STAND-TOGETHER, MEN, AS BROTHERS.

To the Editor of the Australian Workman.

Sir,—I take the liberty of asking you to insert the accompanying poem, which I believe is in a spirit, if not in the words, of the late Mr. J. A. Copland. The lines, it is said, were written upon the margin of a letter to Mr. Copland, and are so marked in the original copy, that it is supposed they never were intended for publication. I am, therefore, using them without the writer's permission. I have written to him, however, and have been told that they are not intended for any use beyond the scope of the literary notice, and that it is possible they were written in the heat of the moment, and not intended for publication in any shape or form.

F. C. KENDALL.

Stand together, men, as brothers,
While the last long battle rages;
No less for our knight than others
Than the selfish smile of ages.
Now by soldier's tower defending
Hearts that beat for hearts of others,
Hearts that beat for others;
Hearts that beat for others,
Hearts that beat for others.

Nor is our battle field in vain,
And though around the world,
Now our armies gather faster
Faster round the flag unfurled.
Hearts that feel for hearts of others,
Count the distance as dreams.
And when men seek their brothers
Oceans as little streams.

To hand the watchword ours,
Freedom flashes o'er the zone;
All the arms of the nation,
All the arms of the nation,
All the arms of the nation.

Stand together for their own,
Stand together for their own,
Stand together for their own.

At the last that bloods and smotherers?
No! The light from our brow.
While he smears, are! Mammon's silver;
While he lies, ah! Mammon's soars.
For the blood he shed in rivers
Floats us to the father years.

Often to the heart of a brother
Sinking voice may seem to say;
"Fear not, man, the dream you follow
Leads you but an endless way.
Bitter journey of the ages!
Ever gleams the slaughter sweet,
And along the steeple stages
"Ye must drag your bleeding feet."
But a pulse of high sensation,
Nurtured in us, spurs the lie.

We can make a consummation
Hunger, toil for it and die.

Though the deep, dark, hidden river
Plunge at the cavern gloom—
Where the long, loud echoes answer,
Dying in the depths of doom—
Shall we with the bright day gleaming—
To it lingering, with loins,
And the cool, white moonlight, streaming,
Trickle through the leaves above.

Far from all the path of sorrow
On we toil into the light,
While the smile of the morrow
Breaks into the dark to-night.
Stand together, men, as brothers!
Let the light be our brow.
Sopor and doubt we leave to others,
Our to call Mammon now.

F. C. KENDALL.

A Few Thoughts on Early Closing.