

yourselves walking depositaries of the historians' and economists' facts and the statisticians' figures. You must equip yourselves to make speeches before threatening mobs and frowning assemblages of well-to-do people. You must be content to be the one man defending a certain view in an entire meeting. You must take all humane knowledge for your province. You must, as was said of Edmund Burke, adopt your views with the enthusiasm of a fanatic and defend them with the wisdom of a philosopher. You must make Socialism your politics, your philosophy, your religion, your heart's desire.

If you go in for this work, I can say, speaking from the experience of sixteen years of it, that the days will pass swiftly with you. Your lives will be full of interest. You will not be at a loss to know how to spend your leisure time. Your party will be defeated and your hopes dashed again and again. The finger of scorn will be pointed at you, and your names shall be pro-Boer, Socialist, and the man who quarrels with his bread and butter.

Newspaper editors will crow over your failures, and lay down the law in the oracular style we know so well. The boys will cry at you in the streets. The ignorant will laugh, the brutal will sometimes beat down your arguments by sheer vociferation ; and often you will be plunged in despair and doubt. But if you are of the right stuff, you cannot let your hopes and your desires go. To forsake your great hope and calling would be to part with a portion of your being. Reverses, failures, desertions from the ranks, the indifference of your fellows—all this, if you are of the right sort, will only strengthen your determination to persist in the good fight whose triumph for your class has been the hope of the ages, the most important thing in the world.

Let fate or insufficiency provide

Mean ends for men who are what they would be :  
 Pinned in their narrow day no change they see  
 Save one which strikes the blow to brutes and pride.  
 Our faith is ours and comes not on a tide :  
 And whether earth's great offspring by degree,  
 Must rot if they abjure rapacity,  
 Not argument but effort shall decide.

They number many heads in that hard flock ;  
 Trim swordsmen they push forth : yet try thy steel,  
 Thou fighting for poor humankind wilt feel  
 The strength of Roland in thy wrist to hew  
 A chasm sheer into the barrier rock,  
 And bring the army of the faithful through.