THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

XIII.—THE STORY'S ENDING.

(Continued from page 75.)

How can I tell you the story of the Hope and its defence?
We wrought in a narrow circle; it was hidden and thence; To the walls, and back for a little; to the fort and there to abide; The mighty-hearted and the woman with the world who died; And nor counted much in the story. I have heard it told to me; And mere lose our deeds have turned to in the months of happy men. It may be there for us learn forever. Our holy work, Too, busy for truth or kindness. Yet my soul is seeing the day.

When those who are now but children the new generation shall be, And even in our own land of commerce and the world over the sea, Amid them shall spring up the story; yea, the very breath of the air. To the evening blaze of the world, with red hot steel and hand, Year after year shall men meet with the red flag over head, And shall call on the help of the vanquished and the kindness of the dead, and time that would have been lost shall be saved. The tale of the faded triumph, yet cheerful and clearer shall show

The deeds of the heroes of menfolk to every age and clime, and wassail,
The deeds of the cursed and the conquered that were wise before their time,
Of these were our wife and my friend; they ended their waving like the generations before them thinning as leaves of the spring,

Foot falling as leaves of the autumn as the ancient singer hath said,
And each one with a love and a story. Ah the grief of the early days!

"What is all this talk?" you are saying: "Why all this long delay?"
Of, indeed, is it that day's story. That also notssay I would you be able, but cannot, be silent. Well, I hurry on to the end.

It drew to the fiercely ending with a laugh. The forts were gone and the men met near to the thin-nosed wall
And it wanted not many hours to the last hour and the fall,
And we lived and we ruled, and the thought of work. To as yet we were the streets by night-time or by day,
We three, we fought together, and did the best I could,
Too busy to think of Frenchmen. But Arthur was fairer than good,
Ressourceful, keen and eager, from post to post he ran.
To thrust out aught that was moving and bringing up the interminable man.
He was gone on some errand, and was not seen,
When I turned about for a moment and saw my wife's fair face,
And her foot set spire to spire, and to the very height,
To some of our wounded comrades such help as she could bear.
Then straight she looked upon me with such lovely, friendly eyes
Of the hands gone by and remembered, that up my heart grew rise.
The choking sobbing passion; but he kept it back, and smiled,

And waved my hand aloft.— But therewith her face turned wild.
In a moment of truth she stood like the light of the world,
And I saw a man who was running and crouching, stagger and fall,
And knew it for Arthur at once; but voices hailed him there;
I wish they had not been there. But it is not to be told now.
Lo! a trouser and a crush around us and my sick brain whirling around,
And white lights, as if to blind and turn me to eternal ground,

And then what I needs must tell of a great blank; but indeed
No words to tell of its horror fright language for my need.
A man is to picture, as I say, all that my words can say.
But when I came to myself, in a friends' house sick. I lay
Amid strange blanked blues, and my own mind wandering there;
Delirium in me indeed and around me everywhere.
That passed, and a speech grew calmer, I said,
And the other words he spoke, shall he not hear them?

Shall that the last three months had been on me now sink to helplessness,
Ibettered, and then they told me the tale of what had betid;
And first, that under a name of friend, a man of his name,
Who was slain by mere misadventure, and was English as was I,
And no rebel, and dead papers whither I might well slip by
When I was some years of age, a rebel was not told then,
How all was fallen together, and my heart grew sick and cold,
And yet indeed therefore now I strove my life to live.

That can I say as I was and so helpless I yet might live to strive,
It was but few words they told me of that murder great and grim,
And how with the blood of the guiltless the city's streets did swim,
Of other horrors they told not, except in a word or two
When they told of their scheme to save me from the hands of the villainous crew
Whereby I guessed was what happening in the main without detail,

And so at last it came to their telling the other tale
Of my wife and only daughter who I then knew. Well, they said that I had been wounded by the fragment of a shell,
Another of which had done his master's duty in the battle;

One of which had done his master's duty in the battle;
Towards Arthur struck by a bullet. She never touched the man
Alive and she alive also; but thereafter as they lay
Both dead on one another lie, it almost can not be said we are not us,
But were moved by seeing the two so fair and so pitiful,
Took them for husband and wife who were fated there to die
Or, it may be loved ones, but we are not us.

Well: you know that I escaped from Paris, and crossed the narrow sea,
And made my way to the country where we twain were wont to be,
And that is the last and the latest of the tale I have to tell.
I came not here to be hushing my pride and my triumphs;

And to muse my grief and to win me the pain of a wounded life,
That because of the legions sorrow may hide away from the strife;
To think to look to my own, and myself get stout and strong then;
That two men there might be hereafter to battle against the wrong
And I clinging to the love of the past and the future?

William Morris

(To be concluded.)

Equality in the ballot box is a mere juggle when there is social and industrial inequality all around.—Labor Empire.