

Memoir
of
James Keir Hardie,
M.P.,

And Tributes to his Work

by

Robert Smillie,
J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P.,

and

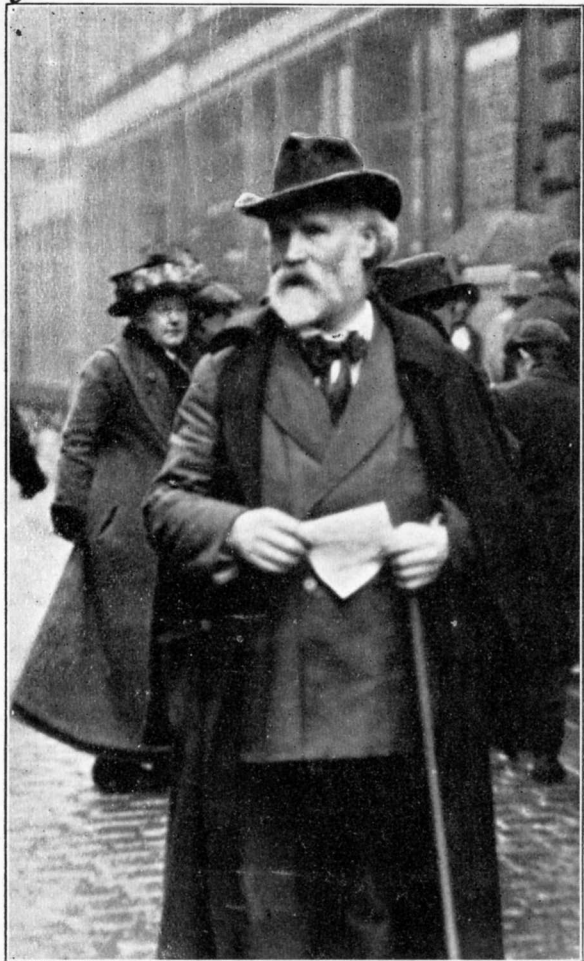
Mary MacArthur
(Mrs. W. C. Anderson).

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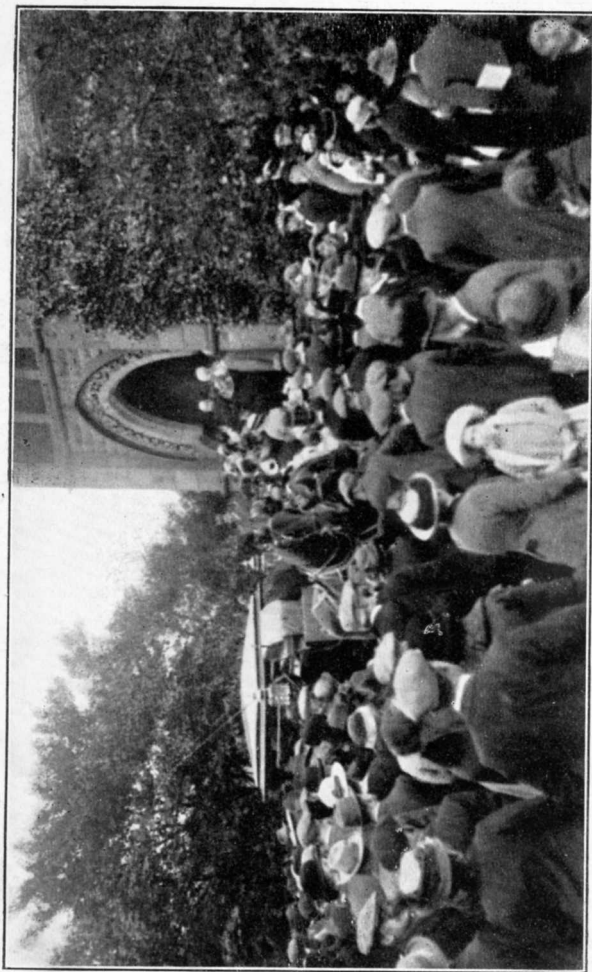
J. Keir Hardie, M.P., as he appeared at Labour Party Conference in Glasgow, January, 1914.



The coffin containing the body of J. Keir Hardie being carried by relatives into the Chapel at Maryhill Crematorium, Glasgow.



Keir Hardie's relations: Reading from left to right.
Second figure: Nan Hardie (daughter); Duncan Hardie (son); Mrs. Hardie; and Geo. D. Hardie (brother).



The funeral of Keir Hardie.
Part of the crowd in front of the Chapel.

JAMES KEIR HARDIE.

National Memorial Service Tributes.

A NATIONAL memorial service to the memory of Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil, was held in the St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, on Sunday, October 3, 1915. The hall was crowded in every part with an attendance of 5000 persons, while hundreds were unable to obtain admission. There were present representatives of Labour and Socialist organisations from all parts of the United Kingdom, and the platform party was composed of delegates representative of all the Labour organisations in Scotland. The service was arranged by the Independent

Labour Party, and Mr. Robert Smillie, President of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, acted as chairman. The other speakers were Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M. P., and Miss Mary Macarthur (Mrs. W. C. Anderson).

Mr. Robert Smillie:

Friends and comrades, a little over twelve months ago Jaures, the great French Socialist, was assassinated by the bullet of a maniac. So it is said. We do not know the full inner history of the death of Jaures; we will ultimately know. But in his death the Socialist movement of France, the Socialist movement of the world, lost one of its greatest orators and advocates. We are met in this memorial meeting to mourn the loss of the Jaures of the British Socialist movement—our friend and comrade Keir Hardie. I think I would not be wrong in saying that, however widely Jaures was mourned, the probability is that, because of the fact that the English-speaking race is scattered to all ends

of the earth, and practically every country has its English-speaking people, the loss of our Comrade Hardie will be mourned by millions inside these islands and in every part of the world. (Cheers.)

We are here to-night, not to make propaganda speeches, but to show to the world the respect in which our comrade was held by the movement which he established in this country. I dare say no more difficult task could fall to the lot of any persons than has fallen to Ramsay Macdonald, myself, and Miss Macarthur to-night. I have the honour to have been asked to preside, because I am one of Hardie's oldest friends—one who began life with him in the mines, and has run in double harness and fought shoulder to shoulder with him during a period of thirty years. To a very great extent Hardie—my comrade and friend—moulded my own views, although I have always fallen short of his good and noble ideals. I know my limitations have placed me a long way behind, irretrievably behind Hardie,

in the ability to rouse the movement or do the good he has done. But I have at least done some little good with him to endeavour to realise the great ideals he had in mind.

The "Tattie Strike."

I first met our Comrade Hardie in 1879, when as a boy practically he was leading the strike of miners in our County of Lanarkshire. At that time the conditions were probably as bad as they possibly could be. Wages, I remember, were 3s. 6d. per day for a twelve-hour day. In hundreds of cases we knew of little children of the working miner—not the thriftless but the steady, hard-working miner—were crying for the bread which their mothers could not provide. That was the year we had the "tattie strike," so called because during the time the collieries were idle all the payments that could be given to the men, women, and children went to supply potatoes to keep them alive. Hardie was the moving spirit in that strike.

His voice rang out clear and distinctly, protesting against a state of matters which could keep his fellow-workmen under conditions such as these.

A few years afterwards I joined the movement with him. I visited London with him in 1886. In 1888 we had the Mid-Lanark election, when the first attempts were made to differentiate between the independence of labour and the orthodox political parties. We were unsuccessful, it is true, but a movement was begun which has gone forward from that time to the present. Hardie, Cunninghame Graham, one or two others and myself, met two days after the election to mingle our tears together and mourn our defeat, but the mingling of our tears soon passed away, and we decided that the time had come when an effort should be made to call a conference of trade unionists and Socialists to lay the foundation of a society independent of all other political parties. The Scottish Labour Party was the outcome of that, and Hardie was the moving spirit. The outcome of that,

again, was the formation of the Independent Labour Party—that party which had inscribed on its banner the abolition of private ownership in land, the abolition of Capitalism, and the establishment of a free people in a free nation. (Loud cheers.)

Hardie's life-work is largely the I.L.P. movement. I have been asked again and again during the past few days if it could be true that Keir Hardie was only 59 years old. Yes; it is true. But Keir Hardie has lived more than 59 years. Hardie has lived 200 years, measured by his work and effort. In the early days of the movement I was with him very often in all parts of the country. I have slept with him in the same bed when we had to go to the house of a comrade. I said "slept," but no one could sleep with Hardie, because the whole night through he put forth his dreams of a regenerated working-class movement. It was then I received a considerable amount of inspiration from Hardie, which bound me more firmly in the task in which he was engaged.

His Broken Heart.

Our friend Johnston this week in *Forward* says Hardie has died of a broken heart. To a very great extent that is true; but he had more than that to kill him. Our movement had no pity on him during the last 25 years. He gave of his best, and when he left London to come to Glasgow—that long and tiresome journey—the probability is that he was writing all the way down in the train, and probably on the way back he would be engaged in writing and thinking out his programme for the future.

Keir Hardie was one of the most unselfish souls that ever lived. I never heard him speak of self. I never heard the slightest bit of scheming from him to secure position. I never heard him express any great desire to accumulate wealth. Our movement paid him a wage so scanty that it was practically impossible that he and his family could live decently on the wages earned by Hardie during his propaganda. But he did not grumble. I remember

the time when his whole income was what he received for an article in a certain weekly paper. I remember that the editor was not pleased with a sentence that was in one of his articles, and sent it back to have the particular passage cut out. Hardie said "No." The editor said if he did not cut it out he could not print the article, and Hardie replied:—"Do not print it; it is my article, not your article." (Cheers.) And he never contributed a line for that newspaper again.

I have met Hardie again and again, when I felt sure that his health was failing, especially during the past few years. I have said to him:—"Keir, would it not be better to have some amusement to take your mind off the terrible worry? Could you not come and have a game at billiards or golf?" "I havena time, Bob, really," he would reply. "Well," I would say to him, "I'm prepared to go out and buy a pennyworth of marbles if it would only take your mind off the terrible worry that is continually on your head." He would answer:—"Bob, I

yaesed to be able to play bools, but ye wud rook me noo as shair as the world." (Laughter.) It is true. Even as a boy he had not the time to engage in the games of the other boys.

No Compromise.

I was speaking the other night to Thomas Burt, the Northumberland Miners' M.P., one of the most lovable souls that ever lived. He spoke sympathetically with tears in his eyes about the death of our Comrade Hardie. He said:—"I had the highest possible regard for Mr. Hardie. I believed in most of his propaganda and in most of his principles. So far as his courage was concerned none need ever doubt it. But I could not on many occasions agree with his judgment." There you have the two extremes in the Labour movement. There you have Mr. Burt, who favours compromise; there you had Hardie, who could not possibly think of compromise. (Cheers.)

Hardie hated sham. I do not think he hated a tall hat provided it was on

the proper kind of person, but he hated it on the labour leader when apeing the manners of the better classes. I remember sending in a card to him from the lobby of the House of Commons. A friend was with me—a commercial traveller who had to wear a “tile” to get business. Just as Hardie came along with a dreamy look in his eyes—thinking probably of something else—my friend put his tall hat on my head. Hardie looked round, but could not see me. He turned to go away again, when I went over and held out my hand and said “Hullo, Jim.” “My God, Bob, you too!” he exclaimed. It was explained to him, and it relieved a terrible load from his mind. (Laughter and cheers.)

Are we here to mourn to-night? To a great extent we must be, but we are doing more; we are here expressing our deep sympathy with the relatives of our dead comrade. They have terrible reason to mourn; they have been fearfully wounded. Our sympathy may help them ultimately to get rid of the grief which now assails

them. But we are here to do more. Hardie would not have us moping and neglecting our real business by mourning for him. He would ask us to tighten our grip on the blood-red banner of Socialism and not allow it to be traileed through the dust. All the banners of Europe are arrayed on the battlefields of France and Flanders, and on the other battlefields of the present war, but all of these banners sink into insignificance beside our glorious banner of Socialism. (Loud cheers.)

Save the Children.

We fight not to secure advantage in territory or anything of that sort. Ours is a nobler fight than that. Ours is a fight to establish a system under which the children of the working classes of Europe and of the world will not be starved off, like flies, before their time. (Cheers.) The nations are losing millions of their young manhood in this terrible struggle on the Continent, but the working classes of this and other countries have been losing

millions of their little children every year. (Hear, hear.) Hardie believed, I believe, and the Socialist movement believes deep down in the bottom of its heart, that all wars are capitalist wars. (Prolonged cheers.)

No one believes the sham theory that the South African War was brought about to give a few miners a vote on the Rand by a Government which refused to give women the vote. Who believes that the present war was brought about by the Balkan assassination? Its roots are further down. We will ultimately learn. And you will find, if you get far enough down, the claws of the possessing class, the claws of the capitalist class, sometimes deliberately arranging wars. (Great cheering.)

In this war the Socialist movement has been badly divided. There never was a time in the history of this country when there was greater need for unity than during the past twelve months. We are divided, but mark you this: the war is only a phase as compared with our great Socialist

movement. Terrible as it is, it will pass away, and then *our* war, the real war with capitalism, will continue. Now that Hardie has gone—the great pivot upon which our movement turned—it is more than ever important that we get our machine-guns in order for the day which will inevitably come. The only thing that can bring real happiness to the peoples of the world—not only to the poor but to the rich who are overburdened with wealth—is the realisation of a co-operative commonwealth in which the peoples will always have equal opportunities for life. (Cheers.) That is what we have got to aim at.

Do not believe the fable that this war has not only divided the Socialist movement but has united like brothers the working class and the capitalist class; that it has united the landlord class—the Butes, the Hamiltons, the Sutherlands, the Lord Durhams—with the crossing sweeper and the miner; and that this great bond of unity will never again be broken. (Laughter.) Do not believe that fable. When the

war is over the probability is that the fight will be more bitter than it has ever been. When the war is over and our maimed soldiers come back again you will not hear very much of the unity of Capital and Labour. Labour will require to fight for its own hand. (Cheers.)

An Appeal for Unity.

I make appeal to-night for greater sacrifice on the part of the rank and file of the movement. Personally I feel that every effort should be made to pave the way for the complete unity of the Socialist movement. And this is a glorious war ; this war I am speaking of is a war which is worthy of your greatest service. It ought not to need conscription, but ought to have plenty of volunteers. This banner of ours is going to be borne aloft. The war will not kill Socialism ; it will not kill the I.L.P. There may be budding agitators in this meeting, but I hope and trust there are thousands of rebels in this hall. (Loud cheers.) Thousands ; who rebel against the existing state of

matters, and prepare to vow themselves as soldiers in the cause, which will ultimately overwhelm landlordism and capitalism in this and in every other country. No better memorial meeting could be held to our Comrade Hardie than a meeting at which something is said which might be an inducement to bring young members into this movement ; to encourage the older members who have spent their lives in it to hope and fight in the future ; and if Hardie could speak to us, as he is communing in spirit with us, I am sure he would say :—" It is I who ought to thank you for undertaking the work which I have had to leave off." (Prolonged cheers.)

Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P. :

I have entered during my life upon a great many tasks that made me fear and tremble at their magnitude. But I have never felt more timorous than I do in addressing this audience to-night. We have been singing that there are memories all too bright for tears. Yes, my friends, there are also memories

all too touching for words. And those of us who have had frequently during recent years to go through the valley of the dark shadow of death, and paid farewell to dear friends at that gate which divides life from death, are very often overwhelmed, not only by grief, but by the tremendous responsibility which is put upon us for living well during the remainder of our lives. (Hear, hear.)

We are gathered together, not only to mourn for the loss of Keir Hardie, but to renew to itself and in itself that faith which made his life so glorious and which crowned him with honour; and which remains to us as that great enthusiasm which is going to lift us up to higher and higher efforts; to make successful the cause which was identified with him. Standing to-night, bidding, as it were, Keir Hardie farewell, what better words can we choose than the words which Morton is said to have uttered over John Knox's body? They were true of Knox; they are equally true of Hardie:—

“Here lies a man who never feared

“the face of man. Here lies a man whose courage and conviction was so overpowering that, in the teeth of all opposition, he confessed his faith, and, in the face of all enemies, he went on his way to conquer.”
(Cheers.)

The Magnificent Warrior.

We are not concerned to-night with the facts of his life. For a moment we see him as the child of seven, running about as the errand boy in the cold rainy morning; being discharged by his employer because he was late; having to wander about the whole day with his little heart broken with grief because he had nothing to bring home to his mother that night. We have glimpses of him as the aspiring young man scraping shorthand characters on the smoked walls of the mine where he was working. We have glimpses of the young man referred to by Bob Smillie—the magnificent warrior in the people's cause, devising new plans of battle, coining new watchwords,

creating new enthusiasms, lifting up from the gutter and the mire new causes, to band you together as a great unvanquishable army, working, fighting for the common people. (Loud cheers.) We see him in the House of Commons, where alone again he had to stand for you, for his kith and his kin, until he won the great distinction of having his name struck off the Windsor Castle visiting list. (Laughter and cheers.)

He was a man. He was one of *our* men. He never forgot us. He was never ashamed of us. He knew that our badge of simple living, our quiet honest way of going about our affairs of life, was a far nobler badge than the badge that he who sells us can wear and can receive a temporary honour. (Loud cheers.)

He began with that great blessing which we should all pray our children may have: a man is no use, or very few men are of any use, until they have been inspired by a woman; very little use indeed. Doubly blest are those who start their lives under the influence

of a good woman whom they can call mother. Hardie was doubly blest. And the tenderness and the inspiration he got sitting at that wonderful woman's knee, watching her tears fall because she was poor, looking into her eyes—dim-set because her whole life was an endless struggle against privation: that started the lad on the right road. And he had the back-bone never to go off it.

The Better Part.

There are two types of men who come from the bottom and rise to the top. There is, first of all, the man who, having gone through the inferno, makes sure when he emerges from it that he is going to look after himself and not go back again. There is another type. We do not blame the first type. Only those who have gone through that inferno knows what it means. But there is the second type of man who goes through it, and then pitches his camp at its gates, and says:—"The rest of my life shall be spent in closing

those gates against every other human being like myself who has been condemned to go through them. I shall fight their battles; I shall remove the thorns that pierce my own flesh; I shall remove the difficulties I have had to overcome; I shall gather a band round about me whose lives shall be devoted to smoothing the path of the coming generations; to make it easy for them where it has been almost impossible for me." That is the better part, and that better part was chosen with whole-hearted abandon by the friend who has left us and whose memory we are honouring to-night. (Cheers.)

But, my friends, men do not become great as Hardie is great by reason of their own experience. When we face the world—that terrible, alluring, tempting, embattled embodiment of the Devil called the world—we have to have within us a power which is behind us and above us and beneath us, and which is greater than ourselves. We have to associate ourselves with some great impulse, heaving on and on

and on to a final triumphant challenge of that embattled embodiment which faces us.

The Universal Power.

You have stood sometimes by the shallow seas and by the narrow waters which have been troubled by a stone, and the little puny waves knock and splash and fret on the shore and fall away, hardly managing to bite the sand they have been lapping. But go where the sea is broad, where the ocean stretches beyond, league upon league, and where the surge blows and tosses from the life in the sea itself; you can see those great rolling billows come in their leonine magnificence and hurl themselves against the cliffs that seem to be eternal, but we know are being undermined and undermined by the magnificent power that is in those billows. That is the sort of strength we want; no pettifogging fretting; no miserable grumbling; no mere lapping against evil. We must feel the magnificence of the boundless ocean

of time ; we must feel the universal power which makes for righteousness. We must feel within us all the past ages ; we must feel in our souls the souls of all good men and women, and go out on that great pilgrimage towards the eternal of the perfect. And that Hardie felt in an immeasurable degree. (Cheers.)

He associated himself with his old Covenanting forefathers. He felt in a peculiar way that he stood for something that made humanity, that created humanity, that gave humanity its aspirations. His was the voice that moved in humanity and gave it that discontent which is our sure proof that humanity is consequently to become perfect. Not only that, but when he read his Scottish history—that most splendid of all histories for the creation of moral muscle—when he read that history he felt his very blood tingle to his finger points. And when he united the religious heroism of his Covenanting forefathers with the magnificent democratic lyrics of our Ayrshire poet—our Burns—and all the

others that sung round about him—those bards that warbled before the great warbler began, and those bards that carried on the song for years after the great singer had gone—Hardie gathered them all up—his religion, his history, his lyricism—into his nature ; he became the great seer that saw far and saw deeply, and the light of the spirit so enlightened his faith that again and again it blinded his eyes to the material facts of life and made him—poor man—kick his foot against the stones that lay around him.

Hardie's Faith.

But that, my friends, is the price that he and you had to pay for the movement which he created, which he originated, which he inspired. He stands out there, the great man, not the critic, not the politician, not the preacher, but the seer and the prophet—one of those in whose ear God Himself whispers ; and, in spite of all your wiseacres who write leading articles

in newspapers, he only saw the great eternal verities of life, and went straight for them full of his faith. And had it not been for that Keir Hardie would never have done what he has done, and would never have got into that honoured place in our hearts that he is going to fill during the rest of our lives. (Cheers.)

Hardie was a mystic. How often have I been in his company when he was silent, feeling that he was giving me far more by his silence than he could give me by his words. I felt that this man was never persuaded of the reality of material things at all. He could not look after them. They did not seem important to him. He always lived as though next minute all this vain show of materialism was going to dissolve, and the real underlying life of the spirit was to show itself to his eyes unveiled. And so, when they criticised him and annoyed him, and when they misrepresented him, it was a spiritual Keir Hardie that responded; it was a Keir Hardie that was never quite aware of what they

were doing to him, because he was in another world altogether. That was one of his strengths. (Hear, hear.)

The Fire of Malignity.

I do not know how many of you have been through the fire of malignity and slander that follows those who are doing good in this life; but if any of you have been through it you will understand me when I say that nothing can ever make a man go through it a second time—not your votes, not your hand-shaking, not your sympathy, not your support; you will never make a man go through it a second time unless he is absolutely convinced that in some way or other he is the voice, the agent, the servant of a power, of an authority, not material, not of to-day, not of yesterday, not of to-morrow, but self-contained, and eternal and imperious; unless he feels that *that* is his authority, *that* the imperiousness in him, he will never go through it a second time. Hardie was so convinced of all that he would have gone calmly and majestically through it a thousand

times and a thousand times a thousand. (Cheers.)

Was ever man more tender of heart than he was? How often he and I used to read our anonymous letters together. I do not know now who can share with me my amusement at my numerous letters. We used to read them together, and oh! the malignity, the vitriolic malignity, assidulated by ignorance, which is embodied in those letters, written mostly by educated middle-class people, judging by the character of the notepaper and the hand-writing. And I used to sit whilst this was going on, in front of this tenderest hearted, kindest, simplest, most genuine of men, and wonder and wonder and wonder really how humanity was made that he of all men should be the recipient from a single living soul of such stuff that used to come in, in floods very often, every morning upon him. (Shame.)

A Big Man.

I remember only the last time I was with him at Merthyr. Women, men—

it was so touching that women had trudged actually eight miles over the mountain in the midst of the drenching rain to come and hear us. They crowded the large drill hall in Merthyr; they sat for hours and listened to us; they cheered us and bade us God-speed upon our hard road. Half an hour afterwards our friend was sitting at the fireside, the humble fireside of a friend of his in Merthyr, with his pipe in his cheek and his feet on the fender, nursing a little girl. Ah! that is the sort of thing that makes a BIG man. (Loud cheers.) That is the kind of thing that Cabinet Ministers and so-called leaders do not do and cannot do. And that is the difference between a man who is accepted by you because instinctively you feel he is your type, and the man who is simply thrust upon you because he can manipulate your emotions and use a machine to ingratiate himself into your good graces.

Hardie the man was a great spiritual being; a great heart; characteristically and above all a seer. And that

is why he was a great political leader at the same time. For what did his politics amount to? What about his work? His work is very soon told. A man like Hardie does not forget his youth, does not accept the buffetings of fate and run away. He turns upon fate—the fate that was so hard to him—and takes his coat off and fights her; not in his own interest, because he has triumphed over that, but in the interests of others who are victimised by her. When starting reforming work he went to churches and chapels, but was unhappy, as a great many of us are to-day. He, in his day, full of his evangel, coming in like John the Baptist, preaching strange, stirring, haunting words of spiritual import, found that organised Christianity was cold, was of the very world that it asked men to turn from. He joined temperance societies, got into the trade unions, and so on, but in it all there was something that did not happen. He was just like a man standing by the pool of Siloam when the angel was not in the water, and when he saw

the poor creatures that went into it full of faith coming out of it unhealed and unbenefitted.

Hardie's New Plan.

And so he started his own new plan; and what did he find? He found the great mass of the people with no mind of their own. The working classes were just like a great crowd at a Fair; there were plenty of gee-gaws to attract your attention. You rushed from this booth with its gaudy tinsel to the next, where jugglers performed for your delectation and amusement. Somebody standing on a stool held up his new elixir of life; you gathered round; you believed him, and you were taken in. And when you began to discover that you had been taken in somebody else at another corner of the Fair brought his stool, held up his elixir of life, made his alluring speeches, and you believed him; and again you were taken in. And all the time there was no movement; all the time it was a mere coming and going, a mere holiday-

making, a mere dealing with the superficialities.

Hardie saw. "What I want," he said, "what these people want, is a common purpose, a common mind, a common organisation, a common goal. (Cheers.) Instead of spending their lives coming and going in the same place, being led and misled by this quack and that, what is wanted is to marshal that crowd into a great army, with music of its own, with banners of its own, with causes of its own. And then the crowd, instead of spending years and generations on the Fair ground, will march out along those broad highways that lead to liberty. They will march out full of their own strength, full of their determination; and then for the first time in the history of this country the people will be emancipated, the people will be healed. Poverty and unemployment will then be charmed away like a bad nightmare. They, by their own hand, their own power, their own will, will have built up the City of God where they are destined to find

their final dwelling-place." (Loud cheers.)

The I.L.P.

That is the Independent Labour Party. There is to be no progress in this country if you cannot produce in the crowd the will to be independent and the desire to be self-respecting. (Hear, hear.) You can preach all your theories of economics; you can utter your shibboleths by the day and the week and the year, and you will get nowhere. Teach a people independence; teach a people self-respect; teach a people to line up in rank and march in step; teach a people a common will and a common purpose; and then nothing can stand in the way of a people (rest of the sentence was drowned in tumultuous cheering).

It is well very often when we put our hands to the plough that we do not know the character of the ground that we have to plough over. One of the last times I saw Hardie I said to him:—"Supposing, Hardie, in those

days of the eighties, you had known what you would have to go through in the nineties, in the nineteen hundreds, in the nineteen tens, would you have done it?" He looked at me for a minute and he said:—"Man, it would have been an awful thing to have faced, but I think I would have done it." (Loud cheers.) All I can say is this: I am *sure* he would have done it. (Hear, hear.)

It is a good thing my friends, that we do not see our difficulties until they are past. Otherwise perhaps we would not always have the courage to face them. When you think of the opposition, and you do not know it; when you can conceive of a solitary man coming home at night to a cheerless fire, to a dark room; no helping hand there, with a barb stuck deep in his heart, put there by an unscrupulous, malignant hand; when you can conceive of that happening again and again and again—and never a movement comes up but it happens; never a speech to be made in the House of Commons but it happens; never a time

we are called upon to champion a strike but it happens; we never rise in our places and tell your enemies that we stand by you through thick and thin without it happening. You go through the fires we go through, but we go through the fires in a still more terrible way, because we have not only to go through the material fires but the spiritual fires as well. And that has gone on year after year in Hardie's case.

Cherish His Memory.

My friends, you cannot cherish his memory enough. You cannot place him too high amongst the great men who have given their lives for you in order that you might be better as a consequence. The enemy has vanquished him. Dead at 59. Dead at 59. But his 59 years have been crowded with high thoughts and good works. Many a man could live to a thousand, and his life, measured in deeds, would be an insignificant fraction of the 59 years of Keir Hardie. (Cheers.)

I never was able to think of Hardie as just ten years my senior. He seemed a century older than myself. His enemies have conquered him. But he has conquered his enemies in a much more real way. He has started your movement. He has taught a great many of you self-respect and independence. To-day we are in a minority. There is not a newspaper in the country but is barking at our heels ; yet there is not a man with any intelligence on the other side but knows at the same time that, minority as we are, we are the only dangerous people after the war is over. (It was some little time before Mr. Macdonald was able to continue owing to the tremendous applause.) They object nominally because we have told the truth about diplomacy, the inconvenient truth about diplomacy, but that is not really why they object. They know perfectly well that during the last twelve months they have had a better chance than they ever had during the last 25 years of smashing up the independent organisation of working-class politics in this

country. That is what they are striving to do, and it is there they are going to fail. (Prolonged applause.)

How Hardie Fell.

That is the work that in his brief 59 years Keir Hardie so magnificently accomplished. I take the view—I knew him in these days—that he died of a broken heart. We cannot speak of that just now. That will be spoken about and written about later on. But Hardie fell just as many another man has fallen, because there is war in Europe. He fell just as though he had been shot in the trenches themselves. He fell because he was disappointed—disappointed with the International, disappointed with some of his comrades, disappointed with the great mass of the British working men.

It is all coming back. A year or two of life to any of us—what does it matter? Sooner or later we must all lie down and not get up again. Sooner or later there will be meetings to commemorate what was of us but is no

longer. Sooner or later those who cherished our friendship will weep and talk about us, and say they are glad that we were and go on to meet the same fate themselves. A year or two of life, my friends, makes no matter. But of this I am sure—and this meeting must confirm everyone in this faith—that great test which is imposed upon the I.L.P. and to which the I.L.P., to its eternal honour it will be said, has responded magnificently; that great test which is now imposed upon us will be the very cause for our triumph in the end. The night and the shadows and the disappointment that shrouded Hardie's last days will be the great gateway through which we are to go to a clearer and a more magnificent dawning. (Cheers.)

We often go to the gateway of death with our friends, as we go to-night, and we knock bitterly and with broken hearts at that gateway, and we ask them to send back a message, to give us one more cheering word, one more inspiring word. We listen, and nothing but silence gives us reply. That is

not so to-night. Hardie's voice comes clear, like a trumpet, from the tomb :—

Keir Hardie's Message.

“ Turn to my life ; make it complete. That is my message. I leave you an inheritance—the inheritance of a young party growing to strength ; nurture it ; encourage it ; support it ; send it on its way. I leave you a faith in Democracy, in the common folk. Go out, fight for that faith until the banners which carry upon them its mottoes are finally planted in the midst of our land. I leave to you a trust, a trust Providence has decreed, that poverty and evil shall be charmed away from human life. I leave to you a battle, the battle of men who hold that faith, and who are striving to make it prevail. Go forth as soldiers in that fight. Go out ; smite your enemy hip and thigh ; see that he is banished with all the superstitions, all the bad inheritances, all the ignorant and

“evil times that have gone. Go
 “out, you men and women of the
 “I.L.P.; fight that battle that I
 “started; fight for the women;
 “fight for the oppressed; fight for
 “the children; fight for the wage-
 “worker; engage in all those con-
 “flicts in which I saw the clash of
 “night and of light, in which I saw
 “the conflict between God and the
 “Devil.” (Great cheering.)

That is the message that Hardie leaves with you. That is the message that he wants you to take away, ponder over and give effect to. And, as for himself, Keir Hardie's memory is safe in the keeping of time.

Hardie's Reputation.

There are many reputations, gaudy, apparently eternal. Time bites and bites and bites away at them till at last they are mere dust blown hither and thither and lost trace of altogether. Those reputations are based merely upon the emotions of the moment and the ignorances of the day.

But Hardie's reputation, if our faith in humanity means anything at all, is not of these. He declared his faith in the common people. He engaged in those battles that I have described. He lifted the banner of righteousness, of truth, of purity, of honesty, and the man who has done that cuts deeply his name upon the records of history. And Time, passing by so often, instead of rubbing that name out, is like Old Mortality of our own land—it cherishes the cutting; it chisels the name deeper and deeper and deeper. Owing to some accident it becomes dim and gets rubbed; Time comes with a chisel, not to obliterate, but to cut further into the stone. And when the generations come along after us and look back upon our work, to praise it and to blame it, to glorify it and to criticise it, they will not be able to pass along this way, they will not be able to go back over those years without seeing in an honoured place, cherished sacredly by humanity, the name of him who has just left us—our old friend, our old inspirer, our old leader, James Keir Hardie. (Prolonged cheers.)

Miss Mary R. Macarthur:

Friends, I think it is only at a great moment like this that one realises how feeble and futile words are. I can find no words to express the depths of my sorrow at the passing of Keir Hardie. And there are many of us who feel it as deeply and who are powerless to give voice to their feeling. I find it hard to speak to-night, but I felt that, as Hardie had fought so bravely for women, it was fitting that a woman should at least try to give a little expression to that which so many many women in so many lands are feeling. (Hear, hear.)

Very often, when speaking of those who have gone, we are apt in our everyday life to endow the dear dead one with every virtue; to make the one who has gone something not quite human, something remote and aloof. But I do not think this will ever happen to the memory of Keir Hardie, because he was a very human man, and he shared the faults and failings of humanity. Had he not done so

we should have loved him less, and his influence would have been less than it was. It was because he understood the mind and heart of the common everyday man and woman that his life meant so much to us all. Hardie had faults. He was proud, if that can be called a fault. He was proud of his working-class origin. He was proud to belong to the common people. And as we remember him now with that high-held, wild head of his, with these great silent reserves to which Macdonald has alluded, we know that he had a greater dignity than a king.

A Brave Man.

When I knew him first, what struck me most about him was his pride, his dignity, his sincerity, and, above all, his courage; for there never lived a braver man than he. I remember a little incident that throws a rare light on that pride of his. I went down to the House of Commons—a girl from the country—very much in awe at

that time of the great assembly of these wonderful beings who were Members of Parliament. I had to see Keir Hardie about a matter affecting the interests of some telephone girls. As he was speaking to me one of the great and mighty ones came up (I do not remember who he was, but he was some great personage) and began to talk to Hardie, praising something that Hardie had said. Hardie looked at him stiffly and coldly and said:—"I am engaged just now." (Cheers.) I was surprised, and looked wonderingly at him, and he saw my wonder, and said:—"I'm no' carin' for their soft sowther." (Laughter and cheers.) I have never forgotten that. Praise, unless from his own people, always made him uneasy.

I remember another time cutting out something in a newspaper. It was one of those very rare occasions on which the ordinary paper had something kind to say about Hardie. I cut it out with joy and took it to him. He read it, put it aside, took one or two pulls at his pipe, and looked at me

smilingly. I was disappointed. Then he spoke:—"I'm wonderin' whit I've been daein' that's wrang." (Cheers.)

For all that there were many thousands that loved Hardie; he was a very lonely man. He told me that he had very few real cronies. He wrote once that, born as he was in sorrow and reared in sorrow, his childish memories had left him with a heaviness of heart and spirit which never left him long. Very reverently, I say, he was a man of sorrows. He felt deeply; he felt into the very marrow of the unvoiced sorrows of the common people.

Although at times he was aloof and silent, at other times he was a most gracious host. I like to think of him best in that little room of his at Neville's Court in London, presiding over the tea-table with great dignity, handing over a cup of tea (without any milk, as it happened) and, what was a great thing, a bannock from Cumnock. You will forgive these little personal memories; women are apt to remember them at a time like this.

One of the notices in the papers about Hardie tempted me to read yesterday one of Carlyle's books—"Heroes and Hero-Worship"—and I read some words that might have been written about our old friend, who had a great admiration for Carlyle:—

"Here was not only a wild Captain and Fighter, discerning with his wild flashing eyes what to do, with wild lion heart daring and doing it, but a Poet too and Prophet; a great devout Thinker and Inventor, as the truly great man ever is; a great heart, laid open to take in this great Universe and man's life here; a hero in his own rude manner; a wise-gifted noble-hearted man; a great thought in the wild deep heart of him."
(Cheers.)

Hardie's Work for Women.

There were three phases for which he toiled. First, the political independence of labour, because he knew that political independence must precede

economic and social independence. Secondly, the freedom of women, for he knew that no man could be free while a man was a slave. (Cheers.) Thirdly, and greatest of all, the ideal of International Peace. (Cheers.) You received my mention of his first ideal rather coldly. Perhaps some of us are disappointed just now with our independent labour movement; but remember this, if men have failed, the ideal was true, and remains. When Hardie fought for the freedom of women he cared much for their political freedom, for the vote, because it was to him a symbol for greater things.

But Keir Hardie cared also for the industrial freedom of women, and I have another memory I must give you. It was many years ago, and I went down ignorant and unlearned to the House of Commons on an errand that I would hesitate to make nowadays. There was a humble little strike of girls at the factory of a Liberal soda water manufacturer, and the girls were in sore straits, when a great

idea came to me that I would get one of our Labour M.P.'s to speak to these girls, cheer them up, and perhaps make the Liberal manufacturer think. I went down and saw several members there, and they reproved me (perhaps quite rightly) for my vain imaginings; labour members had other and sterner work to do. I was looking very disappointed when Hardie came along. "What is the matter?" he asked. I told him of my foolishness. He asked when the meeting was to be held. I said "To-night." "I'm coming," he said; and he came. And often I have visions of him standing on that wooden box at the corner of that slummy street, talking to that ragged crowd of girls, and telling them that while they were small compared to the huge factory that stood beside them, they seemed to him to be growing bigger and bigger and the factory smaller and smaller. They did not understand him, but they did not forget that the Leader of the Labour Party had found time to come to their humble street corner and talk to them. (Cheers.)

"Blessed are the Peacemakers!"

And then International Peace! That ideal seems to be among the other ideals that are shattered at our feet at the present time. The horror of the idea of war weighed upon the soul of Hardie. He thought he had discovered a way to prevent war. "Let the workers upon the outbreak of war strike and refuse to work." That was his call. It may seem a vain ideal, but, my friends, if the working men and women of all countries had done as Hardie desired they should do, countless thousands of women would not be mourning to-day. Nearly two thousand years ago it was said — "Blessed are the peacemakers." It was also said:—"Love your enemies." But it is strange to think that if to-day you took certain verses in the fifth chapter of Matthew, printed them on a leaflet and distributed them, you would be arrested under the Defence of the Realm Act. If a Christian people forgets Christianity, that does not mean that the principles of Christianity

are dead. Nor are the ideals of Hardie dead—far from it. (Cheers.)

Some ignorant people say Keir Hardie has failed in his life's work. It is not true. (Cheers.) Keir Hardie has not failed. And as for the justification of his life's work, look around and consider for a moment what the position is in regard to the things he cared about and what it was even thirty years ago. Think of the change in the attitude of mind alone, and think how much of that change is due to his pioneer work. We may be living, as Macdonald has said, in the shadow of the night just now, but the sun will shine again, and our movement, purged and purified, will go on its way, and you and I, and after us our children, will march on, and Hardie will march with us. And I appeal to you—those of you who are not of us—join with us in that march, for there alone happiness is to be found. (Loud cheers.)

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

JAMES KEIR HARDIE was born at Legbrannock, near Holytown, Lanarkshire, on August 15, 1856. His father was a ship's carpenter and an industrious man, but was frequently unemployed owing to dull trade, and the mother in consequence was obliged to help in earning the family income by working on the neighbouring farms. At this time little Keir was taken charge of by his grandmother, and as elementary education was a rare thing in those days very little time was wasted on his mental tuition. Indeed Keir Hardie never had the advantage of schooling in the ordinary sense ; but his parents were what might be termed natural tutors, and their moral influence and example made an indelible

impression on his character and contributed largely to the many factors which in course of time made Hardie the democratic gentleman who in later years won the respect of all classes and the love of the working people in particular. While still a child his parents removed to Glasgow, where they made their abode in the working-class district of Anderston. Wages were then very low, necessitating the employment of working-class children when more fortunately-placed children were only commencing school, and at the age of seven young Hardie went to work as a message boy in the shop of an East End baker. His wages were 3s. 6d. a week, and for this miserable return he worked excessively long hours, trudging to and from the houses of customers with baskets of bread and other products of the bakehouse. One morning the boy arrived at his post 15 minutes late, and as a punishment he was discharged. This was a calamity, in respect of the loss of wages, to the family, and young Hardie went home in tears.

His next job was that of rivet heater in a Glasgow shipyard. Afterwards the family migrated to the mining districts, where the future founder of the I.L.P. went to work in the mines. He was then 9 years old. While toiling in the bowels of the earth he taught himself shorthand by practising the "winged art" by tracing the outlines with a pin on a piece of slate blackened with the smoke from the light of his pit lamp. With the exception of two years in the quarries he was in the pits until 23, when they "black-listed" all "Hardies." He went to Old Cumnock, Ayrshire, and began organising the miners, and he succeeded in founding the Ayrshire Miners' Union, of which he was secretary until 1891. He also worked with Robert Smillie in starting the Lanarkshire Miners' Union, and it may be claimed that the success of both organisations is largely due to the unselfish labours of Hardie in those years when to be a trade unionist was to be a pioneer—a man alone. All these years at Cumnock he was active

in other spheres; he was a willing church and temperance worker, and spoke at evangelistic and temperance meetings in the district. He also found time to perfect his education, and in 1882 he was appointed editor of the *Cumnock News*, and his employers (the owners of the *Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald*), in a recent tribute, state Hardie "had a facile pen" and was a faithful correspondent. His favourite book in those strenuous days was "The Pilgrim's Progress," which, in his own words, "I read over and over again until I could nearly say it off by heart."

He continued to edit the *Cumnock News* until 1886, when he made Glasgow his centre, and there founded and edited "The Miner," a monthly paper, which was the first form of the *Labour Leader*, which he also edited; and later made the paper over to the Independent Labour Party, who transferred the editorial offices to Manchester. He first published the *Labour Leader* as a monthly, and later as a weekly, in Glasgow. While editing

the *Labour Leader* he wrote his famous criticism of Lord Overtoun, which had a phenomenal circulation, and was sold in the streets by newsboys, who did a roaring business with it. The Overtoun criticism was Hardie's first "scoop," and it created a sensation in religious and political circles, where it was the subject of much contention, and it was the means of directing public attention to the low wages and bad conditions of the chemical workers, with the result that wages and conditions were improved.

Keir Hardie was always a man of independent thought and action, and his trade union experiences taught him that if organisation was necessary to improve the industrial conditions of the working classes organisation was also necessary to improve their social conditions by political methods. For him the Liberal Party was too timid and commercial to be of use to the workers; the Conservative Party was hopeless; there was no option but to form a new party—an independent Labour Party. Thus with

the aid of some kindred spirits he established the Scottish Labour Party in 1887, and was appointed the first secretary. A year later he had the additional distinction conferred on him of being *independent* Labour candidate in the election which took place in Mid Lanark. His candidature, though unsuccessful in securing his return to Parliament, was successful in creating a breach between the Liberal Party and organised Labour, and paved the way for a Labour Party free and untrammelled by other political organisations, which were only democratic when votes were to be cast. The Scottish Labour Party was the pioneer of independent Labour representation, and to Hardie we owe its inception. The Scottish Labour Party, which was Socialistic in thought and outlook, merged with the I.L.P. in 1894, and its 39 branches became I.L.P. branches. Now there are over 100 I.L.P. branches in Scotland.

Hardie contested West Ham successfully in 1892, but lost the seat in 1895. He fought East Bradford as

an I.L.P. candidate in 1896, and in 1900 he was elected for Merthyr Tydvil, which he continued to represent until his death. When the Labour Party made its appearance in Parliament in 1906 he was elected chairman, but only held office for a year.

Hardie's great achievement, the I.L.P., will be his greatest memorial. It was in 1892, while the British Trades' Congress was sitting in Glasgow, that Keir Hardie called a small meeting of the delegates together to consider the formation of a National Independent Labour Party. That meeting agreed to hold a conference at Bradford on January 13, 1893. The conference was held; it was attended by 137 delegates, who included Keir Hardie and Robert Smillie, and it was there and then decided to form the I.L.P. The chairmanship of the new party was entrusted to Hardie, who continued in office until 1901, and later, in 1913-14, he was again appointed chairman in connection with the "coming of age" celebrations of the organisation. From the inception of

the I.L.P. until the date of his death Keir Hardie lived and toiled for the I.L.P., which he loved as a fond parent loves an only child. Elsewhere will be told in full what he did, not only for the I.L.P., but also what he did for every movement and cause making for the progress and upliftment of the toiling masses. The outbreak of the war found him very unwell, and the thought of the terrible slaughter haunted him night and day. The bloody slaughter of so many fellow-creatures told its tale. Upon so sensitive a nature the war made its mark, and he was as surely killed by the war as if a bullet had found his heart. Rest was ordered, but he could not rest. His life had been one of continuous activity. Restful as conditions might be, he never rested. A gradual wearing down and an attack of an old complaint brought his life to a close in Glasgow on September 26, 1915.

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