THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

XI.—A Glimpse of the Coming Day.

It was strange indeed, that journey! 'Tis not yet had I crossed the sea or looked on another people than the folk that fostered me, and my heart rose up and fluttered in the dimmest night. We came on into the day as a slow purring in the glade of the hidden moon, as the sea dim under the false dawn lay; and so like shadows of ships through the night they faded away, and Oakes piled in its indolent wave.

As we sat in the train together, and toward the end made speed. By these gleams came upon me, and through the sleep a dream of the Frenchman. He once was master over the side, the wayward stream. He talked and told me tales of the war unwaged as yet, and then, as we drifted on, I was alone, and all of the world and me.

While I walked on, still unhappy, by the home of the dark-striped perch. Till at last, with a flash of light and a raftle and side-long lurch, I see them off in the rolling of the waves, and the grey of the morn was upon us as we sped through the poplar plain.

By the dimming streams and the houses with their grey roofs warped and bent, and the lowreined plough in the furrow, and things fair and innocent. And there sat my wife before me, and she, too, dreamt as she slept; for the slow tears fell from her eyelids as in her sleep she wept. But Arthur sat by my side and talked: and flashed was his face, and his eyes were quick to behold the picture of each fair place that we flashed by as we hurried; and I knew that the joy of life was there. It was strongly stirred by the thought of all the common things. Then I too thought for a little, it is good in grief's despite, to see each wort and flowers, and so live in the day and the light. Yes, we deemed that to death we were hastening, and it made our vision clear, and we knew the delight of our life-days, and held their sorrow dear.

But now when we came unto Paris and were out in the sun and the street, it was strange to see the faces that our wonted eyes met; Such joy and peace and pleasure! That folk were glad we knew, but knew not the why and the wherefore; and we who had just through the vanquished land and down-east, and there at St. Denis aen now had seen the German the day before the tug of war.

And the drum and sife go rattling through the freshness of the morn—Yet here we beheld all joyous the folk they had made for us, and skilful we at last from a ghostly thing, the white chariot and its crew, one colour, red and solemn 'gainst the blue of the spring-tide sky, and we stopped and turned to each other, and as each at each did gaze, the city's hope enwrapt us with joy and great amanu.

As folk in a dream we washed and we ate, and in all detail, oft told, and in many a fashion did we have all yesterday's tale

How while we were threshing the tangle of trouble in London there, and I for my part, let me say it, within but a step of despair, in the Paris of the days had betid; for the vile draught stroke. To sadden Paris and crush her, had a stroke and the dull sword there; There was now no foe and no soil in the city, and Paris was free; and e'en as she is this morning, to-morrow all France will be.

We heard, and our hearts were saying, "In a little while all the earth," And that day at last I saw a man's day like a man's day.

For I saw what few have beheld, a folk with all hearts gay.

Then at last I knew indeed that our word of the coming day,

That so oft in grief and in sorrow I would have saved. To give it a share of the joy and the satisfaction of need

Here that folk in the belief. For this in our country spring

Did the starlings beclatter the gables, and the thrush in the hush-sing.

And the green cloud spread o'er the willows, and the little children rejoice And shout 'midst all the joy and to the willow's mingled voice:

For this was the promise of spring-tide, and the new leaves lengthening to burst,

And the white roads threading the acres, and the sun-warmed meadows athirst.

Once all was the work of sorrow and the life without reward, And the toil that fear hath hidden, and the folly of master and lord; But now are all things changing, and hope without a fear.

Shall speed us on the way of victory of the year.

Now spring shall pluck the garland that summer weaves for all, And autumn spread the banquet and winter fill the hall.

Of earth, thou kind bestower, thou ancient fruitful place, How lovely and beloved now gleans thy happy face!

And O, mother, mother, I said, hadst thou known as I lay in thy lap, And for me thou hopedst and fearedst, on what days my life should hap, And hadst thou known of the deaths that I look for, and the deeds wherein I should deal, How calm had been thy gladness! How sweet hadst thou smiled on my weal?

As some woman of old hast thou wondered, who hath brought forth a god of the earth, And in joy that knoiveth no speech she dreams of the happy birth.

Yes, fair were those hours indeed, whatever hereafter might come, And they swept over all my sorrow, and all thought of my wildered house. But not for dreamer's knowledge nor for one of the wise.

That day we delivered the letters that our friends had given to me, And we craved for some work for the cause. And what work was there indeed

But to learn the business of battle and the manner of dying at need. We three could think of none other, and we wrought our best therein; And both of us made a shift the serpent's stripes to win,

For diligent were we indeed: and he, as in all he did, Showed a cheerful readiness that was all joy, and all said,

And yet hurt the pride of no man that he needs must step before. But as for my wife, the boward of the ambulance-women she wore, And gently and bade them, as the need should be to do.

A sister amidst of the strangers—and, alas! a sister to me.

William Morris.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach the other day said that he was anxious that the railways should not be so dealt with as to "deprive the public of the benefit of competition." Perhaps something might be said on the other side as to competition; but in so far as this lane was in point only using language to convey thought when he used the word. What he meant was monopoly, not competition; and the benefits of monopoly can be studied by some savants very accurately. It is not monopoly which run stick-traps under the name of carriages—the whole of which arrangement is dispensed by the law of the land, of competition and the railways. This monopoly we may be sure the railway companies until they are forced to by more comprehensive measures than Mr Mundella's Bill.

W. M.

It is evident that an attempt will be made by the courts to stop boycotting. An attempt was once made by the courts to stop the right of freedom. If fools choose to wrestling with a cyclone, why, let 'em wrestle. Those who in this country now the wind will some day reap the whirlwind.

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