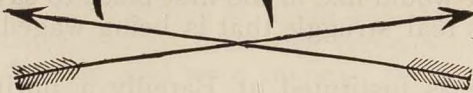


"SHAFTS"



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.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. II.

What the Editor Means.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST,
ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TO MEN.

THE soul is the source of being, and only as it fertilises in the earth does the world bring forth. Of itself the world is only the realm of decay. Life is in the light; health is in the light; beauty is in the light. The deeper we dig in darkness the less of life, health and beauty there is. Evil is nothing, because of itself void of life and creative properties, and it can only manifest by borrowing existence from higher sources. Soul Force is continually growing the no-thing to something.

World's Advance Thought.

Thy voice shall be a song,
Against wickedness and wrong,
But the wicked and the wronger thou shalt spare.

I sing of hope, that all the lost may hear,
I sing of light that all may feel its ray,
I sing of souls that no one man may fear,
I sing of God, that some perchance may pray,
Angels in hosts have praised both loud and long,
But Lucifer's shall be the harvest song.
Rise up, oh Lark, from the sod,
Up, up, with soundless wings,
Rise up to God! rise up, rise up to God,
Tell God these things.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

MORALS OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN INDIA.

A Reprint from "The Times," with apologies and thanks.

Sir,—The accompanying letter from an English corporal in the Indian Army, seems to me of interest and importance.

I can vouch for its genuineness. At a time when the question of the morals of our Army in India is drawing upon itself so much thought from so many quarters, the voice of a non-commissioned officer speaking earnestly from experience, and proposing some practical remedies, should be eagerly listened to.

In another letter before me from the same writer he says:—"I am also of opinion that many men fall through the proximity of the brothels to barracks. In — for instance one cannot enter the — Bazaar or market without being solicited on all sides."

I am, etc.,

W. T. MALLESON,

Treasurer of the Social Purity Alliance.

"In offering a few suggestions for the encouragement of morality amongst our soldiers in India, I would like in the first place to say a few words on the quiet, yet nevertheless real struggle that is being waged by some against immorality.

"In 1894, there was instituted at Bareilly a purity society, known as 'The Order of St. John,' a purely military society. The membership of this society steadily rose until it reached about 200, but there it seems to have stopped, not for want of effort on the part of those interested, but for the want of interest on the part of those for whom the effort is made. As a member of the above, it appears to me that the order defeats itself, for, although being designated non-sectarian, yet the ritual used and ceremonies introduced, flavour very strongly of the Church of England and High Church too. The majority of soldiers are not High Church, and do not care for it on Sundays even, so that they will not enter any society that reminds them so forcibly of it during the week. Then, again, members of the Soldiers' Christian Association (another non-sectarian society), who are principally Wesleyans, and to whom the knights of St. John look for help and support, will not come forward because they do not like the ceremonies introduced. I remember the bitter disappointment I experienced in trying to plant a branch of this order in my own regiment, and the worst rebuffs I received were from those whom I had expected to enter heart and soul with me into the work. The Good Templars were my best friends. The Excelsior Lodge here freely gave me the use of their lodge-room, and a few of its members joined the Order of St. John. I invited the Church of England chaplain to our meeting; he promised to come, but always found an excuse for not coming. I saw the Wesleyan chaplain personally, explained the object of the society, and asked his help. His answer was to the effect that it was useless to teach 'through morality to Christ,' but rather should we preach 'Christ first, morality will follow.' Finally I approached the branch of the Soldiers' Christian Association in the regiment (of which I am also a member), and invited them to join with me. They came to a meeting, but when I asked their opinion, I received this—that moral reform without conversion was more a curse than a blessing, for it was harder to convince a moral man he was a sinner than it was to convince a man sunk low in the scale of human degradation, and so they said they could not join with me because the society put moral reforms before Christianity. I was dumbfounded—more than that, hurt to the quick, to think that those whom I had looked upon as 'comrades in arms' in more senses than one, should have put forward such an excuse for not entering the lists against immorality. The order struggled on here for a few months, but gradually dwindled down, until now it is a thing of the past.

"The only places in India where the Order of St. John flourishes are those stations where the cause is heartily embraced by the chaplain and officers of the regiment in the station. This undoubtedly points out the great influence officers and chaplains have over their men, and I am of opinion that if officers were to use their examples in the cause of morality in such a manner as to be apparent to the men, it would have great effect for good.

"One of the soldier's great grievances in India is his treatment by the civilian population. To all intents and purposes he might be an outcast from society. Certainly the civilian population is small, but class distinction is observed to a ridiculous extent, and Tommy only ranks just above the natives. As an example of what I mean: I belong to a voluntary church choir which is composed of mixed voices. Now, although I have been a member of the choir a year, and have sat with civilians, ladies and gentlemen, Sunday after Sunday, I have never so much as exchanged the ordinary civilities, and were I to dare such a thing I should be considered insufferably presuming. This sort of thing is most galling to those who have a spark of self-respect, and drives many a man to forget himself and enter into scenes that otherwise he would not do.

"What is required is a fostering of self-respect amongst soldiers; occu-

pation for leisure hours; if it were possible a reduction of the numbers of men sleeping together. Let the bungalows as they now stand be divided into bunks for three or four men in each, and then let the men in each company as far as possible choose their own companions. Birds of a feather do flock together, and those who were inclined to be pure would be able to get away from the filthy language and conversation that some men seem to glory in using. There is no doubt that the barrack rooms as they now stand are a hotbed of immorality; corrupt men delight in corrupting others, and the herding together of thirty or forty and sometimes sixty or a hundred men in the same room, gives them fearful scope to work upon. Young soldiers come out to India full of good resolves; they are forced into a quiet life during the voyage, and were they after arrival able to settle with two or three chums and have their own quarters, then there would be some chance of the good resolutions being fulfilled. How many a lad has been led away by the evil examples forced upon him! As a soldier lives in India at the present day there is no chance for him to remain uncorrupted unless he has an exceedingly strong will.

"Soldiers' homes as started at Rawalpindi, and under similar management in every station, would have a vast influence in preserving the purity of the moral atmosphere amongst our soldiers, and I would certainly suggest that efforts be made to establish such homes.

"All honour to Miss Sandes and her co-workers, who have so nobly sacrificed their time in the interests of the soldier. Many a lad has come to be thankful for the teachings received from these ladies; and many a victory over temptation to sin has been won through their influence. God bless them and speed their good work."

The above letter is re-published here at the request of the Social Purity Alliance, 18, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W. It has been delayed for want of space. Its perusal will, I hope, open serious questions in the minds of thoughtful readers, and suggest much that may be done to help the soldier. Surely, also, there is more to be considered than the morals of the soldiers, deeply and urgently important as that object is; more than the health of our soldiers, of deep importance also. What is to be done for that vast army of women who are accused of being the cause of the falling away of the men? Are the morals of these of no account? Are they there because of some inherent degeneracy in themselves, or is it the ready vice of men which has created this condition of things? Most of us are acquainted with the facts, are we concerned in finding out the deeper causes?—causes which have arisen, not yesterday.

Note the quoted remark from a former letter in the last paragraph of the heading, beginning "I am also of opinion," etc.

All women are anxious to preserve the morals and health of our army in India. Are there none whose whole souls go out with desire to save and help this greater, much more important *army of women* so wretchedly reduced? Are there none anxious to find out the awful Why? of their condition? Are there any who really hope to save the men and leave the women vicious? This earth is full of a bewildering confusion of iniquity; our means and methods of dealing with it are all wrong. Women in thousands! millions! must come forth from their homes and find the way to put an end to such conditions of danger; must teach their sons how to resist temptation, teach them the meaning of many things, of these words, for instance: "Blessed is the man who endureth temptation, when he is tried, he shall receive the Crown of Life." *To be tried* implies here to have overcome. What is the Crown of Life? Mothers might teach their sons that also, and *PHYSIOLOGY*. Only mothers can do this as it must be done to succeed. We hear much of the unsophisticated young lad

who leaves a pure, happy home; leaves mother and sisters, to go to his place in our Indian army. Is this a positively correct description of the youth? What is really the condition of that youth's moral perceptions before he enters into a position of temptation? Where has he been educated? Do our public schools inculcate and encourage a high moral standard? What was the boy *before* he was entered as a pupil at the school?—any school? Has he remained long enough with his mother to be established in the first lessons of purity? in love of all that is high and noble, before he leaves home to go to school? Oh that awful leaving home! that separating of the young, unfolding life from the mother! she who is the most fitted, who ought to be still more fitted, to train it for its advancing stages. Despite all acquired, forced opinions in its favour, the system of public boarding schools, the separation of the child from its dearest, closest ties, its best, most powerful influences, is of all the piteous mistakes we make the one most disastrous in its results. If mothers are not always what they should be—and that "is true, God wot"—let us proceed without delay so fully to educate our young girls that they shall be all that they might be, and are capable of being. To train up a girl so that she shall make in the future a noble, capable mother—if motherhood be chosen by her—all that is necessary is to train her to be a capable, upright, noble citizen; train her to understand her capacities, her possibilities, spiritual, mental and physical. She will then make the best of mothers, and will send her sons forth, if need be, to school or college, or to arms, defended by the spotless, invulnerable shield her own hands shall have provided, her own soul endowed with a charm irresistible.

But is this done; or even, save in very exceptional cases, attempted? We commit the serious mistake of making man the standard, of putting the male parent first; the father is held as of more importance than the mother; the brother than the sister; the man than the woman; and so we barricade ourselves against the entrance of truth; darken our windows against the gleaming of light, which light waits patiently to enter, which truth waits to be discovered. A mind in earnest—unprejudiced, will soon learn unmistakably to know the relative value of all things, the meaning of all grades in the spirit's progress.

But to begin, a way must be found by which education can be received without separating the child from the mother's training and influence, of all training and influence the most needful. Under such benign conditions a new state of government will gradually arise and nations will learn to make war no more. A full knowledge of all the physical powers and functions will teach a child to hold them in reverence, but such knowledge must be acquired from the mother, who alone can impart it in the necessarily graduated form, and with sufficient delicacy and truth.

The mistakes of ages cannot be undone in a few months, nor must we forget that they have been the mistakes of development, the gropings from darkness to light, which many centuries have seen, and many centuries will see, ere the noonday radiance shall flood our souls. Each one in her own place must hew the steps of progress on to the higher plains. Each soul must pass through its own experience ere it reach the culmination of these earth lives, where the spirit from her buoyant poise sees all things, wise or foolish, painful or sweet, as so many steps to greater life, as the true and only path by which she could ever have reached her greater exaltation.

In the work to be done, work, the result of which will save our young soldiers from degradation, we must bear in mind that such work, to be of real service, must not leave out of its healing powers those unhappy

creatures, so many of whom are lured to destruction, and to whom there is opened no way of escape such as lies freely before the men if they choose to seek and find it.

The question of sex,—what is it? for what purpose existent?—is a very serious one even answered from a higher plane than such as this; how much more so therefore, when we find how wide-spread are the questionings, how fraught with danger most of the aspects in which it is regarded. For the greater part of humanity seems to have, for ages, looked upon the higher development of the human, as woman, as fitted for, and created to be made subject to, the sex impulses and caprices of the incomplete development, man. One single step from the course marked out by the orthodox as the right one, shuts every door against the *one* sex, save the door of Descent into a continuation of vice, and vice the shame of which increases with every step. Against the other sex no door is shut, and no hand is raised, no finger pointed in scorn. This condition of matters, as false as it is injurious, arises from the assumption that sexual relationships, communication between women and men as creatures of sex, exist for purposes of sexual gratification first, for reproduction, if at all, only secondary or as a chance result.

The *assumption* is, that for the most part men cannot endure self-restraint and have a right to demand compliance with their wishes, whenever urged; that women have no difficulty in practising self-restraint, and are free from passion. The *truth* is, that men from boyhood are never taught self-restraint, that they are allowed to acquire all sex knowledge from their own impulses, and the more or less depraved talk of their fellows, while women, from girlhood upwards, are alas! carefully kept in the most profound ignorance on all points connected with the relationship and association of human beings on the sex plane. It is true that woman has in her higher development advanced a few steps beyond man along that path of evolution which means the eventual overcoming of passion. It is true that the spirit passing from the masculine to the feminine plane, touches for the first time the more spiritual chords of the maternal sphere, which echo to wonderful harmonies; but woman is not *free* from passion, simply as woman, only *more free* as having put her foot on the further track which, developing the maternal, leaves the passionate some paces behind. Eventually passion must cease and give place to the God-like love, universal. Universal, individual, but wholly of the spirit—in the higher spheres. This will not come to pass to-day, but it will help us all, to see the light ahead, and to know the nature of that light.

Meantime, sex impulse in its higher form is simply for purposes of reproduction. Above that we may rise to any heights; below it we may sink to any depths. All experience, nevertheless, through which the soul passes may, and will be capable of being utilised to the sincere soul's upward tending, provided it be the use, and not the abuse. The use of sex on the passion plane is always accompanied by the danger of lower levels. It was the feeling of descent into these levels which caused kings, philosophers and saints of old to cry out against indulgence, and ever, as men will, to blame the woman, and not their own uncontrolled passions. Hating the lower levels into which they so frequently descended, they strove to practise the ascetic life, avoiding the society of women, to whose presence they ascribed all the falling from virtue due to their own base desires.

The use of sex, simply and solely for purposes of reproduction, especially in its highest aspects (for even here there are *stages* of perfection) would never have produced these descents into Avernus, the unutterable horror of which such descent is capable. On the contrary, such an association of the sexes would have produced respect on either side, a nobler race of human beings, and better, more beautiful, and in every way more suitable, bodies in which the materialising spirit might dwell—a condition of things which would advance rapidly to its natural consummation. It would be, in fact, *love*, tender and anxious for the welfare of the beloved one, not *passion*, which seeketh ever its own.

It is not love but passion, passion imperious and inconsiderate in its demands, which has made man ever resolved to hold dominion over woman, which has worked in his body and soul a mischief so dire that he has shut against her all the avenues of learning, all opportunities of attaining independence, all ranks and positions of influence in Church and State. When love takes the place of passion he will open every door and will make speed to do so. With the death of passion will cease all desire on the part of man to dominate over woman. With the advent of love, the spirit love, will awaken in man a power to perceive woman as she is in all her possibilities, a clear sight to convince his intelligence of the fact that womanhood is the step higher than manhood, which the spirit takes as it mounts, the still more fitting and more filled with experience habitation in which the spirit dwells on the last earth stage of its unceasing upward flight. Knowing that on this stage he too must dwell, he will help to preserve its purity, to keep it from desecration, and the woman as mother, actually or potentially, will fill his soul with reverence and love. The spirit as woman, in womanhood, will be to him Holy! Holy! Holy! When truth is seen as love will reveal it, there shall be no room for envy, for the thought I am greater than thou; no incompetency to understand a thing as great, unless it have so much fighting capacity; no struggle for mastery. True power will be seen not to lie in the muscles of the physical or any outward show, but in that spirit beauty to which every step through life's grades shall bring us nearer: which each succeeding earth-life shall develope to greater intensity.

When woman shall cherish love and not passion, when she shall train and cultivate the God-like love to more and more of strength and purity within her, then she will no longer join man in his fostering of his own self-esteem, then will she no longer permit the degradation of that womanhood which it is her duty and privilege to exalt, then will her daughters and her sons be truly children of the supremest effort, of her highest thoughts, and the whole world will through each heart and brain pour abundance of good upon all that lives.

We are a long way from such conditions, but let us never lose sight of the goal; we have much to overcome, but let us never forget that the victory is for those who resolve to overcome. Passion and its indulgence will not speed our lagging feet. Motherhood and fatherhood through pure and high love may help us greatly. They who strive upward, even through passion, lust and cruelty, shall win. We are not standing still, we are evolving ever to higher things, and cruelty, of which, are lust and passion, must some time or other be left behind.

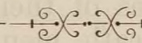
So will be seen the meaning of the heading of this attempt with great hope to compel some one to pause and listen. "Glory to God in the Highest," meaning the exaltation of the Spiritual, must ever produce "Peace on earth" and "good-will" to all human and all other life. Where there is Love the God-like, there can be no sensuality, no immorality, no vivisec-

tion, no unkind treatment of the helpless; in short, no CRUELTY, for all these vices are bred of cruelty, which seeketh ever SELF-GRATIFICATION.

Love seeketh not her own, and is never puffed up. Love overcometh all iniquity.

"A voice cried out, Rejoice, rejoice,
There shall be sleep for Evil,
And all the sweetness of God's voice
Passed strangely through the Devil."

So let us struggle, that we may overcome. So let us love, and work, and work *in* love, that the world may be full of Light.



Saints and Martyrs.

In Mr. Bellamy's recently published work *Equality* (which I should like to recommend to all women readers for the sake of the inspiration which the chapters on women may give them), there is a description of a sculptured group of heroic size which stands in an open public place in the Boston of the twentieth century. These are the words in which he describes the group: "Shoulder to shoulder, as if rallied to resist assault, were three figures of men in the garb of the labouring class. They were bare-headed, and their coarse textured shirts, rolled above the elbow, and open at the breast, showed the sinewy arms and chest. Before them on the ground lay a pair of shovels and a pickaxe. The central figure, with the right hand extended, palm outwards, was pointing to the discarded tools. The arms of the other two were folded on their breasts. . . . There were two women also in the group, as coarse of dress and feature as the men. One was kneeling before the figure on the right, holding up to him with one arm an emaciated half-clad infant, while with the other she indicated the implements at his feet with an imploring gesture. The second of the women was plucking by the sleeve the man on the left as if to draw him back, while with the other hand she covered her eyes. But the men heeded the women not at all, nor seemed in their bitter wrath, to know that they were there."

I want all of us women workers to keep that group well before our eyes at present, for the study from real life from which that group was modelled is even now among us in its grimmest reality. For seventeen weeks the engineers have been *locked out* by their employers because they are demanding an eight hours' working day. They are standing out for their principle, which is, that hard and exhausting manual labour demands shorter hours and more leisure than capital has hitherto allowed. The federated employers are standing out for *their* principle, that they must not be dictated to by the men's unions in the matter of working hours. Which is the nobler principle to suffer for? I appeal to women and workers to answer. Who are the greater sufferers in standing out for their principle?—the employers or the men? Again I appeal to the women and the workers. Who are the martyrs and saints in this nineteenth century struggle? Blind martyrs and saints if you will, but none the less deserving their palm and their crown?

"There were two women also in the group, . . . one was kneeling before the figure on the right, holding up to him with one arm an emaciated half-clad infant. . . . The second of the women was plucking by the sleeve the man on the left as if to draw him back, while with the other she covered her eyes."

Yes, martyrs and saints have flinched before now for the sake of those who were dearest to them, and for themselves, too, sometimes, when they saw the implements of torture and of death, and felt the hot breath of the hungry animals ready to tear them limb from limb; but the flinching and the covering of the eyes was only for a second, and the next moment they were able to speak words of comfort and of heartening to those who were to share with them the pain and the glory. So it is now with our martyrs and saints of whom I write; for a moment they cannot face the thought of the hot-breathed wolf whose red eyes gleam at the door, who kills not with quick rending but with weeks and months of slow torture; but the next moment they also are ready; and they with the men have taken their lives in their hands, and the lives of their little ones, in order that by resisting oppression, even unto death, men and women may be compelled to take heed to their wrongs. What says Bellamy again? "Who was it pray that first roused the world of your day to the fact that there was an industrial question, and by their pathetic demonstrations of passive resistance to wrong, for fifty years kept the public attention fixed on that question till it was settled? Was it your statesmen, perchance your economists, your scholars, or any other of your so-called wise men? No. It was just those despised, ridiculed, cursed and hooted fellows, . . . who with their perpetual strikes would not let the world rest till their wrong, which was also the world's wrong, was righted."

Once more let us try and visualise this sculptured group; let us, as Progressive Women and workers, who are endeavouring to the best of our ability to change the old order, making room for a new and better one, let us try and realise that these locked-out men and their families are, for the time being, exposed to the fore-front of the fight, and that it is incumbent upon us to help them with thought and word and DEED. Win they must, for the cry on their lips is the old cry of "Liberty and Progress" which has inspired English men and women all down the ages and been the watch-word of every revolution. To that watch-word we must rally and ours it must be to send help to the *children*, the blind helpless martyrs, who so young have been thrust into the forefront of the battle. Remember that every mother has to make a sixpence now go as far as a shilling did formerly. Not an heroic struggle, you may say. Try it then yourself and see if it does not demand *protracted heroism*. Let us readers of SHAFTS have a "self-denial week" and send the proceeds of our small self-denials to the martyrs and saints who are starving in order to prove that they believe in their principles. "Surely, surely," says George Eliot, "the only true knowledge of our fellow-man is that which enables us to feel with him, which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses which are beating under the mere clothes of circumstances and opinion. Our subtlest analysis of schools and sects must miss the essential truth, unless it be lit up by the love that sees in all forms of human thought and work, the life and death struggles of separate human beings."

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

Club Records.

PIONEER CLUB.

From the multitude of efforts there shall arise a highway for many feet.—R. TAIT.

THE debates for the Autumn Session have so far not been wanting in interest. "Art in the Home" was well expressed by Mrs. Stanton Blatch, from her place in the chair, on October 7th. Mr. Gleeson White, the opener, did not belie his reputation, but might have risen to a great altitude. Dr. Hervey and Miss Sharman Crawford took part in discussion. It would seem—if a Pioneer is to judge from what appears—that the gentlemen who have kindly accepted invitations to speak at the club, hardly realise that women are good critics. Pioneers might suggest to them a more earnest study of the subject to be discussed; and perhaps a little observation of cultivated, sensible women will enable men to understand their quick and deep powers of comprehension.

"The Priests and the Schools" brought out some good speaking, though verging closely upon rather exciting topics.

On October 27th, Miss Campbell Lang gathered together in hospitable fashion those belonging to the Maternity Society of England, which is doing a much needed work, in great promise and hope. Much of the success they have already enjoyed is due to the zealous efforts of the Misses Cole, who act as joint secretaries.

The 1st of November saw the members of Miss Frances Lord's Bond of Union gathered here, after a long holiday. Miss Lord's meetings are always full of interest. Shortness of space this month prevents any detailed account of the proceedings.

THE GROSVENOR CRESCENT CLUB AND THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

IN the earlier stages of the Pioneer Club, and more recently in the first steps of the Club and Women's Institute at 15, Grosvenor Crescent, it seemed necessary to put the motives, aims and hopes, connected with proceedings of so great import very fully before the public. Now the facts of the daily doings, the new and newer ideas carried into action, and all that is the outcome of such a large gathering of women of thought and purpose will for the most part speak for themselves.

The readers of SHAFTS and the clear seers everywhere will watch with interest the progress of these clubs. By the works of each club, and of each individual, will each be judged. It is not the purpose of this club to exalt one individual over another. Each will give of their best towards the cause of women's freedom and fuller education, and to aid and give an impetus to all that may be done with that end in view. The Club and Women's Institute have many hopes and schemes, which time will develop as the years pass and opportunities increase. Meantime, the proprietor, Mrs. Philipps, may be assured that the hearts of the members go with her and are ready to further her desires, and help her and each other.

The subjects for debate, and for lecture, the openers of debate, and the lecturers are well chosen. If carried out with the same indomitable spirit as that in which they have been begun, and with the full union and ardent sympathy of each member and of all in a body of strength, there can be little doubt of the glad and wide-spread results which will follow.

No movement of modern times holds more promise within its grasp, than does the establishment of clubs for women.

AUTUMN PROGRAMME OF THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

- November 9th, Tuesday.—Re-Union at Institute, 8.30 to 10.30 (for members only).
 November 23rd, Tuesday.—Institute Lecture, 8.30: "The Place of University Education in the Life of Women," by Mrs. SIDGWICK (admission by ticket only).
 December 7th, Tuesday.—Re-Union at Institute, 8.30 to 10.30 (for members only).
 Members can bring guests to all debates and "At Homes" at the Club, but the Re-Unions at the Institute are open to members of the Institute only.
 November 4th, Thursday.—Club "At Home," 4 to 6.
 November 16th, Tuesday.—Club Debate, 8.30: "The Relation of Health to Ethics." Opened by Mrs. CLARE GOSLETT.
 November 18th, Thursday.—Club "At Home," 4 to 6.
 November 30th, Tuesday.—Club Literary Discussion, 8.30: "Wit and Pathos in Modern Irish Literature." Opened by Miss L. M. LITTLE.
 December 2nd, Thursday.—Club "At Home," 4 to 6.
 December 14th, Tuesday.—Club Debate, 8.30. Opened by Mr. BRYNMÔR JONES, Q.C., M.P.
 Members can bring guests to all Debates and "At Homes" at the Club, but the Re-Unions at the Institute are open to members of the Institute only.

LECTURES AT THE INSTITUTE.

"WOMEN AS CITIZENS."

November 3rd, Wednesday.—"Historic Sketch of Local Government to 1800." 6 p.m. Mrs. PHILLIMORE (of St. Pancras Vestry). (a) *Pre-Tudor and Tudor*. The manorial courts and the vill. The parish—what was it? The early town Justices of Assize *v.* Justices of the Peace. The Local Government official. The effect of the Poor Law and of the Tudor dynasty. (b) *Post-Tudor*.—The New Administration: Period I. Religion and Local Government: Period II. Magistrates and Centralisation. Loss of Independence: Period III. Growth and Re-action, with special reference to the Poor Law. The position in 1800.

November 10th, Wednesday.—"School Boards." 6 p.m. Mrs. MAITLAND, M.L.S.B. The necessity for their introduction in 1870. Their place in the scheme of national education. Their duties. The importance of having women elected on them.

November 18th, Thursday.—"London Local Government since 1800 and the Local Government Act of 1888." 6 p.m. Mrs. PHILLIMORE (St. Pancras Vestry). 1800-1855.—Chaos.—Ecclesiastical Districts. Private Acts. Commissioners under Private Acts. Open and Select Vestries. Drainage Commissioners. Administration. 1855, 1888, 1894.—CREATION—*Metropolitan Management Act*, 1855. Schedule A., Vestries. Schedule B., Vestries and District Boards, Metropolitan Board of Works. *Local Government Act*, 1888, London County Council. *Local Government Act*, 1894, Permissive Transfer of Powers to Vestries, Qualification of members, etc. 189—? 19—? ORDER—Lines of future Bill.

November 25th, Thursday.—6 p.m. "Poor Law Guardians." Miss LIDGETT, P.L.G.

December 2nd, Thursday.—6 p.m. "District and Parish Councils." Mrs. PHILLIPPS. A Glimpse of Village Life and Local Government prior to 1894; The Local Government Act of 1894, its scope and limitations; The election of Councilors, their duties and powers; The abilities and disabilities of women under the Act.

Tickets, single, members 1s., non-members, 2s. 6d. Tickets for the course, members, 4s., non-members, 10s. Apply to Miss Elsbeth Philipps, Chief Secretary, Lecture Department, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, Hyde Park Corner.

The Institute Lecture (to be published as one of the Transactions of the Women's Institute), will be given by Mrs. SIDGWICK on "The Place of University Education in the Life of Women," on Tuesday, November 23rd, at 8.30 p.m.

Admission by ticket only. Please apply to the Chief Secretary, Lecture Department, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, Hyde Park Corner. A few non-members' tickets may be had, price 2s. 6d.

Mrs. Phillipmore gave her interesting address on "Women as Citizens," on the evening of November 3rd, the details of which are mentioned above. The value of such lectures to women cannot be over-estimated. They will wonderfully help many women in the work they are about to do still more abundantly.

Men cannot be members of the Club, though very liberally admitted as guests—they are, however, eligible as members in the Institute.

A Woman's Name.

Mrs. VIRGINIA D. YOUNG, of South Carolina, an ardent woman's suffragist and a pleasing writer, is about to hold, and probably is now holding, a State Convention of Women Suffragists in South Carolina. The plan was to hold it in the beautiful city of the Violet Crown, Charleston, in the full height of her gaiety, during the festival held in the fall and known as "Gala Week." The programme set the date of the public meeting October 27th, and the business session, October 28th. At this moment of going to press we cannot tell whether all has been carried out as prospected, but it is a wise and happy thought, and we wish Mrs. Young's plan all the success it deserves, and all the results she hopes for from it. In the notice of her intentions, which she has sent to the *Woman's Journal*, Boston, Mrs. V. D. Young relates the following interesting incident:

"Some weeks ago, at our dinner-table, my husband, having finished his meal, sat reading aloud to the rest of us, who were toying with our nuts and raisins, from the daily papers. Suddenly he said to me, 'Have you seen this?' Then he read out a part of the programme of a Sunday school convention to take place the next week, in which I was mentioned as one of the speakers over my married name, 'Mrs. Dr. W. I. Young.' My husband, who has always been my leader up to the heights of woman's equality, laughed at this and said, teasingly:

"If I were you I wouldn't speak to people who denied me a right to my own name.'

"They haven't notified me officially, and so I won't answer to your name,' I replied.

"But later on, with sober second thought, I reflected how infrequent were the occasions where women were ever asked to speak at Southern conventions, so I resolved to embrace the occasion to 'point a moral and adorn a tale.' Being timid and disliking to be conspicuous, I tried, but in vain, to have my name changed—I could not get hold of the proper person in time. When the dreaded moment came, and the chairman announced me as Mrs. Dr. W. Young, I found my nerves strung up to the needed pitch, and advancing to the front I asked if I should come inside the altar. The chairman made a wide gesture of invitation. I entered. Then I spoke amid a silence that could be felt. 'Dear friends,' I said, 'the chairman of this convention has introduced me by my husband's name. No woman on earth honours her husband more than I do, but I consider that I have the right to be known by my own name, as I am an individual, responsible for my own thoughts and opinions. Just before I came forward I heard a little girl, who sat behind me, whisper, "That is Virginia D. Young." I was pleased she knew me so well. So by my own name let me be known to you also.' I paused. The chairman, with a deeply blushing face, rose to remark that he was in favour of woman's rights, and of her right to her own name."

Church Anti-Vivisection League.

THIS Society is at present working hard to explain the danger of vivisectional teaching being given to the pupil teachers, and through them to the children, in the Board Schools. They work to a great extent by distributing papers from house to house, instructing the people in the ethics of vivisection. All who will kindly help in this work will be welcomed.

158, Lancaster Road, London, W.

The Independent Anti-Vivisection League works also much in the same way as the former, by the distribution of literature and occasional meetings. Such work should receive the hearty co-operation of thousands of eager, enthusiastic persons. There are numbers of people whose time hangs heavy on their hands for want of something to do, something of interest, something calling for earnest, hard work. Yet those who flock to these societies may be easily counted, and day and night the cry of tortured, sentient creatures fills the air, while the world jogs on and passes heedlessly by. If those who can help, and they are many in number, would only come to the rescue, what horrible suffering would be saved. To distribute pamphlets, to speak at home and abroad, to let the world know of the awful cruelties constantly perpetrated in their midst—cruelties involving untold agony on thousands upon thousands of helpless creatures who ought to be our care—were indeed divine work; but the days run on to their losing in the Great Ocean of Time, and the call still is for the labourers whose ranks are so thin. We look up for spiritual help in our own troubles to those higher than we, and forget that we who are higher than the animals owe to them the help we seek for ourselves.

The upward trend of all life is surely sufficiently manifest; this fact involves deep and important duties which, if not fulfilled by each of us to our fellows, whether animal or human, in this earth-life, must be atoned for in our next. The lesson must be learnt, the neglect redeemed, the debt paid, even to the uttermost farthing. What excuse will *they* offer who have done *nothing* to relieve the agonised cries coming up to us from the past; screaming and sobbing around us now, and echoing on into the ages? To women especially, the appeal is made to come to the help of justice and mercy against the strong man armed with cruelty, oppression, and tyranny.

The Pioneer A. V. Society, founded by Mrs. Massingberd, still goes on with its earnest work, nothing has been mentioned of it for some time in *SHAFTS*, as no notices have been sent me. It may possibly have been pausing, preparing for wide schemes of work. It would be well for these societies to make themselves widely known, and to send their cards of invitation to many people, so that the workers may increase, for they are too few, and we must sound forth a trumpet call which shall summon the multitude to the work of destroying the destroyer.

A meeting of the above society will be held at the house of Mrs. Horne, 9, Greencroft Gardens, South Hampstead, on Thursday, November 11th, at 3.30 p.m. Miss Fergusson Abbott, one of the Society's most earnest workers, in the chair. Finchley Road Station will be the most convenient to the place of meeting.

Elizabeth Martyn.

Between the dead and the living
The veil of the glamour lies.

Sure as the great sun rolls,
The crown of mighty souls
Is martyrdom.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I AM indebted to the kindness of Miss Baker, who now fills the post lately occupied by Elizabeth Martyn on the council of the Humanitarian League, for the information here given of the life of purpose led by this earnest woman, who has gone from us for a few short years, as we reckon time, leaving behind her, among those who knew her personally, and those who were cognisant of her work, a profound sorrow, a great love, but no regret. She was tired; her strength of body did not enable her to accomplish—much as she *has* done—one half of what she desired in the spiritualising and uplifting of all human action and motive. Being tired she has turned back to rest awhile before resuming work, to rest—meditate—in the *pauses between*, which help the spirit so bountifully in each earth life—to acquire more wisdom, so as to take up her labours again when the time comes, with fresh delight, greater power, still more percipient love. This cannot be to any of us a matter of regret, much as we shall miss her. It was ever her anxious wish, each day and hour to learn something more of the angel spirit, to see something more of the angel light. Quiet, simple, in patient endeavour waiting to do her best, she believed with many other earnest loving workers, the great truth expressed by a modern poet.

“Reason and conscience knitted in accord are deathless, and must overcome the world. The higher law will shape them. There is evermore a higher.”

Miss Baker writes:

“As a child, Elizabeth Martyn was exceptionally intelligent and possessed a most earnest desire for knowledge. She read with the greatest avidity, books rarely read by children. Her father, the Rev. John Martin, Wesleyan minister, will tell lovingly, how at a very youthful age, his daughter seized with eagerness upon the works of deep and profound thinkers to be found upon the shelves of his study, perusing them with a comprehension of much of their meaning. She commenced writing when very young, and one of her brothers, only two years her junior, says that as far back as he can remember, one of the greatest charms of his home life, was to hear his sister tell tales of her own creating, which later on she wrote out. A brother of Olive Schreiner used to borrow these tales and much enjoyed their perusal, scarcely believing they could have been written by one so young. It is a matter of regret that these youthful compositions are not in existence, but were destroyed long ago, probably by her own hand. Many were the plots which she formed in her mind, intending later on, to weave them into book form, her early ambition. It is probable that this ambition would have been gratified; and that she would have made a name for herself, but such was not to be her career. Later on, the seriousness of life, and the sufferings of the world around her, took too deep a hold upon her to allow her to encourage her happy dreams.”

She wrote for *Nelson's* and *Chambers's*, and also for various magazines. One capital article of hers was reviewed in a back number of *SHAFTS*, entitled “The Case of the Helots.” Besides this, several messages, transcripts of her thoughts, appeared in the earlier issues of *SHAFTS*.

Miss Baker mentions her account in *The Westminster Review* of her

visit to Donegal, and her description of the sufferings of the peasantry, as having awakened much interest.

The Rev. Henry Martin, Elizabeth's brother,

"Always spoke of her as his dear mother-sister, and bears testimony to her having taught and trained him up to the age of ten years."

For teaching, Elizabeth Martyn possessed a remarkable faculty. It is recorded that in one family a holiday which meant Miss Martyn's absence, was not welcomed. She inspired the most dull and disinclined with a desire to learn, and a love of study.

"She was one of the early pioneers of Girls' Clubs, and worked (in Edinburgh), one of the very earliest of these, with great success."

She was what she seemed, but so quiet and retiring, so averse to publicity, that she was probably understood only by those who knew and loved her well. A passionate, eager worker against wrong and injustice, her deepest sympathies yearned to help those who suffered, and her perceptions of life and its meanings pierced ever beneath the surfaces. So she perceived the hidden beauties that lay deep in human lives and hearts; she knew the human agonies that cried, How long? that panted to know the reason of human woe; her heart and life were filled with longings to aid and comfort the helpless, world-worn, sorrow-crushed, of her fellows who came where she worked and taught.

Understanding so well the brunt of life's battle as it came to these, so poor and down-trodden, especially to those of her own sex, her sympathy and helpfulness never failed.

The following I give in Miss Baker's own words, which are full of appreciation of her friend:

"One to whom she had been a great help in times past and often, wrote the other day, 'I was walking yesterday where I had sometimes met her, and almost fancied I saw her again coming to meet me, in a hurry as usual, her head filled with some scheme for the good of mankind in general, the kindly helping of some one individually. Had she had her dinner? That was quite a secondary consideration. Had she done anything for her cold? Oh! she was going to have a day in bed—sometime! And so she would hurry away again. I miss her so much.'

"And how many whom only she and God knew, will miss her also, for she never talked, or I believe thought much of what good she did, for she was clothed with a deep humility and a shrinking from public personal notice. The world is better for her sojourn in it, and we feel poorer thinking of the life cut short in its prime, but surely to her we may apply the words of Coleridge,

'He liveth long who liveth well,'

for her life was crowded with loving service. Her close connection with the Humanitarian League, as Assistant Secretary to a Society working on so broad a basis, gave much to her breadth of sympathy, and up to the last hour of her life, she took great delight in the different departments of work carried on by the League, including the 'People's Library,' a scheme devised for placing within the reach of those who could not otherwise obtain them, works dealing with great social questions.

"During her many months of suffering, and awful weariness of weakness, the spirit was all sunshine, and she loved to dwell on the words, 'God is Light.'"

Explaining in connection with some matters the difference in the spelling of the name, Elizabeth Martyn wrote to her friend, Miss Baker, in her lively, pleasant way:

"You will wonder at the *i* and the *y* in our name. The way I spell it is the right way. My grandfather was a distant cousin of Henry Martyn. It is a distinctly Cornish name, too, and my father's family have been Cornish for ever and a day. Unfortunately my father slid into the *i*, he does not know why. I fancy that he got put down so in the list when he joined the ministry, and never troubled to alter it. He never bothers about such things, but I believe he is sorry now, for he is very proud of his ancestor, Henry Martyn. When I began to write, I considered that I should have my right name in print if nowhere else, but this led to introductions, and new friendships and private life began to mix up with author life. It just grew and grew, and I'm not sorry for it."

So has closed for the present the record of another member of the Pioneer Club. A short notice of its beloved President, Mrs. Massingberd, appeared in these columns for the months of January, February, March and April. Many notices of Pioneers and of their doings have appeared, and the Club may well be proud, more than proud, glad that such have been on its records. Their light goeth not out, though the outer clothing by which we knew them ceases from our sight.

Robert Buchanan, in a flash of inspiration, writes:

"Blessed are those that give,
They die that man may live,
Their crown is martyrdom, their privilege is pain."

"Light comes!—a touch, a streak, a beam,
Child of the unknown sky,
And lo! the mirror with a gleam
Flashes its first reply:

Late or soon the walls of clay
Shall open to admit the day."

The following extract from the *Pioneer Club Annual*, published for one year during the beautiful early time when the President and Founder—so recently lost, so deeply sorrowed for, was with us—will show how sincere was the love, esteem and appreciation felt for Elizabeth Martyn in the Club, of which she was a well-known member. Different members were described in this quaint way, and the book itself, though now out of date, is a pleasing souvenir of a blessed unforgotten time.

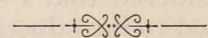
"Strive with the wanderer from the better path,
Bearing thy message meekly, not in wrath;
Weep for the frail that err, the weak that fall.
Have thine own faith, but hope and pray for all."

WENDELL HOLMES.

"These words describe her so well, that there seems scarcely need to add more. She is very small and very quiet; so quiet that I feel we are sometimes inclined to forget her until we want her sympathy, and then we know that whatever we may have done, *she* has never forgotten us. So large are her sympathies, and so egotistical are we when we need sympathy, that we seem to have known her for quite a long time before we discover that we know nothing at all about her, not even where she lives. She is a very constant member of the club, and thinks nothing of the long distance she has to come, to meet one or two friends at tea. She is distinctly not a faddist, although if you look for her you will find her among the Fabians, the vegetarians, the total abstinents, and a member of the artistic dress association, and yet, with all these interests, she never holds forth upon any of them, and never seems either busy or in a hurry. 'You see,' she says, 'that when one is seeking guidance and has so much to learn, the more you go on the more you feel you are only a beginner. Then I meet so many people that I feel so sorry for, and it does make me feel helpless to know that I cannot often do

more than say I am sorry. But I always hope that sympathy may help a little.'

"Dear little soul. The waters of sympathy are needed to refresh and bring to life many frail flowers, which are surely needed to gladden and beautify this world of ours, and though there be many dahlia's and sunflowers, who in their stateliness can stand a bit of a draught, there are many others who need refreshing daily."



National Union of Women Workers.

SOME words of the President, Mrs. Creighton, taken from an address delivered by her at the reunion of the above society, at Croydon, during the last week, are worth noting. Having reviewed the position of the society with much satisfaction, she concluded with these words:

"In considering the progress of women during the past sixty years it was impossible not to see that it had mainly sprung from improved education, and if they wished the progress to continue, education must be improved. As they looked forward into the future, could they in any way make clearer to themselves what had been the work of women for the world in the past, and what it would be in the future? Enthusiasm for the care of the next generation and the predominating power of the maternal feeling, these must continue in women if society were to be maintained. It was women in the first place who must hand to the young the treasures of the past, and who must inspire them with aspirations after a noble and devoted life. They complained often of the complexity of modern life—a complexity which confused the mind, and seemed to shake the very foundations of society, and too often made the clear vision difficult, if not impossible. Surely women, many of whom must, whilst others might if they would, lead a quieter, simpler life than could often fall to the lot of men, should feel it no mean task to strive to keep the vision clear, to maintain a firm hold for others as well as themselves, on what was permanent and true amid so much that was shifting. To women would ever come the call to keep alive the belief that no material improvement, no social conditions, however satisfactory, could give real security and happiness; that no Act of Parliament could create virtue, but that the progress of the world to be real must be moral."

Another speaker said "Such a meeting does indeed represent a widespread interest in the work that is being done by women for women, and as the speakers give their views and their experience, the hearers will have their courage strengthened and their energies roused to go on with the work that they are doing, and in their turn will spread the interest in the great objects before them by speaking of them in their homes and surroundings. It is as though a great offering of gifts were being made for the sake of helping one another, the gifts of mental capacity, of bright intelligence, of choice of words and powers of utterance on the part of speakers and teachers, and gifts, too, of patient listening, willing ears, gentle hearts and hands of those who come to hear and learn."

The result of the meeting was both gladdening and encouraging, showing the results of active work, the broadening out of views, the general advance made, and the increased and exalted hopes entertained.

NOTICE.—A Sale will be held at 115, Ebury Street, Pimlico, on November 25th, 1897, in aid of the National Anti-Vivisection Hospital Fund. Any contributions of work, fancy articles, woollen shirts and other garments suitable for Christmas presents will be thankfully received by Miss S. S. Monro, 22, Thurlow Road, Hampstead, N.W., or Captain Shawe, 15, Woodstock Road, Bedford Park, W.—The Protest Committee, 7, Belgrave Road, S.W.

Talks on Books.

Christian Martyrdom in Russia. Edited by Vladimir Tchertkoff. (London: The Brotherhood Publishing Co. 1897. Price 1s. nett.)

WE have here a graphic and thrilling description of the persecution of the "Spirit-Wrestlers," the Donkhobortsi, "persecuted and martyred," the preface explains, "because they are too good to be understood by the mass of their fellow-men," but the writer adds pointedly, "of the reader's own flesh and blood."

Yes, we need reminding of this fact nearly every hour of our lives, and in relation to nearly all our undertakings. Were we fully awake at all times to this truth, were the needs of others as dear to us as our own, and those near to us, there would soon be no work for philanthropists.

"It is true," continues the preface, "the Donkhobortsi have been until quite recently an unknown peasant sect of the Caucasus," obscure because, as the writer notes, "the history of all such people is obscure, because they are *men* [italics mine] of sincere religion,"—are there no women, or does the writer think it well that *they* should still remain obscure?

These people, we are told, "are a light shining in darkness," a darkness which "moves actively to hide and smother the light."

It is indeed almost past belief that the horrible cruelties, the hideous injustices recorded here and of other peoples in our daily newspapers, should be possible in what we call a Christian age. That they are possible, that they are perpetrated unchecked, or with but a faint, futile remonstrance, is due to the fact that we have not learnt yet to be the keeper of our fellows, not even of *ourselves*, for the higher one, the Self, the Ego, delighteth not in outrage and cruelty. This higher one is allowed no voice; what we scream after, seize upon and grasp, is all that panders to the lower, the sensual, the base, what delights "the lust of the senses, the lust of the eye, the pride of life." And so the horrible mistakes, the wilful mistakes, go on, in Church and State, in the world and in our homes, for this awful truth cannot be gainsaid, *there is nothing wrong in all the earth that is not willed to be so by human beings.*

It is not possible to read a book such as this, without, at the least, hearing some voice down in our unawakened depths, which asks why? Though ever so vague and indistinct, will we but listen and answer, it will do its work. "Men, women and children," so runs the record of shame, have been beaten, imprisoned, abused, robbed, exiled, starved to death by scores and thousands. The delight of the average reader is to say "Oh the account is untrue, the numbers falsely stated," this stifles further anxiety, puts the conscience to sleep, and give content for unrest. But even granting exaggeration, suppose that instead of thousands there were but one score, are we as nations, as individuals, any more excusable for allowing such horrible cruelties and injustices of any kind to be endured by one score, by twelve or by six persons, than if they were thousands? Alas! we have every reason to be sure the account is only too true, nor need we sneer that these things are done in Holy Russia, since in our own territories we have hardly a better record to show.

"Honesty of purpose and scrupulous exactitude," are claimed on behalf of those who have made these things known, and surely no end can be served by the harassed tortured lives of those whose very characters would make them peaceful and law-abiding. Food, clothing and shelter, are needed sorely for the remnant of the sufferers, those who have it in their heart to give will help.

Vladimir Tchertkoff in his introduction, makes this exceedingly denunciatory statement: "It is difficult to imagine a system more soulless, senseless and savage, more cowardly, deceitful, and cruel, than the present Russian Government, together with the mercenary Church which supports it."

This is a bold telling if true; the truer it is, the bolder and more fearless the tongue or pen which utters it, and the greater the need for the downfall of such a system. In this denunciation the writer does not include the *nominal* directors, the Emperors, whom he considers as often remarkably conscientious and well-intentioned men, who "in reality belong to the category of victims of the Government, being in consequence of their peculiar position, deprived of the possibility of free and independent action." Who then is to blame?

It seems strange that persons placed in a powerful position should be so powerless. The fault is no doubt due to a few, and those few safely entrenched from danger to *themselves*.

In nearly all mismanagement, at least in all involving tyranny, cruelty, barbarous injustice, the sin lies at the door of a few, and those most frequently—where there exists a powerful Church—intrenched within that Church. Tyranny comes not from the people of a state, or from the people who fill the churches, but from a few persons having the same human failings as these, concentrated into intenser action by ambition, greed of gain and lust of power. Their schemes are not directed against themselves, but against others. They bear within their midst the elements of their own destruction and would not exist save for the darkness in which their victims dwell. Light and courage on the part of these would soon destroy them. Light and courage are both growing apace. The writer speaks and writes in what he calls "this free country," what he dare not do in his own. Let us at least give him a hearing.

The book is full of interest and enlightenment. The spirit wrestlers claim only freedom of conscience to live, and to practise the mode of life enjoined by their convictions. It is not possible to discern in it any danger to the State. Then what is the motive of their persecution? Their teaching is founded on tradition, called the *Book of Life*, "because it lives in their memories and hearts." The account of them here given must be fully read to be understood. In these days of cheap literature there is no excuse for the ignorance said to exist in one half of humanity as to the conditions of the other half.

The Ideal Woman. By Alice E. Major.

THIS pamphlet treats with the diverse assertions made by men in different nations and times, on the subject of woman; her power, and place in the scale of being; her position socially and intellectually in the past and present, what it tends to be in the future, the claims of woman to the exercise of all her powers, and of all power in the State, in Society and in the Church, or what may represent the Church in a coming day. Miss Major begins:

"As far back as history reaches, the male half of the human race has been comporting itself as though it imagined that *it* represented mankind, and that woman was a sort of afterthought considerably provided for man and for the perpetuation of the race. Language has been forced into the service of this illusion, and the same word has been made to serve for the whole race, and for one half of it. In the same way, the Supreme is habitually spoken of in the masculine gender, so that the bulk of the race are firmly convinced that, if there be a God, that God is a sort of magnified man. All biblical scholars know that this is not the view set forth by the Hebrew Scriptures; but biblical scholars up to the present day have been almost exclusively of the male gender, and probably have not seen fit to loosen the hold which the misleading form of the authorised translation gives them over their woman-kind. Indeed it is an open secret how unscrupulously all our sacred writings have been interpreted for the sake of enforcing some dogma which was never contemplated in the original. Any Hebrew scholar will bear me out when I

say that the words translated 'Lord God Almighty' are a most perfect blending of the masculine and feminine principles."

Read carefully the explanation given of the word, the miswritten word Jehovah, also of Eloh-im, also the statement in relation to the Holy Spirit, always spoken of as masculine, "yet," says Miss Major, "the word (Ruach) Spirit is feminine," and gives a passage from the *Sepher Zetivah*, 'One is she, the Spirit of the Eloh-im of Life.'

The fact is brought before us that "the POWER of the Lord" has been insisted on in the past, that "power which inspires fear." That this fear comes in the *beginning* of wisdom is, I take it, what the writer wishes to turn her reader's attention to; the consummation of which in its higher stages she points out to be "Everlasting Love (which casts out fear), Gentleness, Tenderness, Patience, Mercy."

It is well shown also, how the false conception of a God such as humanity has worshipped has hindered the progress of the race. It may be said that humanity has been growing through its stages, even in that case not less clearly do we see that the great importance of the female element has been overlooked, and apparently purposely so.

From this beginning may be well understood the aim of the writer in giving us these well-written and carefully thought out pages. One accusation, the disgraceful nature of which she does not disguise from us, she brings against the male sex, that is, that, save in very exceptional cases, men have a very different code of honour in dealing with women, from "that which guides their transactions with other men"—so that "lying, treachery, fraud, are venial offences provided the sinner be a man and the victim a woman."

What man usually looks upon as irresponsible gaiety, Miss Major calls by its true names, "shameless lust, black treachery, heartless cruelty." Would that women everywhere would so name it, even in their thoughts, then would its doom be known. Confiding innocence, purity, unsuspecting truth, man expects from woman, we are here boldly told, otherwise "she has no charm for him." "She is to lean on him and trust him as wiser, higher, stronger than herself." Should she carry it further than is safe, his conclusion is not "what a knave I am," but "what a fool she is."

The quotation from Tennyson is almost the only fault we have to find, for Tennyson understood nothing of real woman, the woman he speaks of is a being of his own creation, higher perhaps than the average man's thought, but unworthy in that it still leaves woman a little lower, a little yielding to one supposed somewhat superior. Though this is not seen certainly, in the actual lines quoted, it runs through all Tennyson's poems.

Then comes a capital paragraph:

"To such of us as hold that soul has no sex, and that each of us has been in the past and may be in the future, manifested many times in the form both of woman and man, this question of the sexes will entirely cease to be personal."

Miss Major proceeds as she goes on to bring woman herself before the bar, as having helped much to her own detriment, and accuses her of this almost inexcusable fault, "the bulk of womanhood has no sort of idea of what womanhood is." She shows several reasons for this, their bringing up at home, their training at school, the sentiments of Church and State against woman and the teachings of St. Paul, also several other weighty reasons. There is, however, a deeper reason still not touched upon here. Perhaps we may hear of it in some further work of this brave writer.

The work takes us through many phases of the social life of this complex being—Woman, alluding to a work which has lately appeared and has already been reviewed in these pages, *L'Eve Nouvelle*, by M. Jules Bois, who Miss Major tells us "battles against the sensual view of woman" and declares that "woman as courtesan and woman as simple housewife, are both to be excluded from the composition of the woman that is to be free."

Miss Major also is not only just, but generous in her pages, to one of the

books she has read, we trust her kind words of praise are fully deserved. We are exhorted to love womanhood and to strive to live up to it. Wise words!—will they be heeded, and brought into practice by those who read? They contain the kernel and ought to be treasured.

Miss Major is at present engaged in helping M. Jules Bois in a book which they intend to bring out in London during the coming summer. It will be somewhat in the line of this pamphlet, but on an advanced scale, and dealing with the subject still more broadly and exhaustively. We are glad to find in this pamphlet such unvarnished, unmistakable statements in regard to cruelty, inhumanity, etc., and venture to hope that these will be dealt with also in the forthcoming work, for the appearing of which we shall look with pleasure.

The pamphlet does not pretend to be a finished work, full of talent and genius; it claims no more than what it is, a plain, simple, touching, because so truthful,—statement of injustices, sufferings, degradations, in the lives of women, which may be surmounted by courage and sense. The best we can hope for it, and the one to follow it, is that it may inspire many women to strive for that crown of life promised to the one who overcometh.

Humanitarian Essays, being Vol. III. of *Cruelties of Civilisation*. Edited by HENRY SALT. (Wm. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C.; A. and H. Bonnes, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.) Price 1s.

We have great pleasure in bringing this volume to the notice of our readers. It abounds in information most necessary to be acquired by all who profess or attempt to live the life of one who learns; to understand human misery, and to work towards its cure. The editor, Mr. Henry Salt, is one of the world's noble workers; working in patience, gentleness and hope, desiring no reward save the success of his work and the benefit of the human and animal kingdom he loves so well. Of him it may truly be said, "Many shall rise up and call him blessed."

The essays are as follows:

- I.—*The Sweating System*. By Maurice Adams.
- II.—*The Gallows and the Lash*. By Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner.
- III.—*The Shadow of the Sword*. By G. W. Foote.
- IV.—*Public Control of Hospitals*. By Harry Roberts.
- V.—*What it Costs to be Vaccinated*. By Joseph Collinson.
- VI.—*The Humanities of Diet*. By Henry S. Salt.
- VII.—*Litæra Humaniores: An Appeal to Teachers*.

And the editor tells us that they are reprinted from the Humanitarian League's pamphlets of the past three years, and form the third and concluding volume of *Cruelties of Civilisation*. The first part of this series deals with certain social questions of immediate human interest; the second with those questions that more closely affect the welfare of animals. "In the present volume both kinds are included, but in such proportion as to leave no ground for the complaint so often brought against humanitarians—that, while pleading the cause of the lower animals, they forget that of their fellow-men. It has from the first been the League's purpose to show that the cause of humanity is everywhere one and the same, and that it is iniquitous to inflict unnecessary suffering on any sentient being."

The incidents mentioned under *The Sweating System* are touching in the extreme, and make us wonder as we read, how long we are to read and hear as though we heard not, as though we were deaf, blind and crippled. Many are now at work; the great need has opened many hearts to arise and go forth; but for every ten we must have a hundred and more, ere the mighty work can be done, the work which is to bring to the hard-working, suffering, well-meaning poor, a chance to be honest and true, which is to keep them free from that constant contact with what is vile, coarse, cruel, which slays daily within them the higher aspirations.

The conditions of the life of stokers is shown under the heading "Sweating in the wider sense," and statements from Mr. Chas. Booth in *Life and Labour of the People of London*, and other writers, given in corroboration of statements made. Questions are asked—who are the victims? and what can an individual do?—the answers to which are of the gravest moment to us all.

Every chapter is full of what we all ought to know, what we shall not excuse ourselves for not knowing, when the day of our enlightenment comes, when the eyes of the soul are opened and we see.

The Daughters of the City.

This title in itself is so full of import, that one wonders why the author should have risked spoiling it by the sub-title of "*A woman, some men, and womanity*" which has nothing to justify or dignify it. Let us abide therefore by the *Daughters of the City*. The tale is well told; though wanting in that deeper touch of human feeling, human perception and sympathy which marks genius, it has done when it ends, however, what it purposed doing. That purpose has been to show what marriage means to a woman and to ask the question whether all things being against her and out of harmony with her growth of spirit, mind and body, a woman is bound to abide always by a man chosen, or accepted (which does not always mean chosen) in her inexperienced youth. Pitifully is the picture put before us of the effects of unrestrained sex passion in married life, effects as pitiful and as much to be bewailed as those in lives not united by marriage. The destructive action of enforced maternity, of too frequent reproduction of the race, of too much motherhood in one individual, is shown with telling power, a power that ought to produce its effects on the most prejudiced advocate of the *laissez faire*, or stand still doctrines.

The reader will discover the characters, their names and distinguishing traits, the different grades of the love they were capable of feeling, the dominant nature of some of the men, that authority they attempt so unceasingly to exercise because it is preached from the pulpit, illustrated by the State, and taught by the example of their fathers, and, worse luck, the teachings of their mothers, in the homes of their youth, that assumed authority which sits so ill upon them, the kind of authority indeed which "sits ill" wherever it rests, for the only true authority is that stamped long ago by the lips of one of earth's great teachers: "Whoso will be greatest among you, let him be as your servant." The story is one of ordinary, everyday life; life that is abundant among us; life that brings to us the demand for the solving of many problems, and will continue to bring them until all problems are swallowed up in the great light of their solving.

"Lilla," who keeps an exercise book and writes in it, often startles us with her thoughts, she herself looks so small and pale and unsuggestive of strength, physical or mental.

She is here thinking of her sister Milly, Milly whose motherhood troubles are already increasing, and with whom Lilla wishes to be during her approaching trial, only circumstances prevent it.

Lilla is unable to explain her ideas, but her heart is filled with a sense of wrong somewhere, she has married through pressure brought upon her by those who thought they knew best—a man utterly unsuited to her. One, "man enough," whatever that may mean, to stamp and curse, and swear in his rage at her desertion, but "not man enough" (again what does it mean?) to understand and meet the needs of an individuality differing as greatly from his own as did Lilla's.

Has the writer ever met with a man quite capable of understanding in such a case?

Lilla sees also that Milly's children are numerous and puny, that their mother's health and strength are seriously impaired. Once on hearing of a man dying of starvation she had the same sense of wrong. Life's perplexities

press hard on poor delicate Lilla. She gets out her exercise book, her resource in trouble, she writes.

"Her face was almost as white as the paper on which she wrote, but her mouth was set as in a vice, and her eyes glared savagely." She wrote fierce words the full meaning of which she perhaps did not realise. She wrote:—

"Motherhood brings woman down from a human being with a heart, brain, and body to be satisfied, to a soulless, brainless mechanism, whose sole purpose of existence is the continuation of her race. She needs neither education, nor liberty, nor strength, nor happiness, for these are not necessary to motherhood. In the name of motherhood women are trained to be weak, and narrow-minded and selfish; to sit at home while homeless girls are tempted and fall, while poor women starve under the sweater's thumb, while in the laws, in trade, everywhere, women are unjustly treated.

"What is a mother? the worst fed, most neglected, and least understood of all creatures. Thomas (Milly's husband) calls motherhood divine. I call it an excuse for weakening the race by a false civilisation, in which neither women's instincts nor their reason has place."

One Sunday she is in church; the preacher, as is, or perhaps was, common with his kind, preaches on women keeping silence in the churches; meaningless words to all sensible people now, but serious to Lilla. She never doubted the Bible, so she goes home crushed, as thousands of women went home after sermons not as many even as fifty years ago.

Again she writes:

"God's words to women:—Endurance, submission, silence. In the Family, Church and State. If you see wrong done, and you long to prevent it—Hush! Be silent. Submit. And," she goes on, "there's no one to help us. Religion is a gag for women's mouths, law and custom enslave them. Strong women and men don't understand. They pity, preach endurance, submission, silence, and pass by. And God wills it. God is neither kind, nor good, nor just, nor wise. Nature is better to women than God. I hate God."

Poor Lilla, she does not know that she sees not God, but man's selfish decree; that it is man's selfish base decree which has established all she so truly sees to be the most bitter injustice, and that she knows very little about what a Being should be to be called God, to be obeyed and revered.

But she gropes on and is dimly beginning to see that this God is an emanation of the ideas of humanity based upon lower thoughts, faulty feelings, yet ever aspiring desires.

Later she makes a note from Emerson:

"I read that Emerson says the test of a country's civilisation is not its crops, census, or big cities, but the kind of person it produces. I'm a product, I and others," she adds, "born of civilisation, city air, and broken-down motherhood!"

It will be seen that Lilla is learning to search for life's meanings. Out of her sorrow and distress will arise by regular gradations of development the higher creature her existence enables her to be.

In describing what one man would like in a wife, and what her husband would, she gives the pretty general condition of things, the Williams being it is to be feared, in the majority: "Men and women were not made for each other, but women were made for men," is the opinion of Master William as well as of many other dullards.

She defines also with a certain subtlety the difference between her own way of loving, and William's.

"William finds pleasure in being fond of a person. I want to do good to them."

Lilla is altogether a very interesting character, and her development takes place through much thought created by trouble.

"Women," soliloquises the author, "through long ages of self-restraint have practically lost the strength of animal passion; their love is emotionally passionate, but seldom animally so. . . . Sometimes the origin of their

mistakes is to be found in the innocent desire, which an exclusively domestic education or the lack of liberty increases, for a home and husband of their own; passion is very seldom the cause." The book brings home the serious question of wife and husband, the still more serious question of mother and child, with force, and a sense of awful responsibility.

The Shakesperian Guide to Stratford-on-Avon.

THIS will prove a valuable possession to lovers of Shakespeare, and "the Shakespeare Country"; indeed, those who admire Shakespeare's Works, and those who delight in wandering about the picturesque scenery of the place that gave him birth, owe a deep debt of gratitude to the patient, conscientious compilers of this extremely interesting guide book.

The book has been written by the Joint Editors of the *Photogram*, Catherine Weed Ward and Henry Snowdon Ward. It is illustrated throughout from the drawings of W. T. Whitehead; contains a plan of the town, a map of the district, and eight photo-mechanical plates. It is published by Dawbarn and Ward, 6, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.

The type is clear and distinct, the illustrations beautiful and well selected. A list of the contents in reading matter may give some idea of the exhaustive nature of this publication as a guide book.

Chapter I, Access and Lodgment. Chapter II, A brief history of Shakespeare and his family. Chapter III, The tour of the town. Chapter IV, The principal sights. Chapter V, Surrounding towns and villages. Chapter VI, Tours, including Stratford-on-Avon, by road, rail and river. Plan of the town, map of the District. Besides eight pictured illustrations and twenty-two illustrations in Text.

A FARMERS' PICNIC IN IOWA.

The Woman's Journal, Boston, Mass., in a bright, cheery description of this "picnic" utters some important truths. The writer begins:—

"I was not a little interested in studying this concourse of citizen rulers, their wives and children. They certainly did not compare unfavourably with the farmers of the East, or with the ranchmen of the far West; but I had been long enough in the State which owes its prosperity to corn and hogs to observe that some of the wives of these farmers had added to the inevitable hardship and drudgery of their position the feeding of the numerous swine, the milking of cows, the planting and tending of the garden, to say nothing of occasional calls to act as field-hand when an extra man was lacking." Closely observant, and full of purpose, the spectator of this characteristic scene, fails not to notice its incongruities, though they are of a nature allowed as a rule to pass without comment, and to be continued in all their ignorance and barbarity.

"I attended this festival, he says, with the burden of a remonstrance on my mind. Imagine my delight when the orator of the day, a neighbouring editor, pictured with power and pathos the unconscious selfishness of the farmer in accepting, let us say, this unfair division of labour in a life partnership, while he continues to talk of *my* farm, *my* stock, *my* grain, etc. "Clapping my hands, a number joined in the applause; but while the women in my vicinity admitted the justice of the arraignment, it was evident that most of the farmers' wives were too jealous of their husbands' reputation to make any public demonstration.

"With all the concessions that have been made, nowhere have married women their just rights in property. Said an Iowa farmer to me: "My wife and I have been true yoke fellows, pulling evenly all the way." "Then," said I "half the handsome property you have accumulated belongs to her." Of course the logical inference was not conceded. "She has her right of dower, and our laws are just," was the rejoinder."

Choice Bits from Choice Pens.

WE cast off old creeds, old systems, continually as we go, yet we learn not the lesson, that as we have done, so we shall do. The new thoughts of to-day we say are utopian, impracticable, wild. Yet in spite of us, the change comes, the old crumbles away, the new arises from a myth, a daring Thought, into the established belief of nations.

If we understood ourselves, as we might, we should be able to do so much more. The higher we go the greater will be our consciousness, the more profound our perception of our own faculties. To-day we walk along with difficulty, drive about or ride with more or less of discomfort. As the years pass we shall possibly pass through the air more easily than now, on *terra firma*. What we do not see we do not believe to exist. As well might the ant say, "Besides ants there is nothing," as that we should say Higher than we no powers exist.

There could be no such thing as the attainment of wealth or fame through dishonesty or idleness, were it not that we all give to the possessors of wealth or rank, our worship, consideration and support.

We are where we are because of our past life and efforts. If we are satisfied with to-day's result of growth we shall never go any further.

Love is ever a victor over envy, hatred, contention and misery.

Life in all its forms, from the minutest to the most colossal, works ever to a higher and higher evolution.

ROSS TAIT.

Miss Marie L. Bruot, who has charge of the department of expression in the High School of Cleveland, O., is widely known as a Shakespearian scholar, and has presented a number of scenes from his dramas and tragedies. She is chairman of drama in the Cleveland Sorosis, and is a writer of recognised ability. Miss Bruot had 1,800 pupils in her classes this year. Her method is to give individual direction as far as is possible, and the peculiarities of the mind of each pupil are studied with a view to adapting to it the training it most needs.

In honour of her successful work in Hindu and Persian literature, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed, of Chicago, has been elected a member of the Royal Asiatic Society of London.

Miss Barry, of the Women's Trades' Union League, has been nominated as one of the delegates for the London Trades' Council on the Technical Education Board of the London County Council.

The Massachusetts branch of the American Federation of Labour, in session recently in Boston, recommended that additional women inspectors be appointed by the Governor for the purpose of securing a better enforcement of the factory laws, and that these women be selected from those who have had actual experience in factories or workshops, and depend upon their own efforts for their support.

Dutch Women to the Fore.

THOSE who imagine that the Dutch people are a stolid, self-satisfied, conservative, and apathetic race will be surprised to learn that in no other nation in Europe have women made so much progress in the past ten years. In 1898 that little monarchy will hold a World's Fair at The Hague, devoted to the exhibition of woman's activities and industries alone.

This year the Government passed a law conferring almost unequalled suffrage upon the sex, and, what is even more significant, making them eligible to nearly all municipal offices. They have learned the advantages of co-operation and organisation, but have moved upon somewhat different lines from those pursued in England. In Holland the women have formed a large number of societies of a philanthropic character, whose objects are most commendable. There is, for example, a society for assisting working men to buy and own their own homes, a society to assist working women to obtain homes of their own, a society for aiding the children of poor working people, a society for making flower and vegetable gardens among the poor, a society for the aid of sick working women, a society for the insurance of working women and girls, and a society for the education of servants.

At the New York College of Pharmacy, a feature of the fall term will be the unusual number of women students. Last spring six young women passed into the senior class, and in anticipation of a largely increased attendance, the accommodations for women have been enlarged, and the "women's room" has been changed from the contracted space on the ground floor to commodious quarters adjacent to the lecture hall. Trustee MacMahan, in speaking of the marked increase in the number of women students of pharmacy, said: "Eventually the retail drug trade will pass into the control of women. It is a business suited to intelligent, wide-awake women, and they seem to be developing a taste for it."

Mary Woodward Weatherbee, writing in the *Woman's Journal*, Boston, Mass., an article called "A Day with Socrates," says:

"I am standing on Mars Hill, opposite that rock-cut tomb that my guide points to as Socrates' prison. I feel in my own mentality that we are never separated from those who have preceded us in any place or age; that we are never separated from God, nor from our fellowmen. True, Socrates, the worshipper and advocate of everything that is good, has passed through the great 'conflict of life'; but he is living, thinking still. I am surrounded by all the immortals of beautiful Athens. I call to mind how the thoughts of Socrates fed upon Infinite Mind: how his thinking self unfolded and became more and more self-conscious; knowingly conscious of his real, true, godlike nature, how the truth he sought for and taught the people, and for which he dared to die, is and will be forever accomplishing that for which he laboured—the betterment of men.

"Socrates still lives and walks with me; for 'the soul and the soul's truth are deathless, and retain their youth.'"

After a long and bitter fight on the part of the authorities of the medical school, against what they were pleased to consider an *innovation*, the trustees of the University of Illinois have arrived at a favourable decision, and the College of Physicians and Surgeons has thrown open its doors to women students.

Dressmaking.

THE "NONPAREIL" DRESSMAKING ASSOCIATION, Limited, 17, York Place, Baker Street, London, W., established May 27th, 1856, aims at providing a thoroughly practical training in dressmaking, and a better standard of work among the working portion of the community. It is organised on a co-operative basis, in order to make it clear that the object of earning a profit is secondary only, and is not to be allowed to interfere with the attainment of its fundamental purpose, which is to raise both the standard of work and the condition of the workers. In pursuance of its aims the Association proposes to open centres where excellence of work will be maintained under conditions favourable to the worker, as regards remuneration and hours of labour. This work they hold to be urgently needed in a trade very much subject to sweating. From these centres they hope to send out supplies of thoroughly trained workers: (a) For the ordinary purposes of the dressmaking profession: (b) To supply the need which now exists for qualified dressmakers to work at customers' own houses: (c) As teachers and pattern-cutters for County Councils, etc.

They hope that this may lead to the establishment of trade classes in dressmaking for girls, which are now entirely wanting, thus affording them the same facilities of learning their trade that now exist only for boys.

As a Co-operative Society the Association has frankly and fully adopted the principle of profit-sharing, so that of all profits earned the workers (including pupils) secure as a matter of right a share amounting to fifty per cent. By introducing this practice into the dressmaking trade, the Association hopes to do abiding good to a large portion of the community who stand in great need of it. The remaining fifty per cent. of the profits are disposed of as the general meetings of the members may direct.

In making this general statement of its aims the Association appeals to all those who are in sympathy with the work it is doing to assist: (a) By taking up shares: (b) By arranging meetings in their locality and inviting a speaker from the Association to further explain the methods employed: (c) By enrolling themselves as pupils, either at the School of the Association or in classes in their own neighbourhood: (d) By having their dresses made up on the "Nonpareil" system. The headquarters, school and workrooms of the Association, are at 17, York Place, Baker Street, London, W., where those interested will find a welcome any Monday afternoon, from 3 to 4 p.m., when the Association has an "At Home," and further particulars may be obtained.

A Public Protest.

THE Royal British Nurses' Association was founded, in 1887, by leading nurses, for the benefit of nurses and the improvement of their calling. For the first six years, it was chiefly managed by nurses, and with great success. It was more than self-supporting, and, after much opposition, obtained a Royal Charter. During the last three years, its management has been usurped by half-a-dozen medical men, who have packed its managing bodies with their own friends and dependents, have ousted the nurses out of the management of their own affairs, have spent hundreds of pounds each year beyond the reliable income of the Association, and are doing nothing at all for the benefit of nurses. Influential nurses and medical men have publicly protested against this mismanagement, and are demanding a Government enquiry into the matter. It deeply concerns every woman whether this—the first body of working women incorporated by Royal Charter—is, or is not, to be managed by the women themselves. A public meeting was held at St. Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross Road, W.C., on Wednesday, October 13th, at 4 p.m., in order to draw public attention to this matter, and to support the demand for a Parliamentary enquiry into the present management of the Association.

Tennessee.

THE American Women Suffragists, always busy, have been specially so of late, in club matters, conventions, etc. In the programme of the Centennial Exposition appears a singularly beautiful tribute to the women of Tennessee, not only gladdening to read because of its well-deserved praise, but because of the light it throws upon the great work done by women, and which has been done by them in all ages, namely, the moulding of the race. The writer looks upon it as "peculiarly appropriate" that a leading place in this exhibition of the results of the growth of industry and intelligence in Tennessee should have been taken by women, as there is no other state of the Union in which woman has had more to do with advance, with increase of civilisation, with development of broad views and higher standards than in Tennessee, now known as the "Volunteer State." To quote from the article itself:

"She came in with the very first man who entered the then untrodden wilderness, and began the making of the new state in the humble log cabin on the Watanga, where William Bean took up his abode and where the first white child of the new Commonwealth was born. When the restless pioneer spirit started to the unknown West, to reclaim the fertile fields from the domain of the savage, she set her foot on the little boat that carried them down the great river to the wilds where unknown fate and uncertain fortune awaited her. The ties that bound her to civilization were not so strong as those which bound her to her family, and wherever the man, the head of the household went, she was by his side, a helper in the truest sense of the term, in courage the equal of the hardiest pioneer that turned his face towards the unknown world in the forests. Loyalty to her home ties and to the true duties of the wife, were marked characteristics of these early women of Tennessee and the sturdy race of the Scotch-Irish, from which sprang the early settlers, was evident in all the early history of the new State. They were a God-fearing and devout people, with the strength and spirit that made heroes and heroines of every one of them, and in all the reign of blood and fire that marked the early settlements of the Southwest, they trusted in God and the strength of their forts, and carried the settlements through the times of peril and up to this good day.

"The early history of Tennessee is full of women's heroism. They were none the less womanly because they were brave, and none the less loved and honoured because they were able to lend a hand in their own defence. They were the mothers of a race of men that at once brought the young territory into a prominent place in the nation, and who kept the State in the very front rank for many decades after its admission to the Union. The lack of schools at first was compensated for by the mother. She gathered the children about her knee, even when danger from the savage foe without was near, and taught them the lessons that made the home the most sacred spot in all Tennessee. The home was the ruling idea in the young community, and all outside places and institutions were subordinated thereto. The supremacy of home has ever been the most cherished idea among the women of Tennessee."

THE Bishop of Durham thinks the time has come when the women should have a large university of their own. The *Churchman* falls in with this idea, being impressed by what women are doing in the world of religion and education. And it bears this testimony as to their union of wisdom and power: "Those who preside over the conventual houses of this country and Europe have just as much controlling power, and show just as much administrative judgment and ability, as is shown in the management by men of the monasteries or the orders to which they act as superiors."

Correspondence.

ETON COLLEGE "INFANTS."

(FROM THE HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.)

DEAR MADAM,—The Eton College "betting case," in which a turf correspondent has been indicted for sending a sporting circular to an "infant" at Eton College, is an opportune comment on the Open Letter which the Sports Department of the Humanitarian League has lately addressed to Dr. Warre on the "sport" of the Eton College Beagles; for if "the incitement of infants to bet, wager, or borrow money," is a penal offence, what of the morality of inciting "infants" to worry hares with dogs? "If, for example," says the letter, "it were to come to your knowledge that smoking or betting clubs were being established at Eton, we can well imagine what prompt and energetic action would be taken by you. Morality and authority would be offended and imperilled; the pulpit (and possibly that other bulwark of the Etonian constitution, the block) would straightway resound. Yet, the Eton College Hunt, because it is only a cruelty club, and involves no worse offence against conventional ethics than the deliberate torture of defenceless and sentient creatures, is recognised as a worthy institution.

The Letter is pointedly addressed to Dr. Warre as "the guardian of the morals of the chief English public school," and because, together with the Provost of Eton, he is a member of the committee of the Windsor and Eton Branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "Etonian subscriptions," continues the letter, "go to provide a fund for prosecuting in the Windsor and Eton district the carters and drovers who (in the performance of a hard day's work for a small wage) are not infrequently guilty of savage ill-temper. It is quite right that such rough men should be punished; but we put it to you as a gentleman and a scholar, and a doctor of divinity to boot—is it not somewhat of a scandal that those who punish them should permit their pupils to indulge in the afternoon amusement, mere amusement, of "breaking up" a hare."

Yours truly,
ERNEST BELL.

THOUGHT.

DEAR MADAM,—I have been much interested in the articles on the power of thought which have appeared in SHAFTS. I have read some books on the subject, but the great stumbling-block to me is that none of them even attempt to account for the hideous injustice in the world. They say that we suffer through our own thoughts, but that does not account for the awful suffering of animals under vivisection, or for the suffering of little children. I should be so glad if you could answer this question in your paper some time, or suggest some books that would throw light on it. To me it is a hopeless problem unless one accepts reincarnation as a working hypothesis. Perhaps you could work this difficulty into some article that you are writing on the subject. I should be so glad to know something more about it. Perhaps some of your readers will kindly answer and give me the result of their deep searchings, for in truth it is a serious problem.

Yours very truly, ALPHA.

MISTRANSLATIONS.

DEAR MADAM,—Mr. Israel Abrahams, M.A., delivered a sermon at the St. John's Wood Synagogue on October 24th, which contains, I think, one or two passages of some interest to your readers. Speaking of the impossibility of properly understanding the Hebrew Bible in a translation, however good, he remarked*:—"You must learn Hebrew in order to understand the true

* See *Jewish Chronicle*, October 29th.

Bible. A translation of the Bible can never give the exact meaning of the Hebrew. This is a hard subject but I can explain it by a single sentence from Genesis. This is the sentence: "And Adam called his wife's name Eve, because she was the mother of all living. What does this mean? It has no meaning whatever, yet there it is in the English Bible. But when you read the sentence in Hebrew and see that the Hebrew word is not Eve, but Chara, that is "Life," then you see that Adam called her "Life" because she was the mother of all living. Is it not beautiful that the first man called the first woman "Life," life for the world, life for her husband, life for her home, life for the children in it. Yet the English translation loses all this idea. But the faults of translation are even worse than this. There is a sentence which runs in the Authorised Version, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Scores of poor old women were put to death because of this verse. Any silly old woman who looked ugly and was a little bit mad, would be called a witch, and might be burnt or tortured to death. Now the Hebrew Bible says nothing about witches at all. It is all a mistake of the translation, yet this mistake was not harmless, but a cruel and wicked mistake."

Women seem to have been peculiarly the victims of mistranslations of Sacred Books. For instance, the wrong interpretation of an ancient text in the Hindu Rig Veda established the legality of suttee. Consequently thousands and thousands of women have been burnt alive, under the impression that they were obeying a divine command. And again, the "Ministry of Women" has been for centuries set aside because of St. Paul's supposed prohibitions, etc. According to the accepted interpretation of St. Paul's writings women are forbidden to teach. But if this were so, it would mean that women are entirely outside and beyond divine wisdom and instruction, whereas we read that the Eternal has said, "I will pour out My Spirit upon your sons and your daughters." In short, it is high time that women, as well as men, should become earnest theologians, if only to protect their sex against the injustice and cruelty of wrong translations.

Yours always sincerely,
DIAGORAS.

"Slaves who should be kings."

(From "St. Paul," by F. W. H. MYERS.)

THE child was born, and lived its tiny life,
Laughing and crying, living on through strife
Of elements, through storms, and nights, and days,
Slowly, yet surely, treading all life's devious ways.

Until it rose to older life; its eyes
Wond'ring and startled with a child's surprise,
At all the changing forms of life's long round—
Seeing both slaves and kings; it longed but to be crowned.

It strove for crowning, learning soon that he,
Who striveth for a crown, a king must be.
It fought and strove, oft failing; then in woe
Cried out that God was hard, to grieve poor mortals so.

But yet a crown was held above his head,
And still a voice, low, clear, triumphant, said,
"Thou shalt be crowned, arise! look up, be king,
And ruling o'er thyself, so conquer everything."

Alas! he groped in great despair and darkest night,
Refusing to uplift his eyes to see the light.
Mad for the pain, and shame, and sin he saw,
Seeing disorder as the working out of law.

Yet as he crouched, slave-like, upon the ground,
Clearer a voice resounded, "Rise, be crowned!"
Falt'ring, he made reply, "I cannot rise,
I cannot see the crown with these sad human eyes."

Still the clear voice called, piercing through the blast;
He looked; stood still; then held his kingship fast:
A conqueror of self and sin, a monarch he
Of all that is, of all that was, or yet shall be.

GRACE ANDREWS.

The Suffrage.

IN connection with a meeting of the East Wolverhampton Liberal Association held recently at the North Street Liberal Club, Alderman S. T. Mander in the chair, the opinion of the Federated Associations was invited, among other questions, to this one: "That the Parliamentary franchise be extended to Women."

The following letter was read from Miss Amy Mander:—

DEAR MR. COCKING,—I understand the question of the Parliamentary franchise for women is on the agenda paper for consideration at your meeting (E.W.L.A.) to-morrow evening.

As a keen Radical and Home Ruler, and also an active worker in many a fight, I am most anxious to secure the right to vote on national questions—"to have my share in doing good and resisting evil"—with men. I shall be particularly grateful if my old friends and School Board supporters for years will now support us in our larger claim for the Parliamentary franchise, and if the members of the association will send a resolution in support of the same to the National Federation. Having carried the second reading by 71 last February, we are informed the active support from men's associations will greatly strengthen our position in Parliament. I earnestly hope for this help from the men of the east.

With kind regards, yours sincerely,

AMY M. MANDER.

The following resolution, on the motion of Councillor Price Lewis, was carried by a substantial majority:—

"That this committee is of opinion that the Parliamentary franchise should be extended to women, on the same lines as now possessed by the men, with the exception of plural voting."

Miss Amy Mander has long been a most zealous and devoted worker for the emancipation of women on all sides and for the extension of the Suffrage to them without delay.

It is stated in French papers, that the Grand Duke Michael of Russia having experienced the great pleasure of an interesting and protracted conversation with the clever woman and famous painter, Mdlle. Bonheur, begged her permission to give her something as a souvenir of the hour. She graciously permitted him to send her "any little animal as a model." He sent three mighty white bears.

Women of position in New Orleans are making a stand for the Saturday half-holiday at the shops. Each week increases the number of shops ready to comply with the new arrangement.—*American News.*

KLONDIKE.

DEAR EDITOR,—I feel sure the readers of SHAFTS will be interested in knowing something of what women are doing in new and untried fields—the gold fields of Klondike. Enclosed I send you an account of an expedition of women that are going to the Klondike fields to seek their fortunes. I was so much interested in this account that I visited Mrs. McDonald, the President of the expedition, to learn if it was really true. I found this lady most enthusiastic regarding the results that she feels sure will follow their efforts. Mrs. McDonald is a most interesting woman, young, handsome, and full of the nameless charm which earnest enthusiasm imparts to a fine nature. If faith in success will ensure it, surely the Woman's Syndicate will win, for their leader has faith that ought to remove mountains.

Very truly yours,

HELEN DENSMORE.

(The particulars for want of space must be deferred until next month.—ED.)

LADIES' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION for the Abolition of State Regulation of Vice held a public meeting by kind permission of the Croydon Branch of the National Union of Women Workers, in the small Public Hall, George Street, Croydon, on Thursday, October 28th, at five p.m. Mrs. James Stuart presided, and the meeting was addressed by Dr. Agnes McLaren, who has seen the working of the System abroad; Mrs. Sheldon Amos, Miss Leppington, Mrs. Solly, of Cape Town, and Mrs. A. Tanner, Treasurer of the Association. Mrs. Bunting, Miss Lee Browne, Dr. Mary Gordon, Miss Lidgett, Miss Mary Priestman, Mrs. Wells, Miss Whitehead, and many other friends of the cause were present. The position of the cause at this important crisis was explained and information given of plans of work for the winter.

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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.

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