

The ordinary working-men's organisations are a sad evidence how blind their members yet are to the real facts of their position. The United Friendly Societies hold on Sunday next their fourth annual demonstration in aid of certain hospitals. Socialists with tracts and leaflets should be with them on the occasion. Very fitly, the procession starts from a public-house (the "Bull and Gate"), and ends at a church (St Pancras). Working-men subscribing to a hospital might almost as fitly subscribe to a workhouse. Let their betters, the aiders and abettors of all four institutions—gin-shop, gospel-shop, hospital, union—be responsible for the maintenance, as they are in the main for the filling, of all these.

The exceeding loveliness of competition is beautifully shown in two controversies now raging. One is the Early Closing discussion. On this the London Chamber of Commerce has spoken quite oracularly against any mercy to shop-assistants. The force of its objection will be gathered from the following analysis of its composition: One barrister, one brewer, one wine-merchant, three ship-owners, one wool-broker, one stockbroker, four various brokers, two bankers, two wharfingers, two wholesale stationers, one Cape merchant, one West India merchant, two East India merchants, three Australian merchants, six various merchants, and only five wholesale warehousemen. It will be seen at a glance how strongly the small shop-keepers are represented here.

The other controversy is as to the employment of women in collieries. The women themselves are opposed to any change. They only work nine hours a day, that is all, so there is plenty of time for domestic work. And if the dress and work are rough and filthy and inhuman, still the average of illegitimate births among the pit-brow women is not higher than that among their cleaner sisters of the factory. Their vested interests, they cry, must not be interfered with, and this is their answer to the colliers complaining that the women competition lowers their wages. Oh, most holy and blessed and glorious Trinity—Capitalism, Competition, and Free Contract!

Mr Mansfield seems anxious to rival Mr Saunders. The case of Marie Böhme against Henry Winderbank, constable, is a case in point. The only evidence against the woman was police evidence (and some of us know the value of that), except a man's, who heard quarrelling in a language he did not understand, and actually heard whistling. Knowing the nature of the average policeman, what a more than average lie he can tell, and what a charming unanimity there is about inspectors and constables when they are backing one another up, I take leave to suspend my own judgment in the case, and to doubt that of Mr Mansfield, who dismissed it.

The great Blundell Maple is still having letters written for him. He is quite pathetic over the deprivation of young people of their means of subsistence. As one of a firm that has been doing this ever since it was founded, he certainly ought to be an authority on the point of depriving people of their means of subsistence.

Mr. Maple objects to a reversion to the "primitive stage of slave-master civilisation." Naturally. Its more advanced form suits him better.

Ninety-one per cent. of the Edinburgh masons are in favour of an eight hours working-day. "Wonderment guesses," in the language of the bone-of-contention book slightly altered, "who are the nine" that are not in favour of it?

There are 37,000 miners in the Southern Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire who have a vote. In these men, and such as these, and in the use of their power, even of the suffrage, lies much of our hope for the future. Truly, as their pastors the Radical papers tell them, to secure fair wages, and to form equitable contracts and genuine agreements with their masters, they must have a wise and strong organisation. But the organisation will have to be of all workers—and that is Socialism.

Such associations as that of the Yorkshire Miners are the future soil for the seed of Socialism. One of these days we shall be wise and strong enough to organise a regular crusade among these men, and to win them from meagre Radicalism to sturdy Socialism. Then they will learn that there is something better worth striving for than any arrangement with masters, and that is the abolition of masterdom altogether.

No arrangement can be equitable into which the word "Master" enters. The very meaning of the thing makes equity an impossibility. Ed. A.

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

XI.—A GLIMPSE OF THE COMING DAY.

It was strange indeed, that journey! Never yet had I crossed the sea
Or looked on another people than the folk that had fostered me,
And my heart rose up and fluttered as in the misty night
We came on the fleet of the fishers slow rolling in the light
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 Calais pier was upon us. Dreamlike it was indeed
As we sat in the train together, and toward the end made speed.
But a dull sleep came upon me, and through the sleep a dream
Of the Frenchman who once was my master by the side of the willow stream;
And he talked and told me tales of the war unwaged as yet,
And the victory never won, and bade me never forget,
While I walked on, still unhappy, by the home of the dark-striped perch.
Till at last, with a flash of light and a rattle and side-long lurch,
I woke up dazed and witless, till my sorrow awoke again,
And the grey of the morn was upon us as we sped through the poplar plain,
By the brimming streams and the houses with their grey roofs warped and bent,
And the horseless plough in the furrow, and things fair and innocent.
And there sat my wife before me, and she, too, dreamed as she slept;
For the slow tears fell from her eyelids as in her sleep she wept.
But Arthur sat by my side and waked; and flushed was his face,
And his eyes were quick to behold the picture of each fair place

That we flashed by as on we hurried; and I knew that the joy of life
Was strongly stirred within him by the thought of the coming strife.
Then I too thought for a little, it is good in grief's despite,
It is good to see earth's pictures, and so live in the day and the light.
Yea, 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 wondering eyes did meet;
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 come
through

The vanquished land and down-cast, and there at St. Denis e'en now
Had seen the German soldiers, and heard their bugles blow,
And the drum and fife go rattling through the freshness of the morn—
Yet here we beheld all joyous the folk they had made forlorn!
So at last from a grey stone building we saw a great flag fly,
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 we gaze,
The city's hope enwrapped us with joy and great amaze.

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 threading our tangle of trouble in London there,
And I for my part, let me say it, within but a step of despair,
In Paris the day of days had betid; for the vile dwarf's stroke,
To madden Paris and crush her, had been struck and the dull sword broke;
There was now no foe and no fool 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 of all days I knew what life was worth;
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 had preached, and scarcely knew
If it was but despair of the present or the hope of the day that was due,—
I say that I saw it now, real solid and at hand.

And strange how my heart went back to our little nook of the land,
And how plain and clear I saw it, as though I longed indeed
To give it a share of the joy and the satisfaction of need
That here in the folk I beheld. For this in our country spring
Did the starlings bechatter the gables, and the thrush in the thorn-bush
sing,
And the green cloud spread o'er the willows, and the little children rejoice
And shout midst a nameless longing to the morning's mingled voice;
For this was the promise of spring-tide, and the new leaves longing 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 bidden, and the folly of master and lord;
But now are all things changing, and hope without a fear
Shall speed us on through the story of the changes of the year.
Now spring shall pluck the garland that summer weaves for all,
And autumn spread the banquet and winter fill the hall.
O earth, thou kind bestower, thou ancient fruitful place,
How lovely and beloved now gleams thy happy face!

And O, mother, mother, I said, had'st thou known as I lay in thy lap,
And for me thou hopedst and fearedst, on what days my life should hap,
Hadst thou known of the death that I look for, and the deeds wherein I
should deal,
How calm had been thy gladness! How sweet had'st thou smiled on my
weal!
As some woman of old had'st thou wondered, who hath brought forth a god
of the earth,
And in joy that knoweth no speech she dreams of the happy birth.

Yea, fair were those hours indeed, whatever hereafter might come,
And they swept over all my sorrow, and all thought of my wildered home.
But not for dreams of rejoicing had we come across the sea.
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 sergeant's stripes to win,
For diligent were we indeed: and he, as in all he did,
Showed a cheerful ready talent that nowise might be hid,
And yet hurt the pride of no man that he needs must step before.
But as for my wife, the *brunecard* of the ambulance-women she wore,
And gently and bravely would serve us; and to all as a sister to be;
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 benefits of competition." Perhaps something might be said on the other side as to competition; but in the meantime Sir M. H. Beach was in point only using language to conceal thought when he used the word. What he meant was *monopoly*, not competition; and the benefits of monopoly can be studied by us Londoners very satisfactorily in the beastly sewers through which run stink-traps under the name of carriages—the whole of which arrangement is dignified by the name of the Metropolitan and District Railways. This monopoly we may be sure the railways won't give up 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 in this country to stop the progress of freedom. If fools choose to wrestle with a cyclone, why, let 'em wrestle. Those who in this country sow the wind will some day reap the whirlwind.—*Rochester Sun*.