All literary communications should be addressed to the Editors of THE COMMONWEAL, 27 Farringdon Street, E.C. They must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessary for publication. Rejected MSS. can only be returned if a stamped direct envelope is forwarded with them.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.
An Extra Supplement of four pages is issued with this number.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
The attention of Branches, Members, and Foreign Socialist Bodies is directed to the report from the Central Office of the Socialist League of the meeting of the International Socialist Congress, held at Brussels, in November last, and of the resolutions passed there. The response to the appeal to the members and friends of the League to contribute towards the expenses of the Congress has been most gratifying—well over £100 has been received. The list of subscribers and donations is published in the November number of the Socialistic Question, but all those who have contributed to the above will be glad to learn that their names will be inserted in the Order Paper of the League when it is published. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary of the London Branch of the League, 34 Farringdon Street, E.C.

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE. II.—THE BRIDGE AND THE STREET.

(Being a continuation of "The Message of the March Wind." )

Was all sought but confusion? What man and what master
Had each of these people that hastened along?
Like a flood flowed the faces, and faster and faster
Went the drift of the feet of the hurrying throng.

Till all these seemed but one thing, and we twain another,
A thing frail and feeble and young and unknown;
What sign 'mid all these to tell foeman from brother?
What sign of the hope in our hearts that had grown?

* * * * *

We went to our lodging afar from the river,
And slept and forgot—and remembered in dreams;
And friends that I know not I strove to deliver
From a crowd that swept o'er us in measureless streams,

Wending whither I knew not: till meseemed I was waking
To the first night in London, and lay by my love,
And she worn and changed, and my very heart ach'd
With a terror of soul that forbade me to move.

Till I woke, in good sooth, and she lay there beside me,
Fresh, lovely in sleep; but whilst ye yet I lay,
For the fear of the dream-tide yet seemed to abide me
In the cold and sad time ere the dawn of the day.

Then I went to the window, and saw dawn below me
The market wains wending adown the dim street,
And the scent of the hay and the herbs seemed to know me,
And seek out my heart the dawn's sorrow to meet.

They passed, and day grew, and with pitiless faces
The dull houses stared on the prey they had trapped;
'Twas as though they had slain all the fair morning places
Where in love and in leisure our joyance had happened.

My heart sank; I murmured, "What's this we are doing
In this grim net of London, this prison built stark
With the greed of the ages, our young lives pursuing
A phantom that leads but to death in the dark?"

Day grew, and no longer was dusk with it striving,
And now here and there a few people went by
As an image of what was once eager and living
Seemed the hope that had led us to live or to die.

Yet nought else seemed happy; the past and its pleasure
Was light, and unworthy, had been and was gone;
If hope had deceived us, if hid were its treasure,
Nought now would be left us of all life had won.

* * * * *

"O Love, stand beside me; the sun is uprising
On the first day of London; and shame hath been here,
For I saw our new life like the bars of a prison,
And hope grew cold, and I parted with fear.

"Ah! I sadden thy face, and thy grey eyes are chiding!
Yes, but thy glance is not so tender as mine,
For from us henceforth no fair words shall be hiding
The nights of the wretched, the days of the poor.

"Time was we have grieved, we have feared, we have faltered,
For ourselves, for each other, while yet we were twain;
And no wit of the world by our sorrow was altered,
Our faintness grieved nothing, our fear was in vain,

"Now our fear and our faintness, our sorrow, our passion,
We shall feel all henceforth as we felt it erewhile;
But now from all this the future we shall fashion
Of the eyes without blindness, the heart without guile.

"Let us grieve then—and help every soul in our sorrow;
Let us fear—and press forward where fear dare to go;
Let us falter in hope—and plan deeds for the sorrow,
The world crowned with freedom, the fall of the foe.

"As the soldier who goes from his homestead a-weeping,
And whose mouth yet remembers his sweetheart's embrace,
While all about him about him the bullets are sweeping
But stern and stout-hearted dies there in his place;

"Yes, so let our lives be! 'e'en such that hereafter,
When the battle is won and the story is told,
Our pain shall be hid, and remembered our laughter,
And our names shall be those of the bright and the bold.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be continued.)