

"SHAFTS"



EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

Shoot thine own arrow right through the earthly tissue
Bravely; and leave the Gods to find the issue."—GOETHE.

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER, 1898

No. 6.

What the Editor Means.

THE battle hurtles on the plains—
Earth feels new scythes upon her;
We reap our brothers for the wains
And call the harvest . . . Honour.
Draw face to face, front line to line,
One image all inherit—
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
Clay, clay,—and spirit, spirit.
Be pitiful, O God!

—E. BARRETT BROWNING.

OH what are these shapes on their thrones of gold
And what are these clouds around their feet?
The shapes are kings, with their hearts clay-cold,
The clouds are armies that ever meet;
I see the flash of the crimson fire,
I hear the murdered who moan "Ah, me!"
My bosom aches with its bitter ire,
And I think it real, till I turn to thee!
I hear thee whisper, "These shapes but seem—
They are but visions that flash and fly,
While we move in a dream, and love in a dream,
And go in our dream to die."

—*Song of a Dream.*

The sparks you see, the wild eyes be,
Countless, as grains of sand,
Of all those men who have since then
Shed blood in any land.
In grief and pain they look on Cain
Aghast in that sad spot,
And all around blood soaks the ground,
And this is true, God wot.

—*The Peep Show*, ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE spirit wills often more than the brain and physical power can accomplish. We have not yet learnt how, to so use, to so control the physical part of our complex being—which is the instrument of the spirit—that it may do its work of responding to the will of the spirit, without weariness, or the exhausting effort of the disorganisation which we call illness. So I have been forced either to cease my work in *SHAFTS* entirely, or to publish it for a time bi-monthly. Both want of strength and want of money compel me to this meanwhile, much

against my will. SHAFTS will be just a trifle larger, after this year is out, as a complete story will be added to it in each issue. The yearly subscription will be 3s. 6d., as heretofore. I have received many, many sympathising letters, expressing the utmost satisfaction with the temporary arrangement, trusting that after 1899 has expired I may be able to again bring it out monthly. I trust that none of the readers of SHAFTS, who have so very kindly written to me, or those who have not written, will allow themselves to think that I have lost heart. I shall not lose heart; I see no cause to justify anything so cowardly. It would be ungrateful indeed were I to lack courage, when so many are sending me such brave, kind proofs of interest and sympathy. When my strength returns, SHAFTS will return also to its monthly issue.

Straight from my heart to the hearts of my readers, who so truly prize SHAFTS, I say this day—"Have great courage, great faith, and no fear." I answer here, if I may, the numerous kind letters which I have received, and to which I am unable to reply individually. No;—SHAFTS has *not* "succumbed"; I have not the slightest fear that it will do so; though women do not help me as I hoped and trusted they would, yet I have had from the first, friends I can never thank enough. Without them I had given way ere this. Not many women *can* help with money; *some* can and do not; people prefer as a rule to help the ship whose sails are well-filled with auspicious gales, but when the opposing waves of fate rise highest, then is the time to let our strength be seen, to call all hands on board. *Quality* is of infinitely more value than *quantity*. Help me, dear friends, in every possible way to make SHAFTS of a quality so high, of a tone so true, that in its messages, periodically issued to the world, it shall be worth more than can be paid by subscriptions. Those of you who wish me good speed most heartily, may not be able to help me with money, but have you no thoughts to send in letters, paragraphs or articles? No information, useful and time-saving, if sent ready for the press? This would not cost you much labour, and would help many of those who would read in SHAFTS your printed words of cheer, of uplifting, of wisdom. Do not hesitate because you may think your stamps are too few to help, your words too poor to be accepted, your information not up to date. Send what you can.

"Not as having attained," wrote Paul, the ardent worker, but, "I press toward the mark." It is not in attaining, but in trying, that we all succeed. The character of each is stamped by the efforts put forth. Though some may say we preach what we do not practise, let us not faint by the way for sorrow, because of the hasty words of those who do not understand; let us rather rejoice. Our theories paint for us ever the "Vision Beautiful," which is the goal of our hopes, and draws us on with a cord divine.

Our theories will always be higher than our practice, the willing spirit is handicapped by the weak flesh. But the vision our spirits see, and try to paint for others to see, calleth upon us evermore, to follow on! to follow on! So we run, with feet often weary, but full of hope; made strong by the excellence of beauty we see ahead; so we rise to the stature of our spirits, helped, encouraged and blessed by the spirits of others running at our side, gathering all around us "in this strange country." We need not fear those who say "you preach what you do not practise," such words are the highest praise we can receive. Let us grieve rather when any can say with truth that we preach what we *do not try* to practise. I am fain to believe that such words can never be

uttered with truth, for, to me it seems that the radiant goal can only be seen by those who are *trying to reach it*, and who picture its loveliness with ever-increasing yearning, as they rise higher, and the light grows clearer. It is this vision of all we ought to be, of all we shall be, that draws us ever onward, upward, "to the heights untrod."

Seers of Visions and Dreamers of Dreams, be not dismayed, be strong and of good hope; we preach the Vision Beautiful, we preach what we shall be; we practise, most of us, our level best; sometimes our following feet are WINGED by our strong desire; sometimes they lag through weariness; then the faint and the feeble make moan, the envious point, and lesser aims blur the eye. But *all are in the race*; all who try will win; the vision is never lost; never will be lost. There cometh a time, recognised deep down in the deepest longings of every heart, when, by many sufferings endured, by patience oft disciplined made strong and pure, we shall come to dwell with the gods, on heights of which no present dreamer is yet quite pure enough, or strong enough, to dream. All that any of us can do now, is to go forward with unfaltering steps, to help and comfort one another, and "to hold up our flag till the day is done." Poets have sung of this world that it is "God's Dream." It must be true that this world and all that is, or can be, is the dream of some god, or many gods. If it sadden us to think how imperfect can be the dream even of a GOD, it should also strengthen us to think, that, the gods like ourselves are TRYING, AIMING towards greater heights. Our dogmas matter not at all, our actions matter much; our motives more, what we are, matters most of all.

The foolish question of the hour is War, or Peace? The voice of the Tsar of all the Russias has been heard in a desire for universal disarmament, and I had hoped, as one woman, to have expressed what one woman thinks in regard to this question. But extreme prostration prevents my giving the subject the attention it ought to receive this time. I hope to give what I may be capable of expressing, in December issue. It is a question attended with much difficulty, and not to be lightly dealt with. Must we fight, or may we, by this time of our supposed advance in civilisation, manage our national affairs without fighting? To-day I would only ask all women to ask themselves the question, *Why* do we fight? I ask them to watch boys at play. They might watch, with advantage, people of an older growth, at work or play, or in the course of argument. But to watch boys at play, on any open common, when they are not conscious of being observed, will open the eyes of many of us, as to why our men in such numbers are lovers of war, and not peace; why they practise sensuality, and not purity; why they go on from age to age, on the lines laid down by the past, instead of waking up to thoughts and habits, newer, purer, higher, much more effectual for progress. If women, if a great many women, will watch the boys—their own boys, their sisters' and friends' boys, the multitude of boys, at play, they will find out, what I hope, what I am sure, will make them take all the boys they can for the future, from the cradle and try to train them. They will take them before they have left the cradle, and gently, powerfully, with the almost divine authority and influence of every true mother, potential or actual, they will train their thoughts and actions, words and deeds, aspirations and hopes, up every step of the way of life, never leaving them quite without that powerful teaching and influence. even so long as they themselves may live. Gradually, as the years pass, these teachers and helpers will

learn that a son of twenty-four or thirty needs a mother's help and teaching also, as well as the boy. Watch the boys, mothers, sisters, teachers, watch the boys! This watching and training will bring war to an end, will bring purity like a light over the earth. Watch your boys, listen to them; do not think because they are boys they can be left to themselves—just *because* they are boys they need all you can do to help them.

Your girls need you also, but almost in another way. Must not *all* be pure and lovers of peace?—women will ask. Yes, most surely; but meantime, while helping your girls where they need it sorest;—and that, you will soon find out—help your boys where *they* need it sorest and most immediate. They need wings of eagles to rise up, up to the glory of day; but when you have made the average boy as pure in thought and as peaceful in purpose, as the average girl now *is*, you will have done a great work for the world. Begin! For the girls,—teach them where they stand, and why they stand there, and you will have done more for the world in one girl's lifetime than has been done in all the past ages.

Club Records.

*By the booming roar of the mighty sea,
By the rocky sea,
By the sounding sea,*

We have built a giant windmill with its long arms free,
And it grinds that we may not hungry be,
With a rumble and a roar sounding all along the shore,
We should vanish, we should perish, if our wheel were heard no more.
—SADIE.

With reachings of Thought we reach down to the deeps
Of the souls of our fellows.
We teach them full words with our slow moving lips,
"God," "Liberty," "Truth,"—which they hearken and think,
And work into harmony, link upon link!
Till the silver meets round the earth gelid and dense,
Shedding sparks of electric response intense
On the dark of eclipse.
Then we hear through the silence and glory afar,
As from shores of a star
In aphelion,—the new generations that cry
In attune to our voice,—and harmonious reply
"God," "Liberty," "Truth"!

E. BARRETT BROWNING.

In response harmonious and true to such words as above quoted, should the work of women's clubs be done. We have no time to pause, looking around to see if some others are going ahead of us. What matter, while we do our very best! while each one doeth the work of all, and all do the work of each,

"For the strength of the pack is the wolf,
And the strength of the wolf is the pack."

We care not to enquire of ourselves "Is such and such an one more highly thought of than I?" "Is some other club making more rapid progress than ours?" We have no room for envy, malice, unkind criticism, fault-finding with secret exultation, or any of these hampering motives that hang between our eyes and the sun's clear, gladdening light. Away with all such dark clouds; we want all the light we can possibly bring to aid us in our work. We cannot carry about with us such arrows as these; blunt! dull-edged!

they will do no good work;—poisoned! they will kill, where we desire only to strike to awakening; full of rancour and bitterness—they will crush where we would lift up; deal out hatred and death where we seek to fill with light and love. There is no more effectual doing than the doing of love, and never must we forget that before doing comes being. We must Be, if we desire to Do. Out of Being cometh Doing; Being is the Alpha and Omega, therefore let us so train, so chasten, so drill ourselves, each one of us, that we can at last utter our I AM: not in thunder, but as the noise of many silver-tongued waters breathing refreshment and blessing.

The consciousness of Self which says: I Am, therefore, I Love; I Love therefore I Do; I am, I Love, I Do, because dearer than all things to me, are the souls of my fellows; before all things I desire their welfare; to see them walk onward and upward, the light around them, and ahead, in ever-increasing splendour, is the great gladness of my life which overfloweth with joy by reason that they overcome; is radiated with a mighty purpose and strength from my Love, Work and Hope for them, and the consciousness that fills my soul of their Love and Work and Hope for me.

Such motive power as this should fill *each* heart and *all* hearts in every woman's club, for they have a great work before them, a work to be done only by Noble, Great, Hearts. What splendid work will be done, when *each* of us can work so, and *all* of us can work so; then, indeed, we shall overcome all evil, and reach to the heights; one perfect society of workers though in many parts, for the perfection and strength of the host is the individual, and the perfection and strength of the individual is the host. Though clouds and darkness be round about us, righteousness and judgment, Love and mercy, must dwell enthroned in our midst.

Acting upon principles so high, effulgent from Love so strong and tender, we shall behold a constant stretching forth of hands to one another, as individuals, as societies, as clubs, wherever women gather, with a strength of purpose so pure and sweet, that no adverse fate can stand against it: it will go forth, conquering and to conquer.

No ordinary weapons will do the work which the Spirit undertakes when it comes on to the woman plane; it has begun to lift up a high standard, to lead the whole world against all evil, and not only to conquer all evil but to make all evil good, great therefore must be its Love severe its self-examination, lofty its humility! Love and Justice and Humility of the very highest calibre;—from these it must fashion its purpose;—its strength, and triumph shall be for evermore.

The Pioneer Club.

5, GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, W.

AUTUMN SESSION, 1898.

Thursday Evening Lectures, Debates, Discussions, etc., 8.15 p.m.

Oct. 27th.—"The Evil Effects of Separate Factory Legislation for Women." Debate opened by Mrs. MADELINE GREENWOOD. Hon. Mrs. PELHAM in the chair.

Nov. 3rd.—"That the Representation of Russian Life in English Novels is Misleading." Debate opened by Miss FRANCES TOULMIN SMITH. Mrs. HOLROYD CHAPLIN in the chair.

Nov. 10th.—"Prison Reform." Debate opened by MICHAEL DAVITT, Esq., M.P. (engagements permitting). Miss GLEESON in the chair.

Nov. 17th.—"Technical Education for Women: What It Is and What It Should Be." Debate opened by Miss PYCROFT. Miss REA in the chair.

Nov. 24th.—"The Girl of the Past." Debate opened by Professor DOUGLAS. "The Girl of the Present." Mrs. ARTHUR FRANCIS. Mrs. HOWARD GLOVER in the chair.

Dec. 1st.—"That it is Impossible to Over-rate the Influence of Environment." Debate opened by Miss ELLEN CRICKMAY. Mrs. ARTHUR FRANCIS in the chair.

Dec. 8th.—"Some Defects of Modern Education." Debate opened by Mrs. DOWSON, L.K.C.P.S.J. Mrs. SAM GARRETT in the chair.

Dec. 15th.—Left open (in accordance with the wishes of some Pioneers) for Debate on any pressing public question of the moment. Mrs. CHARLES MALLET in the chair.

FURTHER ARRANGEMENTS.

It is hoped, in the course of the Session, that Mrs. ARCHIBALD LITTLE will give a lecture.

"At Homes," every Tuesday, 4.30.

Musical "At Home," the first Tuesday in every month.

Dec. 19th, 4.30 to 7, there will be a gathering of Pioneers who desire to commemorate the day as the birthday of the Founder and President, E. L. MASSINGBERD.

Practice Debate, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in the month, 8 p.m.

SEVERAL Tuesday afternoons have been well attended since the re-opening of the Club after the holidays. These afternoons are extremely pleasant re-unions, acting with excellent effect in making the members known to each other, and making each acquainted with each other's special work, special aims, opinions, and thoughts. The *Practice Debates* offer a great attraction and ought to be always well attended, they serve so well as a school for discussion.

The Library needs all the support which can be given to keep it in its present efficient condition. A few shillings spared now and then from the purse of each member would help it wonderfully. Let us not forget the needs of our Club while we participate in its benefits and enjoy its advantages. Those of us whose close work elsewhere, or incapacity for this special work or that, prevents our taking part on committees or in the government of the Club in other ways, have much reason to rejoice and be glad and grateful that this work is so well done by those ladies who have undertaken it, many of them adding these duties to exceedingly onerous duties elsewhere.

The Debates on Thursday evening form, and have always formed, one of the most attractive features of the Club.

The Parliament lately established is likely to be numbered in the same list. The members are united by an *esprit de corps* which does not seem to lack in power.

The first debate, Thursday, October 13th, was opened by Mr. Victor Fisher, who gave us a capital defence of the works and *motif* of Ibsen, as a writer and as a teacher of morals. He showed that we began to understand that truth was truth, requiring no supernatural inspiration to make it true. Only the *false* could not survive searching inquiry. Ibsen was the supreme dramatic exponent of this. He defended Ibsen from charges brought against him either of superfluity or deficiency of expression, and thought his admirers took no more from his writings, if even as much as Ibsen himself meant to give them. Many differed from this view, and the discussion was well sustained.

The debate on October 20th was heard by a crowded house. I regret much not being able to report it here. Discussion followed as to whether we were better off than our ancestors.

Mrs. Brownlow's excellent and most interesting lecture, I deeply regret being also unable to report here. Perhaps at some future time she may favour me with it for these columns.

I have received many pressing requests from Pioneers that I will not fail to report for the future, the debates and special doings of the Club. Serious illness, and special reasons, have been in the way for the last twelve months. I hope for the future to be able to comply with the request sent me by some of the most earnest among the Pioneers.

Meantime, we have reason to rejoice at the increasing purpose and good comradeship among the members.

The Grosvenor Crescent Club.

15, GROSVENOR CRESCENT, W.

AUTUMN SESSION, 1898.

Nov. 8th. —"That as a Delineator of Character, Dickens has been and is very much over-rated." Moved by Miss C. JEBB. Chairman—Mrs. WEED WARD.

Dec. 13th.—"Is Lady Macbeth really a 'fiendish Queen?'" Moved by Mrs. STOPES. Chairman—Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL.

AFTERNOON RECEPTIONS are held on the third Thursday in each month—Oct. 20th, 4 to 6 p.m., Music. Nov. 17th. 4 to 6 p.m. Music.

From the moment of entering this Club, where one is met at the door by the most admirable portress and the busy, smiling, ever-ready little girl in buttons, to the time of emerging once more into the open air, both members and visitors are struck with the cordial welcome, the friendly greeting, and the interest shown by all, so good to see. It is felt alike in Club and Institute, which are really one; in drawing-room and hall, in library, lecture-rooms, and private offices, and in the dining-rooms, where diners and servants enter into the general spirit, and show cordial faces and hospitable purpose to all who enter. This impression has been produced upon, and expressed to me by many, it is a great pleasure to reproduce it here, for without that charity towards others, that love which awakens cordiality, "though we speak with the tongues of the wise in learning, and the potent in place and power, it profiteth us nothing."

The Women's Institute.

15, GROSVENOR CRESCENT, HYDE PARK CORNER, S.W.

(A Meeting-place and General Information Bureau for those interested in Literature, Art, Women's Work, Social and Philanthropic questions.)

AUTUMN PROGRAMME, 1898.

LECTURES are given on the fourth Tuesday in each month, at 8.15 p.m., to which members are entitled to bring one guest.

Oct. 25th.—"Folklore." By PROFE SSOR RHYS (Jesus College, Oxford).

Nov. 22nd.—"Relations between rich and poor." By Miss MARY CLIFFORD, P.L.G. for Bristol). Chairman—The REV. BROOKE LAMBERT.

PRACTICE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Nov. 2nd (8 p.m.)—"Some of the essentials of a 'Woman's Paper.'" Moved by Mrs. SIBTHORP.

Nov. 16th (8 p.m.)—"The Art of conversation." Moved by Miss SUMNER.

Nov. 30th (8 p.m.)—"Dramatic Art." Moved by Mrs. COHN.

Dec. 14th.—"Modern Literature." Moved by Miss MAMIE BOWLES.

REUNION OF MEMBERS.

Wednesday Afternoons.—Members of the Executive Committee will attend from 3 until 6 o'clock in the Reading Room to meet members and answer inquiries.

Wednesday Evenings.—The Institute is open until 10 p.m., and meetings are held of the Practice Debating and Reading Societies; also of the Chess, Whist, Sketching, and other clubs.

(Non-members introduced by members may join courses of Debates, Readings, Lectures, or the Chess Club on Wednesday evenings, on the payment of 7s. 6d. for a course of six evenings. Non-members may also be introduced for a single evening on the payment of 1s.; but, unless taking the course, the same guest cannot be introduced oftener than once a month.)

A Series of Lectures (open to non-members) on ARTS AND CRAFTS and OPENINGS FOR WOMEN by well-known Lecturers, will be delivered on Monday afternoons at 3.30 p.m.

SERIES I.

The object of the Lectures is to show—

(1) What "Arts and Crafts" may accomplish for life as a whole.

(2) For women in particular.

Lecture 1. Oct. 17th.—"Arts and Crafts." By Mr. T. I. COBDEN-SANDERSON (to be followed by a discussion).

Lectures 1 & 2. Oct. 24th & 31st.—"Bookbinding" (with demonstrations). By Mr. T. I. COBDEN-SANDERSON.

Lecture 3. Nov. 7th.—"Glass Blowing" (with demonstrations). By Mr. THOMAS BOLAS.

Lectures 4, 5 & 6. Nov. 14th, 21st & 28th.—"Enamelling" (with demonstrations). By Mr. A. FISHER.

Lecture 7. Dec. 5th.—"Stained Glass" (with illustrations). By Mr. C. W. WHALL.

Lecture 8. Dec. 12th.—"Sundry Crafts for Women." By Mr. W. R. LETHLEY

SERIES II.

Lecture 1. Jan. 16th.—“Openings for Women.” By Mrs. PHILIPPS (to be followed by a discussion).

Lecture 2. Jan. 23rd.—“Journalism.” By Miss MARGARET BATESON.

Lecture 3. Jan. 30th.—“Gardening.” By Miss GOODRICH FREER.

Lecture 4. Feb. 6th.—“Photography.” By Mrs. WEED WARDE.

Lecture 5. Feb. 13th.—“Indexing.” By Miss SOMERVILLE.

Tickets, price 2s. each (Members of the Institute 1s.), may be obtained from the Secretary of the Women's Institute, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.; Messrs. Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside, E.C., and other leading agents.

The Arts and Crafts Lectures are of great interest, and are very well attended increasing each time in numbers, which must be encouraging. The musical afternoons, the debates, games, and other arrangements are now in full vigour and will continue it is hoped to interest numbers. One feature of this Institute, which gives special satisfaction,—if we may select one,—is the Practice Debate Society, which meets every fortnight, has a good attendance, and is marked by enthusiastic interest. It is the best perhaps of all the signs of usefulness, given so abundantly. The Institute numbers already over five hundred members, though it has existed hardly over one year, counting from its actual opening. A class for reading is about to be formed from which pleasing results are anticipated. A Glee Society is also forming and a class for Gymnastic exercises.

The meetings of Council, and of members, revealed a very prosperous and promising state of matters, and were the cause of much quiet triumph and gladness to those who had worked so well, Mrs. Philipps and those who have worked with her deserve heartfelt thanks from every member. To Mrs. Philipps specially our most ardent praise is due for her great efforts, her unceasing interest, and her unflagging patience. Every person who knows what effort it takes to keep in order and harmony even a small home of two persons, will be able to appreciate what Mrs. Philipps has done, is doing, and ever aspires to do. Surely we may give her in full the guerdon of our hearts' thanks, for this Club and Institute, is indeed a beautiful place to which we may wend for a quiet afternoon of reading; a sweet afternoon of thought exchange, with friends—who are one with us in our charmed circle, and who enjoy the privilege of coming as our friends, even though they be not members—an evening of intelligent participation in Debates or Lectures, an artistic time of musical enjoyment of games, of sketching and reading, and many other delights, accomplished or projected. So let our best wishes, and benedictions, go out upon women's institutions, they are the precursors of all of which we dream;—and of much more than we can yet see even in our greatest dreamings.

LADIES MAY OBTAIN A COMPLETE SECRETARIAL TRAINING in Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, and General Business. For terms and particulars, apply to the Secretary, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.

“THE DICTIONARY OF EMPLOYMENTS OPEN TO WOMEN” (with details of Wages, Hours of Work, and other information) by Mrs. Philipps, assisted by Miss Marian Edwardes, Miss Janet Tuckey, and Miss E. Dixon, is now ready. Price, 1s. 6d. net, post free 1s. 9d.

Orders should be sent to the Publishing Department, Women's Institute, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.

The *Echo* says: “It is a valuable and complete guide to Women's Employment, and the Women's Institute has earned the cordial thanks of all women.”

The *Daily News* says: “The Dictionary of Employments Open to Women is very useful. The range is wide.”

A Sunny Memory of a Sunny Day.

“AT HOMES” are now so general among us, so frequently are they the occasion of the meetings of societies and friends, that we are in some danger, as with all familiar things, of losing our sense of their great usefulness in the progress of the individual and of the community, also of the great help they may often give to struggling, seeking souls.

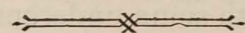
I had on October 1st, Saturday, the very great pleasure of receiving at my house, in conjunction with Miss Campbell Lang, my co-hostess, some members of the Women's International Progressive Union, founded by Mlle. Veigelé and others. This band of women are doing good work, and have among them many who are doing good individual work in addition to their labours and influence within the Society. Miss Campbell Lang is the president of this society, and Mlle. Veigelé, besides other work, performs the onerous duties of hon. secretary. We had to deplore the absence of the genial, kind-hearted president, owing to temporary illness, also the absence of the energetic hon. secretary from some cause unexpected. Their absence was very much regretted by all present, but, the cause being known, we felt that we must not disappoint either absent or present friends by unavailing regret. So in spite of these drawbacks, we moved on serenely. The warm bracing air, the blue clear skies, the genuine good temper and kindly joyous spirit of those present, combined, with some undercurrent of magnetic influences, to render the gathering one of the most enjoyable I have ever experienced, and if I may judge from the pleasure expressed by all, equally so to those present. Sunshine was in the air, on every face and in every heart, so completely did each of us seem to give care the go by, and abandon ourselves to the glad harmony of the hour. The weather was so fine—the very beauty of an “Indian Summer”—that we had tea out of doors, tea and talk; talk interesting, profitable, inspiring, on a variety of subjects. The party broke up into groups, each group having its own point to settle, its own gordian knot to untie; woman suffrage, phrenology, art, holidays and where they had been enjoyed, ordinary subjects enough, in the world of the present, but supremely interesting that day, or so it seemed to me. Deeper, more vital subjects were not left out, as was proved by the conversation carried on by a group most earnest of eye and expression, who with purpose keen yet humble, strove to explore paths less trodden perchance, the paths which promise to reveal somewhat of the life Beyond the Veil. Evidently, we had all opened our souls to the gladdening influences around, each face was lighted up with inspiration and hope. Some spirit of love, of more than human benevolence and goodness, walked among us surely; felt in every nerve, though unseen by mortal eye. We all felt it and were glad, glad especially because of those who stood beside us with helpful, inspiring words. Women were present who were engaged in all sorts of philanthropic work, filled with that love for human beings and animals, which is a benediction on the paths of others, and a light on our own.

After tea we re-united indoors, where a lady and a gentleman addressed a few words to the meeting, and another lady, a member of the society, recited for us a piece of exquisite meaning.

A desire for music being expressed by the company, it was gratified very generously by Madame San Carola, whose songs, “When Sparrows Build,” “The Last Rose of Summer,” and “Comin' Through the Rye,” took many of us back to earlier days. “The Charming

Woman," and a reading of "Auguste on the Underground," caused much amusement. Auguste's "voyage" seemed to suggest a return to the various homes, and soon after we broke up with regret.

I take this opportunity of thanking the ladies and gentlemen of the Women's International Progressive Union who met here that day, for the pleasure they gave me, and I venture to express a hope that they will visit me again. The only shadow, and that one shared by all—was the absence of those I, and others, had hoped to see, those who, could they have been present, would have contributed so much to the happiness of the day, the president and the hon. secretary. Next time (we all hoped) they would not be prevented coming, and we took the joy in hand—being, I think, the better and the wiser for having met in such sweet interchange of thought and kindly feeling. So, a benediction on all "At Homes" and on all who attend them, for quietly and surely they uplift us, to that longed-for time when we shall all know each other soul to soul. I am not a member of the Women's International Progressive Union, but it has my earnest good wishes always. This meeting of its members, I hope will be to those who were present, what it will certainly be to me, "A SUNNY MEMORY OF A SUNNY DAY."



Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

MRS. GRENFELL will give a course of six lectures on the above subject (introducing some interesting points of Egyptian Archæology), on the Wednesday Afternoons, 3 p.m., of November 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th; and December 7th and 14th, at the Pioneer Club. The above-mentioned course is elementary and designed to assist intending visitors to Egypt, and visitors to the rich collection of Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum and other European Museums, to understand and enjoy the remains of this most ancient civilisation, which was so exceedingly favourable to *women* [so different from the civilisation of the Jews, Greeks and Romans in this matter]. This civilisation has been preserved in the only true historic method absolutely reliable, *i.e.*, by *Art*, the art of the period; by statues, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, mural decorations, sarcophagi, and numerous other productions, preserved by the extraordinary climate, even down to *toys* and *games*.

Lecture I. November 9th.—"The Chief Goddesses."

Lecture II. November 16th.—"Symbols."

Lecture III. November 23rd.—"Stelæ" (in honour of women).

Lecture IV. November 30th.—"Amulets."

Lecture V. December 7th.—"Ushabtis."

Lecture VI. December 14th.—"Scarabs."

Further information can be obtained from the Editor, SHAFTS, 11, Westbere Road, Hampstead, N.W.

TYPEWRITING:—Scientific, Legal and General MSS. Actors' Parts, etc., copied accurately and promptly on the Remington Typewriter. MISS KING, Daisy Lodge, The Avenue, Cambridge.

Fireside Talks. I.

Persons—LIZZIE RAWLINGS.

EMILY GRANT (*her friend*).

Place—Lizzie Rawling's bedroom. (*A bright fire is burning on the hearth.*)

Time—10.30 p.m.

LIZZIE: What were you discussing with old Mr. Fusby to-night, Emily?

EMILY: Not discussing—talking.

LIZZIE: I stand corrected. Well, what were you talking about, then?

EMILY: Why do you want to know?

LIZZIE: Because just as Mrs. Markly interrupted you, I saw you turn a little red, and, said I to myself, now for one of Emmie's impetuous speeches. And then you quieted down just as suddenly, smiled very graciously at Mr. Fusby, went off with Mrs. M., and a little while after there you were thinking in a corner, never seeing me until—

EMILY: You pulled my hair. Well, there is nothing remarkable to tell.

LIZZIE: Tell me.

EMILY: Certainly. Mr. Fusby was talking about one thing and another—the weather, principally, I believe and then, *how*, I can't think—yes, I can—I said the roads were bad for cycling just now. Then we agreed that cycling was a most beneficial exercise.

LIZZIE: You mean you said so.

EMILY: Probably. Anyhow, Mr. Fusby said—not aggressively, but quite deferentially, in fact—that he thought cycling—with other things—helped to make ladies rather too independent now-a-days. That a certain amount of dependence was lovable in a woman, and—

LIZZIE: Well?

EMILY: That was all. Mrs. Markly came up.

LIZZIE: Ah, well, *you* don't agree with those antediluvian sentiments?

EMILY: No. But the remark set me thinking.

LIZZIE: Anything will do that. You think too much. You should take life easily, my dear—like me.

EMILY: Do be serious, Lizzie. No end of mischief comes through the improper clothing of ideas.

LIZZIE: Escort them to Jaeger for a hygienic outfit suitable to the impending cold. Come, now, I *will* be serious. What did you think after all?

EMILY: Well, I thought about independence. No one really objects to this, but is attracted by it, whether it exists in man or woman.

LIZZIE: Poor Mr. Fusby is a nonentity, then, not to be counted in at all. But there are a good many like him, only, unfortunately, they have twice his brain power, so their objections carry weight and influence.

EMILY: True enough. But it is not so much independence in the ordinary sense, that these clever objectors take umbrage at. It is the unusual independence of the pioneer, who must pay, it seems, a painful price for her daring originality and courage. I am rather thinking of the average man who generalises somewhat after the manner of Mr. Fusby. What does *he* mean by his objection? (*Pauses and stirs the fire.*)

LIZZIE: Go on.

EMILY: Independence is a virtue. Self-assertion a vice.

LIZZIE: Good as a copy-book, Emmie—proceed.

EMILY: (*Very earnestly.*) Oh, if all we women who have the cause of woman at heart would remember *that*. But we don't. True independence is noble and sublime—but—

LIZZIE: Human independence often takes self-assertion as a travelling companion—isn't that what you mean?

EMILY: Just so, Lizzie. And independence gets the blame.

LIZZIE: Well, Emily, it can hardly be helped. And, after all, in these strenuous days, a little assertiveness is a very good thing.

EMILY: It may be so. But if, together with our growing independence we could retain and cultivate some of the old-fashioned courtesy, we could do so much more I am sure. Then, too, alongside with that growth there should be the corresponding growth of a new chivalry—women respecting and showing consideration to each other both because they are women and human beings. Again, the brusque manner, want of deference to the old, and the assumption of superiority one sees sometimes in quite young girls is very painful.

LIZZIE: These faults are not confined to the very young of one sex, Emily.

- EMILY: I know. But we have such a battle to fight. Our cause is—not a sex merely, but Humanity. And it is a wise saying, "Let not your good be evil spoken of." And if our weapons are weapons of *grace*, as well as of might, they will be doubly powerful.
- LIZZIE: I quite agree with you. But still I think a great deal of the evil is inevitable—thinking of everything all round you know.
- EMILY: Yes. But if we wish to convince we must act out in our lives that grand independence which is—just dependence on the divine principle within. Then we shall be fearless yet humble, enthusiastic yet calm. *Then* we shall convince, and then—
- LIZZIE: Will be the millennium. Such independence is not easy, Emily.
- EMILY: It is the hardest thing in the world, (*pauses*). Ob dear! (*sighs deeply*).
- LIZZIE: Why, Emmie (*putting her arm round her*)—What's the matter?
- EMILY: Lizzie, Lizzie! It's so dreadful. To realise so much—and achieve so little.
- LIZZIE: We must achieve what we can. And now the best thing for us to do is to achieve sleep. To-morrow night you may try your skill in converting Ada, who is coming here in the morning. She professes to be a girl of the old-fashioned type—submissive to all the orthodox masculine ideas. Good-night—and don't think any more!

R. G.

The Perfect Song.

RABBI JEHOSSA used to say
That God made angels every day
Perfect as Michael and the rest
First brooded in creation's nest,
Whose only office was to cry
Hosanna! once, and then to die;
Or rather, with life's essence blent,
To be led home from banishment.

Rabbi Jehosha had the skill
To know that Heaven is in God's Will;
And doing that, though for a space
One heart-beat long, may win a grace
As full of grandeur and of glow
As Princes of the Chariot know.

'Twere glorious, no doubt, to be
One of the strong-winged Hierarchy;
To burn with seraphs, or to shine
With cherubs, deathlessly divine;
Yet I, perhaps, poor earthly clod,
Could I forget myself in God,
Could I but find my nature's clew
Simply as birds and blossoms do,
And but for one rapt moment know
'Tis Heaven must come, not we must go,
Should win my place as near the throne
As the pearl-angel of its zone,
And God would listen 'mid the throng
For my one breath of perfect song,
That, in its simple human way,
Said all the Host of Heaven could say.

J. R. LOWELL.

YOUR neighbour is yourself in a very real sense. Your true Self, the self which is at one with God, is in him as that God is in you. So the way to love God is to love one's neighbour—to love mankind—and the way to love mankind is to serve it—to give oneself freely and fully, for love's sake only, to social service with any and every talent or power one can command. And the man who honestly makes for his fellow-man the best shoes he is able to make, or who sweeps crossings, thinking only of doing the work well as he knows how, serves humanity as truly as does the genius in art or music, the preacher or the devotee, doing that which love bids him do—and he will as surely find God.—PAUL TYNER.

The Apotheosis of Vivisection.

THE vivisectionists are wiser in their generation than the children of Light. While the humane are *talking* the apostles of cruelty are quietly working out their ends. The agitation against the Academy of Torture at Chelsea has come and, apparently, gone; without appreciable effect. Now, with a flourish of trumpets, a similar institution at Liverpool is started upon its retrogressive career.

On Saturday, October 8th, a brilliant gathering met in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, to confer upon Lord Lister the honorary degree of Doctor of Science of Victoria University. Magnificent laboratories, erected at a cost of £28,000, have been presented to the University through the misdirected benevolence of a citizen of Liverpool. Amongst the crowd collected to do honour to Lord Lister were such professors of the healing art as Virchow and Burden-Sanderson, and now, with perfectly equipped machinery, the work of dissecting sentient creatures will go forward with renewed impetus. Under the polite euphemism "pathological research," thousands of harmless animals will yield up their lives in excruciating agonies.

The countenance of the Church was not wanting, for the Bishops of Carlisle and Liverpool took part in the procession, most of whose members were appropriately robed in the scarlet, fittingly symbolic of the work that day inaugurated. But we had hoped better things of the Bishop of Liverpool, who, if he had not raised his voice in protest, might at least have withheld the sanction of his presence.

Lord Lister felt compelled, however, to throw a sop to Cerberus in the shape of a half-hearted and most disingenuous defence of "modern methods": "If an engineer was to qualify himself for correcting anything wrong in a machine, not verbal descriptions or drawings would give the necessary information. He must see and handle the details of the mechanism and watch them at work." (It will be noted that Lord Lister appears to recognise a complete analogy between insentient metal and congeries of throbbing nerves.) "It seemed the veriest commonsense that the more practically familiar a man was with the structure and working of the marvellously complicated mechanism of the human body, the better fitted he was to deal with its disorders." That may be conceded, and we should support a measure giving every facility for a doctor to make himself "practically familiar" with the structure and mechanism of *any* human body, after death.

But if these arguments point anywhere, it is mainly and directly towards *human* vivisection. We know that *post-mortem* dissection is relegated to a very secondary place by these gentlemen and the "marvellously complicated mechanism of the human body" is unique—animals can only serve up to a point, with a grave doubt even then as to the similarity of many of their functional activities.

After special pleading of this sort Lord Lister went on to argue the necessity for "pathological institutions" to afford "exercise in the habits of accurate observation and *manipulative skill*" (*italics mine*).

He took occasion to eulogise continental methods and opportunities—anæsthetics take a back seat on the continent be it remembered. His tribute to the value of "pathological research" in the study of bacteriology could not have been warmer if Dr. Koch's "Consumption Cure" had stood the test of time, and commonsense; or the diphtheritic serum, lately so much vaunted, were not utterly discredited. Bacteriological research gave Pasteur to the world—what is the position of his method to-day?

Lord Lister went on to say that "Some, perhaps, might be disposed to object to such researches because they involved the sacrifice of animal life, but this was as nothing compared with what occurred for the supply of food to man." But two wrongs do not make a right, and the barbarities of the slaughter-house are no excuse for the refined cruelties of the dissecting table. Let Lord Lister put his own house in order. Apart from vegetarianism—which is daily gaining converts through its appeal to the humanitarian instinct—the public *abattoir* which the near future will bring, will pave the way to quicker and less painful methods of killing animals for food. Besides few butchers make a *business* of torturing animals; however careless they are of inflicting pain it has, usually, the merit of being temporary and ending in death. Those are not *invariably* the characteristics of the laboratory!

I am not certain either, about Lord Lister's *proportions*. To say that the pain of the laboratory is "as *nothing*" compared with the slaughter-house, is a strong statement. How many rabbits, frogs, monkeys, cats, passed through the continental laboratories—to say nothing of England—last year? How many more *this*?

The new Doctor of Science waxes eloquent on painless vivisection, "Of animal suffering he need hardly speak," says the report, "because in truth the pain involved was of the most trifling description. Anæsthetics had come to the aid of experiments on animals." Besides this beneficent office it appears that anæsthetics have "come to the aid" of the operator, for we learn that "they *prevent disturbance (!) from the struggles of the animal*, and they bestowed upon the operator the unspeakable comfort of knowing that it felt no pain." "Unspeakable comfort," so derived is good! Hospital patients could tell us something about that! The speaker assured objectors to vivisection that "if they knew the truth they would *commend* and not *condemn*."

The truth being that *if* they knew the truth the outraged humanity of the English nation would close for ever these temples erected to humanity's most insidious and dangerous vice—that of *cruelty*.

But *are* anæsthetics employed in the vast majority of continental laboratories? Are not licenses granted in England for experiments *without* anæsthetics? Are they *always* administered in places and by operators licensed only to use them? Are the Government Inspectors adequate to secure the enforcement of the law? Can the returns be relied on? Are breaches of the law—by famous operators—punished?

Lord Lister must know all these things, and *yet* "the pain involved" (in vivisection) "is of the most trifling description!"

But the meeting—Church and State assembled—who applauded, must equally share the blame.

Once Lord Lister waited on a Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was "greatly surprised" to learn that the removal of a monkey's brain was "probably" (!) unattended by "a twinge of pain."

The Chancellor probably displayed that urbanity which characterises high officials when in company with famous scientists—or else his credulity exceeded his acumen. And what is the precise value of "probably" in Lord Lister's explanation? How many "volumes" of agony does it admit or is it not a confession of entire ignorance?

The fact is that we cannot *trust* the vivisector. We do not believe in his "painless" experimentation. We doubt his "unspeakable comfort" derived from the results of anæsthetics. Behind closed doors, with only surgeons present, with inadequate Government inspection,

we doubt the use of anæsthetics in very many cases where they are *nominally* employed. We doubt the accuracy of the returns, largely dependent as they are on the operators themselves.

And we are of the "some" who object to vivisection root and branch. We deny the alleged benefits to humanity derived from it and if they were proven, we deny man's right to invasion and outrage of helpless creatures for such a purpose. Further if the benefits were proven—which they are not—the reflex action of these practices upon the operator are destructive of many qualities in the doctor which are fully as important as surgical skill or anatomical knowledge (and both these can be derived from *post-mortem* examinations).

But it is useless to argue, unavailing to plead, waste of time to pile up facts—except as "bye products" in the manufacture of a resistant force. If all who respect the rights of the helpless, who love mercy and would deal justly, desire to *stop* this outrage, to erase this blot on our civilisation, let them determine to employ no doctor who is not a signed opponent of vivisection. Question your "family doctor"—no matter how close a friend, no matter how long he has been your medical high priest—and if he speaks with an uncertain sound, employ him no more.

The pocket is the last Court of Appeal.

HUMANITAS.

"Intima Sacra."

THE following quotations are taken from *Intima Sacra*, a Manual compiled by E. M. Forsyth, from the writings of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland.

CONCERNING PRAYER.

"Prayer means the intense direction of the will and desire towards the Highest; an unchanging intent to know nothing but the Highest The command always is, 'To labour is to pray;' 'To ask is to receive;' 'To knock is to have the door opened.' When you think inwardly, pray intensely, and imagine centrally, then you converse with God.

"So long as Moses held up his hands towards heaven, the Israelites prevailed. When he dropped them then the Amalekites."

CONCERNING RE-INCARNATION

"There are three conditions under which the soul returns to the man's form, and they are these:—

"1st. When the work which the Spirit proposes to accomplish is of a nature unsuitable to the female form.

"2nd. When the Spirit has failed to acquire in the degree necessary to perfection, certain special attributes of the male character.

"3rd. When the Spirit has transgressed and gone back in the path of perfection by degrading the womanhood it had attained.

"In the first of these cases its return to the male form is outward and superficial only. Therefore is it—though a woman—clothed in a man's body that it may be enabled to do the work set before it.

"The second case is that of a soul, who, having been a woman perhaps many times, has acquired more aptly and readily the higher qualities of womanhood than the lower qualities of manhood. Such a soul is lacking in energy, in resoluteness, in that particular attribute of the Spirit which the prophet ascribes to the Lord when he says, 'The Lord is a man of war.' Therefore the soul is put back into man's form to acquire the qualities yet lacking.

"The third case is that of the backslider who, having nearly attained perfection, perhaps even touched it, degrades and soils his white robe and is put back into the lower form again. These are the common cases, for there are few women who are worthy to be women."

"Edenic Godliness."

"THE ancient, but by no means honourable, chestnuts about woman's sphere were gotten off recently by a Lutheran minister in Harrisburg, Pa., in a sermon to women. 'Woman,' he said 'was the crowning glory of Edenic Godliness' (whatever that may be); but, nevertheless, he assured us that God had given her a brain that was to man's as 45 to 54, and this indicated her divinely intended inferiority.

"It strikes us this is rather discriminating against the 'crowning glory.' He reasons from the above thus: 'Consequently God has intended that man shall do the thinking and regulate jurisprudence for the race, while the woman shall exercise herself with affairs of benevolence and ethics.'

"It is this divorcing thought and ethics that has brought about all the social injustice of the day. If ethics were allotted by divine arrangement to woman as her sphere, and she is, as the minister said the 'consummation and the flower and perfection and the crowning glory of Edenic Godliness,' is it reasonable to suppose that she has been furnished with an inferior brain to express that perfection? Would one not rather think that her brain would be as superior to man's as ethics—for which all thought processes exist in the last analysis—are superior to, and inclusive of mere intellectual thinking and as the consummation is superior to and inclusive of the incomplete rudimentary condition.

"He tells us 'the range and compass of her being far exceeds that of man.' How absurd then, that the lesser shall do the thinking and the legislating for the greater. It is as if the dominant chord in music should insist on all the harmonies of the octave being limited to its compass.

"The Tribune assures us that it has been nauseated with such ministerial mediators between God's intent and woman's destiny, and would not notice this sermon but to comment on the fact that it brought out a long and forcible answer in a Harrisburg paper by Dr. Agnes Kemp. As a fact bearing on the preacher's brain theory, she reminded him that a short time ago the brain of a woman was found to weigh more than any man's that had so far been tested, and it was the brain of a washer-woman. "The style of reasoning of the minister in question leads one to fancy that when his brain is submitted to a post-mortem he will be as astonished at the result, as that German scientist must have been who made many experiments, and wrote exhaustive essays to prove that woman's inferiority was necessitated by the relative smallness of her brain, and when his own brain was weighed it was found to be some ounces less than the average of women's brains.

"It has been demonstrated that it takes a smaller number of ounces of brain to keep a woman from becoming an idiot than are required for a man, showing that each ounce of woman's brain has more intellectual power than each ounce of man's brain. Woman's lesser size thus seems to be compensated by something in quality, while men of even a larger brain may be perilously near the point where their conclusions are of no value. It has also been demonstrated that woman's brain is larger in proportion to her size than is man's brain, yet these facts are persistently ignored, and ever and again from doctor, minister and legislator we have to hear about the smallness of woman's brain, disqualifying her for advancement and especially for participation in government."—*The Woman's Tribune*.

Love the Highest.

OH Love, how deeply hast thou been maligned!
Wise, strong and great—the guardian of the soul,
And parent of a noble self-control,
How otherwise hast thou been oft defined!
To thee what frailties of the heart and mind
Are reckoned!—foreign to thy self and goal,
No smallest part of thy all-glorious whole.
Thou art true light! We dare to call thee blind.

We who are selfish, weak and uncontrolled,
Ascribe our sins and follies to thy name.
We fail or change, then turn and call thee cold.
We come and go, but thou art still the same.
And e'en our human wrongs and griefs unfold
This truth—thine is the beauty—ours the blame.

R. G.

Jane Webster.

TROT,—trot,—our hoofs sound on the highway of life,
False and fearful—or brave, true and strong,
We meet our good fortune, disaster or strife,
With an oath, or a wayfarer's song.

Trot,—trot,—our steeds prance; 'yea, we canter them well
Where millions before us have trod.
Trot, trot, . . . at our side rides the Devil of Hell,
Trot, trot, . . . rides the Angel of God.

UP cheerily rose the morning sun;—darting across the eastern sky long streaks of silver. Up! up! sending streams of rosy light into the habitation of the human beings, who, in comfort or misery, sorrow or joy, had hidden themselves away from the night and the darkness; had crouched low from sorrow, remorse or pain; had rested with half-awakening eyelids that longed for the tardy day, to bring them back their waiting joys. Up! up! shining through every barrier, peering through every opening, peeping round every corner, where, closed and curtained against the wintry cold, the happy homes of England stood,—guarded, protected, blest. The SMALL World turned on its bed and waited, snugly ensconced, until its servants—as in paid duty bound—had arisen and prepared for its warmth and its comfort; had prepared for its nourishment physical, in the shape of delectable breakfasts all temptingly displayed on tables covered with snowy cloths, and bright with silver and china; rooms all glowing in the ruddy firelight, soft with carpets and cushions, warm and snug. Down stairs crept the Small World with a little smile, a little grumble and a little sniff of content. Everything was smoothed over and made easy, so the Small World breathed a pleased breath and congratulated itself.

It did not say it was glad, that, the Large World, the world outside, the world of poverty and struggle, starvation and sin, was shut out. Had it been courageous enough to have stepped within its own individual entrenchments, each, human, composing the Small World, would have discovered lurking away in a corner, of its seldom entered consciousness, a thing that smiled, well content; a thing that would have shrunk from comradeship with the great outside world to which the larger part of the human belongs, and would have laughed loud and long in the midst of its shrinking, when it could laugh so that none might hear. Was this thing that laughed the Small World's soul? Nay, surely!

Cheerily rose the sun over the eastern skies, shining into the slums and pestilential alleys where the GREAT World had its dwelling; where the Great World lived and moved, ate and slept. But a mist hung between the sun's rays, and where the multitude slept o' nights, its sad, heavy sleep. Now all were astir; all had been at work for some hours, scattered here and there, busy and dingy. Long before sunrise some had risen to their toil, their hard, laborious, ill-requited toil. The Gorgeous Centre of our solar system sent down rays of light impartially, upon the wealthy and upon the wretched homes. Some weary eyes looking up through the smoke into the far-off heavens, bethought them of trees, and fields, and sunshine, they used to live in. Through the darkened chambers of their souls a spring up-rose and flowed—a tiny rivulet, yet a branch of the River of the Water of Life.

Cheerily the sun's rays rose one morning in the October of our year of grace 1898, upon the eyes and the heart of Jane Webster as she

sat close to the window in a small room, in which every night, eight souls slept a restless, unhealthy sleep, after a hard day of hard, coarse work; badly clothed, badly fed, starved, body and soul. Jane was just finishing her work. When she took it back to receive her pay, Jane was told, "There's no more for you this week." She was stunned by the blow, for, coarse and badly paid as the work was, it was all she and her two children had to live upon.

Her husband was in jail for theft, and even when at home, if home it could be called, his earnings were very scanty. "If one putteth forth his hand to satisfy his soul with bread, he shall go free," an old law has declared. John Webster knew nothing of such a law, and those who condemned him had forgotten the spirit of its teachings. For days Jane went about seeking for work, with no success, utterly broken in spirit, starved, cold, miserable. Mad with the thought of her children, Jane resolved that something must be done. She was not a respectable, clean, well-looking woman, Jane Webster; she looked like the life she was forced to lead: a life full of fierce strife and hatred, a tearing struggle for bare existence—all of which showed itself in Jane's dirty, unkempt, ragged, even filthy appearance. Sometimes, even, Jane was intoxicated. Very little drink in a weak body, nearly all skin and bone, will intoxicate; and when one is low, faint and wretched, the temptation is great. For one whole week Jane begged from door to door, as she had often done. But begging is a poor trade. Virtuous, pious, church-going, well-conducted people often feel averse to giving repeated pecuniary help to "such a reg'lar one" as Jane Webster. Yet, repeated pecuniary help is what such as she are in sore need of, until provision can be made, whatever that may mean. Then the policeman has to be dodged, for one may starve, but must not beg.

At last Jane could bear it no longer; her fierce need and the crying of her children took away from her the fear which had prevented her from being dishonest—for I do not pretend to any great virtue on the part of Jane—which of us so situated would come out spotless? Jane begged from door to door, sick with her dread of the policeman and her want of food; from door to door she was refused. Poor Jane! have mercy on her. Coming at last to a back-door, where a woman was ironing, Jane watched her opportunity after a copper or a piece of bread had been refused; she watched long, for her need was dire; seizing hold of a couple of tablecloths, Jane fled, covering them with her apron. The lady of the house, passing through the hall, darrying her little child, perceived poor Jane and her theft. She set cown her child and ran to the door. Then began a struggle between the well-fed, comfortably-clothed mother of children, and the starved, hunted creature, mother of children also, mother of children who starved and cried for bread. The comfortable mother called out for help, when there leaped upon the scene a stout, well-fed husband and brother-in-law, who soon brought their quarry down. Jane gave up the articles which were to have bought bread for her little ones (perhaps at that moment she gave up her children too,—to what God, I wonder?). She begged hard for mercy; oh! how hard she prayed, oh how piteously she wept, her sobs and cries might have moved hearts of stone. She appealed to the mother, as a mother herself; she begged for mercy for her starving children's sake. Her tears, her utter wretchedness, might have atoned for many sins—she had returned the goods, be it remembered. But she wept and prayed in vain; the comfortable mother and her two valiant supporters triumphed. Their answer to

the miserable woman's many prayers and tears was a loud whistle, which summoned a policeman, and the broken-down one,—the unpitied fellow-creature,—was given into his care. The well-fed ones returned to their pleasant home; serene in the safety of their tablecloths. Soon they emerged on the way to church, to worship their God, in what they supposed to be His house. In due course they appeared to prosecute, and the poor woman was punished for the theft of the tablecloths she had restored, by a sentence of a month's imprisonment with hard labour. She need not fight against temptation to steal, poor thing, for another month at least. It would be a curious problem to solve how she feels to those whose mercy she begged. Is she cultivating, we may ask ourselves, the charity which beareth all things and is kind? or is it the Lex Talionis? Was it not right that Jane Webster should be condemned? I cannot tell, for I am outside of churches; but for the sake of those who went to church that day, I could wish that he who preached to their calm, uplifted faces had taken for his text "*When He maketh inquisition for blood, He forgetteth not the cry of the humble.*"

JAY NORTH.

THE POETS.

— Thus, my soul,
At poetry's divine first finger touch,
Let go conventions and sprang up surprised,
Convicted of the great eternities
Before two worlds.

What's this, Aurora Leigh?
You write so of the poets, and not laugh;

I write so
Of the only truth-tellers now left to God,
The only speakers of essential truth,
Opposed to relative, comparative,
And temporal truths; the only holders by
His sun-skirts, through conventional gray glooms,
The only teachers who instruct mankind
From just a shadow or a charnel wall
To find man's veritable stature out,
Erect, sublime—the measure of a man.
And that's the measure of an angel, says
The Apostle. Ay, and while your common men
Lay telegraphs, gauge railroads; reign, reap, dine.
I hold you will not compass your poor ends
Of barley-feeding and material ease,
Without a poet's individualism
To work your universal. It takes a soul
To move a body;
To move the masses, even to a cleaner style;
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's-breadth off
The dust of the actual. Ah! your Fouriers failed,
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within. ELIZABETH BARRETT (BROWNING)

THE NONPAREIL SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING, 14, MONMOUTH ROAD, WESTBOURNE GROVE, W., affords a good training to those who desire to make Dressmaking their Profession. New and excellent Chart System taught. Dressmaking at Moderate Charges. Ladies' own Materials. House Pupils received. Dressmaking by the Day. Apply, *Hon. Secretary*, at above address.

Sisters of Charity.

THE *Daily Mail* frequently contains many interesting articles of information in column four of page four, written by different writers, and written well. In one of these articles written by G. W. Stevens, in June of this year, under the heading, "In Search of a Famine, Division III., The Sisters of Charity," were printed, words so cognisant of a fact and of a great truth underlying it, that they well deserve the consideration of the readers of SHAFTS. From them I give the following extracts.

The Mother Superior is thus described:

"She sat among rolls of tweed and flannel in the little office of the factory. She was very short and small, the Reverend Mother, and I could hardly hear her voice for the clatter of the looms. But in her face sat capacity, as well as sweetness, and it had only needed the most casual glance at the institution of which she is head to teach me that here was one whose words on the problem of Western Ireland should not be allowed to fall to the ground.

"Before the Sisters of Charity set up their convent, seven years ago, the Foxford district was the most miserable in Ireland.

"Now the first thing that greets you is the clash and rattle of the wool factory. While members of Parliament have been sobbing and blustering about Ireland's throttled industries, women have set to work to restore them. They buy the peasant's wool at the door—naturally it is a far better market than he could find elsewhere in out-of-the-world Connaught—and teach sons and daughters to weave it. At the looms I saw only girls and boys, not one grown person, except the sister—elderly, quiet, spectacled, yet with a purely Irish smile lurking somewhere round her lips—who is manager of the factory. To the young people the convent was giving the best and the most needful of all good gifts—a trade.

"In another room a dozen girls were knitting stockings—by machine, for the Sisters of Charity are also women of business. Charity is not so very rare in this world, but sensible charity is rare enough to command enthusiasm wherever you may meet it.

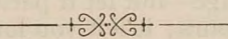
"From the knitting I went to the school—such a schoolroom as made you long to be young again, all glass and light, and air, and outside the green, sunshiny hills, and the rushing torrent of the river Moy. That river, I should have told you, turns every wheel in the factory; and observe once more that, while men were crying out upon the waste of Mayo's splendid water power, women turned to and made use of it.

"The next thing was the dairy, then the kitchen, then the laundry. All these are departments of instruction. The dairy, of course, buys its milk in the districts; so that here, again, the sisters both furnish a market and teach a trade. Likewise there is a poultry-rearing school, and I was rejoiced to find the Reverend Mother agree that for an all-round hardy fowl there is nothing like the Plymouth Rock. From the villages in the convent's sphere of influence—it extends five miles every way, which makes nearly 100 square miles in all—the Sisters collect and sell eggs; they go to Dublin, and the peasantry get the full price for them, only deducting carriage. That, you will see, they could not possibly hope to get anywhere else.

"But the factory, and the school, and the dairy class, and the laundry class, and all the others are only the beginning of the Sisters' work. For five miles on every side they take the place of landlord and poor-law guardians, and sanitary board, and school board, and charity organisation society, and every other function that is likely to do their people good. The landlord lives away in England, it is the Sisters who institute poultry shows and stimulate vegetable growing and teach the value of a nursing-crop sown with their oats. It is they who have lured the peasants to clear out the century-old manure pits, which lay breeding disease at the door of every hut, and to put their refuse on the land instead. They have given doors that will keep air out and windows that will let air in. They have even succeeded here and there in establishing the pig outside the house instead of in—just as easy, and healthier for pig and people, after once the Irishman sees a reason to do it.

"'We do it,' says the Reverend Mother, with her unspeakably sweet and humorous smile, 'by prizes. When friends send us seeds the people all want to be in at the divide, as they call it. But we only give them to those who have cleared away their manure-pits, and they come to know it. Then we give them new doors and windows for prizes if they keep their cabins clean. I remember in 1890, at the convent where I then was, we had a lot of money sent us to distribute; and it demoralised the people so dreadfully, I made up my mind they ought never to be given anything for nothing again.'

"In their own district the management of the relief-works has been almost entirely undertaken by the Sisters. When I drove out with the steward of the convent's good works, or whatever I should call the man who is the Superior's representative in managing the people, I saw the entirely wise and practical form which the relief had taken. Off the main road, again and again, I saw new roads running to where you could see thatches rising over the confused boulders. All these are new-made this year, and all lead to villages where before nothing on wheels could ever come. Where before a donkey with panniers could hardly go, you could now, with care, drive a coach and four. Twenty-three such roads in all have been blasted, and metalled, and rolled by the people they are to bring into living touch with the outside world."



A Teacher.

KISAGOTAMI had been married early, and while still a girl gave birth to a son. When the boy was able to walk by himself he died. The young girl, in her love for it, carried the dead child clasped to her bosom, and went from house to house asking if anyone could give her medicine for it. At length a wise man understanding, her case, thought with himself: "Alas! this Kisâgotami does not understand the law of death. I must comfort her."

"My good girl," he said, "I cannot myself give medicine for your child, but I know of one who can."

"Oh, tell me who that is," said she.

"The Buddha can give you medicine, you must go to him."

She went to Buddha, and doing homage to him said, "Lord and Master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my child?"

"Yes," said the teacher, "I know of some. Get me a handful of mustard seed." But when the poor girl was hurrying away to procure it, he added, "I require mustard seed from a house where no son, husband, parent, or slave, has died."

"Very good," said the girl, and went to ask for it, carrying still the dead child.

The people said, "Here is mustard seed"; but when she asked, "Has there died a son, a husband, a parent or a slave, in this house?" they replied, "Lady, what is this that you ask? The living are few, but the dead are many!"

Then she went to other homes, but one said, "I have lost a son"; another, "I have lost my parents"; another, "I have lost my slaves". At last, not being able to find a single house where no-one had died, she began to think, "This is a heavy task that I am on". And as her mind cleared, she summoned up her resolution, left the dead child in a forest, and returned to Buddha.

"Have you procured the mustard seed?" asked he.

"I have not," she replied; "the people of the village told me that 'the living are few, but the dead are many'."

Then Buddha said, "You thought that you alone had lost a son; the law of death is among all living creatures, there is no permanence."

Thus he cleared away her darkness of mind, helped her to contentment, and numbered her among his disciples.

MAX MULLER'S *Lecture on Nihilism*, p. 16,
Buddhaghosha's Parables, p. 98.

The Women's Battle March.

PART II.

MARCH away, for the world is old;
 The hearth is cold, the wind is sighing;
 Sing the feudal funeral song
 The world along—for the Age is dying.

March away, for the world is young;
 The song is sung of the Phoenix wonder,
 Born in a blast of the lightning fire
 On an iris pyre, with the summer thunder.

Weep not, women, for the age—
 Queen nor sage—but let it perish;
 It never was yours; it left you lorn—
 The age new-born is yours to cherish.

Weep not, women; smile and tend her—
 Her, the slender babe that lieth
 Fair and weak on the mother arm;
 Who shall harm, though the cycle dieth.

Who shall harm her if you be true,
 Only you, the great All-mother?
 You shall lead her soon and late;
 Be you great, she can be no other.

She is great who fears no work
 But the lurk of Eve within her;
 Blest be the hand that never disdained
 Task ordained!—the lowly spinner!

But now we spin a double thread;
 Make our bread for a twofold hunger,
 So long, so long the world went bare
 Of mother-care when time was younger.

Are you loved? Go softly you
 Till day is done; but in your garden
 Give the buds to the poor in state
 Without the gate—or joy will harden.

Have you lack? Then God hath sealed
 You in the field to Messiah's order.
 Give yourself on the altar-stone
 Till day is done at the Beulah border.

Swerve not, women; march together—
 Upper, neither, sister-banded—
 Wan, or blest with wine and oil
 Brown with toil, or lily-handed!

The dear dead mothers under the yew
 Never knew the hope ye carry;
 Deemed their lot to the judgment day
 Only to pray, and spin, and marry.

Their faith was the well in the world's rock;
 Who shall mock, or who disparage?
 Never you, whose horoscope
 Hath higher hope and holier marriage.

Blend their sweet report with yours;
 Love endures, though wisdom groweth,
 On Pisgah mountain faith is sight;
 And the night like a phantom goeth.

Have you levered the world an inch?
 Never flinch, if the death-wound hover;
 But give your hand with loyal breath
 To honest Death as to a lover.

For law is love to faith complete,
 And service sweet to all who crave it;
 And life a warrior's marching mile
 To yield with a smile to God, who gave it!

JESSIE MACKAY

Choice Bits from Choice Pens.

WITH OCCASIONAL COMMENTS.

ONE could believe in many persons' standard of purity if they were as anxious about the morals of their sons as they are about those of their daughters.

It is only those who love peace with their whole hearts, who are willing for her sake to make them ready to do battle.

It is only the wise who can see the great in the little.

Woman's dependent position coerces her to overlook and condone much, that with more power she would condemn in the other sex.

Ideas often seem familiar to us which we have never perhaps before seen put into words. The greatest writers are those who have interpreted to us the echoes of our own hearts; those strange mysterious voices that are always patiently crying to us from afar.

The greatest wrongs are those unrecognised.

Those who have shirked the battle are often the most clamorous for the prize-money.

While we live, let us be alive.—E. WARDLAW BEST.

A lion lies under a hole in a rock, and if any other lion happens to pass by they fight. Now, whoever lies under a hole in a rock and fights with everyone who passes near, cannot possibly make any progress.—SYDNEY SMITH.

Until woman learns to conduct her relations with her own sex on the same principle as that on which men act, the sisterhood of women will never come within measurable distance of the possible. When woman stands shoulder to shoulder with her sister in public and private life, she will stand at the very gates of her kingdom abreast of that "brave vibration, each way free."—From the "Ascent of Woman."

When ye shall love and treat each other as brethren; when every one, seeking his own good in the good of all, shall unite his life to the life of all, his interest to the interest of all, ready at all times to devote himself for all the members of the common family, and these equally ready to devote themselves for him; the greater part of the evils under the weight of which humanity groans will disappear, as the vapours which load the horizon are dispersed by the rising of the sun. And what God wills shall be accomplished; and His will is that the scattered elements of humanity, gradually united more and more closely by love, and organised into a single body, should be ONE, even as He is ONE.—LAMENNAIS.

Happily man cannot so place his brother that his misery will continue unmitigated. You may dwarf a man to a mere stump of what he ought to be, and yet he will put out green leaves. Free from care we benignly observe of the dwarfed classes of society, but we forget, or perhaps have never thought, what a crime we commit when we rob men and women of their cares.—CABLE.

"That most pitiful of all holy things an Indian mother."—CABLE. [It is well for the man who can recognise the holiness of motherhood. It is a sure gauge and test of refinement, and the ascension of the spirit, which must be unstaying, to be true advance.]

"A woman-like delicacy that yet was not effeminate."—CABLE. [What does the writer mean here by effeminate? Of all the words we use of strange and distorted meaning and questionable application, there is none surely so much to be condemned as such use of the word effeminate. I wonder that women tolerate the use that is made of this word. From what source does it spring? and why should it be so used? why should any word derived from woman be used to express what this word is always intended to express, and what is certainly not a feminine characteristic?]

"That profound respect, which is woman's first foundation claim on man."—CABLE. [It seems strange that a writer who could pen such words as these, should be capable also of misapplying the word *effeminate*.]

"Do you not see," said Aurora, "why this practical world does not permit ladies to make a living? Because if they could, none of them would ever consent to be married. Ha, ha! women talk about marrying for love, but society is too sharp to trust them. It makes it *necessary* to marry."—CABLE.

"A gentleman they say is calm-eyed; so is a cow, but in the eye of a good woman there is a peace which comes from many generations of mothers, who every one Christs according to their way, have suffered their heavier share of the Eden curse."—CROCKETT. [Are *curses* the outpouring of the vials of a God, upon poor humanity? Is the persecution of the physically weaker, which has shown itself, and is still manifested in all the world, the intention of a benignant power, or the result of the spontaneous selfishness of earlier development which seeks always to seize all for itself; until having passed through all stages it learns at last its lesson. Why are women Christs? Because they stand on the last of earth's planes of experience, which teaches supreme endurance and supreme renunciation.]

"It is the same in essence to rule Craig Ronald as to rule Rome" CROCKETT. [Within the home is learnt the lesson of government; the lesson which leads to the perfection of all government. Women possess the very governing principle, and she who rules her home with impartiality, wisdom, justice, mercy and discrimination, may without fear step on to the throne of any kingdom, however great. It will be to her merely an enlarged home.]

I feel very lenient towards what are, artistically speaking, inferior works of fiction, if the authors have only a glimmer of truth in their notions of the social problem. Grant Allen's *Philistia*, and Walter Besant's *Children of Gibeon* and *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* are worthier on account of their subject than more artistic books that ignore the slavery and misery of nine-tenths of us as completely as if such things never existed.

A Woman's Complaint.

I know that deep within your heart
You hold me shrined apart from common things,
And that my step, my voice, can bring to you
A gladness that no other presence brings.
And yet, dear love, throughout the weary days
You never speak one word of tenderness,
Nor stroke my hair, nor softly clasp my hand
Within your own in loving, mute caress.
You think, perhaps, I should be all content
To know so well the loving place I hold
Within your life, and so you do not dream
How much I long to hear the story told.
You cannot know, when we two sit alone,
And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred,
My heart is crying like a tired child
For one fond look, one gentle, loving word.
It may be when your eyes look into mine
You only say, "How dear she is to me!"
Oh, could I read it in your softened glance,
How radiant this plain old world would be!
Perhaps, sometimes, you breathe a secret prayer
That choicest blessings unto me be given;
But if you say aloud, "God bless thee, dear!"
I should not ask a greater boon from heaven.
I weary sometimes of the rugged way:
But should you say, "Through thee my life is sweet,
The dreariest desert that our path could cross
Would suddenly grow green beneath my feet.
'Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds
That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers,
But just the drops that, rising to the skies,
From thence descend in softly falling showers.
What matter that our granaries are filled
With all the richest harvest's golden stores,
If we who own them cannot enter in,
But famished stand below the close-barred doors?
And so 'tis said that those who should be rich
In that true love which crowns our earthly lot,
Go praying with white lips from day to day
For love's sweet tokens, and receive them not.

The Advance.

Dummies.

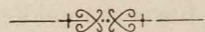
IF women do not want to remain political dummies they must go into constituencies with their own candidates and break up the power of their foes and cause them to be defeated at the polls, then they will be listened to, but not till then. Acts of Parliament are never passed out of abstract love for ideal justice. The Franchise will not be conferred upon women until they have proved that they really want it, and the easiest and most effective way of proving that they want it is by going into the constituencies and defeating the candidates who oppose it. If women generally were in earnest they would do this, but they are not in earnest and they know that they are not in earnest. The political education of women is still far from complete. They do not appear to realise that the enfranchisement of women would be the greatest political change since Magna Charta, and nothing but the determined attitude of women themselves can bring it about. We are glad to find that some, however few, of the Women's Liberal Associations are beginning to realise that they themselves must strike the blow if they would be free. The complete enslavement of women is proved by the fact that they do not vehemently rebel against their bondage. Indeed, there are millions of them who believe that their slavery is a Divine arrangement, and that God Himself is the author of their degradation!—From the *Cambrian News*.

A Word to Women Electors.

REMEMBER THAT YOU HAVE VOTES FOR THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

Do you wish to assist in obtaining the removal of an unjust legal hindrance against women serving on the County Councils? This hindrance, six Judges have declared, disqualified women from sitting on County Councils. If you feel this to be unjust, then at the coming Election only vote for those Candidates for the London County Council who will pledge themselves to support a petition, signed on behalf of the Council, praying the House of Commons to pass a Bill to enable women to become members of County Councils. During the first London County Council Election in 1889, two women were nominated and elected to that Council—Lady Sandhurst for Brixton, and Miss Jane Cobden for Bow-and-Bromley—and Miss Emma Cons was afterwards elected an Alderman by the representative members of the first London County Council. It was decided after lengthy and expensive law suits that women were not eligible because the word Person in English law does not necessarily denote women, except for purposes of *punishment or taxation*. Two large London Constituencies returned women to represent them in 1889, therefore at least some London Electors are in favour of women representatives on the London County Council. Brixton and Bow-and-Bromley stood nobly by their elected women representatives during their fight in the Law Courts. Afterwards a large majority of the members of the first London County Council petitioned Parliament to pass a Bill qualifying women to become members of County Councils. Women are wanted on the London County Council, especially on the following Committees:—Housing of the Working Class Committee; Improvements Committee; Industrial and Reformatory Schools Committee; Parks and Open Spaces Committee; Theatre and Music Hall Committee; Public Health Committee; Technical Education Board; Asylums Committee; Baby Farms.

There are 8278 women lunatics in the Asylums under the control of the London County Council, and no woman on the London County Council to watch over their interests. Women Electors of London! You number nearly 100,000—do not be indifferent! Only give your votes to those candidates who declare themselves in favour of "The County Councillors (qualification of women) Bill," and who will promise, if elected, to sign a petition in its favour. Then at the next London County Council Election you may have the satisfaction of voting for a woman candidate.



New Books now Ready.

The Pathway of the Gods, by Mrs. Mona Caird (Skeffington & Son, London.) Price 6s.

(This book is written in Mrs. Caird's usual vigorous style, and is full of meaning, will be reviewed in next issue.—ED.)

Singings Through the Dark, Poems by Dora B. Montefiore (London: Sampson Low Marston & Co., Ltd., St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.). Ready in October, 1898, small post 8vo, cloth extra, price 3s. 6d. (Mrs. Montefiore's songs reach the heart and point ever to a high and higher life, we are impatient to see these Poems.—ED.)

Magic Lantern Almanac and Annual for 1898-9 (Third year of publication). Edited by J. A. Taylor; was published for the second time last year, and owing to its continued success a much larger circulation is anticipated this year. It will be published early in October, and will contain a mass of information appertaining to the Lantern and kindred subjects. It will be most valuable to all interested in those pursuits. The advent of animated photographs has awakened wide interest, and where formerly hundreds felt interested in Lantern matters thousands are now taking up the subject. It will be fully dealt with by competent writers. Price, Paper, 2s.; Cloth, 2s. 6d., postage 4d. extra. Dawbarn & Ward, Ltd., 6, Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C.

Vivisection.

MR. ERNEST BELL, long a faithful and ardent opponent of vivisection, in his remarks on the Parliamentary return of experiments on living animals, says:

The number of vivisectors has increased from 213 of the previous year, to 236, and the grand total of experiments made during twelve months has now reached the large number of 7,500, being an increase of 2,821 on the preceding year. We are told that "the large increase . . . which has been noticeable for the last few years, is likely to continue." The excuse for this increase is that so many animals have this year been inoculated with rabic virus and various matters to see whether they would contract rabies or other diseases. Of course some did contract the diseases, but here again we are kept in the dark; no mention is made of the numbers, and all the experiments are put down as "painless." The well-known vivisector who drew up the Report of our Hydrophobia Commission in 1887 made a good many cruel experiments in a similar way. In his Report he said, that, while the virus was being squirted into their brains the animals were rendered insensible with chloroform or ether, and he adds to this, the footnote that "all the experiments performed in this inquiry were thus made painless." When challenged with this at a public debate, he tried to evade the issue by saying that the animals contracted paralytic rabies, which was not painful, and when gently reminded that by his own showing an equal number contracted "the ordinary furious form of rabies," he said that he considered that was not painful either. This shows how little reliance can be placed on the assertions in these official Reports that an operation is painless. Of the after effects of the 5,984 inoculations here recorded, and characterised as "the prick of a needle," we hear nothing. Did none of them have any effect at all, or did the poor victims die after days or weeks of pain or misery from rabies, meningitis, "crater-like ulcers" in their eyes, and the other sports of the physiologists? Inoculations, we are told, are largely used for the diagnosis of disease, and "to decide whether valuable herds of animals shall be sacrificed or preserved." Judging by the results of the physiologist's "decision" to preserve the valuable herds in South Africa, the farmers must be beginning to think that the less they have to do with inoculations the better. Anæsthetics are mentioned, and we are told that all the operations, after which the animals are allowed to live, "are done with as much care as are similar operations upon the human subject, and the wounds being dressed antiseptically, no pain results during the healing process." Such an assertion is doubly misleading. What human beings, for instance, have their kidneys dissected out and lifted from the body, while their nerves are plied with electricity, or when do they have great pieces sliced and burnt out of their brains, or their hearts exposed and needles thrust into them. Or what human being ever undergoes any severe operation under morphia and curare? The latter drug, while it paralyses motion so completely that the breathing has to be kept up artificially through a cut made in the windpipe, does not deaden but, on the contrary, *increases* the sensitiveness to pain. For this reason it is not allowed under the Act to be used as an anæsthetic, but the vivisectors are permitted to use it in conjunction with an anæsthetic. The result of this is, that while the poor creature is lying as rigid as a corpse under the influence of the curare, there is no possible way of telling—what is *always* rather a critical matter—whether or not the anæsthetic is having the desired effect. Are human beings ever treated like this? and if not, why does the Inspector imply that the animals are no worse off than they are? Of the beneficent results generally supposed to come from vivisection, the Report is always very reticent. We certainly find a long list of diseases, including consumption, diphtheria, plague-cholera, anthrax, cattle plague, pleuro-pneumonia, and small-pox, of which we are told vaguely that "knowledge has been increased by inoculation experiments," but as they all keep on their deadly course with unabated virulence, apparently a little stimulated if anything by the physiologists' unclean and unwholesome methods, we cannot feel very grateful for the "increased knowledge" said to have been acquired. It is noticeable that rabies is not mentioned in the list of diseases studied. Can it be that the researchers have at length come to the conclusion that they have learnt about it all they ever will by their methods, namely, nothing; and, after the torment of "innumerable" animals, have given it up in despair. It is interesting, too, to see that smallpox *has* been studied. This must mean one of two things, either that Jenner's vaccinations are not now held to be the satisfactory protection frequently asserted, or else that the vivisectors carry on their experiments in these diseases merely for the sake of experiment, and with no reference to the practical utility to mankind. The one redeeming feature of the Return is the apologetic tone in which it is written, the obvious effort of all being to make out that they are not so bad as they seem. It shows a great advance on the tone of twenty years ago, when a vivisector

(licensed again last year we see) could boast that he had "no regard at all" for the sufferings of his victims; and another could claim that if he bought an animal he had a right to do as he liked with it. They no longer venture to talk like this. When the Prince of Wales, before opening the new wing of a hospital, feels constrained to announce publicly that he has been told that there are no wicked vivisections carried on there, we may take heart. The vivisector, specially licensed to live down to a lower standard of humanity than his countrymen, is no longer a leader of public opinion. He now comes before us as an apologist. He has practically admitted our contention that it is not justifiable to inflict severe pain on animals for his own ends, and the only means by which he dares to carry on his cruel practices is by misrepresenting their real nature. The same spirit of increasing humanity which has been working for the last twenty years will, we can be sure, continue to develop, and the vivisectors and their cruel work will become, more and more, objects of mistrust, dislike, and contempt.

ERNEST BELL.

Reprinted from "The Animal's Friend," July, 1897.

"Of One Blood are all the Nations of the Earth."

"WE are brethren, in spite of all race hatreds and national prejudices; it is good to see a group of people gathered together from different nations of the earth, united, with one object, in one high and worthy aim, and in the recognition of mutual responsibilities. Such a union is a protest against disunion and national jealousies and hostilities; a leaven whose wholesome influence overcomes much evil and prejudice, while furthering the common object in view.

"It is strange to observe the tenacity in some minds of long-inherited and traditional feelings of coldness or dislike to "the foreigner." It is a remnant of savagery which needs to be mercilessly and indignantly cast out of the heart.

"It is told of a rough Lancashire 'navvy' that, seeing a man unknown to him approaching, he said to his mate, 'He's a stranger! heave half a brick at him.' That is the rude honest expression of a feeling which was, and is even now too common to the insular Englishman when he contemplates a Frenchman, or a German, or a Spaniard.

"Warm patriotism, love of one's own country, is not opposed to the true cosmopolitan spirit. The spirit of Christ, is an international, universal, all embracing, spirit. Those in whose hearts this spirit dwells will be freed from all trace of any secret coldness, or contempt for the members of other nationalities or races.

"In the Hebrew Scripture the divine injunction is constantly repeated, to the ancient people, to consider, to receive, and to honour, the 'stranger,' and every blessing promised to the household which fears God, is extended to 'the stranger within thy gates.'"—From "The Storm Bell."

FROM "THE BETH BOOK."

OF a gentleman, a visitor of Beth's, Dan Maclure, as might be expected from such a husband, is jealous, and deeply offends her not only by his silly jealousy, but by his abominable language. Her reply is suggestive; brave women will soon compel respect even from bad husbands.

"Beth did not wince, but oh, what a drop it was from the heights she had just left, to this low level! 'Be good enough to explain your meaning,' she said quietly. 'I understand that you are bringing some accusation against me. It is no use blustering and shaking your fist in my face. I am not to be frightened. Just explain yourself. And I advise you to weigh your words, for you shall answer to me in public for any insult you may offer me in private.'

"Dr. Maclure was not prepared to face a mere girl who boldly refused to suffer indignity. He was not prepared for such a display of self-respect."

For The Sake of a Pure Life.

I WANT to recommend to the readers of SHAFTS that useful little paper, *The Storm Bell*, edited by Mrs. Josephine Butler. It ought to be in the hands of the people; it is small, easily carried about, easily read, and full of information and words of the most noble import. Those who have now and then a little money to spare, would help the cause of morality greatly by purchasing monthly, or now and then, a hundred copies (price 5s.), and distributing them wherever they can. We have been sorry to miss it for two months, and joyfully welcome its re-appearance. The "Bellringer has been taking some sorely needed rest, and we are glad she has; it is well deserved and has been well earned. *The Storm Bell* is 1s. 6d. per annum, post free, 1½d. each post free, and issued monthly. All information can be obtained and the little paper itself procured, by application to Miss Forsaith, 17, Tothill Street, Westminster, London. There also is situated The Women's Local Government Society. So much good work has its business centre and source there, that the address has become endeared to many, many thousands.

I have the pleasure of distributing a number of copies of *The Storm Bell* each month. The October number contains, among other interesting matter, some notices of that striking personality and ardent worker, Louise Michel; also of Mdlle. Vidart and her work, and of Madame Bogelot, the faithful friend of Louise Michel.

From the account of the London Congress of July, I cannot forbear quoting the following words uttered by that faithful, now aged worker, Dr. Nevius:

"It is impossible to exaggerate the influence of a mother on the future life and character of her sons. There is almost no period in the life of a boy too young to require the loving watchfulness and training of a mother. She can discern, as no one else can, the dangers and temptations that the boy may be passing through, whether at home, at school, or at the place of business, and she can warn him and counsel him, gently and efficiently, as no man can do. Do not let the mother shrink from this anxious and sometimes painful duty; for it is she who is so pre-eminently qualified to strengthen a son of feeble moral constitution, to encourage a timid one in his combat with evil, and to help the fallen to rise again and persevere more manfully in the future. It is she, who, both by example and teaching, can train up her sons to treat all women with respect and honour because they are women. Their own mother is the woman who can root it as a fundamental principle in their minds that no other mother shall ever suffer shame through their having brought disgrace upon her daughter, and preserved by such teaching they will be strengthened to pass through the fiery temptations of even Indian Army life; and on their return home they will come back to call their mother blessed, and to lay their honours at her feet, instead of blaming her in their hearts, if not even upbraiding her with their mouths, for having allowed them to encounter the temptations of life unwarned and unarmed, and to be possibly, in consequence, sufferers for years, if not even wrecks for life, as we have read of only too lately in the reports of disease in our Indian Army.

"Let the mothers and sisters of to-day do their part, and they will raise up a generation of sons and brothers of whom they and the whole British Empire may deservedly be proud—instead of an army which has become almost a byword for its sanitary inefficiency from disease in India."

Irreparableness.

I HAVE been in the meadows all the day,
And gathered there the nosegay that you see;
Singing within myself as bird or bee,
When such do field work on a morn of May;
But now I look upon my flowers—decay
Hath met them in my hands, more fatally,
Because more warmly clasped; and sobs are free
To come instead of songs. What do you say,
Sweet counsellors, dear friends? that I should go
Back straightway to the fields, and gather more?
Another, sooth, may do it—but not I:
My heart is very tired—my strength is low—
My hands are full of blossoms plucked before,
Held dead within them till myself shall die.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Correspondence.

VESTRIES AND VIVISECTION.

DEAR MADAM,

You will, of course, have noticed in *The Times* that the Vestries of London have been instigated to approach the London County Council with a view to the Council inaugurating a great Bacteriological Laboratory. You are, of course, aware that whilst this may partly be in the nature of *chemical* work, at the same time experiments on living animals are inseparable from bacteriological research. This is undoubtedly a movement promoted by the Vivisectionists amongst the Vestries and County Council. What it amounts to is, that, failing to get endowment out of the State, they are now endeavouring to get it out of the rates controlled by the County Council. It is most necessary under the circumstances, that you should at once obtain the names and addresses of your representatives on the County Council and write them at once as a ratepayer, and if you are not a ratepayer then write as a citizen, protesting against any public funds being utilised for this purpose. It would greatly strengthen our case if you started by calling attention to the present heaviness of the rates and your strong objection to anything which will increase them; then you can go on to refer to the fact that the plague has been introduced into Europe through these laboratories, and wind up, if that is your view, by suggesting that, in view of foreign competition, a better outlet for the Council's surplus revenues, if any, can be found in the support of technical education for the working classes. I send these hints with all respect, as a letter which only refers to the torture of cats and dogs will probably carry no weight whatever.

I hope you will be able to do this at once, as no time must be lost in affecting the minds of the County Councillors in our favour. Your Vestry clerk will be able to give you the names and addresses of your representatives on the Council.

I am,

Yours faithfully,
SIDNEY G. TRIST, *Secretary*.

THE CYCLE AS A FACTOR IN CHARITABLE WORK.

MADAM,

I daresay some of your readers may be interested in a very unpretentious bit of charitable work lately done in the North of Spain, in which the bicycle was a factor of very great importance. A gentleman, Captain Seppings Laws, resident in the South of France, was greatly touched by the deep misery existing across the borders, owing to the breadwinners of the various households having been taken for the army during the late war between Spain and America, and he decided to do what he could to alleviate it. He visited the various localities on his cycle, thus expending no money in travelling expenses, and appealed to the English public through the columns of the *Morning Post* and the *St. James' Gazette*. Two ladies, Miss Brackenbury and Miss Parker, helped him, the former by writing to the press; while both ladies did their best among their friends. The result has been that £117 has been disbursed among the poor people in the North of Spain, who are still undergoing great privation owing to the war and the long drought, and of this, not one penny has been used for expenses of work. Should any of your readers feel interested in the matter, Miss Parker, of 410, Clapham Road, is still receiving donations. The cycle is a factor for good, and it is pleasant to find it associated with works of charity.

Yours faithfully,

A. GOFF.

WOMAN RATE-COLLECTOR IN IRELAND.

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP,—We are informed that the Irish Local Government Board has refused to receive the deputation from the Guardians of the Clogher Union, Co. Tyrone, respecting the appointment of Miss Magill as rate-collector.

We shall be grateful to you if you will kindly publish this fact.

Yours faithfully,

M. P. STANBURY,
Sec. Women's Local Government Society.

THE MEMORIAL

Of the Ratepayers of the Auchnacloy District of Clogher Union in the Counties of Tyrone and Donaghlan.

TO THE IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD, made this first day of Sept., 1898.

Sheweth—

- 1st.—That Ann Eliza Magill was, at the death of her father, duly elected Poor Rate Collector for this district on the 11th June last, gave satisfactory securities, was ready to perfect the requisite bonds and enter on her duties when your Board disqualified her as being a female.
- 2nd.—This appointment was eminently satisfactory to us, we being well acquainted with the obliging, ready, honest, active and careful manner in which she helped her father in this duty for five years. She is personally a favourite with all classes and creeds, and we believe no one will collect the rates with less trouble than she can.
- 3rd.—We therefore humbly beg your Board to reconsider your decision, and sanction Miss Magill's appointment, and we pledge ourselves to make the duties as light as possible for her.

And your Memorialists will ever pray,

Signed by 360 Ratepayers.

WHITE CROSS LEAGUE.

DEAR MADAM,—Can any reader of *SHAFTS* give me definite information as to the "White Cross League"? Is it a League for men? To whom must I apply for details in the case of one desirous of becoming a member? I shall be very grateful to anyone who will kindly reply in *SHAFTS*, or send to me through you, dear Madam, the details I am so anxious to know.

Yours very gratefully,

B. FULLERTON.

NURSING CONCERT.

THE MATERNITY CHARITY AND DISTRICT NURSES' HOME, HOWARD'S ROAD.

To the Editor of SHAFTS.

DEAR MADAM,—I am organising a grand Floral Bazaar and Concert at Lord Percy's house in Grosvenor Square, on Oct. 26th and 27th, in aid of Sister Katherine's Nursing Work at Plaistow, E., which is greatly in need of funds to enable it to meet the increasing demands of the winter months.

The Countess Percy is generously lending her house, 28, Grosvenor Square, W., for a Grand Floral Bazaar and Concert, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 26th and 27th, in aid of Sister Katherine's well-known Nursing Work at Plaistow, E.

As the Bazaar will be largely supplied with Chrysanthemums and Fruit from the world-renowned gardens of Syon House, we may anticipate a veritable Flora's Feast. The names of well-known artistes, who have kindly promised their services for the concerts, will be announced later. Tickets (including admission to concert), first day 5s., second day 2s. 6d., may be obtained (by letter) from Miss M. M. Birkett, 45, Oakley Street Flats, Chelsea. As only a limited number can be issued, early application is recommended.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

MARY M. BIRKETT

Elocution.

A SERIES of Lecture lessons in Elocution will be given by Miss Rose Seaton at 9, Harrington Road, S. Kensington, at 4 p.m. on the afternoons of *Saturday, October 8th, 22nd; November 5th, 19th; December 3rd.* Tickets for the series £1 1s.

Miss Rose Seaton has gained so complete a knowledge of both the science and art of the powers of the voice, that she must be an excellent teacher. Personally I esteem it a great privilege to hear her read or recite. Her voice has a tone, a compass, and a music, that gives to the words she reads, or recites, not only their full meaning as they appear to the reader, but the meaning which must have been in the soul of the writer. Perhaps even beyond it, for indeed she seems to read into each line the fuller and deeper thoughts of a later age.

TEA ROOM.—Tea, Coffee, Chocolate and Vejos, etc., always ready, Luncheons, etc., at 2, New Cottages, Reighton, *en route* between Scarborough, Filey, Bridlington and Flamborough. [The opener of the above proposes that Refreshment Rooms, dainty and attractive, on vegetarian lines, should be opened on all the main roads throughout the kingdom. She thinks it the best way, or one of the many best ways, of helping along this reform in food. Funds are required. We heartily wish her every success, for certainly such houses are at present few and far between.—ED.]

FORMER NEWNHAM STUDENT, with excellent testimonials, seeks engagement as Secretary. Experienced in taking down shorthand notes on scientific and literary subjects, and transcribing them on the typewriter. First Class Certificates for Shorthand (Pitman's System) and Typewriting, Knowledge of Book-keeping, thorough Grammatical and Conversational Knowledge of German acquired during three years' stay in Berlin, Advanced Mathematics (Honours in Mathematical Tripos, Cambridge, equivalent to B.A. degree), good French and Latin. Would undertake translation from German and French, or give lessons in any of the above-named subjects.

[The lady who has recommended the advertiser for a post as Secretary, and has been her instructor in type-writing and shorthand, is personally known to me. No one could be a better judge of capability.—ED.]

LECTURES, RECITALS, AND TUITION IN READING AND SPEAKING. MISS EMILY HUGHES, Teacher of Reading and Elocution, is prepared to accept engagements in Schools, Private Families and for "At Homes," Literary Institutes, etc. Terms: 10 Lessons in Class, £2 2s.; ten Lessons, single Pupil, £3 3s.; Full Evening Recital, £3 3s.; One or two items, £1 1s. Terms can be arranged for Private Pupils, for continuous instruction in Schools, and for preparing Pupils specially for Recitals and Dramatic Performances. MISS HUGHES has an extensive repertoire suitable for "At Homes," etc. Application for any further particulars will receive immediate attention if addressed to MISS EMILY HUGHES, 96, The Grove, Ealing, W.