



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 necessarily for publication.

Rejected MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope is forwarded with them.

All business communications to be addressed, the Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 27 Farringdon Street, E.C. Business communications must NOT be sent to the Editors. All remittances should be made in Postal Orders or halfpenny stamps.

Subscriptions for THE COMMONWEAL, free by post: for 12 numbers, 1 copy, 1s. 6d.; 3 copies, 4s.; 4 copies, 5s. Parcels of a dozen or a quire, if for distribution, will be sent on special terms.

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.

A MANIFESTO by the Socialist League on the Soudan War has been issued. Copies will be sent to anyone on receipt of stamp for postage.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS.—All papers received by the Secretary have been sorted and filed at the office of the League, and are at the disposal of members.

NOTICE TO ALL SOCIALISTIC NEWSPAPERS.—The *Commonweal* will be regularly sent to all Socialistic Contemporaries, and it is hoped that they on their side will regularly provide the Socialist League with their papers as they may appear.

H. SWAN.—Many thanks for your congratulations and contributions. We are so over-crowded with matter that we regret to be unable to use the latter.

E. VAILLANT (Paris) writes wishing good luck to the Socialist League. He subscribes to the *Commonweal*, saying that this is a duty more binding on those who have the cause at heart than on outsiders.

RECEIVED.—*Cri du Peuple* (daily)—*Neu Yorker Volkszeitung* (weekly)—*Sozial Demokrat* (weekly)—*Anarchist*—*Communist*—*L'Insurgé*—*Miners Journal*—*Labour Leaf*—*Carpenter*—*Der Sozialist* (weekly)—*The Alarm*—*La Revue Socialiste*—*Our Corner*—*Neue Zeit* (Nos. 1, 2, 3.)—*La Question Sociale*—*Jottings by the Way*, M. J. Boon—*How to Construct Free State Railways*, same author—*Socialism*, by Karl Pearson—*La National Belge*—*Liberty* (Boston).

A P P E A L .

THE Socialist League has decided to found a library of books, magazines, pamphlets, periodicals and daily newspapers, treating of and propagating the Socialistic cause, for the free use and the education of its members. To this end the League appeals herewith to all members and to all friends and supporters of the great and just cause for which it fights to bestow, for this intended library, on the League as gifts such books and periodicals in their possession as treat on the Socialistic Question. All such donations received will be duly acknowledged with the sincerest thanks on behalf of the League by the delegated librarians, in the official journal of the League. The League hopes that in answer to this appeal so many books will be forthcoming that a catalogue comprising numerous works can soon be issued.

London, March 9, 1885.

C. BENSON AND R. THEODORE.

RECEIVED FOR LIBRARY.—“Analysis of the Principles of Economics,” by Patrick Geddes, Edinburgh (two copies), from the author—“Adamantina” and a parcel of back numbers of the *Irish World*, from J. Lane—“Future of Marriage”—*To-day*—Parcel of six pamphlets from Fantoni—Parcel of six pamphlets from W. A. English—“The Land Question.”

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.*

II.—THE BRIDGE AND THE STREET.

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

In the midst of the bridge there we stopped and we wondered
In London at last, and the moon going down,
All sullied and red where the mast-wood was sundered
By the void of the night-mist, the breath of the town.

On each side lay the City, and Thames ran between it
Dark, struggling, unheard 'neath the wheels and the feet.
A strange dream it was that we ever had seen it,
And strange was the hope we had wandered to meet.

* It is the intention of the author to follow the fortunes of the lovers who in the “Message of the March Wind” were already touched by sympathy with the cause of the people.

Was all nought 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 knew 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 aching
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 awhile 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 down 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 happed.

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 uprisen
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 a-cold, and I parleyed with fear.

“Ah! I sadden thy face, and thy grey eyes are chiding!
Yea, but life is no longer as stories of yore;
From us from 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 whit 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 due deeds 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 few dare to go;
Let us falter in hope—and plan deeds for the morrow,
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 round about him the bullets are sweeping,
But stern and stout-hearted dies there in his place;

“Yea, 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.)