

that it cannot exist without the Absolute from whom it emanates, without God, who is in short the firmest foundation of its authority. They have given to the lower bourgeoisie the idea of demanding the separation of the Bank from the State, thinking that if the banks were free, it would no longer be possible for the lower bourgeois and shopkeeper classes to be crushed down by the coalesced and monopolised high capitalism. Vain illusion! It is not by multiplying the banks that we shall put an end to their melancholy results, and so long as the very principle of their organisation has not been destroyed, nothing has been done. It will not be by means of the government that this destruction will be effected, because it would at the same time kill itself. They set a great value also upon universal suffrage, more or less comically organised, from which they predict marvels. It is now too late to grant it; revolutionary Socialism has penetrated too much into the minds of the masses for them to allow themselves to be entrapped for long by such a bait as that, which would simply restore to the government a strength that it no longer possesses. The demonstration in Belgium on the 13th of next June in favour of universal suffrage, will show the working-men what they have to expect from the government and from their own party, and will, we at least hope so, throw them *en masse* into the arms of the revolutionists. But let us suppose for a moment that this famous universal suffrage is granted; in what respect will it alter the contradictory and antagonistic relations which now exist between the ruling powers and the people? The people will, merely by accepting it, have abdicated in favour of the bourgeoisie; and the State, thanks to this accession of strength, will recover a portion of the power which it has for a long time lost.

The Radicals are thus as unable as the Liberals and the Clericals to guarantee the Belgian people anything whatever—not merely which is good, but even of relative stability. They form part of that group of men who would inevitably bring about the ruin of Belgium, if it were not for the presence of Revolutionary Socialism, watching over and counteracting by complete abstention from them all their follies and blunders. Revolutionary Socialism will oppose to the State, the Church, the bank, and all the other institutions of the government of the middle classes, those true social forces which politicians have ignored, because they are in their nature opposed and contrary to all governmental, religious, and banking institutions. When industry shall be organised according to the laws of economic justice, and industrial interests shall be managed by those only who are the direct producers of its riches; when the commerce of the present day—which is only a traffic of rogues and knaves, in which the most crafty takes in the others—shall have disappeared and been replaced by free and direct exchange; when the agricultural labourers, like the industrial ones, shall themselves manage agricultural interests; and when all these communities of producers, sovereigns in their own proper spheres, shall confederate in order to regulate the general interests of the freely associated labourers,—confronted with such a power as this, what will become of a political representative government? The first act of these communities of producers will naturally be to secure themselves work and the free exchange of their productions, and the immediate result of this will be the annihilation of capitalist and banking domination. Can any one seriously imagine that these powerful associations of interests and good-wills, freely organised, will be incapable of forming a scheme of rational education, which will be at the same time scientific and technical—a complete system of education, in fact, opposed in its spirit and tendencies to the system of State and Church education, and destroying these with one blow? In that way the State will be destroyed as a whole, and also in each of its creations.

This of course can only be realised by Revolution; and certainly, in most countries at the present time, the reason of the people, their wish to resist all intervention in the machine of government—a wish which increases every day—the knowledge that they have of their interests, needs, and rights,—everything, in a word, enables us to foresee that it will be realised, in spite of the reactionary efforts of politicians, even although they be working men, and of the predictions—by turns mournful and cheerful—of their prophets.

VICTOR DAVE.

Political economists are men of only one idea—wealth, how to procure and increase it. Their rules seemed infallibly certain to that supreme end. What did it signify that a great part of mankind was made, meanwhile, even more wretched than before, provided wealth on the whole increase.—*Catholic Quarterly Review.*

“I take it that the two essential features of good Government are, first of all, the security of property; and secondly, the impartial administration of justice.” So said Sir Richard Cross in the House of Government, where men are supposed to know. First of all, *the security of property!* Not person and property as it was written aforetime, when the man preceded his goods and chattels, but, first of all, property, taking no thought of the person whatsoever. We have had good government, then, Sir Richard, enough and to spare the last few years. Property has been held sacred, but not so the people. So plentiful has property become, that the people are in the way of it, and must perish, or disappear somehow, in order to make room for it. Property must be preserved even if there is over-production! Let us rejoice with Sir Richard in his learned definition. Perhaps he will convert his fellow-countrymen some day to the belief that their old-fashioned notion about men and women making the nation is mischievous and unpatriotic, when they may take it as their bounden duty to immediately die off and leave behind them, as a monument of their greatness, a glorious island of goods and chattels! Or was it *the security of the propertied class* that Sir Richard meant? And was it modesty or fear that restrained him from saying so? And don't you think the “red spectre” is haunting his sinking stomach? But we bid thee be of good cheer, Sir Richard—and keep on defining!—T. M.

## THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

### XII.—MEETING THE WAR-MACHINE.

(Continued from page 45.)

So we dwelt in the war-girdled city as a very part of its life.  
Looking back at it all from England, I an atom of the strife,  
I can see that I might have seen what the end would be from the first,  
The hope of man devoured in the day when the Gods are athirst.  
But those days we lived, as I tell you, a life that was not our own;  
And we saw but the hope of the world, and the seed that the ages had sown,  
Spring up now a fair-blossomed tree from the earth lying over the dead;  
Earth quickened, earth kindled to spring-tide with the blood that her lovers  
have shed,

With the happy days cast off for the sake of her happy day,  
With the love of women foregone, and the bright youth worn away,  
With the gentleness stripped from the lives thrust into the jostle of war,  
With the hope of the hardy heart forever dwindling afar.

O Earth, Earth, look on thy lovers, who knew all thy gifts and thy gain,  
But cast them aside for thy sake, and caught up barren pain.  
Indeed of some art thou mindful, and ne'er shalt forget their tale,  
Till shrunk are the floods of thine ocean and thy sun is waxen pale.  
But rather I bid thee remember e'en these of the latter days,  
Who were fed by no fair promise and made drunken by no praise.  
For them no opening heaven reached out the martyr's crown;  
No folk delivered wept them, and no harvest of renown  
They reaped with the scythe of battle; nor round their dying bed  
Did kindly friendly farewell the dew of blessing shed;  
In the sordid streets of the city 'mid a folk that knew them not,  
In the living death of the prison didst thou deal them out their lot,  
Yet foundest them deeds to be doing; and no feeble folk were they  
To scowl on their own undoing and wail their lives away;  
But oft were they blithe and merry and deft from the strife to wring  
Some joy that others gained not midst their peaceful wayfaring.  
So fared they, giftless ever, and no help of fortune sought.  
Their life was thy deliverance, O Earth, and for thee they fought;  
'Mid the jeers of the happy and deedless, 'mid failing friends they went  
To their foredoomed fruitful ending on the love of thee intent.

Yea and we were a part of it all, the beginning of the end,  
That first fight of the uttermost battle whither all the nations wend;  
And yet could I tell you its story, you might think it little and mean.  
For few of you now will be thinking of the day that might have been,  
And fewer still meseemeth of the day that yet shall be,  
That shall light up that first beginning and its tangled misery.  
For indeed a very machine is the war that now men wage;  
Nor have we hold of its handle, we gulled of our heritage,  
We workmen slaves of machines. Well it ground us small enough  
This machine of the beaten Bourgeois; though oft the work was rough  
That it turned out for its money. Like other young soldiers at first  
I scarcely knew the wherefore why our side had had the worst;  
For man to man and in knots we faced the matter well;  
And I thought well to-morrow or next day a new tale will be to tell.  
I was fierce and not afraid; yet Oh were the wood-sides fair,  
And the crofts and the sunny gardens, though death they harboured there.  
And few but fools are fain of leaving the world outright,  
And the story over and done, and an end of the life and the light.  
No hatred of life, thou knowest O Earth, 'mid the bullets I bore,  
Though pain and grief oppressed me that I never may suffer more.  
But in those days past over did life and death seem one;  
Yea the life had we attained to which could never be undone.

You would have me tell of the fighting? Well you know it was new to me  
Yet it soon seemed as if it had been for ever, and ever would be.  
The morn when we made that sally, some thought (and yet not I)  
That a few days and all would be over: just a few had got to die,  
And the rest would be happy thenceforward. But my stubborn country  
blood  
Was bidding me hold my halloo till we were out of the wood.  
And that was the reason perhaps why little disheartened I was,  
As we stood all huddled together that night in a helpless mass,  
As beaten men are wont: and I knew enough of war  
To know 'midst its unskilled labour what slips full often are.

There was Arthur unhurt beside me, and my wife come back again,  
And surely that eve between us there was love though no lack of pain  
As we talked all the matter over, and our hearts spake more than our lips;  
And we said, “We shall learn, we shall learn—yea, e'en from disasters and  
slips.”

Well, many a thing we learned, but we learned not how to prevail  
O'er the brutal war-machine, the ruthless grinder of bale;  
By the bourgeois world it was made, for the bourgeois world; and we,  
We were e'en as the village weaver 'gainst the power-loom, maybe.  
It drew on nearer and nearer, and we 'gan to look to the end—  
We three, at least—and our lives began with death to blend;  
Though we were long a-dying—though I dwell on yet as a ghost  
In the land where we once were happy, to look on the loved and the lost.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be continued.)

Competition glutts our markets, enables the rich to take advantage of the necessities of the poor, makes each man snatch the bread out of his neighbour's mouth, converts a nation of brethren into a mass of hostile, isolated units, and finally involves capitalists and labourers in one common ruin.—*Greg.*

Whether the strikes now in progress are won or lost can make little difference in ultimate results: they are like affairs of outposts at the beginning of a struggle between nations. On whichever side lies the advantage, neither side can refrain from pushing it, while neither side can be so decisively beaten that it will not rally its forces again and make a new stand. No defeat or series of defeats can now deprive labour of the consciousness of power: monopoly has too much at stake and has too long been accustomed to rule to be conquered in this way into more than a hollow truce. Action must beget reaction and combination, for there are behind the combatants on either side the mightiest of forces.—*Henry George.*