dustrious reading of all sorts of novels. Nothing gives repose more effectually than straying into the world of fiction. . . . My own taste, when I retire into the world of novels, is to find myself in a pleasant atmosphere, and to feel that I am conversing, in the highest sense of the word, with courteous-minded people, who do not drop their good manners even in their day-dreams; with people who are not too anxious to preach to me, and who know a scoundrel when they see one. I like my author to see life truly, and therefore kindly: to see it truly, for I cannot be really interested in a fiction purposing to deal with realities, unless it shows me a clear insight into men and women; unless I can feel that the observer of manners is grasping realities firmly, and that he knows what are the passions and ideas, the fears and the hopes, by which human beings are really stirred. Good fiction is not simply lying, but realism seen through the medium of a perfect imagination. It will show that the really valuable elements in the world are the tender social affections, and the good, honest, simple, natural feelings which bind men together and give the true value to life. Men of genius make us think better of the race, and open our eyes to their good qualities. I like my novelist to be both truthful and generous, and to have that characteristic which we term thorough manliness, and therefore I love Sir Walter Scott."

While Mr. Stephen was thus discoursing on Scott and novel-reading to the poor at the East End of London, the Rev. Mr. Haweis, a noted Church of England clergymen, was preaching to the rich of the West End, in his old-fashioned church, where not long ago I had the pleasure of hearing him in St. James, Marylebone, on the Theatre, "all the aisles blocked, and numbers being unable to get in."

"The church of the future," he said, according to a report in the same paper, "would have to make room for the drama among other things; as merely to repeat the names of great dramatists past and present proved that the drama was an instinct that could never be stamped out,—man was essentially a dramatic animal; expression was the imperative need of his nature." . . . "Must," he asked, "an immoral tendency be inseparably connected with a play? Let the sublime roll of the Shaksperean drama answer that. Are actors necessarily immoral? Shades of Siddons and Garrick answer me from Westminster Abbey, while the noble figure of Macready steps forth from his own autobiography."

The Quarterly Journal of Economics for October, "published for Harvard University by George H. Ellis, Boston," contains a very interesting letter from Professor Foxwell, of Oxford, on the recent progress of political economy in England which every student of the subject ought to read. It is noticeable that Professor Foxwell is a pronounced bimetallist.

His account of the labor question shows how far England is ahead of us on that subject. "Thanks," he says "to their Trades Unions and the sensible action of their Parliamentary Committee, there is now a compact body of labor members in the House. The influence of this group is great, and increasing far in excess of that due to its size. . . . In fact it is hardly too much to say that the influence of the artisans has displaced that of the middle class as the dominant political force. So far as the opinion of this class can be gathered from the written expression of its leaders, it would seem still to be distinguished by its soberness and practical sense."

So much can hardly yet be said of the leaders here, but the working classes of the United States are going through precisely the same process of education by experience, in which their English brethren have preceded them, and no one can doubt that sooner or later the result will be the same.

Of Henry George and his Anti-Poverty panaceas he says: "It is rather among the middle classes that socialistic theories are most discussed. Mr. H. George's land proposals, and the recently translated 'Capital' of Karl Marx both found sympathizers in this social stratum. They were well calculated to appeal to the somewhat dilettante enthusiasm of those who were educated enough to realize and to be revolted by the painful condition of the poor, but not patient or hard-headed enough to find out the real causes of this misery, nor sufficiently trained to perceive the utter hollowness of the quack remedies so rhetorically and effectively put forward."

Professor Foxwell's conclusion is, that "nothing can well be more promising than the present outlook for economic science in England,"—and the same statement can certainly be made of America. Nothing can be better in the present writer's opinion—whom circumstances for some years made a teacher of the subject—than his comparison between the new economical school and the "old mechanical, immoral economics," which, as he says, "the new school has banished to Saturn." W. P. A.