Every week, as penance for my sins, I read with bated breath the wordy waste of the 'Worker's' exchanges.

It is a Pilgrim's Progress fraught with many tribulations. Last week, for instance, I stubbed my mental toe against this legged blurt in the columns of 'Brakes' Commentator':

'That a large number of prominent Labour leaders, under the aegis of an obscure, pettifogging, and odious little分别_CONTAINER, are undermining the fabric of the British Workers' Federation, is openly manifest—contemptuously disregarding spiritual and moral forces as factors in the making of social progress.'

This is said in support of the adoption that 'the Labour party is irreligious,' though Senator Drake is good enough to add that 'persecution he does not think a majority of Labour electors are irreligious.'

Labour electors will no doubt signify at the ballot box later on what they think of the patriotism of the leader, speaking out of the mouth of the Foont, given thanks afterwards that among its manifold delinquencies it has at least done nothing to earn it the imputation of this name—irreligious? What in it to be religious? Max, turn the question round—To be religious, what is it?

We pluck a dying feather from the sky, & Drake, to write the answer.
We believe that men are influenced by their material surroundings. We believe that virtue doesn't get a chance to blossom in the stunts, and that the sweater mátte more evil than any devil of anyhing.

We believe that all men are equal, and that all men have an equal voice in the world of the living.

Equal conditions produce equal woes. A noble people can exist only in an enabling environment.

Nothing in the wise world is so sensitive to its surroundings as the spirit. The tenderest god calls for keen care. The spirit in which it is to grow must be carefully adjusted to its needs. Its delicate youth must be shielded from the blustering winds that blow from the mouth of the pit. It must be intentionally cultivated, for the garden of the soul reverts rapidly to the primitive wilfulness.

The Labour party does not possess in the supernatural, if that's what the little minds mean.

It sets up no God to be worshipping on pals of damnation. It realizes that for each of us His God is something different, while still to announce the same.

It concerns itself only with the material side of existence; but it realizes that the materialistic in the sun, soil, and sunshine in which the flowers of the spiritual are, and have their being.

Even the saint must eat. "Sprouted from the saprophytic earth the buds of holiness wither and fall. What do you expect to find in the states-saints or savages?"

To be materialistic in the Labour sense is not to be irreligious. Nay, it is dishonour if this stigma of the little minds can be fastened even upon those who assert that nothing exists but matter. But grant these what they claim, and mark then becomes the essential and the inevitable.

Whatever the philosophers outook, always for a thoughtful mind there looms the great mystery of Godliness, or Intelligence, or Spirit—call it what you will. All is that it is inherent in the nature of matter, or that it is a proportion of matter from within; nothing is solved either.
The labour party

The Labour movement is Christ's movement. Like Christ it comes to preach the gospel of the poor; to convince men of the dignity of labor in private hands; to pull down the mighty from their seats, and exalt the lowly. And like Christ it presses the redemption of the race through brotherhood and equality, and the upbuilding of a temple not built by hands.

In the Master's words it says, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Yet in the millennium we hope for there will be left a comfortable margin for human imperfections. Socialism is a business proposition for plain men, not a prospectus for angels. We don't expect the lines to lie down with the lambs; nor is it necessary that all our Drakes should be swans.

TOUCHSTONE.