

transfers make no difference in the result. In the example given, a system of transfers might possibly put "E" above "D," and elect "E" instead of "D," but in most cases A, B, C and D would be elected, notwithstanding the transfers.

This was the experience in Tasmania, where six different Parliamentary elections were held under a transferable single-vote plan known as the Hare system; and in each case the candidates heading the poll on first choices were those ultimately elected. The transfers made no difference.

Therefore, the single vote without transfers, is a good practical system, and gives true proportional results in most cases. But if you want to make perfectly sure of these results always, you must add some plan of transfer, direct or indirect.

If my reader has followed me thus far, he has got an insight into the principles of proportional representation which will give him the key to any voting system he may read about hereafter.

Now for cumulative voting. It is simply a compromise between the single vote and the old block vote, enabling a voter to use either. In the election for the four Toronto Controllers, each voter was given four votes, with liberty to distribute them or concentrate them as he pleased. He could give all his four votes to one candidate, if he liked; or two votes each to two candidates; or one vote to each of four candidates; in fact, distribute them as he pleased. This is really giving each voter a single vote, with liberty to split it as he pleases; because, if every voter cumulated all his four votes on some one candidate, it would be just the same thing as if each voter had only one vote. Therefore, one-fourth of the voters, all cumulating fully, could elect one of the four Controllers, no matter what the other voters might do; and that is Proportional Representation, so far as it goes.

ROBERT TYSON.

A QUESTION.

For The Public, by Rev. Cassius Roberts.

Is it right to be sad—  
To find men are bad?  
Or shall we be glad  
That the world is but mad?

When gold buys but lust  
In a world where true trust  
Finds naught but a crust,

And when 'twill not do  
To tell what is true,  
(Except *entre nous*)—

Dear God that's above,  
Whose true name is Love,  
Come down in thy might  
And scatter this night.

Amen!

For each of these Imperialism brought a gift: New markets for the Merchant, thrills for the Patriot, capital for the Politician.

The Ordinary Taxpayer burst into tears.

"Is there nothing for me?" he sobbed. Imperialism hastily felt in all her pockets.

"Hush! Here is some nice, new horizon for you!" she said, soothingly.—Life.

"He is worth a hundred millions, the most of which he stole."

"Gracious! And he belongs to the church?"

"Oh, no, the church belongs to him."—Puck.

BOOKS

REALITIES.

Some of the best editorials on general subjects that have appeared in any newspaper for many years were those which James Arthur Edgerton (the author of "The God who reigned over Babylon is the God who is reigning yet"), contributed to the Sunday issues three or four years ago of the Rocky Mountain News, of Denver. Many of these editorials have now been republished in a small volume, "Glimpses of the Real" (Denver: The Reed Publishing Co.), wherein they appear in logical series, the connecting thought being that sentiment which Mr. Edgerton himself once phrased in the fewest possible words: "The laws of right are eternal laws; the judgments of truth are true."

A few extracts will serve at once to suggest Mr. Edgerton's line of thought and indicate the vigorous English in which it is expressed:

The real progress of the race has been away from selfishness. Injustice breeds injustice.

Optimism does not consist in shutting your eyes to conditions as they are. It is shown rather in facing the worst, while working and hoping for the best.

While we are sending missionaries to all lands and races, we are just beginning to be converted ourselves. . . . Our work will never be done until we have a civilization that is the perfect expression of God's kingdom on earth.

We should both dream and do. He who sees how to make inventions and never makes them is of as little use as he who does things in the hardest ways with no thought as to the improvement of methods. The materialist is only half a man. He leaves out one whole side of his being. But the monk who shuts himself in a cell to see visions and never gives the world the benefit of anything he sees is little better. We need the balance between the two. We want the faith and we demand the work.

Religion is not a theory; not a form; not a creed; not a book. . . . All these are but . . . the paraphernalia. Religion, as some one has said, is the life of God in the soul of man. . . . The mere intellectual apprehension of things is not enough. It is the living thing that counts.

Progress? Yes, there is progress, but we have only been in the basement of it. . . . We have been gazing at the reflection of the sun in a mud puddle instead of casting our eyes upward at the glory of the heavens.

The final statement of religion, then, is in Character. It is for that we build; and we cannot build it in the sands of immorality, but on the rock of virtue and truth.

This is a universe of law. On the physical plane is law. He who transgresses that law destroys his own body. On the civic or social plane is law. He who transgresses that law destroys his harmonious relations with his fellows, his liberty. On the moral and spiritual plane is law. He who transgresses that law destroys his own soul. The great lesson we have to learn is that of . . . obedience to the laws of our own being. The physical self must obey the spirit.

All truth is axiomatic and is capable of simple statement. It is so clear that most look through it and see nothing. It is so apparent that all accept it on the mere statement. Yet it is infinite, and only as much comes to you as you are capable of taking. If you would know the truth you must be in the humble, the teachable, the receptive attitude of mind. "Except ye become as little children." Lay down your prejudices and preconceived opinions. Put aside the self and be in the frame of mind to say: "Thy will, not mine, be done." Then open the windows of your soul and let the light flow in. It will come to you as fast as you demand it and are ready to receive it.

Men talk about finding God in nature, in books, in what other men have said, in systems, or institutions or creeds. They cannot so find him. The place to look for God is in the temple of your own soul. If you find him there, then you will find him everywhere. . . . We make the mistake of regarding manifestations as real entities. They are not. They are but the expressions of entities. A particular combination is to-day and to-morrow is not; but nothing has passed out of being; the combination merely has changed.

We are in the habit of looking at things inverted. We are not bodies possessing souls, but souls possessing bodies.

This outline of Mr. Edgerton's thought is filled in with as strong and wholesome a discussion of living questions, social and religious, as any person of vigorous thought and human sympathies could wish to read. There are 31 essays in all this book of only 202 pages, among the titles of which are "Living the Truth," "The Brotherhood of Man," "The Social Trend," "The Thought of the Soul," and "The Triumph Over Death." The book is free from all that wearisome paganistic cant of which churchly publications are apt to be full. It is vital with the genuine religious spirit.

For including a familiar poetic quotation, one that contrasts intellectual with moral or spiritual vision, the author is to be especially thanked:

The night hath a thousand eyes,  
The day but one;  
Yet the light of a whole world dies  
At set of sun.

The mind hath a thousand eyes,  
The heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When Love is done.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—The Twentieth Century Money Law. By Timothy Wright. New York: Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton street. To be reviewed.

PERIODICALS.

The many admirers of B. O. Flower all over the country will be glad to know that he is once more to take supreme command of the editorial pages of the Arena. This magazine, after many vicissitudes since its establishment by Mr. Flower in 1889, now passes into the hands of Albert Brandt, whose publishing house at Trenton, N. J., has become famous for its handsome "Brandt books." The publisher announces that while the Arena "will give special attention to progressive and constructive thought, which is in alignment with the