they wanted to abolish all monopolies, and placed in their stead the monster monopoly, Capital; they wanted to do away with all wars between nation and nation, and kindled the flames of civil war; they wanted to get rid of the State, and yet have multiplied its burdens; they wanted to make education the common property of all, and made it the privilege of the rich; they aimed at the greatest moral improvement of society, and only left it in a state of rotten immorality; they wanted, to say all in a word, unbounded liberty, and have provided the meanest servitude; they wanted the reverse of all that which they actually obtained, and have thus given a proof that Liberalism in all its ramifications is nothing but a perfect Utopia."

The sketch given by Dr. Ely of the German professorial Socialists is amusing though it is evident that the author does not intend it for a caricature. "Some of them," says Dr. Ely, "do not expect that their ideal will be realized for a thousand years to come." "To them the State is, above all things, a moral person," and "Professor Schmoller* defines the State as the grandest moral institution for the education and development of the human race." To us, on this side of the Atlantic, who know what the State has become under a pure Democracy, these views appear very visionary, and they would seem to indicate that practical Socialism is, after all, but ill adapted to the German mind. It is indeed a noteworthy fact that the great leaders of the movement in Germany were not pure Ger-

mans. Karl Marx was of Hebrew descent, and so was that great apostle of German Socialism, Lassalle, whose name would also seem to indicate French extraction. Lassalle, too, found it no easy task to drive Socialism into the heads of the German working men. "It is this damnable, easily satisfied disposition of you German labourers which is your ruin," said he. That he succeeded in altering all this is only too true, but there is something melancholy in the reflection that almost the only practical effect of his teaching, up to the present time, has been to substitute discontent for that "contented mind" which can never return.

The fundamental error which would appear to lie at the root of all Socialistic doctrine seems to be that it presupposes that perfect equality means perfect contentment, and that an equal distribution of wealth would result in happiness for mankind. But the question as to what is happiness is no nearer its solution to-day than it was when Plato listened to the words of wisdom as they dropped from the lips of Socrates. The beggar on his dunghill is often happier than the king on his throne. And who can forget the touching complaint of poor Henry IV. as he lay tossing about on his weary bed and yearning for a few moments of quiet slumber?

Sleep, gentle sleep
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?

"Pity nobody and envy nobody," says a somewhat cynical writer; "you may be quite sure that you are envying or pitying the wrong man." Without going quite so far as this, we may at any rate admit that the statement contains quite as much truth as many of the doctrines put forward by modern Socialists.

H. S.

ENTERTAINMENT.

MR. BELFORD'S THIRD RECITAL.

The announcement that Mr. George Belford was to give a final recital at Shaftesbury Hall, on Monday evening May the 31st, previous to his departure for England, was an unexpected pleasure for his numerous admirers. We are sure he must have been gratified by the large attendance which filled the hall to the very doors, on the evening in question, and represented the fashionable, intellectual, and professional element of Toronto, the Church and the Bar occupying conspicuous places. Mr. Belford owes to his own talents and abilities, the reputation which he has created in a few short weeks; and we are glad that these have met with due encouragement at the hands of our citizens. The youthful elocutionist possesses in a marked degree the power of animal magnetism; he carries his audience along with him and succeeds in striking a note of perfect sympathy, by the absorption of his individuality in his subject. The programme presented on Monday evening was the most varied yet given, as it contained selections from one French and two American authors; also from the works of Shakespeare, Macaulay, Tennyson, Wilkie Collins, and W. S. Gilbert. Mr. Belford's rendering of Lord Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" in its peculiar dialect, was one of his happiest efforts, as indeed his impersonation of characters will always be. We think, however, in Shakespeare scenes he does not appear to such advantage, owing probably to the massive character of these plays, which are difficult to treat single-handed. "Major Namby," by Wilkie Collins, was a very good specimen of the humorous class; but in the "Lay of Horatius" (Macaulay) Mr. Belford brought down the house. In reciting this stirring poem he appeared animated with the very fire and spirit of the piece, and in the descriptive portions he was on the banks of the Tiber with the whole tragedy passing before his very eyes. The spell-bound and breathless attention of his listeners ought to have been an ample reward; they hung sympathetically on his words, borne away by the musical rise and fall of the historian's rhythmic verse. "The Hat" (translated from the French and recited by M. Coquelier of the Comedie Francaise) was a particularly graceful sparkling little piece, which had not suffered much from translation and was still essentially French. It afforded Mr. Belford a charming opportunity of making his farewell bow to a Toronto audience, hat in hand, in an original and effective manner.

L. C.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE labours of the Committee of the Toronto Musical Festival have been crowned with success, as far as preparation of the music and programmes, and arrangements for the comfort of the audience and chorus, are concerned. The rehearsals have been most assiduously kept up, and a high degree of artistic excellence may confidently be expected. The attendance has been so large and enthusiastic that the immense platform, accommodating nine hundred singers, was found to be too small, and an extra hundred seats had to be added. The Rink has been seated to receive 3,500 auditors, every seat being good, as to comfort, sight, and hearing; and the acoustic properties of the large building have

* "French and German Socialism in Modern Times"—by Richard T. Ely, Ph. D., New York. Harper and Bro., 1886.

* In his controversy with Professor Von Treitschke, Professor Schmoller confounded his adversary by asserting that he had spent more years in the study of the subject than Von Treitschke had weeks; to which the latter might fairly have replied that had Professor Schmoller spent less time in his study and more in the world he might have modified some of his views.