

STAND TOGETHER, MEN, AS BROTHERS.

To the Editor of the Australian Workman.

Sir, I take the liberty of asking you to insert the
~~herewith in the WORKMAN,~~ should they
 meet with your kind approval. The lines, if devoid
 of particular merit, are at least sincere and
 original. It is on the *prestige* of a name great in
 Australian literature—Henry Kendall (my father)
 —that I venture to hope you will accept this poor
 tribute to the noblest cause.—Yours, &c.

F. C. KENDALL.

Stand together, men, as brothers,
 While the last long battle rages;
 Nobler far our fight than others,
 Than the selfish strife of ages.
 Now no robber's tower defending,
 Now about no cruel throne;
 Not with brother slaves contending,
 Purposeless, oppressed alone.
 No! Our battle-field is vaster,
 And around the changing world
 Now our armies gather faster
 Faster round the flag unfurled,
 Hearts that feel for hearts of others,
 Count the distances as dreams;
 And when men seek their brothers
 Oceans are no little streams.

Land to land the watchword passes,
 Freedom flashes zone by zone
 As the armies of the masses
 Stand together for their own.
 Stand together, men, as brothers,
 Shall we look behind us now
 At the past that blinds and smothers?
 No! The light is on our brow.

While he sneers, ah! Mammon shivers;
 While he lies, ah! Mammon fears;
 For the blood he shed in rivers
 Floats us to the fuller years.
 Often to the heart a hollow,
 Sinking voice may seem to say:
 "Favored man, the dream you follow
 Leads you but an endless way.

"Bitter journey of the ages!
 "Ever gleams the mirage sweet,
 "And along the stricken stages
 "Ye must drag your bleeding feet."
 But a pulse of high sensation,
 Nurtured in us, spurns the lie;
 We can make a consummation
 Hunger, toil for it and die.

Though the deep, dark, hidden river
 Plunges in the cavern gloom—
 Where the long, loud echoes quiver,
 Dying in the depths of doom—
 Soon beneath the bright day gleaming,
 Lo! It lingers lit with love
 And the cool, white moonlight, streaming,
 Trickles through the leaves above.

From out the past of sorrow
 On we toil into the light,
 While the music of the morrow
 Breaks into the dark to-night.
 Stand together, men, as brothers!
 Lo! the light is on our brow,
 Spear and doubt we leave to others;
 Ours to conquer Mammon now.

Australasian
 Sydney, 1891.

A Few Thoughts on Early Closing.