



All literary communications should be addressed to the Editors of THE COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, 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, 13 Farringdon Road, 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.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is invited to the new *Socialist Platform* series. Two numbers are now ready. The first, on "Trades' Unions," by E. Belfort Bax, with an interesting appendix, 16 pages, one penny; the second, by William Morris, on "Useful Labour v. Useless Toil," 24 pages, one penny. Quantities will be supplied at a cheaper rate for sale or distribution.

MANCHESTER.—This journal and all other publications of the Socialist League can be obtained from our wholesale agent, J. E. D. Bourne, 10 Herbert Street, Hightown, Cheetham.

JULIUS BORDELLO writes from the New York Labour Lyceum that Socialism is still in the States a foreign plant. Most of the Socialists are German. He suggests that mutual monthly reports of the proceedings of the different Socialistic bodies be sent from one organisation to another.

ANDERS A. SORENSEN, Marvin, Grant Co., Dakota, U.S.A., greets the *Commonweal*, and will write to us from time to time.

A WORKING WOMAN, Desborough, near Market Harboro', asks for a lecturer, if possible William Morris, after his visit to Northampton.

H. W. FARNALL (New Zealand).—The *Watchman* to hand and placed on our exchange list. Kindly send a few extra copies for our country branches, and in return you will receive extra copies of the *Commonweal* and all other literature published by the Socialist League.

C. U. R. PUND (Commissioner of Labour, Michigan, U.S.)—Thanks for two copies of the 1885 Report of the Labour Bureau just to hand.

RECEIVED.—*Cri du Peuple* (daily)—*Neu Yorker Volkszeitung* (weekly)—*Sozial Demokrat* (weekly)—*Anarchist*—*L'Insurgé*—*Labour Leaf*—*Der Sozialist* (weekly)—*The Alarm*—*La Revue Socialiste*—*Neue Zeit*—*La Question Sociale*—*Le National Belge* (daily)—*Labour Standard*—*Freiheit* (weekly)—*Bebel's "Woman"* (Modern Press)—*Il Paria*—*Recht vor Allen*—*Ni Dieu ni Maître*—*The Altruist*—*Denver Labour Inquirer*—*Chicago Alarm*—*Norwich Daylight*—*Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*—*Belfast Labour Advocate*—*Oldham Chronicle*.

THE following additional books and pamphlets have been received for the Library of the League since last acknowledgment:—"National Evils," from J. Lane; "Co-operative Commonwealth," from Lawrence Grönlund; "Ideal Commonwealths," from W. C. Wade; "Arbeit Unterrichts," by Seidel, from the publishers; "Evolution and Revolution," by Elisée Reclus, from the publishers; "Our Land Laws," "Poor Laws," "Past and Future of Politics," from James M. Cherrie; a batch of the publications of the Scottish Land Restoration League, from James M. Cherrie, Glasgow.

"THE COMMONWEAL."

THE following methods of aiding the circulation of the *Commonweal* should be noted and acted upon, and further suggestions should be sent by its friends and supporters.

What Individuals can do.—Get annual subscribers. For 1s. 6d. the journal is sent post free for twelve months to any address in Britain, America, Germany, France, Canada, etc. Take a few copies of each issue and a contents bill to some of the newsagents in the vicinity of your dwelling or workshop. Get them exposed for sale and the contents bill displayed, and promise to pay for what is left unsold. Take a few copies to meetings and sell them among the audience.

What Branches can do.—Impress upon every member that this journal is the organ of the PARTY, that therefore its success concerns EVERY MEMBER, and that it is the duty of every member to see that it is bought and read by all his friends, companions, and shopmates. Have the paper on sale at all the branch meetings. Organise small selling parties for public meetings. See that every member of the branch supplies the newsagents near his house or factory. Advertise it on all publications issued by the branch.

THE Provisional Council of the Socialist League will be glad if those in sympathy with Socialism will send to the Editors, newspaper cuttings, extracts from books, facts and quotations bearing on the relation between capital and labour and on the symptoms of the disease of commercialism from which Society suffers, whether shown by the idle or the labouring class

SOCIALISTS AT PLAY.*

(Prologue spoken at the Entertainment of the Socialist League at South Place Institute, June 11, 1885).

FRIENDS, we have met amidst our busy life
To rest an hour from turmoil and from strife,
To cast our care aside while song and verse
Touches our hearts, and lulls the ancient curse.
And yet—what's this? To no luxurious mood
By what we hear to-night shall we be wooed.
War, labour, freedom; noble words are these;
But must we hymn them in our hours of ease?—
We must be men. You comrades, you who came
In trust of England's ancient honoured name
Unto this "home of freedom o'er the wave,"
"This loosener of the fetters of the slave,"
E'en here have felt the petty tyrant's will,
Who robs and worries where he may not kill.
We must be men, or we shall find one day
Our boasted safe asylum swept away:
The blue-coat's staff, the spy's report, shall be
Emblems of England's saved society.

Yet more, what's this? The wail shall reach your ears
Wherewith Hood moved the listening town to tears—
But not to deeds: and your familiar friend
Shall hear his rough rhymes with your longings blend,
Ashamed to think how little he may do
To share his lot with labour and with you.
Lastly, we pray you ere we part to raise
Your voices once more in the "Marseillaise,"
The glorious strain that long ago foretold
The hope now multiplied a thousand-fold:
Nay, hope transfigured; since at last we know
The world our country, and the rich our foe.

So through our play, as in our work, we see
The strife that is, the Peace that is to be.
We are as warriors waiting for the word
That breaks the truce and calls upon the sword:
Gay is their life and merry men they are,
But all about them savours of the war.
Their glittering arms are all their childrens' toys,
Amidst their ballad sings the trumpet's voice;
About the sheep-cotes girt for war they go,
Pale gleams the glaive above the seed they sow.

All this is good; let other men forget!
Let others rest while they are living yet!
But we, but we—what time have we for rest,
Who see the worst, who see the coming best?
Long is our task, and soon the day is o'er,
And once departed cometh back no more.
How good the stroke once struck! How good the deed
Done once for all! How good the help at need!

So be we gay; but yet, amidst our mirth,
Remember how the sorrow of the earth
Has called upon us till we hear and know,
And save as dastards never back may go!
Why, then, should we forget? Let the cause cling
About the book we read, the song we sing,
Cleave to our cup and hover o'er our plate,
And by our bed at morn and even wait.
Let the sun shine upon it; let the night
Weave happy tales of our fulfilled delight!
The child we cherish and the love we love,
Let these our hearts to deeper daring move;
Let deedful life be sweet and death no dread,
For us, the last men risen from the dead!

Thus shall we barter what poor ease and rest
Is yet our own amidst a world oppressed
For deeds and hope of deeds: thus shall we see
Clear if far off the better days to be;
And live like men nor lack for helpful friends
Whatever fate the time upon us sends.

There! let the peddling world go staggering by,
Propped up by lies and vain hypocrisy,
While here we stand amidst the scorn and hate,
Crying aloud the certain tale of fate,
Bidding the happy day when sword, in hand,
Shall greet the sun and bless the tortured land.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

* The "Pilgrims of Hope" will be continued in the August Number.