

study this phase of the question, and try to ascertain whether women's labour does not reduce men's pay so low that it compels the former to work unsuited to their strength and sex. The negroes of Jamaica are naturally not prone to discontent, and their whole disposition tends to fulfill the Scriptural injunction: "take no heed of to-morrow." The injustice and tyranny must, therefore, be great which goads them to rebellion. Even the destructive cyclone cannot for long subdue or keep them in a pessimistic vein, for they, like the Irishman, wish to "live all the days of their life," and they do not load one day with the sorrows of another.

Their climate helps to sustain this disposition, for they fear not the pinch of cold or the want of house-shelter. In fact it is very hard to get a black servant to stay in the house over night. They prefer to stay in large numbers in courts and yards where they enjoy their peculiar dances to the music of the "bashura." Quashie does not envy Buckra his wealth, but Quashie can distinguish between things that differ. He can spell Justice and Right, and he recognises that the administrators' actions do not spell the one nor the life and teachings of their clergy the other. The clergy of the English Church are, some of them, usurers and merchants besides being preachers. They trade on the poverty and ignorance of their flocks, and there are some of them who do not shrink from robbing their Lord. When the Church was disestablished the clergy had a clause inserted in the Bill to secure their salaries to the existing curates so long as they were engaged in the same occupation. This clause soon enabled many to draw double salaries, by leaving country charges—for which they continue to draw the salary although they fail to perform any service—and accepting town churches with salaries from the general fund raised in England. These go to the Treasury and sign receipts as curates of parishes which, so far as they are concerned, are spiritually destitute. But, with all the corruptions in the Church, the negroes have a tendency to be religious. I shall never forget the unselfishness and sympathy they infused into their hymns as they marched in hundreds on Sundays, at sunrise, singing "Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, but all their joys are one," on their way to immerse in the harbour the new members of their Church. But among these same people are the elements of a near revolution which will ere long be heard of, and whether it be a violent or peaceful one depends on the leader who may arise. The negroes of Jamaica recognise that they are really still slaves so long as the means of production are withheld from them, and although we may look upon them as benighted blacks, it is just possible we may get a lesson from them, in the immediate future when the Panama works stop, that will help to remove the chains which have so cunningly fallen on us. The coming labour dilemma in Jamaica will draw attention to an industrial system which, when the people comprehend it, they will abolish, and substitute for the reign of Imperialism and plunder the reign of justice and fraternity.

GEORGE M'LEAN.

MACHINERY AND THE WORKER.

(From a Lay Sermon by Colonel R. G. Ingersoll.)

Myriads of machines have been invented—every one of them to save labour. If these machines helped the labourer, what a blessing they would be! But the labourer does not own the machine; the machine owns him. That is the trouble. In the olden time, when I was a boy, even, you know how it was in the little towns. There was a shoemaker—two of them—a tailor or two, a blacksmith, a wheelwright. I remember just how the shops used to look. I used to go to the blacksmith shop at night, get up on the forge, and hear them talk about turning horse-shoes. Many a night have I seen the sparks fly and heard the stories that were told. There was a great deal of human nature in those days! Everybody was known. If times got hard, the poor little shoemakers made a living mending, half-soleing, straightening up the heels. The same with the blacksmith; the same with the tailor. They could get credit—they did not have to pay till the next January, and if they could not pay then they took another year, and they were happy enough. Now, one man is not a shoemaker. There is a great building—several hundred thousand dollars' worth of machinery, three or four thousand people—not a single mechanic in the whole building. One sews on straps, another greases the machines, cuts out soles, waxes threads. And what is the result? When the machines stop, three thousand men are out of employment. Credit goes. Then come want and famine, and if they happen to have a little child die, it would take them years to save enough of their earnings to pay the expense of putting away that little sacred piece of flesh. And yet, by this machinery we can produce enough to flood the world. By the inventions in agricultural machinery the United States can feed all the mouths upon the earth. There is not a thing that man uses that can not instantly be over-produced to such an extent as to become almost worthless; and yet, with all this production, with all this power to create, there are millions and millions in abject want. Granaries bursting, and famine looking into the doors of the poor! Millions of everything, and yet millions wanting everything and having substantially nothing!

Socialism welcomes all inventions, all machinery which properly tends to save labour in the production of the means of life; but they must save labour, and not merely increase competition, or give the exclusive right of wealth to profit by them.—Walter Crane.

SOME ADVICE TO BISHOPS.—Why do bishops, who won't go to theatres, accept invitations to public dinners? They had much better be seen at the representation of *Lear* or *Macbeth* than at a Lord Mayor's feast. It has an unseemly look at any time, especially in your fat bishop, and most especially when the reports of the feast in the newspapers are followed by accounts of the starving poor. If such tremendous inequalities in the social condition are not to be remedied, why mortify the sufferers? And if they are, why exasperate them? When bishops and their families grow rich, while the poor grow poorer, and when it is the rarest thing in the world to find them attending a public meeting but for selfish or corporate purposes, people naturally dislike to see them fat and feeding, especially when they come in a lump together, as at these Lord Mayor's feasts. Bishops should never appear in flocks, like vultures.—Leigh Hunt's *Table-Talk*.

"LAZARUS, COME FORTH!"

"LAZARUS, come forth!" Out from the gloom,
Haggard and gaunt and dazed, there came
He who had lain within the tomb
Until the Blessed One called his name;
But, in death's night, he heard the sound;
Forth to the shuddering gazers' sight
He staggered, in foul grave-clothes bound,
And breathed at last in life and light.

"Lazarus, come forth!" The people lies
With mind in bonds, with soul all dead;
Shall not Christ, through us, bid it rise?
Through us shall not His words be said?
Strong in His love—strong with the strength
He gives, shall we not, in His might,
Call forth our Lazarus at length
From its dark gloom to life and light?

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BEHOLD, four thousand years ago,
Beneath swart Egypt's sun,
Her Hebrew serfs, with want and woe,
Their bread of slavery won;
With days of scorn and scoffs and moans,
They toiled beside the Nile,
While vengeance marked their tears and groans,
Yet paused to strike awhile;
What reeked their lords what Moses said?
They wisdom would not know,
Nor, till their homes were filled with dead,
Would let their bondsmen go.

Lord! Lord! to-day the millions live,
But lives as filled with pain,
And ask the rich relief to give,
And cry for help in vain;
They toil and die, for anguish born;
No help, no hope they know;
And will the high their misery scorn,
Nor sign of justice show?
How long, ye wealthy, will this last?
Wait ye, until ye know
God's time to smite comes, slow or fast,
To right the wronged and low!

W. C. BENNETT.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE—CLASSES V. MASSES.

The shopkeepers of the West End are getting up a petition to Parliament praying for the stoppage of public meetings in Trafalgar Square. They protest that they have no designs on the right of free speech; but they protest too much. Trafalgar Square doesn't belong to the small-souled hucksters who keep shops in its neighbourhood. To this the *Echo* replies that all the West End shopkeepers are in favour of the petition, and that they have rights in the matter, whereas the ruffians and pickpockets have no rights. Why should ruffians and pickpockets be distinguished from shopkeepers in this fashion? It is a mere quibble; there is no distinction except the quality of their coats. And if the ill-dressed pickpockets have no right, all the more reason for their getting some. Anyhow the people of London can be trusted to insist on the right of meeting and free speech for all sorts of people and classes. Let the shopkeepers look out, however. This too-diplomatic move of theirs can be easily seen through as a first move. If meetings in Trafalgar Square can be stopped because they inconvenience the neighbouring middle-class, they will be put down elsewhere for the same bad reason. It is interesting to see how such "Radical" papers as the *Echo* go with the shopkeepers. The press of all shades of opinion are sure to turn against the people in these matters. The clique of toadies who have the London press under their thumb can be reckoned against the people in any struggle which involves a right worth getting or keeping. It is noteworthy also that the shopocracy have lost faith in the effectiveness of police protection. Evidently the employers of the blue-coats cannot entrust the guardians of law and order with any more arduous task than hunting poodles in Piccadilly.—J. L. M.

"Three copper-plate engravers" were regarded by Mr. George Sampson in Dicken's immortal work as "a large number." Two hundred and fifty "bankers and West-end tradesmen of influence" may also be looked upon as "a large number" of such cattle; but an ordinary citizen of no special influence may doubt whether the number is large enough to dictate to the whole of London terms on which it may express its political and social opinions, and whether or no it is preposterous impudence in them to meet for the purpose of egging on Government to attempt to close Trafalgar Square to public meetings; and an attempt in which they will undoubtedly fail.—W. M.

All men are equal: it is not birth, but virtue alone, that makes the difference.
Voltaire.

The rich have no means of living but by the labour of others, as the landlord by the labour of his tenants (agricultural labourers) and the merchants and traders by the labour of the mechanics.—John Bullers.

The greatest question in the world is, how to give every man a man's share in what goes on in life. Not a pig's share, not a horse's share, not the share of a machine fed with oil, only to make it work and nothing else. It isn't a man's share just to mind your pin-making or your glass-blowing, and higgie about your own wages, and bring up your family to be ignorant sons of ignorant fathers, and no better prospect: that is a slave's share.—George Eliot.