

are only nebulous masses of opposition to the solid centre of Whiggery, what can we call Socialism? Well, at present, in England at least, Socialism is not a party but a sect. That is sometimes brought against it as a taunt; but I am not dismayed by it; for I can conceive of a sect—nay, I have heard of one—becoming a very formidable power, and becoming so by dint of its remaining a sect. So I think it is quite possible that Socialism will remain a sect till the very eve of the last stroke that completes the Revolution, after which it will melt into the new Society. And is it not sects, bodies of definite, uncompromising principles, that lead into revolutions? Was it not so in the Cromwellian times? Nay, have not the Fenian sect, even in our own days, made Home Rule possible? They may give birth to parties, though not parties themselves. And what should a sect like we are have to do in the Parliamentary struggle—we who have an ideal to keep always before ourselves and others, and who cannot accept compromise; who can see nothing that can give us rest for a minute save the emancipation of labour brought about by the workers gaining possession of all the means of the fructification of labour, and even then pure Communism ahead to strive for?

What are we to do, then? Stand by and look on? Not exactly. Yet we may look on other people doing their work while we do ours. They are already beginning, as I have said, to stumble about with attempts at State-Socialism. Let them make their experiments and blunders, and prepare the way for us by so doing. And our own business? Well, we—sect or party, or group of self-seekers, madmen, and poets, which you will—are at least the only set of people who have been able to see that there is and has been a great class-struggle going on. Further, we can see that this class-struggle cannot come to an end till the classes themselves do: one class must absorb the other. Which, then? Surely the useful one, the one that the world lives by, and on. The business of the people at present is to make it impossible for the useless, non-producing class to live; while the business of Constitutionalism is, on the contrary, to make it possible for them to live. And our business is to help make the people conscious of this great antagonism between the people and Constitutionalism; and meantime to let Constitutionalism go on with its government unhelped by us at least, until it at last becomes conscious of its burden of the people's hate, of the people's knowledge that it is disinherited, which we shall have done our best to further by any means that we could.

As to Socialists in Parliament, there are two words about that. If they go there to take a part in carrying on Constitutionalism by palliating the evils of the system, and so helping our rulers to bear their burden of government, I for one, and so far as their action therein goes, cannot call them Socialists at all. But if they go there with the intention of doing what they can towards disruption of Parliament, that is a matter of tactics for the time being; but even here I cannot help seeing the danger of their being seduced from their true errand, and I fear that they would become, on the terms above mentioned, simply supporters of the very thing they set out to undo.

I say that our work lies quite outside Parliament, and it is to help to educate the people by every and any means that may be effective; and the knowledge we have to help them to is threefold—to know their own, to know how to take their own, and to know how to use their own.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN ON HOME RULE.

A PROTESTANT clergyman of Tipperary, writing to me the other day a letter opposing Home Rule in Ireland, made the following significant statements, which, coming as they do, "from the seat of war," are worthy of some attention at the hands of certain politicians. He wrote, speaking of his own district: "All who have any stake in the country (shopkeepers, manufacturers, and all connected with land-ownership) are greatly relieved that the Bill is even postponed. . . . I believe with you that Home Rule would mean Nationalisation of the Land, but it would not stop there: the movement is purely a Communitistic one, and will if not checked attack *all* property—witness the various leagues on foot to reject various legal responsibilities in no way connected with the land." This news seems almost too good to be true, but there can be no doubt that unless Home Rule tends in the direction he indicates, it will be of little use to the Irish workers, though the politicians will be the very last to comprehend this.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.—He was a locked-out carpenter and in quest of a job from an employer who possessed sympathy with the hard lot of those doomed to the routine toil of wage-slavery. "Are you in want of a hand?" he asked of a sleek and well-fed member of the Builders' Association, as he leaned out from his carriage in front of a row of buildings. "Yes," said the employer, "I am." "I want a job," said the man afoot, as he laid his hand upon the tire of a front wheel. "Are you a member of either one of the carpenters' organisations?" asked the well-fed man in the buggy. "I am a member of one of these organisations," replied the anxious journeyman. "Well, sir," said the boss, "I'll employ you if you will do one thing. Bring me a written certificate from your organisation that will show that you have severed your connection with it." "I will do it," said the workman, "provided you will sever your connection from the Builders' Association." "I can't do that." "Why not?" "Because I would have to violate my pledge of honour!" "Your pledge of honour?" "Yes, sir." "Do you suppose that I have no sense of honour?" replied the union carpenter. "My obligations," said he, "are as sacred to me as any you have taken upon yourself. I may not get work from *you*, but I never will desert my colours on that account. Good day, sir."—*Baltimore Free Press*.

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 hither and thither and thence;
To the walls, and back for a little; to the fort and there to abide.
Grey-beards and boys and women; they lived there—and they died;
Nor counted much in the story. I have heard it told since then,
And mere lies our deeds have turned to in the mouths of happy men,
And e'en those will be soon forgotten as the world wends on its way,
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 e'en in our land of commerce and the workshop over the sea,
Amid them shall spring up the story; yea the very breath of the air
To the yearning hearts of the workers true tale of it all shall bear.
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 weareth most things, and the years that overgrow
The tale of the fools triumphant, yet clearer and clearer shall show
The deeds of the helpers of menfolk to every age and clime,
The deeds of the cursed and the conquered that were wise before their time.

Of these were my wife and my friend; there they ended their wayfaring
Like the generations before them thick thronging as leaves of the spring,
Fast 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 dead!

"What is all this talk?" you are saying; "Why all this long delay?"
Yes, indeed, it is hard in the telling. Of things too grievous to say
I would be, but cannot be, silent. Well, I hurry on to the end.
For it drew to the latter ending of the hope that we helped to defend.
The forts were gone and the foemen drew near to the thin-manned wall
And it wanted not many hours to the last hour and the fall,
And we lived amid the bullets and seldom went away
To what as yet were the streets by night-tide or by day.
We three, we fought together, and I did the best I could,
Too busy to think of the ending; but Arthur was better than good;
Resourceful, keen and eager, from post to post he ran,
To thrust out aught that was moving and bring up the uttermost man.
He was gone on some such errand, and was absent a little space,
When I turned about for a moment and saw my wife's fair face,
And her foot set firm on the rampart, as she hastened here and there,
To some of our wounded comrades such help as she could to bear.
Then straight she looked upon me with such lovely, friendly eyes
Of the days gone by and remembered, that up from my heart 'gan rise
The choking sobbing passion; but I kept it aback, and smiled,
And waved my hand aloft— But therewith her face turned wild
In a moment of time, and she stared along the length of the wall,
And I saw a man who was running and crouching, stagger and fall,
And knew it for Arthur at once; but voiceless toward him she ran,
I with her, crying aloud. But ere we reached the man,
Lo! a man and a crash around us and my sick brain whirling around,
And a white light turning to black, and no sky and no air and no ground,
And then what I needs must tell of as a great blank; but indeed
No words to tell of its horror hath language for my need:
As a map is to a picture, so is all that my words can say.

But when I came to myself, in a friend's house sick I lay
Amid strange blended noises, and my own mind wandering there;
Delirium in me indeed and around me everywhere.
That passed, and all things grew calmer, I with them: all the stress
That the last three months had been on me now sank to helplessness.
I bettered, and then they told me the tale of what had betid;
And first, that under the name of a friend of theirs I was hid,
Who was slain by mere misadventure, and was English as was I,
And no rebel, and had due papers wherewith I might well slip by
When I was somewhat better. Then I knew, though they had not told,
How all was fallen together, and my heart grew sick and cold.
And yet indeed thenceforward I strove my life to live,
That e'en as I was and so hapless 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,
And 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 what was happening in the main without detail.
And so at last it came to their telling the other tale
Of my wife and my friend; though that also methought I knew too well.
Well, they said that I had been wounded by the fragment of a shell,
Another of which had slain her outright, as forth she ran
Toward Arthur struck by a bullet. She never touched the man
Alive and she also alive; but thereafter as they lay
Both dead on one litter together, then folk who knew not us,
But were moved by seeing the twain so fair and so piteous,
Took them for husband and wife who were fated there to die
Or, it may be lover and lover indeed—but what know I?

Well you know that I 'scaped 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 bidding my happiness farewell,
And to nurse my grief and to win me the gain of a wounded life,
That because of the bygone sorrow may hide away from the strife.
I came to look to my son, and myself to get stout and strong,
That two men there might be hereafter to battle against the wrong;
And I cling to the love of the past and the love of the day to be,
And the present, it is but the building of the man to be strong in me.

WILLIAM MORRIS

(To be concluded.)

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