

SHAFTS:

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

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What the Editor Means.

"We own" *this wide world*, "tu, John ;
You mustn't take it hard,
Ef we *can't* think with you, John,
It's jest your own back-yard.

"We mean to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe and understand, John,
The *wuth* o' bein' free.

But Janet S. says she, "I guess,
John preaches wal," says she,
"But, sermon thru, an' come to du,
Why, there's the old J. B.
A-crowdin' you and me."

Janet to John—*Lowell's words adapted to the Woman Movement.*

SHAFTS is kept up through the most harassing difficulties, and will not be allowed to drop, even should the difficulties become greater. I make this statement because many friends of SHAFTS ask questions on this point. It is not my intention to allow the paper to die. A very little help—help which could be easily obtained, if those women really interested would join together to give it—would free me from the anxiety, which drags at all my efforts, and would wonderfully benefit the paper. But with help, or without help, SHAFTS shall not die.

The resolve to start this paper arose in my mind from earnest conviction, which increases as time goes on, that SHAFTS as it is, and more especially as it will be when help comes, is a need of the time. All persons accustomed to think, or to direct the thoughts of others, know that thoughts are things; living things; things which produce either life or death. Thoughts are alive, all life is productive of life or of death. Death is diseased, disorganised life. When the thought is stemmed, cramped, not allowed to flow forth, it produces not strength, activity of mind, but imbecility. Few persons know better than I, the awful results of suppressed thought, results I have seen here and there, among hundreds of women especially, wherever I have been. Humanity has been my constant study; the great love of my life; particularly the humanity of women. Men nearly always have some way of expressing their thoughts, if it is only to their comrades at their daily work. A woman's life—that is the Feminine ideal according to man's conception and creating—is generally lived for the most part alone. She has her children, undeveloped! her servants, uneducated! her husband in the evening, tired and newspaper-hidden;—these are her companions in by far the majority of cases. Her time is very limited—for women in the millions have not servants; her weariness in the evening is tenfold greater than that of her husband, though she does not, as a rule, show it. She has not enjoyed the distractions, the attrition of mind, the ordinary hearing of news and seeing of other faces, which men even in the worst conditions enjoy. She may have joy in instructing her children, and training them, but even in this she is hampered by the want of thought exchange, and by the utter absence of opportunities to express her opinions. We all desire to express our opinions, where they will be heard; and heard with effect. Women seldom experience

this, and certainly not women living the life set up as the ideal life for women. Woman begins life with many thoughts, thoughts that are often altogether crushed before they become opinions; thoughts that are always suppressed and debarred free utterance; thoughts, that, owing to this torturing process, become imbecilities. Therefore, women must have an opportunity of expressing publicly their thoughts. Let the brain of woman or man, give forth its thoughts, whatever their nature may be. The expression of thought will clear thought; fresh thoughts will come where these have lain so long obstructing the flow; and the fresh thoughts will be wider, clearer, each time. Many doctrines are taught, doctrines which are "a far cry" from the truth. Let them be expressed openly, then shall we see them as they are, and be able to separate the ugliness from the beauty, keeping only that which is upleading. There is a great stirring, in the world at present, a great upheaval, old things are giving place to new; great light is coming upon those who are ready to receive it. Now is the time therefore to bring forth from our stores things both new and old; to judge that which will survive, and that which must die. So let us think, and let us write and speak, what we think. Many of us know how easily we can pick out the faults of our modes of thought when we see them in print.

SHAFTS is accused of being hard upon men. Those who say so are making one-sided conclusions. No one who will read SHAFTS carefully text with context, number with number, with a fair, unprejudiced mind, will fail to see that SHAFTS assumes towards men the attitude expressed by the lines I have placed at the head of this leader. Though originally referring to the attitude of two nations, they are applicable equally to the attitude of the sexes; and the remonstrance addressed by Jonathan to John might well be addressed by woman to man. SHAFTS works only against domination and tyranny, injustice, and oppression, not against sex, party, or class, as merely names, but against unjust and false distinctions.

Opinions are published in SHAFTS whether in accord with my own or no, because it is my firm conviction that the expression of opinion, however diverse, leads eventually and surely to truth. We must all learn to separate the wrong from the wrong doer, and while unflinchingly denouncing the wrong, to endeavour to rouse the wrongdoer, the mistaken actor, to truer and nobler conceptions. If we do not this, our efforts will be nullified by our own acts. But let us remember ever that it is those who stand erect and respect themselves whose demands are listened to. The suppliant attitude exalts neither the giver nor the receiver.

Sin knows no sex and Virtue has no double price.

The pure woman demands a pure lover.

If we did not put up with so much that is wrong there would not be so much wrong to put up with.

Love well to live well.

Deep pity for another's pain doth rob us of our own.

E. WARDLAW BEST.

THE TOWING PATH.

SERIAL TALE. BY R. O. D.

CHAPTER VIII.

PART I: LIGHT ON ONE PATIENT LIFE.

"Oh, the rapture of beauty, of sweetness, of sound, that succeeded that soft, gentle rain. With laughter and singing the valleys resound, and the little hills shouted again."

SOFTLY, through the joyous hours, in showers of blessing, fell the welcome rain, upon the parched and thirsty earth; refreshing all things, making the picturesque loveliness of Sweetbriar-lane a very marvel of greenness and beauty. So softly it fell, and with a touch so tender, that the pretty hedge roses lifted fearlessly their delicate cups to the liquid treasure; the wayside blossoms, which for days had drooped in the broiling heat, straightened their stems, and looked upwards to the beneficent heavens with delicious thrills of their tiny being. The tall poplars, the strong oak and chestnut trees, quivered like sentient things through all their leaves and branches, with the joy of life, as they drank and were satisfied. For two days, following weeks of heat, it had rained without a pause. Now on the morning of the third day, as it grew still softer to its ceasing, the sun shone out; birds broke into jubilant song, bees within the hive bestirred themselves, and ants from leafy coverts darted about in tumultuous haste, intent on the multitudinous duties of their social economy. Little brown, bright-eyed birds, watching them from overhanging twig, seemed to be earnestly studying the social problem; but giving it up at last, as something only time could settle, burst into trills of melody, spread their wings, and, rising aloft, seemed to say, "Come up higher, come up higher; away into the boundless blue; over hill and dale, over wood and river, away, away; what for a life of freedom can compare with our winged existence!" But, the ants might well reply, "How few of us have wings; what can we do but grope?"

Suddenly a clear, shrill whistle breaks the hush and music of the summer day. It is Muriel—Madame de St. George now—having by the terms of her grandmother's will resumed her own name. She has this morning returned from France, and finding her little daughter gone off to her playmates, is following her; whistling clear and sweet the bugle call which is their signal to each other. Bright, intelligent little black eyes, set in furry heads, watch her as she passes. "Ze squirls," as little Jessie calls them, know the hand that feeds them so often; they come to her call, for the tit-bits she or Georgie never fail to bring. No living thing is molested on the land Madame St. George owns, nor has been in the time of her predecessor. They receive just consideration, and are allowed to live out their own lives, so that the beautiful woodland things know no fear. Birds, rabbits, and other creatures of the wild wood gather round mother and child in answer to their call; will perch on head and shoulders, and feed out of their outstretched hands. The gentle, protecting love for all that lives, thus stored in her heart the child carries with her through her life.

Muriel walks slowly down the lane, pleased to be at home again. She loves the gentle rain. She lifts her face and hands to the dewy moisture; she lets it fall on brow and lip; she blesses it with tender words. Her feet tarry on the grassy way; no sigh or sound escapes eye or ear; no inspiration of this sweet summer morning, fresh from its baptism of rain, is in vain for her. As she looks and listens, stopping now and then to pick a spray of honeysuckle or choice hedge berry, a great gladness fills her heart; the eager yet quiet joy of a soul that has known much pain; that has learnt to gather within itself that exquisite happiness which the love of nature and of humanity ever bring. She smiles frequently to herself—a sweet, glad smile at some cherished thought nestling close to her kindly heart.

Near the gate of Sweetbriar Farm she comes upon Isabel seated in her little waggon sketching.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Heatherstone—madame, I mean," cries the delighted girl, "have you come back?"

"It looks like it, does it not, dear?" says Muriel, laughing at her, and kissing her.

"We did not expect you till next week."

"No, but I got all my business done, and felt quite homesick, so came off as fast as steam could bring me. Where are the children and your mother?"

"Mother has gone to see Mrs. Phillips, who is ill, and the children I have not seen for an hour; I fancy they are in the old barn, after some wild scheme or other; the Chevalier is with them."

"Yes, but Isabel, I did not know you could draw, may I look?"

"Oh, madame," Isabel says, hurriedly, closing the portfolio, "they are nothing; I am ashamed to show them."

"Not to me, dear, surely?"

Muriel speaks in the tone so few can resist, and holds out her hand, touched to see the colour come and go on the sensitive face before her.

Isabel hands the portfolio, and sits waiting for the verdict, in a humility of patience that makes her tremble from head to foot. The verdict does not soon come. Muriel turns over the drawings, looking long and earnestly at each. Muriel loves art and is a connoisseur; a judge to be dreaded, as Isabel knows well.

"I did not know you could draw, dear child," she says at last; "who taught you?"

"I had a few lessons at school, you know, madame, but"—she hesitated, looking wistfully at the face bent over the drawings.

"Well, dear?"

"Mother could not afford any more lessons, so I had to stop. Mother fretted dreadfully over it; she does not know that I ever try. Indeed," she added after a pause, "I seldom do try, because mother must not know I am disappointed. She—she would feel it very much. I have given it up; please remember that, dear madame."

"Given it up?"—Muriel speaks slowly, absorbed in the drawings, her cheeks flushed, her breathing quickened. "No no, never; it must not be. Why, here's Diana to the life! here's Majesty! looking at me as if she saw me; here's Georgie on her pony! they breathe, they live, even with your imperfect tools, and here!"—Muriel throws back her head, and laughs with delight—"here's little Jessie, her very chubby little self, her comical little face,—and here," turning over quickly, "is Georgie's face; just as my darling looks, when she is wondering about something. Your mother's, too, over and over again, as if you could not quite satisfy yourself about the face so beloved; how like it is! Capital, capital, the very line over the nose, as when she is trying to make one shilling do the work of three. Ah! here she comes herself, in *propria persona*," Muriel exclaims suddenly, but not before Isabel, dismayed, has seen her mother turn the corner of the lane.

"Oh, dear madame, mother must not see them; please don't tell mother."

She stretches out her hands eagerly for the portfolio, but Muriel holds it out of reach, firmly, though she stoops to kiss the earnest beseeching eyes.

"My dear child, do you think such talent as yours is to be hidden, crushed out of life? you could not do it. I could not let it be; 'twould be a sin. Don't be anxious; trust me, dear."

Janet comes quickly up.

"How good to see you again," she says; "when did you come back?"

"This morning. I hurried off to find my childie, whom I have not yet found, but I have found something." She puts one of the drawings into Janet's hand.

Mrs. Morrison looks at it for a few seconds, her face breaking into smiles.

"How well done! Yours, madame?"

"Mine! Open your eyes, mother! You mother of a genius."

Janet starts, gives one look into Isabel's telltale face, one glance, that sees the smile of mingled joy and apprehension on the quivering lips, then turns again to the picture. It represents a scene in which Janet herself had taken part with the children many weeks ago. She looks long; no word escapes her lips. Why should this picture of merry children at play bring back the past? Yet Janet goes over it all again as she looks; the dark, dark past; the cruel injury done to her daughter—her dearly loved child and friend; which had made her a cripple for life, the hard poverty which had deprived her of education; the many little incidents, of even recent date, which had puzzled her in Isabel, now explained. As she looks, slowly the great tears gather, and roll one by one down her cheeks.

"Oh, mother, mother, darling!" Isabel cries out in deep distress, "don't mind, I am quite content. I knew you would be grieved."

"Grieved!" Janet turns, kneels down beside her daughter and takes her in her arms, murmuring over her all sorts of pet names. "My poor darling! if it were possible for me to be more proud of you than I have always been I should be so now. If it were possible for me to love you one degree better than I have ever done, I should do so now. Oh, my pet, if I had only known—but now you must learn—God helping me, you must learn."

"God helping us," said Muriel, solemnly, "she shall learn."

Now Isabel had been one of Muriel's thoughts that day, and "if your Scotch pride does not come in the way and spoil all," she said to Janet, as they sat at tea that same evening, "Isabel shall be a great artist."

"Great? dear madame," cried Isabel, astonished.

"Yes, I foresee a career before you, and I trust to you not to let mother refuse to let me help you and her. I have many plans. You are all to come up to me to-morrow, and we will talk them over."

PART II: THE BATTLE WORTH WINNING.

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their weapons and their war gear,
Washed the war paint from their faces,
Buried all their warlike weapons.

"Mamma, come and see our barracks," Georgie said, after tea. "We've made them beautiful."

"Oh, booful," echoed Jessie; "tum, will 'oo?"

So the whole party trooped off to the old barn, where, by dint of old furniture, &c., they had contrived to make up a very respectable barrack room, as they called it.

"But why barracks?" Muriel asked.

"Because we do our drilling here, Beloved."

"Drilling?"

"Yes, dillin," answers little Jessie, climbing up to Muriel's lap. "Wur've 'oo been? Jorjy says 'oo've been wur all ye battles was foughted, have 'oo?"

"Well, where some battles were fought."

"I want to go, and out off *all* zeir 'eads."

"What do you know about battles and cutting off heads, you swashbuckler?"

"Jorjy told us everying, and so we're dillin' cose we're all going to fight, and Jorjy is to lead us on till we die."

There was a burst of laughter from Janet and Isabel.

"Why, Georgie?" said Muriel, looking at her little daughter.

"Yes, mamma, we've been drilling to be soldiers. I'm a Chevalier, you know, and a Chevalier ought to be a soldier. It is GRAND to be a soldier; don't you know that, B'luded?"

"I know some grand soldiers. I think you had better let me drill you. We'll have a banner, you shall all be my soldiers; and we'll march, oh, won't we march?"

"Will you be captain, mother?"

"If you all like to elect me."

"Oh, yes, that would be lovely," cried Georgie, clasping her little hands—the boys and little Jessie echoing the approval.

"Then it's all settled," Muriel said, between a smile and a sigh; "now we must see what can be done to drill this gallant little army."

So the drilling began, and was carried on for some years. Before it was over, Muriel had taught her young and ardent friends that to "cut off heads" was not the noblest occupation a human being might be engaged in; had turned their thoughts and youthful ardour in another channel. Often in after years she looked back to that evening, knowing that then and there she had enlisted into her own and the world's service a small band of sturdy warriors, who were to hold up the banner of truth and justice, through much scorn and pain; to sound aloud a clarion call, in the ears of many souls that slept.

CHAPTER IX.

'Tis hard to keep de cov'nant, wen de dark is in our skies,
Wen de air we breathe is full o' cruel scornin';
But beyond de foam' billows see de glory streak arise,
How it lightens up de waters, how it laughs into our eyes,
Oh, sisters! waken up, for it is mornin'."

Margaret Cunningham stands before the long mirror in her pretty dressing-room, sunning herself in her own smiles. Turning over some old books that morning, she has come upon a letter supposed to have been destroyed, which has brought vividly to her remembrance another morning some years ago when she had found that very letter awaiting her on returning to breakfast after her usual early walk. How it had changed the whole tenor of her life, with its cold, cruel, stupid expressions and sentiments. She reads it over again; then, with a laugh and expressive shrug, throws it into the fire.

"Dear Margaret," it runs—"Should I say Miss Cunningham? Perhaps you will think so when you have read. I am sorry and ashamed to write this, but feel that something must be done. You know how I have loved you, and cherished my love all through these years that I have been striving to make myself worthy of being your husband—striving to make money, that I might have something worthy to offer you. Your face, your image haunted me—was never absent from my thoughts. I longed for the time when we should be united. Returning, I tried to hide from you my disappointment; I had not realised that you would grow older. It was a sore trial. Still, I strove and would have fulfilled our engagement, but fate brought me into the society of Miss Ruth Somers, a young friend of yours, and I found I had not loved before. I found how foolish it had been on my part to engage myself to a woman of my own age. You know women age sooner than men. You have often said so. It is therefore best men should seek one younger. I may tell you that Ruth loves me. She did not know of my—of our mistaken engagement. It rests with you whether she shall know. If you still wish our marriage consummated I will keep to my promise, but I think you will see the matter as I do. I should be glad could we remain friends.—Regretfully yours, Richard Curtis."

"Friends!" Margaret ejaculates under her breath. "In such a soul as thine, Richard Curtis, there exists not the capability of friendship—not according to my dictionary, certainly. Women age sooner than men! Have I ever uttered such a maudlin sentiment? Surely not. Did you think, then, that money would have ennobled you?"

She surveys herself critically, from her neat, classic head to her dainty, slippered feet; then looks long into her face as the glass reflects it.

"You and I have had many long talks together," she says to the quiet, steadfast face looking back at her with such a wistful gaze. "We have suffered much; we have fought a hard fight and won—very hard, though, was it not?"

The calm, grey eyes, full of that sweetness won through the defeat of self, answer her, "Very, very hard."

"Yes, for it is as hard to kill an ideal in one's heart as to kill the image of something that lives—aye, harder, maybe."

The eyes do not flinch, but look from under their long lashes without a quiver; with a grave, perfect content.

"Now, as I look at your dear face that has so often comforted me, I know you have a gladness, a joy, that is deathless—answer me."

On the face in the glass comes a look of strength supreme; up into the eyes leaps a liquid light, which tells how deep is the well from which it springs. "Yes, you have great joy, for in the place of what you thought you had lost—which was nothing—you have found YOUR OWN SOUL. You have been brave. Now you have your reward—have had it for long."

The face in the glass smiles at her, a smile of encouragement and peace, a smile full of gladness ineffable.

"It is not often we are satisfied with ourselves out and out," Margaret goes on, addressing the face. "When we are we like to tell ourselves so. When we have fought and won it is sweet to see the gladness in your eyes."

The lips of the face in the glass quiver tremulously at this. Out of the glad grey eyes two tears roll, unchecked.

"Yes, we have helped each other—you and I. When I saw you look sad and in pain, and scolded you, you tried your best to respond with a smile—always, dear Face, you did your best. But there was a time when between poverty and pain we hardly dared to look at each other—once, only once, though, we did not attempt to look into each other's eyes in dread of what we should see there. But," she laughs joyously, "we got over that; we remembered the 'stature of our soul,' and day by day we had the comfort of seeing the brooding shadows fly from eye, and brow, and lip. We have hidden, we do hide, nothing from each other, and so we make our own peace. Poor little Ruthie," she murmurs, softly, still holding the face in the mirror, "so sweet, so petite, so pretty, so loving"—she makes a long pause, watching the reflecting face intently. "Yet—I think, I know, had I been in this man's place I should have preferred you. Yes, I tell you that because I hide nothing from you; I should have chosen you."

The face in the glass inclines its head slightly, and smiles at her.

"But, as Ritchie Montgomerie used to say, 'we love up to the stature of our own soul'; and I fear, Richard Curtis, your inches there were not many. But, Ruthie, dear," she muses, "you loved him, and you died, wee birdie, before two years had flown. Were you disappointed, I wonder? Did he reveal himself to you? Was his emptiness known to you? You were strong enough to hide it, my Ruthie, my pretty white dove! even were it so. Dear heart, if I thought this man had been cruel to you; but no, you looked happy to the last; you closed your fair petals, my little white rosebud, and you never knew the world you lived in. I loved you so! yet I was glad you went before you did know. Dear Face—strong, patient Face—how you comforted me then!"

Margaret's eyes are moist, but her soul is full of a strength and joy that can never again be taken from her.

"No," she answers straight and true, back to the eyes that penetrate her heart with their questioning look—"no trace of pain left, no shadow for a long time; henceforth no shadow. I have lost all pain that is personal for evermore. I have found my soul. Even in my work for humanity the pain that seemed overwhelming because of the suffering I see, has turned to undying hope. Now, with my dear friend Muriel, with many others, I work; and my work is the joy of my life; the love of my friends its ornament and crown. How thankful I am, Richard Curtis, that you revealed yourself to me, that you ceased to love me, you will probably never know."

She laughs a merry peal to the face in the mirror, which laughs too—such a heart-whole laugh of content.

"A lady to see you, ma'am. She told me to say she does not send her name. You will know her when you see her."

"Not Madame de St. George?"

"No, ma'am, a stranger."

Margaret Cunningham is a lover of all that is beautiful, in the material or manifested, and in the ideal or unmanifested. She compensates herself for what her eyes do not see by a vivid imagination which makes the unseen, to her, a living pre-

sence. Her constant outreaching after such ideals are gratified, surely, by the woman who rises to meet her as she enters the drawing-room. The stranger is looking at her earnestly, holding out a white, ungloved hand, which Margaret clasps with a warmth, a lingering pressure for which she cannot account. It is not the face alone, with its exceeding loveliness, which attracts her so strangely, it is something which looks at her out of two sunny-brown eyes, which smiles at her from the tender mouth, which holds her by the shapely, strong, warm, hand, which seems a part of the noble head and graceful figure. Something which is the soul of the woman; the strong spirit which has recognised its divinity, and which sees that same divine thing in others; that personal magnetism holding all with whom it comes in contact, which belongs to those who know themselves, as they ought to be; who have emancipated themselves from the thralldom of the material.

"Are you a stranger to me really?" Margaret asks.

"I ought not to be; I should have known you anywhere. You are not much changed. I have often wondered if Maggie Cunningham still adhered to her theories. Do you remember the 'Ode to the Ever Young Stars' which you and I composed one evening at Greystone College?"

A flush rises to Margaret's brow, her eyes gleam.

"Oh, how stupid of me! of course you are Ritchie Montgomerie; how well you look! How—pardon me—you have grown so perfectly lovely, I might well be excused. To think that you should,"—she hesitates.

"Be Ritchie Montgomerie? and at your service, fair lady, for a few hours?"

CHAPTER X.

THE PICTURES.

"It stands before me, finished now,
My long loved work of art;
I see the pleasure in your eyes,
Love's own sweet look of glad surprise,
And yet I stand apart.

My soul, that in this work hath striven,
And of its best hath freely given,
Is yet unsatisfied.

Thoughts that are always pure and glad,
From earthly longings free;
Power that is equal to the will
Each inspiration to fulfill,
This would be Heaven for me."

Madame de St. George's carriage pulls up at the entrance to the Royal Academy, and from it four ladies alight, Muriel, and her two most intimate friends, Margaret Cunningham and Janet Morrison, to whom has been added, within the last few hours, Ritchie Montgomerie. They are accompanied by St. George, now a tall girl, happy, unconventional in the best sense of the word, and full of aspirations, inspirations, and ambitions.

It is the opening day, and Margaret Cunningham has insisted that they should not miss it, though a plan had been mooted of quite a different character. There is a suppressed excitement about Margaret which attracts Muriel's attention more than once, but she has not solved it.

"Oh, here are Bertram Morrison and Ralph Roscoe," Georgie exclaims, going forward to meet two young men who have just caught sight of them.

"Come and see the pictures," they cry, full of excitement; "we have waited here so that you might not waste any time, you won't want to see any others when you've seen these."

Bertram leads the way through the rooms, comparatively empty at this early hour, till they come to the one indicated by their guides. Here the crowd is so great that they are passing in at one side, and out at the other; "taking it in turns," Bertram explains. It is with difficulty they make their way to the upper end of this room where the pictures are hung, and so

well hung, that it would seem as though the hands which had hung them had loved their work. People are standing around in groups, intent, absorbed, for the most part; though even here there are souls who let the best things in life pass them by and never know their value: who sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. They are companion pictures; and represent a scene which, as rendered in words, is familiar to every onlooker; but which, as represented by the brush, is something new, startling in its suggestions. They are numbered in the catalogue and described, but few read the description. No catalogue is required to translate their meaning so plainly is it given.

In the foreground of the first picture stands a man of great physical power, a big, brawny man, in the garb of a Galilean fisherman. His attitude, indicative of intense excitement, discloses his broad, hairy chest, and the sinewy strength of one arm, from which the loose sleeve has fallen as he has raised it in stern denunciation and denial. His face is flushed with anger; his eyes aflame with fury,—like to the eyes of some wild animal, all the fierce capabilities of his passions unleashed. He has lost command of himself; his principles, his higher impulses, are all swept aside by a torrent of unreasoning rage. Around him are gathered the servants of the household, more or less watchful of him, jeering, mocking, insolent. Some stand carelessly about talking in twos or threes; and close to this incarnate tempest, stands a young girl, on whose finger is perched a snow white dove with gentle eyes, responsive to the caresses she bestows upon it. It is in striking contrast to the scene, and leading to a contrast greater still, where in the background, in the gleam and glow of the sunlight streaming through the window directly behind it, is a figure, with noble head and luminous eyes that overflow with love and comprehension but are yet inexpressibly sad. The whole figure as it stands among the soldiers and officials of the Judgment Hall is expressive of an intense loneliness, though suggestive of great power. The eyes brimming over with love and tenderness inexpressible, gaze steadfastly at the brawny fisherman, whose back is towards them, with a look that sees far beyond the present scene, yet with such reproachful tenderness that the spectators almost expect to hear "AND THOU PETER" simultaneously with the oaths and curses that pour forth with the dastardly lie, "I KNOW NOT THE MAN."

Through a wide open space behind and above, where Peter stands swearing away his fealty, lie a dark background of clouds rolling black and jagged, foretelling tempests to come, only relieved by the sunshine which streams through them, to where the betrayed leader of a few vacillating followers stands, in the midst of many ALONE!

Perhaps the most striking effect in this picture is the possibility of repentance seen in Peter's face. Behind the fury in the inflamed eyes, seem to lie tears of contrition, prognosticating what is about to follow, when those luminous eyes watching shall have pierced to that rough yet kindly heart, when Peter shall "weep bitterly."

This painting is named in the catalogue "And Thou Peter?" and is said to be the first large picture painted by an artist whose name is unknown.

Two figures occupy the foreground of the second picture, one of which is evidently the burly Galilean fisherman, Peter, but how changed! No anger, no hasty words;—repentant, resolved;—looking at the face before him in an attitude of earnest attention to words evidently falling from the lips of a "Master in Israel." Peter's attitude here is a flat contradiction to that in the first picture. From every line of the face and figure breathes forth the confession of faith—"My Lord and my God." Yet is there upon brow and lip a curious intermingling of self-confidence, almost amounting to audacity, an absence of the humility inseparable from true wisdom. The question, "Lovest thou me?" has evidently been asked and answered. The face of the Christ is not seen, it is looking towards the distant horizon, but the figure is instinct with expression. One arm is stretched forth as though to include all space; one delicate hand,

the sensitive fingers of which seem tremulous with feeling, points to unseen distances; and the words to which Peter is listening fall surely on the ears around, "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs."

The two figures stand some distance apart, by what seems at the first glance to be the shores of the Lake of Gallilee, but on closer inspection it is found that what appeared to be green rippling waters, sparkling in the sunlight, is not water, but a grassy expanse, stretching far out to the horizon, filling up the entire background. Over the vast meadows, and on the two figures, the cloudless sunshine streams, showing up every detail in the picture, the great inner interest of which lies, perhaps in the sheep themselves, the sheep and the young lambs. Row after row, in untold millions, they range, from the very feet of Christ, and of Peter, away out to space unmeasured. Yet each hath its own face distinct and clear. The faces are not the faces of sheep, they are human faces, and filled with a passionate appeal that is painful in its intensity. The hearts of the spectators leap within them as they look, and many eyes are moist as they turn away to give place to others. Another point, defining itself more clearly as the picture is studied, is that the sheep in the pastures lying nearer to the feet of Jesus and Peter look, for many rows back, upon the face of Christ, but as the eye travels further a curious change is observable—the sheep, beginning by a few here and there, are turning from the face of Christ to that of Peter, until as the eye reaches the horizon line, the face of Peter is all that the sheep can see, all they seek; and the Christ is forgotten. Overhead, the heavens are beautifully clear and blue, dotted on either side above where each figure stands, by filmy clouds; which are the miniature reproduction of the two figures below, changing in attitude and expression with each reproducing. The face of the Christ as it is repeated looks steadfastly upwards while the hands are stretched out in blessing, and changes not this attitude to the last, save that it gradually grows fainter, to become later on more and more clearly defined, more bright and glorious than in the first; having, however, no longer the appearance of a God but that of a human being of great majesty and splendour. The figure of Peter, on the contrary, is at first but faintly defined, becoming more distinct with each reproducing. The attitude of this figure is bending toward the earth with watchful eyes upon the sheep; full, in the earlier stages, of kindly solicitude and wisdom. Gradually these eyes assume an expression of calculation, the arms grow longer, the hands larger, and these are held in the attitude of one that receiveth gifts. In each repetition there is a marked and distinct change, care and anxiety increase followed by despair, with a mixture of enlightenment and contrition. In the last cloud-like figure, Peter's attitude is entirely changed, his eyes, like the eyes of his Master, look upward into opening clouds, the rich robes he has donned one after another on his way, drop off, his open hands let fall the gifts he has gathered; his face is clear and serene, and he is robed again in the garments he wore as a fisherman of Gallilee. This picture by the same "nameless artist" is named "Feed my Sheep."

"I think" Muriel says, when they are outside, "we will go straight home; you are all coming with me, are you not? Yes?—that's right, and to-morrow, aye, many to-morrows, we can come again, I hope. I should like to study those pictures when we can have a quiet time. They are splendid. I wonder who is the artist? Young, and nameless, I have been told."

"I have taken the liberty," Margaret says, a curious tremor in her voice, "to invite the artist to partake of your hospitality to-day; so presently you and all, can make the acquaintance of this great painter. Am I forgiven, Muriel?"

"Forgiven! I am glad. Do you know him, then?"

"I know the painter of the picture well."

Muriel sends a puzzled look at her.

(To be continued.)

THERE are at present about 12 Indian ladies in Great Britain, several of whom are studying medicine, while one is an artist.

Mrs. Caroline Earle White and Mrs. Mary F. Lovell.

By EMILY CONYBEARE.

THE *Journal of Zoophily* is the organ of the American Anti-Vivisection Society, combined with the Woman's Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Mrs. Caroline Earle White and Mrs. Mary F. Lovell are the co-editors of this journal. I had the pleasure of staying with these "mercy women," as I sometimes heard them called, during my late visit to America; so write for the readers of SHAFTS something about them and the work in which they are engaged.

Mrs. White is a native of Philadelphia—"The Quaker City"—her mother being a first cousin of the noble and well known Lucretia Mott. Her father was candidate for the first Vice-Presidency run by the Liberty Party, and organized on pure anti-slavery principles in 1840. Thus Mrs. White grew up in the very midst of the agitation for the emancipation of the slaves. Even as a child she devoted her Christmas money to this cause, which so early enlisted her deepest sympathies. Not only was her tender heart touched by the wrongs of the slaves, but also by the cruelties which she continually witnessed inflicted on dumb and helpless animals. At the age of seventeen she first met Richard P. White, the eminent Philadelphian barrister of Irish birth, who, finding out how she suffered at the sight of brutal and careless drivers lashing their mules and horses, told her of the English Society for the "prevention of cruelty to animals."

"How glad I am to hear there is such a society," she exclaimed, "I will never rest until I have such a society here."

Thus even as a young girl her future life-work shaped itself in her mind.

Then came the terrible period of the civil war, when every woman and girl had her hands full of the care of the sick and work for the wounded. After Peace was made, and the slaves were free, she married Mr. White, who ever since has been her staunchest supporter in all her endeavours to accomplish this scheme for the protection of animals as well as in her other philanthropic labours. Hearing that a Mr. Bergh, of New York, was founding a society in that State for the protection of animals, she consulted him in regard to her own desire to establish such a society in Philadelphia, and, by his advice, she started petitions and carried them round herself to the offices of lawyers, doctors, and merchants, while her husband took them into court and induced some of the judges to affix their signatures. It was very unusual at that time for a woman to undertake such work. It required such courage as hers to carry it out. On April 14th, 1869, she saw her efforts finally crowned with success, when about thirty ladies met and organised the Women's Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals. Of this Society Mrs. White was elected President, and she has filled the office ever since. This ardent band of women was scarcely a year old when it turned its attention to the cruel practice of catching and torturing stray dogs. By its earnest efforts the society obtained the complete charge of lost dogs, and these are now killed as mercifully as possible. It is impossible in this short sketch to give an idea of the other admirable reforms it has carried out. Mrs. White then determined to get the schools to adopt a system of humane teaching. Her efforts in this direction were also successful. There are now about 10,000 children belonging to the "Bands of Mercy," and out of these has sprung the "Young American Humane Society."

How much easier the task of such women as Mrs. White would be if all mothers would teach their children from earliest infancy kindness and consideration for birds, cats and dogs, and other living creatures. Instead of which, the first toys children are given are guns and swords, and books with pictures of cruel sports—hunting, shooting, etc. All these things beget cruelty

in the minds of children and accustom them to bloodshed and brutal amusements. Is it a wonder that many become vivisectionists, and murderers of their own kind? Thus caring for animals and the humane education of children in the schools led Mrs. White to see the need for a protest against the frightful cruelties and barbarous experiments perpetrated in the name of science, and under the specious plea of doing good to human beings, by inflicting unimaginable suffering upon helpless animals through vivisectionists. Accordingly Mrs. White organised the "American Anti-vivisection Society." She is now its corresponding secretary, Dr. Blackwood, M.D., being its present President. During the last session of the Pennsylvania Legislature Mrs. White got a Bill presented on which a committee sat. The President allowed Mrs. White and Mrs. Lovell to come and plead their cause in *propria persona* at the bar of the House. This caused a great flutter in the ranks of the physicians opposed to a restrictive law. Twenty-four physicians hastened from all parts of the State to withstand these redoubtable women! Mrs. White ably and scientifically stated her case; Mrs. Lovell showed the dire consequences on children of physical experiments on animals, in classes, as well as before young medical students. I will not shock the readers with the details given of the horrible operations performed to demonstrate such well-known truths as that fur keeps animals warm, and other equally well accepted facts. In spite of the keen interest excited by the "reasoning" of the champions of mercy, the four and twenty physicians won the day; and the bill was defeated. So the license of operators in America is entirely unrestricted, even anaesthetics are not required, and English doctors go over there and indulge, unrestrained by even our very inadequate laws, their lust for this brutalising practice.

Mrs. White has likewise taken up the cause of poor ill-used children, and has been the chief organiser of a society for their protection in Philadelphia. As her time was already very fully occupied, she only remained an active member of the executive board of this last mentioned society till it was thoroughly started. In organising all these different philanthropic associations she has particularly insisted upon women having an equal voice with men in their management.

In addition to all her active and anxious work in connection with these various societies, Mrs. White finds time to aid with her pen the causes she has so much at heart; she has likewise written several graceful stories. One came out in "Harper's Magazine," entitled "Faint Heart never won Fair Lady." Three other volumes, "Love in the Tropics," "The Modern Agrippa," and "Patience Barker," are for sale in England at Joseph Garneson's, 10, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

As stated, Mrs. White is Editor of the Organ of the Anti-vivisection Society, and perhaps it will be well to quote from it her report of the success they have had in reference to one branch of their work.—"It is with unspeakable emotions of gratitude to God, the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift, that we enter upon the fifth year of our work; for the strong desire of our hearts has been gratified, and the Bill preventing cruelty to cattle and other animals in transit (that is when on their way from the great western country to our eastern cities) has passed Congress and become law. We had scarcely hoped for the extreme happiness of hearing this good news so soon, for the Bill has been more than two years before Congress, and we had become almost accustomed to disappointment and defeat. This is by far the most important measure ever gained in America by the Societies for the protection of animals; never before has the fact that animals have rights and that they are entitled to good treatment, been acknowledged by the highest legislative power of our nation."

Mrs. Lovell co-operates with Mrs. White in her noble efforts to diminish the horrible cruelties so lightly regarded by many people. She is specially interested in introducing humane teaching into all the American schools. Being a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of which Frances

Willard is the beloved President, she is endeavouring to form a department under that "all-embracing" organisation for the promotion of her Humane work. In spite of very delicate health, Mrs. Lovell travels long distances continually, and gives addresses on these painful subjects. She lives in a charming house built by herself and her husband in an English-looking garden at Bryn Mawr. In the distance they have a view of the handsome buildings of the Woman's College of Bryn Mawr, which you reach in 20 minutes from Philadelphia. Mrs. Lovell, who is of English birth, is a great lover of flowers, and her chief recreation from her labours in her study is in tending a small conservatory opening out of her drawing room.

This is but an inadequate sketch of two most noble women whose lives are devoted to the helpless, suffering children and dumb animals. In England we have women giving their lives to similar works, and I felt that to bring about the time when such societies shall be no more needed it will be well to join hands and hearts in active sympathy with these Pioneers of Mercy in the United States of America.

Chicago University—The Women's Halls.

IN America women enter the University exactly on the same terms as men. Women and men take their degrees together, work side by side, and spur each other on to success. The University of which I am writing is a new one, and not under State control. By the kindness of one of the English professors, we lunched there and saw all over the Halls. The buildings are very fine, grey stone with red-tiled roofs, all of the same style of architecture. What will be eventually garden, tennis and five courts, etc., is now rough, untidy fields, with here and there a wooden pathway to the Halls. A few trees dotted about brighten the wilderness, and the great "Ferris Wheel" moves slowly round in the near distance—in the "midway Plaisance" of the World's Fair. There are three Halls for the Women—Central, Nancy Foster, and Kelly. Their president is Mrs. Freeman Palmer, who, before her marriage, was the beloved head of Wellesley Women's College, in Massachusetts. Mrs. Palmer, although not a resident in Chicago, visits the University two or three times a year, taking the deepest interest in its welfare. Though the Women's Halls are separate from the men's, both sexes attend lectures and dine with one another, and no inconvenience whatever has been felt in this or older Universities in the United States. Inside, the Women's Halls rather reminded one of Newham. Bright and cheerful, furnished and decorated to a large extent with light wood, they seemed charming places to work and live in. Each student has a study and bedroom combined, very simply furnished. The lecture-rooms and dining-halls had light polished American wooden floors, tables and chairs, lofty beamed ceilings, and large windows. The kitchens were fascinating, all the food being cooked with gas, which makes the air sweet and pure, unlike ordinary kitchens where coal is used. These kitchens are run on a co-operative principle. One large one supplies the three halls with the principal food required, each hall having its own small kitchen, in which eggs, tea, coffee, and light things can be prepared.

We had the pleasure of an interesting talk with the "Dean of Women" and Principal of Kelly Hall—a charming woman; she had just received from England, an engraving of the portrait of the late Miss Clough, of Newham—which was to be hung in one of the dining halls. On a later occasion we had the pleasure of attending an "At Home" in the same hall, and were interested in watching the professors and students of both sexes enjoying themselves together. At present the "Commons" (dining halls for men) are not finished, and they and the women have to put up with meals in the cellars, good plain inexpensive food, very unlike the "Commons" at either of our English Universities.

Some of the men waited on us, for many of them are poor,

and earn a little by filling up their spare time in such ways. They are not looked down upon as the wretched sizzars used to be over here, for no work, if it be honest, is considered derogatory in America. Men and women go to college to work, not to play and spend money as so many of our young men do here.

The lack of sentiment, old buildings, and the absence of association with the past, struck us almost painfully with regard to the Men's Halls; but no doubt all this has its useful as well as its jarring side, and perhaps, surrounded by new buildings new life and thought, they may do better in the world than over here, where the sentiment of the past reigns over all, and where it is the fashion to send men to college, whether they intend to work or not,—merely to make friends, and assume a polish!

Certainly men and women in America have benefited by the custom of being educated together; the men have more respect for women as women and as workers, while the women feel that they have equal chances with the men, and knowing them as playmates and schoolfellows, grow up without the silly coquettish ways which English girls assume. From babyhood they learn together, competing for the same prizes, and, in later life, meet at College under identical conditions, in pursuit of the same end. Will not this come in England? I hope so!

MARY FORDHAM.

LADIES' AGENCY FOR WOMEN-SERVANTS.

The servant difficulty, which is just now being felt by almost everybody, is no doubt greatly aggravated by the evils of the Registry Offices whence they have to be obtained. This "Ladies' Agency," Head Office, 12, Westgate-terrace, Redcliffe-square, S.W., is under the management of two highly educated and well-born lady directors, who devote themselves to the work of fitting in the right servants to the right mistresses, and they have already achieved a considerable success. They have recently established a branch office at Birmingham. One very notable feature of their scheme is that they require recommendations of mistresses as well as of servants, holding that no good servant will go to a mistress of whom she knows nothing. They find their clients are quite willing to satisfy the servants in this respect. These ladies especially pride themselves on having a good supply of girls on hand whom they have found in the course of their philanthropic work among the poor. They make no distinction as to creed or religious opinions of those whom they place out, and they take a keen personal interest in all the young people who pass through their offices, and watch over their career as far as they can.

L. S. SKEY.

THE WAKING BREATH OF SPRING.

Dark lies the world—gripp'd by the iron hand
Of bitter, black, relentless frost to-day,
Drear leaden skies above, dank piercing mists,
Attest grim Winter's chill and cruel sway.
But, lo! what magic stirs the sleeping world?
Deep in earth's bosom moves what subtle force
(Like waking life in loveliest shape of death)?
Swift, thrill'd by Spring's warm breath, earth's pulses course,
The world grows full of sunshine and of song!
And ye, sad hearts! whose lives are cold and drear,
Held in the iron grasp of grief and care,
Oppress'd and bow'd beneath so great a load,
Lift up your heads! See what forbids Despair!
Lo, that great Sun of Love which fills the world
No frost can hold; in its life-giving beams
All icy bonds relax, the gentle springs
Of Joy and Hope break forth, and tenderest streams
Of loving trust revive the drooping soul;
Till from its furrow'd depths such flowers arise
As paint dull lives with hues of Paradise!

L. T. MALLETT.

Women in the Past.

IT is a mistake to suppose that subordination has always been the lot of woman in the past. Although history extends back but a very little way in comparison with the great antiquity of man, it clearly shows that woman has been regarded as the equal of man, in various races. In an able article on *Egypt and Chaldea, in the Light of Recent Discoveries* by W. St. C. Boscawen, in *Harper's Magazine* for January it is stated that "one of the most interesting and characteristic features of this early civilisation of the Babylonians was the high position of woman. The mother here is always represented by a sign which means 'the Goddess of the house'; any sin against the mother, any repudiation of the mother, was punished by banishment from the community. These are facts which are evidently indicative of people who had at one time held the law of matriarchal descent. In the hymns we find in the Sumerian version 'female and male' the order, while in the Semitic texts it is 'male and female.' This freedom once accorded to women in the primitive times was never withdrawn entirely, and thus in the later Babylonian times we find women exercising almost equal rights with the men. This high position of women in the community is another very distinct mark of the Turanian character of this early people, and has been noticed as still surviving among the tribes of Central Asia by Professor Vambéry."

Again, in India, "in the Vedic age, Hindu women were educated and treated with great respect, and married when fit for marriage. The Brahmadinis class travelled in quest of divine knowledge, and publicly discussed such matters with learned sages. . . They were also authors of hymns, and performed sacrifices like men. . . Several of them were Rishis" (seers, sages, or adepts). "There was no hard and fast rule binding women to marry". . . "The other class, the Sadyovadhū, were also educated, but were married, at the age of discretion, and in the marriage ceremony, the bridegroom thus addresses the bride:— (*Rig Veda*, etc) 'Bride,—I take your hand. Why? That you may be prosperous: Gods Bhāgo, Aryamān, etc., have given you to me in order that you may be with me till old age, and I may be a householder. Oh God Pushan, actuate this prosperous girl that I may join with her in love, as all men must beget children. Get into the house of thy husband and be the mistress of the house, endear yourself to those that come to the house, and control the household.'" A very different marriage service this, to our modern Protestant Church of England one! "It was an age when people married not so much for the gratification of animal desires as for increase of population. . . Though married to a wife, the husband could not approach her except at stated periods. Two objects might be discerned: first—that it is physiologically very commendable, and secondly, that it should be made more a marriage of souls than of flesh."

Compare this with the modern system which demands that a married couple should continually share one room and nearly always one couch, and which deprives of all privacy and sense of delicacy and freedom—the trial of many a marriage, especially to the woman!

"Women superintended the arrangements of the house . . . and always exercised complete authority." Remarriage was optional. "The unjust and inhuman custom of suttee finds no sanction in the *Rig Veda*, and subsequent writers twisted and interpolated the passage to yield the required interpretation," much as Christian writers twisted and interpolated the writings of St. Paul. Truly women have little to be grateful for in modern priesthoods!

"In the Epic period, the condition of women in society differs little from that in the Vedic age. The two great Epics of Ramayana and the Mahabharata furnish ample material for a historian to trace their condition from the Vedic to the Epic age. We find them influencing human society to an extent not dreamed of in modern times. They were either single or married. . . . Bhishma, the great Teacher mentioned in the Mahabharata, says: "A mother does what is good in this and

the next world . . . Woman should never be taken away by force; and of all sins, killing woman is the most heinous." What would some of our English North-country town roughs say to this? A woman had the right to sit on the throne.

Manu said: "Where women are honoured, there the deities are pleased; but where they are dishonoured, there all religious acts become fruitless."

Some remarkable women lived at that time.

The *Kabalah*, says—"The beauty of the Female is completed by the beauty of the Male. And now we have established these facts (concerning the perfect equality of Male and Female) and they are made known unto the companions."

In Ancient Egypt women also held a high position. There were women priestesses of a high order, and it was on the Saitic Isis that the mystic words were inscribed—"I am all that was, and is, and is to be, and no mortal hath lifted my veil?" There were women-physicians who attended their patients, and the ancient Egyptian woman possessed both freedom and influence.

Again, a modern author has stated that "the equality of the sexes is distinctly laid down in the Zoroastrian Scriptures," and the Parsee wife and mother was supreme in the Parsee household.

Races existed also which exhibited physical equality in strength and size between the sexes, and various evidences point to conditions very different to those so hastily assumed by materialists, who picture a universal state of savagery in our predecessors, in which womanhood was degraded as in the existing savage tribes.

The true history of the past, and the position woman occupied in it, is yet to be written, and will throw much light (as well as warning) relating to the various causes which led to her inferior status in social life.

S. E. G.

LIFE'S RIVER.

As I watched the water flowing
All unheeding, all unknowing,
Cruelly careless I was throwing,
Roses in the river!

I had gathered them that morning,
Plucked them for my own adorning;
Sudden, without sign of warning,
Threw them in the river!

See all wet they swiftly swim,
Spoiled to please an idle whim,
Gone their scent, their beauty dim,
Roses in the river!

So it is with human roses,
Plucked from bouquets or from posies;
Every little child that grows is
Thrown into the river!

Parents at their first appearing,
Call them by all terms endearing,
Careless, never for them steering
Life, the dangerous river!

See, all ignorant, they swim,
Born to please two creatures' whim,
God will one day ask of them,
Why into the river

They should dare a soul to bring,
For their pleasure thus to fling
Such a tender, dainty thing,
Rosebud in the river!

While the stream of life is flowing,
Watch it closely, full well knowing,
As the reaping follows sowing,
Death lurks in the river!

TINY.

Club Records.

DURING the month—that is, SHAFTS' month, which dates from the fifteenth to the fifteenth—the debates at the Pioneer Club have been proceeding with as much vigour and interest as ever.

The debate on March 1st was opened by Mrs. Massingberd, who maintained that the manners of to-day show a want of consideration for others. She said, "Manners maketh the man," and I think we may add—the woman. Persons may be perfectly charming in themselves, and really exceedingly good, but they are greatly wanting in a sense of their duty to others if such qualities are not shown to the outside world. Our good manners must come from the heart; they must not be mere veneer; and the only way to show this is by taking the greatest and deepest interest in the person in whose company you are. The manners of people of about my own age are—with all due deference to the younger ones—ininitely better than the manners of the young people of the present day, who are so dreadfully concerned with the fear that they should seem to be giving themselves away, "don't you know." What can be more ugly than to see anyone sprawling on a sofa and never getting up when a new-comer enters the room? This may not be the fashion nowadays; but the desire to express your gladness to see them should be strong, and rising to one's feet seems to me to be the only right thing to do if one wishes to lay claim to any good manners. Another failing is always to appear exceedingly tired, so that you actually tire the person you are talking to. We don't realise the effect which our *unspoken* thoughts have on others. Again, there are people who always say "I am no one," or "I only live in a small house; it doesn't matter what I think or do." But it does; every person in this world influences others. How very often one person can upset the pleasure of a whole party by making a wet blanket of themselves. Then we must remember that our manners are copied by those below us in social rank. You may very often see a very beautiful young lady, nicely dressed, in the drawing-room, and you may perhaps say to her, "Did you enjoy the party last night?" "Oh, no," she says, "it was so beastly slow." And you go out afterwards and hear the kitchen-maid saying, "Ow, now, it is so beastly slow," and wonder where she gets her manners from! Touching upon the lack of good manners in trains and omnibuses, Mrs. Massingberd said, I have noticed the worst manners very often in first-class carriages, while the number of people who close the doors quietly after them on the underground railway—and those who do are mostly women—are very few. Since the starting of the Pioneer Club I have gone almost exclusively in omnibuses, and I know the manners of 'buses very well—how people come in and fill them up and squeeze you so. All the same you should welcome the advent of the twelfth person into the 'bus—(laughter)—yes, even if it be a big twelfth person. Otherwise you would be wanting in heart, and I earnestly hope all Pioneers do not fail in that. In the street, too, how few of us seem to remember that there is a right and a wrong side; if everyone would but try to keep this in mind, life in the streets would be so much pleasanter. Summing up, Mrs. Massingberd declared the want of good manners to spring absolutely and entirely from selfishness, thinking always of yourself—whether you are cold, or tired, or hungry, or dull—*dull*, where there is so much to do! Yes, you are thinking of yourself, and not of other people. And now, above all, dear Pioneers, do, please, say soft words to those outsiders who sometimes abuse us, and just ask them to kindly come and see us for themselves, and then perhaps they will find we are not the terrible, shrieking sisterhood we are often represented to be, and in the end we shall conquer. At all events let us hope that *our* manners will never show a want of courtesy to others.

Mrs. Massingberd has gained and holds the esteem and affection of her Pioneers, by her just and impartial leadership. The internal arrangements of the Club are well kept up, comfort and pleasantness being secured. The servants are very efficient, patient, good tempered, anxious to satisfy every demand made upon them, and the Secretary most courteous and attentive to each and all, without distinction or partiality. The Pioneers as a body rest and are glad, with justifiable confidence, in the excellent spirit and undeviating principles of the Club, which are carried out in every action, however apparently trivial.

BOND OF UNION AMONG WORKERS FOR THE COMMON GOOD.

This society held its March meeting at the house of Mrs. and Mr. Stapley, Bloomsbury-square. The subject was (by request) "Theosophy: how far is it satisfactory? to mind? heart? psychic perceptions? (i.) As now currently explained; (ii.) other versions in other ages than this; (iii.) are there perceptions of an incoming life, which does not correspond to any of the foregoing descriptions of man and nature, the soul and its ideals?"

A paper from the pen of Miss Lord was read with effect by Miss Abney Walker, a paper full of exalted thought and high tending. It seemed to breathe forth a spirit of upward, ever upward,

"Up, through the darkness and the pain;
Up, through the joy and light."

Mr. Lillie, the author of "Modern Mystics," reviewed by Miss Abney Walker in our last issue, read a very learned and highly interesting paper on the subject, and some of the members present spoke for and against the teachings of Theosophy.

A vote of sympathy with Miss Lord, in her illness, was proposed, seconded, and passed with earnest warmth of feeling and enthusiasm. A general hope was expressed that she would find herself able to be present at the next coming together of her Bond of Union.

LIVERPOOL FABIAN SOCIETY.

Mrs. Annie Edwards, speaking on February 22nd at Hackins Hey, for the Liverpool Fabian Society, on "Civilisation and Socialism," gave the following definitions of a civilized nation by Ruskin, Carpenter, and Emerson. Ruskin's definition commences by stating a civilised nation "in modern Europe" to be "in broad terms (a) a mass of half-taught, discontented, and mostly penniless populace calling itself the people; (b) a thing which it calls a Government, meaning an apparatus for collecting and spending money; and (c) a small number of capitalists, many of them rogues, and most of them stupid persons who have no object of existence other than money-making, gambling, or champagne-bibbing. A certain quantity of literary men, saying anything they can get paid to say—of clergymen, saying anything they have been taught to say—of natural philosophers, saying anything that comes into their heads, and of nobility, saying nothing at all, combine in disguising the action and perfecting the disorganisation of the mass; but with respect, to practical business, the civilised nation consists broadly of mob, money-collecting machine, and capitalist." Emerson, after saying that he thinks a sufficient measure of civilisation is "the influence of good women," tells us that "a true test" of it "is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out. "The highest proof of civilisation is that the whole action of the State is directed to securing the greatest good of the greatest number." Edward Carpenter was quoted to the effect that a civilised nation is synonymous with "a policemanised nation;" our present boasted period seeming to have come in with the institution of private property and the necessity for the "lawr-an-order" to protect it which the policeman represents. Mrs. Edwards considered the late lock-out in the coal trade indicated an absence of true civilisation, and spoke of her own experiences in a deep Welsh coal-mine, asking—was it not a sign of the callous spirit bred by modern capitalism that such services as colliers render should ever be thought too highly paid? Amongst the forces which are working towards civilisation by socialism, Mrs. Edwards pointed out the presence of the Labour element in Parliament; the slow but sure growth of municipal and national management of industry; the power women are exercising, and the influence of the artistic and poetic gifts, as seen in the works of Ruskin, William Morris, and Edward Carpenter, who had "sung their comrades along a good piece of the road towards deliverance." The efforts of the better sort of party politicians were admitted to be helpful, the conference of leading Liberals on the lock-out, held last November, being cited. The speaker concluded by a strong appeal to women to divert some of their power from bazaars and other religious exercises to the removal of the barbarous conditions from which they, especially, suffer.

"Bound Over to Keep the Peace."

IT is now generally understood that the law no longer allows or justifies a man in maltreating his wife. But the law is essentially conservative. A great forensic oracle has pronounced it "the perfection of reason," and it doubtless holds that the amendment of that which is perfect is a work of supererogation to be sternly discouraged. Moreover, the law places the rights of property above personal rights. It may even be said that the law recognises no personal rights of a married woman, "they twain being one—MAN." These considerations, and the traditional belief in the "chattel" theory, no doubt influence, perhaps unconsciously, the judicial mind when dealing with matrimonial causes. The leniency shown to peccant husbands is also probably due to this respect for "vested interests"; it may also afford an explanation of sentences which, to the lay mind, seem inexplicable.

Archdeacon Wilson, of Manchester, a veritable knight of Christian chivalry, without fear and without reproach, says: "It is almost as much an axiom, in a certain stratum of society, that a man may 'wallop' his own wife, as that an Englishman's house is his castle." Persons whose humanitarianism is in excess of their appreciation of ancient customs are sometimes tempted to wish that the *lex talionis* applied in cases of "walloping." "With what measure ye mete" grafted on the Mosaic law! A black eye for a black eye, a broken tooth for a broken tooth, and so on.

"Provocation" is always given as the reason why, but in nine cases out of ten "drink" would be nearer the mark. The beerhouse is warm and snug, and to men of the class under discussion it is paradise; but closing-time comes, and the man savagely resents being turned out into the cold, muttering curses, he stumbles home and finds his wife sitting, like Goldsmith's "Curate," "by the pale embers of a dying fire." Being only human, and perhaps tired out with a hard day's washing, she looks sullenly at him without speaking; or, maybe, utters some reproach of which the truth forms the sting. "Almost the last thing a woman learns," says George Eliot, "is the folly of talking to an angry or a drunken man!" A spark is all that is needed, and the contrast between his wretched "home" and the comfortable, brightly-lighted tap-room only adds fuel to the smouldering fire of his wrath. A consciousness that he is to blame for the miserable home does not mend matters. Conscience makes men bullies as well as cowards—the one is, indeed, a synonym for the other. He deals the woman a knock-down blow. Once she is down the temptation to kick a prostrate foe becomes irresistible: appetite grows by what it feeds on, and, like a tiger who has tasted blood, he gives the reins to his passions and, passing beyond the "actual bodily harm" limit, makes himself amenable to the law! Fortunately for him, the law for the protection of wives is not Draconian in its severity. Indeed, some decisions remind one of the "not-guilty-but-don't-do-it-again" style of verdict.

Public opinion is divided between "Poor thing!" and "Serves her right"; while the safe magisterial decision is more frequently "Faults on both sides"! Of course, a woman should always welcome her husband with a smile. In fiction of the "Parish Magazine" type they always do; that is, when they are not "awful examples." But then, the husbands: how good they are—almost too good for every-day wear. Their familiarity with abstruse points of doctrine—their wisdom—one could fancy the wives being almost oppressed with the weight of it all! Are they drawn from life—these peaceful homes, where the wife has no opinions, and the husband has more than enough for both? I once knew a dear old maiden lady who was almost as guileless at sixty as she could have been at sixteen, and, oddly enough, she posed in her "district" as an authority on "husbands." "Be kind to him, be kind to him," she would say to a wife whose husband's violence was only too much in evidence. I used to wonder whether, if fate had placed her within striking distance of such a husband, her charity would have been as long-suffering. She certainly was very kind to her only male

belonging—a beautiful, overfed tom cat, in spite of the fact that he never would keep regular hours—except for meals.

We ought certainly to make great allowances for the toil-worn, misery-soured women, resentful of their own, and still more of their children's wrongs, who are dragged into the fierce, if not very white light that "beats upon" a police-court witness-box. Mothers, at any rate, can sympathise with the woman who has suffered because she could not dissemble her natural indignation. It is not easy to look placid when one sees the money needed so sorely to warm and feed one's children spent by their father in "making a beast of himself." (I apologise to these innocent teetotallers for slandering them even by a quotation.) To return—the wife determines that this time she really will take out a summons. But now she finds herself confronted with an awkward result of "they twain being one." There is only one pocket—*his*. She is entitled to the necessaries of life—*i.e.*, food, lodging, and the loan of "wearing apparel—his property," but no money! The law does not consider a summons a "necessary" for which a wife is entitled to pledge her husband's credit. This was practically illustrated in a recent case. A young woman of thirty failed to procure a summons, having no money, and died shortly afterwards—from "Natural Causes" (query *effects*!). Charitable persons might support a fund to meet such cases.

In this connection an illustration occurs to me of the relatively high value placed by the law on rights of property as compared with personal rights. Thus, a wife proceeds against her husband for personal injury by summons;—a husband can have his wife arrested and locked up, charged with stealing "wearing apparel, his property," if she abscond without infringing the law in another direction by "violating public decency!"

Assuming that the wife succeeds in raising the money, she procures her summons, and in due course the case comes on. The husband pleads "provocation." (They all do, even Carter, the Berkshire Deeming.) His plea weighs, more or less, and, not having been charged before, he gets his "first bite" as a matter of course. He is bound over in £10 to keep the peace for three months.

Is this a "protection" order for the wife's person for three months? By no means. In law, as in lyric poetry, "Things are not what they seem." Its actual effect is to protect the husband for that period in the exercise of what he considers his marital right—to "wallop his own wife!"

This is no paradox. The wife *dare* not charge her husband again during the term for which *he* is bound, on pain of seeing her home sold up to pay his bond! Only women can fully realise what "home" means to a woman. Wretched and sordid it may be, but she clings to it in spite of blows and ill-usage.

When the time comes for giving women legal protection equal to that accorded to men, the amateur wife-beater will be bound over to "come up for judgment if called upon." He will then have a motive for attempting to control his passions. He has much to learn and much to forget, and there is something to be said *even* for him. What Milton *mis*-calls "*God's* universal law," in giving the man despotic power over his human "chattel" has much to answer for. Despotism does not breed self-control. Heredity, environment, and all the conditions of life are against the undisciplined animal, genus *homo*, and the woman who is unfortunate enough to become *his* property. When, to these disadvantages, is added the burden of unequal laws, need we wonder that, here and there, an unhappy wife is tempted to throw herself on the mercy of God—finding none in man?

Even in this matter of legal protection, however, signs are not wanting that the efforts of women and their friends, in and out of Parliament, are beginning to bear fruit. It was nothing less than a scandal that for many years, in cases of robbery with violence, the most deterrent of all punishments—the cat—was reserved exclusively for the protection of men. In some quarters an effort has recently been made to remove this reproach. Violence should be specially penalised in the case of both sexes

Law or War?

SIR EDMUND HORNBY, whose experience as judge of the Supreme Court of the Levant and also of the Supreme Courts of China and Japan, gives him some claim on our attention, has lately furnished us with his views on a possible Permanent International Tribunal of Arbitration and College or Council of International Law.

"Is the future to be law or war?" asked Mr. Stansfeld some time ago. The past has known little of law and very much of war. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" has been altogether ignored by "those who profess and call themselves Christians," or has been interpreted to mean affection for the relations and friends of the individual, and, at farthest, for the people who live next door. We are only now beginning to see that war is not "the natural state of nations" any more than of the family, the city, or the community; and that the only alternative hitherto offered, that of an armed peace, is a crying of "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," for it means taxation that cannot be borne, continual withdrawal of labour from workshop and plough, and a condition of anxious uncertainty, wherein neither art, nor science, commerce nor literature, can make satisfactory headway. At the present moment, each of the great European Powers shivers behind its guns, certain that attack is imminent, not wishful to begin hostilities but more than half convinced that beginning is a policy better than that of waiting any longer. The absurdity of the situation begins to strike even ordinary lookers-on; and the thinkers of the world, who have for so long been ahead of their times, find that the times are gradually coming up to them. According to Signor Mazzoleni of Milan, "disarmament or ruin" is the dilemma with which we are face to face. Either "international anarchy," says Mr. Stansfeld, "must go on to the bitter end, or we must organise the nations into a civilised society." And in the House of Commons not many months ago Mr. Gladstone spoke of the possibility of having "a central tribunal in Europe, a council of the great Powers, in which the rival selfishnesses may neutralise one another, and something like impartial authority may be attained for the settlement of disputes."

Sir Edmund Hornby now offers his scheme as "a rough basis on which a more complete and elaborate system" may be built. It is, however, well worked out in detail. A council for discussion of the political questions of Europe is not enough; we need, over and above this, a tribunal for the settlement of questions of law and equity, and the tribunal must have a code of procedure. Our successors will find it hard to believe that up to this time we have been content with a system of international law which is in fact only a law of belligerents.

The College or Tribunal is to be placed in Switzerland; its members are to be appointed "for a sufficiently long time," say ten years; they are then to be eligible for re-election; they are to be absolved, while in office, from allegiance to any State, and provided with salaries and retiring pensions large enough "to place them for life beyond the necessity of truckling to Governments." A social rank is to be theirs which will "satisfy the highest ambition"; and before entering on the duties of their office they must take oaths not to "apply for or receive during life any rank, income, reward, decoration, or office from any ruler or Government." This rule is so strict that any member who breaks it loses thereby his position on the Tribunal and his rights to a retiring pension.

The official title of each member is to be simply and solely "Senator"; but wherever he goes he has "precedence over all laymen" who are not "sovereign rulers." The Chief Secretary of the Tribunal is to rank "with the principal Secretaries of State in all nations." Every member must reside at the college, "or within twenty miles thereof," for at least nine months out of every year; for the business of managing the quarrels of the civilised world will not be child's play. Not less than thirteen senators are to constitute the tribunal, and at the beginning of each year they will elect by ballot a President from among their number. Provision is also made for bursar, assistant secretaries,

or of neither. One thing is certain, the dictum of a learned magistrate who condescended to be witty at our expense notwithstanding, that whether women have or have not sufficient intellectual agility for the higher dialectic flights—making "the worse appear the better reason"—they have logic enough to see that if they share on equal terms with men the burdens of citizenship, they are entitled to share, on the same terms, the benefits accruing therefrom.

M. A.

Mrs. Sophie Briant at the National Liberal Club.

There was little question of that worn-out song of women's inferiority when Mrs. Sophie Bryant talked to the members of the National Liberal Club and their friends in the Conference Room of the Club on the evening of February 27th. For, although suffering from some throat trouble which made the act of speaking a continual struggle against physical weakness, Mrs. Bryant held her hearers for an hour or more—held them by straight speech—and, on occasion, by direct and uncompromising attack. The subject of the lecture was the "Parnellite Idea," and the struggles, hopes, attempts, and failures that led up to it. Since O'Connell's days, when the Irish people first began to believe in constitutional methods, and to seriously look on the Parliament at Westminster as a means of obtaining justice and freedom for Ireland, the history of Irish progress towards Home Rule has always been the same. It is practically a matter of race and temperament. Over and over again have the Irish people, sanguine and trustful as it is in their Celtic nature to be, found that the English people, or a working majority of them, agreed with them in theory as to the justice of the one great good they claimed as their own; only to offer them, when it came to the point of practice, some lesser good, some smaller measure, some bribe even, on occasions, as a compromise. It is, in fact, this habit of "compromise," so peculiarly English in Irish eyes, which has taken the heart out of all great Irish measures, and would—it almost seemed—have shelved indefinitely any clear decision but for that simple and powerful means of constitutional warfare embodied in what is now known as the "Parnellite Idea." In one plain word, this idea may be thus stated—OBSTRUCTION. These few lines do not give justice to Mrs. Bryant's masterful summary of the events in Irish history which preceded the coming on the scene of Mr. Parnell. Whatever the historian of the future may have to say about him, the marvellous power will not be denied with which he banded round him an united body, despisers all of power and place, who "went solid" for Home Rule, and held it in their hands to make or mar English Administrations. Mrs. Bryant, so far as we may be allowed to interpret her, warns her country-people and the Liberal party against any attempt to compromise; and urges that Home Rule, and nothing less, will satisfy *that Ireland* which has been awakened by the "Parnellite Idea" to a sense of its power in the councils of England.

E. SCOTT STOKES.

To show the anomalies of English spelling the *North Western Magazine* tells the following story: "A right suite little buoy, the son of a kernel, with a rough round his neck, flue up the road as quick as a deer. After a thyme he stopped at a house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt him and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to raze his fare, pail face, and a feint mown of pain rose from his lips. The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she threw it down and ran with all her mite, for fear her guessed would not weight; but when she saw the little won tiers stood in her eyes at the site, 'Ewe poor dear! Why do you lye hear? Are yew dyeing?' 'Know,' he said, 'I am feint.' She boar him in her arms, as she aught to, to a room where he might be quiet, gave him bred and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his choler, rapped him up warmly, and gave him a suite drachm from a viol."

librarian, clerks, interpreters, printers, messengers, and servants, each of whom must swear on appointment "to keep secret all such information or knowledge as he may acquire by virtue of his office, under penalty of dismissal, forfeiture of pension, and," most important of all, "incapacity of holding any public appointments anywhere in the service of any one of the concurring Powers." A large building will be necessary to accommodate this imposing tribunal and its staff, and we may hope it will be beautiful as befits the habitation of peace, and harmonious with the mountains and lakes of its environment. "The site and grounds should be extra-territorialised," Sir Edmund Hornby thinks, "the whole being placed under the guardianship of the Republic, the Cantonal Government being entrusted with the necessary funds for the purchase of the selected site, for the erection of the building, and for the disbursement of all the expenses of maintenance." The first cost is estimated at one million sterling, the annual expenditure at about £200,000; but what is this to governments which have been accustomed to spending millions on standing armies, ironclads, and big guns? It is proposed that first-class powers should each contribute, to begin with, £100,000, and agree to pay £20,000 a year thereafter; Second-class Powers £50,000 each and £10,000 annually; and Third-class £25,000 each and £5,000 annually. All this the State in which the College is situated will hold in trust for the Tribunal, and the Chief Secretary is to draw upon it at his need, his requisitions being signed by the President and two of the Senators.

Every nation which subscribes to the International Tribunal has the right of nominating one member, but here its authority stops, for the Senators are "in no sense" to be regarded as "the representatives or mouthpieces of Governments." They are to live above the storms of party strife, to lose a narrow patriotism in the wider life of universal brotherhood.

The method by which their decisions are to be made is interesting. After discussion, examination of documents, and so forth, each Senator is to draw up his judgment in draft, identifying the same with a private mark, and then handing it in to the Chief Secretary. The Chief Secretary will then supply a copy of each draft, unmarked and unauthenticated, to every member of the Tribunal, who thus has before him a dozen views of the subject besides his own. After further discussion each Senator will draw up his final judgment on the matter, marking the document as before, and sending it in a sealed envelope to the Secretary. "The Chief Secretary should then, after perusing the same, determine in whose favour the majority of the judgments is, and should draw up from the same minutes, and submit such minutes to the authors of the majority of the judgments, which minutes, as finally settled, should constitute the judgment of the Tribunal."

The author of this fascinating scheme of International Arbitration expects that "men of the highest educational attainments" will be drawn to work in its college and serve on its judgment-seat.* "Having nothing to hope for, and nothing to fear" from the Governments which nominated them, the members of this White Brotherhood "will alone look for reward in the confidence and esteem their devotion to the interests of humanity will earn for them." ELIZABETH MARTYN.

A well attended meeting was held, by kind permission of Mrs. and General Gordon, at 7, Nevein-road, S.W., on the 12th instant, to protest against the establishment of the proposed Institute of Preventive Medicine at Chelsea. It was, however, made perfectly clear in the speeches delivered, that the opinion of the meeting was not only that such an Institute should not be set up in Chelsea, but that no such place should be founded anywhere in this country, it being held that the system of medicine sought to be introduced into England under this title of "Preventive Medicine" was an unsound and fallacious one, tending rather to preserve disease in our midst, than to dispel it. The speakers comprised Miss Goff, Mr. Edward Maitland, Mr. Reed, Mr. Herbert Burrows, and others, Mrs. Gordon herself being in the chair.

* Women also must work in its college and serve on its judgment seat.

On the Forward Track.

"THE SENTINEL" states that the *Humanitarian* should "change its name if the editor is going to insert such utterly inhuman articles as the one in the last issue by Sir William Moore on the opium traffic. In it Sir William Moore gives the following reasons why the Chinese should use opium. 'Under the full influence of the drug the poor man may forget his poverty, or even in imagination become the possessor of wealth. The more expensive and bulky spirit is not required, the pangs of disease are lessened; compassion may be smothered by insensibility to physical pain. At first, at least, opium stimulates the sexual powers, and an artificial Nirvana may be secured, which, as sleep simulates death, is the temporary counterpart of that real Nirvana, the aim and hope of all good Buddhists. The March number of the *Humanitarian* contains an article by a notoriously cruel vivisector, recommending the establishment of institutes for 'physiological research' in connection with universities, after the pattern of those already established in Germany. We hear much of 'Christian' hypocrisy. Is not *Humanitarian* cant equally disgusting?' What has the *Humanitarian*, which prints frequently such excellent articles, to say to this? It is a serious charge, and one that may not be put aside with impunity. The spirit of the time is against inhumanity, and will not much longer tolerate cruelty in any shape. More than that, light is coming upon us which will not permit of lurking foulness or hideousness. Whether in the form of cruelty or immorality, we hope the *Humanitarian* will clear itself from this horrible charge. It behoves us all to look to it, that our papers and magazines, especially when edited by women, should prove themselves worthy.

Does the editor of the magazine alluded to, insert such articles for purposes of discussion? If so this ought to be clearly understood.

Mrs. MONA CAIRD, has written a letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, of March 1st, which all thoughtful persons, women especially, should not only read, but study and think over. The subject is "Vivisection and Religion." Were it possible, it should be reproduced here. Do women know of the cruelties practised under all sorts of false pretenses? If so, how do they excuse their apathy?

It is proposed that women should make a compact with themselves never to make use of a "Pirate Omnibus." Also that they should persuade their friends, women and men, to do the same. It is asserted that the horses used by these omnibuses are shamefully ill-treated. They certainly look so, and it is a serious duty—a duty that cannot be put aside—on the part of everyone of us to look into these things and take determined action in the matter. What we cannot accomplish now, our uncompromising actions will bring about, in the immediate future. It is a crying shame that horses can be driven along our streets an hour of the day or night, in cab or omnibus, suffering cruel and ceaseless torment and that "Nothing can be done." How long will women let such things be?

ONE of the greatest pleasures it has ever been our lot to enjoy was bestowed, by the kind courtesy of Madame Bergmann Osterberg last week, in permitting us to view her students at drill. It was more than a pleasure, it was a happiness we cannot forget. Sitting watching the lithe, agile, clever girls going through their health exercises according to Ling's Swedish system, a vision of the future arose before us, for the training at this college comprises the utmost culture for mind and body, and we asked "What will not the future of our country be when its laws are made, its education superintended, its social system ruled, by such women as these girls will make? It is a great regret to find that there is not time nor room this month for a more lengthened account of this excellent college; but this pleasure awaits us in next issue.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Writers are themselves responsible for what their letters may contain.]

WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?

DEAR EDITOR;—I understand you publish letters whether in accordance with your views or not; that your magazine is an avenue through which women may communicate with the outside world anything bearing upon the advancement of the human race. Will you give this a place?

This question is being asked by men to-day, "What do women want?" "Tell us what they want and we will give it to them," the men say; and they mean it, too.

But women are asking men for what men have not got to give, viz., freedom. Men are slaves themselves to their own natures, how then can they give freedom to women? Where then, are we going to begin to settle this burning question?

What do women want? They want to own themselves, to dispose of their bodies as seems to them best, not to have maternity forced upon them. Does any one imagine that women are making such a desperate struggle for the franchise simply that they may cast a vote because men do so? Look into those sad faces with their hunted eyes, like a deer with the knife at its throat, and read aright what lies behind. They are tired, not of being wives and mothers, but of having no voice in the matter. Thousands of children are born yearly, whose birth is not the mother's free choice, but is forced upon her while hatred and revulsion have ruled her thoughts. Is it any wonder, then, that those children should bear witness to that fact by having a mental structure from which emanates murder, suicide, revenge, jealousy, hatred, and their kin; and a physical structure to match? A mental leaning which crushes out good and noble impulses, and a weak or deformed physique?

Did men understand what the power to create means, which belongs to women and to them—what glorious possibilities it holds to prolong life, to work out grand ideas, to bring about new conditions, to reconstruct the world—spiritually, morally, mentally and physically, they themselves would hesitate to squander their birthright, that which proves them to be Divine, and aid and abet to their utmost those women who are striving to bring about the harmony which ought to exist between the two creators of the human family.

Where is the work to begin? Every man who lives has had a mother; what was that mother doing that she did not sow the seed of the fruit for which she is to-day looking, for which she is entreating, demanding and fighting? For a few years at least (and that the most impressionable age) she had that man in her arms, close to her heart, that man loved her, revered her, looked up to her almost as to a God. What does it mean, then, that in a few years—oh, so few—he turns and rends the sex to which that mother belongs? Does that tell no story—does that not give a clue to where one must begin? Could not men justly retaliate, "You made us; you had the moulding of our natures; you had the teaching of us; why did you not tell us, why did you send us out into the world to meet with temptation from the outside and temptation from within without in some way revealing to us while you had the chance something of that unspeakable power, and how to use it or control it? We came from your hands totally unwarned by you, the great subject was never mentioned by you."

What answer could the mothers make? Excuse themselves upon the ground of delicacy? modesty? Indelicate, to tell that darling child, those little girls and boys, that because they are they have a grand, glorious, unquenchable power to create; to be careful what they do with it; that it is this life-force which they should sacredly cherish and guard? Immodest, to tell bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh; there is nothing which they can feel that she cannot understand, and why? Thus establishing a bond between mother and child that no words can express, a bond most sacred and complete. A bond no after years could break.

THE PHOTOGRAM (London: Memorial Hall, E.C.) is one of the best, if not the best, technical journals we remember to have seen, unique in its conception and in its "get up." It is a high class art magazine, and must meet a long-felt want, as photography is on the increase, and amateur photographers, to whom this journal will be a wonderful help, are to be found in many homes at present. The *Photogram* has already met with remarkable success, which must be very encouraging to the clever editors, H. Snowden Ward, Catherine Weed Ward and their able staff. The printing is excellent, so also are the blocks, and the general style of the journal. The numbers will make a pretty, and pleasing, and useful volume if kept and well bound, and must prove invaluable for reference. The care and attention bestowed upon it are perceptible at a glance to the most casual observer. We wish we were able to do it justice, and to give it the notice here which it so thoroughly deserves, but only one well versed in photography can do that. It has, however, received the most favourable notice in many quarters, and will be frequently noticed here on future occasions, as from time to time it appears with the constantly increasing interest it promises.

FRAULEIN LEPPER, who has recently come to this country from Australia, is already acquiring a reputation as an authority on food. She is most enthusiastic in the advocacy of fruit and nuts as the most suitable food for humanity. In a lecture recently delivered by her in these offices, she stated that for the last five years fruit and nuts had been her exclusive diet, and that during this time she had taken nothing to drink, the moisture contained in the fresh fruits she ate fully satisfying all the demands of the body. In an Editorial notice of this system of diet, the *El Paso (Texas) Daily Times* says: "It can be seen at a glance that if 'this' theory is generally accepted the vocation of the cook is a thing of the past. The calling that has come to be considered one of the intellectual professions will be relegated to the limbo of history. The butcher" in the days to come "will be looked upon through the lens of the fruit-eater's glass, as one of the most horrible and blood thirsty monsters that has roamed the earth since the days of 'Raw Head and Bloody Bones.' There are lines of labour, too, that will be despoiled of their opportunities for earning a livelihood, and resentment is being heaped up against the fruit-eater. It is getting to be whispered that even the undertaker will be run out of business. A statement that in the last century a fruit-eater lived 180 years, has been taken as evidence that men may learn the art of living for ever, and the grave digger, the coffin maker and the doctor will go with the cook and the undertaker. Alack-a-day!"

WOMEN'S PROGRESSIVE SOCIETY.

The lecture on "Dress Reform," delivered by Mrs. Kelsey in January, has evoked considerable interest, and it has been suggested that an Exhibition of Healthy and Artistic Dresses would be helpful and interesting to members and their friends.

A Social Gathering of the Women's Progressive Society will therefore take place on Tuesday, April 17, 1894, between the hours of 3 and 8 p.m., at the Ideal Club, 185, Tottenham Court road (by kind permission), when there will be on view a number of Dresses—lent privately for the occasion—made on the principles laid down at the Lecture. They will not be expensive, but will show the kinds of clothes which can be made at reasonable cost by those who wish to dress in a healthy, sensible, and yet becoming manner. Members are invited to co-operate in this plan by lending a Dress or Reformed clothing of any sort. Non-members desirous to do so, or wishing to attend the Gathering, are requested to write for particulars as to regulations for Exhibits or cards of invitation to Miss Waters, 97, Westbourne Grove, W.

It is only when men are free that women can look for freedom; and that freedom must come through the women, the mothers must make the beginning simply because they hold the greater power, the power to mould the child into what shape they will, even before it is born, to think thoughts which shall make it a grand creature, a tender creature, one full of sweetness and grace. The mother's privilege—inspiring, invigorating thought—what can exceed it.

The work cannot be done in a year, but certainly if every mother in the civilised (?) world would do her best to teach the children she already has the sweet secret of life, she would do much towards lifting the great burden. If between mother and son, perfect confidence and mutual respect existed, as the result of her pure teachings, what pure men we should have! Surely we are not babies—surely the crying needs of humanity, the broken-hearted people, blighted lives and sad deaths, call out loudly that we be at least consistent, and put away childish conceptions of what is sacred and true, delicate and sweet, that we may get a fair glimpse into our own grandeur, as living human beings, and let mothers prove their own purity and grandeur by teaching their children what purity means, showing that ignorance does not mean purity nor knowledge immodesty.

ALMA GILLEN.

RE FAILURES OF THEIR SEX.

DEAR MADAM,—My defence of my unmarried sisters in your issue of January has brought into the lists a champion of the "nobler sex," armed *cap-a-pie* and eager to break a lance with me. But I fear I must decline a combat with such heavy arms. My favourite weapon is the rapier, the use of which Mr. Skuse apparently does not understand. Does he really imagine that I took the remarks of Mr. Gibson Bowles literally? Is it possible that there exists a being so extremely "literal" as Mr. Skuse? I am not a Socialist—I was, when I was in my teens, but I have since grown out of the phase—consequently I cannot claim to be well up in the latest developments of that interesting body politic. But I am under the impression that as regards the relation of the sexes, Socialism advocates and foreshadows in the blessed and happy future, a kind of refined and idealised polygamy. For instance, let your readers turn to that amusing little work by William Morris, entitled *News from Nowhere*, and study Chapter IX., "Concerning Love." Let them especially note the concluding paragraph—"a child born from the natural and healthy love between a man and a woman, even if that be transient, is likely to turn out better in all ways, and especially in bodily beauty, than the birth of the respectable commercial marriage, or of the dull despair of the drudge of that system." I have no quarrel with the other sex. My relations with them, filial, fraternal, matrimonial, and maternal, have ever been of the happiest description. But when an individual representing a section of the nation gets up in the National Parliament and enunciates the view that "unmarried women are the failures of their sex," I think he deserves to be more or less "sat upon." I am glad Mr. Skuse does not agree with the worthy M.P. Does he agree with Mr. William Morris?—Yours faithfully,

AMY MONTAGUE.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN UNDER ORIENTAL CIVILISATION.

DEAR MADAM,—On the cover of SHAFTS I see the central arrow is called "Justice," therefore I cannot choose but write, for in SHAFTS, for January, 1894, I read:—"Social life began, centuries ago, just where legal life stands today. It began with the recognition of men only. Woman was nothing; she was a drudge; she was a toy; she was a chattel; she was a connecting link between man and the brute. That is Oriental civilisation. We drift westward, into the sunlight of Christianity and European civilisation." It is no doubt a comfortable feeling to hug oneself in a mantle of self-righteousness, and thank God we are not as others are. But it is passing strange that this should be such a favourite

attitude of Christians, followers, in name at least, of the gentle humble-minded Reformer who denounced all such hypocrisy with no uncertain sound. It is on certain words in the New Testament with which Paul—the Christian Apostle *par excellence*—is credited (though they scarcely fit some of his teaching) and which figure in the English marriage service, that the slavery of woman in the enlightened West is based, aye, often justified!

To say that Woman under Oriental civilisation is nothing, a drudge, a toy, is about equal to saying that the Palaces of Assyria are a heap of loose stones and rubbish. They may be so to-day, but in the days of her power and glory they were not so. If we would know the position of Woman under Oriental civilisation, we must turn back to the time when that civilisation flourished and not to the ruins remaining after long centuries of decadence. Egypt in her palmy days boasted a civilisation unrivalled in the Europe of to-day, and what was the position held by Woman then?

Was she not held in honour and esteem? Had she not the right of absolute sovereignty over the, then, most powerful and most cultivated nation in the world? She was, moreover, just as eligible as man for initiation into the highest religious mysteries. That is, she was admitted into those real mysteries of nature of which modern Freemasonry is but a shadow, it has kept a few of the sacred symbols but lost and forgotten their meaning. Woman at the time of which I speak, long ages before the Ptolemies, was considered the "Lady of her Lord" and on marriage, the husband was obliged to take an *oath of obedience* to his wife!! Going still further back into Oriental civilisation, let us glance at India, the cradle of the Egyptian race, and what do we see there? Woman with rights equal to man, with absolute freedom to marry or to remain single, and, if she chose to marry, still retaining those "rights" over her own person which are practically unknown in the sunlight of Christian European civilisation of which your contributor thinks so highly. Woman in Ancient India was free to leave her husband if she so chose, and the old books abound in stories, which sound strangely in our Western ears, of how such and such a woman determined to lead a contemplative life, and quietly announced to her husband that she had decided to go into the woods for three years (or whatever number it might be) and study—and the husband answers "Be it so." If it were the husband who made such an announcement here in the West, well and good, no one would think it strange, but woe betide the *wife* who dreamed of such a course in 19th century England. According to these old writings Woman was able to succeed to the sovereign power in Ancient India, and was equally eligible as a candidate for initiation into those mysterious rites in the Rock-cut Temples which have ever been kept so secret, and initiation into which was ever the highest honour which could befall either man or woman.

NOEMA.

IS'T LOVE? WHAT IS'T?

DEAR MADAM,—From time to time noble sentiments find utterance in your columns on the bond of sisterhood that should exist between women generally. In your last issue, Mrs. Fawcett is reported to have said, at the Pioneer Club, "that if women would love one another and combine together success (Woman Suffrage) would be certain." True. But that is just what they will not do so long as class prejudices are so strong and social distinctions so finely drawn. In London, perhaps,—in the thick of the fight and fore-front of the battle,—hard-working and deeply-reflecting women drawn from all classes of society may meet and foregather upon common ground, and on fairly equal terms, to discuss questions affecting them as Women. But this love for each other and this combination is but for the moment and too often, even in progressive London, stops at the door of club or public hall. If this state of things obtain in London, it is ten times magnified in the provinces. Here class distinctions are carried over the borderland of good manners into lofty patronage or insulting tolerance. The ladies of the Close do not "love" and will not "combine" socially with the Town

ladies—Close and *County*, but not Close and *Town*. "What's in a name?" But what is still more inexplicable, is the fact that many women who are interested in the progress and elevation of their sex do not seem to carry out in their own lives the doctrines they enunciate on the platform. How many women are there who would sufficiently "love" a poorer sister—say, for instance, a poor gentlewoman gaining her livelihood as a dress-maker or City clerk—to ask her to dinner or to an evening party, not in a spirit of patronising charity, but as a friend and equal? I am supposing the case of a woman, well-educated, well-mannered, her only fault that of being poor, and the fact that circumstances have not perhaps brought her into the way of obtaining that patent of nobility which a course at Girton or Newnham is supposed to confer on those who pass through it, but who, nevertheless, is doing the work her hand has found to do well and conscientiously, and none the less a lady in mind and heart and manners than her Girton sister. In this connection it is interesting to ask "Who draws this fine line between the classes of working women? A fine line, but as effectual a barrier as was the pillar of cloud between Egyptians and Israelites on that memorable passage through the Red Sea. What is there, in the gaining of a livelihood by the aid of the needle, which at once puts its wielder beyond the pale of the social love of her more elevated sisters? Matilda, Queen of conquering William, was none the less a queen when bending over the tapestry frame, whence issued the famous Bayeux stitchery. The woman "whose price is above rubies" is stated by the wisest man who ever lived to have "clothed her household in scarlet" and she lost no caste by so doing. But the woman who, in these days, supports herself honourably as a stitcher at gowns, or fine linen clothing, or embroidery, is socially *declassée*. Only last Sunday I heard a learned professor enunciate from the pulpit that "there was great danger that much learning and education were apt to make their possessors puffed up and thereby separate classes and create distinctions; and that where there was too much class distinction there must be splits and want of integration." I quote from memory, but that was the substance of the preachers' remark. In conclusion I would say that until these absurd and irritating class prejudices and fine social distinctions are broken down, there can be no real love or combination between women.—Yours,

A WORKING WOMAN.

THE WAR PENNY.

DEAR EDITOR,—Many thanks for your kind letter. I had no time till now to answer it, and still my time is very limited. I am enclosing a cheque for £2 6s. for two £1 shares in SHAFTS, 4s. for my subscription, and 2s. towards the "War-penny." Please be so kind as to place it under this motto: "Women of England, don't allow SHAFTS to fall. Put your PENNIES together to keep it up." A Dutch friend of SHAFTS, 2s.

Could you afford me some proofs that the legal restriction of work is not desired by English women, and why? I am *against* all legal restriction. For me *liberty* is the only possible and worthy solution of the labour question. Every honest work may be done by a woman if she is in all respects fit for it. Even when about to become a mother let a woman do what work she can, but under a physician's surveillance. When unable to do anything treat her as an ill person, and give her an indemnity. This, in short, is my view of the question. Some socialistic leaders are for legal restriction, and call me *bourgeois* because I am against. But it seems experience begins to confirm my argument. I am told English working women grumble against legal restriction, and experience already its evil effects. We will shortly have to fight out our cause on a congress here, and English experience may prove to be a mighty weapon.

I myself am publishing a paper which I could keep up from my own resources, but I think it better that the women who profit by it should themselves help to do this. What appeals to me very strongly in SHAFTS is that, believing yourself, you don't condemn those who cannot. That is the real belief which I

respect, and which I would take from no one who has it. And now I bid you adieu! A cordial shake hands from
YOUR SISTER IN SYMPATHY.

WOMEN BARMAIDS.

DEAR MADAM,—I thank "A man—one of the few" for his letter in reply to mine *re* the above, but I would like to add that it is not from a teetotal standpoint that I argue the question. As a trade, a means whereby a livelihood might be gained, I ask—is serving behind the bar conducive to the advancement of woman, mentally, morally, and socially? I say—if men wish to purchase drink let men, not women, serve them. No doubt the publican's trade would sink into nothingness by this change; but what is that compared with the *certain* degradation of womanhood, the loss of self-respect attending the position of a Barmaid? Why should a woman barter her comeliness, her youth and intelligence, to add to the coppers in her employer's till? It is a *trade*, it is true, and women must live, but surely in this advanced age when the woman movement is attracting so much attention, other means of living can be found which shall tend to raise not lower women? If "A man—one of the few," or any of your readers would discuss this question with me, I should feel that I had done some good by raising it, as I consider it to be one of the most important questions connected with Woman's Emancipation.—

Yours most truly,

A WOMAN.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

DEAR MADAM,—It is often said that women do not *want* a vote. If this *can* be said, it is a reproach to women which they will do well to wipe out. Women cannot afford to be indifferent to that which will be a weapon in their hands to fight with for wiser legislation, for justice in place of oppression. At present women work as hard, often much harder, than men; women pay taxes and obey the laws. Why are they to have no voice in legislation for workers, in levying taxes, in making laws which they are called upon to obey? This is, in fact, the position of a slave. The consequences of no vote are (i.) That women are regarded as men's chattels. (ii.) The decisions of magistrates are grossly unjust and iniquitous. (iii.) No one can take up a paper any day without seeing that the law is differently construed for men and women. (iv.) The interests of little children are disregarded; police regulation and supervision being constantly lax, and flagrant acts of oppression, immorality, and even illegality, overlooked. The whole of these grave evils are owing to contempt for women—there is nothing to fear from their voice. Let women get the vote; let them recognise at once that a woman cannot then be beaten by a drunken ruffian—drink being an extenuating circumstance—and the man fined when the woman is keeping them both by her sole exertions; let women clearly understand that young female children cannot then be used, as they *are* used every day, without men paying the penalty of the law. Women must get a voice in the control of affairs which are their interest and concern—vitaly affecting their everyday life. Men will then be afraid to do the things they now do every day, and little children will be protected in reality instead of only theoretically. If any women think the theory of the law and the practice of the law are at one, let them watch for two, or three weeks, the judgments given in our courts and on our benches. They will then speedily see what becomes of Justice when left in the hands of men to administer. F. G.

ANARCHISTS AND CRITICS.

DEAR MADAM,—I fear my article "Who are the Anarchists?"—must have been written with more than ordinary carelessness for your correspondent, C. E. Rawson, so entirely to misunderstand its purport. I am not an Anarchist, as your correspondent seems to imagine, or I should have been unlikely to use the words, "The Socialists' case against the Anarchists is concisely and *convincingly* stated in a recent Fabian tract, etc." My article was not a defence of anarchism,

but a plea for differentiating between the philosopher and the assassin, as well as a protest against the absurdly confused ideas held by many newspaper men, as illustrated by my quotations from the *Daily News*, *Standard*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, etc., wherein the term Anarchist is used as a synonym for Conservative, Socialist, and Home Ruler respectively.

I am very sorry to admit that after many days pondering over the problem C. E. Rawson propounds respecting the owner of a sixpence, I am still entirely lost as to its bearing upon the present question;—"A person possessing twopence desires the owner of sixpence to present him with fourpence; the amount between them is the same, it is merely in different hands. The owner of the sixpence declines to fall in with the arrangement . . . and the Socialist becomes an Anarchist." It is enough, of course, merely to reply that "*he doesn't*"! But what does it all mean, anyhow? As a matter of fact no Socialist asks the "owner" of sixpence to part with a single farthing. The socialists' ideal is justice—to *everyone his due*. The socialist sees daily the owner of wealth robbed of his property, and socialism seeks to restore the purloined wealth. The conversion of a socialist into an anarchist seems a simple enough matter to my critic, for even a socialist would hardly expect "the owner of the sixpence to fall in with the arrangement."

Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., can no doubt look after himself, and I am not concerned to justify and support every alleged statement of every individual labour leader. But surely the abstract admiration for even a fanatic's zealous enthusiasm is a trifle removed from a condonation of wicked outrage. I can imagine an atheist praising a Christian in exactly the same terms as Mr. Hardie used concerning the anarchists. Your correspondent's reading of political history is distinctly amusing. The Whig of old never did develop into the Liberal, nor the Liberal into the Radical. Peradventure herein might have been the salvation of the politician, whose chief condemnation is this, that the Liberal develops into the Whig, and the Whig into the Tory as time rolls on. The Liberal of fifty, nay twenty years ago, is the high and dry Tory of to-day. "Certain doctrines," says C. E. Rawson, "produce certain effects, and we are entitled to hold the propagators responsible." I deny that acts can always be described as *certain* effects of any doctrines. This particular fallacy has been the inspiration of all persecutions for opinions' sake. "However carefully the argument be built up," says Richard Jefferies, "even though apparently flawless, there is no such thing at present as *it must follow*. . . . Let the mind think, dream, imagine; let it have perfect freedom." The only safe policy is for our laws to leave opinions alone, and deal with actions only. "Let truth and error grapple" in discussion, and let us abstain from showing the weakness of our views by insinuating that any other view is certain to lead to dreadful indirect results. C. E. Rawson is very far from accurate in saying that no family exists "with no binding tie save that of love." George Eliot was a famous illustration of a type by no means rare. But there are also many hundreds of families of grown up children where love is the only binding tie, without which separation would take place as soon as opportunity afforded. But my critic seems to forget that I do not identify myself with the anarchist, who compares the free family, to the State, and hopes that some day love may be the only law of both. I endeavoured merely to place before the readers of SHAFTS what I conceived to be the position of the anarchist thinker. The fact that my quotation from Ruskin "tells against the anarchist," might have helped my critic to understand my article, but even the gods themselves would be powerless to fight against the author of C. E. Rawson's definition of the competitive system. Is it really necessary for me to explain that I was not thinking of a civil service clerkship when I used this generic term?

In conclusion, let me say one of the lessons we moderns have most particularly to learn, and the great end for which SHAFTS is published, is that we may habitually treat with respect the ideas of those who differ from us. Ignorance is the great enemy after all, and we shall be little likely to *misjudge* if we first of all patiently study the actual thoughts of those

whom we wish to *judge*. "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties."

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

A PASTEUR INSTITUTE FOR CHELSEA.

DEAR MADAM,—Excepting those who are ignorant of Pasteur's inoculation methods, and those who are professionally or scientifically interested in his experimental investigations, it is manifest that the majority of people who have studied his proceedings have little or no faith in the fruits of his labours and a great repugnance towards the means by which he produces them. But they say that all matters of Pasteur and his School are of medical interest and not of general importance; therefore, despite the noble efforts of such eminent men as Professor Lawson Tait, Dr. Charles Bell Taylor, Surgeon-General Gordon, Dr. Thomas M. Dolan, Dr. Gordon Stables, and many other anti-Pasteurites, I am afraid that the proposed Pasteur Institute will become an established addition to the vivisectioning machinery of this country, which has for so long been in full swing, and which in many respects is no less diabolical than that which is known on the continent. In 1884, Pasteur told the Medical Congress at Copenhagen that "the experiments which we, my fellow-workers and I, have carried out, have passed beyond the possibility of numbering them." With what result? (i.) *Sheep Pox*—Inoculation gives the disease to animals which, perhaps, would not have had it at all; it produces as malignant a form of the malady as that due to natural infection, (ii.) *Anthrax*—Inoculation is not only *not* beneficial, but, with special reference to England, is "most dangerous and capable of producing incalculable mischief." It has been strongly condemned by both the English and German Commissioners who were appointed to investigate its operations and results; by the Hungarian Commissioners it has been emphatically condemned, and, I understand, prohibited by the Government. (iii.) *Cholera*—Experiments performed by the English and German Commissioners in Calcutta in 1884 were "without results. (iv.) *Fowl Cholera*—The hopes raised by Pasteur have "*not apparently been realised*." (v.) *Pleuron pneumonia*—"Inoculation was of *no benefit whatever*, and its consideration was only a loss of time." (vi.) *Rabies and Hydrophobia*—"The general result of the . . . [most elaborate] inquiries is that by the practice of inoculation there is no proof that hydrophobia can be prevented; but there is proof that the practice itself carries with it a possible danger over and above the risk pertaining to a bite by a rabid dog." All evidence that has been adduced, including much of Pasteur's own, shows that he has not saved the life of a single creature by his inoculating practices; but it is recorded that he has caused the death of a countless number, not to mention the thousands of animals whose brains he has turned into virus gardens, and whose pains on the vivisectioning table and in the vivisectioning trough, before death brought them rest, cannot be imagined, much less described. Although the question of a Pasteur Institute in the metropolis is now definitely settled, it is impossible to show that the establishment of such an institution can either be justified or excused in the interests of the animal world or in the interests of the public health. And boastful though it may appear, I do also challenge the reader to show that any of my statements are false or that I err in the telling of any part of my case by proving it.—Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

"THE VITAL QUESTION."

DEAR MADAM,—I have read with pleasure the little book entitled "The Vital Question," and am thankful to you for having made it known to me. I sincerely wish all would read it, men as well as women; for I am sure that after reading it one cannot help thinking seriously upon the matter of which it treats, and thereby improve both mind and morals, and thus society at large would be greatly benefited. I admire the writer's courage in having written such a book; she deserves the greatest encouragement from all those who have at heart the good of humanity.

A MOTHER.