

by force of law. It is at the same time a social abuse, an economic blunder and a political evil.

Undoubtedly the world would still be flat and the sun would still be traveling around us, if there had been sufficient commercial reasons for maintaining the old order of things. Apparently it would have been casier to have kept the majority of men in astronomical than in political darkness. One is as easy as the other when commercialism and privilege hold the reins of government. Bastiat says, in his "Sophisms of Protectionism":

The world is not sufficiently conscious of the influence exercised over it by sophistry. When might ceases to be right, and the government of mere strength is dethroned, sophistry transfers the empire to cunning and subtlety. It would be difficult to determine which of the two tyrannies is most injurious to mankind.

But the economic progress and commercial development of the country have now advanced to the point where the same commercial interests which have influenced the professors to suppress the teaching of free trade are beginning to realize that the markets of the world are within their grasp, if they can get their materials under natural prices and conditions. They are becoming restless under the artificial restraints of protection and are casting aside all former fear of not being able to stand unassisted on the most advantageous industrial site on earth. Our economic professors are now in real danger of being left in the very humiliating and ridiculous position of being on record in foolish and unsatisfactory economic declarations, or in quibbles, straddles, or evasions, while the business men have passed on to surer and wiser ground.

Far-seeing captains of industry, like Andrew Carnegie and James J. Hill, have reached the conclusion that this great country is handicapped by too much protection, and that it will the more quickly and certainly attain its destiny—the commercial supremacy of the world—if it lowers, or removes, its tariff bars. The increase in the cost of living since 1897, due in part to the Dingley tariff and its big brood of cormorant trusts, is rapidly creating dissatisfaction and discontent among our professional and clerical men. Even voteless woman is talking against tariff-taxed homes, food, and clothing. Soon there will be but a small minority to support and defend "protection." It is fortunate for the protected interests that they are now in almost supreme control of the commanding positions at Washington and that the people of this country have no opportunity to vote directly on the tariff question.

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Is any man afraid of change? Why what can take place without change? What then is more pleasing or more suitable to the universal nature?—*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.*

A PRAYER FOR LANDLORDS.

From *Land Values, of London and Glasgow, for April.*

On March 1st Sir John Benn asked the Prime Minister whether his attention had been directed to a prayer in the Liturgy of Edward VI. (Parker Society, Vol. XIV., p. 458), dealing with the equitable disposition of land within the country, and whether he would consider the advisability of issuing Letters of Business to Convocation recommending the restoration of this supplication to the revised edition of the Prayer-book.

Mr. Asquith: "My hon. friend has, I think, done a public service by drawing attention to this remarkable prayer—(hear, hear, and laughter)—but I doubt if any advantage would be gained by my taking the steps he suggests."

In reply to a further question by Sir Gilbert Parker, the Premier said he believed the prayer was the composition of Archbishop Cranmer.

Mr. Delany: "Would the right hon. gentleman recommend this prayer to the attention of those Irish landlords who asked twenty-seven years' purchase from their tenants?" (Laughter.)

Mr. H. C. Lea: "As the landlords are past praying for, would the right hon. gentleman suggest to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that taxation would be a more efficacious way of dealing with them?" (Laughter.)

We are indebted to Mr. J. Dundas White, M.P., for the copy of that prayer, and for the accompanying remarks, which explain the circumstances in which it was published and used.

The prayer reads as follows:

The earth is Thine (O Lord), and all that is contained therein; notwithstanding Thou hast given the possession thereof unto the children of men, to pass over the time of their short pilgrimage in this vale of misery; we heartily pray Thee to send Thy Holy Spirit into the hearts of them that possess the grounds, pastures, and dwelling places of the earth, that they, remembering themselves to be Thy tenants, may not rack and stretch out the rents of their houses and lands, nor yet take unreasonable fines and incomes after the manner of covetous worldlings, but so let them out to other, that the inhabitants thereof may both be able to pay the rents, and also honestly to live, to nourish their families, and to relieve the poor: give them grace also to consider, that they are but strangers and pilgrims in this world, having here no dwelling place, but seeking one to come; that they, remembering the short continuance of their life, may be content with that that is sufficient, and not join house to house, nor couple land to land, to the impoverishment of other, but so behave themselves in letting out their tenements, lands, and pastures, that after this life they may be received into everlasting dwelling places: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

This prayer, which has marginal references to the various portions of Scripture quoted in it, is one of "Sundry Godly Prayers for Divers Purposes" given in "A Prymmer or boke of private

prayer nedeful to be used of al faythfull Christians, which boke is auctorysed and set fourth by the Kinges Maiestie, to be taughte, learned, redde, and used of al hys lovyng subjectes." It was published in London in 1553, and the above is taken from the reprint of it, referred to by Sir John Benn, at p. 458 of a volume of Liturgies, &c., of Edward VI., published by the Parker Society at Cambridge in 1843. The copy of the original "Prymmer" from which the reprint was made is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

I may add that this appears to be the earliest recorded use of the term "rack" in relation to rent, being of an earlier date than any of the passages quoted as regards this in the Oxford English Dictionary. The metaphor was probably taken from the well-known instrument of torture, and the term "rack-rent" soon became part of the language.

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THE GOOSE AND THE GANDER.

M. Blatchford in the London Clarion.

ACT I.

Sauce for the Goose.

SCENE I.—BOARD-ROOM OF THE JOLTUM AND JOGGLETON RAILWAY COMPANY. *Bald-headed directors sitting round a long table, in an advanced state of drowsiness.*

THE CHAIRMAN (LORD SMASHMEUP, *glaring at MR. DOUBLECHIN, the General Manager, through gold rimmed eyeglasses*): Now, Mr. Doublechin, what is this preposterous claim you have to lay before the Board?

GENERAL MANAGER: Why, my lord, it is a demand on the part of the men for—er—more wages, and—er—shorter hours.

FIERY DIRECTOR (*With military air and a red nose*): What infernal cheek! (*Other directors chime in with his well-feigned indignation, disgust, and astonishment.*)

CHAIRMAN (*In tones of haughty injury*): On what possible grounds is this—this impudent and extravagant request formulated?

GENERAL MANAGER (*With a contemptuous smile*): Mainly, my lord, for purely sentimental reasons. They appear to suppose that as they are overworked and underpaid, life is scarcely worth living.

FIERY DIRECTOR (*With a snort of scorn*): Oh, damn it, you know, we can't listen to such rot as that! (*Murmurs of "Hear, hear!" "Not likely!" from the other directors.*)

CHAIRMAN (*Indignantly*): Really, gentlemen, I am at a loss to understand what the working classes are coming to. Why, I understand that very few of our men work more than fourteen hours a day; and hardly any of them get less than sixteen shillings a week. Do they expect to be petted and pampered like—like—lap-

dogs? Do they expect to wallow in lazy luxury at the expense of the shareholders of the company, who are quietly putting up with a beggarly seven per cent? Gentlemen, such conduct can't be tolerated. You will tell them, Mr. Doublechin, that their preposterous request is refused.

FIERY DIRECTOR (*Noisily*): Yes, hang it, and tell 'em to—to go to the devil. (*Approving cries of "Quite right!" "Dash it!" "Decidedly!" etc., from the other directors. The Manager bows and retires, the Board adjourns to luncheon on whitebait, chicken, champagne and cigars, as the scene closes.*)

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SCENE II.—GENERAL MANAGER'S PRIVATE OFFICE. *Manager seated at table.*

CLERK (*Announces*): Mr. Slowgo to see you, sir, on behalf of the men. (*Enter heavy person with thick beard like bottle-brush on chin, rest of face slightly in want of shaving. He is attired in a prehistoric frock-coat, and an Early-English top hat.*)

GENERAL MANAGER (*Haughtily*): Now, sir, my time is very valuable. Say what you have to say as briefly as possible. Now, what do you want?

SLOWGO: Yes. Well, I am deputed to see you on behalf of the servants of the Joltum and Jogg—

GENERAL MANAGER (*Interrupting*): Oh, indeed? And who are *you*? And by what right are you here?

SLOWGO (*With some warmth*): I, sir, am the general secretary of the Conglomerated Society of Railway Ticket Punchers, and I have to lay before you a—

GENERAL MANAGER (*Rising and ringing bell*): That will do, sir, that will do. I don't know you or your society, and I don't want to. If our servants have any grievance, they must submit it to us themselves; the company positively decline to recognize any paid agitators or mischief-makers whatever. (*To clerk, who answers bell*): Smithson, show this person out. (*SLOWGO, breathing heavily, gets his top hat well down over his ample ears as the curtain falls to slow music suggestive of Britons never being slaves.*)

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ACT II.

Sauce for the Gander.

SCENE I.—GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE. MR. DOUBLECHIN, *reading daily paper and smoking a cigar. The tramping of many feet and the murmur of many voices heard without. (Enter elderly clerk, in great excitement.)*

GENERAL MANAGER (*Testily*): Now then, Smithson, what do you want, and what is that row in the yard?