The ordinary working-men's organizations are a sad evidence how blind their managers are to the value of their work. The United Friendly Societies hold on Sunday next their fourth annual demonstration in aid of these organizations. The workers are to show them on the occasion. Very fitly, the procession starts from a public-house (the "Bell and Gate"), and ends at a church (St. Pancrace). Working-men subscribe to a hospital of night almost fully subscribed to a workhouse. Let their letters, the aiders and abettors of all four institutions—gin-shop, gospel-shop, house and family—be such as will enable for the maintenance, as they are in the manner for the filling of all these.

The exceeding loneliness 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 unanimously 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 brokers, two women brokers, two wholesale stationers, one Cape merchant, one West India merchant, two East India merchants, three Australian merchants, one firm of 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-lad women is no higher than that among their cheaper 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 Bottcher against Henry W was a sad point. The only evidence against the woman was police evidence and some of us know the value of the police language. The language he did understand, and actually heard whispering. Knowing the nature of the average policeman, what a more average lie he can tell, and what a charming manner he will have of saying "I'm a detective" and "I'm a special," one another up, I take leave to suspend my own judgment in the case, and to doubt of that of Mr Mansfield, who dismissed it.

The great Blindell 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.

Such associations as that of the Yorkshire Miners are the future soil for the seed of Socialism. One of those days we shall be wise and strong enough among these nations to turn to the government of the book of contentment 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 those men, and such as these, in the use of their power, even of the suffrage, lies much of our hope for the future. Truly, as their pastors the Radical preachers tell them, to secure fair wages, and to make the equivalent 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.

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

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THE PILGRIM'S 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 fostered me. And my heart rose up and fluttered as in the misty night We came to the end of the long, slow journey 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 Oakes piled round it was indeed the smile of a land.

As we sat in the train together, and toward the end made speed. By the electric lamps came upon me, and through the sleep their dreams. Of the Franchesmais, and once by the side of their willowy stream. And he talked and told me tales of the war unwaged as yet, And the love of the people to the flag they'd die and fight. While I walked on, still unhappy, by the home of the dark-striped trench. Till at last, with a flash of light and a rattle and side-long buffet, I was pulled up at length, and there we stood in the night.

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 horrid 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 slept. But Arthur sat by my side and talked: and flushed he 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 not given me. Did I not opt for the thorny path of mistakes? Then I too thought for a little, it is good in grief's despite, To see all things dark, and so live in the day and the light. Yes, we deemed that to die we were basking, 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 woman loves perhaps meet; Such joy and pleasure and peace! That folk were glad we knew, But knew not the why and the wherefore; and we who had just through The vanished land and down-east, and there at St. Denis e'en now Had seen the German that the Adams blew to bits.

And the drum and FILE go raving through the freshness of the morn— Yet here we beheld all joyous the folk they had made for our duteous years. For we had left at last from a great city that a great city knew If it was but despair of the present or the hope of the day that was due,— I say that I saw now, real solid and at hand.

And strange how my heart went back to our little nook of the land, And how plain and simple was the comfort we had found. 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 stallions bechatter the gables, and the thrush in the thorn-song sing. And the green cloud spread o'er the willows, and the little children rejoice And shout 'midst the trees going to school, and the mingled wight. 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 astroph. Once all was the work of sorrow and the life without reward, And the toil that 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 road of life for the rest 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, hadst thou known as I lay in thy lap. And for me thou hastet and fearst, on what days my life should hap. Thou wert told thou knewest 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 knowest 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 dreams of impossing bliss than we came to 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 senator's stripes to win. For diligent were we indeed: and he, as in all he did, Showed a cheerful ready talent that was ever to be told; And yet hurt the pride of no man that he needs must step before. But as for my wife, the broward of the ambulance-women she wore, And gently and laconically (as it were) would she say it was to be; A sister amidst of the strangers—alas! a sister to me. and 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 we can only compete in point only using language to confuse thought when he used the word. What he meant was monopoly, not competition; and the benefits of monopoly can be studied by engineers very accurately, and bases of establishments which run stick-tracts under the name of bargains—the whole of which arrangement is disguised by the vocabulary of the corporation and railways. This monopoly we may be sure is the railway corporation up till 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 made by the courts to stop the campaign 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.—Rockefeller.