

never made a personal enemy in all his long and stormy career. Truth to him was not only the substance of society, but the cement which bound all aspects and interests of life into one fair and solid edifice. He had a genuine love, which gradually burned into an all-absorbing passion, for the welfare of the people. It is little disparagement to his ideal that his definition of the term "people" was viciously narrow and limited.

In his house there was only one mansion. But his passion for the welfare of the people was surpassed only by his passion for truth. He was the arch-Girondin of Australian Socialism, and, like the Girondins, when the time came for him to break away from the ineptitude, intrigue, and recklessness which beset the movement from the very first hours when his political creatures entered Parliament and breathed its dangerously seductive airs, he marched to his fate with the resignation and firmness of a Roland. He quitted Australia, his lips unsullied by any reproach against his former allies and associates; his heart still burning with bright hopes for the inauguration even in his lifetime of a new era. He would show that the golden millennium, when not only the lion and the lamb, but even men themselves also, would lie down together in peace, had risen on the horizon, if only we would go out and bravely meet it with welcoming arms. If any uneasy suspicion lurked in his mind or tinged the current of his aspirations with the impending gloom of hopes fated again to bitter disappointment, he never allowed it to appear on his face or in his inspiring appeals to his followers. Socialism in Australia produced only one Lane, and with him all