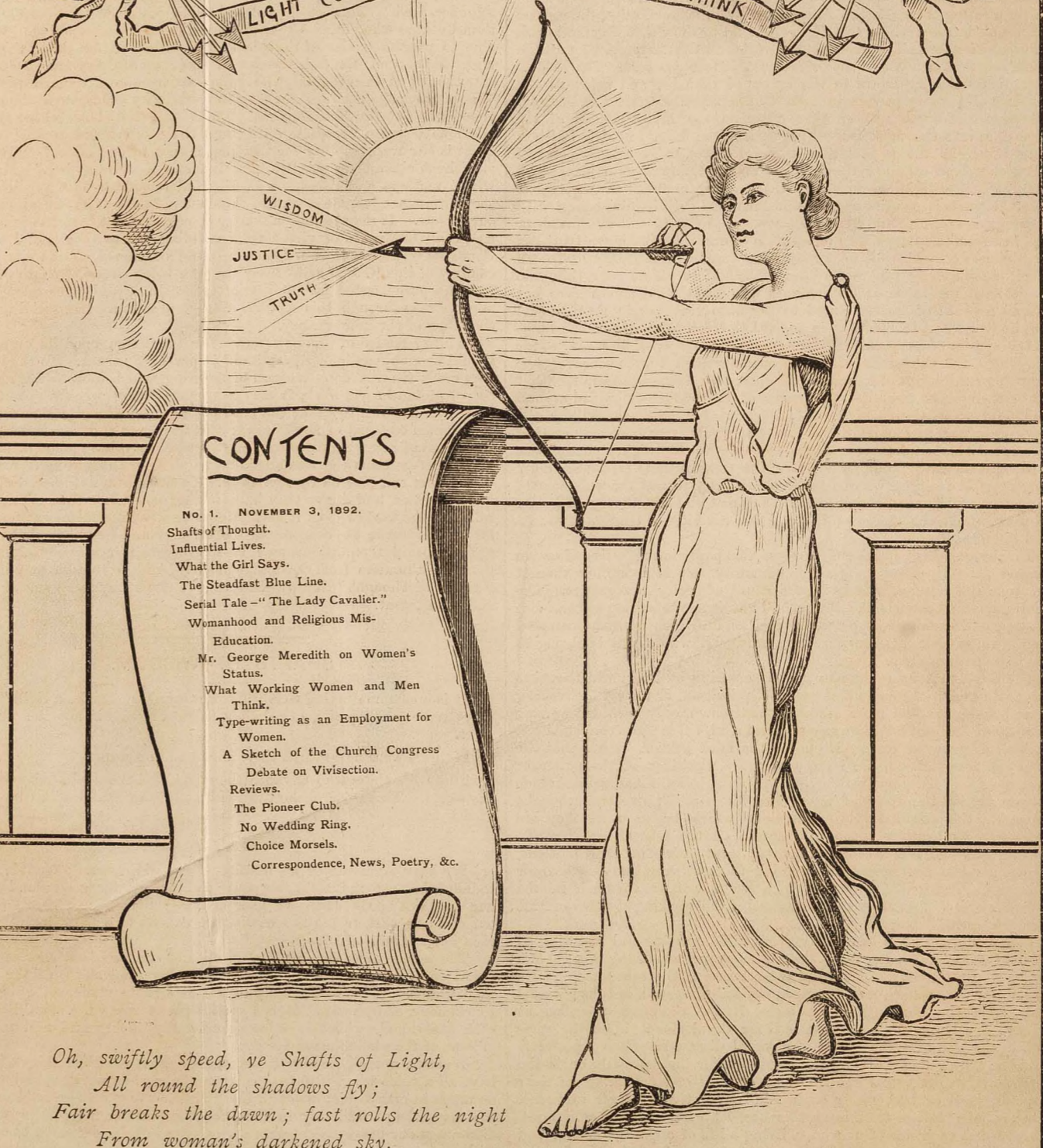


SHAFTS



LIGHT COMES TO THOSE WHO DARE TO THINK



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*Oh, swiftly speed, ye Shafts of Light,
All round the shadows fly;
Fair breaks the dawn; fast rolls the night
From woman's darkened sky.*

SHAFTS OF THOUGHT.

THE century is rolling to its close and bringing with it discoveries which are revolutionising the world. Towards the end of the 18th century the application of steam to the industries of mankind produced what is known to economic science as the Industrial Revolution. The latter part of the 19th century has seen the application of electricity to a thousand and one new and wonderful uses, and, undoubtedly, its last decade is destined to see developments of a force as much more marvellous than electricity, as electricity is than steam. Those mysteries of the ether, into which Western science is just beginning to penetrate, have wonders to reveal to the world at large, which have been but little "dreamt of in our philosophy." The experiments of Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., and of Professor Zollner, the hints thrown out at the Cardiff meeting of the British Association by Professor Lodge, the reports of Edison's latest working hypothesis, all tend to show that we stand upon the verge of new and wonderful discoveries in that mysterious medium which, for want of a better title, our scientific teachers term "The Ether." Such discoveries appertain to the realm of thought, and point to the existence of psychic powers in man before which electric thunderbolts will seem but toys. In another direction the investigations of the Salpêtrière into the mysteries of hypnotism, the keen interest which is being taken in the phenomena of clairvoyance, of telepathy, and of double consciousness show that the less material part of man is claiming study and investigation on other than purely material or theological bases. From a large class in the Western world such inquiries meet with laughter and scorn, to another their savour of profanity and the Father of Lies, but from the East comes recognition of ancient well-known truths in the glimmers of light which are rewarding careful investigation. To one school of philosophy the recognition of mind-force is no new thing, no more than it was to Jesus of Nazareth who bade his disciples have but faith as a grain of mustard seed to say unto mountains "Be thou cast into the sea;" but to mankind in general the realisation of mind-power—and with power of its unvarying accompaniment, responsibility—is yet far off. Out of the thousands who flock open-mouthed to the more or less disgusting exhibitions of hypnotic influence, how few realise the fact that within themselves there lies the power of influencing the world around them, and the liability of being influenced for good or evil by the conscious or unconscious will of others. It would be safe to assume that there is only here and there one who is awake to the mighty possibilities of thought-influence; but, in view of the strange facts which are daily being brought to light, who will venture to deny *in toto* the existence of phenomena which are inexplicable by any materialistic theory of being, and upon which the theory of the creative activity of thought throws a vivid illumination?

The design which forms the cover of this paper is suggestive of active work on many lines for the good of humanity, but of none more than of woman as the mind-influencer in the cause of purity and justice. The female figure who hurls the shafts of light into the dark places of sin, injustice, and ignorance, typifies the position in which every human soul stands, whose thoughts are pure and true, and whose will is strong to follow the path of duty.

The belief that every human soul is creating by its inmost thoughts an actual influential force which goes forth for good or for evil, travelling far and wide, like the most ethereal thistle-down, only with far greater certainty of fructification than any physical seed, till it finds congenial soil in which to grow to action, is one of the most solemn creeds that the world has ever known. If we try to define this idea of the power of thought we find that, briefly expressed, it is the belief of many wise minds that we are on the verge of discoveries which will prove that thought creates on the ethereal plane vibrations which travel until they are neutralised by transformation into action on the material plane. To be so transformed, it is necessary that they meet with affirmative conditions, or they may be neutralised by opposing thought vibrations of counter tendencies. The germ theory of which we now hear so much in the physical world will serve as an illustration of the working of this doctrine of thought-creative-power.

Every human soul is constantly engaged in creating and throwing off germs of thought, good or bad, exactly as germs are being created and thrown off by the physical system, these traverse the ether as microbes traverse the atmosphere, and fall upon the soil of other minds as physical germs upon the body. In both cases, if the receptive organism be affirmative, the germs find congenial soil for development, if, on the other hand, in the one case, the germs of physical disease fall upon a perfectly sound body they find no conditions suitable for their growth, or in the other, the thought germs are fructified or sterilised according as their character, good or bad, meets with minds receptive to their influence. Such a belief is full of terrible significance, let us see how it works out. It means that each one of us who is living a life of apparent honour and respectability may be responsible to a greater or less degree for the sinking of some erring brother or sister into the slough of actual crime.

Every thought of greed or wish to get the better of another in business or social intercourse, though we may never actually cheat or steal, has given birth to a germ, which flowing outward, finds responsive tendency in the morally weak mind of another whose environment is less favourable to virtue than our own, the temptation ceases to be resisted, *our* evil desire is translated into actual crime, and perhaps the first fall is due to the suggestion of our unspoken thought. But, on the other hand, we have the glorious assurance that every pure unselfish aspiration streams forth no less potently to aid and strengthen the struggles of upstriving souls. And, further, we have to remember that we are in like manner subject to the influence of the thoughts of others. All round us waves of thought are being set up, and we either keep open house to receive the suggestions of evil, or we carefully guard the portals of our souls and accept only the germs of purity and justice. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." To none does that benediction come more surely home than to those who realise all its wonderful intensity of meaning. Who is able to judge the sins of thought? The bishop in his lawn, the judge under his ermine, the Salvationist in his jersey are perchance helping to mar the life of the criminal who stands before one of them in the dock. Who is to judge between them? Respectability shudders at the revelations of *In Darkest England*. Who can tell how close are the relations between "respectability" and the "submerged tenth," or how great is *our* responsibility for this plague spot in our midst? "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." May the wives, mothers and daughters of England remember that verdict when they pronounce judgment on the thousands of outcast sisters who throng our streets. It may be only a matter of environment that has prevented us in all our pride of virtue from standing where they stand to-day. Could we but unite in one determined and continued effort to purge our country of this "social evil," "our strength being as the strength of ten," like the pure-hearted knight of the Arthurian legend, a cleansing wave might sweep through this Augean stable and float a purer social life into the dawn of the new century.

To every reader of this new messenger the design upon its outer page should be emblematic of a grand and all-pervading truth. To the invalid who reads *SHAFTS* upon a couch of suffering which incapacitates her for active philanthropic work, it may perchance bring weekly re-assurance that from her own room she can send forth germs of helpful vigour to men and women engaged in active work. To such men and women may it be an encouragement to persevere in the path they have chosen, keeping always before them the reminder that no shaft or thought-light cast into dark places can ever be thrown away. To those who are struggling with material cares, and doubt they have neither power nor time to engage in work for the world's good, it may bring a weekly suggestion that no desire for good is lost in the economy of the universe, and that their daily battle against sordid temptations may be of even greater service to humanity than the thunders from a popular pulpit. And so to each may it carry "Shafts of Thought" that will in turn give rise to myriad germs of purity and good intent.

EDITH WARD.

SHAFTS OF WISDOM.

It is a common saying that "Two wrongs do not make a right," but if they make an equal justice, they make a great, if not the greatest, right.

If there were no cowards there would be no tyrants.

There are those who advance the world, and those who advance with the world. Those who make the road, and those who walk as far as the road is made.

E. WARDLAW BEST.

We have, each one of us, infinite powers of influence; terrible power to influence for evil, inestimable power to influence for good; and we do our bald duty only when we look earnestly into all matters concerning our common weal, trying to see what we can do to help or to retard the race upon its upward journey.

The woman question is not a question of sex, or of caste, or of clime; it is a question of measureless import affecting the welfare of the entire human race. It is not a subject to be mastered by strife, to be regulated by clamour, or by wrata; it is a subject that touches the moral health of each individual, whilst it affects profoundly the mental and spiritual growth of the whole human family.

We may not all be able to accomplish great practical things, but we have all a voice wherewith to encourage the world's workers, and we can do much in many quiet ways to cheer and to support those good soldiers. We may take part silently in the grand fight and be helpful; or we may discourage our brave sisters with scoffing words, telling them to be content with narrow interests.

O. ELSIE NELHAM.

INFLUENTIAL LIVES.



MISS MATILDA SHARPE AND HER SCHOOLS.

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

IT is said that as the centuries draw to their close, the spirit of progress awakes to a fuller and more determined existence, as though she strove to leave the largest possible heritage to the century passing away. Never in the world's history has there been a time when the understanding of the multitude has been so active, or the desire for education so keen.

Those who have gone far ahead in the great onward march, those who can look over and beyond the thoughts of the majority, see the great expanse of knowledge stretching far out into infinity, like the sands of the seashore, not to be numbered for multitude. One by one as we pass along we pick these golden grains. But much cannot be fully comprehended under our present conditions.

To persons who fully and intelligently realise the immense importance of learning, who eagerly, and with comparative ease, acquire it—to the best and greatest of these comes also the desire to impart: the almost agony of yearning that what they have found so sweet should be tasted and found so by others. In all ages of the world those who have loved humanity most have not failed to impart, either of themselves or through others, some of the wealth of thought and learning they have acquired. If the highest good be the greatest possible development of the human creature, if the fullest evolution, mental, moral and physical, be desirable, then those who give their talents, time, learning, silver or gold to help to this condition of things are indeed worthy of record on the scrolls of time, and deserve the deepest gratitude of their fellows. It is a rare thing to find a great capacity for acquiring, united with an equal capacity for imparting. Where such is the case the ability of the individual is of the highest stamp. It has been the fortunate experience of the Misses Sharpe to have belonged to a family, many of whom have felt the greatest interest in education, and have been gifted with a remarkable aptitude for imparting instruction. In her own quaint way Miss Matilda Sharpe says, "Aunts, uncles, father, ourselves, all wanted to teach; teaching is in the family blood." It is very interesting to hear her tell of her uncle, Mr. Henry Sharpe, in whose beautiful home in Hampstead was a large room used as an evening class-room, where it was his pride and pleasure to give instruction in many useful branches to those who had few, if any, other opportunities. Also of an aunt who lived at Cherbourg, a woman of remarkable conversational powers, racy, original and witty, many of whose sayings have become household words in the families of her relatives.

To those who have the happiness of knowing the Misses Sharpe personally it will be no surprise to learn that at a very early age they were filled with an earnest love of study—a desire to *know*; also that the power of acquiring knowledge was accompanied by a desire to impart such knowledge to others. This desire increased as their young lives grew

in strength and opportunities, until it became what it has been for years and now is—a part of their existence, the very vital breath of their lives. For the beneficial results accruing therefrom the Misses Sharpe, with earnest words declare, they are indebted to the intellectual and moral atmosphere in which their early years were passed. The mother of such daughters must have been a noble and a good woman, though we hear very little of her, as she was, unfortunately, lost to her family while her daughters were yet young. It is impossible, however, not to see the effects of her training in them. She must have possessed tact and intelligence in a very high degree. Her nature was sweet, gentle, yet firm, but her life was quiet, and her influence was brought to bear principally upon her household. Such deeds the world does not chronicle. They have, however, been chronicled somewhere, and certainly in her daughters' hearts.

Mr. Samuel Sharpe, the father of the family, was a man of great erudition, devoted to study; a Biblical scholar, an Egyptian student, also an antiquarian and critical writer; who has published many books, in which he has done much to elucidate the obscurities of Hebrew and Egyptian history, thus greatly assisting the students of his own and later times. Among his published writings may be mentioned "The History of the Hebrew Nation," "The History of Egypt," "Notes on the New Testament," "Life of the Apostle Paul," "Re-translation of the Bible," "Egyptian Inscriptions," &c. He was fond of society, and Mrs. Sharpe and he made heartily welcome all who came to partake of their hospitality. He was a great authority in antiquarian writings, and was frequently consulted by students and others. The family were Unitarians, possessing in a remarkable degree the broad, less prejudiced outlook, and the earnest, friendly spirit so characteristic of that religious body. The household and the visitors privileged to enter therein, were under the influence of the sweet harmony that such a spirit sheds around. It pervades the household yet, and gives great pleasure to all the friends who visit the sisters in their interesting home. The rooms are full of pictures, models, and specimens from the antique, and many other objects of interest. After the death of their father, the Misses Sharpe followed their earnest work with still greater activity, which helped them, they say, the better to bear their grief. They always *do the next thing*, so have been saved from vague speculation and waiting for opportunities—the rock on which so many fall to pieces, while all around them lie, fields waiting for the labourer to enter in, with plough, or seed, or sickle. Wherever these ladies have seen a chance of pushing forward the cause of higher education, there they have gone to work, and their reward has been with them.

Miss Emily Sharpe has worked in one way or another continually; she has taught, and is teaching, much by correspondence. She has for years taken charge of the Divinity classes at Channing House on Saturday mornings. For this work she is eminently adapted by long years of study; during her father's lifetime and since his death. Her aim is to enable her pupils to read and thoroughly understand Bible history. With gentle voice and kindly smile she takes from her learning's store of bread and distributes it in crumbs to the young students. She teaches them the history of religious opinions; the lives and struggles of those who desired to reform religious thought; and the understanding of what the Bible really means by comparing it with itself. During the lifetime of her father, in all his writings and studies Miss Emily was his right hand. She wrote by dictation, assisting him in his annotations, references and corrections. She was always there, always ready, bright, cheerful, never tired, never unwilling—a very genius of industry. Her sister, Miss Matilda, says of her, "I have known her for sixty years and never saw her waste a minute yet." Through the constant intercourse with her father, assisted by her own study, and the receptive power of her intellect, she has become learned in many fields of research. Besides the great interest which she has taken in the church to which she belongs, liberally helping and assisting poorer chapels, Miss Emily Sharpe has also helped, sustained and strengthened Miss Matilda in her often arduous and trying undertakings. By the death of their mother, they were thrown more than ever into the society of their father: such a companionship has been to them a source of much benefit, his cultured mind and mature thought helping and encouraging them to strenuous endeavour and abiding effort. It is not surprising, therefore, that with such tendencies these earnest women should have learnt to place all their happiness in study for themselves and others. "It is their own distinguished walk." They have energy, perseverance, mental power, and that most essential of all qualities in the instruction of the young—patience. Mr. Samuel Sharpe as a banker made a fair fortune, which his daughters have inherited. Almost his last words were: "My dear children, what a burden I am leaving you in all this money! What will you do with it?" "Dear father," Miss Matilda replied, "we will find something useful to do with it." This money they now freely and ungrudgingly spend to help forward wherever helping forward is required. They can afford nothing for self, all for others; rejoicing only in the success of

the work they have undertaken. Miss Matilda Sharpe has three Day schools, which she partly supports, where, besides the ordinary English education, singing, mathematics, Latin, and French are taught. Many gratifying proofs come continually to Miss Sharpe and the teachers of these schools of the efficient result of their training.

Miss Matilda Sharpe says, "I am thankful for the opportunities given to me to help education. It is a great happiness to me to have taken a humble part in this work. If I had power I would go among the working people, and try to get up a petition to Parliament that their children should receive the same advantages of education as the rich; that whatever languages and higher lessons are found best at Eton, Harrow, and the High Schools, should also be given in the Board schools, and by teachers able to give instruction in these subjects. The Board schools should be doing their utmost to feed the pupils with the highest knowledge. What a delightful move in the right direction has just been announced—that the Governors of Christ's Hospital have decided to admit ten girls and ten boys from the Board schools of London, provided they can pass their examination. This will raise the standard of education at the Board school. Ah! It is all going the right way. We have only to work to hasten it." Miss Matilda Sharpe considers that a high standard of education in the Board schools would be the solution of many social problems. Among the schools under Miss Matilda Sharpe's management, and enjoying her support, Channing House High School deserves special notice. The house throughout is excellently arranged for the purpose for which it is set apart. The circumstances which led to its establishment are as follows: Miss Matilda Sharpe, looking out eagerly for some opportunity to bring out her special ideas in regard to higher education, had all but entered into an arrangement of another nature, when she unexpectedly received a visit from the Rev. Robert Spears, of Highgate Unitarian Church. He proposed the founding of a school for the very highest education of the daughters of parents connected with the Unitarian Church. Miss Sharpe puts the matter tersely when she says she "jumped at the idea." This is really descriptive of the earnest way in which she took hold of, carried, and is carrying out the project. She mentions many kind friends as having opened their purses liberally, to assist in commencing the school, and at times of need since. She also tells how earnestly the Rev. Robert Spears worked in the school's early days; how materially he assisted through his paper, and how readily he has come to its aid ever since when required. The house, which stands upon part of the site of old Arundel House, where Lord Bacon died, was bought and has since been rebuilt by Miss Sharpe. The school is under her entire superintendence, and is now self-supporting. She is constantly introducing new improvements, both in the building itself, and its internal arrangements. Under the spirit of what is needful and pleasant first, independent of time or trouble, many most charming arrangements have been made, notably two large rooms, the dining and class rooms, which were divided by folding doors, but are now divided by panes of glass. The quantity of glass everywhere is a striking feature in the school, making all so light, so bright, that its cheering effects upon the pupils, and thus upon their studies, may easily be imagined. The music-rooms are arranged under quite a unique method. They consist of nine enclosures of glass, just big enough to hold piano, stool, pupil and teacher. This arrangement enables the teacher, when her charges are practising, to have nine little pairs of hands under her eye at once. The laundry is admirably arranged, and everywhere the same kind endeavour to save trouble is manifest, Miss Sharpe being more anxious for the comfort and ease of her servants than they are for themselves.

Outside the school, in a corner of the grounds, separated by a space between the walls, is the sanatorium, designed by Miss Sharpe herself, where children who are ill are at once taken, even if but a slight cold. Here they remain until health returns. The arrangements are so well carried out, that even in dangerous illnesses there is no fear of infection; a small kitchen, with cooking stove and bath, is attached, so that every want can be satisfied from within. No communication with the rest of the school is permitted. So beneficial is the entire system, united with the pure and bracing air, that health is easily maintained,

The Slöyd-room, where bowls, spoons, and rulers are made, contains benches, timber, and show enough to build a house, and is much prized by those who work there. In the basement is a drilling and dancing room, with the floors waxed, like all the floors throughout the house. In this room the girls dance to music under the superintendence of teachers, singing to their own drilling. Here also they play in damp or cold weather; the room is airy, well drained and healthy; it is hung with great charts of the Latin Accedents, the Greek alphabet and article, and Horace's Odes, all of which those who run may read. The pupils in Channing House School are working towards the London Matriculation Examination, into which some of them enter as each season comes round. Five are now getting ready for the Intermediate of the London B.A. The Kindergarten classes are especially interesting to watch, because of the rapid progress of the little members and the delight they take in their lessons, going through grammatical and spelling exercises with great unctious. One of their songs, delivered with exactitude and the prettiest of gestures in arm exercise, is the conjugation of the Latin verb *Sum*, I am, giving it grandly in all its tenses with a zest and a will that is fun, and inspiring fun, to see. The pupils have the most merry play, consisting of tournaments, masked balls, *tableau vivants*, into all of which the teachers enter as heartily as the pupils. Whatever may be proposed for the good of the school is met by Miss Sharpe and complied with in a spirit of the greatest liberality. Shorthand and type-writing are soon to form part of the instruction given. Indeed, very little, if anything, is left out of Miss Sharpe's curriculum. There is a plan at present on foot for lengthening the drill-room by adding to it half its own length. This, however, waits for funds. The aim of the school is to impart the very highest education with a high tone of morals, and to establish among the pupils a habit of courteous kindness in word, thought and deed. One of the mottoes of the school is "*Conabor*," (I will endeavour), and it is well carried out by all. The school is pervaded by an atmosphere of love, trust and kindness, induced by Miss Matilda Sharpe, and permeating the whole school, through her excellent staff of teachers. The moral atmosphere is as pure and bracing as the physical. The pupils are encouraged to be honourable, honest-hearted, unselfish, and high-toned. Miss Sharpe had recently a most delightful proof of the effects of her teachings and the teachings of her staff. One pupil was observed to act at all times with such consistent unselfishness that her companions, full of admiration and love for her, formed a society amongst themselves and called it "The Do-as-Gladys-does Society."



MISS M. SHARPE AND THE CHANNING HOUSE STAFF OF TEACHERS.

The girls often make cheerful and amusing allusions to the condition of things. Here is one—

"What pattern girls are we.
We always do as we are told,
We never say the baths are cold,
Such pattern girls are we."

Channing House, being situated on Highgate Hill, has the benefit of the fresh clear air which comes sweeping across the country, and from the rival hill of Hampstead Heath. The grounds command a fine view for miles, and are surrounded on all sides by precipices on a small scale, which has made Miss Sharpe laughingly say, "it might once have been a fortress." Whatever it may have been in the past, it is certainly a fortress now, guarding many young souls from evil and training them to go out in the world with a courage that will ever be "steadfast and do the right." They will be doubly armed against meanness, littleness, frivolity, many faults; they will begin their young lives with broader, juster ideas; meeting all that may come to them as they go on their way, with firm, cool, well-founded opinions; knowing that they are students, and must ever learn more and more. They will take clearer light into dark places, a truer, juster conception of things, where ignorance and prejudice distort and warp the judgment; they will know, and knowledge is power; they will have learned to think, and thought moves the world.

"Of all the cants that are canted in this canting world the cant of criticism is the most tormenting," says Sterne; and, it may be added, the most at fault.

WHAT THE GIRL SAYS.

Under this heading the thoughts of the girl on any point will be inserted from week to week. Girls are invited to contribute.

"The Boy thought St. Paul's was the first building ever built in London, and that all foreign churches were imitations of it."
"The Boy thought England was a free country."
"The Boy thought the best horses won the Derby."
From *What the Boy Thought*.—JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

WHILE the Boy thought these, and many other thoughts equally near the truth, the girl stood by. Had she eyes?—ears?—brains? Well—yes. Did she think? No one inquired—girls were not supposed to think, only to be pretty and pleasing. *Voilà tout, que voulez-vous?* Tradition has beautifully idealised the girl as one who stood by admiring the Boy's handiwork; waiting to administer to the Boy's needs; to push the Boy up the ladder; so pleased that the Boy should rise even at the sacrifice of her own individuality; so content to hope that, when the Boy's fame was won, she might be known as that faithful one, the Boy's helpmeet. Did the girl ever realise as she stood by that, though the word HELPMET has been written in characters large enough to well-nigh cover the globe, it can never be made to mean aught save one who assists a principal—the one, in fact, who never takes the cake; that no other meaning can be put upon it, unless, indeed, two work together who are both helpmeets.

But who knows what the girl's thoughts have been! who has chronicled them! What were the thoughts of a girl, to a world composed of men, and boys who would be men. One pose was given her, the pose of helpmeet to the Boy—she has stood by. . . . Meantime both grew, and the pose was maintained. As the Boy grew, he grew still more assertive in the presence of the girl who stood by. He expressed his thoughts more loudly—the girl listened. Then the pose was somewhat disturbed, for the girl laughed—how she laughed! She laughed more, she laughed long; as the Boy gathered into his own keeping all the good things. He wanted more room also. He wanted all the room. The girl's laughter increased, for the Boy's egotism was irresistibly funny. It is amazing what he has swallowed in the way of self-congratulation; what he has uttered in the way of self-assertion. So the sound of the girl's laughter at the Boy's thoughts has been the ages' undertone; yet hath it a strange echo, surely, for laughter; it comes up to us from the past centuries like a wailing cry—terrible in its meaning.

Here and there the souls that strive have gathered, listening; dimly guessing that the girl also has thought; the air has been filled with their questioning. What have her thoughts been? What must they have been? Has all this moaning and crying that has filled the echoes of the ages with tears and sobs, been because of the girl's silence in regard to her thoughts? Why has she been silent—has she been gagged? Has no one chronicled her thoughts—is there no record? Yea, one there is who knows well what the girl has thought; and will tell it, from its vaguest murmurs to its fullest tones—It is the girl herself. Listen!

The Girl says, she always thought God was a man, because everything written in the Bible thinks of men first.

The Girl says, women are foolish to wear their hats or bonnets in church, at meetings, and on the platform. It makes them look so small, and as if they agreed with Paul's teaching. She is quite sure they don't agree, only they won't say so.

The Girl says, boys and men have thought so long that everything was made for them that they have quite forgotten to teach themselves the selflessness that makes people strong. Now they hardly know how to judge between right and wrong, because they have always done what they liked, and have thought things right that suited them.

The Girl says, girls and women have had to fight their way step by step, they have suffered and grown strong; soon this will make such a change in the world.

The Girl says, she thought that the cage of the House of Commons was where the members kept their pet birds, and wondered how they could be so cruel, until she saw the pet birds hopping up there of their own accord, then she wondered more.

The Girl says, surely women see men eating often enough without going to large halls, and sitting up in galleries for nothing but to look down and see them eat. Are women afraid to eat in public? Or is it that the men fear they will not have enough if the women dine also? This is very puzzling to the Girl. She often thinks about it. She means to find out many things.

The Girl says she wonders why the names of singers and actors always come last when the singers and actors are women? Also, why do they give women parts to act that mean nothing, or make them represent such silly women—such women as are never seen in real life?

THE STEADFAST BLUE LINE.

Under this heading will appear short notices of whatever women in any part of the world, or in any class of life, have done or are doing in the cause of progress; also selected bits from the writings of women. Women and men are invited to contribute to this column.

THE "thin red line" has played its part in the world; whether an absolutely necessary part or not, posterity and a higher consciousness alone can determine. It has meant to humanity, war and the shedding of blood; spoliation, destruction, massacre; scenes most dire and dread; the suppression of right by might, powerful, armed to the teeth; fields where the raven and vulture dipped their cruel beaks in blood; where the hoarse, low cry of the wolf made the air sick with horror. It has meant burning cities, ruined homes, the wailing of mothers, widows, and children; it has meant that wrongs often fancied, could not be set right save by a holocaust of human lives. How awful has been its meaning.

Somewhat of justice, it is true, has been connected with this "thin red line"; something of high resolve, of the courage that faced death for "Home and Motherland."

"Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on his march to Rome"

or

"How can man die better,
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods."

Such feelings as here expressed, descending from age to age in a nation's history and poetry, have hidden from us the horrors of war. Music, banners, pomp, display, sights and sounds inspiring, have drowned the cries of the slain; the moans of those, who with eyes upturned to pitiless skies, have heard within their own souls the fiat merciless: "never again on earth, never again." The awful other side is not seen while our hearts have been filled with the ecstasy of seeming deeds of bravery—honour, glory, martial enthusiasm—

"Twere worth ten years' of peaceful life
One glance at their array."

Alas! how all this has deceived us; yet slowly, but surely, it is passing away; we begin to see the hideous thing as it is; we are no longer deluded by its glories! Still over the path of progress looms "not peace a sword," but the sword of the spirit. The steadfast blue line has no cry of "Peace, peace" where no peace is or can be; it wages "the bravest battle that ever was fought"—a battle "fought by the mothers of men," by the women of the human race, who have wakened to a sense of what is due to them, for the sake of the whole of humanity.

The enemies this line of battle is ranged against are:—Injustice, tyranny, impurity, excess of every kind; cruelty of every form and shape, or under whatever pretext; sin everywhere, and the apathy or thoughtlessness often worse than sin in its dire consequences. The sword of the steadfast blue line is sharp and keen, though it sheds no blood. It will never be sheathed till the "winter of our discontent" has passed away for ever, and "the time of the singing of birds has come."

* * * * *

The Duchess of Sutherland is said to be working at a novel which deals with English social life. But what appears to us a far more important item of news is the statement that her grace wishes to found a literary *salon* in London.

Wyoming women will, for the first time in the history of the country, give their votes at the forthcoming American Presidential Election.

Queen Olga of Würtemberg, who died at Friedrichshafen on Monday, was a woman of strong character. All who knew her felt that it was she who was the ruling power; her husband, King Karl of Würtemberg, being frequently described as King Olgu's.

The Edinburgh University, in admitting women to the classes in the Faculty of Arts, has done a good thing, and though much excitement among the male students attended their first entrance, there is no doubt they will soon get accustomed to the presence of the ladies and conduct themselves with discretion. The ladies themselves took the matter very quietly. They mean study, and will surely prove their ability and steadfastness of purpose ere long. Now that hard work has begun they will not be behind; they will help to put an end to any feeling of wonder at the presence of women in the Halls of Learning, and will thus help themselves, other women, and the world.

A LADY CAVALIER.
NADEZHDA ANDREYEVNA DOUROVA.

By a RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.

IF the lady who gives her name to this paper had lived in ancient days, her history would certainly have been regarded as a myth, or as a legend whose romantic heroine could never have existed save in the imagination; and yet it is the true story of a Russian woman, who 30 years ago was still living, and who is even now a cherished memory to many who knew and loved her. Her writings are still read with lively interest, but it is her life's history which chiefly arrests the attention and arouses our sympathy.

The name of this remarkable woman was Nadezhda Dourova, but she is far better known in Russia as the Lady Cavalier, as the people loved to call her.

In her old age she wrote her autobiography, which has furnished—together with the reminiscences of her contemporaries, and aided also by the excellent books of the Russian writers, Mordovtzel and Baidarow, the materials for this sketch.

We gather that Nadezhda's mother was a woman of a strong and energetic character, stern and wanting in tenderness in her treatment of her daughter; also that as a girl she had run away from home and married a young officer of Hussars, whose suit her parents had forbidden; so that, burdened with an angry father's curse, the young pair had from the outset of their married life led a wandering existence with Dourov's regiment, which was almost incessantly on the march or in camp.

On September 17th, 1790, when Nadezhda first saw the light, her parents were in Cherson. A little later the regiment was again on the march, and as the wailing of the little one was robbing her mother of much-needed sleep, it came to pass that once, her nervous system unbinged by exhaustion, in a sudden fit of impatience, she threw the shrieking infant out of the carriage window. A cry of horror burst from the rough soldiers at the sight, and several sprang from their horses to snatch the child from imminent death. By a miracle as it would seem Nadezhda had suffered no damage except a few scratches, but as she was being handed back to her mother, Dourov with tears in his eyes took possession of his little daughter, and, taking advantage of the power given him by law as a father, thenceforward he carried her with him as he rode, so that the saddle became our heroine's first cradle. Later on her father confided her to the care of his soldier servant, Astakhoff, of whom Nadezhda writes in her autobiography: "My first nurse was a Hussar who carried me about for days in his arms and used the stables of the troop as my nursery. He gave me pistols for playthings, and clattered his sabre by way of a rattle for my amusement; I, the while, clapping my hands and laughing with delight as the sparks flew from the flashing steel. In the evening Astakhoff would carry me to the band that its martial music might serve as my lullaby."

Little Nadezhda grew apace, and at every opportunity showed her strong predilection for the military life.

Her father had meanwhile got his discharge, and had accepted the post of burgomaster at Viatka, on the Kama. Here the growing girl was very strictly brought up by her mother, who, as she complains, made her sit quietly at home all day long, and kept her continually busy with needlework and other ungenial household tasks. This new régime of continual repression of all her impulses and instincts, and of close confinement after the open-air life she had led hitherto, must have been a trying change for the poor child, and thoroughly unwholesome for her both physically and morally. Accordingly, while her body was thus imprisoned within the four walls of her home, her thoughts roamed free and far, and her fancy dwelt lovingly upon the natural freedom which she had already enjoyed, and which it seemed her mother sought to rob her of; until gradually her longing to escape from the intolerable restraint imposed upon her crystallised into a firm determination to achieve at all hazards, and by any means that offered, that freedom which was her heart's desire.

Nadezhda was only 12 years old when her father brought her an unbroken Circassian horse, and from that moment the young girl devoted all the time she could command or steal to the taming and training of this interesting animal. She fed him with bread, salt, sugar, and every other nice thing she could get hold of, until she had so completely conquered his affections that he followed her about like a pet lamb. Then, at night, when all the rest of the family were fast asleep, except a groom who was in her confidence, she would rise, dress noiselessly, and steal out of the house to ride for hours without a thought of fear, through field and forest, over hill and dale on the back of Alkid, as she had called her beautiful and beloved horse. In this way she learned to ride as few women can ride, and the saddle which had been her cradle became her true home.

By the time she was sixteen, Nadezhda's unhappiness and discontent under her mother's severe system of training, and the dull monotony of the life of close confinement enforced upon her, which was so alien to her nature, had developed into revolt. Confused, as she tells us, by the curious contrast between Madame Dourova's strong denunciations of the social slavery and political degradation of women with her treatment of her daughter, the girl "had resolved to forswear a sex upon which it was evident that the curse of Heaven rests." "Should it cost me my life," she writes in her diary, "I have made up my mind to leave my father's house disguised as a boy." At this opportune moment some Cossack Horse arrived at Viatka, whose officers were frequent guests at the house of the Dourova's. Mlle. Nadezhda, however, did not make her appearance before them, for she had decided to fly with this regiment, and feared that if they saw her as a girl they might afterwards recognise her in her boy's clothes. On September 15th, 1806, the Cossacks left the town, and our young heroine, having now arrived at the crisis of her destiny, was resolved to join them on the march two days later, that being her birthday.

The description of her flight from home is touching enough. Towards eleven o'clock in the evening she said "good night" to her mother as usual, but no

doubt with more than usual tenderness, for her mother, as she kissed her, said, "God bless you, child!" and Nadezhda accepted these words as a good omen. Then her father came to her room to bid her "good night" according to his custom, and when he was gone she knelt down, deeply moved, and kissed the place where his feet had pressed the floor, the hot tears streaming from her eyes the while. Her passionate fit of weeping over, she slipped off her skirts and donned a boy's dress, which she had carefully prepared for this great occasion, threw a Circassian cloak, such as the Cossacks wear for riding, which her father had given her, over her shoulders, tied a black silk scarf round her waist, and placed a high Cossack cap, adorned with a red tuft, on her head. Her disguise was now complete, and looking in her glass she gained confidence from the reflection she saw therein, that her identity as Nadezhda Dourova was lost, and that her sex would never be suspected.

On a hill just outside the town the groom already mentioned was awaiting her with Alkid, who was now her very own, having been given to her by her father on her last birthday. Half asleep, and imagining that his young lady was only going for her midnight gallop as usual, the man noticed nothing out of the common in her attire, and hurried home at her bidding; and so at last Nadezhda was free!

"It was a cold, clear night, the moon was at the full, and the way lay through a thick pine forest. Encompassed by the woodland stillness and the darkness of the autumnal night, for the moon had hidden her face behind the clouds," so she writes, "I rode on rapidly, absorbed in thought. 'Now I am free,' I thought, 'and I belong to myself. I have taken possession of that which is the right of all, freedom, the noblest and most precious gift of Heaven, which shall henceforth be mine until I die.'" At daybreak she reached the camp of the Cossacks, and introduced herself to their captain as a nobleman's son, who had run away from home because his father refused to allow him to become a soldier. The Cossacks were delighted with the 16-year-old boy, as they thought her, from the first. He looked so young and tender, and was yet so brave and full of spirit, that they straightway took him under their protection. Now began, indeed, a new life for the young girl. "The first day," as she herself relates, "the melancholy cadence of the Cossacks' favourite marching song ('Dear heart! my faithful steed') attuned my thoughts to sadness. My heart yearned for the parents who loved me at home; the shadow of the unknown future lay upon my spirit, and I was forced to bow my head low upon my horse's mane to hide the fast falling tears from my rough comrades. I soon conquered my weakness and took a silent vow steadfastly to follow the path I had chosen of my own free will."

This whole winter through Nadezhda marched and camped with her regiment, took part in all their daily work and drill, and practised all the details of military service with untiring zeal and diligence, leading in all things, and without a murmur, the hard life of a common Russian soldier. She commemorated this period of her life in her diary by the following words, addressed to her own sex: "Freedom, that priceless gift of Heaven, has become mine for ever! I breathe the breath of it, and rejoice in it with my whole soul. My whole existence is purified and quickened by its spirit. You, of my own sex, can alone enter into my rapture and measure the true value of my prize; you, whose every act is prescribed; you, who may not take one step in the open air, even with a friend, without your mother's permission; you, who from the cradle to the grave live in ceaseless dependence—upon God knows whom! You, I repeat, alone can enter into the pure joy I felt when, seeing myself set in a wide landscape of fields, forest, mountain, valley and stream, I suddenly realised that over all I might wander alone, free and unforbidden, following my fancy and without fear of being called to account for my goings and doings. I danced for very joy at the thought, that in all my life I should never again be insulted by the words which had been so often dinned into my ears, 'You must stay quietly at home, Nadezhda; it is not proper for girls to go out alone.' Never again should I sit weeping at the window, wearily making lace at my mother's bidding."

Yet there were times when the highly prized freedom to live a soldier's hard life weighed on Nadezhda almost more heavily than she could bear. It often chanced that the Cossacks could find no food, and the young recruit had to go hungry with the rest. She describes such a time in her journal:—"We have been here (a Lithuanian village) for more than three weeks. I am equipped with the uniform of my regiment, with a sabre and a spear; the latter is so heavy that it seems to me like a weaver's beam. I wear worsted epaulettes, a fur cap, and a leather belt with a pouch full of cartridges. It all looks very smart and clean, but alas, how heavy it is! I hope to get used to it by degrees, and to the cruel boots also, which feel as if they were made of iron, so hard and so heavy are they, and ever since I have worn them I have been almost crippled by their weight, and that of the great jingling spurs which adorn them. Every day besides, even though dead tired and sick with hunger, I have to dig potatoes for my dinner, in the garden of the rough hostess upon whom I am quartered. She cooks them well, but serves them up so roughly that she generally upsets some of them on to the dirty floor. What a clumsy woman she is! However, it relieves me to think that she loses nothing by feeding me, since, if I did not dig them, they would probably be left to rot in the earth."

Whatever happened Nadezhda never lost courage, and she rejoiced heartily when at last the regiment marched to join in the war Russia was then waging abroad against Napoleon.

(To be continued.)

It is only those who love Peace with their whole hearts that are willing for her sake to "make them ready to battle."

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

The base soul says to the noble soul, "How unwise." The noble soul returns, "Not unwise—but unable."

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

E. WARDLAW BEST.

WOMANHOOD AND RELIGIOUS MIS-EDUCATION.

I.

THE religion of a race reflects its highest knowledge of moral and spiritual life. Hence the sacred character of every creed in the eyes of the people with whom it is linked. Hardly a religion of any importance exists which does not contain vital and eternal truths, and, also, hardly one exists which is not more or less deeply tainted with human errors and ignorance. Some of these errors arise from the practice of mistaking legends and myths containing esoteric truths for literal history, and some from a lack of discrimination in dealing with the text of sacred books, which have all been open to interpolations and alterations before it became fixed. Were these facts honestly acknowledged by that class of persons—the priests—who regard themselves as the special custodians of such writings, and the privileged interpreters of all they contain, the world would be far more enlightened with regard to divine and eternal truth than it is now. But the fear of admitting any reproach on that which constitutes the authority of priesthoods, and the basis of the entire schemes of ecclesiasticism, has forbidden the teachers of religion to speak the whole truth. Searching questions are never answered; frank examination is anathematised and forbidden. We well know the policy adopted in our Western world by these shepherds of the flock—"The whole Bible or none"; there is no compromise, no candour, and no desire to face the issue. The theological libraries are crammed with the works of special pleaders, in which no room is left for the counsels of the wise.

Until very recently the Bible was supposed to be the only sacred book in existence of any value, and it still remains the special light of the Western world. That it contains mixed elements of truth and error, sublime teachings and barbarous codes of morality, no candid and thinking person can deny. But the Church—and by this we mean the general ecclesiastical system, regardless of sectarian differences—which depends on it for support, has always refused to explain and teach these things to the people. The consequence of this has been the growth of many evils, among which none is more conspicuous than the widespread practical belief in the inferiority of womanhood, which has deeply affected her legal and political condition. The laws of a country are largely influenced by the attitude assumed by religion on the subject of moral questions; and, until a very recent date, our penal code owed some of its senseless severities to the barbarous and cruel regulations of the ancient Jews as set forth in the Pentateuch. People who could believe that three rebellious freethinkers were swallowed up by an earthquake by special judgment of the Creator of the universe, could be very readily brought to believe also, and only 350 years ago they did believe, that persons who differed from the State creed of the time should be chained to stakes and burnt alive. And it is even within the recollection of some of the oldest living members of the community that men were absolutely hanged for stealing a sheep. Why not? Did not the Mosaic law declare that a poor ox was to be stoned for goring a man? And if an animal was capable of the "crime" of slaying, and was compelled to endure such a dread penalty for its wrong-doing, a human being who stole must logically be a hundred times more guilty, and must be sent out of the world as the best method of reforming him and avenging an outraged society; notwithstanding that this society did not hesitate to steal and murder, too, on a wholesale scale to increase national possessions.

One need hardly inquire why the sentiment of humanitarianism, of love, of wisdom, of the Christlike spirit, is so absolutely absent from large portions, and especially the legislative portions, of the Old Testament. Throughout it is entirely and exclusively masculine, and woman is regarded as a merely sexual being. Passing over the early chapters of Genesis which contain palpably esoteric teaching, the entire reverse of what is popularly supposed, as well as the inexcusable mistranslations which represent the *Elohim* as masculine instead of dual*—we have only to mark the various instances, in which indirect instructions are conveyed to the Jewish nation, through the exhortations or actions of its prominent members. Twice are virgin women offered for outrage by their own fathers to brutal rables of men, as if the crime of all crimes was not enforced motherhood! Is it possible to picture a more brutal idea of womanhood, of maternal functions, and one more fatal to the race?

Again, an Israelite might seize on his slave's wife and daughters, and consign his own daughter to a fate worse than slavery, without the slightest reference to their wishes or consent. Women and children taken in war are preserved as captives for the basest purposes, and if their owners grow tired of them they are discarded as mere incumbrances. Wife-catching is resorted to occasionally according to the custom of the lowest savages. And so on. Miriam, Deborah, Huldah, and Vashti (who, in accordance with Persian law, and her own noble instincts, refused to expose her beauty to the people "merry with wine")—all remarkable for vigorous personalities—seem the sole exceptions in the chaos of crushed

*And this in the teeth of "Let Us make man in Our image," i.e., dual.

and undeveloped womanhood. These early pages of "Holy Writ" are filled with stories of concubines, women-slaves, women-captives, and discarded wives, all regarded as the mere property of their owners—like their "oxen and their asses"—and savage and immoral regulations. Not a syllable of condemnation is to be found for all this, not a word evincing any consciousness that woman is a human being, a *soul*, instead of a thing useful for satisfying shameless lusts. Surely this alone is sufficient to prove the human, and, in fact, masculine origin of a large portion of the Bible, and in itself constitutes a most serious warning against the letter-worship which Jesus of Nazareth so emphatically condemned. But how few look all this in the face, and recognise the influence these pages have exercised on the later New Testament! Until recently woman indeed received no education which could qualify her to judge of such matters, and accepted all or any of the teachings of the Church as unanswerable and final. Men occupied the pulpits, wrote the Prayer-books, compiled the marriage-service, and held their conferences from which woman was invariably banished. Can we wonder that, notwithstanding that sublime effort in behalf of a religion of love made by the heretic and reformer of Palestine 2,000 years ago, their creeds were rigid and soulless, and their law and enactments inhuman, and opposed to every spirit of true reforms? Most of these laws have happily passed away—the freethinker is no longer tortured or executed; the poor ignorant thief, product as a rule of society's own sins, usually receives but a minor sentence of imprisonment, but the *spirit* which pervaded the old ritual and has reduced it to the dry bones whence life has departed still prevails. It is the spirit which depends upon force for amendment, and not upon wise benevolence; which calls men "miserable sinners" who crave for mercy, while they maintain all those social systems which are most calculated to provoke moral ruin; which prays for national successes in war and for selfish objects; thunders its anathemas, and condemns to "perish everlastingly." In all these things the Hebrew of old has spoken rather than the Christ; and the Levite with his elaborate ritual and ceremonials, rather than the Nazarene voicing the eternal truth—"Neither in this mount nor at Jerusalem! . . . *God is Spirit*," and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." A guiding principle as absolutely disregarded in these days of "Christian" sects and rituals as it was in the time of the woman of Samaria. This "halved" religion—this "halved" humanity has produced bitter fruit. But we will reserve further comments, and an examination of the ideal of womanhood presented in the New Testament for the second part of our subject.

FACTS FROM SCHOOL GIRLS.

ANSWERS TO EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

1. Magna Charta 1215, or the Great Charter, was a very stern man and did not rule properly. He was very fond of money and he tried to get it off of the people. He was very fond of fighting. He went to war with the French and fought at the Battle of Poitiers, 1273.
2. John was a weak-minded young man. And he began to reign 1199. He had some brothers, Geoffrey, Harold, Arthur, David. The people thought that John could not rule properly so Geoffrey came to the throne. The murder of the little Princes were in John's reign. One night the little Princes were in bed and fast asleep and there was a Bible on their pillow. It is said that John got some men, and asked them to help him murder the two little boys. They got some pillows and smothered them, and put their bones under the staircase. And when the men went to pull down the Tower, they saw them. One day John was crossing a river and he had a lot of baggage and as he was crossing, the Wash rose up and he got drowned. And died 1216.
3. Deaths of English sovereigns.—Henry 1st died of eating. Queen Elizabeth died by fits. Richard 1st had his head extracted by an unskilful surgeon.
4. Mortmain settled the "entrails" on the heir.
5. The method of spreading news.—"They set fire to a deacon on the top of a hill."

Jeroboam promised to lighten the people's yokes.
How the Israelites crossed the Jordan.—"Over the bridge."
The next thing God made was a lady.
After hearing the story of the flood.—"Was God out in the rain *all* that time?" Harold wants to know who married Adam and Eve.
The children of Leah were Reuben, Gad and half Manasseh.
Who was John Mark? "He was a Baptist minister."
What does Luke say in the preface to his Gospel was his object in writing the book?—"He wrote it for the benefit of students preparing for Cambridge and other exams."
The component parts of air are Dust and breath.
The plural of a penny.—"Twopence."
The derivation of seminary—"Semi, select, and nary, a school."
An island is a place you can't get to by train.
The feminine of Jew is Gentile.

CHOICE MORSELS FROM CHOICE PENS.

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

"Mother," asked a little lad of five, "where is buttermilk got from?"
"Oh, you stupid boy," with eager haste replied his little sister of three, her blue eyes full of surprise, "don't you know that buttermilk is sweet milk got out of a sour cow?"
FROM PETKIN'S DIARY.

Shafts.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

LONDON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd, 1892.

WHAT THE EDITOR MEANS.

Mere DEMOCRACY cannot solve the social question. An element of ARISTOCRACY must be introduced into our life. Of course I do not mean the aristocracy of birth, or of the purse, or even the aristocracy of intellect. I mean the aristocracy of character, of will, of mind. That only can free us.

From two groups will this aristocracy I hope for come to our people: from our WOMEN and our WORKMEN. The revolution in the social condition now preparing in Europe is chiefly concerned with the future of the WORKERS and the WOMEN. In this I place all my hopes and expectations, for this I will work all my life and with all my strength.—IBSEN.

ABOVE and beyond all party, creed, or class, above and beyond all law or opinion stands persistent, irrepressible, what Whittier calls "the human crittur," the ever-advancing human being who, individually or collectively, must be taken into account. Life on this planet is not a condition of *status quo*; its inevitable law is ceaseless evolution—ceaseless evolution in the conditions of existence, in thought, in beliefs, in aspirations. Such a state of things naturally gives rise to conflicting opinions. The attempt to coerce opinion, to force multitudes of living intelligent creatures to think in one groove, to believe one thing, has been productive of disastrous results in the past, and is productive of grave evils even now, though the advancing thought of the many is making itself felt; is creating newer and brighter light to aid and guide human judgment. Because this is truly so, and becoming more and more a recognised fact, it becomes more and more necessary that thought and opinion should be expressed. In bringing SHAFTS before the public we desire it to be specially understood that its columns are open to the free expression of opinion upon any subject, however diverse. These opinions will be welcomed, however widely they may differ from our own, as the *vox populi* which leads to higher things; advancing by slow and sure degrees to more enlarged views of life; to juster and grander conceptions of what may lie before us. Our object is to encourage thought—thought, the great lever of humanity; the great purifier and humaniser of the world. It seems to us a good thing to put into circulation a paper which takes no side save that of justice and freedom; a paper which invites the opinions of women and men of any party, creed, class, or nationality. Any views may be stated in articles or letters, and any person who may think differently from the views therein stated shall be free to discuss or refute, as the case may be. All will be treated with equal courtesy. The paper is started specially in the interests of women and the working classes; but excludes no individual and no class. All subjects must be treated with moderation and in a spirit of calm inquiry—a spirit that while it earnestly works for the triumph of right, while it unhesitatingly denounces wrong, also perceives how easy it has been to go wrong, and that love, kindness, and patient determination shall yet win the day. SHAFTS will devote itself to an earnest search for truth and justice, in which search it invites the co-operation of all its readers. Under the heading of "Influential Lives" there will appear notices of men as well as women. Under the heading of "What the Girl Says" we hope to publish many thoughts of many girls, and of women who can remember their thoughts as girls. The short introduction to this column and that of the "Steadfast Blue Line" will continue for several weeks. Under the latter heading will appear from week to week all that has been done, or is now being done by women. A serial tale, and short tale or sketch will be contributed weekly. Two pages, entitled "What Working Women and Men Think," will be reserved for contributions from them, which are specially invited. The design upon the cover expresses exactly the objects and aim of SHAFTS. We also publish in our next issue a column entitled "The Sleuth-hound of Society," for which we hope to receive contributions from many. In conclusion we invite the co-operation and help of all women specially; also of all men. We ask them to help us in any and every way, so that the bow of our strength may not lose its power, so that our shafts may be keen, swift, and true, speeding their winged way of love, fulfilling to the utmost the intention we have in sending them forth; so that all who write and all who read may join in the great work to be done.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH ON WOMEN'S STATUS.

DIOGENES ordered himself to be buried with his face downwards saying, the world would turn upside down, and then he would be in his right place.

According to our grandmothers' and even mothers' views of things, this process is certainly going on now as regards women's position, and one who is helping Progressive Women is Mr. George Meredith, the greatest man of letters now alive in this country. It is a cheering fact that the greatest living literary genius in England is a friend of woman's liberty, quite as hearty as J. S. Mill.

Since Mill died, no man's heart has felt so strongly, nor man's brain expressed with equal force and wit the disabilities of women which are kept up without qualms by the great majority of thinking men; men who read, meditate and converse, who commune with the dead, themselves, and the living, and yet are quite content that women should continue to be "nailed to their sex," as the Egoist's Clara phrases it. It is Mr. Meredith's later books, written when he was over 50 years old, which show such extreme sympathy with women under the artificial restrictions laid on them; especially his latter novels, *The Egoist*, 1879; *Diana of the Crossways*, 1885; and *One of our Conquerors*, 1890. These books have the narrative form, but they really are philosophical treatises on life, as it develops in the upper middle-class in England. Though Mr. Meredith's ideas are singularly modern, his setting of them is singularly antique, and we are never introduced by him into Girton circles.

None of his heroines lecture on the University Extension, nor should we be aware from his pages that women may be journalists or doctors.

Mr. Meredith frequently has a most formidable entrance chapter which seems to say, "Leave all inattention behind, ye who enter here." In fact, it is impossible to travel through his works in a suburban frame of mind. You must make up your mind to a stiff journey, and expect to feel fatigue at the end.

He lays great stress on the intellect of women. He makes the Egoist say to his Clara, "Whenever the little brain is in doubt, perplexed, undecided which course to adopt, she will come to me, will she not?" Clara's internal sentiment is, "My mind is my own, whether married or not."

"Can a woman have a life apart from him she is yoked to?" asks Clara.

"Certainly she ought," evidently thinks her author.

The Egoist's view is, that she should be "essentially feminine, a parasite and a chalice—"

Mr. Meredith does not admire the type generally known as "the Womanly Woman," who occupies herself merely in picking up the dropped stitches of other people, or in lubricating the wheels of her domestic machinery that they may not jar her lord; not caring in the least for any thing or person outside the four corners of her home. He even hints that women can be soldiers and fight, and snubs a youthful male character of 12, with mention of the story of Mary Ambree. He has not "A man's horror of women with brains." On the contrary, he greatly prefers them thus equipped, witness his beautiful rebel Diana. When her enemy remarks, "Our life below is short. . . . We have our little term. . . . it is soon over. . . ." Diana rebukes her with "On the other hand the platitudes concerning it are eternal." Diana, we are told, did not "stir the mud on which proud man is built." It is true that she had a phenomenal number of suitors, but then she is supposed to have lived several decades ago, when lovers were plentiful, and not as now in danger of extinction, like black swans.

We Western people feel so proud that we do not coop up our women in harems and gynæcia, but have given them those beautiful instruments for making a large income instead—the washtub and the type-writer.

Mr. Meredith would tear away the thick veil of our conceit from us, and display us to ourselves in our true turpitude, "Men" (he says, through his mouth-piece, Diana) "desire to have a still woman who can make a constant society of her pins and needles. Men create by stoppage a volcano, and are amazed at its eruptiveness. . . . The day will come when women will be encouraged to work at crafts and professions for their independence. That is the secret of the opinion of us at present—our dependency. Give us the means of independence and we will gain it, and have a turn at judging you, my lords! You shall behold a world reversed. Whenever I am distracted by existing circumstances I lay my finger on the material conditions, and I touch the secret. Individually it may be moral with us, collectively it is material—gross wrongs, gross hungers." Could the position be put more vividly and truthfully before us?

An able reviewer has lately said that the financial independence of women would be a social advantage of absolutely incalculable influence.

There is probably no country in the world where the habits of well-to-do people are more barbarous as regards their daughters' financial independence than in England. In France a middle class girl is always given a dowry on marriage. In India the feeling of the necessity

of providing for daughters is so strong that a grown up, unmarried, unprovided for daughter is considered a deep disgrace to her parents. But in England it is still common to find parents living in luxury with smart furniture, servants, carriages, and wines, having three or four daughters grown up, all unprovided for, and living on the precarious life-income of the father. When the family circle is reduced to the family straight line and the last daughter is left, she is generally destitute of any technical education or qualification fitted to bring her in even a pound a week. This is especially the case in the professional classes, where ideas of false gentility are so rampant. Marriage will never be a satisfactory institution till it no longer carries a maintenance with it. The financial independence of women can alone purify it.

The most original of all Mr. Meredith's girls is Nesta Victoria Radnor, the heroine of *One of our Conquerors*. This young lady, we are told, "was one of the elect, for whom excuses have not to be made." While yet in her teens she shows "a capacity to meditate on the condition of women." She boldly faces unpleasant facts and even rescues a sister-woman by her generous sympathy. She breaks with her affianced aristocrat because he does not approve of her mixing herself up with "pitch." The idea of a luxuriously brought up young girl actually bestirring herself to a fight with evil is Mr. Meredith's bold conception, based on his original assumption that even young ladies have brains and ought to have the rights of human beings.

Nesta's hero, Dartrey Fenellan, is of like mind with herself, and expresses himself thus:—

"If you insist on having women rooted to the bed of the river they'll veer with the tides, like water-reeds, and no wonder."

Nesta's father says: "Your heterodoxy on that subject is a mania, Dartrey. We can't have women independent." "Then don't be exclaiming about their vagaries," replies Dartrey.

Mr. Meredith approves of "the present intrepid forwardness of the sex to be publicly doing." He thinks that "women are hitting on more ways at present than men, of serving their country."

He evidently "wants women to have professions: at present they have not much choice to avoid being penniless. Poverty, and the sight of luxury! It seems as if we produced the situation, to create an envious thirst, and cause the misery. Things are improving for them; but we groan at the slowness of it." Mr. Meredith loves "the modern young women who have drunk of ideas."

One very delightful trait of his is the *sisterly* feeling of woman to woman which he brings out so vividly, witness Dahlia and Rhoda Fleming; Diana and Emma Dunstane; Nesta and Louise de Seilles. Even when his heroines are in hostile positions, as Clara Middleton and Letitia Dale, and a common-place novelist would have made them dislike each other, they still show esteem and regard for one another. When one thinks how seldom the friendship of women for women is dwelt upon in novels; how powerful for good it is; how certain to play a much larger rôle in the future than in the past, we then realise some of the good we receive from Mr. Meredith's books. Doubtless his popularity has been injured by his being so far in advance of his time, but posterity, which upsets so many ephemeral reputations, will largely increase his, for he is the first to illumine adequately with the immense range of his unparalleled anthropological insight that most difficult problem now waiting solution,—the problem of sex.

DOLE.

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

AT the inaugural meeting of the Central Finsbury Women's Liberal Association, the Hon. Mrs. Ashley Ponsoby said that it was to her a matter of surprise how women of intelligence, especially the wives of working men in London, were generally so apathetic and listless on subjects of such touching and vital importance to them in their domestic and social concerns as are comprised in the general term of politics. With all deference to the Hon. Mrs. Ashley Ponsoby, we question whether women are really so "apathetic and listless" as she supposes.

The "Sunday Society" announces that the first "Museum Sunday" will be held on Sunday next. Clergymen will be asked to deliver sermons which shall advance the benefits to be derived from opening museums on Sunday. The result of this new movement will be studied with interest no less by the women and men without the church pale than by those who are within its precincts.

Miss Ada Rehan (the *Pall Mall Gazette* assures us) has accepted an invitation to stand as a model for the Statue of Justice at the Chicago Fair. The statue, which will cost £60,000, is to be cast in solid silver, and will be eight feet high. Here is a grand opportunity for men to acquaint themselves with woman's relationship to the even-handed virtue.

The Executive of the Women's Liberal Federation has been informed that Mrs. Gladstone will not stand for re-election as president next May. She explains that she has already on her hands as much as she can do, and that every year makes it more necessary for her to be free from any extra cares and responsibilities.

It is said that there are 40,000 families who to-day are starving in the East End of London. This fact alone should suffice to make all sensible women and men perceive that there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who is now in Boston, will reside at Washington during the winter. It is as yet uncertain when she will revisit England.

The Liberator Building Society has not yet come to the end of its troubles. Rather, it may consider itself at the very commencement of them. We are glad to see that the Official Receiver has taken the matter in hand, and we shall not be greatly surprised if, ultimately, it is passed over to functionaries whose business is not unconnected with proceedings of a criminal nature. The society's figures as they now stand are simply scandalous. Gigantic speculations with companies which are at present in liquidation, and grossly misleading "book entries" seem to have characterised the business methods of the Board of Directors. Of course the L. B. S. was the "poor man's bank," which thoughtful people know is only another way of saying that working women far more than men will suffer from its ruin.

Mrs. Langtry has been declared eligible for a new profession. The manager of her bank, she says, was so struck with her business capacity as displayed in *Agatha Tylden*, that he offered her a post as cashier in the bank. The famous actress has not hitherto done much towards bringing nearer the emancipation of her sex. But she has a soundly practical way of looking at many things; and it is satisfactory to find her telling an interviewer that she considers English girls are, nowadays, far better educated than those on the Continent, and that they are of a far more practical turn of mind.

At the general meeting of the Aërated Bread Company on Monday, a proposal to increase the girls' pay 10 per cent. was turbulently and disgracefully voted down. The Board of Directors being composed of men, and their employees being women, it is not surprising that most of the shareholders refused to see that a woman cannot live decently and comfortably upon twelve shillings a week.

Mr. Tom Mann, with the usual masculine presumption, has been saying that wives often undo the work of years, and lower their husbands' wages, by purchasing in a cheap market that they may add to the small savings in their purses. If Mr. Tom Mann would change places for one brief day with a few of the wives whom he so ignorantly judges, he might possibly learn a few facts which would, to say the least of them, considerably surprise him.

Sebastopol, Russia. A monument has been just unveiled in honour of the women who participated in the defence of that town in 1854, and constructed a battery with their own hands. The monument takes the form of a pyramid 50 feet high. It bears on one side this inscription in golden letters: "On this spot the women of Sebastopol constructed a battery." The Empress was represented by one of her Grand Dukes.

About one-third of the 240 students at Aberystwith College this session are women.—Newnham College is "literally filled to overflowing."

A step in the right direction was certainly taken on Saturday when the Warwick Board of Guardians appointed Miss Archer as rate collector for Barford. It is noteworthy that Miss Archer was successful over a male candidate. As a local journalist and a regular contributor to several women's periodicals, Miss Archer may be said to be fairly well known.

The Central Committee of the German Section of the Woman's Department of the World's Fair at Chicago is under the presidency of H.R.H. Frau Prinzessin Friederich Karl, who shows a most active interest in the work. Fräulein Morsch, Director of the Ansbacherstrasse Musical Institute, Berlin, charged by the Central Committee, has collected some 120 biographical sketches of eminent lady musicians and vocalists for publication in a handsome volume for exhibition. Fräulein Olga Morgenstern, the popular lady reciter, has received a similar commission to collect those of distinguished lady dramatists, reciters, &c. German artistes residing in this country are invited to send suitable biographical data with photos to Fräulein Olga Morgenstern, Berlin, W., 5, Grossbeerenstrasse.

WHAT WORKING WOMEN AND MEN THINK.

SOCIAL PURITY.

Though during the past few years the "Woman's Question" has made rapid progress, there yet seems to be great ignorance on the part of many as to our motives. I've been thinking now would be a good opportunity if we women would express our thoughts; it would not only strengthen ourselves, but clear away much of the misunderstanding existing at present—and possibly increase our numbers. The reason why I, a woman, claim equality—not in any spirit of antagonism or superiority to man—is not because I hold this or that position in society, not because I am a householder, or am earning my own living, but simply because I, created to be a helpmeet to man, whilst fulfilling those special duties pertaining to my sex at home or elsewhere, and abiding by the laws, am quite as necessary to the well-being of the nation as man is; therefore, 'tis only justice that I should be recognised and entitled to due respect and equality of rights. But, before all, I want equality on the "Social Purity Question." From my earliest womanhood I rebelled against the different standards of purity between the sexes. God, to be God, must be, before all things, just; therefore, could not so create His creatures that what was sin in one sex was not accounted sin in the other. It's against common sense; the drunkard and thief might as well excuse themselves on the same plea, *i.e.*, natural desire.

I know from personal intercourse that all pure-minded women think so on this subject, though they may lack the courage to express their convictions, consequent on the long suffering and degradation which has been endured by them. I think, should we get the vote, we would look more to the personal character of the man and not his political opinions. This itself would be an advantage. During the Crimean war, one of our regiments had to defend a pass against the Russians. The officer in command, seeing they were out-numbered, and thinking they were losing, gave the order to retreat and bring back the standard. Instead of obeying his officer, the standard-bearer shouted back, "Bring your men up to the standard." So great was the enthusiasm and excitement that both men and officer obeyed him, and they won the position. So it seems to me that the women in the past have been so afraid of losing what little influence we had that we have allowed our standard, Perfect Purity, to trail behind instead of firmly upholding and bringing men up to it, and by so doing raising not only ourselves, but men.

Not till women recognise this, and stand shoulder to shoulder by each other, shall we succeed in getting justice through the laws of our country, and a purer morality in the every-day of life. I must not trespass on your space, but will conclude by urging every woman, gentle or simple, to be in earnest, and to be true to their convictions, reminding them that,

Tho' we may not share the glory of the fight,
We can at least in earnest prayer ask
God's blessing on the right.

L. V.
(A Working Woman.)

THE SONG OF LIFE.

BY A WORKING MAN.

Ho! ye that fight for glory on the battle-field of life!
Ho! ye with thwarted purpose, lagging basely in the strife,
Up and onward! Up and onward! let the coward whine of woe,
Every noble step is conquest, every earnest word a blow.

Search your minds and know your mission, search your spirits through and through,
There is not a soul created but has some good work to do.
Then take up your banner bravely; less for man than Him above,
Oh! there's glory in the battle when the cause is Truth and Love.

Up and onward! Up and onward! Press for ever to the van,
What by man has been accomplished can again be done by man;
Let the battle-shout of Duty fill the air from earth to sky,
Done to death be ev'ry evil—Up with Manhood! be your cry.

Foes may hate, and men may mock, even friends, perchance, may frown;
All the world may war against ye, and will strive to hunt ye down,
Heed them not, ye God-commissioned; tho' in darkness, fight ye on,
Soon your conquering flag shall flourish, on the hill-tops of the dawn.

Let the dreamers tell their laggards, "Here we know not what we know."
'Tis a weak excuse they utter; honest conscience tells them so.
True, the schemes of God we know not, nor the things of by-and-bye;
But we know what's good and noble, and we'll work for that, or die.

Then fling out the glorious banner, of the upright and the true;
No room have we for coward souls beneath the sunny blue,
For Freedom, Truth, and God on high, strike, strike without dismay,
And ours shall be the soldier's grave, and the victor's crown for aye.

SAMUEL LOWRY.

Is it better for a man to call himself Atheist and live as Christian,
or to call himself Christian and live like an Atheist?

E. WARDLAW BEST,

THE LABOUR QUESTION.

IBSEN has told us that the future of the world lies in the hands of the women and the workers, and his words are pregnant with a great truth.

The world's past has been dominated by kings, priests, nobles and merchants, but now "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," and the School Board is destined to evolve a "government of the people, by the people, for the people." The fountains of the great deep are breaking up. Social questions of all kinds are being eagerly discussed. Antiquity no longer secures immunity from criticism; ancient faiths, old dogmas, social formulæ, undisputed for ages, are brought to the bar of modern thought, and discussed from new standpoints, and in the light of new aspirations.

A very superficial glance at modern literature will suffice to show that the intellectual renaissance of the last thirty years has been mainly in the direction of social and economic questions. Ruskin, Carlyle, Henry George, Karl Marx—these, and kindred writers, have been the New Apostolate, and the enormous sale of, and continued demand for, such a book as Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* is but another illustration of the awakened thought of the time.

The organisations of labour have progressed enormously during the last two or three decades. Twenty-five years ago the Trades Union Congress met for the first time. Then thirty-four delegates, representing 118,000 members gathered at Manchester, to discuss matters of purely trade significance; the drift of which in the direction of vast social reforms was foreseen by scarcely one in a hundred, probably, of the hundred thousand workers whose suffrages were held.

Since 1888, there has been a steady increase in the number of delegates, and in the importance of their deliberations, until to-day the Congress almost rivals St. Stephen's in numbers, having 552 accredited representatives, and covering 1,300,000 workers of both sexes. Hardly any question of social or economic importance is outside the range of its agenda.

The "Knights of Labour," in America, is an organisation co-extensive with the United States.

The columns of the daily Press showed in their reports of the May Day demonstrations this year the enormous forces directed by the organised trades of the Continent.

Already there is a steady current in the direction of *International Federation*; and such a question as the State regulation of the hours of labour is, obviously, calculated to give a powerful impetus in this direction.

Capital, on the other hand, has not failed to see the advantage—nay, the necessity of organising itself to meet the co-ordinated forces of labour, and the shopkeeper and the merchant are rapidly giving place to the (so-called) "Co-operative" Stores, Limited Company, "Trust," "Ring," or other forms of aggregated capital.

These developments have worked themselves out, so far, on the lines foreseen by students of economic evolution. They are the necessary outcome of the "factory system." The commercial (and immoral) axiom, "buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest" has been remorselessly applied to the question of wages. The worker has no longer to deal personally with one employer, but with hundreds of shareholders through foremen—managers—directors. "Sentiment" is crushed out of such relationships; community of interest in any real sense is impossible. The doctrine of *laissez-faire* has free play, and the *Labour Question*—now only beginning—is its apotheosis.

The situation rapidly forming is that of two hostile camps: and vast forces, potent for good or evil, are being evolved.

It behoves all who would serve humanity to understand these new movements, their underlying causes, the direction in which they are trending, and so to guide the "New Democracy," that, whatever be the outcome of the struggle, its ideal may be justice and its end peace.

The old shibboleths have had their day. "Be content with such things as ye have" has no application until the "things we have are all that we can justly claim." "The labourer is worthy of his hire" is no longer accepted as a full statement of the worker's right. Old maxims have become effete or changed their significance. That "capital is the reward of abstinence" is admitted, but the modern view of the matter has redistributed the functions—the "reward" goes in one direction, the "abstinence" in another, and *laissez-faire* is seen to be only a prose equivalent for:—

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they shall take who have the power
And they may keep who can!

SAGITTARIUS.

A powerful foghorn is to be placed on the Old Head of Kinsale—the point at which the *City of Chicago* was wrecked. It is said that the Commissioners of Irish Lights are considering the placing of an improved light at this station.

TYPE-WRITING AS AN EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

"The posts which require persons of shining and uncommon parts to discharge them, are so very few that many a great genius goes out of the world without ever having had an opportunity to exert itself; whereas persons of ordinary endowments meet with occasions fitted to their posts and capacities every day in the common occurrences of life."—*Spectator*.

CHARLES READE says in *The Coming Man* that a "shorthand writer who can type-write is farther removed from poverty than a great Greek scholar," and before saying a few words on type-writing as an employment for women, it is, perhaps, not amiss to quote this remark of a man who had the welfare of humanity so much at heart. He was full of a burning desire to redress the wrongs of others, and help those less fortunate than himself; and one of his last acts was to encourage in the path she had taken an early pioneer of type-writing in this country. A few years only have passed since his death, but his words have come true, inasmuch that his opinion of type-writing and shorthand has been realised; for many women have found through these two arts employment fitted to their strength and skill, while for parents it has solved to some extent the problem so often asked in these latter years, "What shall we do with our girls?" Also, by opening another field of labour for educated women, it has lessened the overstocked market of governesses, till of late years almost the only means of employment fitted for ladies, who were often driven to it by dire necessity and without the slightest aptitude for teaching.

The birth of type-writing offices in England was comparatively swift and sudden, though they had been in existence for some time previously in the United States; and the machines themselves were used by many private individuals in this country. But it was due to two enterprising ladies (one being Miss Ethel Garrett, a niece of Dr. Garrett Anderson, and Mrs. Fawcett, now editor and proprietor of the *Feathered World*) to foresee that an office where all kinds of copying could be done as cheaply as by hand, and yet as clear as print, could not fail to be successful and be the forerunner of many such places; while the employment it would open out to women would be an inestimable boon, and supply a want which had long been felt by literary and professional men of some method whereby their MSS. could be copied with speed and clearness, and yet at a moderate cost. To both author and publisher, type-writing has indeed proved of incalculable usefulness; enabling the latter to judge of the merit of work without having to wade through sometimes most undecipherable handwriting, while the former, in many cases, is spared the expense of "press correction." In 1884, therefore, the "Ladies' Type-writing Office" was opened in London, and the two founders went bravely to work; their expectations being more than realised, but not at first, of course, without the many disappointments, anxieties, and discouragements which are generally the lot of new pathfinders. At the outset of their career they were fortunate enough to attract the notice of that ever-ready friend to women, Mr. W. T. Stead, who, in an article in his paper entitled "A Convenience of Modern Civilisation," gave great impetus to the new departure, and the ball, once set moving, went rolling on. Office after office sprang up; Liverpool, Oxford, Manchester following quickly in the footsteps of London; and in their turn doing their share to propagate the new industry by teaching others; in many cases a helping hand being stretched out by that useful institution the "Society for Promoting the Employment of Women." Then the girls trained in these respective offices soon found their way into private places of business as clerks to lawyers, barristers, journalists, and merchants; who quickly perceived that a typist could get through double the work in half the time of an ordinary hand writer; and now, in almost every department of Government, the tapping of the little machines is heard, and women fill—with credit—posts in the War Office, Admiralty, Treasury, Woolwich Arsenal, &c.; their nimble fingers making the notes fly as if by lightning, the feminine patience required for the many small details, especially fitting them for this kind of work.

It has often been said by those unacquainted with the subject that type-writing is only a mechanical art which can easily be acquired. Yes, anyone can learn to use the machine, just as anyone can make the piano sound by striking a note; but place in the hand of an uneducated girl or woman the rough MS. of some writer on science, literature or art, in the illegible writing which so often seems to go hand in hand with deep learning, with the *renvois*, interpolations, and erasures with which it generally more or less abounds, and without some knowledge of the subject what sort of a copy would be produced? In a letter referring to type-writing from the late Sir Francis H. Doyle, he remarks how it had annoyed him that through all the copy of one of his MSS. Macaulay had been spelt *Macarlay*, and if the typist knew nothing of the subject the mistake is not to be wondered at, as his handwriting was a most difficult one to decipher. But it is easy to infer from this that the would-be typist must have a good general education, quick intelligence, carefulness in turning out good work, and *punctuality* (that rock upon which so many women are shipwrecked in business); as without these qualities she will make nothing of

type-writing, but will only help to swell the great army of those who fly to every kind of new work which seems to promise little trouble and good pay, to sink at last into the ranks of the unemployed. The kindest advice to give to uneducated girls is *not* to go in for type-writing, as it will only mean to such loss of time and money, for though there are plenty of openings for good typists, the public will only employ competent and well-trained girls; and these alone will succeed. Here, perhaps, it is as well to refer to the cry which has lately been raised that the type-writing market is getting overstocked; quite true, so it is, but it is only a question of the survival of the fittest. Bad workers, girls who have no more ability or education for being clerks than many before the days of public schools and colleges had for being governesses or teachers, will in time be swept away by enforced examinations; even now they have one by one to leave the field. It is well known that a good clerk can not only always command a good post and salary, but is appreciated and valued; and there are many cases like the one known to the writer, of a lady, absent through illness for a year, who had her place kept open; her employers filling it in the meantime with two or three other clerks in succession in despair of ever being suited.

(To be continued.)

A "Working Woman" writes: I cannot help feeling indignant with the majority of women in my own station of life. Their indifference to all that concerns women, their contented submission to the bondage of the position which they occupy, and their selfish indifference to the woes and wrongs of others.

They seem to want to be awakened out of their sleep; to be brought face to face with the reality of things as they are, and not to be content with what they seem.

It is so amusing to ask some women if they take an interest in "Woman's Suffrage." You might just as well ask them if they had "read Dante." They look at you so innocently, and say: "We don't think we ought to trouble ourselves about such things." I cannot tell whether they think these subjects too high for their consideration or too low. But there the matter rests with many; and it follows, just as day follows night, that men (mean men) will take advantage of their lack of self-importance, and trade with it just as the honest gentlemen do at the Stock Exchange, or Monte Carlo. I know that women in my position are not supposed by many to have any ideas, and should they happen to have thoughts, as is sometimes the case, if they wish to earn an honest living and preserve their character, they find it more profitable to treasure their opinions in their hearts; and then, of course, if one's brains are forced into one's bosom, how can a poor woman's *Ideas* gain strength and force, how can there be room for development? Again, when women do try to come up from their self-interment they find it often so chilly in the warm air of advancement; they can only shiver, and seek to retire unto the place from whence they came. How can one who has to be filled with self be filled with sympathy? We must be emptied of one, before we can be filled with the other, and this means each woman must raise herself; must go forward. Women make a great mistake "who wait for their rights." We learn a grand lesson from the daughters of Zelophehad. If they had waited for their rights they would have waited in vain. But they were wise women; so they came to Moses, and told him simply and plainly what they wanted. "And God said unto Moses 'the daughters of Zelophehad speak right.'" The women of the present day need the spirit and perseverance of those ancient maidens.

Love, as it seems to youthful womanhood—and defiled and degraded as it opens out before her saddening eyes in later years—how different a thing!

One could believe in many persons' standard of purity, if they were as anxious about the morals of their sons as they are about those of their daughters.—E. W. BEST.

EAST ENDERS' DAY AT THE SEA.

From London's busiest haunts they throng,
With faces pale and brooding look,
As if some men's'ry of past wrong
Still all their inmost being shook.
Their eyes are dim for want of rest,
Their hearts are callous from hard toil,
They know that they may s'rive their best
And ne'er be free from want's grim soil.
One day of pleasure is so brief,
And yet 'tis bought by hours of pain;
The sea's fresh breeze gives short relief—
Too soon they are at work again.
Back to the woes of the dark east,
To homes where joy ne'er enters in,
But oft the sound of some wild feast
Which leads to deeper, darker sin.
Who made them thus?—these wretched slaves—
The Jewish or the Christian God?
Have they crossed Devachan's strange waves?
Or sacred groves with Buddha trod?
I know not—this, at least, I know,
'Tis England's sin and England's shame
That she such stunted lives should show,
And let them bear the English name.

Ecu.

A Sketch of the Church Congress Debate on Vivisection, October 6th, 1892.

THE debate at the Church Congress marks an era in the progress of our vivisection controversy; and the very fact of its being there discussed, has brought it to the notice of many previously ignorant of it.

DR. WELLDON, of Harrow, one of the special preachers, was the only one who alluded to it on the previous Sunday, saying it was matter for rejoicing when the Church woke up to a sense of its duties; not only as regards the Labour question, but also towards the *dumb creatures* of God, in the animal kingdom.

At the Congress, the doctors in favour of vivisection evidently hoped for great things from their three champions; Dr. Wilks, Professor Horsley, and Dr. Armand Rüffer; Professor Lawson Tait, who would have opposed them, being excluded on theological grounds. Dr. Wilks came to represent Sir Andrew Clark, who by a singular coincidence had just been attending the deathbed of Tennyson, who had condemned vivisection with no uncertain sound, and denounced the sham anesthetic so often given (*curare*) as "hellish wools."

DR. WILKS' discourse was chiefly a condoning of ordinary forms of cruelty because useful to man—such as the hunting of seals conducted with such brutality, and of tame stags; the dishorning of cattle; the boiling alive of lobsters and crabs; the cattle traffic by sea and land, "of which man takes no heed," said the lecturer, "because he wants the creatures for his dinner." The gist of the argument (if such the discursive paper could be called), was, that animals have *no rights*; that cruelty is a perfectly indefinite quantity, dependent on the will of the *majority*, and that *Might makes Right*; therefore, vivisection is *perforce* right and excellent (!) because using the lower and weaker for the benefit of the stronger and higher.

[Note this frank confession of the old savage standard, and also this appeal to general selfishness; for it is an admission that the public have a right to judge, and this is the opposite to what is involved in the aggressive claim of modern Science to dictate, and to ride roughshod over the public conscience, whether as regards vivisection or other things. It was the lay conscience which did away with the Inquisition for the so-called good of souls, and it is the lay conscience which has now much to do in abolishing all unholy things advocated on the ground of physical expediency. Dr. Foy, recently writing to the *Lancet*, says: "Religion has ever retarded medical progress, as may be seen in the hysterical outcry against vivisection and State-regulated Vice!"

BISHOP BARRY next spoke (late Primate of Australia), and very nobly he "opened his mouth for the dumb" who have no voice to plead their own cause. [The *Times*, of course, said his ideas were "ludicrous."] He fearlessly stated that man's *duty* was higher than his "interests"; that his highest interests were not his purely material ones; that righteousness and mercy were more than knowledge, and that the callous treatment of defenceless animals was against man's own highest good and spiritual development; that the original draft of the Vivisection Act had been regrettably weakened, to meet the clamour of 3,000 doctors for licences to dispense with anaesthetics, because of the many (agonising) experiments on the nervous system which would be impossible under anaesthetics—1,400 of these having been done last year in this country alone. Bishop Barry said that the great plea for vivisectional torture is founded on expediency; but that intellect unrestrained by heart or conscience is a terrible thing, and we cannot believe that our merciful God has arranged that man's good shall be obtained "through the unutterable agonies of beings who trust in Him." The Bishop closed by entreating his clerical brethren to *face* this painful question, and to be led astray by no side issues.

MR. VICTOR HORSLEY next rose and made a singularly violent speech, saying this agitation against vivisection was so disreputable that scientific men were disposed to treat it with *contempt*; that those engaged in it were guilty of culpable ignorance and deliberate suppression of the truth; that Miss Cobbe's statements were *usually* false regarding scientific facts; that her recent book, *The Nine Circles*, was "one of the *rankest impostures* that have defaced English literature," because in quoting descriptions of some experiments she had suppressed all mention of anaesthetics. [Such epithets as "mendacious," "immoral," &c., disgusted many hearers, causing some to go straight off to the Anti-Vivisection bookstall to buy this "mendacious" work, not one of whose ghastly experimental details was denied; and if, in a few cases, there had been an accidental omission as to the use of anaesthetics, there is no question as to the horrible *mutilations* inflicted, to be felt in their full agony when consciousness returned; victims of the laboratory being often kept alive for days or even weeks. Miss Cobbe is too widely respected to need defending here; she has fought for the liberty of women, even the most defenceless, and now she is devoting her energies to protecting the dumb and helpless animals. If this "agitation" be so "disreputable," it is curious that Lord Shaftesbury should have been Miss Cobbe's ardent co-worker; that Ruskin should have resigned his professorship at Oxford when vivisection was endowed there; and that the late Cardinal Manning should have been so warm in the cause—with scores of honoured names besides. Mere denunciations will damage no righteous cause, and our literature was well distributed, both in the hall and outside, so as to give facts to all inquirers.]

MR. F. S. ARNOLD, a Manchester surgeon, was the next speaker on our side. He denied the alleged *unanimity* of the doctors in favour of vivisection, seeing that fifty of them, and some of great note, had signed the memorial against its being allowed in the proposed Institute of Preventive Medicine. He denied that *any* valuable discoveries in medicine or surgery had been made by this means, and he instanced three notable failures of it: (1) The Hyderabad Chloroform Commission, the acceptance of whose conclusion had caused loss of human life; (2) Koch's tuberculin, already exploded, and proving the futility of experiments on animals; (3) Pasteur's inoculations, since which not only has the French hydrophobic death-rate *increased*, but he has developed a *new* form of the disease, with paralytic symptoms! Dr. Arnold said his profession was supposed to be occupied with "patients not victims, and that the habitual dealing with victims in the laboratory had a disastrous effect on the morale of

the physician. Vivisection was quite incompatible with any true view of the medical profession, was scientifically untrustworthy, and he saw *no* reason for allowing such experiments at all."

DR. ARMAND RÜFFER came next, and he was very warm in Pasteur's praise, affirming marvellous results from his inoculations. [This is after the fashion of the Pasteurians, who are said to indulge in an "inebriation of figures" regarding the cures claimed, though often quite uncertain as to whether the animal inflicting the bite were mad or not.] He stated cures as amounting to 98 per cent., and that 320,000 animals were also protected from anthrax! [But the recent report from Eure-et-Loire of a reliable French veterinary surgeon, M. Bouillier, states that 10 times *more* inoculated animals were thus lost than by the disease naturally contracted—that one inhabitant alone lost 5,000 francs' worth, through this so-called "prophylactic," and that two men lost as many sheep as in all the 30 Communes where no inoculation was practised.] Dr. Rüffer defined scientific research as "the working out of a problem for the sake of truth, *without necessarily having in view any ultimate practical use.*" [This is, in effect, the claiming of a right to inflict agony on sentient creatures to gain *any* piece of abstract knowledge; and it throws a lurid light on many a ghastly physiological record, such as the thousands of dogs, guinea-pigs, rabbits, &c., which many a vivisector states plainly he has tortured.] Dr. Rüffer went on to deny the widely different action of drugs on animals and men. [Koch's tuberculin is a striking proof of this difference; so are the recent strychnine injections in Australia and India for snake-bite, most successful on human beings, but causing the dogs on whom they were previously tried, to die in tetanic convulsions.] In conclusion, he warned his hearers that the judgment of posterity would be severe on such as should presume to hinder the progress of science by siding against vivisection. [This issue we Anti-Vivisectionists contemplated with the greatest calmness.]

DR. J. H. CLARKE followed, and spoke most strongly against *any* necessity for experiments on living animals, though medical students were told they were essential, and were made to witness them, as had been his own case, till he learned to know better, and to study facts, not opinions. He caused a laugh by saying that his own profession was never so much to be suspected as when it was *unanimous!* as, e.g., in its universal use of blood-letting and salivation [by mercury]; in its former denial of Harvey's theory about the circulation of the blood; and now in the "unanimous" resolution in favour of vivisection at the British Medical Association. He denied *any* necessary connection between physiological discovery and improved medical practice, or that the results of experiments on animals can be taken as *any* guide to their effects on man. It does not even save human beings from experiments, but rather suggests their necessity since animals so greatly differ even from each other; and one doctor had stated in the *Standard* that "the hospital patients were *corpora vitia* paying for gratuitous medical services by affording in their *own persona* a field for experiment!" Dr. Clarke cited various practical instances of this, and also some agonising experiments on animals, connected with jaundice and diabetes, saying: "And for all this *dreadful work* no human being is, or is likely to be, one whit the better!" He ended by stating that "his own profession seemed hypnotised by the vivisection spirit, and no statement in its favour was too outrageous, calling on us, as it did, to 'shelter ourselves behind the quivering bodies of our mutilated victims.' The Church of England cannot afford to play the Gallo on one of our most urgent moral questions. . . . The masses are gradually informing themselves about it, and our country will one day purge itself from this, the *meanest of its crimes!*"

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER then rose and made an impassioned speech, endorsing all that Bishop Barry had said on the moral basis of this question, and disclaiming Mr. Horsley's sentiments, adding that "animals have a *right* to protection at our hands, because we realise their sentence; that vivisection is based only on expediency, the doing of evil that good may come; while certain scientists are injuring their *own* higher nature by the callous infliction of these tortures, and stifling their sentiments of mercy and pity, to their own moral deterioration. . . . The Law of Sacrifice is truly the law of life, but it is the sacrifice of *yourself* and not of another!"

THE BISHOP OF EDINBURGH spoke last, and (very regrettably) gave it as his opinion that "it would be disastrous if the Church, as a whole, were supposed to endorse the sentiments of his two brother Bishops!"

For the encouragement of those who feel this subject to be a very vital national question, because affecting deep ethical principles, we may remind them that we are only passing through the same storm of abuse which greeted the brave opponents of slavery, who persevered till they won their noble victory; and the same style of selfish argument is used against this battle for the dumb creatures of God, who have no voice of their own. We earnestly believe this effort is righteous in His sight who has told us that "His covenant is with *every beast of the earth*" as well as with man! The laws of His universe cannot contradict each other, and so "what is morally wrong can never be scientifically right."

To say that "might is right" is but the dictum of the savage, and a standard we utterly refuse to accept; while, on the contrary, we fully agree with the Bishop of Manchester's noble definition, that "the highest thing at which men can aim is the service of God and His creatures through love!"

E. E. A. W.—ONE WHO ATTENDED THE CHURCH CONGRESS DEBATE.

No advance is ever made by utter disbelief of new ideas, nor even by too hasty acceptance of them. The wise pause, examine, but think seriously; too deery what they have not examined and know nothing about, simply because it is something different to what has been believed or supposed.

It is good to be pure in heart and life, but we fail ignobly in our duty if we allow ought that is impure in print, in human actions, or institutions to exist while we are able to utter even a feeble protest against it.

It does not become us to run our life's race guided only by half-blind moral vision. We must try and cultivate our sight, fortifying it by means of the aids that make things crystal-clear to our understanding, the aids of a large-hearted sympathy and of a generous and comprehensive compassion.

REVIEWS.

Some short notes on Books containing Occult, Psychological or Mystical Teaching.

I.—PETER IBBETSON.

By GEORGE DU MAURIER.

THIS book is for people cultured enough to care for style, and ripe enough in worldly experience to appreciate the sweetness of childhood's days treasured in memory. That is the fabric of the book. The psychological teaching is given in the account of how Peter and his playfellow, Mary, meet in the world of dreams, as we often call it; and how this happy other life is continued through five-and-twenty years of total separation, so far as earthly life is concerned. The reason why they could meet thus is because they really belonged to each other. The reason why those who do indeed belong to each other have this power of meeting, and many other powers not falling within the scope of Peter and Mary, is not given, but should be; and it is this: The two souls who belong together have exactly the same vibrations and no other creatures have. This can be stated as "number of vibrations," but what the number is they do not know, nor is it knowable, nor would knowing it aid recognition of each other. There are some ways in which Peter and Mary are said to spend their time, when in their dream-world, which do not seem just the best and most likely for two people so evolved as to be able to direct their souls into meeting, as they did, so successfully: they collect pictures, dress for dinner, have delicate foods, and take part in entertainments by an arrangement with Earth's record of sounds. Souls may do these things, but one doubts whether souls so beautiful and so deservedly able to lead that beautiful life of love, would have elected to do just what they are described as doing. This is one of the slight false notes which set one thinking there has been a little fanciful novelistic construction introduced to eke out experience or replace certain portions deemed too sacred for telling or unable to be put into this world's language. The same suspicion occurs as we read how—having found they had an ancestress in common, and traversed her experiences and those of other ancestors, by a process of being allowed to identify themselves with the recollection of each soul—they learned (and this is the not-exactly-true notion) that this can only be done by people who "increase and multiply and replenish the earth"; and that it is for the sake of having this opportunity of learning how life has been lived by various people that we ought to be parents, in our turn, and as often as possible. The mistake lies in the limits laid down; for the fact is that this sort of experience is given by the reading of one's own memories of various lives lived on earth—two or three, let us say; not hundreds need be assumed. And moreover, life places you in such various relationships with souls that you may get all sorts of experience by entering into their memories, with their permission, precisely as Mr. Du Maurier describes Peter and Mary doing in the case of ancestors. Indeed, were his picture the only true and possible one, it would be a pity, for it would be a far less instructive way than that of seeing how all the different people were really feeling in events where one took one's own part on earth. One usually knows how one's self was feeling all the time, but not how others were. One more point in Mary's beloved doings and sayings calls for remark, not for cold blame or mere criticism; and it is her account of what she found after death, and returned to tell Peter. The truthful part is in the fact that she spoke exactly what she found; and in the very slenderness of her information is the strongest evidence of her truthfulness; for the glory to be known she could only learn when Peter should also be released from earthly duty and they could go together to it.

Any untruthful element in Mary's story is only what we introduce for ourselves when we assume she saw all there was to see, and knew all there was to know, and told all there was to tell. The soul who has just a little while to wait for its beloved is not exposed to the misery of entering into great realms of joy which can but seem deserts without that beloved; it is allowed to choose how much joy it cares to enter into alone; and gentle restraints exist upon its power of telling to the beloved anything which would only increase earthly tension and cause pain. These gentle restraints are what limited Mary in her teachings to Peter, which she gave him during her brief visits.

It is also quite possible that Mary, truthful in every fibre, reported quite truthfully as it seemed to her, when she told Peter that so far as she could learn, he and she were the only two souls privileged as they found themselves, in the discovery that two souls are made for each other. It only shows that she was not exposed to anything that could harm her; and it must have jarred had she found herself among a crowd of people of any sort; for if they were in bliss, she could not have shared that bliss without Peter; and if they were in misery, it would have been a renewing for her of those toils she had so gallantly borne on earth. When, however, the twin souls have not met, or are not going to meet for long ages, or have other tasks to do before they can be united, their consciousness is not handled as Mary's was, but according to what is best in each separate case. Among all the "many mansions" there are some which no soul can enter without its mate, and these are the only ones Mary would have cared to enter. But she was not even told this; she had such a little time to wait, she was allowed to spend it in resting; and her returns to teach Peter must have been quite as difficult as her unselfish words describe; for a soul like hers lays aside its earthly notions (dress, gloves, locality, &c.) so quickly and finds them so hard to resume. No one story can tell all the possible ways in which souls can behave, or in which twin souls may minister to each other; thus, Mary and Peter found it harder to meet after Mary's death; and doubtless this is one true category. But Guillaume Postel, writing A.D. 1500-50, describes the exactly opposite case, and tells how his beloved lady was identified with him after her death for some years. Those who like evidence in books for anything they are invited to include in human nature, should read this quotation from Postel. (It is in *The Book of Light and Life*, by Peter Davidson.)

When one finds books as beautiful as *Peter Ibbetson*, one wonders their reception should not be even heartier than it is. The public should not take such books as mere objects of commerce or amusement, and hear callously the moan from an author's heart, "We have piped unto you and ye have not

danced"; for it must cost an author a great deal of personal sacrifice to put forth anything involving a revelation of inner life, whether it be an author's own, or acquired by reading the soul-story of others. The practical utility to the world lies in unveiling a little bit of the central truths which are really life-truths. Everybody's daily conduct is helping or hindering their twin soul in its separate career, is drawing or repelling that dearest of all companions, is clearing or confusing the atmosphere in which recognition can take place. Mr. Du Maurier is an artist, and has no heavy, awkward strokes in his literary work; but the few and light touches are very decided in which he tells us that Peter was as good a man as Mary was a good woman, and that he found in his utter joy with her how agonising would have been any memory he could not have shared with her. We all expect good women to be what Mary was, but are surprised when we read of Peter's expecting himself to do right precisely as he would expect his own sister to do. The terms upon which we can all have love are only Love's own terms: love shown to dull people; in abstaining from thrusting oneself and our claims on others, whether these claims be of pleasure, grief, or the right to command. It is utterly impossible to show people the net result of their actions while they are in the middle of living their lives; one action tells upon another so much that the showing would be neither accurate nor kind. Meanwhile we all know what is enough to carry us along; we reap as we sow; it is more blessed to give than to receive; we must not be too proud to receive nor too humble to command when such is our duty; one day of earth's difficulties teaches the soul more than a thousand in bliss how true it is that the government of the whole is managed by Love only, and that All is Love and Love is All.

FRANCES LORD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A WOMAN BANK MANAGER.

To the Editor of SHAFTS.

DEAR MADAM,—It is not generally known that there is one branch bank in England almost entirely managed by a lady, so we gladly hail the opportunity of spreading the information, with the hope that others, woman accountants or lady clerks, may be stimulated to press forward their claims and ability to fill the post of bank managers, whenever they hear of such positions being vacant.

The lady in question served an apprenticeship, if we may so call it, by helping her father, who for many years was manager of the bank where she now holds the appointment.

By degrees she filled increasingly responsible positions. At her father's death she became temporary managing clerk, and at last for the past 20 years she has been sub-manager, ably acquitting herself of all the duties and responsibilities of the most important position. May there be many women spurred on by her example to persevere until they can do likewise!

After all, this only proves the truth of the old rhyme that "when a woman will, she will, you may depend on't." Women will succeed as well as men when they "will" to do so.

Yours truly,

L. M. B.

EXAMINERS v. CHILDREN.

To the Editor of SHAFTS.

DEAR MADAM,—Continual dropping will wear away a stone; continual complaint may in the long run reach the ears of examiners, and possibly lead them to reform, so I ask you to spare space for a little scholastic grumbling.

Will examiners ever remember that they are testing the knowledge of children and not of experts—or will they continue to set questions in Scripture suited to the capacity of students at a Divinity Hall—questions in grammar which can only be rightly answered by philological schools—questions in arithmetic which are mathematical problems? One is driven to the conclusion that examiners, in aiming at novelty in their questions, forget that, though they may have been examining for years past, a fresh generation of children comes before them every third or fourth year, and that the abilities of an average child of fifteen in this year of grace 1892 are not superior to those of an average child of the same age in 1882.

We teachers have to spend many an hour in teaching the elements of every subject, and when we have satisfied ourselves that a child has a fair knowledge, say, of the stories, parables, &c., of the Gospel narrative, that she has mastered the map of Palestine and understands the relations existing between the Jews and the Romans, it is disheartening to find that the examiner, whose business it is to test that child's knowledge, begins by asking her why the Gospel of Luke (a question set in the Cambridge Local paper) is said to be Pauline? This one example will serve to show my grounds of complaint.

Then, again, there is the question of the relative value of subjects; two girls were entered for the Cambridge Local Examination, both pupils in my school. One passes in all her English subjects, in French, German, harmony, and drawing, but fails in *arithmetic*, and receives no certificate. The other passes in that subject but fails in one English subject, in German, in harmony, and in half the French paper, and receives a certificate. Can folly further go? I stay my pen; perchance other teachers will be found to join in the chorus of complaint.

Faithfully yours,

SCHOOLMISTRESS.

The Royal University, Dublin, apparently intends to add its name to the constantly-increasing list of colleges whose fame is partly upheld by the women who work in connection with them. Miss Kathleen Murphy has just gained one of the five studentships, each worth £300, which are annually presented, Miss Murphy, who was educated at a convent school, received the cordial congratulations of the Pro-Vice-Chancellor upon the occasion of the reading of the yearly report.

THE PIONEER CLUB, 180, REGENT STREET, W.

Faint not, and fret not, for threatened woe
 Watcher on Truth's grey height,
 Few tho' the faithful and fierce the foe—
 Stand steadfast, do the right.

FEW of the evidences gathering everywhere around us, are so markedly significant of the rapid advance of women, into the position befitting them as human beings, as the clubs which they have founded, and which are being successfully carried on. Of these there are several most interesting in their *raison d'être* and in its results. Latest of these, though not least, is the Pioneer, in the pleasant, cheerful rooms of which women gather to meet each other, to help each other, and to discuss the leading questions and principal progressive work of the day; together with many subjects, practical, scientific, physiological, and psychological; bringing also into notice, and obtaining recruits for, their own special branches of such work or study.

The club is as free from bigotry of class, creed, or party as human nature in its present imperfect conditions can pretend to be. The Pioneers do not profess to have yet attained perfection, but that is the name of the goal they see far ahead of them, and to which they direct their steps. To quicken these footsteps, which might otherwise lag, they endeavour to throw aside all that would encumber them on the way, and to overcome all prejudices. To say that no such imperfections exist would be untrue, nor would any Pioneer dream of making such an assertion; the aim, however, is to expunge any such errors of judgment and good feeling.

Meetings are frequently arranged at the club during the season; and many opportunities offered for mutual improvement. Every Tuesday, at 8 p.m., the members enjoy a special social evening; when many interesting subjects are discussed, and opportunities are given to each individual member to speak, and to bring forward any subject for discussion. Few subjects are left untouched; the speakers are usually selected from the members, who, of themselves, often offer their services in this way, a mode of arrangement especially gratifying to the President: frequently, however, strangers or friends from outside are invited to give an address, and are kind enough to comply. The meetings are well attended, and the utmost concord prevails.

The club is presided over by Mrs. Massingherd, who was its founder and is its principal supporter. She desires to make the club eventually self-supporting; but at present a heavy tax is laid upon her ready resources. She is, in fact, the moving power, and is very much beloved and respected by the members whom she calls "my Pioneers." Her generosity and enthusiasm in regard to this club, and the "club of the future"—which she contemplates—is inspiring and predicative of success. Her gentle, kindly manner, cheerful, encouraging words, and sweet smile are like sunshine in the pleasant rooms, and make the evenings spent there a bright spot in many lives.

Visitors to any member, gentlemen as well as ladies, are always admitted. To the Tuesday evening gatherings every member is entitled to bring two friends, ladies or gentlemen. It has been said that the rules of the club entirely exclude gentlemen. This is not so. Gentlemen are often specially invited, and are even asked to speak. Considering the attitude men's clubs have maintained towards women, does not this accusation seem a little inconsistent, even were it true? Would it be so very unreasonable were women to return a Roland for an Oliver? Women are, however, doing quite otherwise everywhere; but whether this friendly and forgiving attitude is the one most likely to act well, has yet to be proved.

There are in the club at present six rooms in daily use, all neatly and comfortably furnished. The cozy little parlour is bright, cheerful, and homelike. Separated from it by folding doors is the visitors' room—the two rooms being thrown into one on the occasion of large meetings. The tea-room, serving also as dining-room, has a dressing-room opening out of it. Out of the tea-room, to the left, is the reading-room, over the mantel-shelf of which appear the significant words: "Silence is Golden." Appropriate mottoes abound: "In great things Unity, in small things Liberty, in all things Charity"; "Love thyself last"; "They say—what say they?—Let them say!" and others.

A general feeling of homeliness pervades the club, which is enhanced by the fact that refreshments can be ordered at any time; or a lady may wile away an hour, or an afternoon, of waiting in town, in interesting conversation with a friend whom she may here appoint to meet; or in perusing some of the books, magazines, or daily papers which are supplied without stint.

Amateur histrionic performances have just been instituted, and are likely to prove a great attraction. Many of the women who meet here are exceptionally clever; all are intelligent. It is the earnest desire of the President to bring out the diverse capacities of "my Pioneers," and the result will not disappoint if each Pioneer individually will help to carry

out this desirable programme. The yearly subscription is reasonable, the advantages great; but the most pleasing reflection is that these clubs demonstrate the advance women are making in their determination to obtain their own freedom; the points they have already gained, and their resolve neither to stay nor falter till all be won. What they seek, what they work for, is the welfare of humanity and the highest evolution of the race.

Over the fireplace in the parlour of the Pioneer Club hangs a very remarkable picture, presented to the club by the president. When it first appeared few, if any of us, knew what was the idea of the artist in painting it. The following definition of it was then written out, as the private, quite personal explanation of the picture, by one Pioneer; a something she saw in it which, perhaps, others may not see, or, having heard or read, may not like. The description has been called "fanciful," this the Pioneer who wrote it is not inclined to admit. She thinks that all who earnestly work for woman, all who feel the long degradation to which she has been subjected, will see that just as far as she has been forced down below her proper level, so far will she for a time—longer or shorter as needs require—rise above it; until the levelling power comes, which will equalise the sexes.

THE PICTURE.

The beautiful, recumbent figure, half awake, half dreaming, with eyes that see, and have seen so much, is the Woman of the Past—also in her awakening consciousness, the Woman of the Present. She is just emerging from great depths of darkness, the seas of an anguished past, which have rolled and dashed over her for ages, stanning her with their tumult, and well-nigh effacing her identity.

From this condition of suppressed individuality and the suffering inevitable thereon, only the immortal, unconquerable strength of the spirit within has saved her. By its strong throes of upward yearnings, she has freed herself thus far. Her raiment, sea green and rainbow hued, flows over her like the latest lapping of those terrible waves. It is the power of her passionate pain, the strength which she has drawn from her struggles against those opposing forces which would have destroyed her; and it clothes her now, transfigured by the rays of her own spiritual nature, and the light that gleams above her. This light is the glory of her own thoughts, growing more and more in potency and beauty, as they stream higher and higher into the presence of the sun of justice and truth. So long has she been submerged beneath the waves of superstition, ignorance and tyranny, that she is, as yet, hardly conscious of the strength of her own soul, nor how great is the height to which she will ascend. The repose of the beautiful figure is not the repose of inactivity, the woman is instinct with life; with concentrated power, intensified by its long suppression, though her quiescence has seemed so complete and has lasted so long.

Through the darkness of audacious domination under which she has suffered—the mere weight of a blind unreasoning force upon a sentient thing—many problems have arisen: in the attempt to solve which her soul has known unspeakable agony. We see her just as the glad solution is breaking upon her. A smile rests upon the mobile lips, a smile which has in it the sadness of a long past of sorrow, the bitterness of a degradation too long endured—now to be thrown off—and a strange, exultant sense of triumph to come.

The face is calm, with the peace that comes after long agony. Centuries of thought lie in her eyes' dark depths; eyes made beautiful by suffering endured and experience gained; beautiful exceedingly, with that divine patience, so closely allied to determined action, which makes of its possessor a seer and a sage.

She has seemed to sleep, but in that seeming sleep "what dreams have come." Yes, she has dreamed! she is partially dreaming still. Her dreams are great. They take the form of a Mighty Thought; so dazzling that she has raised her hand to shade her eyes, not yet strong enough to bear the full contemplation of that Radiant Thing her soul has generated through long, cruel years of travail.

Her thought both gives and receives light; it has sprung at last into the empyrean, and it fills the heavens with its loveliness. Look well at it, with its shapely strength and beauty, and its locks of flame; look lovingly and with a tender awe. It is the Woman of the Future—the woman that from the agony of past ages has leapt into life, strong, eagle-eyed, facing the sun undismayed, and full of a wondrous exultant joy; basking in the perfect effulgence, and shedding light upon all the world. In the transparent limbs is the promise of mighty strength; on the bright brow the dawning of an intellect supreme, in exquisite nobility and grace. She is pure with the purity that dreams not of shame; wise, with the wisdom that increases "with the process of the Sun"; glad, with the gladness of a creature that in body and spirit possesses itself, and controls its own destiny. The tender, sensitive fingers seem to vibrate in the lustrous sheen as we watch them entranced; the arms are raised, and the looks directed to where—oh sight of rapture—the cross of her subjection and shame has become a glorious thing, winged, many-hued, supremely powerful, with the might she has wrested from her own difficulty and pain. Upon its wings of potent sweetness, who can limit the heights to which she will ascend?

The Woman of the Past has not been dead. In her struggles she has done much; with one hand at least, she has been transmitting luminous rays into the worlds around her. But the translucent beams streaming into and from the Woman of the Future fill all space. They break upon the Woman of the Past, and shall draw her being upward, till the two blend together in one grand existence, a creation of deathless beauty, blessing and blest.

The planets seven revolve around them in light; the colours seven fill the limpid air with radiance; we almost hush our breathing to list to the harmonic seven, bringing the music of sound to mingle with the music of form and colour, so making a divine completeness.

PIONEER 93.

NOTE.—It has been asked, why speak of woman without man in this upward tendency? We may answer: we have for centuries listened to so much about man exclusively, shall we not now spare a short time to the contemplation of the powers and possibilities of woman?

NO WEDDING RING.

By H. N. LEHMANN.
 Author of *Which Wife, &c.*

GILES WILBRAHAM strode into the dining-room of an hotel in Sils-Maria, Engadine, his head held haughtily in the air, ill-humour the dominant expression on his brow.

Having disposed of the edge of his bad temper with the edge of his hunger, he condescended to slowly survey in his own superior manner those seated with him at the board.

All foreigners, he told himself, rather pleased than otherwise, but as he thus pronounced, his acute ears became aware of tones in an unsuccessful attempt at a whisper, the speaker being his near neighbour.

"Isn't it amusing to see these English when the weather is not exactly to their minds. That fellow probably proposed getting on to St. Moritz to-night, and has been forced to shelter here, and he holds us all responsible because this is our country, or at all events not his."

"Hush, Agatha, he might understand; don't talk so loudly."
 "Ah, bah, understand! only one in a thousand understands; but if he does—so much the better."

"Come, now, aren't you rather scathing? You are not half as sweet as you used to be, not nearly as amiable, it seems to me."

"No, I know I am not; I used to like to be liked—but now I don't care. It is too much effort to be a general favourite, and it isn't worth the effort. Positively it is a contemptible thing, actually despicable, I begin to find out, to be a general favourite—I hate to think that I have been one. Just fancy how utterly one has to put one's own personality out of the question to get oneself loved by everybody; and why should one I should like to know? Why should I accommodate myself and my humours to other people's? It strikes me that it will be much pleasanter to let them accommodate themselves and theirs to me."

"Oh, Agatha!" Then after a pause she softly said with a sparkle of audacity in her eyes, "Perhaps he also is of your way of thinking."

Agatha did not appear to consider this suggestion worthy of notice for she only said—

"Come, we may as well retire. Why should we sit waiting an hour for somebody else to move first?"

"An extremely opinionated person who wants to be exceptional," reflected Giles, but he took a good deal of trouble to make an inventory of the lady's points as she passed out of the room without letting it be observed that he did so.

What he saw considerably surprised him. He was not prepared for grace, refinement, and beauty; the lady possessed these attributes and to them was added youth. Giles began to feel appeased; this hotel was, perhaps, not such a bad place after all; might not be so deadly slow for a few days as he had anticipated. He gave a general stretch to his anatomy when he found that he was left to himself and appeared to feel the better, for he gazed reflectively into the distance and smiled.

Then, lazily rising, he found his way into the reading-room.

Agatha sat on a sofa with a German paper in its long wooden holder in her hand and she never raised her lashes when he approached the table before her, nor when, having rummaged amongst the periodicals he also selected a German journal for perusal.

He seated himself in an arm-chair, a little apart, from whence he could contemplate at his leisure, over the top of his newspaper, the characteristic head and features of the opinionated young lady who happened to interest him—to interest him considerably and unexpectedly.

He scanned her with an attention that Agatha would indignantly have resented in a foreigner, for she was aware of his scrutiny without permitting any sign of her so being to escape her, but he was only an Englishman, and Englishmen as a rule thought themselves too superior, she had been led to understand, to take notice of women of other nationalities than their own—so let him stare if he chose.

And, leaning back her head with its severe Athene knot of hair against a cushion, she reposefully closed her eyes.

There had been something of indecision and doubt in Giles' face, but after a still more critical survey of the delicate features as she lay back in that peaceful pose a sudden satisfaction appeared thereon.

Some days after this the storm-clouds had dispersed and the aerial vaults were beautifully blue. Agatha and her friend were seated on the height called Marmoré, resting and gazing at the range of snow-peaks dazzlingly sparkling in the sunshine, with the Fex glacier between them.

A couple of herds, with a bunch of edelweiss each in his buttonhole, were stretched out on the sward, and all around sounded the tinkling of cow-bells as the fawn-coated cattle wandered at their wills, nipping the grass and the rare specimens of Alpine flowers, to be found flourishing in these regions, with impartial appreciation.

"That looks to me very like our amiable friend the Englishman over yonder; so don't let us go just yet, Agatha; it will be more amusing to descend together."

"Our friend, yours you mean," replied Agatha, reseating herself.

Klara did not mind having the man in question apportioned to herself, but, being unable to accept him conscientiously, she replied:—

"No, no, not mine; why will you never give the poor man a word, and when he speaks German so well, too?"

"Don't you remember I told you I had given up charming people?" said Agatha, rising to go.

"You can't help doing so, without the least effort to yourself; but it is he who is taking the pains to be agreeable, and you said that was what you wanted."

"Well, then, he must be still more agreeable; I don't feel moved to respond. Why doesn't he do the Diavolezza or something more stupendous instead of just taking little walks of a few hours?"

"Perhaps he is not fonder of tiring clammers than we are. People's tastes differ. If he were not an Englishman you would admire him."

"How you harp, Klara," said Agatha. "I do hate perpetually chatting about this, that, or the other man."

"But they are interesting to talk about; they have all got points. However, as you please, let us go away over there, and then there will not be any likelihood of this one's overtaking us."

"Nonsense, as if we were going out of our way because of him. I shall see what humour I happen to be in. When he comes up to us I may possibly become aware of him by way of variety. What you say is true, most human beings are interesting as character-studies; men as well as women."

So when Giles Wilbraham scrambled by short cuts and springs, with the help of his alpenstock, to where the ladies were quietly descending on the pathway, and offered them a few botanical treasures, Agatha accepted those held towards her with graceful thanks and discoursed upon them by way of beginning her character-study.

A whole fortnight went by and Agatha found her character-study a very great deal more interesting than she had anticipated. Indeed, it claimed her whole attention in spite of herself.

He seemed determined, obviously set on winning her friendship; and his arduous pursuit—his haste, suggested his having but a short time at his disposal. Perhaps he was afraid that she might depart with a cold farewell one morning. Would it be wise that she should do so, she questioned of herself one moment, to reply decidedly the next: "What nonsensical ideas, I shall go exactly when I originally intended to go, not one moment sooner." If he should like me in time, what then? I don't dislike him, I suppose one must after all care for somebody, and it strikes me that he is as near my ideal as anyone I have seen.

"Klara, what are your ideas of marriage?" asked Agatha, with a thoughtful air as they walked out together.

"I don't think much of it, but it is very likely to enter into one's life whether one wants it or not; it is a persistent sort of thing that pursues women, I suppose. Have your views become at all modified? People do change with time, you know. Since I have known an Englishman personally, I—why I think him delightful, adorable, chivalrous. If I hadn't my own Siegfried at home—of whom I shall have to think seriously soon, because he is worrying—I could wish just such another would come along."

"You talk far too lightly of things," rebuked Agatha, and descended upon the afterglow, to change the subject.

"You can look at your skies if you like, I am tired of sitting still," pronounced Klara, suddenly, and, having perceived Mr. Wilbraham advancing in the distance, departed at a rapid pace in the opposite direction.

"If one could only put it decently on to canvas," sighed Giles, as he stood above Agatha, looking down into her face instead of at the blushing snow-mountains at which she was gazing.

"You paint?"

"Yes—painting is my profession. Scenery is my business, so to speak," said Giles, dryly. "Sometimes I feel as if I would rather go and sell ribands in a shop than put my soul into a picture to be sold. It seems like disposing of myself; of the best, the noblest parts of me bit by bit. I loved being an artist for my pleasure, but I loathe being an artist by trade. And a trade artist has to paint what will sell—but excuse me—you can't understand."

"On the contrary, I can, perfectly; I am a composer by trade. But I don't give away the best of myself—they always return me that to keep. But I am only keeping it for a while; later on I shall publish it at my own cost, and it will find appreciation, too," spoke Agatha, with the proud certainty of youth.

"Decidedly, there is nothing like having faith in oneself," answered Giles, as he contemplated with gratification the proud setting of the lady's head.

Agatha made a slight petulant movement and then gazed searchingly at her companion. Sometimes this character-study perplexed her considerably; she could not quite understand him.

"I fear I have said something to annoy you!" he remarked, with anxiety.

"I would not willingly for a great deal; you know that, you do know that, don't you?"

"I think friends ought not to be too fearful of differing in opinion. I prefer people who speak out what they think."

"Then you do look upon me as a friend?" he inquired, in pleased tones.

"I—I suppose so—in a way; though we are, after all, merely acquaintances. It depends upon what constitutes friendship in your opinion—in my own—"

Giles was silent for some moments and then said abruptly:—

"I wonder if we are friends enough for—I have only to-morrow to decide as to whether to—to ask something of you or not—and yet I hardly dare—," he halted.

Agatha's breath came quick and she had a strange sensation of fright; a longing to rush away from him. Why was he so composed?

"You don't say anything," he remarked, presently. "Am I to understand that you discourage?"

"Was it a big thing you wanted to ask?" she said, with nervous coldness.

"Well, yes it is—rather," he smiled. "It is a good deal to ask—and receive. I shall either have to leave this place to-morrow or have some point in remaining. It isn't anything terrifying though," he added, gently, as she rose up irresolute.

He, too, rose. "I should not have made all this preamble with some women, but you are so different—so entirely, utterly what I desire—require—that I am absurdly timorous. What I want to ask you may be refused with contemptuous indignation—"

"Indeed, I must go in; it is growing late. To-morrow you can ask anything you like. I will try not to be too contemptuously indignant."

She went to her room to confront visions and hold communion with her heart.

He strolled up and down in the dusk and raised up a vision of loveliness than which he determined that the reality should be lovelier.

They met next morning on the pathway under the pines that skirted the blue, blue lake of Silvaplana. He told her of his work.

"And my next work that has been in my head for years, for which I have made studies, have got the plan, the finished sketches, is to be the best that I have yet done; the best, and shall not be for sale—not for sale, you understand thoroughly, I hope? Whenever and wherever I have travelled I have been on a perpetual outlook for some embodiment of the beautiful creature in my brain who should stand in the foreground of my 'Spring.' Often and often I have seen loveliness of feature and grace of form, but never have I been satisfied until just recently. My woman of 'Spring' must not have merely an artistic face with charm of expression; there is to be power in her type, and promise—above all, promise. Everyone looking into the eyes of my 'Spring,' as she stands with the symbols of Maytime about her, the snow-peaks suggesting winter behind her—on a pathway leading to a warmer summer landscape—must perceive the—the wealth of—of deeds to be accomplished—the—the, in fact simply the grand great promise. My wife has been constantly imploring me to get at it and I never could till I came here and found my perfect 'Spring,' and now I had hoped to have got my final portrait so that I might have the work so far in progress as to be able to give it as a Christmas present to my wife." Giles did not explain to himself why he refrained from looking at Agatha as he suggested his request.

He waited, as she said nothing, while she searched amongst the mosses at the tree-roots for some of the tiny delicate vanilla-scented flowerets, called Tiniens, so rare, but that grow in that neighbourhood luxuriantly.

"I see, you perhaps wanted me to be the embodiment of 'Spring' in the picture. I did not know you were married. Where is your wedding ring?"

Agatha spoke quietly, but the face with the great promise in it looked somewhat pale and expressionless.

"My wedding ring! Oh, of course, Germans and Swiss and French and so on do wear them; Englishmen don't."

"Oh—do Englishwomen?"

"Of course," replied Giles.

"And why do they and not their husbands?" asked Agatha, and now her

face had a colour rushing over it and there was a stern reproach in the deep eyes awaiting his reasons.

"Why! Why! I—faith, I don't know why they shouldn't. It isn't the fashion for one thing, and it is rather womanish wearing rings for another, don't you know—that is wedding-rings. A man wears a signet ring—but just fancy what great enormous circlets men's plain gold rings would be!"

"That is beyond the question. Do you mean to tell me that Englishmen have not the common justice, the honesty, to signify their married state in the same simple manner that their wives do? Are they ashamed of being married: do they want to pose as single men?"

"Positively, I never considered the question. To tell the truth I have always been rather amused when I have seen your countrymen with theirs."

"Amused!" repeated Agatha, with superb scorn. "Pray, will you explain to me the reasons for which a woman wears a marriage ring?"

"It is the custom I suppose, and—well, one doesn't want other men to be, well—carrying on, making up to one's wife and that—as if she were a girl. The ring shows that she is appropriated, and fellows behave differently to her in a way, and she is expected to behave differently too. At all events, they are warned, they know where they are; and if they don't behave differently, everybody knows that they don't mean anything if they do," continued Giles, becoming somewhat involved and growing a little uncomfortable under his difficult explanation.

"Quite true, those are the reasons with us too, but it strikes us—we like justice and generosity—as being two-sided somehow. However, we need not discuss the question," concluded Agatha, feeling weak and weary. It was as if all her strength had gone out of her; she was prostrate, could only sink upon the bank, lean her head against the hard bark, and close her eyes.

Giles gazed helplessly at her in astonishment for a few seconds.

"Shall I get you a little water," he asked.

"Oh, no," she shuddered, "only go away and let me be quiet. Ah! you are waiting—for the portrait you asked for. Yes, yes, you can take it—of course—another day, please. Perhaps I shall look more full of—What was it?—promise,—to-morrow."

When Giles Wilbraham left with the completed portrait he had come to the conclusion that the continental husband's wearing of wedding-rings was, perhaps, more a serious than an amusing matter after all.

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