

wards democracy was in its infancy. He assured us in "Chartism" that "in democracy can lie no finality, that in the completest winning of democracy there is nothing yet won, that, by its nature, it is a self-cancelling business, and gives in the long run a net result of zero." We are in a position to-day to appreciate this criticism. On every hand evidences of the dissatisfaction with the existing state of things are rapidly multiplying. Lord Rosebery in his famous Chesterfield speech arraigned the whole administration of the affairs of the Empire at the bar of common sense; and public opinion has brought in a verdict of guilty. His plea for efficiency, and the campaign in its favour are admissions of the truth of Carlyle's prophecy. The "business - principle - management-of-the-Empire" agitation, set going by the editor of the "Nineteenth Century and After," is a further recognition of the breakdown of democracy. And what else can we call the searching discussion as to whether we are a nation of amateurs? It seems as if after all we are still in the wilderness, that we have been travelling in a circle, and have not yet reached the Promised Land.

Mr. Arthur Sherwell has lately published the result of an inquiry, conducted by a band of skilled investigators, into the condition of the working classes of England. The poverty, the wretchedness, the glaring inequalities of wealth that exist in London have been so often depicted that repetition becomes monotonous. The conclusions reached by Mr. Charles Booth have been robbed of their startling character by familiarity. The conditions prevalent in the capital of the Empire have been regarded as exceptional and as inapplicable to other large cities. Mr. Sherwell, to arrive at the truth of the matter, selected a city as unlike London in every respect as possible, and where private philanthropy might be expected to mitigate to a larger extent the aw-

ful wretchedness of the masses. The Cathedral city of York was the scene of his investigations, and the results are, in all conscience, gloomy enough to justify the most pessimistic of Carlyle's denunciations of democracy as the final end of progress, the goal of human endeavour. If York is typical of English city life, his inquiry reveals that one quarter of the population of the country live in constant dread or in actual presence of hunger, are insufficiently fed and clothed, and are housed in crowded tenements utterly contrary to all principles of sanitation and morality. And this, after sixty years of progress and reform, and the growth of democracy! England still awaits the advent of the Moses of industrialism who shall lead her out of the bondage of Egypt into the land of Canaan.

Facts are stronger than any theory however elaborately constructed, however subtly woven, however symmetrically balanced; and the fact of facts is, as Carlyle proclaimed it, that in democracy there is no finality. The doctrines of "laissez faire," of expediency, of government by the count of heads, of rights of man, were to him merely moonshine. He had looked at life calmly and dispassionately, he had sought knowledge, not in a supposed revelation, but in the experienced facts of the world's history interpreted by man's intelligence, and possessing, as Goethe said, within himself an originating principle of conviction, he felt bound to utter with all the earnestness of which he was possessed, and in a form which is neither prose nor verse, but which is in a class apart, the "poor message," as he sometimes called it, which he had to deliver to his contemporaries.

With the religious side of that message we are not concerned at present, further than to remark that it was Calvinistic in character, "Calvanism," as Froude remarks, "without the theology." But his political and social message grew