


"SHAFTS"



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT.

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. V.

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No. 2.

What the Editor Means.

WEDNESDAY is generally looked upon in the House of Legislature as a day to expect something a little more interesting than the usual run of dry-as-dust parliamentary debates. When the Bill for Women's Suffrage is to be brought before the House members usually expect a little fun, either from the successful dodging of those who have arranged to talk the Bill out, or to dawdle out some other unimportant matter so as to take up the time which ought to be devoted to the discussion of the Bill. The more important any movement of reform is, the more opposition it is sure to meet; this has been so since time was young, therefore it is not to be wondered at that the enfranchisement of women should gather together the hostile ones, loosen many base, angry tongues, for when what is and has been is threatened by WHAT IS TO BE, "Crete meets Crete," and then comes "the tug of war," yet it is truly wonderful, even somewhat of a tragedy, that M.P.'s, credited with many attributes, such as good sense, understanding, etc., should have nothing better to offer against the earnest demand of earnest women than the silliest funnyisms that ever disgraced a newspaper. Women, who are loth to war against their sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, friends, hesitate to declare open hostility, and strive to arrange the new régime, the inevitable new régime, by a process of peace and reason. But women are nevertheless determined to win, and nothing shall stop them in their course. The contrast between what was going on inside the House during the discussion of the "Bill" and the quiet, patient attitude of the resolute expectant women who waited results in the Lobby, could not fail to strike any one present, must have presented itself to many who merely learnt the fact from the newspapers.

There were present in the Central Hall waiting, waiting, standing for hours, many of the most earnest among women workers—some who had been agitating for their enfranchisement for over thirty years, many grown grey in the service, such noble service too, for a reformer expects nothing personally, knowing that all the powers of evil will be brought against the powers of good in the effort to defeat its purpose.

They made a fine appearance there, many of them handsome, all clever, sense and intellect plainly written on their resolved faces. "Not the kind of women men want to see," some paper said. No! What kind of women do men want to see?

But even women, accustomed as they have been to the most careless, dishonourable disregard of their claims, cannot offer any excuse for the flippancy of the would-be wise M.P.'s who treat so serious and important a subject with drivelling speeches, hardly to be dignified by the name of ridicule. Fortunately there were men in the House capable of perceiving somewhat of the very serious and important nature of the measure, which accordingly passed its second reading by a majority of seventy-one votes. When the news came down to the anxious crowd of women waiting, a shout went up from their ranks—such a musical shout of gladness as has not yet been heard in those halls of musty ideas. The papers written by pens guided by the hands of men who *do not know*, called it screaming. To those women it sounded like

sweet music ; which will be heard again there, many and many a time, and the day of its ringing is not far off.

What is wanted now from women, is hard work, earnest work, intelligent work. Surely the most humble devotee of those in power must see that from them, of their own act, the Suffrage will not be obtained. Women must decide not only not to work for those men who will not vote for their emancipation, but resolutely and determinedly to work against them.

What is to be the further fate of this present Bill? Are we to be treated to a few more of those scurvy tricks by which the Suffrage Bill has been shelved before, just at the last, when women's hearts were full of hope; or will the nobler policy of our friends in the House prevail? Much will depend upon the way in which women work. I should not like to be answerable for the results which will accrue from a much longer delay in the settlement of this act of JUSTICE to women.

Grave, resolute conduct, and the joining together of women as women, fighting against injustice, irrespective of party considerations, will prevail, and that alone. Put away all lesser differences, gather as one determined band.

The Poor,

IN an excellent letter written by A. M. Beddoe, Guardian of the Poor, to the *Morning Post*, a proposition is made with regard to children under the Poor Law. A. M. Beddoe suggests that the children should have two foster mothers, the one paid, the other unpaid. I should like to record some experiences which I had eight years ago of some such arrangement.

I was a working associate of an Association for the Care of Friendless Girls, and I found the difficulty of placing out illegitimate children (whose mothers were obliged to enter domestic service so as to provide for their offspring) very considerable, for as everyone must admit, farming out babies is a grave undertaking, fraught with danger, both as to the possible neglect of the poor little ones, and as to the sad possibility of the mother deserting her offspring.

At last I hit upon a plan which I found worked admirably. *When I knew enough of the mother to trust her that she did not mean to desert her child*, my plan was as follows: I arranged with two single ladies who lived near a small town in Suffolk to be responsible for the care of my poor little children. The arrangement worked perfectly, they made a rule that the babes should be brought to visit them, for their inspection, once a week, and the mothers used to bring me letters from the foster mothers, telling of comfortable cots and warm little extras in the way of clothes, and all sorts of kindnesses shown by the *unpaid* foster parents to the children. As recommended in the letter from which I have quoted, the *unpaid* foster parents were the channel through which the money was paid.

If people would only realise what an endless vista of beautiful potentialities for repressed maternal feelings this scheme might become, it could, I think, if properly directed, be a triumphant answer to many who think because a woman has not had the experience of the pure heart throb which motherhood alone can give, that her heart dries up; whereas surely if anything it is even devouter, certainly more purely unselfish, if the love and care be expended on someone else's babe, and that a babe whose own father has denied it, and whose mother, poor soul! finds its very existence the one thing which drags her down.

ONCE A WORKER.

IN December issue I asked my readers to send me one shilling in postage stamps. Such help I shall need only to ask once from each, if done generally. It will be easy for each one, and a great help to me, for SHAFTS is read by many beyond those who subscribe for it. So SHAFTS' debt will be paid when all respond. I have had generous response from about thirty persons, but not yet in sufficient numbers. People do not understand, or I should have money coming in, enough and more than enough.

M. S. S.

BEWARE of supporting hospitals not under public control and inspection.

Pioneer Club Records.

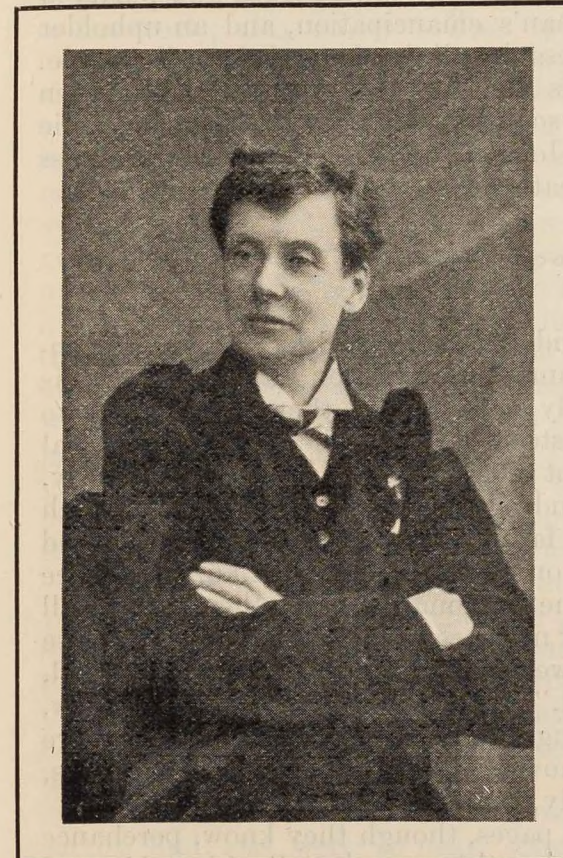
THE STORY OF ONE WHO LOVED AND WORKED COUNTING THE WORLD WELL LOST.

Go to thy rest, from thy long labour cease
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest work is done
Go, from the heart of battle in great peace
Soldier, go home, with thee the fight is won.

ANON.

AND in the wind and rain I try to light
A little lamp that may a beacon be
Whereby poor ship-folk striving through the night
May gain the ocean course, and think of me.

BUCHANAN.



PRESIDENT, PIONEER CLUB.

ABOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision rais'd its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT

HERE'S a sigh for those who love me
And a smile for those who hate,
And whatever sky's above me
Here's a heart for any fate.

MOORE.

"NO EFFORT FAILS."

NEVER a word is said
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may sing in our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But like flashes of the sun
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorest need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine and its tears;
While to-morrows stand and wait
Like silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity;
And the here is over there,
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

ANON.

KAPILA, Kapila, so young and true,
I yearn for a glory like thine,
And hail thee from battle to ask anew,
Can ever thy valour be mine?

Kapila sat on his charger dun,
A hero never so grave,
Who loveth all things hath fear of none
'Tis Love that maketh me brave.

Kapila, Kapila, so old and grey
The Queen is calling for me,
But ere I go hence, I wish thou wouldst say
How wisdom first came to thee.

Kapila stood in his temple door,
A priest in eremite guise,
It came not to me, as men get their lore,
'Tis faith that maketh me wise.

FROM BEN HUR.

Not vaunting any daily death,
Because she scorns the thing that dies,
And not in love with any breath,
That might proclaim her grand or wise.

Wont if a foe *must* be o'er thrown
To count, but never grudge the cost.

True sympathy, a light that grows,
And broadens like the summer morn,
A hope that trusts before it knows,
Being out tune with all the scorns.

ANON.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

LONGFELLOW.

Dedication.

TO ONE WHO LOVED HER FELLOWS IN EVERY SCALE OF LIFE, ANIMAL AND HUMAN.

"A VALIANT WOMAN, HER PRICE IS FAR ABOVE RUBIES."

As a Woman's Journal, SHAFTS dedicates this and the next two issues to the memory of a great and noble woman, Mrs. Massingberd, the President of the Pioneer Club, an untiring advocate of temperance, truth and purity of life, an indefatigable worker for woman's emancipation, and an upholder of the cause of freedom and progress in all lands and for all people. This Dedication will run through this and the next two issues, nor then will the dear remembrance of a life so full of blessing to others ever die out of the Pioneer Club or of this Journal, which records its progress through experience, to great, and greater light.

Very simple, very beautiful, and in the record of its sincere endeavour, having no need for embellishment in narration was the life of this ardent soul in this stage of its earthly development, therefore I desire to tell her story to others who loved and esteemed her—either through personal knowledge or repute—as a friend might talk to a friend, lovingly and gently, of one beloved and gone away. For indeed the words are deep down which flow tenderly from my pen "Mine own familiar friend," words which will find an echo in many, many hearts. No one, however loved can fill the place which has been truly occupied by the personality of another; so we all mourn a presence gone, a voice heard no more in our midst, an eye whose smile made much of our sunshine; we weep for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." Our tears must sometimes flow, and our hearts feel woe-stricken, though we know that she would reprove our grief, though we know that even now she is with us still; often with us, and able to help us all the more surely, that she is higher than we.

Many eyes will fondly con these pages, though they know, perchance even better than I, how far beyond what this pen can tell, this noble soul was a friend and benefactor to all who came near her. The help required by those among whom we dwell is not always of a pecuniary character; help of another nature is often more yearned for. It is enough to say that Mrs. Massingberd was never deaf to a call for help, whatever the nature of that help might be.

The portrait here given, presented to me by herself, is, as portraits often are, a very inadequate representation of a face over which the lights and shadows of thought played perpetually, producing an ever-changing expression. It hardly reveals to the one who looks upon it that great heart, through whose generous thinking many boons were won for many needs, more especially the Pioneer Club, that Boon of Boons for women. My pen insists upon writing her as our PRESIDENT IN PERPETUITY, for as such those Pioneers who worked with her will ever love to think of her. Believing, too, as so many of us do, in the unceasing communion of those who go, with those who remain, we know that though not seen by the eyes of this habitation, she is not lost to us—a little further off perchance.

What then shall be said of the President of the Pioneer Club! Accredit her with what faults you may choose—she would not have

flinched, or denied any faults she may have had—but "write her down as one who loved her fellows," that alone shall be her exceeding great reward; that ocean shall wash into oblivion all faults, real or attributed; that shall fill the new life to which she has gone with an ever-continuing light, making her great and strong. For such love hath cleansing and exalting power not to be expressed: flooding the whole being with rapture, and those who are filled with it shall evermore lead the world.

Around the semblance of the beloved face I have placed some of the different sentiments in verse quoted in her honour, as applicable to herself or her work; also others written specially for her in her honour and in loving remembrance of her by some of the Pioneers—"My Pioneers," as she loved to call us. Those for which room cannot be found on this page will appear later. It is well fitting that this little history should appear in SHAFTS, for to SHAFTS she was ever a true friend and helped it out of many difficulties. The encouragement and help given by her ever ready sympathy, by the fact that I knew she was my friend, can never be forgotten by me. No words can express its value. Thoughts of her can never be separated from my work in this journal, especially when recording the doings of the Club. As her smile was my best reward for any trouble work so pleasing to me could give, so will the thought of that smile, perceiving from afar off, gladden me still. So just was she that in spite of all the help she gave so freely, she was not in the least disturbed or offended when I told her that "even she must not interfere with SHAFTS." She shook her head and laughed and said, "Oh no, I should not DARE! Oh no, no one must interfere with SHAFTS." I see her merry face and living presence before me as I recall the scene.

When writing "The Story of the Pioneer Club" in these columns last year, it occurred to me to send the proof to her to see if there might be any information concerning it important to add. She wrote begging me to take out some sentences I had written in her praise, well deserved—less than deserved! When I remonstrated, "No, dear '93," she wrote, "do not praise me like that, I do not deserve it; do not praise me at all till I have passed over."

I replied, "Oh, what a long time to wait," little thinking that our sorrow and loss were so near. Now that she has passed over, my pen might be unloosed, but I feel still that her gentle hand checks its ready flow, and I dare not write all I would.

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Dealing first with that later portion of Mrs. Massingberd's life on this earth, that portion which has been filling the hearts of Pioneers since October, 1896, I record with sorrow that the last time the President was seen by most Pioneers, was on the occasion of the Debate of October 1st, "That a professional career does not unfit a woman for domestic life." Upon that occasion the President spoke a few words, and none could have told that she was suffering, though at that time she had been feeling ill for some weeks. She was of a brave, cheerful spirit, and would not say she was ill even when questioned on the matter by those who saw she looked worn. "Oh, no, dear Pioneer," she would answer with so kindly a smile that it hushed fear, "only a little tired. I'm all right." By October 8th the news of her illness had reached most members of the Club, also many who knew her who were not members. A want of cheerfulness, rather than actual depression, hung over the Club that evening, and many will remember that the subject was "The Condition of the Spirit after what seems the death of the Body, the Ending of one Stage of Evolution." A curious coincidence it seems now, as we sadly recall the past.

A conviction shot to my heart on hearing how ill the President was, that never more would her bright face and sunny presence be seen in the Club. Not to myself only, but to others, this stunning conviction came, striking us dumb, with a blind, groping sorrow that hardly knew what it feared. It was a sore trouble to us all that she was away, so far, instead of being amongst us, in her home at Bruton Street. But her medical adviser had ordered perfect rest and quiet; it was, indeed, absolutely necessary. The operation she underwent she partially recovered from, though remaining weak and ill. It was at this time I received from her the following short note, showing how the objects for which she worked lay, even in her suffering, so near her heart.

DEAREST MRS. SIBTHORP.—I wonder if you quite understood my letter the other day about *vivisection*. I was very hurried and may not have been plain.

The Rainbow series gives splendid facts and are quite cheap.

We are doing splendidly at our Office, 118, High Street, Notting Hill. Our Hon. Secretary wants more help in office work. Could you find her any? Also could you send all Bayswater people you know to sign the petition? or any others, and as many others as will go. We must work hard against this awful cruelty.

Ever your affectionate President,

November 26th, 1896.

E. L. M.

So cheerful were her letters at this time, so thoughtful and kind her Christmas presents, that they deceived us as to the true nature of the illness and the danger, and made us hopeful in spite of knowledge. Wearily and anxiously the weeks passed on, and over the debates a shadow hung as we waited and hoped,

“Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied.”

Messages from Llandudno were made as hopeful as possible, but slowly there dawned upon us the certainty that our Alpha and Omega was preparing herself for flight to a far country. Her sufferings were great; bravely borne; every little bit of easy time being made the most of and enjoyed. Those who sat at her bedside tell how she would joke with them, laughing and relating amusing anecdotes almost to the last.

At a very late date in her days of suffering I received from her own hand the following lines:

Thanks so much, dearest Mrs. Sibthorp, for your kind letter. I am glad you are going to the dear old club again. [It was a way she had to call anything she loved in this way “Dear old” person or place all the same.] I hope every one will unite, will do their best to keep the club together, to hang together in spite of little differences. I am getting a little better now, but one has to have much patience. Will you give my love to all who ask after me, and to yourself.

Ever your affectionate President,

E. L. M.

My own letters to her, from being a little discursive relating to matters I felt would interest her dear heart, had changed to a word or two of cheer, and longing love.

The last, besides a few words of affectionate greeting, simply contained these words from an old Scotch song:—

“Sweet the laverock’s note and lang
Liltin’ blithely up the glen
But aye to me he sings ae sang
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better loved ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?”

In placing this account of our beloved President within the Pioneer

Club Records, I have done it, as in fancy keeping her within the Club where she so loved to be, where her spirit is still.

When the news of the President’s death came to the Club, and to her friends, it was a crushing blow, as death always is at the last in spite of little hope. The Club rooms seemed strange; all felt that a great light had gone out, and it was for a time impossible to feel anything but a sense of our irreparable loss. The following beautiful lines were written by a Pioneer in memory of her suffering and of her quiet going to sleep at last, leaving all pain behind:—

A step is on the stair, a Presence in the room,
A Presence radiant fair, advancing through the gloom,
A shimmer as of morn hovers round its head,
It comes as comes the dawn, so silent is its tread.
The suffering loved one knows the long expected friend,
Who comes to heal all woes, and bids earth’s sorrows end,
Who comes to ope the door, and set the Spirit free,
Chained since the hour of birth in sad mortality.
Once more that ardent soul through dim eyes closing fast,
Looks forth in mute farewell, but steadfast to the last.
The Presence draws more near, with gracious yearning sign,
We shrink and greatly fear our loved one to resign.
She feels the healing touch, and hears the whispered call,
The shadow of a palm across her breast doth fall.
We feel a soul has “passed,” we know we are bereft,
That Presence came alone, but not alone it left.
We can but hope and wait, till some day mid earth’s strife,
That presence opes the gate, and gives us fuller life.

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

On the evening of Friday, the 29th of January, the body of the busy worker who seldom during her active days had time to sit quietly down and let thought go free, was brought up to the Church of St. John’s, Westminster, where it lay in a perfect rest and peace all night from 10.30 p.m. to 8 a.m. on Saturday morning.

As in the dim light of the early morning we stood in a sadness that held gleams of joy as we thought of the friend now lost to sight, yet still alive with an existence deathless and bright, we hardly realised any sense of loss.

When the urn containing the ashes of the friend so dear was placed under the altar, a great shock of desolation and grief shook us. But the words, “Say not good-bye, but in some other land bid me good morrow,” rung their gladdening chime in our hearts, and we felt that sorrow was out of place, while she whom we loved rejoiced. By a curious and remarkable chance the Memorial Service, performed by our President’s old and esteemed friend Canon Wilberforce, was held on the same day as the Bill for Women’s Suffrage—that emancipation of women for which Mrs. Massingberd had worked for so many toiling patient years—was being discussed in the House of Commons. It was alluded to by Canon Wilberforce with hopes of its success.

Many of the Pioneers, in their badges and colours, waited in the Central Hall all day, leaving for the Memorial Service and returning after it was over. It was what the Founder of the Club would have done herself, and her presence seemed to possess us all, as we patiently and hopefully awaited the result. Many felt that an influence from the strong soul freed for its higher working and upward flight, filled the spaces around.

In the Church on that day, so sacred to our memory, the scene was solemnly impressive as the Pioneers, British women, and members of other societies, filed up and round the aisles, and seating themselves filled the church.

The words of Canon Wilberforce were touchingly suited to the time and place, to the sorrow he felt as we did, and to the trust in a "good morrow" in the future, so clear to us all as he spoke. His words "that it had seldom been his lot to meet with such a heart as hers, so responsive to all tenderness, to all pity, to universal love, yet with an intellect sharp as a two-edged sword, that he was speaking of one gone, yet in her presence," were spoken as by one who knew, and felt, their truth. All present joined in the Amen; and felt the faith in the future suggested by the prayer he uttered for one gone from us.

Below I give a description of the beauty and freshness, the touching appropriateness of the magnificent offerings of flowers, covering the chancel floor and grouped around the urn in its casket which stood amid them all, as quiet, as full of a sweet strange peace, as the flowers themselves which in their exquisite loveliness—

"Sang of wonders beyond the sky,
Of a god-like dream, and of gods in a dream,
Of a dream that cannot die."

(To be continued.)

FLORAL OFFERINGS AND ARRANGEMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

I am indebted to Mrs. Wynford Philipps for the following description:—

The oaken urn was placed in a bier of tray shape with flowers—snowdrops—growing on each side; the whole covered by a large white corded silk pall beautifully embroidered, the work of the Kilburn Sisters.

The central floral tribute, placed in front of the urn, was sent by the members of the Pioneer Club. White hyacinths and lilac were arranged as if growing from a flat surface, raised into a mound towards the centre. The initials E. L. M. and the various mottoes being picked out in violets:

"It is enough to have deserved." "Love thyself last." "One and all." "All the hands of comrades clasping. Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

"Doney." From Carol Mary Langton King. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Flowers: virgin lilies (six-petalled lily).

Mrs. Herbert Cromwell Collier: White geranium and winter roses.

"In loving remembrance from Mrs. Theodore Monro." Wreath of ivy.

"Bond of Union amongst Workers for the Common Good." Wreath of white hyacinths.

From Mrs. Hyde. "To where beyond these voices there is peace." Harp of violets and lilies of the valley.

From Margaret Arden. In most affectionate remembrance. "Somewhere far off, pass on and on, And vanish into night." Anchor.

From Miss Bourne: Anchor of violets and hyacinths.

Wreath of violets and snowdrops.

From "Diana." Wreath.

British Women's Temperance Association. Arum lilies, with white silk streamers bearing the device, "Triumphant over pain."

Women's Suffrage Society. Chaplet of white lilies and green (pine?) leaves.

Shakespeare Reading Society. "The poor rude world hath not her fellow." Heart of lilies of the valley and roses.

"Till with sound of trumpet, Hark, loud and clear, I hear it wind. Pioneers! O Pioneers!" Wreath of white tulips, lilies of the valley and white asters.

From Miss Bristow, 215. "In loving remembrance of my President from her loving Pioneer." Snowdrops.

From Mrs. Wynford Philipps. "In loving memory of her who struck the noble chord of love, and faith, and work united, and who brought new harmony into many lives." Harp.

From Mabel Burrows. Wreath.

From Miss Caroline Wedgwood. Wreath.

"With the dear love and lasting remembrance of her own truly attached Secretary" (Name illegible.) Wreath.

From Mrs. Thomas Fawcett. Cross of double tulips and lilies.

From F. Chester. "He giveth His beloved sleep." Wreath.

From Mrs. Eva McLaren. Wreath (?)

From "Pioneers." Two floral hatchets crossed, and tied together with white, black, and grey silk streamers:

"We'll say not good-bye
But in some brighter clime,
Bid thee good-morrow."

From E. M. D.:

"Dust to the dust; but the pure Spirit shall flow.
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion to the eternal which must glow,
Through time and change unquenchably the same."

From M. C. "To the blessed one who saw heaven so plainly when she was leaving us to go there, with its carpets of violets and pansies (love and union) and clouds of rose-pink (birth)." Wreath or heart (?) of violets and pink carnations.

The floral offering from Pioneers was arranged by a Pioneer, Mrs. Heron Maxwell, of 19, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W. For the beautiful result of her tasteful designing, a collective letter of thanks was sent to her through the Secretary of the Club. "Only love," writes a Pioneer to me, "could have thought out and planned a design so representative of our President. It seemed as if Mrs. Heron Maxwell had put her heart into each flower." That is true.

The thanks of Pioneers are also due to Mr. Halford L. Mills and his assistants, who performed the ceremonies of cremation with so much decorum, reverence and good feeling.

Meditation.

LEAVING the sacred precincts of Westminster, like the poet "I stood"—at mid-day, not at midnight—"on the bridge," and lost myself in a reverie, while I watched the flowing waters of the Thames.

As I followed the ancient bridges, spanning the restless turbid tide, I thought, somehow unaccountably, of the numberless suicidal tragedies these solemn piers have looked upon. That day I had seen, in the public parks and elsewhere, many a poor workman, unemployed and desperate; and perhaps the memory, that haunted me like a phantom, gave a sombre colouring to my view of life, as symbolised by the dark rolling river, winding, wending, night and daytime, to the ocean—whence it came. How many a poor outcast, who has sought in the wide city and has found no trace of charity, has here found rest and consummation in a death, that after all is often kinder and lovelier than miserable life.

I believe that five millions of living souls inhabit the city of London; and what percentage, think you, of that seething multitude, can be called truly happy? Said Carlyle to the Utilitarian: If what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, then are we all astray! Alas, it is too true.

For sometimes, as we think of life's incessant tragedy under the immemorial image of a restless river, we are overwhelmed with the dullness and the weariness of it, the traces of hard labour, floating on its surface, lashed occasionally into angry foam, the lazy creeping of the tide under the noon-day sun, but above all the rankness and the foulness of those eddying waters, telling that beneath, deep in the river-bed, the stream is clogged and glutted with dark mud and slime, where dead dogs lie—as we view all this, we are apt to forget that here also might have been a clear crystalline river, translucent from its surface to its inmost depth, no death, no mud, no stain, but only ever-flowing life, breaking from pure fountains, and advancing onwards, amid pleasant pasture, and with blessed music, onwards to the ocean wide and free.

Oh, why despair, philanthropist, to stem and purify this river of life? make its banks lovely and its bed serene! The toil is hard and thankless: true, but is not the heroic strife its own reward? Have ye lost faith in the far distant sources of its birth, or forgotten that a few leagues back it is all fair and radiant, winding through the peaceful glade, or can ye fear that the ocean itself is become impure? Oh, rise up from sloth, each one who ever tasted the pure water, immortal, crystalline, and freely give to others what ye have received! Faint not, fear not! Hercules was said to cleanse the Augean stables, and a greater than Hercules has lived and died on earth. Then forward in the name of justice.

And perchance the Thames will regain its pristine grandeur. Oh, to make man virtuous, honest and godlike! to raise the fallen, to help the needy, and transform each phantom to a beam of heaven! For we *can* make the waves more jubilant, the deeps more clear; and the old sleepless tide all pure and glorious, gilding the banks with hope and love! Is it a philanthropic dream, think you? No, no, it can be done. What account is this petty stream to the waters of the ocean-waste? to the clouds and deep blue sky, that spread themselves about the universe? Shall not the Almighty, by whose word of power—NIAGARA in its heaven-born effulgence, came forth, shedding beauty and terror, and wonder and honour, send forth fresh power and radiance, evermore, until all things unseemly shall be washed away before His sight! Amen, so let it be.

R. WELSH.

Now.

If you have a kind word, say it;
Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest.
If you owe a kindness, pay it;
Life's sun hurries to the west.
If some grand thing for to-morrow
You are dreaming, do it now:
From the future do not borrow;
Frost soon gathers on the brow.
Days for deeds are few, my brother;
Then to-day fulfil thy vow.
If thou mean'st to help another,
Do not dream it—do it now.

From *The Dawn*, Australia

Woman in the Dawning Day.

UPON this dark and suffering world, this world which has for thousands of years groaned helplessly, and well-nigh hopelessly in tortured anguish, in sorrow for which there has seemed no healing, in woe that has taxed the utmost powers of its greatest heroes even to touch to its moving—upon this world mad with the impotence of its frenzied longings—a light is breaking. We who strive for human freedom and gladness are but in the first dawning rays, as we march and watch where the early gleams plough up the dark, cloudy, east into long furrows of silver, watch while the great army of women gather and steadily march undismayed to the land of freedom for which they have so long yearned. Still stronger, still more undismayed shall their onward progress be; they have set their feet to a journey from which no turning back can ever come or be desired; it is the march of evolution, inevitable, irresistible, the march of the woman-soul to her kingdom.

It is a great and good thing to be alive even, in such a time as this, when the human is struggling to its highest development of expression, its expression on the woman plane. Still greater and better, to be one of that godly company who fight but to win the crown. Of the lives of such, taking part in the conflict, it were well to have some slight record from time to time, for strength comes to those who contemplate the actions of the strong, the earnest, the unhesitating.

I have therefore reserved some space in this paper to be devoted month after month to a short account of the work of reformers amongst women, of those who devote their highest powers and greatest efforts to the help of humanity; to the help of the animal world; to the relief of suffering everywhere, and to the drawing aside of the curtains which hide from us all the Light of the Great Beyond.

No attempt will be made to give place to anyone first or second. Each personality will be presented to the readers of *SHAFTS*, as they pass before the camera of thought, observation or memory; a long chain of jewels that flash and gleam and gladden.

Many such workers are among the members of the Pioneer Club, from many such visit the Club from time to time, workers of all sorts, and the most serious to those who while earnest, still look upon life, perchance, in a somewhat gayer light, yet are none the less working towards better things, as they may be able, all giving of their best.

Among the distinguished visitors to the Pioneer Club during the last four years is one whose bright face was ever welcomed there by those who knew her and by the President. Mrs. Mina Aitken is an earnest, true-hearted, indefatigable worker among women; the Scotch correspondent of the *Gentlewoman*, a bright, brave, large-hearted, kindly personality. So kind, so cheery, comforting and friendly is this busy, active woman, that one holds the impression of this part of her many-sided nature, even before all her other qualities. It is a pleasant gleam amid our often over-crowded lives to meet ever and anon with others as busy as we, with others who look into our eyes for the sympathy they are themselves ever so ready to give. Mrs. Mina Aitken is eminently one of these, and since the days when I first met her she has been ever the same kind friend, the same ardent sympathiser to all who have known her. She is not a member of the Pioneer Club, but is well

known to many there, and her reunions held during her periodical returns to London are crowded by women and men holding a place in the world of thought and effort. The article, "How I became a Journalist," which follows this short notice, is from Mrs. Aitken's pen, and gives an account of her introduction to literature. Her *nom de plume* of "Scotia" is well known wherever the *Gentlewoman* is read, and her pen deals with society and its doings in a bright, healthy spirit which breathes ever of a stronger life like the bracing mountain air of her native land.

Mrs. Aitken would have laughed, she assures her friends, had she been told in her younger days that she would ever have been able to earn an independent, comfortable livelihood by writing; quite a fortuitous chance brought her into the steady practice of literature, and it was in the pages of the *Gentlewoman* she made her first essays. Hence she is naturally proud of "my paper" as she calls it, and is not slow to sound its praises and those of its genial editor.

As the able and valued Scotch representative of and contributor to the *Gentlewoman*, she is one of the busiest of women, and though her work for this paper fills up most of her time, her facile pen, which is seldom out of her hand, manages occasionally to contribute to other periodicals. She is constantly flitting about attending one society function after another, for no important event, public or private, takes place in Scotland, at which she does not attempt to be present. She seldom fails to manage it, if only for a short time, and always makes a record thereof, in her own easy, agreeable style. Naturally she is a welcome guest wherever she may go, her own bright personality would ensure that, and she is a frequent visitor at the castles of the Scottish nobility. Her life is very full of work. "No one can tell," she is wont to say, "what, or how much work she can accomplish until she has tried." A voluminous correspondence with a large circle of friends in earlier years, had unconsciously prepared Mrs. Aitken for the part she was to play in recording social doings and events.

She is a thorough Scotchwoman, and a very good type of her countrywomen;—racy of the soil, a Highlander by birth. She has travelled much, and has lived for a few years in China, where she formed many lasting friendships. Only two of her five children are now alive, one of these, a daughter, is fast following in her mother's footsteps, having already begun to make her mark in journalism.

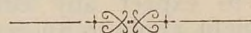
Busy, clever and useful in the literary and social world of her day, there is yet one impression of this agreeable writer which remains more strongly upon the mind even than that which connects her with the scribes, it is her kind, warm-hearted, unselfish nature, her readiness to help, by pen, or voice, or purse, her quick sympathy with all who suffer—qualities often called upon, and which endear her to all who know her.

HOW I BECAME A JOURNALIST.

HAD I been told in my youth that I could ever earn a competency by my pen, I should have laughed the idea to scorn. The only training I ever had, for what I have now adopted as my profession, was that I carried on for years an extensive correspondence with a large circle of friends, who perpetually insisted on my not allowing it to drop, as they were kind enough to say my letters amused them. During those younger years I likewise occasionally indulged in some versifying, which sometimes found its way into print, but without any tangible results as far as pounds, shillings, and pence were concerned, though for this I neither wished nor expected remuneration. The first time "the spirit moved me" to write anything in the shape of an *article*, I sent it to a friend who was editor of a provincial paper, meekly suggesting that I should feel honoured if he would spare space for it. Almost by return

came a reply to the effect that, although it was not specially suitable for his columns, it was "so bright" that he resolved to publish it, and begged to enclose "a small honorarium," which he did in the shape of £1 1s. Why I was not instigated by such signal success to "go on and prosper" in a calling that seemed thus to have miraculously opened its portals to me, I know not, but so it was. And I might never have written another line but for a fortuitous circumstance, which I will now relate, and which ultimately led to my adopting the career. It happened thus: About three years ago an old and very dear friend, who had been visiting me, insisted on my accompanying her on her return to London, and as I had not been in the metropolis for some years before, I naturally went about a great deal, and had altogether a very good time. It was the height of the season, and a number of my friends in Scotland kept writing and begging me to send them a long account of all I was seeing and doing, remarking incidentally how much they envied me, etc., etc. It occurred to me, that instead of writing a dozen letters or so on the same subject to as many people, I should sit down and write an account of what I had been about, and if I succeeded in getting it published they could then read it for themselves. Next morning I asked my friend, Lady L—, if she would excuse me, as I had some business in the City, and off I set, carrying my "copy" with me. Fleet Street was my destination, for I had a somewhat vague idea that there London editors did congregate. Arrived in this classic region, however, I did not know exactly how to proceed. The first periodical occurring to me as being suitable for my article was the *Queen*. So, after due inquiry, and I may say, without difficulty, I found myself within the office of this journal, and in the presence of a very polite editor or sub-editor, I know not which. He glanced at what I had written, read the first sentence or two, and then said, "I think this might do, but will you take it to the editress?" My heart quailed within me, for I feared she might not be so amiably disposed as this nice man, who had all but accepted the offspring of my brain. However, I did as directed, and soon found myself in the sanctum of a middle-aged lady, dressed in black, who sat at a table with a huge pile of MSS. before her, and at her side a gentleman, who was evidently assisting her in arranging them. I hesitatingly informed her that I had brought an article for her perusal, upon which she coolly remarked that if I would leave it and call again in a few weeks, she would then let me know her decision in regard to it. I replied that I could not possibly leave it, as I must get it accepted, or declined, at once. She seemed surprised at my audacity, but inquired: "What may the subject be?" On my replying that it was on the "London Season," which was fast waning and would be over in less than a week, she told me she had already accepted an article on that theme. And so the interview ended. Alas! too late! I now began to fear I should simply get the same answer from any other editor to whom I might apply. However, I had come to town resolved to spend the day, if necessary, in endeavouring to get my venture safely launched, and I was not going to despair at the very outset. What to do, or where to go next, I knew not; but while thus hesitating, my eye caught sight of the bill of a Society paper, and I resolved to try my chance with it. I entered the office and requested to see the editor, and was shown, after a brief delay, and without any demur, into his private room. I handed him my MS., upon which he said, "Leave it and call again." I replied that I could not possibly do this, as it was on a subject of merely ephemeral interest—of use to-day, but of no importance to-morrow—I must have an immediate verdict. The great man smiled, and said his eyes were too tired to read it then, upon which I volunteered to save him this trouble by reading it aloud myself. He smiled again with even more amusement than before, adding that he was too busy to allow himself such a pleasure, when I, unwilling to impose further on his good nature, rose to go. Then he said, "I'll tell you what I will do; if you leave it with me till to-morrow, I will undertake to give you a definite reply then." By this time it began to dawn upon me that it was absurd to expect any editor to accept an article at a moment's notice, and that I might apply to an indefinite number with the same result. It was a very hot July morning too, and searching out editors was rather fatiguing work, of which I thought I had had enough for one day. On the following forenoon I turned up punctually at the appointed hour, to receive the cheering intelligence that my MS. was accepted. Oh, joy! Oh, rapture! For this article, I may mention, the sum of £2 2s. was paid me. When I called at the office shortly afterwards to receive my fee, before starting for the Continent, I told the editor—with whom I had by this time established friendly relations—that I was *en route* for Germany; whereupon he exclaimed, "Send me something from there." Returning to London I again saw him, and having mentioned that I was on my way home to Scotland, he requested me to continue to send him occasional contributions, which I did, until in the process of time the paper changed hands, and I withdrew from the staff. About this time it occurred to me to write and offer to contribute on a given subject to a comparatively new London journal, to which my attention had been

drawn. The editor's reply was a natural one—would I send some specimens of my published writings? I accordingly complied with this request, and in due time was commissioned to write the proposed article, for which I eventually received £3 3s. Shortly afterwards I suggested another topic, and was commissioned to write upon it also. After an interval of a few weeks this editor wrote and offered me the post of Scotch correspondent, for a term of three months, with the proviso that the appointment should be a permanent one if, during the probationary period, I gave satisfaction. I undertook the work with fear and trembling, for it was one thing to write occasionally, when in a happy mood, but quite another to feel that one must write regularly, whether well or ill, in writing trim or the reverse. However, after consultation with some friends, whose kind appreciation stimulated me greatly, I undertook to make a trial. I reflected that if the worst came to the worst I could only break down ignominiously and resign, or be dismissed as incompetent. And at the close of the three months' term I quite expected that every post would bring me my *congé*; but I am happy to say that, instead of this direful fate, nothing worse has befallen me than that my work has gone on steadily increasing, until now I have more to accomplish than I can easily overtake. I have no doubt been exceptionally fortunate in the trio of editors with whom I have had literary relations, more especially in the latest, whom I feel myself justified in describing as a prince among editors. I have been repeatedly asked how I managed to get access so readily to the representatives of the fourth estate upon whom I called, as I now understand they seldom grant personal interviews at all, otherwise their whole time might be taken up by a perfect legion of would-be journalists, but being a novice I was not then aware of this. To these inquiries I reply that those I chanced to call upon that memorable day must have been more than usually amiable to let me thus invade the privacy of their sanctuary, usually so strictly guarded. Be this as it may, I have here told a true and unvarnished tale. In my ignorance and simplicity, I took for granted that as I had business to transact with an editor, my proper and natural plan was to go direct to him. Besides which, in my particular case, delay would indubitably have proved dangerous, as I only conceived and carried out the idea of writing about the London season within a week of its close, so that if my article had not appeared *instantly* it would have been utterly useless. Visions rose up before me, too, of the repeatedly returned MSS. of other people, with the fatal words, "Declined with thanks" written thereon, and of the numerous futile journeys to various editors these MSS. had made, till, at the end of many weary months and much travel, they were reduced at last to such a dilapidated condition that they were only fit to be buried, along with the hopes that gave them birth. From such an untimely fate this, my latest literary production, was happily saved. Good fortune inaugurated my venture, and success has ever since attended my efforts. And, instead of having in these days to search for an editor, I have lately had the compliment paid me of having an editor condescend to search for me. I mention this in no boastful or egotistical spirit, but merely to show the other side of the picture. That I have been phenomenally fortunate there is no denying, for among my own immediate friends are many writers infinitely abler than I, whose experiences have, unhappily, not all been *couleur de rose*. Before concluding my reminiscences, I may refer to the position of a lady journalist. Among the *purse-proud* or *nouveaux riches* she may be regarded dubiously as one who, voluntarily or from necessity, works for money, but by ladies and gentlemen she is treated as on an equal footing with themselves. My work frequently brings me into close contact with the very highest aristocracy of the country, and even secures me invitations "to have the honour to meet" royalty; and I invariably find that the higher the rank the more easy and pleasant the intercourse enjoyed, and the greater the courtesy shown to—a lady journalist.



It is time to give up the idea that capitalists are the only tyrants. There will always be slavery for the majority, until the majority have grown into the spirit of justice and truth, and thus learned self-government. This is what all the present agitation is leading to; it is getting the people to think—the capitalists, monopolists, "sweaters" as well as the oppressed—and that will be their salvation.—*World's Advance Thought*.

LET us in the future show we are in earnest, by using our recognised power in electioneering only for those who use theirs to help us. We have shown enough benevolence in politics, let us now make Woman's Suffrage the price of Woman's Work.—UNION OF PRACTICAL SUFFRAGISTS.

Reviews.

Life the Accuser. By E. F. Brooke. (London: William Heinemann, 1896.)

THIS book is now in its cheap edition 6s. It has been written by the pen of an earnest writer, a strong soul groping eagerly for truth, yet still in considerable darkness; stretching yearningly towards the light ahead of which it sees a gleam, and a tongue as it were of flame.

It lays too much emphasis upon, and exalts into too much importance the *physical*, forgetting that though the physical part of our complex nature must have consideration, yet that it be held in its own place, and its place is to be dominated by the mental and spiritual; forgetting how true were the words of Christ, "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom," that kingdom which is within and without us, that larger, nobler, existence of our own creating, and which we are building up day by day, the more speedily and the more complete, the more we hold each part of ourselves to its own place in the harmony of our spheres.

The book is however cleverly and powerfully written, and we may venture to predict that when Miss Brooke has thought out her subject more carefully, she will make a position for herself among novelists worthy of the name. She dares to think, and is not afraid to put her thoughts into words; a daring thinker and a courageous writer. Her thoughts are full of originality and force, and are expressed so as to give the thought without an unnecessary word. This is of itself a great excellence in a writer. Many of the sentences take hold of the memory, and remain, sometimes a whole page does so. If the writer's search-light be kept burning, if she go on in her straightforward way, flinching not when the truth stands before her arrayed, not as she arrays it now, she will have something to tell us bye and bye, something we shall all be glad to hear.

The "Armstrong family," we are told, "accepted their own theory of existence without misgiving." She then adds "with one exception"; upon this exception hangs a tale. How true this is of many families. Some one is born into a family *different* to the others, further on in the life study, one whose thoughts rebel against things the rest still hold dear, or have not yet quite learnt to see in their true light, one who sees with other eyes, hears with other ears, thinks; thinks thoughts she dare not put into words. The lot of such an one is suffering; misunderstood, misrepresented, jeered at, suspected, left out, isolated, all the more that the isolated one is one of themselves, hated because of the greatness of soul possessed, hated the more because one of themselves. "Neither did his brethren believe in him." "Is not this Joseph the carpenter's son, whose father and mother we know?" How then? Yes, even so all the world over such an one must have a tale, and so the tale is told; for though many take "Rosalie" to be the heroine, to our thinking Eliza is the true heroine of the story, and it is to be regretted that the author did not see fit to give us a little more of the great life such a soul must have led during its later years; of the height to which such a soul must have naturally risen. The character of Eliza is capitally drawn, full of strong impulses and emotions, ever fighting against lower instincts, ever rising above them; out of such a character Miss Brooke ought to have made a splendid woman. Has too long a contemplation of the physical prevented this? Why not have given us with the physical that higher part which dominates it and eventually displaces it?—for it is the nobler part of us. She will do this as she goes on her straightforward course and writes again and again, perchance when the frost has touched her hair and her eyesight has turned inward, and has seen something there more clearly, infinitely more beautiful than ever the physical, as we have it here, can be.

The scene in the field where Rosalie and her friends watch the labourers contains some sentences through which this pen would like to draw a line, blotting them out. They are not quite honest to the deeper truth, and are out of taste. Though some words may be lawful they are not expedient. The higher and highest should be kept before us; the lower, though true in its place, we should be ever casting off. Yet life is the accuser, and physical life the inexorable pointing finger; it points onwards, however, while accusing. Go, sin no more! Rise, shake off thy shackles! Eliza Armstrong had been thrown upon the world to solve life's problems for herself; her medium being a family of seven with a commercial basis. These seven, her parents, her sisters and brothers were inharmonious. Out of this life discord Eliza must, if she do her own behest to her own satisfaction and to good results, produce harmony, at least within herself. Does she do so? Eventually, yes, we think. She remains true to her higher teachings during a hard life—true to friendship though sorely tried, true to a pure, perfect love, though no recompense came, and freeing herself as time passes on, from earthly imperfections, sees afar off a

dream realised; a dream which naturally takes the shape of a longing of this lower life; it comes to her in the midst of her useful work, and she is content. Content! ah! is not that sweetest of all?

The school is well described, the school of long ago—happily there are but few of such now. Miss Brooke gives some sharp and well deserved cuts. The little Eliza droops under the pain and weariness of her undeserved punishment.

Later when in bed, banished from tea and from the holiday and the play of the other girls, as she lay in bed, the following result is pointed out.

“Slowly within her tender innocence the courage of innocence died out, and the damnable lying horror of a sense of sin was born.”

Constantia Dayntree is a beautiful character and a perfect wife and mother. The scene between her and her husband when he can no longer hide the truth she looks upon with eyes so different from his, is capital, and deserves to be written in letters of gold.

“Silence deep as death was in the room. But over the soul of Norman the truth broke in thunders.”

Again the closing scene between Norman Dayntree and Rosalie when the dastard leaves her to her fate is a masterly piece of writing.

Brave, indeed, is the pen that writes as this has written, in a time when so few women dare to lift the veil that hangs between their souls and those of other women, between their souls and those of men, lest they should storm and rage and cry with shouts that would echo down the centuries; so they keep all still in a silence deep as death, the awful silence that some day must be broken.

Read with attention also Norman Dayntree's thoughts as he sat alone in the wood, “Rosalie died undefeated, carrying her own burden and accepting it.”

The times of sorrow passed, things settled down, as they must do in a world where people must live, even if it be by selling Moonshine soap. But the scars remained, as they also must do, for we have all our lessons to learn, and our experience to gain.

The world will learn some of its lessons, and deep ones, from such books as these, and its writer will not have lived in vain if she also will learn her lesson and with every book she writes take one step upwards, bearing with all things, faithfully portraying all that needs such portrayal, yet understanding all things, and never forgetting for one instant the law of ceaseless ascension.

Some expressions from the book are very striking. “The exception rebelled”—only those of us who have also rebelled can know what a tragedy underlies these words. Poor Eliza! sad, earnest, struggling, she had no opportunity given her to gain what others gained, and what seemed to her desirable; but under all, crushing through all sorrow, her soul grew to its stature, and the closing of her life was greater, better than any honour gained, even by the man she loved; of whose work in Africa she *heard* now and then. Her only consolation for lost love and friendship, —“He writes.” Loving and longing for companionship, she was hardly conscious that far better than any union on earth was the greatness of soul which she was rapidly evolving.

Evan, manlike, understands not the real treasure with which his own life might have been linked. He is overcome by the physical; greater beauty, a charm Eliza did not possess, the charm of the physical magnetism held him. Alas!—yet had it not been so, had their lives not been so crossed, these three souls would have missed their baptism of anguish, their baptism into the great church of humanity, on its longing, upward track.

Eliza is described as “undeniably pretty, but wanting in charm”; that is she was surrounded by those unable to recognise her higher charm, though Rosalie often seemed to perceive it. Rosalie is described as “lovely.” She was unconventional, had been brought up “like a boy,” and then thrown alone on to the pinched, panting pulsations of a woman's conventional life. What agony!

Mrs. Dayntree is thus described: “Constantia Dayntree was dark, tall, and noble-looking. She had the serenity of happiness in which her mere physical beauty merged and melted, as in something more exquisite than itself; she was of the very essence of womanliness, and gave it away at every turn of her head and hands. She had the primal qualities which still survive in womanhood, qualities out of which the world grows, upon which it rests and lives, and with which perfected it will fall asleep at last as a child that is comforted.”

Norman Dayntree's ideas in regard to the world, his club, and his home are tersely told and hit. Little Ted's dining alone with his mother is admirable and suggestive of many thoughts.

The moral obliquity of vision in Rosalie is remarkable; she demands for herself as a right the entire devotion of the man who had offered his love, and yet could not see that such a devotion must mean disloyalty to another woman, who had even a greater right to make the same demand. Yet she possessed a good, pure nature. A

strange, beautiful, dangerous nature Irene Severne called it. A nature which lost itself so far through slavery to the physical, which, rising, might have been great, had in it the elements of greatness. None of Miss Brooke's characters are puny, she seems unable to create such.

“Owd Union John” is a capital character, though his younger relatives, all save Eliza, find it hard to digest him.

Here is a good bit. “I tell you what,” said Evan, “it's a bit of very fine common sense to have a good look at yourself and your capacities, accept the whole lump, good and bad together, and make shift not to be frightened.”

“Stupidity is what society trusts.”

“Leaps in the dark by reckless people are very harmful. On the other hand, if women blameless in life and spirit would but take their stand calmly and frankly upon a natural basis instead of huddling the physical away, and denying their own nature, I think fewer errors would be made. Cleanly people see things truly, vice throws the glamour of vicious mystery over this subject, and a woman's duplicity about it is the reflection of a bad man's vice.”

Capital! This is truth!

“Oh, my own virtue how I hate you.” A false note here. Read carefully Constantia's explanation to Rosalie—after the disaster—of what true love meant; the interview between the two and all it shows is fraught with intense revealings. After that dwell carefully on what it teaches, and take it into the interview between Norman Dayntree and Rosalie.

After all the anguish, the conflicts, the resolves, the book ends years after with —“The face was clear to my eyes as though sunshine fell upon it and he smiled.”

So ends the author's written portion of her work; its after influences and teachings will be learnt by each soul according to its own stature.

The Legal Subjection of Men. By Two Barristers. Price 6d. (London: The Twentieth Century Press.)

THE authors of this brochure have lost an opportunity for good by their apparent inability to state a case presentably, not to say accurately. Otherwise women would have been glad to see the best that could be said from the Two Barristers' point of view, which from the title promised a certain share of interest, if not instruction. In the opinion of one pronounced “feminist,” to quote the author's awkward if descriptive phrase, a good case may yet be made to show that, amidst countless injustices to women, there are yet some undoubted privileges which have over and over again been quoted by anti-suffragists to prevent a removal of the very injustices these privileges are designed to palliate. Some of the readers of *The Legal Subjection* were prepared to welcome a full and complete collection of these privileges, which might then be wisely weighed in the balance against the overwhelming mass of disabilities, injustices and oppressions under which women have suffered for so long. Privilege, it seems necessary to inform the Two Barristers, is a universal accompaniment to subjection—it is indeed impossible to conceive a subjection which does not necessitate a privilege. The East-end doctor and the West-end sweater's workman cannot demand the privilege of maintenance which was assured to the Carolina slaves, and which to-day is the rule wherever slavery is a profitable institution. The horse in captivity is privileged to be kept in health and strength—a privilege denied to the wild animals, whose freedom is inconsistent with privilege. An oppressed and over-worked servant may value the privilege of “one night out per week,” but one would hardly invite a voluntary guest to accept such a privilege. Above all, were the privileges enjoyed by women as great as they are trifling, and as valued as they are despised, let it be remembered that these are made by *man* and not by woman. If men are legally subject, they possess the only means by which their enfranchisement can come. The Two Barristers may well complain if the sex they belong to was not only dominated by the other sex, but if, in addition, the latter sex alone possessed the franchise, and was consequently able to conserve its oppression for all time. The remedy is too obvious for words; justice—equal justice—is the only remedy for oppression. If Two Barristers believe it is *their* sex which suffers, let them for *this* reason agitate for equal justice between the sexes—their motive will not be criticised if their end is the same as that of SHAFTS. It is abundantly clear, however, from a perusal of this bitterly spiteful book that justice is the last thing in the world desired, and that the present “privileges” suit the authors' ideal admirably well, so long as the underlying, very actual subjection of women continues.

In examining this work it is necessary from the beginning to make some wide discriminations. First of all we must dismiss with contempt the innumerable undi-

gested and unrelated instances of "subjection" which the authors use to prove their case, much in the same way as one might quote a few isolated cases to *prove, e.g.*, that all barristers are murderers, and all judges immoral. To this class belong such newspaper cuttings as those headed "Setting a Husband on Fire," "Stabbing a Husband," etc., which, quoted without details, are made to prove that judges invariably punish women less severely than men for equal offences. Stupidity alone can account for the recurrence of unsupported statements such as (p. 35) "*Poisoning*: This peculiarly treacherous crime is a legitimate mode of self-defence if practised by a wife on her husband." Will it be believed that this statement is allowed to pass as an axiom about which one has no need to argue or to illustrate.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the laws relating to property are most anomalous, and after due allowance has been made for the authors' invincible bias, and want of perspective, a strong case for revision is made out, and it is fairly well proved that the law at present protects a dishonest business woman in several important respects. The reason for this is easily understood. For very many years women have been expected to confine their attentions to their domestic "sphere," and no such development of women's commercial genius as we have witnessed in recent years was ever contemplated by the legislature.

Legislative theory has as usual been far behind current practice, and legal enactments concerning women have never been systematic nor timely. Consequently there has been a vast growth of business energy on the part of women, side by side with a state of the law fitted to and designed for an ideal of womanhood which is almost as dead as the dodo. These anomalies are taken advantage of to the full (as all business men know to their cost), chiefly by fraudulent traders who use the name of a wife or sister to efficiently protect their own estate. If these anomalies were removed, a legal friend assures the writer that the number of Bills of Sale would be reduced by fifty per cent. This undesirable "privilege" is the greatest foe to the natural development of women's commercial enterprise. Modern industrial undertakings are absolutely dependent on the confidence of creditors, and women discover to their cost that this precious "privilege" handicaps them in every direction. Where a man, starting a business with fair prospects of success, finds manufacturers keenly anxious to credit him, to the fullest possible extent, a woman similarly situated must either command huge sums of ready money, or be content to buy from hand to mouth. Manufacturers are not to blame, they cannot run the risk which the law prescribes where women, especially married women, open a business in their own name. Until the whole commercial law is overhauled, and women put on a level with men in such matters as bankruptcy, partnership, contract, arrest for debt, etc., it is perfectly immaterial whether women are "privileged" or "subjected," the result is precisely the same. Only justice is just.

For women who are not in business, the difficulties caused by these privileges are proportionately great. The conditions of tenancy imposed by many house owners upon women who wish to pay the same rent as a man are (to a masculine mind like the writer's) simply appalling. Some landlords refuse to accept a married woman living apart from her husband as a tenant on any conditions. More house owners heavily blackmail any woman who demands an absence of unreasonable restrictions as a condition of tenancy.

There is unfortunately not a line in *The Legal Subjection of Men* to show that the authors desire emancipation from their subjection. Women most certainly have everything to gain by being placed on a legal equality with men. A short Act of Parliament, decreeing that the same laws should in every case apply to women which heretofore have exclusively concerned men, and that all sex legislation should cease, would assuredly have women's support.

That something more than *legal* equality is needed is certain. Economic emancipation is as much demanded by women as by men; so long as the capitalist can buy a female slave's labour at a lower rate than that of a male slave, woman will be dependent on the more highly paid sex. Social emancipation from that ideal of masculine vanity, marriage, is another necessity for woman's freedom. The Two Barristers might have helped this work, even though working with a narrower motive, but sex-equality is hateful to the eyes of these men, who, within the covers of a book whining against sex domination, yet dare to advocate the infamous C. D. Acts (page 45), and (page 71) to deny that the lack of the suffrage constitutes a grievance.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

PIONEER CLUB DEBATES.

Reports are postponed until next issue on account of so much extra matter.—
M. S. S.

The Seal Industry.

COLONEL COULSON, so well known as an ardent advocate of the merciful treatment of animals, spoke lately at Newbrough Town Hall upon the killing of seals and the wearing of their fur. The following were his words from the chair:

"As the money collected this evening will go to swell the funds of this society, I must explain how it originated and is spent. A few years ago people from all parts of England sent me donations ranging from 6d. to £5 to devote, as I best could, to the spread of more just and generous treatment to those creatures over whom we hold sway. Much of the money comes anonymously, so I club it all together, and spend it in trying to diminish suffering, and by literature, printed at considerable expense, trying to arouse the sentiment of pity. Through this fund I have presented free and helped several to purchase Mr. Greener's humane killing invention. At present the fund is in debt £1 13s. 4d. I expect shortly, however, to considerably add to that debt. I have a scheme of trying to do something for the seal. Except in some of the more odious forms of vivisection, there is probably, even while making allowance for exaggeration, no more horrible traffic than that of the seal industry. One who understands the business recently wrote: 'As a rule the slaughter and skinning of the seal is most barbarous, bloody and hideous—unnecessarily so. Rarely does a seal die from one or two blows. If not dead, it is considered all the better, for it is easier to skin a seal when alive. In the utmost agony the wretched creature draws its muscles away from the sharp steel, and thus assists in parting with its own coat.' I hope before the fleet sails in May from Dundee to have an opportunity of appealing to the men employed in the industry, and at the same time, of presenting to them a number of Mr. Greener's 'killers' to mercifully despatch the poor creatures after they have been clubbed. I have already had some offers of help and Mr. Greener has, most generously, written that he will give me the killers for £1 5s. each, instead of £2 2s., a difference of 17s. It is often said that people should not wear the skins of seals. I am quite confident that the great mass of ladies and gentlemen wearing sealskins would gladly have the unfortunate animals more mercifully killed. My plan has met with warm approval from the few I have mentioned it to, and I trust it may meet with yours." (Applause.)

—+X+—

What Thou Canst Not Alter.

By this we hold:—No man is wholly great,
Or wise, or just, or good,
Who would not dare his all, to re-instate
Earth's trampled womanhood.

Nor seer sees truly, save as he discerns
Her crowned co-equal right;
No lover loves divinely, till he burns
Against her foes to fight.

That press, whose minions, slavish and unjust,
Bid her in fetters die,
Toils, in the base behalf of pride and lust,
To consecrate a lie.

"Once it was Christ, whom Judas with a kiss
Betrayed," the spirit saith;
"But now, 'tis woman's heart, inspired by His
That man consigns to death."

Each village has its martyrs; every street
Some house that is a hell;
Some woman's heart, celestial, pure and sweet,
Breaks with each passing bell.

There are deep wrongs too infinite for words,
Man dare not have revealed;
And in our midst, insane, barbaric hordes,
Who make the law their shield.

Rise, then, O woman, grasp the mighty pen,
By inspiration driven;
Scatter the sophistries of cruel men,
With voices fresh from heaven.—T. L. HARRIS.

Women's Suffrage.

TO ALL EARNEST SUFFRAGISTS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—We have undoubtedly won a great victory, but it will require great and prolonged effort to carry our campaign to a successful close, I want to suggest to you ways and means of helping to secure our great end—the Enfranchisement of Women, that is, during this present year 1897.

On the evening of the debate on February 3rd, a largely attended meeting was held at Mrs. Langdon Down's, from which a letter was sent to each of the 230 Members of Parliament who voted for us, thanking him for his vote recorded that day in our favour, and asking for help throughout the remaining stages of the Bill. I urge women in the constituencies to do the like in the case of every Member who has voted for us.

Nor should our opponents be forgotten. Personal friends of theirs might well address to them letters of regret, asking for re-consideration of the question and a favourable vote on the next occasion on which the measure comes before the House.

There are, moreover, a very considerable number of friendly Members who were absent from the division, and who need to be carefully looked after, so as to bring up their reserve votes on the occasions of Committee and Third Reading. To these regret should be expressed for their absence, and they should be requested to be in their place on the next occasion. It would be well that associated bodies of women should send letters or memorials of thanks, either signed officially on their behalf, or by a considerable number of their body, thanking their Members, if they voted for us.

From every meeting held on behalf of the suffrage it would be desirable to send similar letters or memorials, but in this case it would be useful to send them, not merely to the individual Member in whose constituency the meeting is held, but, if in a Borough, to the Members, if any, for the other divisions of the Borough; and in all cases to the Members for the other divisions of the County. Meetings should be held if possible in every constituency throughout the kingdom, both for the education of the constituencies and for the confirming in their faith, or the converting of the Representatives. It might be useful, wherever practicable, to invite the Member for the division to attend and take the chair, and this whether friend or opponent.

If, as we hope, we secure sufficient time to work effectively for the Committee stage, we ought, on a rational computation, *very largely to increase our majority*. That this should be done *is important*, on account of its effect upon the fortunes of the Bill when it is presented to the House of Lords. A large majority would undoubtedly induce the Lords to pass it through its further stages without delay, so that it might be the law of the land before the Prorogation.

We need not trouble ourselves about the notion of a dissolution being necessary, since we have the authority of Mr. Courtney and other Parliamentary friends for regarding this notion as "an antiquated superstition."

I must strenuously urge upon all our friends to endeavour to pass the Bill as it stands. It is neither a perfect nor a final measure; but it is so essential that the principle of Women's Suffrage should be fully and firmly established by the placing of a Women's Suffrage Act upon the Statute Book, that no earnest Suffragist will delay by one moment this happy issue. The proper place for raising all the questions at issue between Women's Suffragists will be found on the introduction of the next Registration Bill. Those who know the infinite delays and difficulties which lead so easily to the destruction of any legislative proposal will shrink from risking even a half loaf, when the danger is that for an indefinite future there may be no bread. I can never forget that a Women's Suffrage measure has already twice passed Second Reading; and in neither case was permitted to proceed any further. The slightest disunion in our forces is a signal of hope to the enemy. It helps them to reorganise and to us it is the beginning of disintegration. Those therefore who urge us to wait until we can enfranchise *all women* are, in my opinion, *simply and deliberately asking us never to enfranchise any women*. It is necessary to speak thus frankly and fully, because the danger lurking in these endeavours to delay the measure, under pretence of its imperfections, is real and imminent.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Since I wrote yesterday we have received the happy news that the Parliamentary Franchise (Extension to Women) Bill was formally moved into Committee last night, and the day for the full discussion of the measure fixed for

Wednesday, June 23rd, as the first order of the day. We shall thus have a full afternoon for its consideration and discussion; and it will be the fault of Women Suffragists themselves if it be not, that afternoon, passed through the stages of Committee and Third Reading with so substantial a majority behind it as to secure its ready acceptance by the House of Lords, and its passing into law before the Prorogation.

I am sending herewith the list of Members of Parliament, arranged on a plan which will show at a glance, not simply what Members voted for us and against us on 3rd February, and those who though friends, did not vote, as well as those who have as yet made no sign, but also the constituencies they represent: and will enable our friends to see where work is urgently needed. Ireland is, of course, our weakest point; but there are certain parts of England and Scotland also where help is specially needed. Nevertheless, it is most satisfactory to find that in the Division on February 3rd, more members of each political party voted for us than against us, as the following analysis will show:—

	For us.	Against us.
Liberals	69	37
Nationalists	18	11
Conservatives	115	91
Unionists	26	18
Total	228	157

In the Division List subjoined, some alterations may need to be made when we receive the list of Pairs, which is not yet published.

Faithfully yours,

ELIZABETH C. WOLSTENHOLME ELMY.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT AND CONSTITUENCIES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The first column gives the name of the Constituency; the second gives the political complexion of the Member; the third gives the Member's name; and the fourth gives his disposition on this question, according to the following signs:—

- x Voted for Second Reading of the Bill. (A friend.)
- o Voted against Second Reading of the Bill. (An enemy.)
- f A friend of Women's Suffrage, but did not vote.

ENGLAND AND WALES—495 MEMBERS.

Constituency.	Party.	Name of Member.	Friend or Enemy.
Anglesea	L	Ellis J. Griffiths	
Ashton-under Lyne	C	H. Whiteley	x
Aston Manor	C	Capt. W. G. Grice-Hutchinson	f
Barrow-in-Furness	C	Charles William Cayzer	f
Bath	C	Col. Charles Wyndham Murray	x
	U	Edmond Robert Wodehouse	o
Battersea and Clapham—			
Battersea	L	John Burns	f
Clapham	C	Percy M. Thornton	o
Bedfordshire—			
Northern (Biggleswade)	U	Lord Alwyne Compton	
Southern (Luton)	L	Thomas Gair Ashton	o
Bedford	C	Guy Pym	x
Berkshire—			
Northern (Abingdon)	C	Archie Kirkman Loyd	o
Southern (Newbury)	C	William George Mount	
Berkshire—			
Eastern (Wokingham)	C	Sir George Russell	x
Bethnal Green—			
North-East	C	M. M. Bhowndaggree	x
South-West	L	Edward Hare Pickersgill	x
Birkenhead	C	Sir Elliott Lees, Bt.	o
Birmingham—			
Edgbaston	U	George Dixon	x
West	U	Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain	o
Central	U	Ebenezer Parkes	
North	U	William Kenrick	f

Birmingham— <i>continued.</i>			
East	C	Sir John Benjamin Stone	x
Bordesley	U	Rt. Hon. Jesse Collings	x
South	U	Joseph Powell Williams	o
Blackburn	C	William Henry Hornby	
	C	Sir William Coddington, Bt.	o
Bolton	C	Herbert Shepherd Cross	x
	L	George Harwood	f
Boston	C	William Garfit	o
Bradford—			
West	C	Ernest Flower	f
Central	U	James Leslie Wanklyn	
East	C	Capt. Hon. R. H. Fülke Greville	
Brecknockshire	L	Charles Morley	
Brighton	C	Gerald Walter E. Loder	x
	C	Bruce C. Vernon-Wentworth	f
Bristol—			
West	C	Rt. Hon. Sir M. E. Hicks Beach, Bt.	o
North	U	Lewis Fry	x
East	L	Sir William Henry Wills, Bt.	f
South	C	Col. Sir E. Stock Hill, K.C.B.	f
Buckinghamshire—			
Northern (Buckingham)	C	William Walter Carlile	
Mid (Aylesbury)	U	Baron Ferdinand J. de Rothschild	
Southern (Wycombe)	C	Viscount Curzon	
Burnley	L	Hon. Philip James Stanhope	
Bury (Lanc.)	C	James Kenyon	x
Bury St. Edmunds	C	Viscount Chelsea	
Camberwell—			
North	C	Major Philip Hugh Dalbiac	o
Peckham	C	Frederick George Banbury	o
Dulwich	C	Sir John Blundell Maple	
Cambridgeshire—			
Northern (Wisbech)	C	Charles Tyrrell Giles	
Western (Chesterton)	C	Walter Raymond Greene	f
Eastern (Newmarket)	C	Harry Leslie B. McCalmont	
Cambridge	C	Sir Robert U. Penrose Fitzgerald, Bt.	x
Cambridge University	C	Richard Claverhouse Jebb	x
	C	Rt. Hon. Sir John Eldon Gorst	x
Canterbury	C	J. Henniker Heaton	f
Cardiff	C	James Mackenzie Maclean	o
Cardigan	L	M. Vaughan Davies	x
Carlisle	L	Rt. Hon. William Court Gully	
Carmarthenshire—			
Eastern	L	Abel Thomas	x
Western	L	John Lloyd Morgan	o
Carmarthen	U	Sir John J. Jenkins	f
Carnarvonshire—			
Southern (Eifon)	L	John Bryn Roberts	x
Northern (Arfon)	L	William Jones	x
Carnarvon	L	David Lloyd-George	f
Chatham	C	Horatio David Davies	
Chelsea	C	Charles A. Whitmore	x
Cheltenham	C	Col. Francis Shirley Russell	x
Chester—			
Wirral	C	Lt.-Col. Edward Cotton-Jodrell	f
Eddisbury	C	Henry James Tollemache	
Macclesfield	C	William Bromley Davenport	x
Crewe	C	Hon. Robert Arthur Ward	
Northwich	L	Sir John Tomlinson Brunner, Bt.	
Altrincham	C	Coningsby R. Disraeli	o
Hyde	C	Joseph Watson Sidebotham	o
Knutsford	C	Hon. Alan de Tatton Egerton	o
Chester	C	Robert Armstrong Yerburch	
Christchurch	C	Abel Henry Smith	x
Colchester	L	Sir Weetman D. Pearson, Bt.	f
Cornwall—			
Western (St. Ives)	U	Thomas Bedford Bolitho	f

Cornwall— <i>continued.</i>			
North-Western (Camborne)	U	Arthur Strauss	x
Truro	U	Edwin Lawrence	
South-Eastern (Bodmin)	U	Rt. Hon. Leonard H. Courtney	x
North-Eastern (Launceston)	L	Thomas Owen	f
Mid (St. Austell)	L	William Alexander McArthur	o
Coventry	C	Charles James Murray	
Croydon	C	Rt. Hon. Charles Thompson Ritchie	x
Cumberland—			
Northern (Eskdale)	L	Robert Andrew Allison	f
Mid (Penrith)	C	James William Lowther	
Cockermouth	L	Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bt.	x
Western (Egremont)	C	Hon. Hubert V. Duncombe	o
Darlington	U	Arthur Pease	o
Denbighshire—			
Eastern	L	Rt. Hon. Sir G. Osborne Morgan, Bt.	
Western	L	John Herbert Roberts	
Denbigh Boroughs	C	William Tudor Howell	x
Deptford	C	Charles John Darling	o
Derbyshire—			
High Peak	C	William Sidebottom	x
North-Eastern	L	Thomas Dolling Bolton	o
Chesterfield	L	Thomas Bayley	
Western	U	Victor Christian W. Cavendish	o
Mid	L	James Alfred Jacoby	x
Ilkeston	L	Sir B. Walter Foster	x
Southern	C	John Gretton	
Derby	C	Henry Howe Bemrose	
	C	Geoffrey Drage	
Devonshire—			
Eastern (Honiton)	C	Rt. Hon. Sir John Kennaway, Bt.	o
North-Eastern (Tiverton)	C	Col. Sir William H. Walrond, Bt.	x
Northern (South Molton)	L	George Lambert	o
North-Western (Barnstaple)	U	Sir William Cameron Gull, Bt.	x
Western (Tavistock)	L	H. Courtenay Fownes Luttrell	
Southern (Totnes)	U	Francis Bingham Mildmay	f
Torquay	C	Captain Arthur S. Phillpotts	o
Mid (Ashburton)	L	Rt. Hon. Charles Seale-Hayne	o
Devonport	L	Hudson E. Kearley	x
	L	Edward J. C. Morton	x
Dewsbury	L	Mark Oldroyd	x
Dorset—			
Northern	C	J. Kenelm Wingfield Digby	
Eastern	C	Hon. Humphrey N. Sturt	o
Southern	C	William Ernest Brymer	
Western	C	Lt.-Col. Robert Williams	
Dover	C	George Wyndham	x
Dudley	C	Brooke Robinson	x
Durham—			
Jarrow	L	Sir Charles Mark Palmer, Bt.	
Houghton-le-Spring	L	Robert Cameron	x
Chester-le-Street	L	Sir James Joicey, Bt.	o
North-Western	L	Llewellyn A. Atherley Jones	x
Mid	L	John Wilson	x
South-Eastern	U	Lt.-Gen. Sir H. Havelock-Allan, Bt.	
Bishop Auckland	L	James Mellor Paulton	o
Barnard Castle	L	Sir Joseph W. Pease, Bt.	o
Durham City	L	Matthew Fowler	x
Essex—			
South-Western (Walthamstow)	L	Samuel Woods	
Southern (Romford)	C	Louis Sinclair	
Western (Epping)	C	Lt.-Col. Ameius R. M. Lockwood	o
Northern (Saffron Walden)	L	Charles Gold	x
North-Eastern (Harwich)	C	James Round	x
Eastern (Maldon)	C	Hon. Charles Hedley Strutt	x
South-Eastern	C	Major Fred. Carne Rasch	f
Mid (Chelmsford)	C	Thomas Osborne	o
Exeter	C	Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote, Bt.	x

Finsbury—			
Holborn	C	Sir Charles Hall, K.C.M.G.	x
Central	C	Hon. William Massey-Mainwaring	x
East	C	Henry Charles Richards	f
Flintshire	L	Samuel Smith	
Flint Boroughs	L	John Herbert Lewis	f
Fulham	C	William Hayes Fisher	o
Gateshead	L	William Allan	x
Glamorgan—			
Eastern	L	Alfred Thomas	x
Rhondda	L	William Abraham	x
Western (Gower)	L	David Randell	x
Mid	L	Samuel Thomas Evans	o
Southern	C	Major W. Henry Wyndham-Quin	x
Gloucestershire—			
Mid (Stroud)	C	Charles Alfred Cripps	
Northern (Tewkesbury)	C	Sir John E. Dorington, Bt.	o
Eastern (Cirencester)	C	Hon. Allen Benjamin Bathurst	
Forest of Dean	L	Rt. Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bt.	x
Southern (Thornbury)	C	Charles Edward H. A. Colston	f
Gloucester	U	Charles James Monk	o
Grantham	C	Henry Y. Buller Lopes	
Gravesend	C	Col. Dampier Palmer	f
Greenwich	C	Lord Hugh Cecil	
Great Grimsby	L	George Doughty	x
Great Yarmouth	C	Sir John Colomb, K.C.M.G.	f
Hackney			
North	C	William Robert Bousfield	x
Central	C	Sir Andrew R. Scoble, K.C.S.I.	
South	C	Thomas Herbert Robertson	o
Halifax	C	Alfred Arnold	x
	L	William Rawson Shaw	
Hammersmith	C	Major-Gen. Walter T. Goldsworthy	x
Hampstead	C	Edward Brodie Hoare	o
Hanley	L	William Woodall	x
Hants—			
Northern (Basingstoke)	C	Arthur Frederick Jeffreys	x
Western (Andover)	C	William W. Bramston Beach	x
Eastern (Petersfield)	C	William Wickham	f
Southern (Fareham)	C	Gen. Sir F. W. FitzWygram, Bt.	x
New Forest	C	Hon. John W. E. D. Scott-Montagu	x
Hartlepool	U	Thomas Richardson	f
Hastings	C	William Lucas-Shadwell	x
Herefordshire—			
Northern (Leominster)	C	James Rankin	x
Southern (Ross)	U	Michael Biddulph	
Hereford	C	C. W. Radcliffe Cooke	o
Hertford—			
Northern (Hitchin)	C	George B. Hudson	x
Eastern (Hertford)	C	Abel Smith	x
Mid (St. Albans)	C	Hon. Vicary Gibbs	
Western (Watford)	C	Thomas F. Halsey	f
Huddersfield	L	Sir James Thomas Woodhouse	x
Huntingdon—			
Southern (Huntingdon)	C	Arthur Hugh Smith Barry	o
Northern (Ramsey)	C	Hon. Ailwyn E. Fellowes	o
Hythe	C	Gen. Sir J. Bevan Edwards, K.C.M.G.	x
Ipswich	L	Daniel Ford Goddard	x
	C	Sir Charles Dalrymple, Bt.	o
Islington—			
North	C	George C. T. Bartley	o
West	L	Thomas Lough	f
East	C	Benjamin Lewis Cohen	x
South	C	Sir Albert Kaye Rollit	x
Kensington—			
North	C	William E. Thompson Sharpe	x
South	C	Lord Warkworth	

Kent—			
Western (Sevenoaks)	C	Henry William Forster	x
N.-Western (Dartford)	C	Rt. Hon. Sir William Hart Dyke, Bt.	o
S.-Western (Tunbridge)	C	Arthur S. T. Griffith Boscawen	f
Mid (Medway)	C	Lt.-Col. Charles Edward Warde	
N.-Eastern (Faversham)	C	Frederick Gorrell Barnes	x
Southern (Ashford)	C	Laurence Hardy	o
Eastern (St. Augustine's)	C	Rt. Hon. Aretas Akers Douglas	o
Isle of Thanet	C	Rt. Hon. James Lowther	o
Kidderminster	C	Augustus F. Godson	f
Kingston-on-Hull			
East	C	Joseph Thomas Firbank	x
Central	C	Sir Henry Seymour King, K.C.I.E.	f
West	L	Charles Henry Wilson	x
Lambeth—			
North	U	Henry M. Stanley	x
Kennington	C	Frederick Lucas Cook	x
Brixton	C	Hon. Evelyn Hubbard	o
Norwood	C	Charles Ernest Tritton	x
Lancaster, North—			
North Lonsdale	U	Richard F. Cavendish	x
Lancaster	C	Col. William Henry Foster	x
Blackpool	C	Rt. Hon. Sir Mat. White Ridley, Bt.	o
Chorley	C	Lord Balcarres	o
Lancaster, North-East—			
Darwen	C	John Rutherford	x
Clitheroe	L	Rt. Hon. Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth, Bt.	o
Accrington	L	Sir Joseph Francis Leese	f
Rossendale	L	John Henry Maden	f
Lancaster, South-East—			
Westhoughton	C	Lord Stanley	o
Heywood	U	George Kemp	x
Middleton	C	Thomas Fielden	x
Radcliffe-cum-Farnworth	C	Col. John James Mellor	x
Eccles	C	Octavius Leigh Clare	x
Stretford	C	John W. Maclure	x
Gorton	C	Ernest F. George Hatch	f
Prestwich	L	Frederick Cawley	o
Lancaster, South-West—			
Southport	C	Rt. Hon. George N. Curzon	o
Ormskirk	C	Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur B. Forwood, Bt.	f
Bootle	C	Col. Thomas M. Sandys	o
Widnes	C	John Saunders Gilliat	x
Newton	C	Hon. Thomas Wodehouse Legh	
Ince	C	Col. Henry B. Hollinshed-Blundell	o
Leigh	L	Charles Prestwich Scott	x
Leeds—			
North	C	Rt. Hon. William Lawies Jackson	
Central	C	Rt. Hon. Gerald William Balfour	x
East	L	Thomas Richmond Leuty	f
West	L	Rt. Hon. Herbert J. Gladstone	
South	C	John Lawson Walton	o
Leicestershire—			
Eastern (Melton)	C	Lord Edward William Manners	f
Mid (Loughborough)	L	Jabez E. Johnson Ferguson	f
Western (Bosworth)	L	Charles B. Bright McLaren	x
Southern (Harborough)	L	John William Logan	x
Leicester	L	Henry Broadhurst	o
	L	Walter Hazell	x
	C	John Penn	o
Lewisham			
Lincolnshire—			
Gainsborough	L	E. Bainbridge	f
Brigg	L	Harold James Reckitt	
Louth	L	Robert William Perks	x
Horncastle	C	Lord Willoughby de Eresby	o
Sleaford	C	Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin	o
Stamford	C	William Younger	
Spalding	U	Harry Frederick Pollock	

Lincoln	U	Charles Hilton Seely	
Liverpool—			
Kirkdale	C	Sir George Baden Powell, K.C.M.G.	
Walton	C	James Henry Stock	o
Everton	C	John Archibald Willox	x
West Derby	C	Rt. Hon. Walter Hume Long	o
Scotland	N	Thomas P. O'Connor	f
Exchange	U	John Charles Bigham	o
Abercromby	C	William Frederick Lawrence	
East Toxteth	C	Augustus Frederick Warr	f
West Toxteth	C	Robert P. Houston	
London City	C	Sir Reginald Hanson, Bt.	o
	C	Hon. Alban George H. Gibbs	
London University	U	Rt. Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bt.	x
Lynn Regis	C	Thomas Gibson Bowles	o
Maidstone	C	Sir Frederick Seager Hunt, Bt.	
Manchester—			
North-West	C	Sir William H. Houldsworth, Bt.	x
North	L	Charles E. Schwann	x
North-East	C	Rt. Hon. Sir James Fergusson, Bt.	o
East	C	Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour	x
South	U	Rt. Hon. Marquess of Lorne	x
South-West	C	William Johnson Galloway	x
Marylebone—			
East	C	Edmund Boulnois	o
West	U	Sir Horace B. Townsend-Farquhar, Bt.	
Merionethshire	L	Thomas Edward Ellis	f
Merthyr Tydvil	L	David Alfred Thomas	f
	L	W. Pritchard Morgan	f
Middlesbrough	L	Joseph Havelock Wilson	f
Middlesex—			
Enfield	C	Major Henry Ferryman Bowles	
Tottenham	C	Joseph Howard	o
Hornsey	C	Henry Charles Stephens	o
Harrow	C	William Ambrose	x
Ealing	C	Rt. Hon. Lord George Hamilton	o
Brentford	C	James Bigwood	
Uxbridge	C	Sir Fred. D. Dixon Hartland, Bt.	x
Monmouth—			
Northern	L	Reginald McKenna	x
Western	L	Rt. Hon. Sir William Vernon Harcourt	o
Southern	C	Col. Hon. Fred. C. Morgan	f
Monmouth Boroughs	L	Albert Spicer	x
Montgomeryshire	L	Arthur C. Humphreys-Owen	
Montgomery Boroughs	C	Edward Pryce-Jones	x
Morpeth	L	Thomas Burt	x
Newcastle-under-Lyme	L	William Allen	f
Newcastle-on-Tyne	C	Sir Charles Frederick Hamond	f
	C	William Donaldson Cruddas	f
Newington—			
West	L	Capt. Cecil William Norton	f
Walworth	C	James Bailey	o
Norfolk—			
North-Western	L	Joseph Arch	x
South-Western	C	Thomas Leigh Hare	o
Northern	L	Herbert H. Cozens Hardy	x
Eastern	L	Robert John Price	
Mid	L	Frederick William Wilson	o
Southern	U	Francis Taylor	o
Northamptonshire—			
Northern	C	Edward Philip Monckton	f
Eastern	L	Francis Allston Channing	x
Mid	C	James Pender	f
Southern	C	Hon. Edward S. Douglas-Pennant	f
Northampton	L	Henry Labouchere	o
	C	G. C. Adolphus Drucker	x
Northumberland—			
Wansbeck	L	Charles Fenwick	x

Northumberland— <i>continued.</i>			
Tyneside	L	Joseph Albert Pease	o
Hexham	L	Wentworth C. Blackett Beaumont	o
Berwick-upon-Tweed	L	Sir Edward Grey, Bt.	f
Norwich	C	Samuel Hoare	x
	C	Sir Harry Bullard	f
Nottinghamshire—			
Bassetlaw	C	Sir Frederick George Milner, Bt.	x
Newark	C	Hon. Harold H. Finch Hatton	x
Rushcliffe	L	John Edward Ellis	
Mansfield	L	John Carvell Williams	x
Nottingham—			
West	L	James Henry Yoxall	f
East	C	Edward Bond	
South	C	Lord Henry Bentinck	x
Oldham	C	Robert Ascroft	x
	C	James Francis Oswald	f
Oxfordshire—			
Northern (Banbury)	C	Albert Brassey	o
Mid (Woodstock)	C	George Herbert Morrell	f
Southern (Henley)	C	Robert T. Hermon-Hodge	
Oxford	C	Viscount Valentia	
Oxford University	C	Rt. Hon. Sir J. R. Mowbray, Bt.	o
	C	John Gilbert Talbot	o
Paddington—			
North	C	John Aird	x
South	C	Thomas George Fardell	x
Pembrokeshire	L	William Rees Davies	x
Pembroke District	C	Lt.-Gen. John Wimburn Laurie	x
Penryn and Falmouth	L	Frederick John Horniman	f
Peterborough	U	Robert Purvis	x
Plymouth	C	Sir Edward Clarke	o
	L	Charles Harrison	x
Pontefract	L	Thomas Willans Nussey	o
Portsmouth	L	Sir John Baker	x
	L	Walter Owen Clough	x
Preston	C	Rt. Hon. Robert William Hanbury	o
	C	William E. M. Tomlinson	
Radnorshire	C	Powlett C. J. Milbank	x
Reading	C	Charles Townsend Murdoch	f
Rochdale	C	Clement Molyneux Royds	f
Rochester	C	Viscount Cranborne	o
Rutland	C	George Henry Finch	x
St. George's, Hanover Sq.	C	Rt. Hon. George Joachim Goschen	o
St. Helens	C	Henry Seton Karr	f
St. Pancras—			
North	C	Edward Robert Pacy Moon	o
East	C	Robert Grant Webster	f
West	C	Henry Robert Graham	x
South	U	Capt. Herbert Merton Jessel	o
Salford—			
North	C	Frederick Platt-Higgins	x
West	C	Lees Knowles	o
South	C	Sir Henry Hoyle Howarth, K.C.I.E.	x
Salisbury	C	Augustus Henry E. Allhusen	
Scarborough	L	J. Compton Rickett	
Sheffield—			
Attercliffe	L	Batty Langley	
Brightside	L	Rt. Hon. Anthony J. Mundella	o
Central	C	Col. Sir C. E. Howard Vincent	x
Hallam	C	Rt. Hon. Charles B. Stuart Wortley	x
Ecclesall	C	Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett	
Shoreditch—			
Hoxton	L	James Stuart	f
Haggerston	C	John Lowles	x
Shrewsbury	C	Henry David Greene	
Shropshire—			
Western (Oswestry)	C	Stanley Leighton	

Shropshire— <i>continued.</i>			
Northern (Newport)	C	Col. William Kenyon Slaney	
Mid (Wellington)	U	Alexander Hargreaves Brown	o
Southern (Ludlow)	U	Robert Jasper More	x
Somersetshire—			
Northern	C	Evan H. Llewellyn	f
Wells	C	Hon. Hylton George Hylton-Jolliffe	o
Frome	L	John Emmott Barlow	x
Eastern	U	Henry Hobhouse	o
Southern	L	Edward Strachey	
Bridgwater	C	Edward James Stanley	x
Western (Wellington)	C	Capt. Sir A. F. Acland Hood, Bt.	f
Southampton	U	Sir John S. Barrington Simeon, Bt.	o
	L	Sir Frances H. Evans, K.C.M.G.	o
South Shields	L	William Snowdon Robson	
Southwark—			
West	L	Richard Knight Causton	o
Rotherhithe	C	John Cumming Macdona	x
Bermondsey	C	Alfred Lafone	f
Staffordshire—			
Leek	C	Charles Bill	o
Burton	L	Sydney Evershed	
Western	U	Hamar Alfred Bass	
North-Western	C	James Heath	
Lichfield	L	Thomas Courtenay T. Warner	
Kingswinford	C	Rt. Hon. Alexander Staveley Hill	x
Handsworth	U	Sir H. Meysey Thompson, Bt.	o
Stafford	L	Charles Edward Shaw	
Stalybridge	C	Tom Harrop Sidebottom	
Stockport	C	George Whiteley	x
	C	Beresford Valentine Melville	x
Stockton	L	Jonathan Samuel	x
Stoke-upon-Trent	C	Douglas Harry Coghill	
Strand (Westminster)	C	Hon. W. Frederic D. Smith	o
Suffolk—			
Northern (Lowestoft)	C	Harry Seymour Foster	x
North-Eastern (Eye)	L	Francis S. Stevenson	o
N.-Western (Stowmarket)	C	Ian Malcolm	
South (Sudbury)	U	William Cuthbert Quilter	o
S.-Eastern (Woodbridge)	C	Capt. Ernest George Pretymann	f
Sunderland	C	William Theodore Doxford	
	L	Sir Edward Temperley Gourley	x
Surrey—			
N.-Western (Chertsey)			
S.-Western (Guildford)	C	Rt. Hon. W. St. John Brodrick	o
S.-Eastern (Reigate)	C	Hon. Henry Cubitt	
Mid (Epsom)	C	Thomas Townsend Bucknill	x
Kingston	C	Thomas Skewes Cox	
N.-Eastern (Wimbledon)	C	Henry Cosmo Orme Bonsor	o
Sussex—			
N.-Western (Horsham)	C	John Heywood Johnstone	x
S.-Western (Chichester)	C	Lord Edmund Talbot	
Northern (E. Grinstead)	C	George J. Goschen, Junr.	o
Mid (Lewes)	C	Sir Henry Fletcher, Bt.	o
Southern (Eastbourne)	C	Admiral Edward Field	
Eastern (Rye)	C	Arthur Montagu Brookfield	o
Swansea—			
Town	C	Sir John T. Dillwyn Llewellyn, Bt.	x
District	L	David Brynmor Jones	x
Taunton	C	Lt.-Col. A. C. Earle-Welby	o
Tower Hamlets			
Whitechapel	L	Sir Samuel Montagu, Bt.	x
St. George's	C	Harry H. Marks	x
Limehouse	C	Hary S. Samuel	x
Mile End	C	Spencer Charrington	o
Stepney	C	Frederick Wootton Isaacson	
Bow and Bromley	C	Hon. Lionel R. Holland	x
Poplar	L	Sydney Charles Buxton	o

Tynemouth	C	Richard Sim Donkin	
Wakefield	U	Viscount Milton	
Walsall	C	Sydney Gedge	x
Wandsworth	C	Henry Kimber	
Warrington	C	Robert Pierpoint	o
Warwickshire—			
Northern (Tamworth)	C	Philip Albert Muntz	f
N.-Eastern (Nuneaton)	C	Francis Alexander Newdigate	
S.-W. (Stratford-on-Avon)	C	Col. Victor Milward	x
S.-Eastern (Rugby)	C	Hon. Richard Greville Verney	
Warwick and Leamington	U	Hon. Alfred Lyttelton	x
Wednesbury	C	Walford Davis Green	x
West Bromwich	C	J. Ernest Spencer	x
West Ham—			
North	C	Ernest Gray	x
South	C	Major George E. Banes	
Westminster	C	W. Ashmead B. Burdett-Coutts	
Westmoreland—			
Northern (Appleby)	C	Sir Joseph Savory, Bt.	
Southern (Kendal)	C	Capt. Josceline F. Bagot	x
Whitehaven	C	Augustus Helder	x
Wigan	C	Sir Francis Sharp Powell, Bt.	o
Wight, Isle of	C	Sir Richard Webster, G.C.M.G.	
Wiltshire—			
Northern (Cricklade)	U	Alfred Hopkinson	x
North-Western (Chippenham)	C	Sir John Dixon Poynder, Bt.	
Western (Westbury)	C	Capt. Richard G. W. Chaloner	x
Eastern (Devizes)	C	Edward A. Goulding	x
Southern (Wilton)	C	Viscount Folkestone	o
Winchester	C	William Henry Myers	o
Windsor	C	Francis Tress Barry	
Wolverhampton—			
West	C	Sir Alfred Hickman	x
East	L	Rt. Hon. Sir Henry H. Fowler	
South	U	Rt. Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers	
Woolwich	C	Col. Edwin Hughes	x
Worcestershire—			
West (Bewdley)	C	Alfred Baldwin	
South (Evesham)	C	Col. Charles Wigram Long	
Mid (Droitwich)	U	Richard Biddulph Martin	o
Northern	U	John William Wilson	o
Eastern	U	J. Austen Chamberlain	o
Worcester	C	Hon. George H. Allsopp	
York, North Riding—			
Thirsk and Malton	C	John Grant Lawson	x
Richmond	C	John Hutton	
Cleveland	L	Alfred Edward Pease	
Whitby	C	Ernest W. Beckett	o
York, East Riding—			
Holderness	C	Commander George R. Bethell	o
Buckrose	L	Angus Holden	f
Howdenshire	C	William H. Wilson-Todd	o
York, West Riding—			
Skipton	U	Walter Morrison	f
Keighley	L	John Brigg	x
Shipley	U	J. Fortescue Flannery	x
Sowerby	L	Rt. Hon. John William Mellor	o
Elland	L	Thomas Wayman	f
Morley	L	Alfred Eddison Hutton	o
Normanton	L	Benjamin Pickard	
Colne Valley	L	Sir James B. Kitson, Bt.	
Holmfirth	L	Henry Joseph Wilson	
Barnsley	L	Earl Compton	f
Hallamshire	L	Sir Frederick T. Mappin, Bt.	o
Rotherham	L	Rt. Hon. A. H. Dyke Acland	f
Doncaster	C	Frederick William Fison	
Ripon	C	John Lloyd Wharton	o
Otley	C	Marmaduke D'Arcy Wyvill	x

York, West Riding—*continued.*

Barkston Ash	C	Colonel Robert Gunter	o
Osgoldcross	L	Sir John Austin, Bt.	x
Pudsey	L	Briggs Priestley	
Spenn Valley	L	Thomas P. Whittaker	x
York City	C	John George Butcher	o
	L	Sir Frank Lockwood	x

SCOTLAND—72 MEMBERS.

Aberdeenshire—			
East	L	Thomas Ryburn Buchanan	x
West	L	Dr. Robert Farquharson	x
Aberdeen—			
North	L	Capt. Duncan Vernon Pirie	o
South	L	Rt. Hon. James Bryce	o
Argyll	C	Donald N. Nicol	x
Ayrshire—			
North	U	Hon. Thomas H. Cochrane	
South	U	Sir William Arrol	x
Ayr Burghs	C	Charles Lindsay Orr-Ewing	x
Banff	L	Sir William Wedderburn, Bt.	x
Berwickshire	L	Harold John Tennant	x
Bute	C	Rt. Hon. Andrew Graham Murray	
Caithness	L	Dr. Gavin Brown Clark	x
Clackmannan and Kinsoss	L	Rt. Hon. John B. Balfour	
Dumbarton	C	Alexander Wylie	f
Dumfriesshire	L	Robinson Souttar	x
Dumfries Burghs	L	Sir Robert Threshie Reid	o
Dundee	L	Edmund Robertson	o
	L	Sir John Leng	x
	L	Sir Thomas D. Gibson Carmichael, Bt.	
Edinburgh (Midlothian)	L		
Edinburgh—			
East	L	Robert Wallace	
West	U	Sir Lewis McIver, Bt.	
Central	L	William McEwan	o
South	U	Robert Cox	x
Edinburgh & St. Andrews Univs.	C	Sir William Overend Priestley	f
Elgin and Nairn	C	John Edward Gordon	x
Elgin Burghs	L	Alexander Asher	
Falkirk Burghs	U	John Wilson	
Fife—			
Eastern	L	Rt. Hon. Herbert H. Asquith	o
Western	L	Augustine Birrell	o
Forfar	L	Capt. John Sinclair	
Glasgow			
Bridgeton			
Camlachie	U	Alexander Cross	o
St. Rollox	C	Ferdinand Faithfull Begg	x
Central	C	John G. A. Baird	f
College	C	Sir John M. Stirling Maxwell, Bt.	o
Tradeston	U	A. Cameron Corbett	x
Blackfriars	L	Andrew D. Provand	o
Glasgow and Aberdeen Univs.	C	James Alexander Campbell	o
Greenock	U	Sir Thomas Sutherland, K.C.M.G.	o
Haddington	L	Richard B. Haldane	x
Hawick Burghs	L	Thomas Shaw	x
Inverness	C	James E. B. Baillie	f
Inverness Burghs	U	Sir Robert Bannatyne Finlay	x
Kilmarnock Burghs	C	Col. John McAusland Denny	x
Kincardine	L	John William Crombie	
Kirkcaldy Burghs	L	James H. Dalziel	
Kirkcudbright	C	Sir John McTaggart Stewart, Bt.	x
Lanark—			
Govan	L	John Wilson	x
Partick	U	James Parker Smith	
North-Western	L	John G. Holborn	x
North-Eastern	L	John Colville	x

Lanark—*continued.*

Mid	L	James Caldwell	o
Southern	C	James H. Hozier	f
Leith Burghs	L	Ronald C. Munro Ferguson	o
Linlithgow	L	Alexander Ure	
Montrose Burghs	L	Rt. Hon. John Morley	
Orkney and Shetland	L	Sir Leonard Lyell, Bt.	
Paisley	L	Sir William Dunn, Bt.	x
Peebles and Selkirk	U	Walter Thorburn	x
Perthshire—			
Eastern	L	Sir John George S. Kinloch, Bt.	x
Western	U	Sir Donald Currie, K.C.M.G.	
Perth	L	Robert Wallace	x
Renfrew			
Eastern	C	M. Hugh Shaw Stewart	f
Western	C	Charles Bine Reishaw	
Ross and Cromartie	L	James Galloway Weir	x
Roxburgh	C	Earl of Dalkeith	
St. Andrews Burghs	U	Henry T. Anstruther	
Stirlingshire	C	James McKillop	x
Stirling Burghs	L	Rt. Hon. Sir H. Campbell Bannerman	
Sutherland	L	John McLeod	
Wick Burghs	L	Thomas Charles H. Hedderwick	x
Wigton	C	Sir Herbert E. Maxwell, Bt.	o

IRELAND—103 MEMBERS.

Antrim—			
North	C	Col. Hugh McCalmont, C.B.	o
Mid	C	Hon. Robert Torrens O'Neill	
East	C	Capt. James McCalmont	
South	C	W. G. Ellison McCartney	o
Armagh—			
North	C	Col. Edward James Saunderson	x
Mid	C	Dunbar Plunket Barton	
South	N	Edward McHugh	o
Belfast—			
East	C	Gustavus Wilhelm Wolff	x
South	C	William Johnston	x
West	U	Hugh O. Arnold-Forster	
North	C	Sir James H. Haslett	
Carlow	N	John Hammond	
Cavan—			
West	N	James Patrick Farrell	o
East	N	Samuel Young	o
Clare—			
East	P	William H. K. Redmond	f
West	N	Major James Eustace Jameson	
Cork County			
North	N	James Christopher Flynn	
North-East	N	William Abraham	x
Mid	N	Dr. Charles K. D. Tanner	o
East	N	Capt. A. I. C. Donelan	o
West	N	James Gilhooly	
South	N	Edward Barry	
South-East	N	Andrew Commins, LL.D.	
Cork	N	James F. X. O'Brien	x
	N	Maurice Healy	
Donegal—			
North	N	Thomas B. Curran	x
West	N	Timothy D. Sullivan	
East	N	Arthur O'Connor	o
South	N	J. Swift MacNeill	x
Down—			
North	C	Col. Thomas Waring	o
East	C	James Alexander Rentoul, LL.D.	x
West	C	Rt. Hon. Lord Arthur Hill	x
South	N	Michael McCartan	

Dublin County—			
North	P	John J. Clancy	
South	C	Hon. Horace C. Plunket	f
Dublin City—			
College Green	P	James Lawrence Carew	
Dublin Harbour	P	Timothy Harrington	
St. Stephen's Green	U	William Kenny	o
St. Patrick's	P	William Field	
Dublin University	C	Edward H. Carson	x
	U	William Edward H. Lecky	x
Fermanagh—			
North	C	Richard Martin Dane	o
South	N	Jeremiah Jordan	
Galway County—			
Connemara	N	William O'Malley	x
North	N	Denis Kilbride	x
East	N	John Roche	x
South	N	David Sheehy	x
Galway City	N	John Pinkerton	x
Kerry—			
North	N	Michael Joseph Flavin	
West	N	Sir T. H. Gratton Esmonde, Bt.	
South	N	Thomas Joseph Farrell	
East	N	Hon. James B. Burke Roche	x
Kildare—			
North	N	Charles John Engledew	
South	N	Matthew J. Minch	
Kilkenny County—			
North	N	Patrick McDermott	x
South	N	Samuel Morris	
Kilkenny City	P	Patrick O'Brien	x
King's County—			
Birr	N	Bernard Charles Molloy	
Tullamore	N	Dr. Joseph Francis Fox	
Leitrim			
North	N	Patrick A. McHugh	
South	N	Jasper Tully	
Limerick County—			
West	N	Michael Austin	
East	N	John Finucane	
Limerick City	N	Francis A. O'Keefe	
Londonderry County—			
North	C	Rt. Hon. John Atkinson	
South	U	Sir Thomas Lea, Bt.	f
Londonderry City	N	Edmund F. Vesey Knox	o
Longford—			
North	N	Justin McCarthy	f
South	N	Edward Blake	
Louth—			
North	N	Timothy M. Healy	f
South	N	Richard M'Ghee	
Mayo—			
North	N	Daniel Crilly	
West	N	Robert Ambrose	
East	N	John Dillon	
South	N	Michael Davitt	x
Meath—			
North	N	James Gibney	
South	P	John H. Parnell	x
Monaghan—			
North	N	Daniel Macaleese	
South	N	James Daly	
Newry	N	Patrick G. H. Carvil	
Queen's County—			
Ossory	N	Eugene Crean	o
Leix	N	Dr. Mark A. McDonnell	
Roscommon—			
North	P	James O'Kelly	o

Roscommon— <i>continued.</i>			
South	P	Luke Patrick Hayden	
Sligo—			
North	N	Bernard Collery	
South	N	Thomas Curran	
Tipperary—			
North	N	P. J. O'Brien	o
Mid	N	James Francis Hogan	x
South	N	Francis Mandeville	
East	N	Thomas Joseph Condon	
Tyrone—			
North	L	Rt. Hon. C. H. Hemphill	
Mid	N	George Murnaghan	
East	N	P. C. Doogan	x
South	U	Thomas W. Russell	x
Waterford County—			
West	N	James John Shee	f
East	N	Patrick Joseph Power	
Waterford City	P	John E. Redmond	
Westmeath—			
North	N	James Tuite	
South	N	Donal Sullivan	x
Wexford—			
North	N	Thomas J. Healy	
South	N	Peter Ffrench	
Wicklow—			
West	N	James O'Connor	o
East	P	William John Corbet	

Amid the Pentlands.

THE sunlight, beaming from the azure depth,
 Spread o'er the wild heath of the hill and dale,
 Stepped on the wavelets of the placid lake,
 And kissed each dreamy dew-drop, ere it fell.
 It welcomed us to climb the winding glen,
 Gladdened by every vista of surprise,
 Each sleepy hill, each faery-footed den,
 Stealing like balsam into weary lives.
 To wander o'er the fallen giant's side,
 To watch the sheep, the bird, the fern and flower!
 To catch the gleeful echo, ere it hide,
 To clasp the angel-bride with fadeless dower!
 Thence to sad city-life let us bequeath
 The charm of heather in the morning breath.

R. WELSH.

MUSÆUS SCHOOL AND ORPHANAGE FOR BUDDHIST GIRLS, COLOMBO, CEYLON.

AN appeal was made in these columns by the heads of this School, for help from readers of SHAFTS. So far I have obtained only 5s. and that from one person. I have delayed forwarding it hoping to obtain more. If such be not forthcoming by the end of this month I shall at once forward this sum.—ED.

For the Orphanage and School 5s., E. M. James.

Correspondence.

HELP FOR "SHAFTS."

DEAR EDITOR.—If it is not too late, I should like to wish SHAFTS a very Happy New Year, and many of them; for SHAFTS is a good, helpful paper, with its fearless advocacy of the woman's cause, its unceasing condemnation of injustice towards animals as well as human beings, its discussions of all sorts of social subjects coming to the fore, etc., etc. When I first met you at the Club awhile ago, and asked after the welfare of SHAFTS, I think I understood you to say that, although the greater part of the debt incurred in the starting of the paper had been paid off, there was still a remainder of some £40 or £50 which could not but be a source of anxiety, and, as I looked at your pale face I could not help thinking that you probably denied yourself everything beyond the barest necessities, in order that SHAFTS might be set free. This idea was present with me all the Christmas holidays. If I sent coals to my poor people, I wondered if SHAFTS were sitting without a fire. If I gave out Christmas dinners to the villagers I wondered if SHAFTS were fully supplied with the vegetarian equivalents of beef and plum pudding; when I was making up parcels of warm clothing I almost directed one to SHAFTS. My daughter returned from a London visit bringing in her hand a warm rug-shawl. "Where did you get it?" I said; then I found that the lady with whom she had been staying had taken her to the house of a friendly M.P., who, on that occasion, was entertaining a large party of factory girls, and when his visitors left he presented each one with a warm rug-shawl, my daughter included. If only it had been SHAFTS, I said. Then an idea occurred to me, and I said to myself, SHAFTS shall have the lion's share of next quarter's pin money, for though I am not a rich woman I always share with others such as I have, and those who are like-minded will know better than I can tell them that under such circumstances the demand always exceeds the supply. The outcome of all this, dear Editor, is that I send you £5 with very great pleasure as a foundation for the £40, and I hope many others will be inclined to build upon it. If our kind friends will send us the pence the pounds will take care of themselves, and the whole thing will be soon accomplished; SHAFTS will be set free and the anxious Editor will renew her strength. Best wishes for the future.—An affectionate and grateful,

FELLOW PIONEER.

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP.—Just a line to tell you how much I like the new form of SHAFTS. A smaller form of arrow, but as piercing, and as telling as the larger. You start it with a brave "Editorial," which marshals your forces and calls to arms during the coming year.—D. M.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE PIONEER CLUB.

MY DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP.—A few lines only to offer you my sincere sympathy for the loss of your friend. Although I had not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Massingberd intimately, I am feeling very sorry I have seen her for the last time. I always heard her speak as often as I possibly could. She has made life easier for us all. Let us try and follow her example, that those who come after us may find the road easier because we too have lived and fought some of the obstacles in our path.—Yours very sincerely, M. GRAY ALLEN.

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP.—In her message to us before Christmas, our dear President asked us not to say "good-bye." Let us respond to her sweet request, and not even in our inmost thoughts feel we have lost her; rather let us think of her as alive *now*, and only gone to another part of the great home in which we all are.

Now that her bodily presence has gone from us, let us feel her spirit *in* us, and through that spirit sink all petty differences, and as *women* continue to aid and strengthen one another. Her deep sympathy has showed us the way, so let each stand out self-reliant and strong, ready to serve. By leaving us she may have given a fresh impetus to the club, for the emotions we have gone through the last few months, and more intensely the last few days, have surely knit us very closely to her and to each other.

She loved the club so much that we may be sure her love is with us still, inspiring us in the same magnetic way her personal presence did; therefore let us hold

together, and feel that now *our* turn has come for action and example. Don't let us weakly collapse because we individually feel the want of her personal presence. We can best prove our gratitude by uniting loyally in our effort to keep the club together. The secret of her power and influence was *love*; cannot we, too, use that same power, and by daily willingness to serve, prove her work and example were not in vain.—AGNES HARVEY.

DEAR MADAM.—I was present at the Memorial Service in honour of the late President of the Pioneer Club, and was deeply impressed with the quiet, suppressed, gentle, yet deep grief of the many women present. I could not help wishing that for such a woman we could have had an address from a woman, or that the service could have been given by a woman. I heard, however, that that brave and good man Canon Wilberforce was a very old friend of hers, and doubtless all was arranged by her own wish. It was a brave and good act to pray for the one who had gone from us, and the words spoken were full of inspiration and truth, the flowers lying in such profusion, exquisitely beautiful all, yet I wished some women could have joined, if even in the singing. We near a new state of things steadily, when women will be in the services of the Church not spectators merely. Many of the Pioneers had been at the House of Commons previous to the service; I was proud and glad to see them return in time to bring their influence to bear on the conclusion of the discussion of the Bill so satisfactorily carried. Surely the presence of the brave soul departed was with those who returned to where duty called. Surely it was so *she* would have acted. I heard many a Pioneer say, and well say, Is it not as if her benediction was upon us, her very self with us?

If I might say (as an outsider) one word to that noble body of women within the Pioneer Club, it would be this:—Stand to your guns, be true to the principles upon which the club was founded. Keep as your President prayed in her almost last words "together," and meantime for the next few months concentrate your forces on working for the Suffrage; for, as she said, all else will follow that.—DIANA TRENT.

MY DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP.—I am sure you are mourning deeply the loss of Mrs. Massingberd. When shall we see her like again? I was hoping she would recover despite your sad notice of her illness in SHAFTS. How mysterious it is that those who seem to be so needed in this lower life should be among the first to be called hence. To her who is gone before no doubt death is gain; but, to us alas! who remain a terrible loss.—A SINCERE FRIEND.

HYDROPHOBIA.

MADAM.—It is truly painful to see the persistency with which the public cling to a scientific dogma when once it has obtained a spurious notoriety, quite regardless of the most convincing proofs of its futility. The history of medical science abounds with examples how easy it is for an individual to create a *furor* by setting some novel hypothesis afloat and drawing after him the majority of the medical profession, so strong is the tendency of the human mind to conform to anything new and popular. The Pasturian treatment for hydrophobia, to the unsuccessful nature of which Mr. Collinson draws attention in your columns, is a striking illustration of this tendency to popular infatuation.

It is, however, the duty of those who, like your correspondent, are better informed upon the subject, to disillusionise others of their mistaken confidence in the opinions of misguided scientific enthusiasts.

Although 334 persons have died after undergoing M. Pasteur's inoculations, people are still sent to Paris to be subjected to this dangerous and incomprehensible treatment, notwithstanding the established value of the Buisson vapour-bath in preventing and curing hydrophobia, and the fact that it can be obtained at the leading hydropathic establishments in this country, or gratuitously on the most advanced principles of hydropathic science and under the direction of a physician at the Buisson Institute, Upper Norwood, London.—MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

The North-American Review says:—

“If there is any real enemy to woman’s rights it can only be science. But science, even, has already placed it, for those who look deep enough, on an impregnable basis. Women do not realise the overwhelming strength of their case.

“The so-called inequality of the past, attributed to woman, has been no real inferiority, but merely a subordinating, due to material duties and social conditions. We shall find that the extent to which motherhood absorbs the energies of woman has varied with the social state; that improvement of such state has set free an ever increasing amount of energies.

“Demand regulates supply in Nature, and with the decreased rates of mortality on battlefields, there is corresponding decrease in birth rates, and an accompanying increase in woman’s time and opportunity. The peaceful state of society brings improved social conditions. The various developments, such as sanitary improvements, discoveries in medical and surgical arts, inventions of all kinds, and perfected methods of living, make life more lasting and secure.

“In the industrial field, under freer conditions, woman has utilised her opportunities in the development, not only of great industrial expertness, but also of remarkable intellectual power. The claim of woman suffrage is a point more perseveringly objected to. Her right to the voting privilege is objected to on the ground that woman cannot fight, because she does not furnish contingents to both army and navy. But, it is answered, that women do furnish contingents to both army and navy, and that, too, at the peril of their lives. Do men do more?

“The great problem of the age, how to emancipate woman and preserve motherhood, is already more than half solved. Not that the woman of the future will cease to be a mother, but that that state will be less and less arduous, and that its past disabilities will diminish, until they finally disappear. The world has no longer need of the enormous sacrifices required in the past; the eras of strife and cruelty are gone, and in the perfect social order that is coming, woman is to do something more than to suffer and to toil; she is to live.”

[ADVT.]

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All articles, letters, etc., should be accompanied by the full name and address of the writers, not necessarily for publication.

All contributions must be clearly and legibly written on one side of the paper only. Where payment may be desired the MSS. should be so marked. The Editor will in all cases endeavour to return rejected MSS. if accompanied by sufficiently stamped and addressed envelope, but cannot accept any responsibility for the loss or miscarriage of any unsolicited contributions.

The Annual Subscription for SHAFTS is 3s. 6d. for the United Kingdom or abroad. All remittances should be made payable to MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.