SHAFTS.—No. 9.—Vol. 1.—December 31, 1892—Price One Penny.] GIVEN AWAY, with every entitling (Their Name in Full, or Monogram Rubber Stamp for Marking Linen or Stamping Paper. Soldeverywhere, or direct from Works, 75, Southgater to Southgater

THE WORKINC (LASSES

A PAPER FOR WOMEN

No. 9. DECEMBER 31, 1892.

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OH. SWIFTLY SPEED, YE SHAFTS OF LICHT, WHILE HOSTS OF DARK/JESS FLY FAIR BREAKS THE DAWN : FAST ROLLS THE NICH FROM WOMAN'S DARKENED SKY.

HUMAN MOMENTS.

Doubt you if in some such moment As she fixed me she felt clearly Ages past the soul existed, Here an age 'tis resting merely, And hence fleets again for ages, While the true end, sole and single It stops here for is, this love-way, With some other soul to mingle

THE moon lay behind a cloud, aud it was dark on the balcony, so that the trees in Warrior-square seemed rustling masses of hazy indistinctness. Overhead, the white stars pierced the summer sky with chinks of light; from the room behind scraps of gay chatter and rippling laughter floated out to mingle with the sound of the band on St. Leonard's pier.

"May I come and keep you company or shall I disturb?" Bernise's voice sounded eerie in the dark. "How can that be possible?" said the courtly, white-haired poet. "You are a very kind young lady to leave all the young folks to come and talk to

'I have so little in common with them," said the girl, wearily, "and the effort to please, to feel interested in their interests, is terribly tiring. With you

it is quite different. A kindly old hand was laid on the young smooth one, and for a few moments

they were deep in the silence of a mutual sympathy. "What a small world it is !" said the old man at last, smiling. "Only three weeks ago we did not know of each other's existence, and now we are real friends in our own silent way."

friends in our own silent way." "I am very proud of your friendship," said the girl in a tone that would have surprised the denizens of the fashionable boarding house, who voted Bernise Charteris selfish, haughty, and uninteresting; a sad contrast to her dashing, sociable sisters. "It is stifting to live all your life in a world that can never be your own," she added, forcibly.

"Dear child, I understand.

"Yes, I feel you do; but then you are a poet and comprehend our feelings; everyone must know that who has read your beautiful verses." The poor old poet had not met with too much appreciation, and such a little

praise pleased him well. Suddenly the moon emerged from her cloud-bed and painted the sea silver

every wave shone clear and distinct ; the masts of a fishing-smack lying at anchor seemed etched in on the sky, and a tiny rowing-boat was metamorphosed into a ming work of art. Indoors, someone at the piano began to play the opening bars of a waltz

Doesn't it make you want to dance ?" the poet queried, almost wistfully. "No, no! I seem to have been dancing involutarily all my life; I am tired of -Oh!" she cried, with rapid change of tone, "it's the waltz from Faust!" The

nusic and the moonlight seemed to have entered Bernise's soul, and the quiet nature was suddenly all aflame. "Isn't it inexplicable how certain scents and "Isn't it inexplicable how certain scents and sounds affect one by their recollections ?" she said dreamily. "Ah ! " said the poet, " the music reminds you of something, of someone ?

"It was not so very long ago-only a year. I have kept my poor little secret all to myself, but, if you will not find it wearisome, I will confide it, because," cried Bernise, les larmes dans la voix, "if it even serves you for a theme it will not have been quite useless !

'My child," said the poet, gravely, "we look to the young for inspirations but it makes an old heart ache to see them unhappy when life is only just beginning. Tell me all about it."

The music beat by them like the wind, the rustling rush of the dancers within sounded like wings of swift birds of the air. Bernise, unseen in the

within sounded like wings of swirt birds of the air. Bernise, thiseen in the dark, watched them curiously for a moment, then sighed softly. "We have been very gay people all our lives," she began. "Day after day, night after night, dancing, feasting, fêtes, entertaining and being entertained— no time to pause, to breathe, or think, and behind it all the ghastly shifts and contrivances lest our world should discover the shams.

"Well, it was at a dance-where we all come to do the same thing, and characteristics and originality are therefore at a discount. All the people were there we had met almost every night; the same gay, lighthearted, frivolous set I ought to have been used to, for we never knew any other. They were all set upon leading a merry life; the women and girls in perpetual competition, albeit with smiling faces and outward calm, and the men—handsome, good dancers, faultless dressers — who maddened me most. To be treated like the rest, as a pretty, delicate toy to flirt with and flatter, to be laughed at or admired for woman as they know women, I could not be expected to have a brain, much less -it was revolting !

I felt ill and worn out that warm night, and so terribly lonely in the great crowd I could have cried like a frightened child, but I had to dance all the same. There was an "extra" just before supper I was only too glad to escape, and went to sit in the deserted flower-decked landing like some poor 'wallflower,' And then---- You have dropped some of your roses,' said a man's voice, and turning, I saw its owner for the first time at the foot of the stairs. We stood staring at each other in a comprehensive gaze that seemed to shrivel up all dissembling, all discontent for ever. "'We have met before,' he said, when the silence grew too strong. 'I do

not know if it was in a dream or in some pre-existence.' He smiled, but his tone was grave. The next moment we were somehow together on the landing. 'I think,' he said, 'I have been expecting to see you all my life.' 'And I have wanted to meet you so much,' I confessed, dazed.

"I can see the plain, dark face now quite clearly, with its wonderfully keen, intellectual expression, and the tall, slight figure that it was impossible to over-look anywhere; he was as different from the herd of well-dressed men there that night (men who, unlike the horse, were *not* noble animals), as I am to one

of those white stars. I felt all this the minute I talked to him; even now I recollect the brilliancy of his conversation, the modesty that shielded his own achievements, his high standard of men and things that made mine poor and materialistic. I had never met a man like this before, who read and thought, and held divers theories without reference to their being the correct thing of the hour. And yet there is so much in Theosophy that we intuitively felt more than friends. Somehow, without talking much of himself, I obtained a vivid than friends. Somenow, without talking much of himself, 1 obtained a vivid impression of a lonely, motherless boyhood and a stern, struggling youth; a thirst for the knowledge which is power, that blotted out poverty and knew rigorous self-denial intimately. And thought flew high and sacred above the noisy gaiety, and sordid frivolity—the crowd was transformed into a solitude \dot{a}

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The poet stole a glance at this new Bernise, with the ecstatic light in hor

" I remember he said of modern books that Olive Schreiner's 'Story of an African Farm 'had cut a notch deep down into its generation and deserved to live; that George Meredith's works were full of vivid flaming life; and Browning's weirdly powerful poems more exhibit and than old wine. We agreed that it was worth a whole year of life to see Charles Wyndhaun play David Garrick, and six months at the least to hear Nettie Carpenter's violin. David Garrick, and six months at the least to hear Nettle Carpenter's violint. We quite forgot supper as we sat talking of other worlds where such unimportant details were needless. How we two speculated on futurity, on humanity, on art, education, friendship, ay, and love itself, the king-passion ! This slight, dark man and I, in fine, knew each other better in that short space than our nearest kin had all our lives. And all the while the band playing the waltz from *Faust*. But it ended too soon. The dancers streamed out on to the stairs and landing; other partners tired ame to claim me, and I had to go, 'a martyr by the pang without the alm.' But just as the crowd swept us apart, we said "Good-bye," and our hands and eyes met; then his face went out of my sight as quickly as it had come. I do not know how the rest of that night passed, or even the next few days. There were men in the world like this then, and I could never know them ; there were high-souled personalities still remaining, and I had lost one them ; there were high-souled personalities still remaining, and I had lost one as I found it !" Bernise's voice thrilled passionately. "And life had to go on just the same ; the perpetual struggle for place and precedence and wealthy husbands for the girls, and scathing contempt for poverty, all the more bitterly expressed because of our own, hidden so carefully." "That is not the end, I think," said the poet with gentle intuition. "There is more. I heard accidentally he went to Rome as secretary to some very wealthy man of letters the very day after the dance ; it was a

plendid opening for him, and had been patiently expected for years. I heard ext," wringing small pains from her hands, "that he was ill, dying of the marsh fever out there ; I could ask no questions, make no sign. I do not know now if he is alive or dead, but he is dead to me all the same, and my heart is breaking, breaking." She sank into a low basket chair and stared out across the dusty road to the parade, thronged with hazy forms; then seeming to feel something more was expected of her, she turned to the quiet listener opposite.

"That is all, my poet. I have painted the portrait ill enough; it is possible to do him verbal justice; you should have known Leon Saville." He is my son !

"What !"-the girl was out of the chair now-" Your son ?" "Frederic Dudley' is only a nom-de-plame, but it pleases me to be called y it, and—my child, you are not crying?" "I cannot tell you how ashamed, how terribly——."

'My dear child, what cause for shame in your beautiful young

But proud, reserved Bernise still stood crushed against the railing, her face idden and a grateful feeling stealing over her, when the old man patted l shoulder and went softly away, leaving her with a sorrow that no one could help her to bear. Then with an effort she brushed away her tears and turned to go ack into the light and life within. But a tall form appeared on the balcony barring her way. "Will you let me pass, please ?" It was Miss Bernise Charteris of everyday

who spoke.

"Bernise!" said the voice she remembered so well, and her hands were held close in the strong grasp of a man who bent down to her. "Leon, is that you?" The unspeakable surprise turned her faint and giddy,

ervthing seemed unreal.

everything seemed unreal. "I have found you again, my God-given one," the man was saying. "My beloved, how I have longed for you." The plain face was transformed by a great light; it was the strangest, most abrupt wooing imaginable. And Bernise, having no words of her own, answered in those uttered thousands of years ago by beautiful, faithful Ruth, "Where thou goest I will go: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." "Really, Bernise, you are the oddest creature," said Mys. Charteries is here

"Really, Bernise, you are the oddest creature," said Mrs. Charteris, to whom the girl had always been an encumbrance and an enigma, a few hours later. "This ugly man who has just arrived, and has only been a secretary before his late employer left him this legacy ! And the magnificent chances you've thrown away like the eccentric child you are, and always will be ! And you've nly met this man, Leon Saville, twice, you say?" "But I have known him all my life," said Bernise.

ESTHER POLAND

We should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression. The heart of a vise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being CONFLUTIO sullied by any.

THE NATURAL LIFE .- Men nowhere, east or west, live yet a natural life.

round which the vine clings and which the elm willingly shadows. Men . . . need not only be spiritualised, but *naturalised*, on the soil of earth: Who shall conceive what kind of roof the heavens might extend over him, what seasons minister to him, and what employment dignify his life! . . . The winds should be his breath, the seasons his moods, and he should impart of his serenity to Nature herself. THOREAU

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Influential Lives.

THE REV. FLORENCE KOLLOCK, M.A.

In recording the lives of those who are making themselves useful in their with Miss Chapin, and attended the university there. I was delighted day and generation, who have come to be known and loved by those who perceive; those who have done, and are doing, something to help the with Miss Chapin's work." (To be continued). [The portrait of the Rev. Florence Kollock M.A., will appear next week world along, it is curious to note how the youthful days of each have been spent; how the power of these days has cast its shadow or sunshine all with the continuation of the sketch.] along the track. Those who enjoy intimate intercourse with the Rev. Florence Kollock, if in the possession of even ordinary perceptive powers, will readily understand that the bright-eyed, sunny-faced woman must have had a bright and joyous youth.

And so, indeed, hath it been. To hear her tell of those days, with OF VIEW. kindling eye and flushing cheek, is to hear with her the merry voices, the rippling laughter, the swish through the keen frosty air as on flying By "LIBRA." skates, she sped among her loved companions in graceful, swift evolutions HAS it ever occurred to any of our women readers to ask this question: "Why am I a woman? Why has Richard Jones been now here, now there, with heightened colour, spirits all instinct with the gay gladness of the hour, every drop of blood in her veins tingling with orn a man, and why have I been born a woman? Is it all chance, or is delight ; laughter and joyous greetings filling the moments as they flew there some inherent feminine condition in me, and masculine condition in like shafts of light, filling the corners of her heart and brain with memo him, which compels us to be of different sex, or is it of no moment at all, ries-undying memories-whose sparkle remains to this day in the bright since physical differences are temporary and unimportant compared with dark eyes that look us through so kindly. Thus ever doth the past leave its impress on the present, and the actions of later years bear the the mental and spiritual planes of life ? To such questions as these there can be no possible answers, save such character of our earlier experience.

Many earnest souls, whose young years have been full of trial, have s are prompted by mere feelings or guess-work, unless we penetrate into come, it is true, in later life, to drink deep of the well springs of happi the world of causes. All effects are due to causes ; all physical phenomena ness; their lives have led them into pleasant places, and a calm and glad to the working of unseen forces; all the conditions of human life to laws beneficent and unerring which develop alike the planet and the living content has taken the place of sorrow and suffering; but joyousness as soul of the highest form of being on its surface. But we must look rule is a habit of the heart and mind acquired only in childhood, which beyond the external to discover these causes, of which the remote belong to once acquired and confirmed is not easily lost. "Be true," says the Greel proverb, "to the dreams of thy youth," and those who have known how the invisible world, and are not cognisable by the physical senses, although they are capable of recognition and proof. It is on this unexplored realm high and grand such dreams can be will understand the full meaning o of Nature-for it is unexplored to the great majority of our race-that all the adage conveys. Who dare prognosticate the possibilities that lie Theosophy throws such a clear light, and on no problem that has vexed within the innocent, unclouded eyes of a child, that look out so clear, the human mind does it throw a greater illumination than on that of sex. straight, and true upon the world which is to them a source of never With regard to that it teaches simply this, that "manhood" and "womanending wonder and delight-a sanctuary, a holy place ? "Train up a child in hood" are conditions of differentiation necessitated by the descent of the the way in which it ought to go," Solomon is supposed to have said; but Solo mon, like many others before and after him, omitted to take into account soul from a state of comparatively impotent innocency-a "Paradise" if the immense amount of training which the child gains for itself : the you will-into the lower phases of material life, the passage through decisions at which it arrives with regard to the world and its ways, with which confers on it profound knowledge, wisdom and perfect development, regard to the precepts and actions of those with whom it comes in con and a re-ascent to a spiritual state of surpassing grandeur. "For our tact, the experiences it undergoes so quietly, the mistakes it makes light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more and sees, when least its elders suspect, the love which going exceedingly an eternal weight of glory," From the invisible even the planets are born into the limited, the conditioned, the visible, and thence forth from the young heart transfigures all upon which it rests. Solomo and other wise ones having omitted all these minor details have failed to pass by the long process of evolution again into the unseen, every particle touch the most important of all important causes which produce for their of matter thus subjected to this process possessing added potencies which ultimate effect a thoughtful, capable human being. In the days of her nally become spiritual forces. childhood and early girlhood, the Rev. Florence Kollock enjoyed the free Brief, compared with the vast issues, as the entire period of the life of glad life which fell to her lot with all the heartiness and fervour of that the human race or races may be, it still comprises, according to our conceptions, long ages, which have already stretched far beyond the historical strong, high purpose which she now brings into her present earnest -skating, riding, driving, entering into all the hearty, inno period in the past, and will extend until the crowning race of man is cent pleasures belonging to her youth, position, and the land of her birth evolved on the globe. For nature never stops until she creates the flower America. The hearty fun, the laughter, the glad merry days were pre and fruit : dicative of the deeper, more earnest life to come, for which she was even She maketh and unmaketh, mending all ; What she hath wrought is better than hath been ; Slow grows the splendid pattern that she plans Her wistful hands between. then preparing, though she knew it not. Many tasks, imperfectly executed, much work, performed with so little earnestness, cam under her observation. Many words carelessly spoken displeased her sense of thoroughness, sank into the good soil of her heart and The two laws, indissolubly linked together, which Theosophy teaches control the human ego, are Re-incarnation and Karma; or the various embodi-

brain and brought forth splendid fruit. She was born in Waukesha, Wisconsin, U.S.A. Her mother was a womar nents essential for experience, discipline, purification; and that conservation of energy on the psychic plane which determines the destiny of the of great capability and intelligence, and the possessor of a fund of good ego in each incarnation, since the forces created by the human being in sense. She considered that every girl should be put into possession of some means of livelihood which would render her perfectly independent and thought and deed are inevitably linked with their Creator, and must be free, "after which," said Mrs. Kollock, "let her marry or not, as she employed, overcome, or neutralised, as the case may be, in further efforts. Each soul is, of course, incarnated a large number of times in both sexes, pleases; but a girl should never marry for a home alone." It was the so that a permanent "man" or "woman" is an impossibility. Even as a mother's intense desire that her daughters should be useful, and that women should show unmistakably to the whole world how capable they condition, manhood and womanhood are temporary in their nature, the were, if trained, to do anything they might choose, as their life's work. rue plane of existence being duality, or the possession of the higher masaline and feminine powers in one being. Such is the plane reached by She insisted that women should be financially independent, or, she said. the Christ, the adepts, and which will be illustrated in the great race of "they would always be subject : we must be able to command our own the future, which will be truly "divine," and possess direct and absolute pocket, because as long as women are dependent on men they are in peril. ontrol over all material forces. It is needless to say that these laws ensure Miss Kollock savs the most absolute justice for all human beings. Nature has no favourites; "My sister, Harriet, was one of the most brilliant women the woman or the man always reaps what each has previously sown. You ever knew. One woman is so great an inspiration to another are a woman because having passed through many and various incarnawhen such inspiring power is used, that it is much to be regretted tions, the last of which has possibly been masculine, you need, through a it should ever be otherwise. This strengthening and encouraging influence law of reaction, further experience at this point in the form of womanhood. was exercised over me by my sister Harriet. One day as I was reading a very stirring sermon on "Some Phases of Liberal Thought," written by You may now be attracted to or repelled from that condition; it does not

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a Congregational minister, I felt my soul suddenly stirred within me, and I exclaimed aloud, 'Oh, that I were a minister, I know what I should say !' My sister Harriet looking at me steadfastly said, 'You can be if you wish to be.' She conferred on my account with Miss Livermore, who strongly approved of the idea. Shortly after I went to ive with Miss Augusta Chapin, strengthened by this pithy advice-'Be careful; if you like it, then go for it, but be careful.' I went. I lived

WOMANHOOD FROM THE THEOSOPHICAL POINT

SHAFTS.

matter; deeper than your seeing, or even than your feeling, lies a something created by yourself, which produces just the happiness, the need of greater insight amid fresh circumstances, or the stern discipline, which is a part of your progress onwards- You cannot escape the destiny, but it is yours to weave it into a real and substantial step in your ascent, to gain strength from it, and unselfishness. We have known women who felt embittered by their womanhood-impatient at its restraints, with the estimate a very material and ignorant world assigns to it at the present time. Could their past lives have been perceived, it would be seen that this very condition was the kindliest gift Nature could bestow on Perhaps narrow and selfish in the masculine form, they are them. just beginning to learn, and by the lessons that experience alone can teach, that womanhood is not a thing to be despised, or regarded from a sexual point of view, but something that may and can be free, demanding all the possibilities of life in its higher aspects ; and the indignation at the wrongs they witness inflicted on their sex, or the pin-pricks which goad them in literature, religion, or social life, in foolish and contemptuous epithets applied to it, are so many whips and spurs which will urge them in the future in a right direction A spiritually natured, just, and unselfish man, sympathetic with woman and willing to co-operate with her to redress wrongs, and accomplish good work, has not been born in a day. He is simply an ego who has learnt his lesson. Similarly, a woman with the better qualities of man in her, and sweetness and strength combined, who is repelled from the attitude of subordination which has been created by masculine passion, and added to also-for we must be just-by feminine passion, is no less the product of the great school of her unknown past. What she is, all other women will in time become, until at last differentiation of sex will disappear in

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duality, or the perfect balance of the best qualities of both. It needs only a moment's thought to recognise the profound justice of this law, the only one capable of solving the problems which confront u at all points. Is the savage of Central Africa, whose wives are slaves, destined only for that one little existence lived out amid the blindness and ignorance of initial experiences of physical life? If so, where is justice, either for him or the poor creatures in whom he recognises only on hing-difference of sex ! And is the well-dressed savage of Regent street, who has only learnt the outer rules of civilisation, and who spends his time in an endeavour to prostitute women, limited to the hours he has spent in London and the mere ill-use he has made of his brief space of time in one body? If so, where, again, is justice, either for him, o the weak, the pretty, or poverty-stricken girls for whom he ha worked woe? And are any of these beings ripe for what sacred writings describe as the "eternal life" of purity and perfec tion, which needs no return to the pathways of earth? and quite contrary to the teachings of a "Master in Israel," they have reached it by the "broad road" which leads to the very antithesis of spiritual existence! Nature, and the Divine in Nature, are not thus mocked. Nor is it by post-mortem pains and penalties that pure life can be reached. It is when we are in possession of the physical body, that we must overcome ; when we are face to face with its exclusive and selfish demands, that we must conquer the lower and assert the higher. Man also needs knowledge. He must grow up. Innocent children may be pleas-ing; such might be the condition of the bodiless savage in some nonphysical realm; but manhood and womanhood are attained only by the knowledge attached to growth.

Perhaps some of my readers may rebel against the thought of other existences on this globe. Why ? Would we not all gladly come back and share in a glorious future which our own sufferings have built up, which has been wrought by our sighs and tears, our hopes and aspirations and earnest endeavours? We do not recollect the past only because our soul-memory is for the time blotted out amid the vivid perceptions of our present external existence, but there are persons living, even little advanced as we now are, who can remember some lives of their past as we remember hours of our childhood. Why not ? Most of us possess unconscious recollections. To these we owe certain strange attractions and antipathies, certain haunting memories, certain unaccountable associations with things and places, certain singular loves at first sight, and singular hatreds; certain intuitive knowledge of vices, or attraction towards various We are constantly receiving hints from our past, although the virtues. great lessons of the present may be received with more sighs than wel comes. Moreover, in looking at the immediate past of our present lives, we cannot fail to be struck with the fact that we rapidly forget innumer able lesser incidents. Nothing is really forgotten by the higher con sciousness of the soul-life, but they cease to exist in the mental or merely external consciousness. Can any of us recall a single entire day of our lives at ten years old? We can remember an outline of any marked event in it, but even that is blurred, and of our thoughts and feelings at that period we have only the vaguest remembrance. They are blotted out by the positive present. We suffer pain which makes us miserable one day it goes, and we forget it the next, and wonder over our groans. But we always remember what may be called the general run of our experiences.

Nature, for the time, casts aside the component details, but the essences are imperishable. What we were at ten years old is related to what we are now

To be brief, sex is an episode of our physical existence, created by our own desire to realise all the possibilities of life on that plane. On attaining the extreme limits of experience in the masculine form, a change to that of the feminine becomes an absolute necessity. And this takes place continually, and under the most exhaustive and varied conditions. until true knowledge begins to dawn upon the Ego. The futility of the oppression of one sex by the other is therefore apparent.

To this some may answer, This may be perfectly just as regards individuals, units, but there is still an injustice to Womanhood as a whole. Concerning this point we will reply in the second part of our article, when we hope to show what womanhood may become, and the power that is latent within it.

(To be continued.)

A JINGLE OF THE FRANCHISE.

By S. S. Gladstone, leader of the nation, Says he deems it wise to pause Ere sanctioning emancipation Of the women, lest it cause Them to trespass, all unwitting, On those gentle charms befitting Woman's nature, thus committing Violence 'gainst nature's laws. CHORUS OF ADVOCATES :- For a difference he can see, Though not quite plain to you and me, 'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee. " So, to grant this woman suffrage I am greatly disinclined; For I fear 'twould sadly outrage [Says the man of LIBERAL mind] "Woman's pure and lofty nature, As described by poet, preacher, Politician, sage and teacher, And by Providence designed. CHORUS :- There's a difference that we. Lacking logic, cannot see, 'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee. Feminine participation, When 'tis benefiting them, In the " Liberal Federation, Truly he does not condemn For this sort of influence is Not opposed to Providence's Great and wise decrees, and hence is Quite permissible. - Ahem CHORUS :- For 'tis different, says he. It's just the difference, don't you see, 'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee ? By consensus of opinion, Women may participate, Thus throughout the Queen's dominion, Working for male candidate, Canvassing, electioneering, In such cases is appearing (Truly is the subject clearing !) Perfectly legitimate. CHORUS : - O, 'tis different, don't you see ? What wide distinction there must be 'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee ! Why direct participation Gladstone's moral sense so shocks ; Wherefore this slight innovation-Placing papers in a box-Should result in our unsexing, Is a question most perplexing, Which our souls is greatly vexing, And our keenest wisdom mocks. CHORUS : - For this difference we can't see, So illogical are we, 'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee. O wise parliamentary leader Of a nation great and free, It is clear to every reader Of this singular decree, That the jewel that your name is Symbol of, sure, not the same is As the one of old whose fame is, -That bright gem, Consistency CHORUS :- None are so blind as who won't see That no distinction there can be 'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

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WHAT THE GIRL SAVS.

Here and there the souls that strive have gathered, listening; dimly guessing that the girl has also thought; the air has been filled with their questioning. What have her thoughts been? What must they have been? Has all this moaning and crying that has filled the echoes of the ages with tears and sobs been because for the string of the Under this heading will appear short notices of whatever women in any part of the world, or in any class of life, have done or are doing in the cause of progress ; also selected bits from the writings of women. Women and men are invited to contribute to this column. of the girl's silence in regard to her thoughts? Why has she been silent - has she been gagged? Has no one chronicled her thoughts -- is there no record? Yea, one there is who knows well what the girl has thought; and will tell it, from its vaguest murmurs to its fullest tones -- It is the girl herself. THE "thin red line" has played its part of war and bloodshed in all the history of the world. The tale of the passing ages, and a higher consciousness are fast depriving it of its glory. Posterity shall judge whether the part played has been an absolute necessity as some sav, or no. Meanwhile, we have ceased to contemplate its allusions of fame—the awful other side is more within our ken.

The Girl thinks it is very wrong of people to say to boys, "Don't cry, it is only girls that cry." It is a child's nature to cry when in pain. When boys go to school they are laughed at if they have any kind feel-Women are gathering together their armies for another battle; for strife of another nature --the war of Women against injustice, impurity, tyranny, cruely and falsehood. Against these, Women have ranged their "Steadfast Blue Line," which ings, and so they get into the way of hiding them, till they gradually lose grows stronger with every hour. Their weapon is the "Sword of the Spirit, sharp and keen, and it will never be sheathed till the "winter of their discontent them, and allow themselves to take pleasure in torturing animals and insects, especially cats. The sight of a cat in the street seems to rouse has passed away for ever, and the time of the singing of freedom's jubilant song of victory, has come. the cruel instinct in a boy ; dogs they do not so often hurt, because they × * * * are afraid they might pay them back. It must be some creature not In vain would women's hearts well able to defend itself. When such boys grow into men they are not In love with sacrifice, withstand the stream kind or merciful Of human progress ; other spheres, new parts The Girl thinks it disgusting to see so many young men smoking and Await them

spitting in the streets, and thinks the best way of curing them is for

NAMES of Women worthy of honour, worthy of answering to the girls to do the same, and let them see how disgusting it looks ; but the Roll Call of the STEADFAST BLUE LINE will appear in print from week to week just as they occur to the thoughts of the writer, who earnestly wishes to avoid making any distinctions. It is difficult to judge of individual worth, with accuracy ; as, what is on the surface, what seens, only s known to those who look on, observant though they may be. Work The Girl heard at a meeting that the reason Liberals would not give done with ardent endeavour, untiring action, and laudable intent, is often unknown to the multitude; it earns no meed of praise, though generally the most effective work of all. In these columns therefore, we avoid giving precedence to any who may, through more favourable opportunities, through the advantages of wealth or position, have come more prominently before the public :--

Girl hopes so terrible a remedy may never be required. The Girl wonders why women do not say all the world and her hus-band instead of all the world and his wife. She thinks a great deal of harm is done by different expressions that are used. women the vote was that they would all be Conservatives; if that is so, it is a wonder the Conservatives do not rush to give women justice, but they do not seem in a very great hurry to do so; perhaps they think women would all be Liberals. The Girl thinks the political opinions of women and men are much the same.

Another Girl is a Board-school Girl. She says she is very young to tell her thoughts in a paper, but that she has lived a life so different from the life of girls who are better off than herself that she feels quite grown-up. The Girl says she is the eldest girl in a family of eight children and is eleven years old; her brother Jack is twelve and Teddy is ten; the others are girls and boys under ten. The Girl says her mother goes out to work, leaving the Girl to prepare breakfast for the family and to wash and dress the little ones for school. But mother is ill sometimes and requires her breakfast to be taken to bed, and sometimes to be attended to all day long by the Girl.

The Girl says Jack and Teddy go out to play as soon as they get up, and return to breakfast with rosy cheeks and good appetites. After the meal is over they rush off to school, and are in time to be marked early, and to receive the first lesson, and to qualify for a medal and prize at the end of the year.

The Girl says she never gets anything, because she has to clear away the tea cups, take baby to the *crèche*, and drag Willie, the three-year-old, to school. He won't walk fast, but kicks and cries when he gets near the Infant School.

The Girl says she has to coax him in or carry him ; then hang his cap and jacket on a peg, deposit him in his class and then hurry to her own school just in time to step in before the door is finally closed.

The Girl says her brothers have by this time had an hour's schooling, and are not yet tired ; but she is so tired she wants to go to sleep. The Girl says that being a Girl she wants to pass, and as she has

many subjects to learn she must wake up, or her brothers, who do no needlework, will run ahead of her.

The Girl does not like to be kept at home three or four times a week, she can't get on, and why the boys don't take the home work in turns with her the Girl cannot understand.

The Girl says Jack declares he'll be a sailor, and Teddy means to be a soldier; their sister says sailors and soldiers do a lot of (what is wrongly OFINIONS ON WOMEN'S EMANCIPATION. called) women's work (brave men often do), they scrub boards as clean as possible, they boil, and bake, and wash clothes, and often amuse them-I GO for all sharing the privilege of the Government who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding women — ABRAHAM LINCOLN. For over forty years I have not hesitated to declare my conviction that selves in leisure hours with needlework.

The Girl thinks that Jack and Teddy should prepare for their future justice and fair dealing and the democratic principles of our Government de-mand equal rights and privileges of citizenship, irrespective of sex. I have not been able to see any good reasons for denying the ballot to women, -JOHN G. by helping mother now. The Girl cannot comprehend how it is that girls' schools pass examinations so well when such difficulties surround the scholars. She believes WHITTIER.

it is a proof that Girls are capable of doing splendid things if they had a fair chance given to them.

Another Girl is one who has thought long and earnestly on the subject of motherhood. She thinks that to be a mother is the most

sides.—REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE. One principal cause of the failure of so many magnificent schemes, social, political, religious, which have followed each other, age after age, has been this : that in almost every case they have ignored the rights and powers of one-half of the human race, viz, woman. I believe that politics will never go right. that society will not go right, that nothing human will ever go right, except in so far as woman goes right. And to make woman go right she must be put in her place and she must have her rights.—CHARLES KINGSLEY. solemn responsibility a Girl can assume. The Girl says "assume," because whatever other responsibilities may be thrust upon a Girl or woman, that at least is voluntary, at any rate in most cases. (Continued on page 135.)

San Francisco, Cal.

SHAFTS.

THE STEADFAST BLUE LINE.

ROLL CALL.

MARGARET LLEWELLYN DAVIES. PHILIPPA FAWCETT. EDITH A. DAVIS. DILYS DAVIES. MONA CAIRD. FRANCES POWER COBBE. KATE MARSDEN. MURIEL DOWIE. SOPHIE BRYANT, D.Sc. ANNIE BESANT. DR. FRANCES KOLLOCK. MATHILDE BLIND. RAMABAI SARASVATI. ALICE STOCKHAM. MRS. BEECHER STOWE. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. CARMEN SYLVA. MATILDA JOSELYN GAGE REV. OLYMPIA BROWN.

(MRS.) DEVEREUX BLAKE. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD. SARA ANDREWS SPENCER. MARY CLEMMER. MARILLA M. RICKER. JANE H. SPOFFORD. HARRIET H. ROBINSON. ALICE CORNWELL. CATHERINE RAY. NORA WYNFORD PHILLIPS. MARIE CONSTANTINOWNA ZEBRIKOWA. (MRS.) FRENCH SHELDON. E. A. CARPENTER. CATHERINE BOOTH. EMMA HARRIMAN. CLARA BEWICK COLBY.

CAROLINE E MERRICK ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER

I have not found a respectable reason why women should not vote, although I have read almost everything that has been written on the subject on both sides.-Rev. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

PRINCESS SUPREME.

By O. Eslie-Nelham.

Author of A Search for a Soul; or, Sapphire Lights.

CHAPTER VIL.

OLIVE, having undertaken the housekeeping, did not satisfy herself with any half measures. Despatching the cook for a fortnight's holiday, she wrote to a young patient of her own, requesting her to set off for Dustleigh by

'You know," she wrote, "how anxious I was that you should have some change, and this, I think, will suit you. I want you to take the cook's place here for a forthight. I know all about your qualifications, so start at once, and if you make some very fascinating little dishes and distinguish yourself, as I know you can, you may be kept on here.

delightful little dinners possible, with the means at their command.

"You look quite sprightly, Kate, I believe the rest has done you good already!" said Olive cheerily one day about a week afterwards, and Kate answered with a long, deliberate sigh of enjoyment. "Sprightly! I feel a different being altogether. Oh, Olive, if I could

"Sprightly: I feel a different being altogether. On, Olive, if I could describe to you the pleasure it is to eat something that you have not ordered yourself, to have the little zest of wondering what nice things there will be for dinner to-day. I feel quite ashamed to see what a good manager you are after all my years of experience. I should not have thought that you would have known anything about domestic matters at all, that you would have been wrapt up in your studies !

'My dear, education makes you do every thing better ; it brisks up your intelligence in every way, and makes you understake the most common household details in a superior manner. It makes you better able to understand and to what is true and what false economy. It enables you better able to understand and to what is true and what false economy. It enables you to understand how to choose food with a due regard to its effect on the system, which is everything. You are really much cleverer than I am, but I have had my capacities judiciously cultured, and I have had a kind of life that makes me feel vigorous and anterprising." and enterprising.

'Economy," repeated Kate, with whom the word that had been dinned into her ears from her youth upwards lingered. "You have been thinking of economy. I am glad to hear that. I was afraid that as you gave us such nice economy. I am glad to near that. I was afraid that as you gave us such nice things they must be expensive, but I wondered——. I always try to put a little money aside for repairs, scrubbing-brushes, and washing clothes, and brooms, and things like that. You cannot think how many they go through. I don't like to ask papa about them, it seems always asking, so I have to try to save myself. I wonder——" she faltered and stopped short, and Olive, noting the pleading anxiety in her face, answered with a smile :

"I saved two pounds last week, and I hope to do the same this week. I was going to give you the four pounds on Saturday. I thought it would give you pleasure to get some little extra thing for papa that he requires.

pleasure to get some little extra thing for papa that he requires." "Olive!" cried Kate, stopping short, and the painful joy in her voice made her sister's heart contract curiously, "I have been trying to save up four pounds for the last ten years to give him a medical work that he wished. "But, dear, about those four pounds. I wish I could express—I cannot tell "But, dear, about those four pounds. I wish I could express—I cannot tell "But, dear, about those four pounds. I wish I could express."

you-when I feel this dress also, and think of all that you have done for me. 'Oh, Kate, don't. The gratitude of man hath oftimes left me mourning Don't be grateful, please. We so easily get to hate anyone to whom we have to be grateful, and I want you to like me, Kitykins. I think it heavenly of you to accept the few trampery things I have been able to produce without detesting me for having such a much better time all round than you have. Forget those rubbishy details about gratitude. Look over there!"

They were walking across the Downs in the darkening twilight, and where she pointed a volume of smoke rose up and tongues of flame darted after it. The gorse had been fired. A grand north-west wind was blowing, and one after another the prickly clumps were lit up, the blaze ran crackling round, investing them with a halo of brilliance for some moments, then the gleam vanished into air, and the shrub that had seemed glorified stood dead.

The fire ran along, licking up the roots and grass, whilst the dense dark smoke curled up to heaven, leaving desolation behind. The poor little terrified rabbits hurried out of their burning homes straight

The poor little terrined rappits nurried out of their butting nones straight into the way of the rifles ready for their destruction. The sight of that which greeted the tiny refugees gave Olive a strange sick feeling. She looked away from the little bodies lying still, wounded unto death, dying on their own glad, free downs, where they had lived their harm-

She looked away, but the piteous sight remained with her, and suddenly all the glory went out of her day.

She walked along with her eyes bent gloomily on the ground, thinking of all the unnecessary cruelty that men have brought into life. Kate had not noticed the guns, and, bent still on admiring the burning splendour, wondered what had made her sister all at once so quiet.

splendour, wondered what had made her sister all at once so quice.
She slipped her hand into hers, and said expressively :
"This dress is like a feather, I feel as though I could walk for miles."
"You are the most extraordinarily grateful person I ever saw in my life, Kate; do you know, it makes me sad to hear you, it seems as though you had had so few pleasant things done for you in your life." "Never mind, I have not been so very unhappy, and if I have been a little it makes me appreciate your loving care all the more."

Finding that Miss Weir's daily costume was a serge gown, which had turned out so heavy that it gave its owner a backache to 30 for a walk in it, Olive had taken the liberty of ordering a new one in the lightest material obtainable. She had purloined from her sister's wardrobe an old evening frock as a model,

and had had the new dress made exactly like the heavy one, presuming its style to be according to her sister's taste. She also ordered a new jacket and hat at the same tim

[December 31, 1892.

When Kate came to her in excited incredulity to ask if she would explain the meaning of the milliner's box, she facetiously explained: "It is medicine, Kate, nothing but medicine, and you are to take it without a word of remonstrance, or I shall never forgive you. I told you I had taken you in hand, and my professional reputation is at stake to make a good case

you." "But, Olive," she attempted to begin, and then seeing an frown hovering on the doctor's brow, she changed the sentence, and added, "It weighs nothing at all, and the other is like lead—oh, it will be a comfort. But is it not quite too extravagantly delightful? You know, I have a new hat and jacket

"Yes, I know. I know also what all the feeble excuses have meant when you keep refusing to go for a walk with me. The hat was such a failure and suits you so badly that it makes you uncomfortable to go out in it. "You are so dreadfully acute!" murmured Kate in a shamefaced

whisper

'I know that women's unsatisfactory clothes have often a good deal to do with their halth and that often when they give all sorts of unaccountable excuses for staying in the house there is some sort of old-man-of-the-sea of a arment that will not get worn out or look nice and that has become hate il in the owner's sight.

"But it was vain of me," maintained Kate with vigorous self-consure. I ought to have worn it without caring how it looked.

"It was vain, no doubt; but as we are only failty human beings there is o reason why we should wish to be superior to the foible; besides, vanity is ood for us. You should not have gone out in an unbecoming hat, it would ood for us. have been bad for your health and spirits to do so day after day. It would have been bad for your health and spirits to do so day after day. It would have taken away all sprightliness from your walk and have made you look dowdy and feel low-spirited. But I am not extravagant; that other hat has got to be made becoming. We have not time for millinery just yet, because we want a good many doses of fresh air. I shall take the hat in hand some morning myself, and I shall turn it up and down and round about and clap it in in some places and bang it out in others, and try different laces and thowers and ribbons upon it, and it *shall* be a success, I assure you. I do not put up with failure." She concluded, not vauntingly, she said the words with aughing lightness, but there was an undercurrent of will-power sounding through her most trifling words that gave assurance that her determinations would be put into satisfactory practice; there was a brave helpfulness, a valiant marching air about Olive that inspired confidence.

She had no maundering sentiment about herself on the subject of her own niability. She prided herself upon her common-sense—was kind and helpful miability. -a person of action, going sensibly to the root of every matter with few words. She was also endowed with alert sympathy, and fancying that Kate might be feeling that she herself had played a somewhat sorry part she justly said : "Of course I know that you would have turned the hat about successfully if you had had more time, but you are so taken up with mending and darning at the children's clothes that you had to keep it unbecoming; that was not so very vain, Kitykins, was it? You did your duty and left your vanity in the lurch."

And Kate had ence more tearfully exclaimed, "You always understand ! I do seem to be mending nearly the whole day, and yet the tablecloths and things sometimes have holes all the same. I cannot do it all." But Olive had attended to the mending also, and had taken her charge on

e downs

"Does the fire make you sorrowful?" Kate asked wistfully, for she could

As Olive looked up to answer her sister's question she encountered the eyes of Mr. Strathgoyle. Leonard was standing on the other side, apparently staring into the flames, but his glance travelled further, across the fiery bushes, ing with extraordinary intentness upon Olive.

Finding himself perceived, he came forward, with well-bred calm, and made ne commonplace remark upon the scene. They were a good way from home, "Do you often come here for a walk?" he asked Miss Weir, feeling an

eager desire to address himself to Olive, but finding it impossible to confront ner at close quarters.

Kate answered pleasantly, and civilly made some further conversation, but Leonard, feeling it intolerable to occupy himself with her when her sister way present, communicated his answer to his boots and sent a pebble flying out of is path with vicious energy. They walked on in silence for some time, when Strathgoyle, who possessed

an indomitable will, having in the interim put force upon his nerves obliged nimself to look in the required direction as he asked :

"Did you enjoy the fire ?" There was such a singular light in the eyes regarding her that her own fell gainst her will and with an unaccountable blush she replied coldly:

"No

"No? I should have thought it was just the kind of scene you would have revelled in," he observed, his confidence growing as he triumphantly noted her consciousness. He knew that he inspired her with antipathy and that she could have struck herself for the involutionary signs of weakness shown to him, but he loved her the better for her haughtiness.

He saw them safe down into the village, and then, abruptly bidding them good-night, went off in an opposite direction.

As soon as they were out of sight he deliberately turned back, went up the downs again by the route whence they had come, and hastened onwards to the (To be continned.) fire.

Keep the path that leads up-among the best ;

The height is gained by constancy, with effort second nature, Till graceful Virtue comes with scares an effort. MATILDA SHARPE.

December 31, 1892.]

WHAT THE GIRL SAYS. (Continued.)

The Girl has often felt very much astonished, nay, shocked, at the The Girl says she thinks it very funny to have men inspectors to examine the sewing, when they do not sew themselves. The Girl likes "SHAFTS" very much. She buys it every week. She light and frivolous way in which the majority of her friends and acquaintances look upon motherhood. They mostly look upon a little child as a something to be dressed daintily, fondled, petted, spoiled, or often wishes her father would read it. She means to get him to read it scolded according to the mood they happen to be in, but not as a ome day The Girl says she likes very much what the Editor said in one of her precious thing entrusted to their care, for whose being they and the child's father are alone responsible, and whose future career will largely depend numbers about spitting. She thinks, as there are so many Acts of Paron the way in which that trust is fulfilled. iament passed, one ought to be passed to prevent men spitting in the The Girl says mothers should impress upon their daughters the seriousstreets, and annoying the women citizens who don't spit.

ness of marriage, as it generally means also "motherhood."

The Girl says she recently heard a man make the statement, "that the tendency of all women was towards maternity." She thinks he was quite wrong, as she knows many who have no wish to assume so great

The Girl would like to know what people would think if the boy stayed in to get the dinner while the Girl played or learnt her lessons. She would like to know why there should be any difference made ; she is a charge. The Girl thinks there are very many women who are not in the slightest degree fitted to train and bring up children. tired of difference

The Girl says it is not necessary to be a mother to have the mother's The Girl would like to know why the boy should not have a share of heart. She does not call that woman a "mother" (though she may have the household work as well as the girl, and the girl a share of the play as given birth to many children, who look into her face and call her "Mother") whose heart does not open to all children, and who, out well as the how The Girl thinks mothers who have girls and boys should let them both of the depths of her heart, cannot spare some of the love for "other people's children," or for "nobody's children." take equal shares of the work. The Girl says she would like to get on in life according to her talents,

The Girl says she has known many an "old maid" (hateful term !) with a deeper, fonder, truer affection for young things than many a married woman, with, perchance, a host of children.

The Girl herself never means to be a mother actually, but she hopes to "mother" all the forlorn little ones, orphans in reality, orphans in the sadder sense of having unfeeling, unsympathetic, and selfish parents, or those little nameless ones whose presence here is a sad proof of man's villainy and woman's weakness.

The Girl says, when a woman marries a man, she and she alone should decide whether or not she will add another unit to the vast human popu lation. She considers it nothing short of an impertinence for the man to have anything to say in the matter, considering that he has none of the pain and suffering, and very little of the trouble of training the child.

The Girl says she longs for the time when marriage will be a true spiritual union, a completing of each in the other, a sacred happy comradeship; not as it is at present, an unequal and one sided arrange ment, in which one has all the privileges and few of the duties, and is called "master" and "head"; whilst the other has most of the cares, anxieties, and grievous heavy burdens, but a few compensations, and is to all intents and purposes a "slave."

The Girl says all this is because the laws respecting marriage have been made by men in their own interests, and will never be altered until women also make laws. "God speed that time," is the Girl's earnest

The Girl says she is so weary of there being a double standard of morality for women and men; she cannot understand that a good action can be out of place in either sex; she always thought virtue was sexless, and was as lovely an attribute in a woman as in a man, but she finds certain paths of active and aggressive work are barred off and fenced round as being exclusively for men, and it is considered improper for women, and especially for girls, to enter upon them.

The Girl is often puzzled what to do between acting as her own judgment would approve, and deference towards the wishes of her nearest and dearest relatives, whose feelings and prejudices she would violate by following the dictates of her own conscience.

The Girl says it is a problem she is not able to solve, and she wishes some other girl would give her the benefit of her advice through the medium of "SHAFTS.

The Girl thanks God that "SUAFTS" has appeared in the world of magazines; she says it is unique, and wishes that every girl and woman in England would read, digest, and assimilate its contents, then, indeed, would something be done towards bringing about that great social revo lution that is summed up in the phrase, "The Emancipation of Woman." The Girl says she sees and hears lots of things that she thinks

strange, and she would like to express some of her feelings in "SHAFTS. The Girl lives where women and men often come, and she hears them

talk. The men talk of superiority. She never hears women or girls talk like that-only men-and she wants to know in what men are superior.

The Girl says she notices that if there is a girl in the family who is fond of climbing she is called a Tom-boy. She wonders why girls should not climb as well as boys.

The Girl says she wonders why mothers do not have money for the work they do. She knows many houses where the father works so many hours a day and is done, but the mother works from morning till bedtime, and yet the father has all the money

The Girl says she wonders why they have men inspectors in schools

Emma arrived, and she and her mistress set about arranging the most

over the girls instead of women inspectors. She thinks they ought to have a woman doctor also to see if the girls are strong enough to go to chool

The Girl says she thinks we might all learn very much from the bees, whose arrangements are so perfect; they have a Queen over them, not a Kin

or what she deserves, independent of whether she is a girl or a boy; she hopes that time is coming for all girls soon.

RIGHT IS MIGHT.

THERE is but one invincible power in the universe, the Right. All that is evil bears in itself the seeds of weakness and of its final lution, for right alone is eternal

This truth was faintly shadowed forth by the ancient battle cries in the days of chivalry, and to-day we believe it with an ever increasing But often in the conflict against wrong and injustice our hearts faith. are heavy and our faith fails; yet surely the siserus of evil is to-day given into the hands of women, and we must wage the battle for the right with hope and faith in its ultimate triumph; for though by our actions we may help forward or retard the coming of the victory, it must come soon or late.

" For God and the Right !" the old knights cried,

As they plunged in the thick of battle; "For God and the Right," echoed far and wide,

As they closed in the deadly grapple.

For God and the Right are sure to win, Though the contest be long and dreary

Though loud and fierce be the battle's din Though the storm-clouds roll c'er us weary,

Though ages pass, and the evils grow; Though we fight till our hair be hoary;

Though the knights on the battlefield lie low, With their armour all stained and gory.

But Right is Might, though ages have passed Since the knights of old in battle fell; "For God and the Right" comes a trumpet's blast, Which shall shake at last the gates of hell. Yes, Right is Might, though the knights be slain,

Though on them no victory shineth, Though in death they lie on the battle plain-Stiff and cold as the day declineth.

Then ages passed, and no voice was found To cry for justice and help the weak ;

And then through the din of the world around, We heard the spirit of womanhood speak :

Take up their cry, echo on their song, Though oft it be lost in the battle's din

For know, though the fight may yet be long, Yet God and the Right in the end must win

Then fight, true hearts, though the day be drear -Though women now wear the hero's mail : But yet believe that our victory's near,

For *Right* is *Might*, and can never fail. Fight on, brave hearts, and your battle cry

Shall be the cry of the heroes bold, "For God and the Right?" wave your banners high;

Fight the fight that they fought of old.

The fight 'gainst tyranny's hard decree ; The fight for the weak against the strong

God and the Right must triumphant be Must triumph for ever, and this ere long.

So fight, brave hearts, wave your banners high, Shout your watchword loud o'er the battle's din,

"For God and the Right!" The victory's nigh, For *Right* is *Might*, and is sure to win.

NORA BROWNLOW.

SHAFTS.

Shafts.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP. A Paper for Women and the Working Classes.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31st, 1892.

WHAT THE EDITOR MEANS.

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

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

TN consequence of repeated and continued inquiries we think it best to stereotype the statement already so clearly made, that the columns of IAFTS are open to the free expression of opinion upon any subject, however verse. These opinions will be welcomed, however widely they may differ from SHAFTS are diverse. our own, as the vox populi which leads to higher things; advancing by slow and sure degrees to more enlarged views of life; to juster and grander conceptions of what may lie before us. Our object is to encourage thought—thought, the great lever of humanity; the great purifier and humaniser of the world. It seems to us a good thing to put into circulation a paper which takes no side save that of a good thing to put into circulation a paper which takes no side save that or justice and freedom; a paper which invites the opinions of women and men of any party, creed, class, or nationality. Any views may be stated in articles or letters, and any person who may think differently from the views therein stated shall be free to discuss or refute, as the case may be. All will be treated with equal courtesy. The paper is started specially in the interests of women and the working classes; but excludes no individual and no class. All subjects must be treated with moderation and in a spirit of calm inquiry—a spirit that while it earnestly works for the triumph of right, while it unhesitatingly denounces wrong, also perceives how easy it has been to go wrong, and that love, kindness, and patient determination shall yet win the day.

REJOICING in its first Christmas, and prospective first New Year's Day, SHAFTS is yet sorely troubled, for its horizon is not unclouded. It was announced last week that funds were urgently needed, but no response has yet been given. One lady had helped to start the paper before any appeal was made; but the mere starting of the paper does not mean running it up to the time when it can be reasonably expected to pay at least its own expenses. The paper is, as has been already stated, the outcome of the Fditor's earnest desire, held perforce in check for many anxious years. These desires were confirmed in their hopeful outlook by the request of many friends of Woman's Freedom and others, that such a paper as SHAFTS should be started as soon as possible. Now that it is started will those who so desired it come forward and help? A fund is being started to enable the Editor to continue her work, and any sum contributed will be gladly received and acknowledged in these columns. The list of names of those who help will be published here, and the list will be begun as soon as five names are sent in. Names need not be published if the donors object, but the sums given will all appear.

From all sides, from orthodox and heterodox alike, come words of commendation and encouragement. Will not some of those put into the treasury of SHAFTS the funds absolutely necessary to its continued existence? The paper promises well; its future seems bright with coming success, which will mean help to many whom it is the earnest desire of the Editor to assist in life's struggles.

The aid given by one kind generous friend of the cause, for which SHAFTS works has enabled the paper to begin its much-needed work. Wealth must aid intellect, and intellect wealth, if these two great forces are to accomplish much, and much must be done if the march is to go on If SHAFTS is to continue, if it is to attain the end for what it works it must have funds.

The Editor ventures to hope that the aid so much required will be speedily forthcoming, so that strong, straight, and true SHAFTS may fly on their mission of light, bringing their message of truth and justice to every dark corner of the land.

A PLEA FOR LADY MACBETH EDITH BRADLEY

[December 31, 1892.

TT has been the misfortune of some names in history and drama to become branded with an unhappy tradition, which has grown up with and surrounded these victims of popular delusion, requiring the electric light criticism of the present day to pierce and perhaps dispel

For example, Mary Tudor, with the hateful epithet bestowed by Protestant fanatics, has been shewn by modern research not to have caused many more deaths than those ordered by her father and sister, and she at least was actuated by sincere conviction that she was doing God's service, which certainly was not the case with her relatives.

Lady Macbeth, the subject of this paper, has been regarded until very recently by the general public as the embodiment of a coarse, brutal. virago, revelling in crime, and mainly responsible for her husband's nurder of Duncan. That such a view is unfair and incorrect has been practically proved by Mr. R. Moulton, both in his book, Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist, and by his lectures. From these sources, and with his ermission, the substance of the paper is mainly derived.

Let us endeavour in imagination to go back to the eleventh century, nd picture to ourselves the home and the early married life of Lord and adv Macbeth

Their castle at Inverness was probably one of those huge, massive structures, the ruins of which still impress us with their great strength and oneliness, bearing little resemblance to our idea of "home." The situation must have been a grand one, for Duncan himself says-This eastle hath a pleasant seat : the air

Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself Unto our gentle senses. And Banquo makes mention of

This guest of summer,

The temple-haunting martlet,

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd The air is delicate.

It is not known how many years of married life had been spent together by Lord and Lady Macbeth before the play opens, but from reference to her dead children in Act I., vii., 'it would appear to have been several, and the tragedy itself spreads over a period of seventeen years, according to the generally received account of Macbeth's reign. During the whole of that time we never hear of an unkind word passing between husband and wife. Not once is Lady Macbeth guilty of self-seeking, her constant thought is her husband's advancement and glory, and to gain this she immolates herself, body and soul, on the altar of his ambition. Wicked and unscrupulous she undoubtedly was, this can never be gainsaid, but that her nature was capable of touches of tenderness is shown once or twice, e.g., "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it " (Act V., i.), and in the affection with which she had nspired her gentlewoman. She will for ever remain a woman of superb energy and genius which had been most unhappily misdirected. ccount for that it will be necessary to search into the very elements of our life. In every human being a dual existence is always going on. The outer life of Doing-that is, of action, and intercourse with our fellow creatures ; and the inner one of Being—that is, of our inner consciousness, our reflections, our soliloquies. To this life our nearest and best loved are as strangers; the door is unlocked only to ourselves, and in the great solitudes of our own souls we live and move and have our being. Of this realm our religious life should be supreme ruler. Our Lord has said, "the Kingdom of God is within us :" but if, like Lady Macbeth, we do not acknowledge the Kingdom of God, some other Master will rule in His stead, and the end, like hers, may be Nemesis. Upon the happy balancing of these two elements, doing and being, will depend the trength and power of a man's character. This, Shakespeare has brought into strong light by his mighty pen. Macbeth is everywhere shewn to be the practical man of action, strong in war, mighty in battle, wise in ouncil, able to act well and promptly upon emergency, but unable to endure the least suspense. For example, when he enters his castle, before the arrival of Duncan, Lady Macbeth has to chide him for his "telltale face," which is "as a book, where men may read strange matters ; and again, just after the murder-which he has performed without shrink. ing-the grooms awake with the cry of Murder, and Macbeth says :-I stood and heard them :

One cried, God bless us ! and, Amen, the other.

Listening their fear, I could not say Amen, When they did say, God bless us! Consider it not so deeply. But wherefore could I not pronounce, Amen? I had most need of blessing, and Amen Stuck in my throat. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

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"Finally," to quote Mr. Moulton's words, "suspense intensifies to a paric," and he himself feels that his deeds

Must be acted ere they may be scann'd. cause all manner of strange plants and rare trees to he brought into being. Macbeth further becomes the slave of superstition, yielding ever more and more to the insinuations of the "weird sisters," and finally dependent It was a bright and delightful existence, not readily to be forgotten by hose privileged to share in its phases. upon them for his course of action and his courage, which is not sustained Many interesting anecdotes are told of his earlier life, and of the by culture from within. It must be emphasised, however, that the witches active part which he took at a later period, in promoting the erection of the Natural History branch of the British Museum at South Kensington. did not lead him into temptation ; it was present; he vielded to it, and they only confirmed his wishes. He is, therefore, a type of man whose For over fifty years, beginning with the College of Surgeons, passing "doing" has been developed at the expense of his life of "being, through the British Museum, and finishing with the Natural History Lady Macbeth is exactly the reverse. With many more of her sex, Museum, Sir Richard Owen has been the master mind in that school of especially at that period, her birth and high position have prevented her practical thought which has taught us the way of the world before history from living an active life, and her remarkable energy and quick, nervous, began. sensitive, far-seeing capabilities had been driven inward to feed upor themselves. This is shown in her remark-

The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures : 'Tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil.

"When we remember," says Mr. Moulton, "that she must have Assembly Hall, Mile End-road, on January 26th. The subject will be started with the superstitions of her age, such an expression, simple 'London Reforms," and a special reference will be made to the position enough in modern lips, opens up to us a whole drama of persona of women in municipal life history: we can picture the trembling curiosity, the struggle between will and nerves, the triumph chequered with awe, the resurrec-The Midland Union embraces twelve counties, has forty-three association of doubts, the swayings between natural repulsion and inteltions with a membership of 12,000 women. The hon. sec., Miss Agnes lectual thirst, the growing courage and reiterated victories settling down E. Slack, is a busy, active, and capable woman. She has lately been at work organising new branch associations in the Midlands—in the Western, into calm principle. Accordingly, Lady Macbeth has won the grand prize of the inner life; in the kingdom of her personal experience her will Mid, and High Peak divisions of Derbyshire, in the South and Stamford is unquestioned king. . . . Mental discipline and perfect self-control, like that of Lady Macbeth, would hold their sway over evil passions, but Mental discipline and perfect self-control, divisions of Lincolnshire, in Nuneaton and Stourbridge; also Warwick has been helped to become an independent association. Miss Slack and they would also be true to her when she chose to contend against goodher coadjutors are anxious to make the Midland Union one of the ness, and even against the deepest instincts of her feminine nature. This strongest forces of organised Liberal women in the country, and a strong factor in promoting the usefulness of the Women's Liberal Federation. was ignored in the old conception of the character, and a struggle against the softer side of her nature was mistaken for its total absence

(To be continued.)

HOW THE WORLD MOVES. AND REMARKS THEREON.

DEATH OF MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS.

We have to announce with regret the death of Mr. Montagu Williams who has for some years been so well known as one who deeply sympathised with the poor, into the misery of whose lives his duties as a magistrate gave him exceptional insight. In his preface to Round About London Yours very truly. Charles Dickens says of him : "Montagu Williams was not only content HELEN NEW. to do his duty as a police magistrate, and to do it admirably too, but de-"Not only have the Home Secretary and the President of the Local Government Board large powers of administrative reform, but the Lord High Chan-cellor as well. And in no way can Lord Herschell better exercise these powers voted himself heart and soul, and with all the masterful energy which characterised him, to the acquirement of a perfect knowledge of the than in reforming the magistracy by appointing working men and working men representatives to the judicial bench. Especially in the counties is this reform needed. And it is an anomaly that while Lord Herschell can appoint Labour neighbourhoods and of the people among whom his work lay to the keenest and most humane study of the wants, the difficulties, the temptations - the daily lives, in a word J.P.'s in boroughs he cannot do so in the counties. A fortnight ago to day (vide Western Chronicle, November 19th), 'a shocking sentence of the struggling poor about him; to the earnest consideration of how best to help them in their need and to make them look upon him, not was pronounced at the Sherborne (Dorset) Police-court. A man had been caught only as the dispenser of justice, stern and severe as he know how to be trespassing in search of game by a gamekeeper on the Digby estate. The man resistance, but quietly accompanied the gamekeeper. on occasion, but as a friend, always ready to listen patiently to the sad offence he had to undergo eight months' imprisonment with hard labour! The magistrates said it was within their power to give him three months' hard labour, but they would give him two months; and if he could not find sureties for his good behaviour after he would get six months more. He could not find stories which so often came before him; to give wise and sympathetic counsel, and to dispense the charitable funds entrusted to him with the thoughtful care and the kindly words which give such alms a double value. How well Montagu Williams succeeded in what was to him a sureties. The same week, at Wells, in Somerset (vide Western Daily Press, November 19th), a woman was grievously assaulted, kicked, and beaten, but the real labour of love was amply proved by the lamentations of the poor people-'my poor people,' he used to call them-who had learned to know. man who was the offender only got a fortnight's imprisonment. Liberal magisto trust, and to love him, when, much against his will, and only in contrates are often, like their Tory neighbours, equally to blame. The more's the pity. Sometimes a magistrate is both prosecutor and judge, and I know one sequence of the urgent requirements of his medical advisers, he was transwho dismissed an employé because he had the temerity to stand as a candidate for a school board. I don't think working men magistrates could act more unferred to the Marylebone Police-court. Even his own modest accounts of what he did, tell the same story, and it is easy to see that proud, and justly. We want a least twenty labour men on the bench in every county in England. Property qualifications should be wholly abolished, and moral worth qualifications introduced instead." justly proud, as Montagu Williams was of his brilliant career at the Bar. he was prouder still in his later years of the title, 'the poor man's magis trate,' which he so well and worthily earned 'down East' in London. To the Editor of the Daily Chronicle.

Among his numerous acts of kindness to the poor attention may be drawn to the clothing depôt he fitted up in a house near City-road, and which he entrusted to the management of Mr. Massey. Many are those who have had cause to bless Mr. Williams for the food, clothes, &c., they have obtained there.

DEATH OF SIR RICHARD OWEN.

On Friday last Sir Richard Owen was buried in the quiet churchyard of St. Andrews, Ham. Sir Richard Owen was beloved round about Richmond, not so much for his scientific lore as for himself. At Sheen Lodge, the pleasant dwelling-house given him by the Queen, and which asses to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Owen, he delighted to make Nature

LADY M. MACBETH. LADY M.

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his constant companion, and to induce others to share her generous and instructive society. Here the wild birds would hover about the kind old man, and perch upon his shoulders when he called, and here he loved to

LONDON REFORMS.

The Union of Women's Liberal and Radical Associations of the Metropolitan Counties intends to hold a public meeting at the Great

CORRESPONDENCE

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

DEAR MADAM, — Will yos kindly insert in your paper the following extract from a long and interesting letter from Mr. Dunn, secretary of the Somerset Labour Association, which recently appeared in the columns of the Dail y Chronicle, together with a few comments thereon, which I sent to the same journal, but which, I need hardly say, I did not anticipate would meet with

SIR,-May I be allowed to ask Mr. Dunn, whose admirable letter appears in your issue of to-day, why reform of the magisterial bench should be extended in so partial a manner, leaving the crowning injustice, and cause of injustice, untouched, viz., sex disability. Mr. Dunn quotes two examples of iniquitous sentences; the one, no doubt, instigated by class bias, the other as undoubtedly the result of sex bias and sex rule, and Mr. Dunn may not know that to a large and increasing number of women, property disqualification appears not the only, or the worst, disability, and that in their opinion, to widen the basis of men's qualification while leaving the disability of women entirely unregarded, will only be to emphasise in another direction the same glaring injustice which permits any man who is a ratepayer to have a Parliamentary vote, while the whole sex of women remain unenfranchised.

Yours, &c., HELEN NEW. 138

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WHAT WORKING WOMEN AND MEN THINK.

TO-DAY ! A DREAM OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I stood on New Year's Eve between two worlds. Both were in dark ness. Before me lay the uncertainties of the New Year. Behind me stretched away in boundless gloom the great past. I tarried in silence for the day to break upon the opening year. As one by one the stars illumined night's black curtain, I sank upon the bed of earth and dreamed a dream.

An angel stood before me and bade me rise. Unquestioning, and without astonishment I arose. It seemed to me that the angel pointed to a scene spread out as a panorama before our eyes. And this is what I saw. A youth toiled up the hillside, pausing now and again to rest his With painful slowness he never tired feet and cool his burning brow. seemed to gain more than a few yards before he sank exhausted, while the summit which he sought towered still high above him. As he sank he turned towards us, and we saw upon his face a radiant smile of perfect contentment. In his eyes shone the inspiration of one to whom God has spoken face to face and revealed the meaning of all earthly things. I turned and spoke to the angel by my side. "Oh! that this road could be my road, and that the smile the pilgrim wears continuously might be given me. The toil of my life is nothing if only that smile of eternal serenity might also be mine Then the answers to my questions were revealed to me in pictures. Years ago I had dreamed of a temple I yearned to build. It was a building of wondrous beauty, formed of gold, pearls and crystals; broad as the firmament, lofty as the dome of heaven, and expansive enough to hold within its walls all the inhabitants of the earth. My dream was now approaching consummation, for the angel showed me walls extending all round a vast continent. As I looked she pointed to the builders. Millions of men and women were doing the work of which I once had idly dreamed. Even children here and there brought and laid a stone Most strange of all, I noticed that few of the builders brought more than one stone, one pearl, or a single piece of gold, yet the gigantic work went on. Stirred with intense admiration, I asked my angel guide how long the work had proceeded. I could hear no answer, but she raised her hand and pointed to the foundations. I saw that the earliest visible stones bore curious legends; the inscriptions of an age unknown to history, of men whose thoughts have never been revealed to a later human mind and whose very existence had come to be regarded as mythical. Below these early stones were solid walls buried in fathomless depths. Still they were building. and with slow certainty the Universal Church was being erected, a ston at a time. I would have spoken again, for a thousand questions sug gested themselves, but the angel smiled and the scene vanished. Where I looked again it seemed to me that the soil of the land whereon we gazed grew lovelier. It was the same old country I had known, but with a new and brighter aspect. Dark spots which I once knew had disappeared Several dangerous abysses for which I looked could not be seen. Whon once ugliness had reigned, beauty now held sway. Most of the institu-tions erected by our forefathers, and which I remembered well, had been replaced by better built, handsomer edifices; glistening fountains played in lovely gardens in the town; happy children ran or walked to gether, prattling merrily, no man making them afraid. I looked for the houses of shame and sorrow, but none were visible. All the men seemed glad and every woman happy. I said to the angel, "This is my own land and those are my own people. Of these I dreamt long ago. The evils of the day in which I lived have disappeared, and the progress of which I often in agony despaired, has reaped this glorious harvest.

"Tell me," I said, "what length of days was needed for this happy consummation." But the angel only said, "Wait," and pointed to the picture once more. And as I looked I beheld that the work was not yet done. I saw the names of women and men whom I remembered emblazoned on many of the greatest buildings. There were the names of some whom my contemporaries had honoured, but there were more whose words had been condemned, and whose influence had been despised by the wise ones of my day. At many of the buildings men, women, and even children worked, and far away from where the crowd gathered I beheld solitary ones, studying all their lives to perfect one new suggestion for the improvement of the race. I would have spoken again to the angel, for my heart was full to see how little each man could do, and yet how great things were accomplished, but the angel had dismissed the picture. In its place I beheld a vast library filled with nobly bound volumes. Innumerable students sat writing, and as I looked at one small shelf I saw the titles of some books I once had longed to write, but had given up, overwhelmed by the immensity of the undertaking. I looked at the tables where the students wrote, and I saw before each of them a sheet of paper all but blank, and each writer sat in that library until he had succeeded in spelling a single word, or until he tired of attempt ing it. Some seemed to have been sitting there for years. Many had carried on.

spoiled sheet after sheet before the word came right, and some of them at at the desk until the angel of death summoned them to the throne of Him who holds life's dictionary. When a word had been spelt the students entered it in a book, which, when filled, joined the others in the library. And all the world might read the books, and mostly those who desired t add their single word searched diligently the things already written. I waited thoughtfully for the last picture to disappear, hoping the angel then would speak. Laying a hand upon my brow, she addressed me in tones of ympathy and sweetness : "Brother," she said, "this is the meaning of thy ision. Thou hast vast dreams ; thou eagerly desirest the good of thy ace, but thou art impatient, and impatience is the stumbling-block of the enthusiast. The road thou hast to tread can only be trodden a step at a time. Impatience will bring weariness, without the happy assurance of work accomplished. Losing the peaceful smile, despair will overtake thee. The temple thou wouldst build is the work of no individual. Thou canst only hope to erect a single stone in thy day. Instead of dreaming of the mighty Church that thou wouldst build, arise and lay thy stone TO-DAY. The land thou lovest must remain wild and rough if there are not those who will devote their lives to the filling up of a solitary ditch. The hope of the future demands that thou shouldst forego the dreams of writing great books. Take thy pen now and learn the word the Author of thy being meant thee to spell. Life is short; dreams are rob-bing Time of his harvest. Arise and work until at least thou hast acmplished something."

Overcome with a sense of my past idleness, I dared scarcely to nurmur, "Good angel, tell me thy name before thou dost depart." angel answered with a smile, "My name is called TO-DAY." Then I awoke. Through the still night the bells were ringing in another year.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH

| December 31, 1892.

LABOUR NOTES AND NEWS.

The Code of Regulations issued recently as an attempt to obviate the risk of phosphorous poisoning in match making is miserably inadequate and does not touch the *causes* of "phossy jaw" and the other terrible disorders to which the girl workers are subject. It has been shown that phosphorous of an innocuous kind might be used and that certain precautions in the process of manufacture would reduce the operatives' danger to minimum, even when the ordinary kind is employed.

The insistance on the providing of hot and cold water, nail brushes, and towels is very well in its way-every factory should be compelled to furnish its workers with these elementary necessities - but as a preventive against necrosis they are in the nature of an attempt to dip out the Atlantic with a teacup ; while the only provision made against the risks attendant upon inhalation of the phosphorous fumes is the order to provide special rooms, separate from other portions of the factory, for the dangerous processes of mixing, dipping, and drying; *i.e.*, the workers in these rooms are surrendered to the phosphor fiend subject to such partial resistance as may be offered by the nail brushes and hot water.

It seems that the order in question was evolved as to its form during the reign of Mr. Matthews at the Home Office. Mr. Asquith has shown himself ready to consider favourably the claims of oppressed wage slaves in other directions. It is to be hoped he will see the wisdom of promptly supplementing the present regulations by an order prohibiting the use of sphorous in its dangerous form altogether. Better go back to the old tinder-box of our grandmothers' than provide ourselves with cheap matches at such fearful cost to our sisters who make them.

Of a piece with the Factory Department's action anent the matchmaking industry is its series of rules, drafted last summer, in view of the dangers attendant upon the production of white lead. The nail-brush and oap and water are again to the front, and with respirators and sulphuric acid or other approved sanitary drinks form the armoury of the department in dealing with the insidious inroads of this subtle poison.

Our contemporary, the Daily Chronicle, published on the 21st inst. another of its valuable articles of the "Death in the Workshop" series; lealing with white lead manufacture. This trade would appear to claim bad pre-eminence in the list of homicidal industries. Not ontent with destroying the health, and shortening the lives, of ts producers, white lead claims also their children, being responsible for normous infant mortality, and handing down a terrible heritage of suffering-from paralysis and convulsions-to the little ones who survive. For the State to deal with plague-spots such as these with a bath and a respirator indicates one thing pretty clearly-the need for labour to be represented in kind in high places. These abominations will never be suppressed until the workers themselves have an opportunity to share in the making of the regulations under which such manufactures are to be

REVIEWS.

THE HERITAGE OF THE KURTS. S CANDINAVIA has produced two apostles of purity whose views on what is called the "Woman Question" are marked by rare breadth and justice S called the "Woman Question" are marked by rare breadth and justice; and whose utterances on moral topics are causing their writings to be widely read and discussed. Just at the time when we hears that in the United never gross ; a realism which is the touch of nature that makes his readers kin to his characters. States the Scandinavian groups of population are the most sunk in gross sensuality, we have messages of high moral import wafted to our shores in the plays of Ibsen and the novels of Björnson. Does the one circumstance Tomasine soon wakes up to a realisation of the mistake she has made in marrying John Kurt, and after a very short period of wedded life there is an outbreak which takes the form of an absolute trial of physical strength between row any light upon the other? Are the outspoken words of Björnson the two. A fight, in which neither gained a very decided advantage, but in the course of which both were considerably battered, and Tomasine's clothes torn to rags upon her back, ended in Kurt leaving his wife locked in the room and Ibsen forced from their lips as a protest against an impurity more gross in Scandinavia than elsewhere, or does the more open character of the Norseman allow sins of vicious indulgence to come freely to the surface, which we in this country make haste to cover with a cloak of hypocrisy? Or is it all torn and dishevelled as she was, while he proceeded to a dinner-party, from which he was carried home a corpse. that the undaunted spirit of the old sea kings still lives in these two Norse heroes of the nineteenth century, who have flung themselves headlong into the The vital part of the story now begins with Tomasine's awakening to the horror of her position as prospective mother of a child that would probably inherit the worst qualities of its father's race, and her brave steadfast determination to overpower the evil tendencies, and stamp out the taint of insanity and vice. Her first thought on realising how she had been betrayed by her friends into marrying Kurt had been to leave the place for ever. Thisis what Björnson has to say on society's responsibility for such ill-made marriages as hers: "During all that afternoon when she had sat locked in her room, robbed of her clothes, her youth, her self-respect, trembling for her life, she had called to mind that at that moment John Kurt was sitting Heritage of the Kurts was published by Björnson in 1884, but has only at table in the best society of the town. If society had not approved John Kurt, she would never, inexperienced girl that she was, have been sitting there. Society had surrendered her to him. Yes, surrender, that was the word ; and yet, if she were not mistaken, everyone was fond of her and respected her. once assured that motherhood was before her, Tomasine laid her plans with wisdom and firmness. She changed her name with all legal formalities to that of Rendalen which was her maiden appellation ; she destroyed all family portraits and other relics that might remind her of the Kurts and their inheritance ; she proceeded to occupy herself with the systematic management and development f the estate; and finally advertised the recommencement of the language classes which she had held prior to her marriage, and when at last her redheaded boy was born she felt that it was a good omen that he was not swarthy like the Kurts, and proceeded with more cheerful heart to his education. She had many severe struggles with the nervous, high-strung, headstrong boy whom she had brought into the world, samples of which are related in Björnson's incisive, suggestive manner; but she triumphed, and the soundness of the reasoning which led her to commence a school for little girls, with and amongst reasoning which led her to commence a school for little girls, with and amongst whom Tomas was entirely brought up, was amply demonstrated by the results. Could any boy who inherited to the full the domineering and woman-crushing instincts of a lustful race have a severer object lesson than this ? --- "Goodness knows how he disdained them! If, however, he were so bold as to say so to them, and a boy with his heart in the right place is often We must warmly charmingly quaint and simple English, which brings out the naïve impelled to do so, he cannot always keep his contempt concealed; well, if he did so, he got a beating—a veritable, serious beating. From his mother? That would have been nothing; no, from those same wretched little girls. Some held him and half strangled him, and several more beat him. And this In Chapter III. the author commences, in propria persona, to deal with the not as a joke. It hurt frightfully. And his mother stood there and laughed. She laughed till the tears came. She had to take off her spectacles and dry them. They would have no domineering little tyrant among them—those girls, no arrogant young master ; though they were always ready, they sail to him, to welcome a well-behaved little gentleman and pleasant companion. If he grimaced at them they were at him again, down with him again ; it was one perpetual beating. When they had done, they curtseved to him, one after the There were such a number of them that it was mere fun to them. The worst, however, has not yet been told. He was desperately in love with one of the little girls. She knew it, the ungrateful little monkey, and his mother knew it as well.

fray, disdaining the polished rapier thrusts and fencing rules of modern literary warfare, and crashing with great two-handed swords through all the barriers which can thas raised about this deadly plague spot of Christian civilisation ? From whichever cause they have arisen these literary clarion calls have a sturring summons for the English speaking race, and it behoves English men and women to turn their faces seaward, and welcome from those storm-beaten shores, which gave us in the distant past some of the best blood of our race fresh inspiration for the crusade against sexual injustice and sexual impurity. found its way to English readers during the present year, through the instru-mentality of the Heinemann International Library of Fiction. The title by which we know it is not the original Norwegian one, but we think Mr. Gosse has made a wise substitution in altering the somewhat cumbersome phrase, Flags are Flying in Town and Harbour, into The Heritage of the Kurts, which is certainly far more descriptive. Like Ibsen, Björnson has deeply imbibed the Spencerian theories of heredity, but, unlike him, he accepted them in no fatalistic spirit, and endeavours, in the book under notice, to show how what are commonly called hereditary tendencies, can be overcome, and natural energy of character directed into channels no longer subversive of the good o humanity, by environment, by education, and the wonderful nature-force of a wise woman's love. Alongside of this central idea and closely connected with it we find uncompromising insistance on the single standard of morality for both sexes, and full acceptance of the equality of women with men. In the first two chapters Björnson sketches the foundation of the Kurt family, a foundation laid in violence and depravity of a most burbaric type, the early Kurts being distinguished for greed, lust, cruelty, drunkenness, and every undesirable characteristic. The style in which this chronicle is written is, we are told, a clever imitation of early eighteenth century Danish, and is supposed to be the work of a parish clerk. congratulate the translator upon the success with which he has rendered this sarcasms and rustic plainspokenness of the scribe in a most effective way. These two chapters, from a literary point of view, strike us as being the cleverest in the grandfather of his hero and with the boyhood of his father (the offspring of an illicit connection) who shows in early life all the cruel and cowardly tendencies of his race, as well as nervous energy and remarkable aptitude and versatility which ran very near to insanity, and needed only drink and opportunity develop into madness. After a youth spent in debauchery and years of wild roving experiences, this singular specimen of humanity settles in his ancestral home, reduced now to a mere figment of its former grandeur, and by cajolery and duplicity manages to win the hand of the school-teacher, who is the heroine of the book. This is the

author's description of her: "She had been away nearly five years and had become a clever and practised teacher. She had no sooner returned home than she began to give lessons, both to men and women, and thereby pay And Augusta was a refining influence of most potent kind, an influence whose sweetness remained long after her early death, which closes the first off her debts. This aroused great admiration in the town, and procured her a very large circle of friends. Her figure excited an equally unanimous admira epoch of Tomas's life. epoch of Tomas's life. The story re-opens fourteen years later, when Tomas, who has spent the interval in study abroad, especially in America, returns home to under-take the management of his mother's school, which has meantime grown to considerable importance and influence in the town. Here tion, and it must be admitted that it requires something special in a girl's figure before this can happen. A be utiful face is always admired for there can be no delusion about it. A fine figure, on the contrary, is hardly sufficient in itself to command attention. She was young and well made, is to carry out the long talked of plans for a higher kind education; schemes which he and his mother had cherished for years were now to be put into execution; to her "the dim idea she had had at first of ousting the Kurt inheritance by her own, and that she had afterwards daringly begun when she renovated the gloomy ancestral house, and made it clean and bright, devoting herself to bringing 'Confiding, childish laughter' into it, was now complete. She had begun it confused, stupid, but haughter into it, was now complete. She had begin it contrased, stupid, but stout-hearted; and now it was accomplished by him, the child; was it not a fairy tale?" Tomas was prepared to put into practice theories which had for years been germinating in his mind since he first read, shortly after Augusta's death, Prosper Lucas, on "Heredity," and realised that his was not to found a family, but to overcome and to teach others to overcome the deficiencies and defects of hereditary constitu-tion. The public lecture to parents with which he inaugurated his new The public lecture to parents with which he inaugurated his new scholastic scheme, and in which he dealt unreservedly with the difficult pro-blems of sex-relationship, scandalised the little seaport town beyond measure, and alienated, or, at any rate, cooled the friendship of some of his own and his mother's supporters. In the course of this lecture, Bjornson puts into the mouth of his hero views on the subject of morality in education and of woman's position

and always dressed in the latest fashion. Like other vigorous and healthy girls, she had from her childhood longed to exercise her strength, and had taken every opportunity of doing so. In England she had set to work to practise gymnastics, and has continued them ever since. It had become a passion with her; the result was that there was not a single girl in the town who held herself like Tomasine. It did not in the least lessen the admiration for her figure that she had a somewhat flat nose, and that her very light hair for the figure that she had a somewhat hat hose, and that her very light har gave her the appearance, at a distance, of being bald; as for her eyebrows, they were really not worth mentioning. Her eyes were grey, and when without her spectacles, she screwed them up. Her mouth was much too large, but the teeth within it were as sound and regular as though her family had remained in Rendalen and lived upon hard bread. When anyone saw her from behind for the first time, and thou abe suddenly themed words a cartie for the first time, and then she suddenly turned round, it caused a certain disappointment. People even thought of calling her 'The Disappointment,' displointment. People even thought of ching her The Disappointment, but the name did not take. Her figure carried her over all criticism. Being near sighted, she wore spectacles—the only girl in the town who did so. In those days the fashion of using the *pince-nez* had not come in, so this give something rather unusual to her appearance. She literally shone with strength Amelia Sedleys this sketch of a latter day heroine is interesting proof. of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of morality in curcaton and of his hero views on the subject of that should receive warm welcome from all true friends of women. Our space does not permit of long extracts, but the following will serve to show the lines of

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Tomasine's spectacles play quite an important part in the "dressing" of the novel for they have so frequently to be wiped at critical moments in the action that they become almost as tiresome to the reader as the head of Charles the First to the redoubtable Mr. Dick. But this is one of the features of Björnson's writings which not infrequently reminds us of Dickens, a curiously minute reference to matters of personal habit and detail, which gives a certain air of absolute reality to his incidents, a minutiae which is sometimes grotesque but

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indecent at home and hears no doubtful stories, everything has been done which can be done, especially if they are heedful that the child himself does nothing improper. I contend that if no more than this is done a child is exposed to every possible evil. Here people rave about the innocence of ignoral confine myself at present to saying that that innocence which knows what the danger is, and has fought against it from youth up, that innocence alow is strong. All education which ten is to further this object must have, as an absolute condition, full confidence between the child and its parents." And the continues that the fathers must give help, otherwise "the work at sch for the cause of morality will prove deceptive, for it can easily place a child between noble (eaching and evil practice." Later—"It (a true knowledge of life) is the most important thing that a teacher can be concerned with. compared to this, which really means the preservation of body and soul, are, say, a knowledge of languages, instruction in the piano or feminine neatness, but mere luxuries?" And then, quoting Herbert Spencer, "The most important form of knowledge which a man can acquire, is the knowledge how to regulate his own life; the next, how to regulate the lives of those who come

The school started under these auspices prospered in spite of the opposition of powerful interested parties, who had writhed under the lashes which Tomas had, partly wilfully and partly unwittingly, thrown out. Some of Björnson's most amusing and quaint chapters are those devoted to the description of the girl leaders in the school, who started a sort of "anti-conventional-morality" iety, with noble aims and aspirations founded upon Rendalen's philosophy and ethics. But the crisis of the story has yet to come, and, to the one dramatic inci-dent which closes the book we are in reality indebted, says Mr. Collin in his

sketch of the author, for the whole story. One of the elder pupils, Tora, a pretty girl of nervous, excitable disposi-tion, has attracted the attention of Lieutenant Fürst, a libertine of the worst description, who during the summer holidays pursues with deadly purpose and persistency the victim he has marked out, and, by the exercise o hypnotic power and suggestion, which Tora feels and struggles to escape but does not understand, brings about her ruin. Later, when this is discovered, the announcement is made that Milla, another pupil, and the especial friend of Tora, has, under the influence of some months spent in Paris, so far forgotten the pledges of a higher morality as to accept the hand of the parties to be formed in the town, and feeling runs very high. The man's parties, still writhing under Tomas' lecture, and instigated by the shameless Furst, declared that Tora is a disreputable character, ruined by physiology, micro scopes, and the school method generally. The woman's party sided with the wronged Tora, and stood by Readalen's teaching and the single standard of The wedding-day is fixed, "flags are flying in town and harbour, the social position of the contracting parties renders it an important event in the community, and the scandal lends a piquancy to the situation which ensures an enormous crowd of sightseers. The bridal party enters the church, and at e same moment there appears in the other aisle Tora and her child, supported by Rendalen and Miss Hall

'A storm of anger, reprobation, threats, seemed to rise to the very roof, the excitement mingling with the roll of the organ. Milla was almost dragged forward. She came into the chancel little more than a white silk dress among all the other dresses."

* * * * * *

"Milla pitied herself so ; what a dreadful thing it was that they had done she felt furious, perfectly furious."

"Consul Engel received her first glance. It came on him, following all that he had already gone through, like the last dram which deprives a man of consciousness. He began to wonder with a strange delirious feeling why his trousers felt so thin. Was it really so ?

The elegant Furst sat beside him, holding his hat first in one hand, then in the other, and crossing and uncrossing his legs. It was on account of him that all this had happened, and the budding politician was not yet sufficiently ac-complished to be able to sit still while he was flyed, cut up, and put in the

'The grand folk felt the embarrassment of the situation to be most distressing, but, all the same, they wanted to get a look at the woman with the childshe was so devilish handsome, so foreign-looking. They strained their necks, they craned forward; Consul Bernick himself made his neck as long and distorted as that of a cockerel when it is learning to crow."

The old Dean, who is to perform the ceremony, unaccountably delays, and the pause is agonising. At last he comes, and the ceremony is about to pro-ceed, when "Tora rose before any one of them. What those around her had felt, and were feeling with all its violence, was as nothing to what she experienced, for when deeply moved, she showed herself her mother's daughter The journey here had worked her up to a state of excitement which her constitution could hardly hear.

"If for no other reason, still for her own sake, Milla must be prevented from marrying the wretch. For this it was necessary that Tora should show herself, she and her child ; everything else might fail, but this would force Milla to pause-she knew her

'This could only be done if Tora had the will and the courage for it. And she had, for her friends had the will and courage to be with her. It did not merely concern herself. It concerned the school, Milla, a great cause ; it concerned thousands

No one, least of all herself, had had the slightest doubt that to stand up with her child in her arms before the bride would be sufficient. From the moment that Milla had burst into tears in the chancel, but still remained in her place, until now, when old Green had come, Tora's excitement had increased to such an extent that those nearest to her were alarmed; it could be observed as well from the seat opposite. They knew now that something must be done upon which neither they nor she had reckoned, before their object could be attained. Tora was Tora, and would be true to herself.

'Furst was already at the altar, accompanied by Consul Wingaard ; Engel ad walked carefully across the carpet to lead his daughter forward. She rose and allowed the bridesmaids to arrange her train and veil-when Tora sprang rward from her seat.

Everyone in the chancel was looking at the bride, who gave her hand to her father and turned with him towards the altar. They did not see Tora come up the steps. There was a sound behind them like the breaking of a wave, and at the same moment something black passed quickly by. The ladies shrieked, the gentlemen grew rigid with dismay. Those at the altar turned round; Engel staggered backwards; Tora stood between him and his daughter. 'Do you wish me to lay the child down before you, Milla? Will you have

it to kneel on ? "' No ! no !' cried Milla in horror. She turned, and with her hands before

her she flew from the chancel, her veil streaming behind her." The story ends here, but not before we have learnt that Rendalen and r of the cld pupils, have decided that they may venture to combat Nora, anothe the forces of heredity together, according to the teaching which Bjornson puts into Tomas' mouth in an address to the elder girls after Tora's fall.

"His opinion of heredity was simply this, that one inherited quality com-bats another. One need not be so desponding. In the course of time all families are so mixed together that any legacy of evil (which one must strive to red uce to impotence) has almost always beside it a legacy of good which may be strengthened by use. That is to say, never be guided by chance, but let the teacher first, and ourselves afterwards, be watchful betimes."

"Heredity was not a destiny but a condition.

"It was sometimes said that knowledge and surroundings were no help. But what did the letter tell us which had just been read? First, most distinctly, that Tora had an inherited weakness; next, that if Miss Hall had given her lecture four months sooner. Tora, at any rate, would have been saved. have may say, 'Help one another,' by knowledge and fearless counsel. Woman has been condemned to isolation. Man has sought fellowship and knowledge. Woman Only by fellowship will women teach each other to fight for their own cause.

The inward development' is subject to crises, and then intercourse is burdensome; with this each one must deal as she can. But there is no doubt that we advance our inward development only by doing our duty.'" In the character of Rendalen, so full of nervous restlessness and reckless

mpetuosity, Bjornson saw the rebound from the long downhill career of his ancestors, and, as pointed out by Mr. Collin, such cause was deliberately sought by the novelist to explain the isolated incident of the church scene, which is an historical fact, and which he felt could only owe its possibility to the driving force of some "strong-willed, combative persons, who had a per-sonal interest in the struggle for the rights of motherhood," for how could a weak girl with lost reputation, get the courage to make a scandal in a sacred edifice. We think that from this point of view the character of Rendalen is sion from the mother to whom he owed so much, alternating with violent imism, do not strike us as unreal when all the circumstances of the case are taken into consideration. Biornson has, in a later novel, "In God's Way, hrown a little side light on to Rendalen's student days, whereby we realise the constant heroic struggle which he maintained against the forces of his lower nature, and we are led to view more charitably his wayward and impulsive

During the course of the story, we enjoy glimpses of Norwegian life and manners, and are reminded again and again that human nature is wonderfully homogeneous wherever we find it. Some of Bjornson's terse comments and descriptions teem with sarcasm. In the scene at the church, the relief of the bridal party at the appearance of the Dean is so great that—

"All those in the chancel joined in the hymn. In their zeal, their relief, their gratitude to Providence, they all sang; the bridegroom, Engel, the General and the Consul-General, Bernick, Dosen, Rüs, the celebrities, the Sheriff, all sang of the first bride who was brought by God Himself to the first bridegroom. Not one of them believed it, but they sang so that it was a sin hat the organ overpowered them, for such singing of hymns ought to be heard

He has most strident contempt for the weak kneed attitude of conventional Christianity towards morality and woman's position. "Yes," says one of the characters, "I could almost have guessed that Rendalen was not a Christian. Women to take the same position as men! That is against Christi-anity." And the Consul sends his daughter a cutting "from a Lutheran weekly paper, in which a highly - esteemed clergyman analysed the proposition that women have the same right to demand chastity from men as men have from women: the decided logical result of his analysis being that the proposition was unchristian!" For all this, and for his creation of Fru Tomasine Rendalen, women owe to Björnson warm and grateful acknow-ledgment. To those who believe that chastity in life can be aided by temperance in the matter of meat and drink, it appears regrettable that the use of alcoholic stimulants should be so freely indicated in both Björnson's and Ibsen's works without the remotest hint that such daily use, when not involving actual ntoxication, is otherwise than natural and proper. Natural, from the Norso point of view, it may be for girls at school to have a supply of beer available or refreshment when carrying out a piece of mischief, but surely not wise in view of the high moral and educational tone which the school aimed to secure. There are many persons to whom Björnson's ungloved treatment of the moral question will give offence, but no real friend to true morality will feel other than grateful for an outspoken appeal for even-handed justice to be dealt to women and men alike.

EDITH WARD.

FROM NORWAY AND FROM RUSSIA we receive to-day our best novels. This is disputed, but it remains true. The two countries so dissimilar, the peoples

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so opposed in religious and political ideas, touch on one point : the power of delineating, without exaggeration or remorse, the ordinary individual of this canker-eaten nineteenth century tail-end. We dispute their works because we resent characters insult the pink and gold and rose and black of the old novels. them; we acknowledge their freshness, vigour, power, but decline to believe i their truth. We content ourselves with calling them "advanced," "over is as if among a shopful of exquisite wax dolls one produced an ugly, dirty. drawn," terms of doubtful meaning in every respect. I have even heard people go so far as to say that Ibsen and Tolstoi were as badas Zola. This is absurd. It is live baby; but the baby has life. And yet even I have a question to ask : It only natures physically, perfectly healthy are to be chosen for race-propagation, shall we not soon become a world of animals? Perfect heath means large appetite, and have we not had many geniuses with a blemish? not a question of badness, but of difference. Zola professes to explain every thing, every vice, action, apparently noble or ignoble, emotion, or thought E VON VOVCKE from the power of the sexual relation to subdue or be subdued. is hoted, and rightly, if he is offering his theory as a universal explanation ; wrongly if his theory be totally denied. For certain sections of humanity his BOOKS, MAGAZINES, PAMPHLETS, PAPERS, &c. reading is the true one. It is necessarily one-sided ; to each man one truth nes more apparent than any others, and to M. Zola as a materialist this OF literature we have, in our day, enough surely to instruct, amuse and truth is the one for him. No man can describe the whole circle of humanity

his own perception limits him. O enlighten; to lift the veil from earth's dark places, and bring the light of advanced public opinion and clearer rays of truth to bear on the evils that Zola's only point of meeting with the Norwegian novelists is heredity; here he is absolutely at one with them, except that Zola dissects a charnel house with French lightness of heart and grace of phrase, while Ibsen with northern skulk therein : to drag forth into the influence of these powerful beams the terrible brood of those twin vices, cruelty and immorality. We have, indeed, grough and to spare if read carefully, thoughtfully, and with intent to profit. But, alas, for the number of such writings evolved from earnest brains, with his surgical instruments, and the cleanness of a courageous intellect It is because he comes among us, the *bourgeoisie*, that we particularly resent Ibsen; if he would keep away among the nobles (Tolstoi, bad as he is, does so sped forth by hearts and hands of love and good intent, which are mere waste paper to the majority. Opinions, thoughts are published every day of untold worth to those who have " brains to ponder and eyes to much); but he tramps among us, risen tradesmen, teachers, well-to-do merchants, and there we stand, robbed of the warm colours which, since but which fail in their mission to the greater number. Why? Whose is novels were first written, have been our birthrights. We resent the want of stress on the beauty of our heroines, and the stress on their Read the following : The Liberty Annual. This is, as it states, an Indi-vidualist magazine, edited by W. S. Crawshay and Frederick Millar. It contains much that is well worth thinking over. The article on "Liberty for Women," by humanity; we miss the nobility of soul or deep villany of our heroes, the unspeckled purity or interesting vice of our clergy, the "nervous old maid," above all, the funny man ; we miss the funny man, the regular rea Millicent Garrett Fawcett, is like all which comes from the tongue or pen of that funny man who can't speak a sericus word, but amid an avalanche of cheap old gifted woman, to whom we all owe a deep debt of thanks. It is not only the pleasure jokes performs the most pathetic and touching acts of love, generosity, and ut the urgent duty of every woman to read such words as are here expressed. 'The Vaccination Fiasco'' is a triumph of good sense and the judgment of self-renunciation; nay, we miss him grievously. Next, the recognition of nerves as a reality, and not an affectation, belongs to the Norwegian and Russian ults over medical mistakes, Alfred Milnes may well go on with such work novels ; the recognition of the enormous part which nerves play in the lives o Paul Carus does awakening practical thought good service in his chapter on "Capital and Labour," and the same may truly be said for George Baker, whose developed nations has been so far quite ignored by England. The "nervous person of our English novels was a contemptible creature, particularly if mas-The Evils of Trade Unionism, by E. Cobham Brewer, LL D., and the fol-lowing (Part II.), by J. Stafford Ransome; also Does Slavery Pay? Politics and Politicians, etc. It is altogether a clever little pamphlet and full of nuts to culine ; the nerve-natures of the Norwegian novel are deeply interesting On the other hand, the characters in the Norwegian novels rarely rouse our admiration. We do not fall in love with them; they are too like ourselves. crack. Do not throw them away, crack them. They contain kernels of truth, The Practical Photographer's Annual.-It is not easy to do justice to the

There are certain qualities about them we admire, and we see clearly enough how love arises between two of them. But the analysis—an analysis without technical analysis-which reveals them wholly to us in marvellous nature touches, does not attract but repels us.

The Heritage of the Kurts, which is the English title for Björnson's latest novel, is a powerful story of heredity successfully combated by education -a book full of the most hopeful suggestion, touching, homely, and vigorous. It shows the courage of the strong but coarse woman to save her son from his birthright of madness, vice, crime, and drunkenness. Tomasine Rendalen, though a clever woman, possesses no knowledge of

man nature ; love and a strong will alone guide her. She makes many mistakes, but love is not easily discouraged, and finds a way at last. Tomas Rendalen, the possessor of the Kurt heritage, after a careful educa-

may well give their meed of praise. Whitby Harbour makes us long to leave the strife of cities and lose care and ion and five years' travel, returns to his native town at the age of twenty-eight full of ideas for the advancement of humanity. He begins by delivering a lecture in his mother's school to parents, demanding perfect openness towards children on matters supposed to be most carefully conanxious thought in gazing upon its rippling waters pictured to the life. It brings also faithfully before the mind's eye the busy, active, seafaring existence of the hardy fisher-folk ng Children is a faithful reproduction by the camera of the sculpture cealed from them. He speaks with great power and earnestness, but when in Lichfield Cathedral, so well known. the town rises against him in coarse hypercritical misunderstanding, he does not behave like a hero. He is farious, nervous, undecided. He offends The Crypt, Wingfield Manor, is a successful rendering of a picture in stone, which is in itself lovely, and is excellently finished in spite of the insufficient light. Mr. Thomas Scotton executed this in his capacity of official photographer us with his likeness to ourselves, and his want of likeness to a book-hero. Again, in the terribly tragic affair of Tora, we want heroism and get o the Midland Railway Company. It will, with others, adorn the carriages humanity. We are offended at the tacit admission that a passionate woman has and waiting-rooms of the company. as much need of controlling, restraining, and conquering her senses as a man A Study is an artistic success and, at the same time, a very pleasing We have been led to believe the contrary so long, we have been taught to look with so much contempt upon "fallen" women as something essentially evil and different from ourselves, that the idea of such a necessity among vespectable Lottie is a study both pleasing; and perfect. It is a wonderful execution of what must have been a difficult task, on account of the pose and expression not women disgusts us. We join with the men, who trample (once with brutal joy, now with educated indifference) on the woman whose child has no legal father. easy to be attained by a child. ve's Young Dream is a triumph of artistic skill, also true to nature. "Crucify her! crucify her!" we cry, "and hasten, oh! white untouched virgin from the crucifixion to the arms of the child's father, if the Church will The Portrait of Mr. R. Slingsley, by himself, is a beautiful specimen of the continuous magnesium light process, brought by the artist himself to such perfection. The annual would be a pleasing and valuable gift for Christmas or New Year. Give also the double number accompanying it, containing much inte-resting matter and specimens of instantaneous views. Tora and Milla were bosom friends and schoolfellows at Tomas Rendalen's

but make the sign of the cross above you." It is with this that the most dramatic part of The Heritage of the Kurl deals

college. Tora, beautiful, sensual, magnetic, was pursued animal fashion by the hideous Fürst, who mesmerizes and destroys her. He afterwards seeks Milla in Lady Henry Somerset's monthly Wings is doing good work. It becomes more and more interesting each month, containing matter of the utmost im-portance to the cause of temperance, with interesting tales, sketches, articles, hideous f'ürst, who mesmerizes and destroys her. He atterwards seeks Milla in marriage. Milla, weakened by Parisian companionship, agrees. The town rings with the news, and on one side is battle, on the other lavish preparations. Even the sight of Tora and her baby in the church does not stop Milla, until her old friend stands forward in the chancel, and, holding out the baby, speaks : "Shall I lay the child before you, Milla? Will you have it to kneel on?" It poetry, &c., besides giving accounts of what its workers are doing and all nperance news. The Dress Problem. By E. Ward and Co., Bradford. (London : Hamilton, Adams and Co. Bradford : John Dale and Co.)-All who are in earnest in their desire to reform the present mode of women's dress should read this required that to stop the marriage.

The truth of our hearts, if not our actions, as shown in this friendship, discisely written, showing much scientific research, also great taste, and a love gusts us, and also that the faults are shown to be on both sides. I Rendalen, who defends Tora for the honour of the school-because th Tomas for the beautiful, as shown in what we do and say, in what we wear, and in the consequences of what we wear, not only upon the body, but upon the vanced teaching of the college, not the vicious Fürs', is blamed for her fall-is violent, and Tora, at the great crisis, instead of behaving like a betrayed beauty, screams like a nervous girl. Milla is weak, vain, and impulsive, women by the effect of their present dress, united with other agencies. The book ought to be known and read in every household of women and girls. neither greatly generous nor grandly wicked. It is disatisfying to us. The human waves of feeling which sweep across the town, now hot, now cold, are almost too true to be recognized. The proof of the weight of triftes, emotions, impulses in human life, is also pain-The Scatingle comes to us every month with its list of horrors unveiled, its honest, straightforward exposure of evils which workers of iniquity would fain hide from the light of day; but who reads the brave little paper, or, having read, cares with living anxiety to hold out a hand to help, or advances one for

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beautiful plates published by Percy Lind and Co. in this annual, of which we beautiful plates published by Fercy Lind and Co. In this annual, of which we have received'a copy, containing, besides the letterpress accompanying it in the double number, the following eight highly-finished plates. The Entrance Gateway of Moreton Old Hall is a gem, selected from many others taken of the gateway of this ancient Hall in Cheshire, by Richard

Keene. The artist took the picture under special difficulties, and is himself not quite as pleased with it as we certainly are, and as all who see it will be. But those to whom the idea comes, whether executed by pen or pencil, are never quite satisfied with their own production. Those who see it, however,

book. It goes into the subject from every point of view. It is well and con-

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to the rescue? Who dares say I have set forth to avenge the cause of purity and truth? I will march on, counting not the cost. the mind of a woman, a dread of being superseded or circumvented, if she speaks freely of her work and interests. But, after all, these idiosyncrasies are I will march on, counting not the cost.

Read the Sentinel for December, 1891, and January, 1892.

The Church of England Pulpit and Ecclesiastical Review is full of earnest ness of purpose, which it endeavours to instil into its readers. All earnest souls of pure purpose work together for the good which is coming surely, even if slowly, and that is the extirpation of all that is evil, and the establishment of a reign of truth, justice, and wisdom on earth.

reign of truth, justice, and wisdom on earth. The Herald of Health is an exceedingly useful little magazine, and calculated to do much good. All along the line of progress the workers are doing their several parts, and so steadfastly step by step we advance to higher, purer, healthier life. Persons in search of health and temperate habits should read this magazine and note the short tale article—"A Benevolent Jesuit," by Alton Telford. The January number contains many interesting articles, among which we may enumerate the following :—" The Wallace Theory of Disease," by J. P. we may enumerate the following :--- "The Wallace Theory of Disease," by J. P. Munro; "Wool Versus Cotton Clothing," by Thos. Smith; "Home-made Wallace Ideal Bread," by Jessie R. Waterman; "Position of the Body in Sleep," by J. G. D.; "Some Christmas Recipes"; "The Banana: Its Food Value," by John B. Coppock, F.C.S.; "How to Test for Salt and Baking Powder in Foods," by John B. Coppock, F.C.S.; "Health and Economy in House-Warming"--all worth a careful perusal. Its motto, "Dare to be Wise," and its principle, "Life is not mere existence, but the enjoyment of health," are well chosen.

The Indian Magazine for December is full of deep and thrilling interest. As The Indian Magazine for December is full of deep and thriling interest. As India is held as part of our Queen's dominons, it is surely the duty of all to study the history of that interesting, much-suffering country, suffering specially in the persons of its women, whose lot is hard even among women. The Decem-ber number contains a fine plate representing the splendid apartment known as "The Indian Durbar Room," which forms part of the new wing at Osborne House, and was designed by Ram Singh, a native of the Punjaub. The article accompanying it gives an interesting account of the artist, &c. Read also "Th Industrial School for Muhammadan Women and Girls, Guntoor, South India." Read the magazine through.

NATIONAL HOME READING UNION .- We highly recommend to our readers this admirable Union and its most useful work. It meets a great need. Its energetic, clever secretary, Miss M. C. Monday, says: "The Council of the National Home Reading Union, in organising this section, have had in view young people who are scholars in the advanced classes of Sunday-schools, pupils in the upper forms or higher standards of day schools, boys and girls leaving in the upper forms or higher standards of day schools, boys and girls leaving the day schools, members of Old Scholars' Associations, of Recreative Evening Schools, of Lads' Clubs, Bands of Hope, Boys' Brigades, Young People's Guilds, Girls' Friendly Societies, Associations for Befriending Young Servants, Snowdrop Bands, &c., and single readers who cannot conveniently become members of a reading circle.

"Between the ages of 13 and 19, character is determined, and life-issues are fixed. Therefore it is of vital importance that at this period, feeling and thought should be moulded by the true delights and noble inspirations which are to be found in good books. It is hoped that all who have the guardianship of the young will avail themselves of the opportunities afforded by the National Home Reading Union, for tempting the rising generation into that kind of reading which stimulates the intellect, purifies the taste, and elevates the mind into a region of noble aims and generous purposes." The Lists of Books are printed in a separate pamphlet, which will be for-

warded to members only on receipt of their subscriptions.

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Light .- This excellent weekly deserves to be read, and must be read with an extreme intention on the part of the reader to discard flippancy of criticism, to examine seriously each article, and to ponder long the thoughts to which they give rise. For many things are coming upon us in this closing of the century of which we wist not. It is wise to examine and sift. Only fools cast aside without consideration all that is not in their own line. "Light, more light is the motto of this interesting paper, and all who read it ought to do so in the spirit of these words. All beliefs the world has yet known have been founded on thought. Who dare say that thought having founded certain doctrines stands still, founding no more, making no new discoveries? Fools only make such assertions, the wise and thoughtful never. Shall not human thought discover new truths, found new schools, propound new doctrines superseding the old ? If not why not? Read all, study all, assimilate the germs of truth which underlied all thought evolution

A Scheme for the Employment of Women Graduates and Others as Pioneer Lecturers, with an Introduction, showing the advisability of ultimately establishing a Central Employment Bureau for Women. By Edith Bradley.-Miss Bradley says :- "In this age of trade unions, co-operative societies, and labour com-binations among mea, the absence of similar organisations among 'Working Women,' of all classes, from the Girton graduate to the seamstress, is a loss to be deeply deplored. Under the most favourable circumstances it is never easy for a woman to make her way in life, whatever her calling may be; if she is push-ing and blustering, she is avoided; and if diffident, she often looks in vain for the sympathetic touch and the guiding hand which would be of untold value along the lonely road. There seems to be instinct in her nature, much that tends to isolation. There is an amount of latent jealousy and suspicion in the natural outcome of the narrow area in which our sex has been confined for so many generations. Now, however, with our wider social privileges—sacred to be abused-higher and broader education, above all, the dawn of Christian Socialism, so rich in promise of spiritual and material blessings, a radical change in the position of women is inevitable. How can that change e better brought to a successful issue than by women ' combining' for mutual lp and assistance ?

This scheme deserves the intelligent attention of thoughtful, progressive people; and also their earnest consideration. It seems to be an idea full of promise. The paper describing it was read at the Conference of Women Workers, Bristol, November 8th, 1892. Copies can be obtained at this office, post free, for 1d.

The Humanitarian League's publications are well worth obtaining, and ught to be read with care and thought by all who desire to do their part in he great work of the suppression of cruelty. No. 1 contains a clever article on Humanitarianism: Its General Principles and Progress. Clear, concise, full not only of merciful feeling, but of practical

od sense

No. 4 contains an article on *The Horrors of Sport*, by Lady Florence Dixie, which deserves to be read everywhere. Other publications are equally interesting, and from the fact that such things are written comes the fact that it is the ity of all to read them first, then act as conscience dictates.

The Modern Review for January contains a good article on "The Wrong Start-Miseducation," by Libra, and another on "Fruit Culture in Cape Colony," and a third, "Some New Year Thoughts," all of which are readable and instructive. "The Coming Basis of Marriage" is, it seems to us, wide of the mark, and it fails to comprehend the meaning of the paragraph alluded to. We look with much interest to the monthly appearance of the Modern Review. We trust the work it has undertaken will be done and well done. Read "The Sin of Our Cities.

The Child's Guardian for December gives an account of the first autumnal meeting of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The chair was taken by General Sir Francis de Winton, who was supported by a large number of distinguished people. Letters of regret were read from the Duke of Abercorn (president of the society), and many others.

The Chairman, in an interesting speech, gave an account of the extraordinary growth of the society during the eight years in which it had been in existence. One of the chief causes of their success had been the care taken to educate the people of England to the policy they had adopted.

The Home Secretary, in moving the resolution, "That, having regard to the work that has been done by this society of ameliorating the sufferings of nearly 60,000 British children, and to the methods by which it seeks to raise throughbut the country the sense of parental responsibility, this meeting commends it to the hearty and generous support of the British public," said he was glad to have the opportunity of standing upon that platform with men of all creeds and of all parties, in advocating its claims to public confidence and support. One of its greatest achievements was that it had lifted the veil which covered some of the darkest spots in our social system, and revealed unsuspected evidence of cruelty, brutality, and gross abuse of natural rights. Children are a dumb and helpless class; they cannot organise themselves into unions; they have no votes; they cannot conduct agitations; this society has become the mouthpiece of their cry. The little children of England—voiceless, helpless, defenceless—stretch out

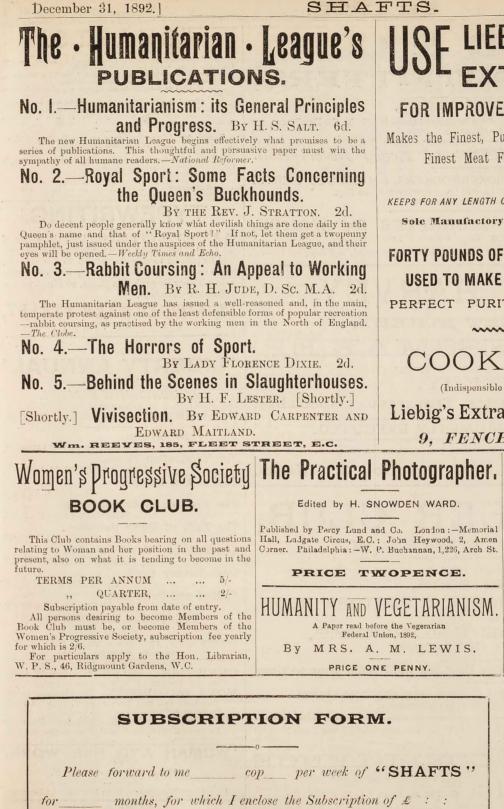
The Archbishop of Westminster, in seconding the resolution, said : Sixty years before the birth of this society was founded the Society for the Pre-vention of Cruelty to Animals. Were the claims of animals superior to those of children? to children? Every creature that has come into the world has the right given to it from God to maintain its existence to the term of its natural life.

Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., moved the following resolution: "That this meeting learns with deep regret that, owing to the immense increase in the number of children claiming protection, and the impossibility of declining to afford it, the society's income during the last half-year has been £4,500 less than he expenditure, and believes that this fact has only to be known for such noome to be immediately raised to the level of its expenditure." The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, in seconding the resolution, said : "I greatly

joice at the phenomenal progress and success of this society during its brief cistence. There never was a society which was more dreadfully needed. It has brought to light wickedness which to most of us is simply inconceivable. People talk about parental rights. It is high time to qualify them. We are in danger of talking too much about rights. It is high time to quality them. We are the axiom that there is no such thing as a right unless it is founded upon a duty discharged. If a parent does not discharge his duty, in the eye of God and true justice he has no right whatever. We want a great deal of money. There is a large deficiency this year. I glory in that deficiency ; it indicates that we are not asleep, and that we do not stand still ; the debt is the blessed result of ever increasing usefulness. If it were necessary we ought even to imitate General Booth and have a self-denial week to help forward the work. There is certainly no society in existence that has done so much for the boys and girls of England as the one we represent.

> May I reach That purest Heaven, be to other souls The cup of strength in some great agony, Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love, Beget the smiles that have no cruelty-Be the sweet presence of a good diffused. And in diffusion ever more intense. So shall I join the choir invisible, Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.



(Signed)

Date

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