

"SHAFTS"



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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

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What the Editor Means.

"THINK truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed ;
SPEAK truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed ;
LIVE truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

Every soul must be self-poised ere it can enter into the vast army of helpers, and do what has to be done, and what it *must* sometimes do—well. Every soul among us has some special power of its own, to do something more effectually than that thing can be done by others ; some influence which it can wield as no other can wield it. "Is this so? and shall it be always so?" asked one, eager to learn. No, nothing is "always so," all things pass onward and upward in ceaseless ascendings to the higher levels which evermore draw them onward. Our actions, our words, our lives, express ourselves, express what we are, no matter how speciously they may be intended to deceive. The aroma of the spirit, the deep intent beneath it all, peeps out in spite of our efforts to hide it, and just as that is, just so will be our effect upon others. Lies may be breathed about us ; slander and spite may strive to injure us with the world around us, but if we are true, and of pure upright intent, sooner or later all will perceive it. If on the contrary we hide the cloven foot, just as surely will it betray us, some day when the idols sleep, the false idols, at whose tainted shrines we have sacrificed our better selves, and sold our inheritance for garbage. Oh ! the unutterable shame of the downfall of souls before such shrines.

It is important that we should see things as they are, know things for what they are worth, call things by their true names. There is no matter upon which it is so absolutely necessary that we should make no mistakes, as on the matter of sex, and sex relationships.

Even were sex what some would fain make it, a condition established for ever, upon unchanging foundations, it would not follow, that through it, one sex should be allowed to make the life of the other a weariness, an abomination, an unceasing sorrow, for which there was no assuagement.

For centuries the world has believed that the sexes are each the counterpart of the other, that they are two halves of one whole. How has the world catered for this idea? By making laws in favour of the one half and against the other. By making one half subservient to the other on the pretext of inferiority and weakness. As if, forsooth, the one of two halves forming a perfect whole could be so; as if they must not ever, of necessity, be equal. So the world has blundered on trying to make these two halves walk side by side as one.

In vain through all the ages have these endeavours been, in vain shall they ever be.

Sex is a grade of development:—when the spirit having materialised through all lower stages of life, enters the human, it takes first the masculine form, as shadowed forth ever so long ago in the book of Genesis, learned of the Egyptians. When the spirit has gone through its experience on this masculine plane, it seeks a plane of experience still more trying, a plane bringing into exercise, love and tenderness, an outgoing from self, an outgiving, a consideration for others, instead of self-seeking: a purer love, a greater sacrifice of self. This it finds in the Feminine, and finds its expression in a more highly endowed physical condition, a more complex organism. In connection with this there is much more to learn, an infinite treasure of knowledge to reward the humble, earnest student, but the first and most important truth, to learn until it is known *as* a truth, is the great fact, that sex is not one of two halves. Sex is a grade of development, and every spirit ascends from the Masculine to the Feminine before it fulfills its line of progression on this earth life. What follows, while still on this earth life can be studied by all who really desire to know. But there must mix with this seeking no wish, no determination to place that first which is not first, the desire must be only to know the Truth. When we have accepted the basic truth, and learnt that every spirit travels through all the grades of development, the way will be clear before us.

From woman the world has always expected much, even while it decried her. In the depths of the feminine there must be some subtle power which has originated these expectations, for nothing has killed, or can kill them.

So must woman cultivate more and more a spirit responding to these hopes, these expectations of which she is herself conscious; a higher, purer atmosphere, breathing blessing and strength on all who come within the sphere of its intelligence.

The effect of the words and actions of women in daily life—in the lecture room, the club, the shop, the school, in public assemblies and places where people meet, pass and re-pass, in omnibuses and trams, on platforms of railway stations, in the streets, the theatres, and in the home—is more powerful than is realised, save by a few souls of deeper insight even among women themselves.

The opinions which men so glibly utter in regard to women, in the Halls of Legislation, in their clubs and in their homes, is gathered from these sources, from what they see and hear around them as they pass to and fro.

All we do, each of us, seriously affects the peace, happiness and respect of every other woman we know; those of whom we know nothing, and those to follow us. Women do not judge of men from matters so trivial; women *know* better, they see the soul of man behind his words and habits, and judge that; men see women as a rule only on the surface, in the physical. But much of what the boy will be when he becomes a

man, in his life, in his home, and in his vote for or against the emancipation of women will depend upon these more or less trifling details: for man judges from details; woman judges from the within.

It is therefore of the utmost importance, that the words and actions of woman everywhere, should reflect *HERSELF*, not something superficial; should respect not only herself, but show respect and consideration for all women. When men tell us that women are the worst enemies of women, they do not gather that idea from the within, from what *WOMEN* think of *WOMEN*, but from what careless frivolous women, carelessly and without thought utter. Yet these women have depths within them that no man sees, that are seen only by themselves, or some other woman.

Every soul must be self-poised ere it can truly maintain a position above, or by the side of another soul. To enter into the meaning of life as it expresses itself in its various forms and gradations, in ourselves and all that lives, requires some trouble and self-sacrifice, it calls for that hungering and thirsting after righteousness which holds the promise of satisfaction within its own longing. It requires patient unselfishness, integrity of purpose, love of purity, love of all grades of existence, as they pass from the lower to the higher, love of and desire towards those things only, which are worthy of love.

When we realise what sex really means, that it is merely a crude, half-formed effort of the spirit to reach the point of her, as yet, vague yearning for creative power, a means through which she aspires, a ladder by which she climbs, we shall know how to live through it, so as to take with us to greater heights no stain upon our garments. On this earth plane it is ours to regulate this power, to hold it in check, to permeate it with radiant gleamings of the glory to come, so that its evolution be not retarded by one backward step. "To the pure all things are pure," might be more fitly expressed, "*By* the pure all things are *made* pure;" all things are lifted up to the heights on which their steadfast eyes are fixed, so their works do follow them, and they carry into other existences a spirit prepared for grander, more exalted life.

To touch, even in our longings ever closer to our great ideals, is life indeed; to long ever, with absolute steadfastness of purpose, with a determination of attainment which means attainment, is life that in its daily development makes a whole world glad, life that will bring joy and strength to all who live it, and longings after its manifested beauty into the hearts of all who see it lived. Such life is possible to all of us who will make ourselves strong for the sake of those who follow; for others walk with us, others follow after us, "women and men eternally."

It is true that those who set forth to do battle against evil things must, full oft, like the knights of old have their armour and their swords besmirched with the blood of monsters slain, yet so shall they stand in their place when the day is done, among that white throng, over whose worn though radiant faces "flashes the vision of God's Peace."

Club Records.

ALL at once some one came to me from behind and stood beside me. I did not turn round; but I immediately felt that this man—was CHRIST. Emotion, curiosity, fear, suddenly took possession of me. I controlled myself . . . and looked at my neighbour. A face like that of all others, it resembled absolutely all other human faces. The eyes, calm and attentive, are raised a little toward heaven. The lips closed, but not compressed . . . in dress, not differing from other people.

"How can that be Christ," thought I. "Such a simple, quite ordinary human being! it is impossible, yet, scarcely had I withdrawn my glance, when again I felt as if Christ stood at my side. Once more I forced myself to look again on the same face which resembled all other human faces. . . . I came to myself. Only then did I perceive that just such a face—one that resembles all human faces—is the face of Christ."—TURGENIEFF.

YES, just such a face, but, oh, how blind (fools and blind) we are. Yes, often when in the midst of crowds, do I feel, that the faces pressing round me are *just such* faces; eager, expectant, depressed, sad, joyful, hopeful, earnest, *just such*. Never do I feel this so fully, so harmoniously, as when I am in throngs of women, and specially perhaps in women's clubs. Yes, many faces, many *just such*, the faces of many, many Christs. Christs everywhere! Christs toiling upward, yearning upward, stained, but aspiring, not perfect!—striving ever—but Christs. All around us, among us, unknown, unseen; Christs with us, unrecognised, coming into the world as that Christ of nineteen centuries ago; like that *One*, unknown by the world—coming to their own, like that *One*, and their own "receive them not." Aye, like not only that *One*, but like many a one; many a Christ of whom the world has made no record, whom the world has not known. I could lay my hands upon them, mine eyes see them, their looks are a benediction, their names lie deep in my heart and in many hearts. But to name their names were not wise; let the world open blind eyes and see; let the world open ears and hear; open hearts, to receive the message they bring, for they are with us indeed, and they throng the ways where women congregate.

So, blessed be the Clubs where women gather, for a great joy shall follow them. A joy and strength, the coming of which, if we look for and have faith to hold, our feet shall be beautiful upon the mountains of truth, and in the dwellings of those who need help. We shall have need to watch much, to dare much, to deny self and live in the eternal, our soul's longings, our eyes' yearnings turned to the things beyond the veil, which once desiring we shall reach out to, gain, and hold for evermore.

So far the way of our feet is miry, but if our eyes are uplifted we shall evermore perceive a far off light, a coming glory to which every steadfast step brings us nearer. There is a chasm between our wishes and our powers, but when we have learnt that the chasm can be bridged, it will no longer have power to affright.

GROSVENOR CRESCENT CLUB.

ALL things at the Grosvenor Crescent Club are falling into shape, and it is pleasant to see the worn look on the face of the head and Founder of the Club, Mrs. Philipps, giving place to one of hope and satisfaction, which is shared by all in authority, by the members and servants. The Club is happy in a band of the most civil, the most kindly and obliging servants it has ever been my lot to see. Their interest in the Club, and in the comfort of the members, is a great benefit, and makes going into the Club like going home, so great is the

sense of rest, confidence and peace. An excellent judgment has been shown in the choice of servants. It is a glad sight to see the smiling friendly faces of each one and all of these busy women, as they attend so cheerfully to their several duties, some of them requiring both care and skill, with good sense.

Mrs. Philipps is assisted in the official and household arrangements of the Club by her Secretary, friend, and able helper, Miss Hewat, a lady with a genial, kindly face, stamped strongly with the Northern character for sense, firmness and sagacity. She is ever ready with a bright response to the continual demands made upon her.

The able and courteous Secretary of the lecture department and of the election committee is Miss Elsbeth Philipps. Well fitted for her work is she, and suggests no fear of failure, even in the prospect of the greater amount of work which will be hers as the members, now rapidly increasing, continue to pass in. Some of the busy workers must be reserved for a later page, as in these early days I am not acquainted with all the names, but Mrs. Melville must have a special vote of thanks for the thoughtful interest she takes in the comfort of all who consult her in that most absolute of all matters, the food department. Refreshment comes not only from what is partaken of through her careful forethought, but also from her pleasant words and manner, the unfeigned desire to give of her best to each and all who enter her domain. There is an atmosphere of peace and promise in every room, accompanying the visitor or member up the broad, handsome stairs, and resting on every sofa and chair in the numerous comfortable cheerful rooms.

Above all else rests the joy of knowing what all this means for women, of knowing that what Mrs. Philipps and the members have undertaken will be carried to its fulfilment. The lectures, debates, and "At Homes" promise to be educational and inspiring, not to mention the great pleasure of friend meeting friend, the attrition of thought, the ever-new aspirations, which such a meeting of women with women must necessarily produce.

The Club lectures since the last notice have been—

1. "The Place of University Education in the Life of Women," which is to be published in pamphlet form, and will prove a very desirable page of reference. This lecture was given by Mrs. Sidgwick, and was attended by over two hundred members.

2. The Club Literary Discussion, "Wit and Pathos in Modern Irish Literature," opened by Mrs. L. M. Little, was a fund of humour and human interest. Miss D'Esterre Keeling, Mrs. Philipps and Mrs. Sharman Crawford joined in the discussion with great wit and pathos.

Mrs. Philipps gave on one Thursday evening, December 2nd, a capital address on District and Parish Councils, consisting of "A Glimpse of Village Life and Local Government prior to 1894; The Local Government Act of 1894, its Scope and Limitations; The Election of Councils, their Duties and Powers; The Abilities and Disabilities of Women under the Act." So great was the interest excited by this lecture, that Mrs. Philipps was earnestly requested to resume the subject, and give a course of lectures, with intent to print them in pamphlet form.

Miss Lidgett spoke on Poor Law Guardians.

On Tuesday evening, December 14th, at 8 p.m., the Club Debate, nominally a discussion on Co-operative Housekeeping, took the form of a serio-comic farce. The subject was one to be judged eminently

from a woman's point of view, as she is certainly the individual handicapped by the present system. The speakers were, however, mostly men (curious for a woman's club), and after the manner of men, they made a huge joke of the matter, expending their strength between explaining why they came, having come, why they spoke, and turning a serious subject into laughter. Is this part of the programme of a Woman's Club, or was it really a farce? Mrs. Stanton Blatch redeemed things from absolute funnyism, and gave hopes for the future.

Now come the Christmas holidays and a quiet time for the Club, till 1898 knocks at its gates.

THE PIONEER CLUB.

THIS Club is about to change its quarters, and may, probably, be located in Grafton Street—not far from its present location—where we trust a future of successful striving, of the highest effort, and encouraging success awaits it.

Some of the debates this session have been of even more than usual interest, and our thanks are due to those who have so well catered for us in this respect, in spite of the fact that they were over-weighted with work, and hurried even to embarrassment, so as to have all ready in time. We cannot indeed be too appreciative of work well done.

The "Devil on the Stage" was opened, and discussed with much interest and amusement. There was, however, no good reason why Marie Corelli should have been so ruthlessly treated to the thoughtless scorn of the lecturer, evidently approved by many. For the devil of *The Sorrows of Satan* was spoilt on the stage, and the works of Marie Corelli few are able to understand. From the women of our clubs, however, much is expected, and much must eventually come.

"Responsibility of Pioneers to the Woman's Cause" called forth a capital discussion. By far too few members joined in the debate. Women have not yet grown quite brave enough to stand forth and give utterance to their convictions. It might be better, some think, if the debates were for a time open to women only, but women's clubs, unlike those of men, have a very liberal outlook in this respect.

"Can the advanced movements of the day be assisted by the study of Herbart's philosophy?" was listened to with deep interest. The opener, Miss Mulliner, handled her subject well, and awakened great interest in the theories of the different philosophers from whom she quoted. Miss Rose Seaton made a bright, amusing President.

Mrs. Visgar's, "That our British Birds (excepting game birds proper) shall under no conditions be used as articles of diet, nor for millinery purposes," was a subject well worth discussion among a club of women, so many of whom hold humanitarian views. The more such matters are discussed the better. It is a matter of great significance that they have so frequently been among the subjects brought forward at the Pioneer Club.

Mrs. Leighton, on December 2nd, was found to have chosen a subject of great interest, "That marriage under present conditions narrows a Woman's Life."

The opener said that :

Ideal marriage was a most perfect and delightful institution. We had it not as yet. If men were all brutes women would soon obtain redress of their grievances; this not being so, men being often

better than the law allowed them to be, our grievances were seldom recognised. . . . That women should enter into contracts in which they contributed nothing was very bad for them, the condition undermined their self-respect and enervated them morally. To be supported by one who loved her, was perhaps supportable to a woman, as things were; to have to endure this, and all the disability it produced, when it was only done as an obligation, was a condition of things very nearly approaching to dishonour. With regard to the claim that greater social freedom attached itself to the position of a married woman, this might be so with those who were poor, in a restricted sense; but in the upper and middle classes, a clever girl could not be said to gain additional liberty when she married. One who had studied a profession and was able to earn her own living, would in the case of forming a commercial partnership or even an illegal union, remain as before; but if a legal marriage were formed her position would be lowered. Legally, the married woman was blotted out; merged in her husband; had no fair share in the home, which was not legally *hers* in the true sense; she merely went to live in the home of another, another person's house, as she had previously been in what was called her *father's* house on the same scale of mistakes.

Even did she contribute to rent and expenses, still it was *his* roof, his table, his guests; even if her money had bought the furniture she had no ownership save the right of polishing it, *his* house, *his* possessions, *his* wife. "With all my worldly goods I thee endow" meant nothing in law. On marriage a woman becomes neither a householder, nor a purchaser in fact, even if in courtesy.

Rich wives act very differently, and were often known to make an allowance to a husband to save his self-respect. If their money kept the house it was not made known. Such women kept up the idea that there were no women ratepayers.

The opener had often thought of the difference between Ursula March as a young gentlewoman, and Ursula March as the wife of John Halifax. In the one case she held respect and homage as herself, in the other—as "my wife," not as a lady and a gentlewoman, did John Halifax claim respectful speaking from her kinsman.

Women were unpaid housekeepers, not to be approached save under the husband's wing; even her children were not hers, but supposed to have a nearer relation in the father, the most absurd of all mistakes. Marriage was the most important of human institutions, and urgently in need of reform, though not of abolition. The precepts of St. Paul, held on his authority alone, in the year 1 of the Christian Era, were supposed to be applicable nineteen hundred years after, in 1897.

Power curtailed, refused open expression, would come out in cunning and lesser qualities. Outward institutions must conform to the spirit.

Insolent utterances of philosophers who imagined they knew all things, were given by Mrs. Leighton, and illustrations from the condition of women in Babylon and Ancient Egypt. Women, she said, were held in greater respect 1400 years before Christ than at any time since. The word obey must be blotted out of the marriage service.

The discussion was animated and brought out some good points.

The Silent Member thought it curious to note how true it all was, which the opener had spoken; also how plainly all felt that the state of things depicted, though absolutely not quite out of court, was already practically a thing of the past. The steady, fearless, action of

women had nearly ejected the Monster of Injustice, he was all gone but his tail, and though his tail pertinaciously lingered and flapped about with an attempt at vigour, it could never bring the monster in again, for women had their eyes on him and he was doomed. The Silent Member thought that women had it all in their own hands and would win if constant and consistent in strength. She smiled to herself to see that even the opener, fearless as she was, could not refrain from giving the usual sop to Cerberus, when she detailed how men suffered at times from women, which was not the subject in hand, and was weak as an argument, seeing that man still held the position. However, no doubt the sop was swallowed, for the jaw of Cerberus was greedy of sops she knew, but, reflected she musingly, if woman is to win her personal, social, political and educational freedom all round, Cerberus must go without his sop, he must *see* and not be blind, for his old place is his no more. This shall be his gain and the world's gain, not only the freedom and exaltation of woman.

NOTES FROM THE PRESIDENT'S POCKET-BOOK.

BY WHICH SHE "BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

RATIONAL dress. Our ideas differ on many points from awakened ideas; we work up to convictions, then to rules of life. We should give our ideas gently, modestly, remembering the time when we had few ideas, if any, and if we cannot remember a time we know there *was* a time, so let it make us patient. "Please bear with me," we must say, if not in words in action. There is one to whom we all bow down more or less, because we are cowards—we bow down to the all-powerful one, Mrs. Grundy, the Almighty. She, though why *she* I do not know, would soon cease to be powerful if we stood straight up and laughed at the phantom we make so great by our obeisance.

Consider other people always first. Explain gently our reasons, then our dress, or anything else that we wear or do, will not bother them, so we shall be of use to others, and not a hindrance. Everything about us should be clean, and used for health and comfort, not mere appearance to gratify vanity. Beauty and grace are not gained by flaunting overdress, but if you go your own way make up your mind to lies and slander. If you are strong enough to go your own way, you will soon gain strength; not to mind lies, though they hurt, oh how they hurt! They die soon, however, love and a pure, high motive kills them. Never mind mischief-makers and tittle-tattle. "They say, what say they? Let them say." Let dress be sensible and comfortable, dress that we can go and vote in, when the time which is coming, comes.

Some day we shall have a permanent evening dress so that quiet poorish, unfashionable women can wear it and not be ashamed; let us try and start it soon. If in future we are to be very busy in public life, and walk hand in hand, we *must* wear suitable clothes, sensible clothes. There is a hard fight coming. Men will oppose our voting in every way. Let us be ready.

"United we stand, divided we fall." Let women be united; let us fight shoulder to shoulder, feeling that we love our comrades in arms, that we wish them well, that if necessary we would gladly die for them, showing them we are "not one, not one, but ten thousand." A little more enemy, a little more enthusiasm, and so on, on we go, and win at a canter.

It is not so much for ourselves as for our poorer sisters we want this vote. It will *greatly* help them, so let us dress so as to help and not hinder our work. Too much dress hinders sadly. Let us go on like true knights and never count the cost.

Special Paper in France.

From the "Daily Telegraph."

"VALIANT strugglers for the rights of their sex, the principal lady writers of Paris are about to bring out in a few days a special paper, entitled *La Fronde*. It is to be published in the Rue Saint Georges, and will be a daily journal, "directed, edited, written, and printed exclusively by women." So runs the programme or prospectus, which also sets forth that women form the majority of the population in France, that millions of them—widows or spinsters—are without the legal support of men, that they pay taxes which they do not vote, that they contribute to the national wealth by their manual or intellectual labour, and that they accordingly have a perfect right to give officially their opinions on all questions interesting society and humanity, of which they are members, as well as the more favoured men. *La Fronde* is to be the faithful echo of the approbation, of the criticism, and of the claims of the so-called weaker sex. So say the ladies who have banded themselves together as "frondeuses." They have money behind them, for the paper is to be distributed gratuitously for a certain period to all the schoolmistresses in France. The directress of the journal is Madame Marguerite Durand, formerly of the Théâtre Français, and she has around her the Christian "féministes," Mademoiselle Mangenet, as well as Freethinkers like Madame Potonie Pierre and Madame Paule Mink. Madame Séverine is engaged to write a short snappy editorial every day. Mademoiselle de Bovet is to contribute a chronique, as well as Judith Gautier, daughter of the famous poet; Madame Mendès is to look after the theatres; Madame Foyer will keep an eye on science, with Mademoiselle Klumpke, of the Observatory; and fashion, fiction, politics, finance, and the rest will be in charge of competent lady specialists. Law, be it observed, will be exclusively in the hands of Mademoiselle Chauvin, who, despite the brilliant examinations which she passed at the Sorbonne, has not been admitted to the French Bar. A Madame Claire de Pratz is to be the London correspondent of the *Fronde*. Nearly all the contributors to the new journal have University degrees in law, letters, or science."

Interested exceedingly by the above, some ladies have formed themselves together to follow the example here so splendidly given forth. The object of these ladies is to gather together capable and clever women who will join their ranks. Their aim is to start such a paper here in England. The need of a daily paper to record faithfully the doings of women, and the opinions of women, has long been felt, and some of the ladies now forming themselves into a body have before attempted to do the same thing. It is intended to form a large company of women representing all views. Politics also, not Party.

It will be a paper of general interest, including all subjects usually treated of or noticed in daily papers. Discussion is invited at the meetings, and all women who are desirous of joining in this work are invited to communicate *at present* to "Daily" at SHAFTS' Offices, 11, Westbere Road, W. Hampstead. A meeting for further and wider considerations will be held early in January, 1898, of which notice will be given in SHAFTS, also by letters to all who send in their names.

It is felt that such a paper would be a power for women, and that the time is ripe for it. The new paper will be in no way connected with SHAFTS, or with any special paper, or Editor. It is intended to be an ordinary daily paper, with an Editor and paid staff of its own, and meant to embody women's views and work.

Edward Maitland.

IN MEMORIAM.

PROBABLY the world will never fully recognise all it owes to the life and teachings of Edward Maitland, who passed on to other spheres of usefulness on October 2nd last. But to those who knew him personally, he will ever remain an example of single-hearted devotion to a great Cause such as it is rare to meet with in this world of mixed motives. Especially should all women pay their tribute of appreciation to his memory, for assuredly no man of these times has more deeply striven to point out the true and spiritual significance of what is known as "The Woman's Movement." To him it was no mere question of social evolution, but a deep, vital, religious belief, in which was inextricably bound up the Divine Message which he believed himself commissioned to deliver to the world.

Thus is the keynote struck in the preface to *The Perfect Way*—a book which has been a fresh starting-point to many an anxious and enquiring soul—and will continue to be so for long to come. "The Intellect—the 'Man'—it is who handles the sword of the liberator; and the Intuition—the 'Woman'—it is, who weaves and constructs. But for her labour his prowess would be vain, and his deeds without goal or reward. His work . . . is but initiatory, preparing the way and making the path straight for her who carries neither torch nor weapon of war. By her is the intellect crowned; by her is humanity completed . . . she is the shrine at once of divinest Wisdom and of perfect Love."

In the appendix to the book, and again repeated in the forefront of *Clothed with the Sun*, which he edited in sublimest faith of its absolute infallibility, occurs the following prophecy as concerning the Kingdom of the Soul, mystically called the "Day of the Woman."

"The word which shall come to save the world shall be uttered by a Woman. . . ."

"Man, the Manifestor, shall resign his office, and Woman, the Interpreter, shall give light to the world . . . She is the Fourth Dimension; the Eyes which enlighten; the Power which draweth inward to God.

"And her kingdom cometh; the day of the exaltation of Woman.

"For the Woman is the crown of Man, and the final manifestation of Humanity."

A brief record of the events in Edward Maitland's life is necessary in order to understand the intense sincerity of his spiritual convictions and his capability of living up to them.

Early began the conflict between the thinking soul and the conditions of commonplace orthodoxy amidst which it found itself. The story is told in full in *The Pilgrim and the Shrine*, which, as has been admirably said "focusses the religious life of the period," as seen from the reactionary standpoint. The world is always grateful to men who will write books of this type, whether frankly autobiographical as St. Augustine in his *Confessions*, and Newman in his *Apologia*, or as thus, under the thin veil of fiction, following the lines of Carlyle in the immortal *Sartor Resartus*.

The book deals exclusively with what may be called the first act in the Drama of Edward Maitland's life, *i.e.*, the struggle of the conscience to discern righteously its course while traversing home ties, old

associations, and the call to a ministry in what was felt to be an effete and dying Church; it shows the cutting of the Gordian knot by a pilgrimage round the world, and ends with the finding of a temporary shrine and resting place in a happy marriage in Australia, the goal of the Pilgrim's wanderings. This happiness, however only lasted a single year, at the end of which the wanderer returned to England a widower with an infant son.

Of the immediate years that followed there is no precise chronicle; that it was a time of trial and testing we may believe, because no faithful soul sets forth on the path without such accompaniment all the way, and when this devoted life comes to be adequately written, no doubt material for the tracing of these years will be forthcoming. There was peace in the home-life, for over it presided the tenderly loved mother, till her passing away in 1874. There were bright hours, too, in high social and literary circles, where the handsome and scholarly revolutionary cut no mean figure. The publication of *The Pilgrim and the Shrine* brought him into some prominence, and was followed by two notable novels, *Higher Law*, and *By and Bye*, the last named being the precursor of that flood of literature of the *Coming Race* and *Looking Backward* order with which our Press has since been inundated.

Gradually, however, was beginning to dawn upon Edward Maitland his real life's work. He found himself constrained to seek for the true and spiritual significance of those Scriptures of which the orthodox explanation had so violently repelled him when a youth. And contemporaneously with the evolution of his thought towards this given point was the growing need for such an interpretation by thinkers of all creeds.

It was the infancy of the Theosophical Society, and in the ardour of research into Eastern religion and philosophy, the value of the Western—that is to say the Jewish and Christian presentment was in danger of being overlooked. The glorious work of re-establishing the supremacy of the Hebrew Scriptures in mystic significance, was to be carried out by the joint authors of *The Perfect Way; or the Finding of Christ*. It was during 1873 that the subject of our sketch first came in contact with Dr. Anna Kingsford, through whose seership—aided by his own powers of interpretation—was subsequently "recovered" the mine of spiritual and literary treasure which has since been given to the world. The history of their joint research he has chronicled in his *Life and Letters of Anna Kingsford*, a book that, in spite of errors of judgment (the effect no doubt, of creeping paralysis which gradually obscured the reasoning faculties during the last two years of his life), still remains a most fascinating study of character, and a record of events fully as enthralling as those depicted in some masterpiece of fiction.

Down to the time of Anna Kingsford's passing away in 1888, the great work of accumulating material went on, and it was not till 1892, that the Esoteric Christian Union was founded as a channel through which the Doctrine of the New Gospel of Interpretation could be spread abroad. From the motto chosen by Mr. Maitland for the work may be gathered the subtle distinction which had brought about the withdrawal of the authors of *The Perfect Way* from the Theosophical Society, which had taken place in the belief that, valuable as the work of this Society promised to be, there was yet "a more excellent way."

Madame Blavatsky had been justly proud of the motto she had given the Society, "There is no Religion higher than Truth,"

It was a superb challenge thrown down to all other systems, and was taken up in the rejoinder by the E.C.U. "There is no Religion so high as that of Love." The T.S. as a body believed in *Knowledge* as the great path to attainment. The E.C.U. declared this to be *Love*—the one essential step to all true and abiding knowledge, for "he that doeth the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine."

Amid much that is difficult and even abstruse in *The Perfect Way*, there runs this golden thread of a divine simplicity, which, faithfully followed, leads to all enlightenment:—

"Love redeemeth, Love lifteth up, Love enlighteneth, Love advanceth souls. . . ."

"Praise the Father of Spirits, therefore, for this great love shall save thee many incarnations. Thou art advanced thereby; thou art drawn aloft and carried upward by cords of grace.

"Yea, the saint is a strong redeemer: the Spirit of God striveth within him.

"And God withstandeth not God, for love and God are One. . . ."

" Thy love shall not return to thee empty; according to the greatness of her degree, she shall accomplish thy will thine intention is united to the Will of Divine Love. . . ."

"And it is Love alone that redeemeth; and Love hath nothing of her own."

It was to magnify this great initial Truth in the eyes of the present generation that Edward Maitland devoted himself heart and soul. He held that no real opening of the *understanding* could there be, till the *heart* had received the baptism of Love. Clearly did he enunciate that here, as in all else, it is "the first step that costs"; the aspiration of the soul towards perfection must be accompanied by the resolute will to allow no obstacle of *self* to stand in the way of attainment.

It is a common mistake in systems of religion or philosophy to give undue prominence to either the Intellect or the Intuition, but in the teaching given to the world through the pages of *The Perfect Way*, the necessity is shown for perfect equilibrium of the two: the office of the Intuition being to purify and illuminate the Intellect until it works for others before self, that both may be wholly consecrated to the Divine Spirit within.

To all who personally knew Edward Maitland, the force of these doctrines was driven home by the quiet self-abnegation and patience of their expounder. Eagerly he had accepted Renunciation as the law of his whilom existence, casting aside money, fame and whatever else tended to stand in the way of his mission as he perceived it, and though it was not granted him in this life to witness the world's full appreciation of the value of the Truth which it had been his life's work to unveil, yet he latterly was growing to recognise that this was to be a *silent* process, but none the less all-embracing and sure in its results. Many were the "Nicodemus" visits he received from members of the Roman, Greek and Anglican priesthoods, testifying to the illumination received from the study of the E. C.U. teachings, and shadowing forth the present awakening of all Christendom to the "Light that lighteth every man" at this dawn of a spiritual springtide.

But the powers which sustained this "Apostle of Love" were ebbing from the earth-life and seeking fruition in yet another stage of progress. Even before the completion of his *Magnus Opus*, as Edward Maitland loved to call his biography of Anna Kingsford, both physical

and mental energies began to fail. All who had the privilege of knowing this most scholarly and loveable old man must testify to the kindly courtesy with which he was ever ready to throw light on any point of doubt or mystery, be his enquirers ever so humble, always provided they were real and earnest seekers after Truth. And well befitting so noble and guileless a soul was the tenderly affectionate care of devoted friends, which surrounded the last year of his life, while the passing onwards, which was sudden at the last, found a few faithful ones to offer loving tribute and heart-felt reverence to a life well spent. Strangely significant were the only floral tokens which arrived in time for the service at the grave!—a Circle, a Cross and a Triangle, mystic symbols of the Body, Soul (Intellect and Intuition) and Spirit—as Unity, Duality and Trinity. For the "natural" life must be crossed by the "spiritual," before the soul can realise its oneness with the Spirit of God—touching embodiment of the teaching Edward Maitland loved so well.

ALICE M. CALLOW.

Surgical Operations Unnecessary.

DR. MARY HALL WILLIAMS, of America, now resident in England, in connection with this subject publishes a pamphlet, in which she endeavours to show with delicacy and skill, the methods employed in surgical operations, performed in cases of the disease known to medical women and men as ovariectomy; the frequent, painful, and dangerous operations to which women are subjected owing to their own want of knowledge, to the abnormal and ridiculous tenacity of the idea that a woman should know absolutely nothing of physiology, and to the fact that owing to this condition of things they have endured much they ought to have prevented, and so destroyed their own strength. Dr. M. Hall Williams also shows the ignorance of medical men, on this point, even of those men who profess to be able to perform this most serious and complicated of all surgical cases.

There is, alas, too often the over-zeal of medical students to become finished and efficient operators, which is a danger not to be overlooked, as the risk to the patient is apt to fall into the background.

Much requires to be done:—so alarming is the danger which threatens us that it would be well if all thoughtful and intelligent women would look into these matters, and grapple with the difficulties. It is a woman's work, we ought to have no male doctors for women. They are naturally themselves so much better constituted to be their own doctors. It would also be more delicate, more suited to the sensitive nervous organism of a woman when in pain; and pain especially involving the most delicate sensibilities, that there should be at her call, a woman doctor. Dr. Mary Hall Williams is busily engaged as a teacher of women also, and we cannot do better than read her pamphlets, test her teaching, and if we find it the panacea required, help her to continue her writing and teaching by our liberal support in this way. The pamphlet here alluded to costs 2d., and can be obtained by sending to Dr. Mary Hall Williams, The Nook, Penzance, Cornwall.

Union Indeed.

True relationships can only be possible between men and women who love purely and unselfishly, and who may or may not be married partners, nor have any desire for marriage. True friendship of the highest order may become so intimate and so continuously necessary for comfort, that marriage seems a right and fitting consummation, and there can be no more perfect union on earth than this of married friendship, "Where love has come to stay." But there are many men and women who can help each other as friends, and nothing more, if but each is able to speak the truth in love to the other. And few marriages are thus preceded by friendship or the possibility of true friendship! Hence so many "failures," so many heartless wives and husbands, also inharmonious children, born *only* on the animal plane! Would men and women but understand and fully realize this solemn responsibility of parentage there would be less need of the warning, "Ye must be born again!" "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, that which is born of the spirit is spirit." There are men and women happy, harmonious beings, born in love and truth, delights to all who know them, filled with the sunshine of a perfectly balanced nature. But such are rare, and seem to belong to another plane of life than this of our earth. And yet, were wedded hands the symbol of wedded hearts and wedded minds, if marriage were sought for as an opportunity of mutual uplifting and true service, such free-born children would be the rule and not the rare exception before very long.

A. H.

Liverpool Club.

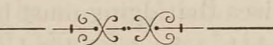
Summary of paper on "Viticulture" read by MRS. WOKES, at a meeting of the Liverpool Pioneer Club, Monday, Nov. 1st, 1897.

THE essayist gave many interesting facts from the animal world to prove the influence of surroundings, food, etc.; and showing how a living animal is almost always either acting upon its surroundings, or being acted upon by them, and life is the relation between two variables—a changeful organism and a changeful environment. She instanced how the Axolotl and Amblystoma, originally referred to different genera, have been found to be merely different phases of the same animal, caused through lack or abundance of water.

She then gave statistics to prove that abundance of nutritious food favours the production of *female* offspring in bees, frogs and aphides. Checked nutrition, on the other hand, favours the production of the *male*.

She then spoke of the rights of all children to be well born, though unfortunately the great mass of the people are almost as indifferent as they are ignorant of the rights of their future children in this respect. Speaking of the successful inauguration of the "Natural Scientific Family Culture Institute" at Boston, she said all their work was based upon the idea that sex is natural, and it is the important duty of all men and women to understand this subject. No appreciable perfection in human species may be hoped for until people learn to act in accordance with common-sense laws of generation. These laws have been regarded for years in the world of floriculture, horticulture and agriculture, and have also been successfully applied to domestic animals with results that not long ago would have seemed miraculous. If viticulture (pre-natal culture) is properly exemplified it will undoubtedly bring about as great or even greater improvements than those brought about

in the cases of other species, and even of other genera than the human. It is capable of developing and exalting the mental and moral as well as the physical human being. Future generations well conceived, and born, will be more rounded and perfect on all sides of their being, and will gradually learn to synthesize their different opinions, where such occur, and adopt only those which are demonstrably the best. Instances were given showing the effect on the babe of parental influences, and how we are surrounded by human documents who instance in their own persons the consequences which have resulted from the seemingly trifling acts of their parents, which either blessed or cursed them during the period of gestation and ever after through life. And she appealed to her hearers on behalf of the formation of a small society in Liverpool with the same aims as the Boston Society.



He and She.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him, "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her!—thy love is clay!"
They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair—
On her forehead of marble they laid it fair;
Over her eyes which gazed too much
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;
With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;
About her brows and her dear pale face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace;
And over her bosom they crossed her hands,
"Come away!" they said, "God understands!"
And then there was silence—and nothing there
But the silence—and scents of the eglantere
And jasmine and roses and rosemary;
For they said, "As a lady should lie—lies she."
And they held their breath as they left the room
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom;
But he—who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead—
He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turned it—alone again—he and she!
He and she;—yet she would not smile,
Though he gave her the name that was fondest erewhile;
He and she;—and she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love!
Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast without breath,
Is there no voice—no language of death?
"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct—intense?
"See now—I listen with soul, not ear—
What was the secret of dying, dear?
"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?
"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?
"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?"

"Did life roll backward its record, dear,
And show as they say it does—past things clear?
"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss,
To find out so what a wisdom love is?
"Oh perfect dead! Oh dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!
"There *must* be pleasure in dying—sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!
"I would tell *you*, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere *your* hot tears upon my brow shed!
"I would say—though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.
"You should not ask vainly with streaming eyes,
Which in Death's touch was the chiefest surprise!
"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."
Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind dead!
Though he told me, *who* will believe it was said?
Who will believe that he heard her say
With the soft rich voice, in the sweet old way—
"The utmost wonder is this—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;
"I can speak now you listen with soul alone,
If your soul could see it would all be shown
"What a strange delicious amazement is death,
To be without body, and breathe without breath;
"I should laugh for joy if you did not cry,
Oh listen! Love lasts! Love *never* will die;
"I am only your Angel who was your Bride,
And I *know* that though dead I have never died."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

MORALS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

MADAM,—I send you a copy of a letter received from a Lance-Corporal, whose name I necessarily withhold. It is valuable as another proof of what we have long known from other sources, that there are many men, among the Privates and non-commissioned officers of the Army, who are staunch for purity and eager to lead other men right. It shows also under what terrible difficulty and discouragement they strive when, as in Malta, the C.D. Acts are in force; and what a heavy responsibility for good and evil example lies on the officers.

A word from a soldier who speaks as to personal knowledge should be of the greatest weight with the public, and I trust you will publish his letter, the genuineness of which I vouch for.

I am, Madam, faithfully yours, W. T. MALLESON.
Treasurer, Social Purity Alliance, 18, Tothill Street, S.W.

[Copy.]

"DEAR SIR,—I wish you to send me *The Pioneer* regularly, as I feel sure it will be of great use to me. I will accept your kind offer to send me some S.P.A. literature to distribute among my comrades, and pray it may be the means of leading some to a nobler life. Unless you have seen the British soldier and sailor abroad, you have no idea what loose lives they lead.

"Malta is a very bad place, as prostitution is under the C.D. Acts, and is patronised by officers as well as men. I'm sure half of the deaths abroad are through the effects of bad living. I must try if I can't help some to see the folly of their ways. By God's help I'll be true to my pledge."

* * * * * *Lance-Corporal.*

Books for Children.

NOTHING is of more moment in the growing mental and spiritual life of children than the reading they go through. Children will read, and their reading should be carefully overlooked by those in authority over them. It must be interesting; it must be suitable; it ought to convey, without preaching, without seeming to teach, without any looking for a moral, a high ideal of life, something to aim at; it ought to show, by means of interesting stories and pictures, the baseness and meanness of cruelty, however specious; the contempt all true hearts feel for hypocrisy and lies, for selfishness and greed; it ought to instil love for animals, and a desire to know them, through the most interesting accounts given of them and their wonderful ways, thus inspiring a desire to learn more of them, and through knowing them to love them. More than that, it ought to instil into every young heart a respect for animals, a respect for all life, for each individual life—a profound respect for its right to live, and to live in the full enjoyment of its being, which the very fact of life gives to each creature possessing it, however undeveloped the form in which that sacred life manifests.

This constitutes the RIGHTS OF ANIMALS which some people deny (whence cometh their blindness?). If vivisectors, for instance, could once see that they commit an act full of the very audacity of insolent impertinence when they mangle or cripple, even in the very slightest degree, any of those wonderful organs by which living creatures perform their functions; through which, through the experience and power gained by these organisms in which the spirit of life dwells, they pass gradually upward, up round after round of the shining ladder which leads to God, to the world of gods, to the Highest—in unceasing, limitless ascension; could they but understand when they ruthlessly maim innocent, helpless creatures—beginning life where they themselves began it in ages past—that their atrocious cruelty and impudent swagger because of their possession of *just a little more power*, is peering with impertinent curiosity into the mystery of the wondrous roots of the great life branch; into one end of the wonderful upward growth whose other end is God. Could they realise that they cannot touch roughly and cruelly the one end without sending vibrations that strike, with the insulting daring of ignorant folly, the other end, towards which all life yearns; surely they would pause, hold their hands, and bowing with reverence before their mangled victims, bewail with heartfelt remorse their folly and mistakes, and set their agonised fellow-creatures free for evermore. So, light would come to them; and so would they discover in the light of the sun of truth and love what they now, misled by false lights, seek in vain.

To destroy this effectually in the coming years, so close at hand, every mother, and teacher of the young, public or private, has merely to carefully instruct the young in the dignity of life, in the respect due to individual life, in the right inalienable of each living creature to the life and the use of the life it possesses. Some will say: But is every creature, then, to be allowed the use of poisonous fangs, hurtful horns or teeth? To this can only be replied broadly: Self protection will never fail to find antidotes of suitable nature, and when self-defence is no longer needed, nature and art will cease to supply weapons suited to a past age of cruelty. But self protection never demands torture, and vivisection is torture of the most atrocious kind, practised under the eyes of a gaping, impotent public, everywhere, on the most innocent and helpless of all living creatures, under the lying pretence of a result, which it is becom-

ing more and more widely apparent, has never been and will never be, realised. No such result could possibly ever be realised by such means. Darkness does not create light. Light comes and dissipates darkness.

A subject so heart-rending as vivisection might well occupy endless pages. It has drawn this pen aside, though not entirely, from its subject, for to train up a child, so that cruelty will be abhorrent to it, is part of the effort that the reading of well selected books, and the telling of well selected pleasant and amusing stories will have upon that child. It can be done, and easily done; it is not a dream of an impossible Utopia, it is a result attainable by every mother and teacher, who will sincerely, enthusiastically and untiringly try. It must not be done half-heartedly; you cannot deceive a child; it will see through a shallow device, your enthusiasm must be in your soul and flow from your soul to the soul of the child, if your work is to end in song.

The Messrs. Bell of York Street, Covent Garden, publish a great many books most suitable for the purpose, and we want no end of stories written with such a purpose for children. Go to the Messrs. Bell, look over their books, purchase many as Christmas presents and distribute them. All who can afford it would confer a great boon on the young by doing this. Do not let the books be *too childish*, that is a mistake, nothing insults a child more. It is astonishing what children can understand and swallow in the way of books; they know more than we can tell them, and are amazed at our ignorance.

Again there are Juliana Ewing's books, the most delightful ever seen, though perhaps not dealing with all forms of cruelty, but so dealing with the principle that a grand foundation is laid by their means.

Another book highly to be recommended and a most suitable one for a Christmas or New Year, or any time, present, is *Black Beauty, the Autobiography of a Horse*. It is published by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings, has reached its twenty-eighth edition, one hundred and third thousand, and is recommended by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is dedicated by the Author to her (or his) mother, a very good sign. It is an exquisite book, it is a splendid book! it is a blessed book! it is a book every child, and every grown up person should read. Go, buy it! It possesses that undoubted test of all well-written children's books: it can be read with as much pleasure by grown up people as by children. Go buy it, dear reader, give it away as much as you can afford.

Then there are *The Jungle Books*, by Rudyard Kipling, a notice of which will appear in SHAFTS for January, 1898, a very triumph of animal story-telling. Above all things, avoid that utmost affectation of silliness, the creation of a sex in books, in the way of *girls' books* and *boys' books*. Profound humbug!

The Coming of Light.

DARKNESS reigned o'er the earth: form, order, beauty, were not, for light was not. . . .

"Let there be light!"!!!

Light broke over the sky, and shot the gloom with dawn. Across the darkness, gleamed gold, silver, and purple, veiled in rosy mist.

The body of the earth lay silent, bulky, misshapen, chaotic. The spirit of the earth arose, and saw, oh sight of rapture! light across the sky; Light gleaming down from the sun-world, but alas! below, ugliness, confusion, chaos—no beauty to match the splendour above. The spirit of the earth sank and covered her face, despairing at the sight. "Oh thou Power, who hast given Light, make me to understand the thing I see. Light, methought, was the one thing needed to perfect this earth.

Now Light has dawned, and by that Light I see but imperfection and chaos."

No voice replied, all sound sank to silence, she waited for what should be.

In the growing light she saw work awaiting her, work calling upon her, she arose to do it. Time went by swiftly, ah, how swiftly to the working spirit, while light swept down, filling slowly the dark earth, changing it, as the ages came and went, from "glory to glory."

At last there came a time when the work of Light was completed. "O Power above," cried the spirit, "in Thy Light we see light. Now Light hath flooded the earth. The work is done."

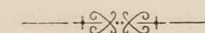
So Time passed by, as a dream, and the earth lay in the full radiance of Eternity.

* * * * *

The vision passed; I awoke to the world-life once more, comforted and strengthened. Now know I that the pain, the misery, the sorrow, the suffering, the seeming confusion, all this woe which I see around me, is but earth's dimness, seen in Eternity's light. And as we work, impelled by the Light which shines upon us, as the forces of Nature work, impelled by the warmth and light of the sun, so order and beauty shall grow, and spread abroad, until chaos and darkness shall flee away, and naught but Light remain.

"Let there be Light."!!!

GRACE ANDREWS.



From the Goblet of Life.

ABOVE the lowlier plants it towers,
The Fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood,
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued
A wreath of Fennel wore.

Longfellow.

Bond of Union Meetings.

At the Pioneer Club the Bond of Union held its regular meeting on November 1st. The Women's Local Government Society was represented by its Secretary, Mrs. Stanbury; the Women's Suffrage Society by Mrs. Francis and Miss Mordan. The topic "Our duty at Election times," had special reference to the London School Board Election this month, and to the County Council next March. It was rumoured that canvassing for the School Board was keeping members of the Bond from the meeting. The actual discussion turned upon meetings as a means for teaching women about the Suffrage.

Mrs. Francis seemed to think the ordinary ignorant and indifferent woman will not go to a public evening meeting, no matter how attractive, and thus the large outlay is hardly worth incurring. The best chance for reaching such a woman is by asking her to tea, and using the right of private friendship to speak about Suffrage, and to urge her to think about it.

Mrs. Stanbury described the vigilance required to prevent women from losing their present right to vote in municipal affairs through districts becoming boroughs, for with the peculiar and anomalous rights of our voting system, women's voting power is always in danger.

Miss Emily Hill pointed out that women, like men, tend to lose rights to vote through not getting on the Register of Voters.

Miss Helena Clement said that she had found the Political Agent of her party ready to see her name on the register, and she believed women would always get this "party" aid amid the intricacies of Registration.

In reply to a question from Miss Lord as to why her name appeared in a list of female voters only, Mrs. Stanbury gave interesting particulars and said that all voters fall into one of four lists according to how many rights they possess; and that as women and Peers are under the same disability, they are placed in a list, which naturally consists of women only, if no Peer resides in the district; but no one was likely either to ascertain which way women voted, or to tamper with the ballot boxes they used, or even to get them to separate polling stations.

Miss Clara Mordan said that our perceiving but little progress must be due to our being in its vanguard ourselves, and begged us all not to lose heart, but to use the Franchises women have already, and press forward to the Parliamentary vote as heretofore.

FRANCES LORD,
President and Hon. Sec. Gen. Bond of Union.

HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.—The Humanitarian League, always busy, has been especially so of late, in publishing matters, public meetings, and propagandist work generally. On November 10th, the Prison Reform Department held a public meeting at Essex Hall, when an address was given by Edward Carpenter, on "Prison Methods; Now and in the Future." This meeting was one of the most successful ever held by the League, as there was a very crowded attendance. The presence in the chair of the Rev. W. Douglas Morrison, late Chaplain of Wandsworth Prison, who has done more to expose the iniquities of prison treatment than anyone living, gave special weight to the occasion. The lecturer was supported on the platform by several well-known reformers, including Mrs. C. Mallet, Mr. C. H. Hopwood, Q.C., Recorder of Liverpool; Mr. Henry S. Salt, Mr. Ernest Bell, and Mr.

Joseph Collinson, Hon. Secretary. Among those who joined in the discussion were Mr. R. Haldane, Q.C., M.P., who pleaded, on behalf of the bureaucracy, that a more definite expression of public opinion was necessary to effect a reform. On November 26th, a public meeting was held in the Arbitration Room, 63, Chancery Lane, W.C., by the Humane Diet Department, when Mr. W. S. Godfrey took the chair, and Miss Isabel M. Greg, author of the League's pamphlet on "Cattleships," gave an address on "The Present Conditions of the Cattle Trade." A discussion followed, in which Mr. John Colam, Secretary of the R.S.P.C.A., and other speakers took part. Miss Greg's paper will be immediately published as a pamphlet by the Humanitarian League. The lecture was reported at considerable length in the *Times*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Leeds Mercury*, and other papers. On December 10th, an address was given by Mr. E. Bell, on "Christmas Cruelties," when the Rev. Professor J. B. Mayor took the chair. The meeting was held in the Arbitration Room, and under the auspices of the Humane Diet Department.

MRS. HAWEIS gave an interesting and amusing address last Thursday (November 18th), at "Greyladies," Blackheath Hill, by request of the Bishop of Southwark and Lady Barbara Yeatman. The subject chosen was "The Moral Value of Beauty," both as applied to personal appearance and to the home, especially the homes of the London poor. Mrs. Haweis said it was not wicked to be beautiful, or to seek beauty, and showed that many good people pursued it with varying success, describing with some humorous illustrations the standard of beauty at various dates in England and in various tribes all over the world. Many of her quotations from art and scientific authorities, including Prof. Lombroso's recent researches in *humps*, both on men and camels, elicited great laughter and applause. Mrs. Haweis recommended as desirable and probable amendments in poor homes, starting not from soap and water to bright colour, but from bright colour to soap and water, and thought that many poor persons would learn to take more *manual* interest in their homes if there was some ornament to inspire and inspire them. Flowers and pictures would do more than tracts.

The meeting was unusually crowded, many standing, and the Bishop of Southwark, in the chair, moved a vote of thanks, which he said was an innovation, to Mrs. Haweis for her fresh and breezy "talk," and endeavoured to vindicate the character of certain Pall Mall clubs which the lecturer had said needed white-washing—outside, of course. Tea was served in the refectory, and the guests visited the pretty chapel and other departments of this excellent Association of Working Ladies.

South London Anti-Vivisection Society.

ON November 9th, by the kind invitation of Mrs. Bisdee, the South London Antivivisection Society held a Drawing-room Meeting at Mendip House, Honor Oak.

There was a good attendance of guests, considering the state of the weather. The speakers were Mr. Lester Reed, F.C.S., F.I.C., and Miss Green.

The latter, in her address, compared the sorcery and ignorance of the past, when hundreds of cats were roasted alive on spits, and animals burnt in ovens, to the—miscalled—science of the up-to-date vivisector

Both addresses were listened to with much interest and attention by those present, the chief of whom were non-A.Vs.

N.B.—The South London Antivivisection's Committee Room is now at 45, High Street, Peckham, where literature and information can be obtained; or from the Hon. Secretary, Miss E. Watts Phillips, 87, Wood Vale, Forest Hill.

The Shield is now re-established as the official organ of the Federation for Abolition of State Regulation of Vice, 17, Tothill Street, Westminster. *The Shield* supplies the loss felt by the discontinuance of *The Dawn*, Mrs. Josephine Butler's paper. It will be published twelve times a year, and will be a record of the Fight against State Regulation of Vice in the British Dominions and the World.

In order to secure a very wide circulation, the paper is published at one penny, or 1s. 6d. for the twelve issues per year, post free. The Secretary, F. Forsaith, writes:—"You will therefore be advancing the Cause of the Federation by subscribing for your personal reading, and, if possible, by paying for the free presentation of *The Shield* to persons whose opinions may be influenced, but who would not themselves purchase the paper."

Remittances should be made to Frederick Burfoot, 55, Ellerdale Street, Lewisham, London. F. Burfoot also receives and forwards all communications for the Editor of *The Shield*.

Choice Bits from Choice Pens.

To one, to all, on life's dark way,
Sooner or late is brought,
The silent solemnising ray
Illuminating thought;
It shines, they stand on some lone spot,
Its light is strange, they know it not.

Sleeps, like a mirror in the dark,
The conscience of the soul,
Unknown, where never eye may mark,
While days and seasons roll;
But late or soon the walls of clay
Are loosening to admit the day.

Light comes—a touch—a streak—a beam,
Child of the unknown sky,
And lo! the mirror with a gleam
Flashes its first reply;
Light brighteneth, and all things fair
Flow to the glass, and tremble there.

Thro' human thought as through a cave
Creep gently, Light this hour,
Though now 'tis darker than the grave,
There lies the shining power;
Come, let the soul flash back to thee
The million lights of Deity.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

The March to Victory.

Oh, 'tis hard to keep de cov'nant under dark and stormy skies,
When foes are shouting cruel words of scornin',
But beyond de foam'n' billows see de glory streak arise,
How it lightens up de waters, how it sparkles in our eyes,
Oh Sisters! waken up, for it is mornin'.

THE lamp of human progress has never burned so brightly as it does at present; the awakening of human thought is world wide. Woe to those whose self-dimmed eyes refuse to see, so that the true perception of things cannot enter their souls. "If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness." "The prayer of Ajax was for light," so also let our eager desire be; and those of us who in the "blackness of our noonday night" are actually insensible to our darkened condition may well read, learn and receive some germs of truth. "Let there be light," and let the light shine freely into darkened minds who do not perhaps even guess at what it will reveal. It is a curious fact that men in writing *against* the movement of women do not argue; their letters are illogical, even silly; they give us glibly texts from Scripture; they refer to the curses pronounced in Genesis, evidently considering such evidence a clincher. What then, are they so much in love with curses that they desire to perpetuate them! By no means. They join other men and women in the work which has been going on for ages, the effort—a noble one too—to defeat the curse on man, the curse of labour? the curse said to be laid upon—"the ground for thy sake." Everywhere *this* has been set aside; fought against. Labour has been made easier as the years have rolled by. Human ingenuity and skill are fast turning it into a joy, as it has long been a source of blessing to the world. We have also dispensed with "Cursed be Canaan."

But everywhere the endeavours of woman to overcome the curse said to be laid upon her, and upon which is founded so very much of her suffering, sorrow and degradation, have been met by bitter sneers, sarcasm, and derisive laughter. Why? This supposed curse has been made the excuse by Church and State for the laying upon woman of heavy, grievous burdens; the excuse for untold injustice. Some women also join in the persecution. Of them, little need be said; it is ignorance, not ill-will which prompts them. Their lives are cast perhaps in pleasant places. Nothing touches them personally, and they know little if anything of the injustice, misery, and despair which rest upon the lives of their sisters. Why all this indifference to the wrongs of women? Why this apparent determination to keep her still under the curse? The answer is easy to find "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee," is a very convenient reading for men who at present have the power still in their hands—though on the decline. They are afraid of the writing on the wall which will take its place. They will not help to lift the curse because their darkened senses dread the glorious blaze of light it will let in upon the world. Therefore women are lifting it for themselves. Each day brings them nearer and nearer to the triumphant accomplishment of their great work. All good, noble and unselfish men are with them, helping and encouraging, but the actual emancipation of woman, woman alone can accomplish.

Why, in this great era of new and brightening thought, should so many women be apathetic or ignorant? What honour or power can there be in ignorance? It is the wisdom of the serpent combined with the harmlessness and innocence of the dove which is true strength;

this will help us to labour to the heights above us. This is among the many lessons women can teach. Each individual soul must learn to stand alone. Women are the world's great teachers; they must learn to stand alone, as well as to care for others. They must teach their God-given thoughts everywhere. The doctrine that "Woman was made for man" is as false as it is degrading both to woman and man. This also woman must teach, and must free herself from its latest shadow. The advance she is making is in consonance with all that is high in aspiration, noble in thought, grand in word, true and practical in its outcome, in the deepest meaning of Holy Writ and in all the great teachings and writings of all time.

The time is ripe for it, and nothing can stay its onward course. No difficulties daunt. Step by step its regular march has been onward and upward for years, and still is its watchword "Excelsior." When such a movement is characterised by such signs, it is predestined to win; and those who try to stop it are fighting against the force behind it, the power which says "I bless thee and thou shalt be blessed." This century has seen a wondrous change in all that concerns woman. Its commencement saw her valued only for her youth and beauty; her only hope and aim in life marriage. What do we see now? We see her able to take her place anywhere, winning distinctions in all she undertakes, changing the social aspect of the world, claiming her own and winning it, yet as wife and mother sweeter, dearer, and wiser than ever. Let those who think to keep things to the old ideal look around, lift up their eyes and see. The old ideal of woman has fled for ever. All honour to those who made it so beautiful, in spite of fearful drawbacks, that men are loath to lose it. Let all reverence be given to its memory as we bid it surely "Good-bye," for it will never return. But the new type will be so grand, so tender and true, that, no one will have room to regret the old which has led up to it. This world is not a condition of things *in status quo*. It is a continuous moving upward, a ceaseless progression. New thoughts open up new vistas evermore. Why should we strive against this natural law? Say rather to this noble army of women, "Fear not, be steadfast and true to yourselves and each other, for soon all will flock to your standard. Call, in clarion notes, 'To arms, to arms, ye brave.'" For a battle is going on even now from dawn to setting sun: "The bravest battle that ever was fought," and it is fought by "The mothers of men." In this country, in Russia, in America, in our own colonies, everywhere, they gather, they are ready to struggle and deliver their sex from misery, degradation and death, from wrongs unutterably worse than death. In India, that vast stronghold of woman's suffering, ignoble fate, high-souled, courageous women are coming to the rescue of young girls of ten years and upward, sacrificed as wives, as widows who live a living death, sacrificed to our soldiers on the most terrible and false pretexts: there laws exist which place women, body and soul, completely at the mercy of men, such laws as have not yet died from our own midst.

The roar of the jungle is heard in these laws; the savage growl of the tiger still existent in human nature. Surely the cry ought to be heard now, "To arms, ye brave." Who is to fight this awful combat of right against might armed to the teeth? Who but "The mothers of men," the women of humanity? Hitherto man has ruled: has made all laws to suit himself. What is the result? Let all judge for themselves. Let women especially enquire into this; find out the truth of what they hear; and having found be at ease no longer; rest not, until wrong

is defeated and justice is seated on her throne. Judge for yourselves the true nature of the opposition shown by men in the House to the passing of the Suffrage Bill for women; the mean tricks practised to shelve it ever as it comes forward. Judge for yourselves, judge the truth and justice of all things, think whether it is better for woman to walk about decked in gay garments, to study only how to make herself beautiful and to attract men; or to take her full share in serving the world in which she lives and the race to which she belongs. Women have no selfish motive in what they do: they see that the world has gone wrong for want of their public work, and that they must set it right; they must give of the talent and strength of mind within them to aid the common weal; to uplift our clouded world into a higher atmosphere; to fill it with true and pure thoughts; pure and strong souls; great and noble deeds, lest the writing on the wall condemn them also. Are not the women who so think, who so strive, among the best and noblest of our race; the best wives and mothers in the Kingdom? Let opposers meditate, render help and aid instead of railing false logic and bitterness; try to understand that women are on the march in vast numbers, and that they do not mean to be stayed. They will be grateful for help and sympathy, but they will win their cause with or without it. They are not striving to please man, nor yet to make themselves worthy that men should seek their co-partnership in public life; they have been more than worthy of this from all time. They are not trying to ape or follow men; they are tending upward. They are working to throw off their bonds; all unnatural barriers to break down. When this is done (and it is fast approaching) they will step into their places fast enough; into the very highest places now existing; into higher, created by themselves—none daring to make them afraid.

—+X+—

Matters Medical.

THE JOURNAL of the Medical Non-conformists' Defence and Protection League has among others been forwarded to us. If it carries out all it at present intends it will be a boon to "the people" for whom it caters. Its manifesto is full of strong intent, it declares itself "established to uphold the rights of the people to choose for themselves that form of medical treatment they put faith in, irrespective of Medical Registration; the suppression of unnecessary surgical operations, which are converting our hospitals into so many abattoirs; compulsory vaccination, vivisection, and the rapidly growing custom of registered medical martinets to regard and use our hospitals as endowed schools for experimental research on the poor and helpless, who are compelled to seek an asylum within their walls.

"The advocacy of a natural and therefore more rational system of medication than at present in vogue and the exposure of quackery (*i.e.*, medical rascality) no matter by whom practised. '*Deo adjuvante non timendum.*' Edited by J. P. Dowling."

This, if carried out with reasonableness, righteousness, and justice to all sides will be a source of power. There is certainly great need for radical reform, and the months and days which may intervene between the desire for justice, and the bringing about of justice in action, will be filled with the cries and suffering of those tortured beyond bearing. We certainly hold that no torture is justifiable, and heartily sympathise

with any attempt to bring to an end the shamefully numerous opportunities for torture, now held by unscrupulous persons with the sanction of the highest authority.

The Nos. 7 and 8 of Vol. I. sent to this office contain some very good and useful articles, notably on "Surgical Researches," "Operations in Hospitals," "Compulsory Vaccination," "The Prison System," "Operations in Hospitals," "The Higher Herbalism, or The Occult Side of Vegetable Life," "Surgery up to date," "Calf Lymph," "The Double-Horned Viper," "The Skink, and Herbal Preparations in use with the Ancients." The style of *The Journal* is well suited to those for whom it so earnestly labours, and there is little doubt it will help many to think for themselves. It calls itself *A Journal for the People*, and the people are in need of some guide. Sorely in need of help are many of the very poor among us, and their sufferings may well stimulate many to come to their relief. The Society holds a monthly council.

On the First Thursday of every month, a Council of Medical Non-conformists of all grades will be held in Central London—short papers pertaining to medical progressive subjects will be read and discussed—and other business according to the exigencies of the times, transacted.

Those who wish to take part in these meetings will kindly send in their credentials, addressed to the Editor, 11, York Road, Battersea, London, S.W., and if found eligible to attend, a ticket for admission, etc., will be forwarded. A stamped addressed envelope for reply must in all cases accompany the application.

Provincial friends are cordially invited to attend, or if not able to be present, to put themselves in touch with the Editor, so that their opinions, etc., may be voiced at the meetings.

Subjects to be discussed at the Council can be ascertained by writing to the Editor not later than seven days before the Council meets.

Everywhere recruits are gathering to the help of humanity against vivisection, compulsory vaccination and other evils connected with what is called the Science of Healing. In no work are moderation, consistency and earnest kindness more necessary. It is to be hoped that in any form which such work may take these may be carefully adhered to, so that lasting effectual work may be done.

The Journal of the Medical Non-conformists' Defence and Protection League, published monthly, price 2d., for the Proprietors by Thomas Olman Todd, Sans Street, Sunderland.

Woman Suffrage Victory.

THESE words form a part of the heading of *The Daily News'* announcement of the National Liberal Federation Meeting held at Derby, Tuesday, December 7th. It specialises that portion of the proceedings most interesting to readers of SHAFTS. *The Daily News* tells us, in the words of Mr. Evans, chairman of the General Committee, that points upon which there was a want of unanimity were reserved for discussion, as points of amendment, and among them were two referring to Woman Suffrage.

"Whether women should not also have the Franchise? and, To what extent woman suffrage, if asked, should be demanded."

Mrs. Stewart Brown in a capital speech said that both sides had called women into political activity and that they had a *right* to claim what was really the key to all the liberties. The experience of New Zealand had answered many of the foolish objections made against Woman Suffrage.

A gentleman from a town noted for its strong interest in politics has informed me through a friend that Mrs. Philipps made a MAGNIFICENT SPEECH. No one will be surprised to hear this, as Mrs. Philipps always speaks from the depth of her convictions, which are strong on the matter of reform for women. But why will the dailies persist in taking the point and glow and fervour out of women's speeches?

The women's cause owes much to such women as Mrs. Philipps, Lady Carlisle, Mrs. Stewart-Brown, and a long list of others too numerous to mention—noble souls working, through reform in woman's condition, for reform and righteousness in legislation all over the world.

The meeting at Derby has been a great success.

Correspondence.

MUSIC IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

DEAR EDITOR,—Do you not think that one of the customs of society "more honoured in the breach than the observance" is that of beginning a general conversation so soon as the sound of the piano commences? I have tried to find a reason for this want of courtesy and good taste, but have failed to find any other than that of fashion. Other instruments, including the human voice, are listened to with respect by all hearers, whether they like the music or not, whether they understand it or not, whether the performance is good, bad or indifferent.

The reason cannot lie in any inferiority of pianoforte music, for some of the very noblest musical thoughts have been written for expression through the medium of the piano; and, whether understood or not, they are at least worthy the respectful attention of those who are invited to listen to them.

Supposing someone were to begin a recitation from Schiller or Goethe, and some of the guests present were to continue talking to their neighbours because they did not understand the language or because they did not care to listen—what *would* be said of them?

I know of one professional pianiste who loves and reveres her art so much that she will not take any drawing-room engagements; rightly considering that the pecuniary benefit to herself does not justify the degradation of playing beautiful music as an accompaniment to conversation; and all who are worthy to be called musicians, whether professional or amateur, must feel this to be true, whether they act up to it or not. The alternative of course remains of playing dance music, operatic selections, or popular airs, such as are given at dinners, bazaars, etc., where the main object seems to be a noisy accompaniment to a noisy entertainment. Which reminds me that I was once at a bazaar where the music was *not* thus suited to the time and place, for the organist was playing the slow movement from Beethoven's great symphony in C minor, and the shock of hearing it under those circumstances was much the same as if one were to see a person breaking coal with a crucifix.

I am afraid it would be a vain endeavour on the part of drawing-room pianists to suit their performance to the behaviour of their audience by playing inferior music, for the greater part, with charming inconsistency, would say—"We do not come here to listen (*listen*, forsooth!) to stuff like that, we might as well hire a street organ." At the same time there would be a section, no doubt, to whom the seductions of the "Go-Bang Polka" and "Strolling Round the Town," would prove more attractive than the discussion of last night's debate in the House, the respective merits of cigarettes and pipes, the iniquity of servants, or even than the beloved weather.

Perhaps some of your readers may remember an anecdote which once appeared in *Punch*. The scene was a London drawing-room during the performance of a pianoforte solo. A sudden pause occurred in the music, when a loud voice, which had not had time to modulate, was heard to exclaim—"And so, my dear, I gave her notice on the spot."

Seriously though, it is a certain thing, that persons, however well-meaning, who talk while good music is being performed, whether piano or otherwise, are showing discourtesy to the performer, disrespect to the thoughts of the composer, and small consideration to those among the guests who like to listen in peace and quiet if they only might; in fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, they show ignorance and selfishness. Those who cannot distinguish between one class of music and another,

can give the music the benefit of the doubt, and give to the pianiste the same courtesy they would accord to anyone else. I know there are many players who say they are glad when people do talk, because it makes them feel less nervous, with this one can sympathise with all one's heart; but surely there are other things to be considered beside personal feelings. Surely, if music is not wanted, it should not be provided, or, being provided, it should not be insulted.

Of course we know that there are many drawing-rooms where such a fashion could not hold for one minute. May they increase and multiply.

Yours sincerely, APIS MELLIFICA.

HOSPITAL OF ST. FRANCIS.

DEAR MADAM,—I shall be very grateful if you will allow me space in your paper to draw the attention of its readers to a new Hospital which is about to be opened in South London. The scheme has been under consideration for many months, for the need is great, and now the work is definitely taken up and we are anxiously looking forward to its opening.

The Hospital of St. Francis, as perhaps the name will suggest, is to be upon a distinctly humanitarian basis, opposed to every form of cruelty, and it will therefore, it is hoped, enlist the support of all who, on grounds of humanity, have a real care for the whole of God's beautiful creation.

Such a Hospital can, it is believed, do all the work that is done by other Hospitals for the relief of human suffering. Its medical and nursing staff will be as competent and as devoted to their work as those of any institution. Its appliances will be as complete as the most advanced medical and surgical science demands. But its promoters believe that all this is possible without encouraging the infliction of unnecessary pain on dumb animals. And it will be a first condition for those who serve it, in whatever capacity, that they shall repudiate alike the theory and the practice of cruelty in any form. Every effort will be made to reach the highest standard of excellence and to make it indeed a "Temple of healing," unstained by any reproach of cruelty to God's creatures.

All who sympathise with this object are earnestly entreated to assist the fund. Subscriptions and donations will be most thankfully received and should be forwarded to the *Secretary*, Hospital of St. Francis, 6, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., from whom all information may be obtained.

Yours truly, E. DICKSON.

WOMEN IN HOLLAND.

DEAR MRS. SHURMER SIBTHORP,—In the last number of SHAFTS I read a few lines on our intended Exhibition of Women's Labour, which are not quite correct. Allow me to give you better information on the subject, because we should not like our English friends to have a wrong idea about it. We do not propose to hold a Fair, much less a World's Fair, simply a national exhibition, giving an image as complete as possible of all the work executed by women in our country and colonies. Our aim is to extend woman's sphere of activity in *every* sense. We hope to awaken a better appreciation of woman's labour, show her what she is not trained for yet, and those positions she has as yet wholly to conquer, we want to incite her to insist on a better training for her work, to draw the public attention to the abuses in society, which weigh heavily, especially on women, and last, not least, to create interest for the claims and exertions of the more advanced women. To these ends also lectures and debates will be held on all social questions in which woman's influence and advice is especially necessary, as: instruction and education, relief of the poor, orphan asylums, prison systems, protection to be given to ill-treated children, the servant question, anti-vivisection, and the way of preventing cruelty to animals, etc.

In short our exhibition does not, as most exhibitions latterly did, aim at amusement, money-making and advertising (in the ordinary sense) but it intends to be a serious investigation of woman's work and condition, illustrated, as it were, to make the slow public know better how to prepare a woman for the work which she is beginning to take up in society as she ought to do; also to make an effort in helping, be it ever so little, the poor heavily loaded woman labourer, as well as the rich woman idler, who suffers in her way and equally needs help.

The Exhibition will take place at the Hague from July till late in September, 1898. We hope and trust to get a great number of visitors, both Dutch and foreign, interested in *our* pursuits in particular, and in the women's movement in general.

The few words added on the law passed by our Government also need some rectification. This law is only a first small step towards woman's suffrage, but as such, much to be rejoiced at. It concerns Boards of Labour, yet to be formed, for which both men and women are eligible and entitled to vote.

As to the philanthropic societies alluded to in SHAFTS, our country can boast of a great number (the Dutch have of old the reputation of being very charitable), and women have always taken a great share in them. We live in hopes that the lectures and debates, delivered during the Exhibition, will be a help to us in that sphere also, by promoting co-operation, toleration, fellow-feeling and solidarity between women of all classes.

Be so kind, dear Mrs. Shurmer Sibthorp, as to publish in SHAFTS either some of these particulars, or my letter, if it will do; if so, you would greatly oblige me by correcting my defective and foreign English.

Yours truly, MARGARETHA GALLÉ.

[I regret very much that SHAFTS should have printed a paragraph giving perhaps more praise than was quite due, as some may think, but it was contained in the first place in the columns of a daily paper, and that fact was really to me a sure proof that too much credit would not be given to any action of women. As this seems to have been done in this case, I can only ask, in wonder, why? Are things changing? —ED.]

IMPERIAL ENJOYMENT.

Extract from the "Daily Telegraph."

DEAR MADAM,—I send you the following extract:—

"The young Monarch of All the Russias, perhaps taking a hint from his Imperial brother of Germany, has become a keen sportsman. Every week shoots, at which hares and partridges are the principal game, are held in the grounds of Tsarkoe Seloe, Krasnoe Selo, and Gatschino. To these affairs, which are of a strictly private character, are invited the Grand Dukes and those members of the Tsar's suite who are most confidentially connected with the personal service of the Emperor."

This tells a tale, humiliating and sad, yet few will recognise it as such; for the majority see only in living creatures something to be killed and eaten. If nothing else will teach us, as human creatures, how low down in the scale we stand, surely this fact may, that our monarchs, men of note, in army, navy and science, delight themselves still in slaughter; in the slaughter of their fellows, in war and peace, human and animal, in the infliction of torture, the torture of vivisection! cruel, inexcusable and full of horror, and that women all the world over, quietly acquiesce in these things, so that they are allowed to go on. SHAFTS has vigorously attacked sport, vivisection, cruelty and inhumanity of every description. And we have need to thank you, dear Madam, for your bold and continued support. I know you are in great difficulties, I wish I could help you out of them. I wish women who can, would make your trying labours a little easier for you.

Vivisection can not go on if each person who hates cruelty and loves animals will make a determined and continuous protest until it has been brought to an inglorious end.

Yours very truly, ROBERT GRANT.

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP,—I am ashamed to have tarried so long in replying to your good letter. Since receiving it, the Women's National Council has held its second annual meeting, and there is no sign that its sympathies are with the past. A critic in one of our religious papers laments the fact that the women seem to ignore "inherent imperfectability" in mankind. It rejoices my heart indeed, to know that such charges may be laid against the Women of the Council. I thank God if they have a belief in mankind's "inherent perfectability," for that marks a renunciation of the old cruel creeds and an upward leaping towards the light. How have we to thank the World's great souls for the light they have shed around our pathway. For Emerson, personally, my love and reverence can never be expressed. His teaching of the Unity in variety, that Love beats at the centre of things and throbs to the borders of day, that the listening soul may attune itself divinely to the celestial symphonies, that we are the photometers of the subtle element spirit,—all this is inspiring, surely, and creates anew all things for us.

[I have here printed a portion of a beautiful letter received this year from Christchurch, New Zealand. Being a private letter I do not give the name, but I could wish that many such letters would find their way into SHAFTS' letter-box. Nothing does more to help and encourage, to destroy misapprehension and injustice, and to hasten evolution, as the communion of soul with soul. English women rejoice to hear glorious news from women in Australia, America and elsewhere, of how they are marching onward. Blest be their efforts! —ED.]

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