The functions of a Labour Paper in a new community like Australia are necessarily greater, and less sectional and factional than they are in older countries. There such an organ voices the claims and the despair of the hunted and cornered, and the aspirations of those of them who have been left long enough unmolested to have time to aspire; here it voices, or should, and must voice, the claims and the realisable hopes of the whole community.

Having come, we don't propose to promise widely. We know what wants doing, and we intend to try and do it. Our platform indicates how fearfully Victoria lags on the stream of realisation. It shows what has to be done at present, somehow or other. Whether we're to be allowed to continue the attempt to do it is not a matter of much importance; provided it gets done. Till the work there laid out is overtaken, or the bulk of it, Victoria isn't a fit country to live in. That's the sum of the reflections that have prompted the starting of this paper. And Victoria must be made a fit country to live in—yes, if it takes a revolution to cleanse it. We are hopeful enough yet to think that less drastic methods may suffice, and, so, we publish the Tocsin.

We do not intend to make the mistake that Labour propagandists often make, namely, to pandee to a mere class of labour. We don't particularly care whether the labourers use a shovell or a theodolite, a tape measure or a violin bow, the reeds of a saxyll, or the pen of a poet. We are Labour's Tocsin against Idleness, against Parasitism, against Saff, against 'An Argentina for Australia.' And we don't think we will have an impossible task to show that the Tocsin of Labour is the interest of all who have ever fought or will yet fight for the Nature of Fate of God in this land and in the land then.

Nor do we intend, for another year, to publish that volume of Tocsins, which we have published for the last few months. We hope and believe that the time will come when we may return to a bi-monthly issue, and then, as usual, in a more substantial form.
one vote." The studio is for him, to symphony, the concert room, if he so wishes, the race, the hall of learning, with their great houses, or a living book of an immemorial past. He has passed, and men, struggling with faith and with reason, and, if we're going to treat of him, we must treat of those which are part of him. He is not the modern automaton of the political economy books or the economic tables; yet if you divorce him from life, if you shut him from your editorial chambers, the results of his natural atmosphere, what worth is your monograph or your leader or your essay on the Iron Law of Wages, however wise it may be from the merely academic or Labour Party point of view?

The Tocsin is your own paper, owned by your trade unions, your labour leagues, your representative men, and many of yourselves individually. It does not draw its sustenance from sources which, in the end, are inimical to that form of social organisation which alone finds favour with the workers. Other papers have done yeoman service to you upon occasion, but this paper is yours, and yours only upon all occasions. It will try and do its part, and it sincerely believes that it will be able to achieve something, but it will never be what it hopes to be till it receives your whole-hearted support.