

a branch which will indeed afford him and his loved ones a livelihood, but which will not permit his talents to be fully developed, or used to full advantage. Two young men, one rich, the other poor, woo the same maiden. She loves the latter, but marries the former, because, forsooth, her paternal parent sees in money the one thing able to make his daughter happy. The good-natured Philistine anticipates a mirthful day in the country. All is prepared; his numerous progeny cluster around him with expectant faces, while he jingles the money in his pocket, when the door bell rings, the butcher presents his bill, and for that day—good-bye enjoyment. Workmen are mostly socialists, and why? To share in the riches of the wealthy. But why pile up examples? Everybody knows from his own experience that what we say is true, and he will readily grant that money is ever a worse tyrant than were Nero and Domitian. And should anyone doubt, well, we shall not quarrel with him. Time will bring conviction.

We shall, however, not close this tirade on money with any advice to recall our obedience from this dread despot. That would be but ill-advised and would probably not be taken with good grace. We only wish to hint that even tyrants sometimes have their softer moods, when they may be coaxed to co-operate in a good work. Money is, perhaps, no exception. Shall we try to find out his softer moods?

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