NOTES.

The evictions at Glenleigh and other places during the past week or so, carried out as they were with extreme cruelty, have assisted in proving the impositions of the landlords and mortgagees throughout the country. The landlord or mortgagee, in the hush of his own conscience, is beginning to examine his position; he is beginning to see how long have been explaining to them, that it does not condone the possession of an unjust privilege that it is upon the average exercised mildly; that because all landlords are not in the habit of emulating the money-lenders, who are skinning the (dis)Honourable Roland Winn's estate, there is no guarantee against any of them doing so.

Control over the land, and thereby over all their means of life, gives into the hands of a landlord an enormous power, legal and actual, over his tenants, which is a continual temptation to its use.

When, as in the Glenleigh case, the exercise of a landlord's power is deputed to a hired seanndrel, brutalised by his previous life, there is no limit to his exactions nor to his cruelty.

In Ireland, the homes of honest hard-workers are burnt above their heads, while they themselves are spurred into the bitter winter weather to perish, or be rescued by somebody or another as it may happen. In London, a worse fate awaits them, or be rescued by somebody or another as it may happen. In London, a worse fate awaits them, or be rescued by somebody or another as it may happen.
Yet if time should bring
men shall scarce be able to live by that order, and the complaint of the
poor shall be hearkened, no longer a tale not utterly grievous, but
as a threat of ruin, and a fear. Then shall those things, which to the
seemed follies, and to the men between these and me more wisdom and
the bond of stability, seem follies once again; yet, whereas men have
so long lived by them, they shall cling to them yet from blindness and
fear, and those that see, and that have been much perplexed and
afraid, do they are furthering the real time that may come, if the
truth which falsifies, these shall justify the base and the selfish
mock and mislay, and torment and murder; and great and grievous shall be
the strife in these days, and many the failures of the wise, and too oft
sore shall be the despair of the valiant; and back-siding, and doubt,
and contest between friends and foes alike, shall take place in the
struggle to maintain the order in these times, each man shall win and
hinder the host of the Fellowship; yet shall from the end, till the saving
of folly and ours shall be one, and thy hope and our hope; and then
the Day will have come."

Once more I heard the voice of John Ball: "Now, brother, I say
farewell; for now we shall have the Day of the Earth come, and thou
and I are alone of all this among us; thou hast been a dream to me as
thy reward, and woe be unto us if we make each other, as tales of
time and the longing of times to come shall ever make men to be.
I go to life and to death, and leave thee; shall we
whether to wish them some dream of the day beyond thine to tell the
what shall be, as thou hast told me, for I know not if that shall help
or hinder thee; but since we have been kind and very friends, I will
not leave thee without a wish of good-will, so let us wish thee
thou mayest wish for thyself, that is hopeful strife, and blame-
less peace, which is to say in one word, life. Farewell, friend."

For some little time, although I had known that the daylight was
gone and what was around me, I had been aware of the
had before noted so keenly; but now in a flash I saw all—the east crimson
with sunrise through the white window on my right hand; the richly-
carved stalls; and gilded screen-work, the pictures on the walls, the
loveliness of the faultless colour of the mosaic window lights, the altar,
and the red light over it looking strange in the day-time, and the
under the light as he lay in the night of all that beauty, and wished
I heard quick steps coming up then, and the voice of the
and the loud whirr of a sweet old tune therewith; then the footsteps
stopped at the door; I heard the latch rattled, and knew that Will
Green's hand was on the ring of it.

Then I strove to rise up, but fell back again; a white light, empty
of all sights, broke upon me for a moment, and lo! behold, I was
lying in my familiar bed, the south-westerly gale rattling the Venetian
blinds, and making their tortured sound. I got up presently, and
gone to the window looked out on the wide river, and before me broad between outer bank and bank, but it was nearly dead
and there was a wide space of mud on each side of the hurrying
stream, driven on the faster as it seemed by the push of the south-west
wind. On the other side of the water the few willow trees left by
the Thames Conservancy looked doubtfully alive against the bleak sky
and the lower shore of wreathed-blue-slated houses, although, by the
way, the latter were the backs of buildings, not a slum; the road in front of the houses was muddy and wet.