

fluence outside of those gained behind the walls of the government building. He thinks in terms of demerits, regulates his life by the Bundy and hopes for nothing that the department can not give him."

"It is an undeniable fact that the influence of an organization depends upon its numerical strength and its power to command publicity. It is also an undeniable fact that Congress will not legislate in advance of public opinion. Now, how shall we, as post office clerks, give our demands publicity and how shall we cause public opinion to sway in our favour."

"Bear ye one another's burdens." "This can only successfully be accomplished through organization. This is a law of nature that there must be cooperation and mutual aid if the species is to survive. It is the law upon which all organism is formed. The law of nature is not the cold formula of individual pitted against individual in an ever endless war, but cooperation and mutual aid—a law which is found to operate even in the lower orders of life. Survival largely depends upon this factor in the struggle of life. The law of cooperation and organization for mutual aid is exacting in its demands. The history of nature proves that the individual that disregards it must perish. The individual insures his own existence by uniting with his kind. The working classes must recognize this law."

"No one has a right to stand as an individual apart from the organization that represents his interests, and the interests of his fellows with whom he labors. The day in which the individual can stand alone is rapidly passing. It is now the day of collective action and united effort. The quicker this lesson is learned the better for everybody concerned. Unite, co-operate, stand together!"

KITCHENER.

(O. C. A. Child, in The New York Times.)

Not on the field, to music of the guns
He loved so well, nor yet in formal state
Has passed this Lord of England's soldier
sons,
To seek his mansion through the hero's
gate.

No solemn throng has watched him to his
rest,
No abbey holds his form till Judgment
Day;
Yet he is clasped to England's breathing
breast.
The sea—her own till time shall pass
away.

The Hampshire holds him in her strong
steel shell.

A coffin fitting one so great as he!
There shall he slumber dreamlessly and
well;

An English heart sleeps soundest in the
sea.

A CHANT OF LOVE.

(By Helen Gray Cone.)

A song of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song;
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love—
England!

Glory of thought and gloory ofo deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Gloory of words and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sydney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not—
Hers is the stary, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatters her beauteous breast ye may;
The Spirit of Engand none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's—
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no
more?

Where is the giant shat that kills
Wordsworth walkins the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground—
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free;
She shall rise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal,
England!

The spread of education amongst
the young:

"Tell me what you know about
Dante."

"Dante's the place where you ain't
allowed inside under sixteen."

Poverty is the mother of sin.