MAY DAY.

O, Earth, once again cometh Spring to deliver
Thy winter-worn heart; O, thou friend of the Sun;
Fair blossom the meadows from river to river
And the birds sing their triumph o'er winter undone

O, Earth, how a toiling thou, singest thy labour
And upholdest the flower-crowned cup of thy bliss
As when in the feast-tide drinks neighbour to neighbour
And all words are gleeful, and nought is amiss.

But we, we, O Mother, through long generations,
We have toiled and been fruitful, but never with thee
Might we raise up our bowed heads and cry to the nations
To look on our beauty and hearken our glee.

Unlovely of aspect, heart-sick and aweary
On the season's fair pageant all dim-eyed we gaze;
Of thy fairness we fashion a prison-house dreary
And in sorrow weep over each day of our days.

THE EARTH.

O children! O toilers, what foemen beleaguer
The House I have built you, the Home I have won?
Full great are my gifts, and my hands are all eager
To fill every heart with the deeds I have done.

THE WORKERS.

The foemen are born of thy body, O mother
In our shape are they shaped, their voice is the same;
And the thought of their hearts is as ours and no other;
It is they of our own house that bring us to shame.

Are ye few? Are they many? What words have ye spoken
To bid your own brethren remember the Earth?
What deeds have ye done that the bonds should be broken,
And men dwell together in good will and mirth?

THE WORKERS.

They are few, we are many; and yet, O our Mother,
Many years were we wordless and nought was our deed.
But now the word flieth from brother to brother:
We have harnessed the acres and scattered the seed.

Propaganda in Lancashire

There is another provincial centre which must be visited as soon as possible, that is the county of Lancashire. S.D.F. is already strong in the district, and new branches are springing up. A couple of lecturers sent into the district a month during the coming summer will be able to carry the propaganda almost to every Lancashire industrial mill. Our Lancashire comrades, we know, will be only too pleased to assist the work of their power. A propagandist in Lancashire is necessary for many reasons.

Firstly, there is W. K. Hall's sand-dune in South Salford, and the more propa-
dandists who have hitherto acquiesced in the actionary ideas of their Conserva-
tive leaders. Secondly, there is the remarkable spread of Social-Democratic work among the weavers and spinners who have hitherto acquiesced in the actionary ideas of their Conservative leaders. These workers only want an explanation of the truths of Socialism in order to accept and work for the movement which can permanently improve their lives and the outlook. We hope our comrade and sympathisers will help S.D.F. to arrange such a propagandist tour.

Mr. Gladstone on the Women's Question

The Pall Mall Gazette is quite right when it speaks of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Women's Question as a Tory screed. But the truth is that we have always said, Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet is not an attempt to impose his views on the women of the country. It is the greatest irony of our time that a man who wishes to change the political institutions. How should he be? He is understood to be a commercial statesman, a flatterer of Peelite school—the most scrupulous school politically. This is a man who has—ready to carry out his proposals—ready to carry out the very measures he himself has opposed to-day. This is not real statesmanship. Real statesmanship is based on principle, and expressed in measure. Those principles are abandoned, those measures thrown out, the statesman who waits his opportunity; assured that he will not consent to carry the measure himself, as Peel did and as Gladstone did. That is more true of Gladstone—true of Gladstone's statesmanship. We Social-Democrats in the United States hold that Women's Suffrage is the greatest good of this evil—to put it on a low level—that we are in the United States that have stood pat for the women's rights movement. We are not Social-Democrats in the sense that Gladstone is.
O Earth, how a toiling thou, singest thy labour
And upholdest the flower of the crowning cup of thy bliss
As when in the feast of tide drinks neighbour to neighbour.
And all words are grief, and nought is amiss.

But we, we, O Mother, through long generations,
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THE EARTH.
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THE WORKERS.
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Many years were we wordless and nought was our deed,
But now the word flutteth from brother to brother:
We have furrowed the acres and scattered the seed.

THE EARTH.
Win on then unyielding, through fair and foul weather,
And pass not a deed that your day shall avail.
And in hope every spring-tide come gather together
That unto the Earth ye may tell all your tale.

Then this shall I promise, that I am abiding
The day of your triumph, the ending of gloom,
And no wealth that ye will then my hand shall be hiding
And the tears of the spring into roses shall bloom.

WILLIAM MORRIS.