

thing: it were a transparent offence against the gospel warning about the proper disposal of certain ornaments for the wreathing of ladies' necks.

But presuming, as I hope I am entitled to do, that you are firm on foot, and solidly conditioned in your ground flat and upper storey, and able to behave towards your family as a father and towards your neighbours as a civilized man, I hereby extend my hand affectionately to you across the waves, and wish you the top of the morning.

Go, my friend, on deck and look around you on sea and sky, and offer this congratulation to your soul, that your eyes have been spared to see an unbounded domain where man's inhumanity to man does not exist. One portion of creation which Landlords may not despoil of rent, nor Capitalists of interest. Where the pompous money-bag cannot affront the gaze of the sun by building to himself hideously rich houses, and where the sweater cannot drain out the tears and blood of poor Scottish and English lasses to make himself molten garments against the day of judgement. Where Jews and Germans and British hooligans cannot make hideous the night with drunken eructations of 'God save the queen' and 'Rule Britannia', and where Wesleyan presidents and parliamentary lawyers do not bring the name of Christ into infamy by associating the sermon on the mount with the blasphemous roar of lyddite shells. Where, in truth, my friend, you can behold the world and declare – here at least the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

But I did not mean – scotchman as I am – to inflict a sermon on you, though I could well believe that a good scotch sermon would, next to a good scotch song, be sweet and nurrishing to your spirit.

I almost envy you your luck in leaving this old land. For, I doubt not, you are going to a country that is more Scottish than Scotland and more English than England. Here, indeed, we have the actual hills and dales of our forefathers to abide among – the actual hills and dales so far at least as they have not evermore been ruined by coal-tips, chemical works and hideous human warrens.

But all, or mostly all, that was great in our land is fled. The old songs, the old seriousness, the old faithfulness the old reverence, of the people. The boys who were poets and who were modest and high-spirited and gallant. Hooliganism, jingoism, betting, frivolous reading and general brain-softening is left behind – of which, perhaps, you will say the present letter is an unmistakable example. There is a loudness and raspingness of voice, and a grinning, giggling monkeyishness of demeanour prevalent in the land that did not dare show itself in the days of the men who could fight and the men who could dance and sing and be blithe and merry without making awful idiots of themselves.

Yes, I vow, you are going to a new and a better Britain and I wish you well my boy. I wish you well, you, and Mrs. Ranstead and your splendid boys and girls, and all the good folk who are bearing you company.

One of these days I hope to come out and see you, and rejoice in the prosperity of your new country.

Meanwhile, I must stay to help to save those who must remain, from the utmost doom of Capitalism. Maybe, we shall bring back manhood to the nation yet, and maybe we shall raise a great light of Socialism in the land that will shine like a beacon over the seas to your folk far away.

How happy are the days we have had together! How much richer my own and my wife's thoughts are that we sat oftentimes with you by the fire in that quaint little Cheshire village.

Good luck, I say, to you, my boy. Do not play the benevolent despot too much over the chaps who are going out with you. Let them steer for themselves. Kings and counsellors rule; best and advise best at a distance! Your hand! and my blessing on you all!

Yours faithfully, J. Bruce Glasier.