THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

VI.—THE NEW PROLETARIAN.

How near to the goal are we now, and what shall we be called to do ourselves?

Will it come a day of surprise to the best of the hopeful and bold?

Shall the sun rise some morning and see men falling to work, smiling and loving their lives, not fearing the ill that may lurk in every house on their road, in the very ground that they tread?

Shall the sun see fanaticism, and the fear of childless death?

Shall he look adown on men set free from the burden of care, and the earth grown wise to himself, so cleanly, calm and fair?

Shall he see the long and ardent, till hope deferred hath spoiled all bloom of the life of men; yes, the day for which we have toiled?

Till our hearts be turned to stone by the griefs that we have borne, and our loving kindness seared by love from our anguish torn.

Till our hope grow a watchful fire, and the light of the second birth

Be a flame to burn up the weeds from the land impoverished earth.

What's this?—Messems it was but a little while ago

When the merest sparkle of hope set all my heart aglow!

The hope of the day was enough; but now'tis the very day

That teaches my hope with longing. What's changed or gone away?

Or what is it dragging at my heart-strings?—is it aught save the coward's fear?

In this little room where I sit is all that I hold most dear—

My love, and the love we have fashioned, my wife and the little lad,

Yet the four walls look upon us with other eyes than they had,

For indeed a thing hath happened. Last week at my craft I worked,

Lest off in the grey of the morning my heart should tell me I shirked;

But to-day I work for you three, lest he and she and I

In the midst of the street should dragg[e]l [ill] till we come to the workhouse or die.

Not long to tell is the story, for, as I told you before,

A lawyer paid me the money which came from my father's store.

Well, now the lawyer is dead, and a curious tangle of theft,

It seems, is what he has lived by, and none of my money is left.

So I who have worked for my pleasure now work for utter need.

In "the noble army of labour" I now am a soldier instead,

"You are young, you belong to the class that you love," saith the rich man,

"Work on with your class and be thankful." All that I hearkened to hear,

Nor heed the laughter much; have patience a little while,

I will tell you that's in my heart, nor hide a jot by guile.

When I worked so much for my pleasure I really worked with a will,

It was well and worklike done, and my fellows knew I knew,

And deemed me one of themselves though they called me gentleman Dick.

Since they knew I had some money; but now that to work I must stick,

Or fall into utter ruin, there's something gone I find.

The work was, cleared is the job, but there's something left behind;

I take up fear with my chisel, fear lies 'twixt me and my plane,

And I wake in the merry morning to a new unwonted pain.

That's fear. I shall live it down—and many a thing besides.

Till I win the poor dailed heart which the workman's jacket hides.

Were it not for the Hope of Hopes I know my journey's end,

And would wish I had ne'er been born the weary way to wend.

Now, nor well further you may think we have lived no gentleman's life

My wife is my servant, and I am the servant of my wife,

And we make no work for each other; but country folk we were,

And she sickened sore for the grass and the breath of the fragrant air

That had made her lovely and strong; and so up here we came

To the northern slopes of the town to live with a country dame.

Who can talk of the field-folks' ways: not one of the newest the housework

The woodwork went to the bone, its panels the land of the mouse,
And what was the end after all? Why one of my shopmates heard
my sweetheart's speech in the street, and passed on some bitter
word.
And that week came a word with my money: "You needn't come
again."
And the shame of my four days' silence had been but grief in vain.
Well I see the days before me; this time we shall not die
Nor go to the workhouse at once: I shall get work by night and by
And shall work in fear at first, and at last forget my fear.
And drudge on from day to day, since it seems that I hold life
dear.
'Tis the lot of many millions! Yet if half of those millions knew
The hope that my heart hath learned, we should find a deed to do,
And why or what should withstand us? And I, till I might be
To know the love of my fellows and the gifts that earth can give.
William Morris.

LESSONS IN SOCIALISM.

V.—LABOUR-POWER. MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE. ESSENTIALS FOR LABOUR.

In capitalistic circulation, the excess of the returns to the
capitalist over his outlay is surplus-value. The source of
surplus-value is some commodity of such a nature that its
consumption (or the realisation of its use-value) creates value.
This commodity is labour-power. The one source of all surplus-
value, as, indeed, of all value, is human labour-power.
In capitalist production the surplus-value of the
allowances of man that can be put into action to produce use-value.
Of course, the word physical is here used in the wide sense that is,
I think, its only sense. All bodily faculties are included,
those of the brain as well as those of the muscles. The facul-
ties of the brain necessitate the one a pair-power, the
body. They are therefore physical, and enter into that totality of
functions which is the labour-power of the individual.
Labour must not be confused with labour-power. In
the confusion of the two, a very common event, is the beautiful
source of much misunderstanding by the student and misrep-
resentation by the opponents of Socialism. Labour is the realisa-
tion of labour-power. Every ordinary person has labour-power.
Not everyone realises it, i.e., performs labour. The labourer is
the human being who does realise his faculties in the production of
use-value.

That labour-power and labour are not one and the same
thing is seen again when we consider the means of subsistence.
Labour-power realised in the production of use-value, or not so
realised, needs maintenance, restoration. Its possessor, whether
he is a labourer or a University cricketer, requires means of
subsistence. Whether labour is or is not put forth, means of
subsistence are absolute.

What are those means of subsistence? They are food,
clothing, housing, warmth, rest, children, education. On the
first five there is no need to dwell. The last two call for a
word of comment. The commodity labour-power must be con-
inued in the market. There must be a constant supply; as one
generation of labourers passes another must take its place.
Children are an actual means of subsistence for the stock of
labour-power as a whole in the community, not of course for the
labour-power of the individual parents. For a like cause
education is necessary to prepare the children for the due use
of their labour-power in the way that the capitalistic system
commands.

These means of subsistence have to us a special interest, as
it is their equivalent that the labourer produces during the
earlier part of his working-day. Until he has produced their
equivalent he can and does produce nothing whatever for his
lord. But the moment he has produced so much value,
whether artistic or marketable; then he who made out of cotton, for
the man who has made out of clay, in the soil that he has ploughed,
or the cattle he has driven a-field—the moment, I say, that he has put
into any commodity or commodities so much value (the result of his
labour-power realised), as is the equivalent of the means of
subsistence necessary to maintain a labour-power, from the
moment: all other value that he may produce is not his, but
another's.

In this connexion the student is not concerned with how
the relative positions of capitalist and labourer have come about.
That will have to be considered later. The labourer and the
holder of capital are face to face to-day. That this is the case,
not even the capitalist will deny. Explanations as to how this
came to be, he and his cana and do offer. On these explanations
much will have to be said later. For the present, let us only
note that it is by no means a question of natural history, or
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