

strated—to allow it to stand long, unless, as already said, the spiritists awaken to the seriousness of the situation and become progressive along psychosophical lines.

The Battle-Hymn of Labor.

Since the slowly moving cycles of the nations first began
Has the world been curs'd and sadden'd by the selfishness of man ;
And the student of the people can but count this saying true,
That the many toil and struggle for the pleasure of the few.

Yet O Freedom ! labor's birthright ; not for aye shalt thou be sold,
For the scanty mess of pottage, granted by the power of gold.
Lo, a brighter day is dawning ; on tow'rd vast reforms we range
In the world's deep heart is throbbing presage of a wondrous change.

And the timepiece of the ages soon shall strike the fated hour
When the tyrant's arm shall tremble, and the people learn their power.
Surely they have been full patient ; they by whom the world is sav'd
By the wealth which they created, have they borne to be enslaved.

They whose fingers, gnarl'd and stunted, humbled in their task sublime
Bear the sacred ark of progress down the thorny path of time.
Work alone has sent the steam car plunging through our country vast,
And the mighty ocean vessel speeding on against the blast.

Labor wrested priceless treasures from the grim, unyielding hills,
Crowned the slope with steepled cities, gemm'd the stream with fruitful mills ;
Work has made the laughing harvest dimple many of our plains ;
Yet the workman toils unquestioned, and the spoiler reaps the gain.

O the shame, the deep injustice ; they to whom all wealth is due ;
Forc'd to drain that bitter cup which only poverty doth brew ;
Yet the light is surely breaking ; now at last the time is ripe ;
Even now a nobler rule is heralded by voice and type.

Ay ! no longer, as of yore do toilers walk in mute despair,
Yielding in pathetic silence to the cruel yoke they wear.
They have spoken ; they have spoken ; they who toil and suffer so,
And the world is forced to listen to their liturgy of woe.

O the voice of right, once hearkened, never can be stilled to rest ;
Evil recognized is truly evil more than half redressed.
Life is hard, the toilers tell us ; O how sore the daily need ;
O how paltry is the pittance granted us by ruthless greed.

Often times we see the shadow of starvation drawing near,
Till the cradles turn to coffins, and the bed becomes a bier.