

their subject, but more as regards the spirit which pervades them. Take these lines for example, in the "Apology of Edwin Markham":

The Pioneer is poor, but loves his work;
'Tis bracing and enduring—'tis the soil
In which the flower of hope forever springs,
Because the Pioneer is Man, and free;
He feels no degradation in his sweat,
For he is King of his hard circumstance,
And owns no master 'twixt himself and
God,
Who made the land and gave it to his
hands.

And these, from the poem, "Father Edward McGlynn":

Thy parish was the world of toll and pain;
The disinherited, the weak, the mass,
Submerged in hellish slums by social
wrong,
Were thy parishioners, and in their cause
Thou didst not shrink from obloquy and
loss,
Ending in spooled career and martyrdom.

And, above all, take these three stanzas from the poem, "Henry George":

The Seer of our age, whose pen,
Like Moses' rod, cleft through the sea
A path to life and liberty
For tolling men,
Lies on the mystic mountain-top, but knows
the hosts shall enter in.

Dead—white—appareled for the grave—
Not dressed for honors all but won,
He silent lies, the cause undone
He strove to save;
A pale, cold corpse, with empty hand, like
sculptured martyr, pure and brave.

His cause undone? Nay, sprung anew!
His cause was God's—his prophet call,
"God made this fruitful earth for all,
Not for the few!"

The sun is up and lights the world, and
men have seen, and truth is true!

The volume is well named "In Many Keys"; for there are poems on a great variety of subjects and in many styles. This is a striking element in the author's strength—that his sympathies are not narrow. His own lines seem true of himself:

For no true poet ever hated man,
Tho' hating deeds and policies of men.

Some of the poems are Canadian, some international, some miscellaneous, some personal, and some memorial. In the last group Queen Victoria and Gladstone stand with Father McGlynn and Henry George.

Several of the humorous poems are very good, especially the conversation between John Bull and Uncle Sam on the Open Door in China, and the Canady Farmer. The author shows considerable skill in handling dialect verse; though the reader, as in all such verse, is frequently called upon to help out the meter.

The poet seems most happy in quiet blank verse, which he writes with the apparent ease, and with much of the characteristic simplicity and delicacy of Wordsworth.

A noble valley, stretching league on league
To the far hills that meet the melting sky—
A foreground of green fields and rushing
stream,

Then for the rest a riot of all things
That make a sight to satisfy the heart.

He writes this meter with singular correctness and beauty, and can, we predict, give us something in this kind that will enshrine in classic form some fuller exposition of the new thought.

The noble poem on Edwin Markham, already mentioned, is written in this meter, and gives prophecy of more that can be done. With his mastery of this meter, which suits the English ear, with his wide, catholic sympathies, with his insight into modern problems, the author of this attractive little volume has already "staked his claim" among the poets of the new day.

If it would not make this notice too long, we should like to mention and quote from other of the poems; but we cannot forbear giving in full the beautiful lines on "Sympathy":

Beside the grave's new-rounded sod
By some dear instinct close we come,
Heart draws to heart, tho' we are dumb,
And humbly seeks to share the rod;
We do not know what is to be,
We cannot guess, we cannot see,
We can but stand and wait for God.
As when the winter tempests fall
With blinding snow-wreaths on the steep,
And clouds and darkness dread appall,
What can they do, th' unknowing sheep,
But gather close and silence keep,
And listen for the shepherd's call.

We must say in conclusion that the illustrations and the vignette portraits of Carlyle, Kipling, Henry George, Dr. McGlynn, Edwin Markham and some others add not a little to the attractiveness of the volume.

J. H. DILLARD.

"THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION."

For a quick but comprehensive glance at the spirit of the socialist movement, we can commend Karl Kautsky's two lectures, delivered in Amsterdam about a year ago, one making a contrast between reform toward socialism and revolution by socialism, and the other describing with modest prophecy what is to occur after the socialist revolution. These lectures have been translated by A. M. and May Wood Simons, and are published in one small volume (price 50 cents) under the title of "The Social Revolution," by Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago.

While Mr. Kautsky prefers revolution to reform, in which he undoubtedly reaches the same conclusion that prevails among orthodox socialists, the revolution he has in mind is not like those of the past. It is not to be a military conflict, unless possibly in Russia; nor a sudden uprising of any kind, but rather a long drawn out yet non-military civil war. One of its peculiar methods of warfare is the labor strike, which, at a certain point of economic development will be used for political effect, as has been already done to a degree in France and Belgium.

When political power shall have thus been secured by the socialists, problems of reconstruction are expected to arise the solution of which cannot be foreseen. Mr. Kautsky, therefore, protests that he belongs with those socialists who oppose programmes, devoting themselves to the revolution while the revolution holds the stage. Yet, thinking it "a help, to political clearness to examine the problems that will grow out of the conquest of political power by the socialists," he makes his modest inquiry into future possibilities. Those who follow him here will be pretty sure to conclude, we fancy, that he would have done better had he stuck to the socialist policy of exclusive devotion to the work of getting into power, and left the complicated question of the use to be made of that power entirely alone.

In one part of this investigation, however, Mr. Kautsky puts his finger upon the seat of the industrial disease. Referring to what socialism in power will have to do, he remarks that "it will in all cases be compelled to solve the question of the relief of the unemployed," for "enforced idleness is the greatest curse of the laborer." He then adds this peculiarly sound observation:

That the laborer of to-day is compelled to sell himself to the employer, and that the latter can exploit and enslave him, is because of the ghost of the unemployed and the hunger whip that swings above his head. If the laborer can once be sure of existence, even when he is not working, nothing would be easier than for him to overthrow capital. He no longer needs capitalists, while the latter cannot continue their business without him. Once things have gone thus far, the employer would be beaten in every conflict with his employes and be quickly compelled to give in to them.

True words, those. And in the truth which they express lies the solution of the whole labor question, the whole industrial question, the whole social question, the whole issue between labor and capital. They mark, also, the difference in method between socialism and the so-called single tax. Socialism would make laborers independent by waging a prolonged class conflict in a great process of historical evolution, and at the end they would provide for the laborer by complex systems of governmental machinery. The single tax, on the other hand, would simply reform the existing order, so that, without class conflict or proletarian revolution, without any social upheaval at all, demand for labor would become and remain continually in excess of the supply. That would put an end to "the ghost of the unemployed," which, as Mr. Kautsky truly says, is what now compels laborers to sell themselves to employers.