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A PAPER FOR WOMEN

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THE WORKING (LASSE

No. 12. JANUARY 21, 1893.

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OH. SWIFTLY SPEED, YE SHAFTS OF LICHT, WHILE HOSTS OF DARKMESS FLY FRIR BREAKS THE DAWN ; FAST ROLLS THE MICHT FROM WOMAN'S DARKEMED SKY.

"A NEW VEAR'S REVERIE."

A LL are gathered together for New Year's Day. Mother, father, daughter, son. Two little baby faces gladden the hearts of all. "A Happy New Year, moder, a Happy New Year, fader," call Geoffrey and Kathleen, looking up from their porridge, as their parents enter the nursery. "I has no presents, dey hasen't tum," and Geoffrey looks into mother's face, his big blue eyes wide open with a questioning look, his golden curls shaking mournfully.

Scamper, scamper, bang !! The door flies hastily open, and the children run into the dining-room, where breakfast is nearly finished. The presents are placed in the bay window on the table —excepting

the big ones, which stand upon the floor. Mother sees two barrows, horse, cart, and balls, waiting there for

dimpled hands to clasp, but mother says nothing. Soon little eyes discover them, and little hands would touch, but baby-

minds think, "are dose for me?" They gaze at the barrows with longing eyes, and hands clasped behind them, then they run back to mother, feeling safer with her away from temptation. The child of three reasons more than we think.

Mother sees the look of hope and wonder in her children's faces, her thoughts fly back, and she sees herself again in the little girl looking at the baby doll with a rosy finger in her mouth.

"We've finished breakfast, now for the presents. Little ones first come, darlings," and grannie carries Kathleen to the window.

Such a hubbub! Such anoise! as presents are torn from their paper wrappers. The bay window seems filled with paper and string ; exclamations

of delight and surprise are heard around. Then two sturdy little figures wheel the barrows round and round the room, quietly happy, with the beautiful expression of absolute content which belongs to childhood alone.

The paper and string are folded and knotted, and all is tidy once again. The room empties of all but the children and their parents, who sit together watching them at play; mother dreams as they frolic round the room, and longs for strength and power to teach them to be good, true, and useful in their time; she looks at the little things with their golden curls and big blue trusting eyes, their little hearts so full of love, so fearless, so innocent of wrong. As she sees them now, her thoughts fly to their future, and she realises with almost fear that she is responsible for it, for life and doings in the future. Yes; if they are to be honest, good, and true, it will be the outcome of her influence. Their lives will bless or mar the lives of others.

Ah ! the responsibility of educating the little ones ; what love and patience must be given if they are to stand erect and fearless

The girl child, especially, what difficulties will surround her !

e barrows and the handsome, upright little wheelers, move round and The round the room. They pass her chair, and she draws them to her and strokes back the thick hair from their high white foreheads, holding the chubby faces between her hands. She looks into the deep blue windows, which take a solemn expression caught from hers. With a kiss she looses them. "Run on, darlings; play on, sweethearts." And soon she is deep in dreams again.

Now she sees two figures with the same trusting eyes as the children. She reads upon their faces fearlessness, love, and compassion ; and as she knows that the purpose and aim of her life has been to teach them truth, love, and faith, so it has been realised, and life is beautiful to her. As she looks she sees them move across the world, doing good to all ; flowers grow under their feet as they walk, and evil harms them not. The chains of ancient customs and prejudice fall from the hands and feet of the woman, and she is free, unfettered, walking side by side with her brother. Again she looks, sees that each is incomplete without the other ; alone one can do little, together, everything is possible. Man learns to honour woman, and the old cry of mental and physical inferiority dies away like the snow in a south wind.

The mother realises that the desire of her life is given to her, and that the little children are the two on whom she looks. She knows that untiring love and care have given them to the world full of the love and hope which will leave it better—happier. She sees them together teach the new life and hope to women which changes the whole face of society, and makes the lives of human beings truer and purer.

The mother's face lights with the glory of hope fulfilled. The children cease to play, and stand wondering for a minute unseen by her.

What makes her look so happy? Why does she smile? Two little warm hands pull mother's dress, and a clear voice cries, "Is 'oo finking of my ballow, mummy ?---or mine, mummy ?'' Mother, with a start, awakens from her dream, leaves the future for the

present, and catches them to her, barrows, dolls and all. MARY FORDHAM,

HOW OUR ANCESTORS ATE.

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BOTH sober history and fairy lore have given us numerous examples which serve to show that ancient nations were not insensible to the pleasures of the table. We have all read of the glorious feast prepared by Cleopatra in honour of Marc Antony, whilst she pledged him with wine in which a priceless pearl had been dissolved. Nero, we are told, sat at the festal board from midday to midnight, and ate of a dish costing $\pounds 30,000$ (which it is said consisted of nightingales' tongues), besides drinkng a bumper still more precious; and Seneca is responsible for the tatement that Caligula spent £800,00 on a single supper.

The surroundings and table appointments were quite as luxurious as the fare. Dining-rooms at this period were upholstered in gold and ilver tissues ; pipes through the ceiling showered flowers and perfumes upon the guests; and when the repast was over, by a mechanical arrangement, the tables were reversed, at the same time enveloping those who sat around with petals of roses, violets, and other sweet-scented flowers, which by this movement were released. In the times of the Roman Emperors ablecloths were first used, but it was customary for each guest to bring his own napkin, which was borne off later, loaded with delicacies by a lave, and generally sent as an offering to a wife, sister, or a favoured

If it be true that a nation may be judged by the food it eats, we are orobably returning to the customs of the ancients instead of, as we like to elieve, evolving something entirely new on our own account. When her Most Gracious Majesty entertains her lieges at Windsor at a banquet, served on a service of gold plate, she is only following in the footsteps of those governors of the world who preceded her by so many generations.

But between the luxuries of the Romans, Greeks, and Egyptians, and ar own times, a long vista of history stretches. In the mediaval period n Britain it was customary to have two principal meals during the daylinner and supper-and the table, from the Royal household to the smallest ottage, was never refused to strangers. Music at meals was always indulged in, the rich always employing their own minstrels, for whom a special gallery was provided, and the poor encouraged wandering nusicians. Spoons and knives were common, but forks did not come nto general use till the time of Elizabeth. Trenchers of wood, pewter, and occasionally silver were used, but those for the retainers were simply slices of bread, or flat cakes, upon which the meat was placed; and these were thrown into the alms basket when finished with, to be distributed to the needy, who always assembled round the door after the principal neal of the day.

The ceremony of washing was gone through before and after dinner. Food was conveyed to the mouth by the fingers, and it was considered mpolite then, as now, to put the knife in the mouth.

In The Boke of Curtasye you are told "not to return to your plate food which has been in your mouth, or to dip your meat into the salt-cellar, neither must you play with your knife or roll your napkin into a cord, or tie it into knots"; and you are finally requested not to get intoxicated during dinner-time. FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

WOMANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

Woman ! Gentle, fair, and true-Man's complement, and great delight Thou lackest much that is thy due :

Much is not thine which is thy right !

'Tis due to thee to have a voice In making laws thou must obey : Nor shouldst thou be debarr'd the choice

Thine own true destiny to sway.

Men, both in Parliament and out, Are apt to treat thee as a chattel : They hold thee (though e'en that I doubt)

A little dearer than their cattle. As with a bird which warbles clear,

They catch and cage thee when they can ; To own, enjoy, with them, I fear, Is "the old rule, the simple plan."

But thou art not a bird, though sweet Thy song may be to human ear : Thine is the right with man to meet

On equal terms, as peer with peer.

And, thinking of thy noble deeds-Of women like a Mrs. Fry,

Or Florence Nightingale-man needs Be selfish should he this deny.

Howe'er this be, still Agitate !

Band well together, and be strong ! Then men will surely cogitate, And yield thee Right instead of Wrong !

ROBERT HARTY DUNN.



Influential Lives.

MRS. ETHEL COMYNS.

EDITOR OF "THE FEATHERED WORLD' MANY attractive persons pass across the charmed circle of an Editor's range of vision, and to a lover of humanity it is most interesting to watch the various developments of human intelligence, vigour, and capability. Universal observation has shown that the greatest development is the result, as a general rule, of circumstances which call forth the greatest exercise of the skill, energy, and forethought of the individual provided such exercise be not too heavily handicapped. Where the daily and hourly needs of humanity are too easily supplied, fully developed powers are more rarely to be met with. Exceptional people, it is true, will push their way forward to their ideal of right through the greatest obstacles, and such obstacles are sometimes found in the paths of the rich and great as well as in the lives of those whose struggle for existence never ceases. Such exceptional people possess the energy of purpose, the strength of conviction, the grit, enabling them to break through the conventionalities or hindrances which surround them, and to such it is given to push the world of thought and action some moves forward into a purer and freer atmosphere. Because they are strong to say, "I dare to struggle, I will conquer," they generate within their own souls the strength necessary for the battle, which sooner or later they must win. Blessed are they who overcome! Such sit for ever enthroned.

A strong and daring soul is required to surmount difficulties, where difficulties are great, and where the surmounting of them means so much as it meant to Mrs. Comyns. Undeterred by fears within or dangers without, she put her shoulder to the wheel, which she set rolling, and which has rolled at a pretty steady pace ever since.

Mrs. Comyns' parents resided for some time in India, where her father, Major N. D. Garrett, was stationed, and there Mrs. Comyns was born. But at the age of six, owing to the unsuitable climate, Mrs. Garrett brought her child to England and placed her in the charge of her husband's mother, where she remained for several years until her parents returned to their native land, and established themselves in Suffolk, taking their daughter under their own care. They were in good circumstances, and Miss Garrett passed with her parents many happy years. Never, however, forgetting the dear old lady, her grandmother, whose name she mentions with gratitude to this day; declaring that "to her firm yet gentle supervision I owe whatever good there is in me." Looking into the fearless, truthful eyes as she speaks, it is not difficult to imagine what the old lady's training must have been. Mrs. Comyns is very proud of being a daughter of Suffolk, and refers with great affection to the old home in which life was so sweet to her. One cannot, however, sigh "alas!" to the fact, or express regret that monetary troubles caused Miss Ethel Garrett to try what she could

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steadily put forth has arisen the capable, strong-souled woman now doing the work that has fallen to her with such steadfast purpose and honest intent. She began by starting a typewriting business in Chancery-lane in connection with another lady, which was pushed forward so successfully that when the time came for her to leave, seven clerks were being employed in the office. In connection with this type-writing the Fates, the Wilful Three, whose fiat must be obeyed, brought to this busy young woman her future husband in the shape of Mr. Comyns, Editor of a then leading paper of the 'Fancy,' which he had thimself started. It was not strange that so busy a man should be attracted to so businesslike and intelligent a woman, as he here met, who with deft fingers and intelligent observant eye, put his work into type as fast as he could produce it. After their marriage Mrs. Comyns helped her husband in his editorial work, both in the paper then going on, and in that which he soon after started, *The Feathered World*. She naively says, "Mr. Comyns never did anything in connection with the paper without consulting me." This she says to praise her husband, but no observant hearer can converse long with Mrs. Comyns without understanding why her husband consulted her, and how great must have been the help she rendered. The Feathered World was started in July, 1889. and at Mr. Comyns' death, which occurred eighteen months after, had a weekly circulation of 12,500, and has now reached a circulation of 20,000.

The death of the husband was a hard blow, but life called upon Mrs. Comyns to exert herself. She had three bonnie children-two girls and a boy-one born a few weeks after her husband's death, so-

"Bread must be won, And the hard work done."

Many thought the editing of a fancy paper by a woman, infra dig. She, however, resolved to continue it.

"It meant to me," she says, "bread and cheese, or rather, bread without the cheese." Her paper was for some time in difficulties, and for two years she had hard work to hold her head above water-so hard that she feels the keenest sympathy with those struggling with similar difficulties. Now she has reached dry land, and can look round upon her garden where the flowers begin to bloom. She is a living instance of the advantages of pluck and perseverance, and of how those succeed who are determined to succeed. She acknowledges, nevertheless, what she owes to the "almighty dollar," with which her friends supplied her for the time being, and without the help of which success would have been difficult indeed. She is the only woman who is the editor and proprietor of a weekly paper of this kind, and her justifiable and honourable pride in its success is gladdening to see. Having resolved that no dishonesty should sully her pages, she has adhered rigidly to this rule at any loss to herself, whether in money or friends.

"People are to me," she says "all the same, whether lords or street She treats all with equal justice, showing no favour, giving any advantage that can honourably be given, to all alike. Her rules are made. and must not be infringed by friend or foe. No advertisements are taken in later than Wednesday, and should a friend claim extra privilege on the score of friendship, Mrs. Comyns will reply : "No; in this you are to me only an advertiser, and must take your chance with the rest.

A great portion of her supporters are working people, many of whom are interested in birds. From these she meets with unvarying respect and politeness, and the pleasant friendliness existing between Editor and readers, is shown by a glance at the paper's correspondence columns

The Feathered World is published principally for exhibitors of poultry, pigeons and cage-birds, it has however matter of interest to all bird lovers in its readable "Wild Bird Corner" and is strong on the protection of our native wild birds. Mrs. Comyn's says few people have any idea of the number of shows that are held and the extensive business done in birds; some of which bring large prices. Three buff Cochin cocks were sold for £50 each by Mrs. Barton at one of these bird shows, about 300 of which take place in a year. This indefatigable lady is not especially interested in birds, though fond of all live creatures. At her home at Honor Oak she never forgets to feed the wild birds, and teaches her little ones to do the same, which the winged ones must appreciate and wish that all parents would imitate so good an example. Though not leaning to the "Fancy," Mrs. Comyns has always been fond of editorial work, and the wide experience she has gained in her labours with her husband and in her present position, has been of great service to her.

She is very much attached to her home, now, during the Mother's frequent enforced absences, under the charge of a charming young Scotch lady, to whose care Mrs. Comyns entrusts her three children, David, the eldest, Rachel, the second, and Olive. They all love their home, from the windows of which they watch for Mother's return, talking continually in pretty childish prattle of the time when Mother is to stop going out to do for herself, and to develop the latent power within her; for there is little reason to doubt that out of energetic effort wisely and at night to see her again, while Mother is to jump up to open the door

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when she hears the hurrying rush of the impetuous young feet which are to tread down such difficulties "for Mother's sake." Ah, these youthful dreams! But they are full of earnest fire, and so sweet to Mother's heart. Mrs. Comyns' children are devoted to her. There is nobody like Mother, they cannot even be coaxed for a minute from their firm allegiance. Little Rachel, the second, is a peculiar little creature to get on with, such a self-reliant little maiden, bright, too, and full of capacity, but not demonstrative. She understands fun when poked at her, will take it with merry good humour, and is not so easily hurt as her elder brother, David, who acts as his mother's special attendant. Once, when Mrs. Comyns was ill, Mr. Comyns, on leaving the house, said to the child,"Now, take care of mother till Dadda comes back," and David has kept to it ever since. His love is not more tender, but more demonstrative than his sister's

Mrs. Comyns is bright, earnest, and kindly, and must be a true friend. It is gladdening to all women to know she has succeeded so well. Success does not always follow capable and well-directed effort. Money must be there also, but money without the powers shown by Mrs. Comyns would have been of little avail.

NOTICE.

ANSWERS TO LEGAL QUESTIONS AFFECTING WOMEN.

A "Legal Column" will for the future be devoted to answering brief questions upon "Women's Law." Correspondents desirous of information upon subjects in which there is a liability to litigation, or in which legal proceedings are pending, should write a clear statement of their case on one or more sheets of foolscap written on one side only with a broad margin), and enclose it in a letter to the Editor with the proper postage stamps affixed and the words " Legal Editor" on the left-hand corner. It will be forwarded and the answer will appear in an early issue.

The subjects should relate to Legal Questions as affecting the rights and liabilities of Women in respect to Marriage Settlements, Interests under Wills, Mortgages, Bills of Sale, Hiring Agreements, Bankruptcy, Creditor and Debtor, Landlord and Tenant, Matrimonial or Divorce Law, Liabilities on Shares of Joint Stock Companies, Contracts with Servants, etc., Money in Chancery, or unclaimed Dividends in the Bank of England.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR. HIS LIFE, JOURNAL, AND VIEWS.

(Reprinted by request.) JOURNALISM intends setting a special mark on 1893, and we shall not be very far past the verge of the new year before we see that mark beginning to appear. The clever and brilliant "Tay Pay" is now bringing out the first issue of the Weekly Sun, which is a development in many re spects of the *Sunday Sun*, and the time is not very remote when he will embark on yet another enterprise. But let Mr. O'Connor speak for himself.

"I was born," he said, "on October 5th, 1848, and am therefore now in my forty-fifth year. That was in a small Irish county town, and if I wanted anything to confirm my political convictions it would be done by the visits which I occasionally pay to that place. I have known it a prosperous and well-populated town, densely-packed on market days, and I have seen it dwindle away to a deserted, poverty-stricken village. I took my degree at an early age, which I believe is characteristic of University life in Scotland, as well as in Ireland -that is to say, I was a Bachelor of Arts when I was just eighteen. My views as to what I should do in life were vague. About two years before I left college I conceived the idea of learning shorthand, and as I was an extremely hard student it rather fitted in with my idea of filling every moment of the day with work and improving myself to my utmost capacity, and it was this study, taken up almost by accident, which ultimately got me employment at nothing a week on a Dublin newspaper. I got to £1 a week after a while, but although I was three years in journalism in Dublin I never got higher than $\pounds 2$ a week. For some years I had nothing but desultory work, and a good deal of hardship. I first attracted general notice by my biography of Beacons-field. I worked very hard at that, sometimes twenty hours a day. Finally, in 1880, I drifted into politics. I had always held pretty much the same views of the Irish question from the time that I was one of the most prominent debaters in the College Debating Society, and I had spoken at small meetings, but without any very keen love for active political life.

"My first thing in Parliamentary journalism was to write the Parlia-mentary sketch for the *Pall Mall*. I went to America, and got my first experience in platform speaking, as I spoke practically every night for seven months. When I came back I wrote for several newspapers, sometimes writing two descriptions a night of Parliament, and finally I started the Star, after six months' hard work in raising the capital, and after many multiform disappointments. It was a great and astonishing success on the very first day, but as some men are victims of their failure, I was the victim of my success, for immediately an intrigue was started to take the paper out of my hands. After a struggle of a year and a-half, I sold out for £14,000. I then went to America at Mr. Parnell's special request, and was with Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien in the midst of a riumphant campaign when the split occurred. I returned and started the Sunday Sun.

"What made you contemplate a change in the paper-I mean having week-day edition ?

"Because a paper going to press at between two and three on Sunday morning is necessarily limited for its circulation to London and Brighton. I received from many parts of the country an urgent request to make the paper accessible to people at a distance from London, and ccordingly I resolved to bring out a provincial edition which would reach the people in all parts of the country." "You have resolved to change somewhat the shape and character?"

"The shape considerably; the character not much. I am going to change it from an eight-page paper to a sixteen, because my whole experience in journalism inclines me to the belief that the most popular, ecause the most convenient, shape of paper is a narrow page with a good many of them. The Weekly Sun will not be a Sunday paper in the old sense of the Sunday Sun; not that I wish in the least to convey that I am not strongly in favour of a Sunday paper. I have always been of opinion that Sunday should be a day of rational recreation, and I consider that I am not acting against Christianity, but in its higher interests, in giving the people an opportunity of reading on Sunday good, sound, instructive literature."

Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you some-thing—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn.—CARLYLE. JEANNIE AT HOME.—A tourist, fresh from London, met a Scottish lassie walking barefoot and carrying her boots in her hand. "My girl," he said to her, "is it customary for all the people in these parts to go barefoot?" "Pairtly they do," said the girl, "and pairtly they mind their ain business."—The People.

WE are indebted to Mr. James Ball, photographer, 17, Regent-street, S.W., for the photograph of the Rev. Florence Kollock, M.A., which ap-peared in our issue of January 7th.

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WHAT THE GIRL SAYS.

The Girl says, she has been so busy, what with friends, and what with helping little children, and what with making some warm things for poor people, and what with writing for SHAFTS, she really has had no time to wish every reader of the paper a Happy New Year.

The Girl says, above all other things she wishes a Happy New Year to SHAFTS, and above all people to the Editor, for surely she must often be very, very tired, though she is doing such a good, good work.

The Girl says, everybody who can help in any way should help SHAFTS, and she for one is trying with all her might and main to help, for it is much wanted, and she hears people on all sides say, "Why, here's a paper at last, SHAFTS-the very thing we were looking for."

The Girl says, she would like in these sentences to tell a little story of something which happened this very New Year, which in fact has just done happening, which in fact has not done happening, and never will have done happening, which keeps on happening, because its happening has brought happiness, and this happiness is always trying to produce other happiness

The Girl says, this is what it is. She went out on New Year's Eve with her mother and father—she lives in Liverpool—to the house of some Scotch friends, to see the New Year in, as Scotch people do. They enjoyed themselves very much; she and her two friends, a girl and a boy-the boy is thirteen and the girl twelve-went into the large kitchen to see the cook, heating some mince pies, and help her to make crackers. While they sat warm and snug, there suddenly came a sharp cry, then a moan, that made the Girl feel creepy; it sounded right under the kitchen window.

THE world is brimful of mistakes and misapprehensions concerning its The Girl says, the house is in a quiet place, surrounded by a garden great ones, both during life and after it; the valets de chambre reand grounds, but at that side the garden-railing is close to the house wall. tail all the puerilities, the friends paint their fancy portraits without They ran up stairs for someone to come, and they all looked out. There hadows, the enemies daub theirs with such dark ones that the high lay outside, and close by the railing, a young woman in a dead faint. ights stand out weird and unnatural, and the pictures thus transmitted The Girl thought she was dead, and was very frightened. o posterity would be totally unrecognisable by the originals if they could The Girl says, her mother and Mrs. Sinclair cried : "Oh, bring her rise from their graves to take a glance at them. Poor human nature seldom receives its due meed of praise or blame; it is vainly expected to in," and she was brought in. She had hurt her arm very much, and put be either divine or diabolical, and causes disappointment to one side or the other, according as it falls short of either of these standards. Society her ankle out of joint. She was poorly dressed, and looked so thin and white. When Mrs. Sinclair asked her where she lived, and if she was has an unkind habit of giving a dog a bad name and hanging him; and people who strive to be fair and just in their estimate of their fellows are in trouble, the young woman wept so much she could not answer. The Girl says, after some time she told them that she had been hurrycalled Quixotic and eccentric, while their views are not only not sympathised with, but characterised as impracticable and dangerous. Of away at once, but that was impossible. course, a great deal is attributable to ignorance. We get hold, rightly or wrongly, of an isolated fact in a person's life; one of her or his crotchets The Girl says, her mother and father and Mrs. Sinclair went to see or opinions, consider it typical, and laud or condemn it accordingly, when these old people, and were shocked to see their misery. They were honest, hard-working people, but too old to do much. Still they could do something. So Mrs. Sinclair has had them moved into the Gate House, all the time it was called forth by exceptional circumstances, and is at direct variance with the usual tenor of the existence and temper of the mind.-A WOMAN WRITER in Nineteenth Century.

ing out to buy a little food for her poor old parents, having been paid for some work she had done. She was much distressed, and wanted to go

as the lodge-keeper she had had for many years was just leaving for Australia

Miss Lawrence, who has just gained her LL.B. degree at London University, is a resident of breezy Hampstead. She does not allow her studies to prevent her taking an active interest in politics, and she is The Girl says, she is so glad there were no other people engaged to come, for it was such joy to see the two old people seated so snugly at tea, by their warm fire, in their new comfortable home. well known in local Liberal circles as one of the most enthusiastic and untiring of those who try to sow the seed of democratic opinions in that The Girl says she and Hester and Johnnie went in every evening to quiet suburb. No one who has met Miss Lawrence can fail to have help to knock up Christmas cards on their walls, and they gave them all the Christmas cards they had. They look so pretty on their kitchen and noted her modest yet earnest manner and her sound common sense, "amounting," as was said of another former resident of Hampstead, the room walls. present Home Secretary, "almost to genius." She has been acting as private secretary to Miss Orme, who, singularly enough, is the only other The Girl says, Nancy, the young woman, soon got well, and she lives with her parents, and, of course, does most of the work, indeed, all the ady LL.B. in this country. Miss Lawrence's achievement will not work. But the mother knits stockings for Hester and Johnnie, and is appear less remarkable when we recollect that many of the questions set glad to be busy, while the father bustles about the gate and the broad are of a practical nature, and can only be thoroughly appreciated by those iderable time in a walk and thinks he does so much, always calling out : "Mother, come and who have had the opportunity of spending some con barrister's chambers or a solicitor's office.-Morning Leader.

see how this looks." It is delightful to see him, and to hear the old woman's wonder at all he does.

The Girl says, so this is why she has been too busy to wish a Happy New Year to the readers of SHAFTS, but she is quite sure they will all excuse her now they know, for the Girl and her mother have been all this time with Mrs. Sinclair making clothes for the old people and Nancy. The Girl says, they are proud old people, and like to work for their money, that is why she likes them so much. She will tell more about

them again next week.

[The Editor thanks the Girl for her New Year's wishes, and for her good wishes for SHAFTS, and says : Perhaps some day the Girl will know fully what the Editor means when she says-A true hearted editor is the most sorely tried, yet the most blest of mortals ; wants more money than most people, yet is, perhaps, of all people in this world of dollars, the most independent of money, and in return for money will give people what money can never buy.]

SHAFTS

THE STEADFAST BLUE LINE.

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

ROLL CALL.

MARY SOMERVILLE. MARIE HEIM-VÖGTLIN, M.D. RHODA GARRETT. AGNES MCLAREN, M.D. LOUISA M. ALCOTT. JESSIE MCGREGOR, M.D. CAROLINE A. BIGGS-PROMOTED. CATHERINE DREW. EDITH G. COLLETT. M.D. ELIZA WIGHAM. ELIZABETH CHRISTIE, M.D. ANNIE HIGGINBOTTOM. BERTHA MASON. ALICE MOORHEAD, M.D.

EMILY THOMSON, M.D. (MRS.) FRANK MORRISON. LILIAS ASHWORTH. JESSIE BOUCHERETT. JEAN ROBERTSON, M.D. ALICE UMPHERSTON, M.D. (MRS.) OLIVER SCATCHERD. MARY MCKINNEL AGNES GARRETT. ROSA RUBINSTEIN JESSIE F. KILGOUR. LUCY JOHNSTON. (MRS.) SPARKE EVANS. E. M. SMYTH.

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DESIRE.

No joy for which thy hungering heart has panted, No hope it cherishes through waiting years, But, if thou dost deserve it, shall be granted ; For with each passionate wish the blessing nears.

Tune up the fine, strong instrument of thy being To chord with thy dear hope, and do not tire; When both in key and rhythm are agreeing Lo! thou shalt kiss the lips of thy desire.

The thing thou cravest so, waits in the distance, Wrapt in the silences, unseen and dumb ; Essential to thy soul and thy existence-Live worthy of it-call, and it shall come.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

PRINCESS SUPREME.

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By O. ESLIE-NELHAM.

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

CHAPTER X.

Olive loved the downs, loved to gaze over the wide expanse of gorse-land stretched before her, over the pine woods and sand pits, away to the little gleaming streak of blue sea in the distance. She loved to be alone with nature, and her domain—it seemed her own for the time being—looked so beautiful under the clear October skies, with sunlight and a luxurious glow of warm, harmonious colouring all around her, the air crisp, invigorating, and

She delighted in the rustling of the dead leaves under her feet. In gay delight she ran down into a hollow where the crisp leaves had been massed together by the wind, and swept through them, causing them to fly before he as though she had been a spirit of the breeze. She forgot at such moments her cares with the health of hundreds on her mind. She knew only that she was young, and glad, and free; that there was beauty all about her, and that it was worth while to live, if only to breathe that balmy air sweet with the fragrance of the pines. A rapture came upon her, and in joyous abandon-ment she cang to herself aloud-

" Oh, forest green and fair ! Oh, pine-trees waving high How sweet your cool retreat. How full of rest! Here, free from care and pain, Gay as a child again, Peace and contentment reign Within my breast. Oh, how sweet in forest glade

When the mid-day sun is shining.

The melodious notes trilled out, making the solitude echo again as Olive sang on, oblivious of the fact that she had a listener, and then cast herself down amongst the withering bracken on a clump of heather, and gave herself up to the pure enjoyment of breathing in the exhilarating air.

"May I thank you?" came a voice from behind her, and, rising in startled haste, she saw Leonard. "I should have shown myself, I know, after the first note, because you never will sing in public, and it seemed like taking a mean advantage ; but it suited so perfectly with the place I could not interrupt

"Oh, yes;" she said, carelessly, as she shook hands. "But I feel that it is more my part to apologise to any chance listener for hurting the silence in that way. I did not know there was any road there. I thought no one could come without passing me," she hastened to add, determined to leave no opening for comment

'The public generally do not know of it, I think ; but I found a footpath,'

he answered quietly. Leonard had been at home for a week, and had not yet seen Olive. His one thought and interest had been the possibility of seeing her, but he had no idea of making a call, of sitting in a close room and talking inanities to half-adozen members of the family. He desired to have her to himself, under the open skies, and he watched the house for days. Leonard never contented himself with anything second best when it was possible for him to attain to the highest he had set himself.

He, therefore, made his plans to meet Olive alone in the woods or on the heights, and he declined to satisfy his own longing by holding communion with her in any other way. Day after day he resumed his patient watch upon Dr. Weir's house ; day

after day, without result. Two of the children had been ill, and as Olive was bent upon sparing Kate she was busy all day, and had only time for a constitutional in the garden, or for a shopping expedition in the town. At last his exacting perseverance was rewarded; his lady issued forth, and

observing her movements from afar he knew well how to come upon her.

He noted how she reveiled in her lonely liberty, with what overflow of happy vigour she walked along, and said to himself: "Like an untamed creature of the woods."

He felt in touch with her slightest act, and was assured, he told her, that a certain savagery of nature that was inherent in himself slumbered in her

When he used the expression "savagery," he did not imply, he said, a proclivity to anything barbarous or cruel; he meant only that both alike were incited by the savage's desire for freedom, by the savage's wild inclination to escape from the restraints of conventional life in a city's narrow dwellings he thought that Olive and he both longed for escape from the stolid respecta-bility and the mean rivalries of social existence, that they both longed to rush away to the great solitary plains of the infinite pampas, where they might hold communion with themselves and nature only. Olive was moved by the feelings he ascribed to her, but she repressed them

-she was far too anxious to help others to permit herself to desire to escape from them to a life of exclusive selfishness. She heartily despised such egotists as St. Sim 30n Stylites and others of the kind, and would not have allowed herself. however much her inclination might have pointed in that way, to work out the salvation of her own soul in a refined calm that kept afar those whose wounded

hearts wanted binding up. It is not very difficult to be holy-minded on a pillar within the cloister's walls, or in a lonely chalet under the Alps; but to be holy amidst the turmoil of life, to keep oneself unspotted from the world, in the midst of the world, surrounded by disturbing elements—that is something.

A holiness that stands firm amidst inpurity and vice—amidst the soiling influence of a great city—is the only kind of holiness worthy the name.

"When I say I found a footpath," Leonard amended, with meaning delibera-tion, "I should perhaps rather say that I made one." "Indeed," commented Olive, failing to see the significance of the words upon which he himself appeared to lay such stress. In any case she would have chosen to ignore them; and, resenting the steady attention he bestowed on her, she asked with cold civility, "Was it a very beautiful road? I suppose so; it would hardly have been worth while clambering up amongst such difficulties

Lanuary 21, 1893.

'Pardon me, I think it would. I think it is always worth while surmount-

ing obstacles if it is only for the sake of subjugating them." "Do you?" she asked; and then, carried away by the interest of the topic, speculatively continued: "I wonder why? You would not act from mere

oastful assertiveness." The conviction of her tone thrilled him with delight; but as he was inxious still further to ascertain her views he did not commit himself to any definite assurance, and asked :

definite assurance, and asked : "You would think it reprehensible to fight solely for the purpose of testing your own strength? And yet is it not necessary to sound yourself, and to know how you stand? How can you make sure without proving yourself?" "Some people," answered Olive, looking at him with a buoyant raising of her head—"some people would have sufficient confidence in themselves to here to the people.

know that they could never realise the word failure, and live.'

ejaculated Leonard, with a long sigh of ecstatic relief. He had Ah! An's elaculated Leonard, with a long sign of ecstatic relief. The had listened, holding his breath in suspense, fearing lest she might wrong his idea of her by her own words, but the inspiriting force of her rejoinder went beyond his fondest hopes, and breathing again, he said : "You could not do so, nor could I. Do you know what the on e aspiration

of my life just now is?"

"No," he echoed. "And you care as little, judging by the curt aloofness of your tone; but I must tell you." "Yes, do. I beg your pardon. I am interested." "The aspiration of my soul—and I can brook no defeat—is to gain your love."

Olive listened with a sense of being braced by the daring of his words. She felt that, after a fashion, they were kindred spirits, she and he, and it interested her to pit her strength against a notable adversary; mentally buckling on her armour for the combat, she measured her antagonist, and threw down the gauntlet, saying, mentally-

'I defy you to do i

She did not wish to fall under the dominion of the passion that swayed him, and thought it well to disenchant her suitor at the outset. She objected strongly to the idea of having love forced upon her; she was, indeed, averse to marriage at all. The proud presumption of Leonard's attitude impressed her, owever, in spite of herself. She was suddenly struck with a dangerous admiration for his mental force, even whilst she felt repugnant to everything

else that was Leonard Strathgoyle. "Oh, no ! no ! no ! no !" he pleaded, as though in pain, reading her defiance; "do not defy me. I love you, I love you, and would serve you to your life's end-suffer my homage." Seeing that he required her consideration, pity stole into her heart, and she

"" "You are indulgent because I am weak, and yet I know that you do not

like me. Can it be possible, when you are all the world to me, that you do not feel for me even ordinary kindness?" "I admire your mental strength," she began, hesitating how to proceed— fearing what the results of thwarting him might be—when he eagerly

"Do you ?-thank God-then, perhaps, the rest may come-do not forbid ne to hope -forgive me for speaking as I did with such unwarrantable boldness -forgive me. Olive.'

"Don't you think it is within your own control to get the better of this?" she enquired, gently and regretfully. "As you love surmounting difficulties, why not conquer yourself in this?"

"No, not for anything the world can offer," he answered, quickly. "The anguish of loving you is better far than any joy." His face was transfoured as he paused and raised a fold of her drapery to his lips with rapt devotion. The action shamed Olive and made her conscious, as she had never been

before, of all the want of worth within herself, made her realise at the same time, as she had never done before, the value of a strong, tender love. She was time, as she had herer done before, the value of a strong, tender love. She was inexpressibly touched by his humble deference, and despising herself for her own hardness, said, timorously, "Forget my unkind thoughts of defiance. I admire your mind, and I think I honour you. I used to do so when you were a poor curate; I do so still if you are unchanged, and I will try, indeed I will try, to give you what you want if you are ready to say nothing to

anyone else, and to give me plenty of time." "Time!" cried Leonard, "the rest of my life is yours for ever, unalterably, whether you ever give me any return or not. But how pitiful of you-how dear, how sweet to take compassion on me, to say that you will try. Your words have given me new courage ; they inspirit me to all that is good, and I shall deserve you, Olive, even if I never win you.

On Wednesday next, at the Albert Hall, the "Solemn Mass" of Miss E. M. Smyth, is to be performed. This lady, who is an Englishwoman, was, at her own desire, sent at the age of nineteen to Leipzig to study nusic. There she attracted the notice of Herr Heinrich von Herzogenberg, and became his pupil. The Mass is being produced under the special patronage of the Queen.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth. - BACON.

In counsel it is good to see dangers ; and in execution not to see them, except they be very great.-BACON.

January 21, 1893.]

REVIEWS.

A FAR AWAY MELODY, AND OTHER STORIES; A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary E. Wilkins. LETTERS OF GERALDINE JEWSBURY TO JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

"I want to see you very much, more than I have any chance of making you understand. I am tired to death of writing letters into space; the best of letters are fractions of fragments, and deceive one by pretending to do away During the course of the last few months two books have appeared, differing with the inconveniences of absence, whereas one only writes, after a long separation, to oneself instead of to one's friend. . . . I want to see you so much that I can write about nothing, tell you nothing, for what on earth do I know about you at this blessed moment? Nothing. I might just as the exquisite simplicity and purity of writing which we find in both, the beauty It is not given to a male writer thus to pourtray the very core and essence well be writing a suppositious letter for a new edition of the COMPLETE LETTER WRITER, from a lady to a female friend whom she has not seen for a long time! Next Monday I shall be thinking of you all the day. Heaven send you safe without accident!" Of the twenty-six almost perfect idylls of which the two volumes respe

greatly in style and in substance, but closely alike in one thing, that both are strongly typical of the sex of the writer. In their depth and tenderness, in of a woman's soul seems to stand forth revealed of a woman's life-to penetrate into that intermost sanctuary wherein the greatest issues so frequently turn upon apparently infinitesimal causes !

tively entitled A HUMBLE ROMANCE and A FAR AWAY MELODY are composed, but very few deal with the ordinary materials of romance, or concern themselv with the joys and sorrows of the conventional girl heroine and her lover.

"Those two weeks I spent with you are a great comfort to me. They Story after story recounts the simple interests, the homely sorrows of the seemed to give you back to me with all the freshness of the time when you wrote the first letter you ever wrote to me. For the moment one says, 'I old, the poor, and the lowly, and deals with the lives of commonplace people. It is of their passionate attachments, of their profound tenderness, that these will be your friend,' and you accept it; it is an era quite as notable, and as much to be accounted of, as if it were the lover to whom one gave oneself. sketches tell. The exquisite sketch which gives its name to one of the little volumes relates the story of two plain sisters, possessing no beauty of face nor any intellectual culture, who had walked hand in hand for a long lifetime along a thorny road of humble duty, of homely toil, until the cruel moment of separation body and soul, for ever! I was going to say perhaps it should be as long as he can retain one. However, I cannot tell you how thankful I feel to have u safe once more, because at one time I feared that perhaps the best period at last. The story is full of poetry and of pathos. four intercourse might be past; but you have shown faith and patience towards me, and the time I was last with you seemed not the beginning of a new friendship, but rather what one might imagine to be the way we might meet in another life, after one had had the experience of a lifetime here to enlighten us on the follies and shortcomings of In another narrative one is touched and deeply interested with the tale of the sufferings of an old woman, who, by an act of mistaken kindness and of illudged charity, is torn away from the home and from the associations of a life ne, and is transplanted with her aged sister to an abode of comparative affluence, but which to her is only a cruel prison. r friends. I care for you now more than ever I did, though I don't know why I am writing to tell you so.

Two lovely idylls tell of the depth, and strength, and heroism of a grand-mother's love. A brave old soul who will not do sactifice to Moloch nor pander to any superstition comes very near to wrecking the happiness of a beloved grandchild's life.

"A Patient Waiter" relates the simple tragedy of a loval and faithful soul who tarried patiently during thirty long years for the letter which never arrived. But her faith and patience never failed her, and when life and health knew them "Oh, dear me, my dear! I have always made it a rule never to mention, under any temptation, what passes in a house where I visit, so I am obliged to refrain from making you laugh, and I am sure that is an effort of morality. arrived declined, she lay down at length to rest without repining or complaint. But perhaps the most beautiful picture of all these papers is the "Story of an Honest Soul." The reader is absorbed and entranced with the record of the agony 'It is far better to work off your irritation in the due course of nature and let it evaporate, than to suppress it, and allow it to work in the system, from of patient suffering endured by an old woman of past seventy, who, though living in deep poverty, silently and unhesitatingly sacrifices the value of a fortnight's ne matter what 'Unitarian' motive, universal benevolence, and 'welfare of others' principle! Depend upon it, that suppressed irritation and suppressed nt toil because of a supposed mistake which might wrong her employer of the value of a few cents.

perspiration are both equally injurious! ". . . After all there is something in respectability that nobody can heartily sympathise with. It is like a set of best china, never used but in fear and trembling—because if there is a breakage it cannot be matched again. She discovers, too late, that she had been right in the first instance, and sets to work a second time to rectify her error, nearly losing her life in the attempt. But she is victorious, and the noble old heroine asks no more. Respectability does not appeal to any common feeling of human nature : it is not a bond of brotherhood, but a quick fence of separation. No noble or generous thought ever had its sole root in respectability. ". . . It is no good your getting up a theory about me. . . . When one has anything precious, either in the post, or coming like a Christian, we approximate for a superprise of the superposed by the set in the post. P. 136. - "The quilts lay near her on the table ; she stared up at them with feeble complacency

teche complacency. "Ef I'm goin' to die, I'm glad I got them quilts done right fust. Massy, how sinkin' I do feel! I wish I had a cup of tea.' There she lay, and the beautiful spring morning wore on. The sun shone in at the window, and moved nearer and nearer, until finally she lay in a sunbeam, a poor, shrivelled little old more there executes a print had nearly head, har death, in her court window. ne always fears a suspension of the course of Nature not in their favour. "Dearest Jane, this is only a hasty kiss on your safe arrival, for you will woman, whose resolute spirit had nearly been her death, in her scant night-gown and ruffled cap, a little shawl falling from her shoulders be too tired for more, dear love; how glad I feel to know that you are so near! "Thanks to a salutary fright at the prospect of the work lying before me, I have been too busy to be melancholy. But, my dear, it is all a pack of 'I wonder ef I ain't goin' to die,' she gasped. 'I wonder ef I'm prepared.' 'I never took nothin' that shouldn't belong to me that I knows on. Oh dear me, say, I wish somebody would come !'" Oh.

have been too busy to be melancholy. But, my dear, it is all a pack of Unitarian stuff when people say that when you are occupied you are happy, for I am not happy in the least, and though my very back aches, keeping my heart company, my conscience is as sulky as a mule and does not say a word of a civil Such are these tales of simple rugged virtue; tales of the serious and self-contained New England villagers, in whom can still be traced the tenacity of thing to me. So, my dear, don't you be beguiled into working hard under false pretences. Write to me as soon as you can and tell me that will, the high immovable conscientiousness, the self-denying and disciplined temper, the purity of motive, which were so strongly characteristic of their pretences. Write to me as soon as you can and tell me that you love me, for that is a word one cannot hear too often repeated. I would Puritan forefathers-traits which, to our careless age, seem to sound like not have you with me now on any consideration." Againexaggeration

not have you with me now on any consideration. " Again—
"Do write me a note about yourself. God bless you, my dear love. It is worth while to get wretched for the sake of getting comforted by you afterwards.
. . . I am too desperate to see you to be able to stay my heart with letters. They are only good starvation diet at best." Again—
"I was born to drive theories and rules to distraction, and I want to beat The plot of these simple stories is nothing, the events recorded in them are but trivial, the actors in them are poor and lowly folk; yet to read them is to dip into a fountain of limpid purity and of infinite refreshment. We turn now to the second book of which we have spoken, and we scarcely

know which is the more original and unique of the two books, which touches us the more deeply, which is the more real, which, indeed, is fiction and which ours to powder and then stamp upon it." Enough, we trust, has been said to induce a perusal of Miss Wilkin's

The letters of Miss Geraldine Jewsbury to Mrs. Carlyle are such as rarely meet the eye of an indifferent public. They are the outpourings of the heart of one woman to another whom she loved as her own soul. The book is L. T. MALLET heart of one woman to another whom she loved as her own soul. The book is very fragmentary, the letters are most of them incomplete, the subjects to which they allude are frequently most provokingly hidden from the reader, and can only be conjectured, and they supply none of the delight which is usually found in literary gossip. The reader of these letters has none of the comfortable satisfaction which is afforded by feeling oneself on terms of intimate acquaint NO SEX BIAS THIS TIME. Alfred Clarke, labourer, was charged before Mr. Bros with being drunk and behaving in a disorderly manner at Stamford Hill.—Mr. W. E. Vann, of Woodland-road, Dalston, said that the previous evening, soon ance with the distinguished personages of the day, nor do they satisfy the deeper and worthier sentiment of human interest in people of whom one has heard and read. On the contrary, the perusal of these letters is accomafter seven o'clock, he was walking behind the prisoner up Stamford Hill, when he saw him accost several ladies, who avoided him, and one of whom panied with a tantalising sense of disappointment; you are constantly checked and pulled up short with a sense of frustration which sometimes tempts you to e grossly assaulted. Witness and another man seized the prisoner and anded him over to the police.-Mr. Bros characterised the assault as a fling down the book in a rage. And yet with all these drawbacks the perusal of these letters is entrancing. That study of unrivalled interest—the innermost presentment of a human soul—is unfolded before you – a woman's heart stands isgraceful one, and fined the prisoner 40s., or a month's hard labour. Recalling the witness Vann, Mr. Bros said the public were very much there revealed ndebted to him for securing the prisoner and protecting the girl, and on And when the soul is of exceptionally fine quality, when it is capable of a great passion, when its utterances teem with the divine faculty of genuine behalf of the public, he (the magistrate) thanked him and the gentleman who had assisted him.

SHAFTS.

humour, when so much of the story of two lives is opened to us, where will you find writing to compare with this for fascination and interest? We give a few extracts from these letters, taken almost at random from the pages of this unconventional volume.

Miss Geraldine Jewsbury writes to Mrs. Carlyle :-

Extracts from Miss Jewsbury's Letters.

I could not help writing this to you.

".... I came here last Sunday, and have an idea that I must have ied and transmigrated to a mite, and am living in the heart of a large fat theshire cheese! My environments are altogether so different to what I ever Cheshire cheese !

STORIES and of Miss Jewsbury's LETTERS. Whatever readers may think of them they are scarcely likely to find them dull.

SHAFTS:

THE TWO DREAMS.

| January 21, 1893.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21st, 1893.

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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 pure, 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.

OF all the titles conferred upon those who bring to bear upon indi-vidual cases the unwield much vidual cases the unwieldy machinery of the law, none seem more significant in meaning, than that of Justice of the Peace, the very name is suggestive of one of the highest of all virtues administered in the interests of Peace. And Peace, side by side with its own sweetness, carries along with it into our consciousness the idea of Plenty. So that in contemplating a Justice of the Peace as an abstraction, we contemplate the three powerful component parts— Justice, Peace and Plenty—which go to make the grand whole we picture to ourselves as the commonwealth of the future. It is easy to imagine what a commonwealth would be with such foundations, what a magnificent structure society would be with three such corner-stones. Must we come down from fancy's glowing heights to the bare level plain of fact, cold and colourless? Not quite; we may console ourselves with a thought, that happily is also a fact, namely, that out of such fancies facts arise. Dreams, dreams, says the cynic. Yes, dreams. Such dreams we may never forego, for out of our dreams and the energetic action they in spire in strong earnest souls arise all the grand realities of life. Out of the seemingly vague, much-derided dreams of the past has arisen all that is good in our present civilisation. "Keep true," says the old Greek proverb, "to the dreams of thy youth"; aye, and to the dreams of later years. We are beginning to realise that not only in youth but in every age the strong soul dreams, seeing more clearly, as step by step it rises, what human nature is capable of, and the possibilities before us.

The question is asked, "ought women to sit as Justices of the Peace ? Many of us have reached that plane on which no further argument is needed, and would answer, "Certainly, woman should sit on every seat of authority in the Kingdom. She is wanted everywhere ; soon she will be everywhere." We must not pause here to contemplate the brightness of that future when she will be everywhere, it might blind our eyes to what we must do to clear the way. We have much to do, and need our keenest eyesight. It will be hard work to trundle off into oblivion load after load of the conglomerated rubbish of past misapprehensions past one-sidedness of view on all points, which has accumulated till it has almost shut from us the light of Heaven's sun. Do we wish that the question might be so summarily decided ? Some may, the more thoughtful will not; because we must learn the lesson which life teaches, that all effort is productive of growth. As we strive we grow. We shall attain when our striving has made us sufficiently strong.

"The eye of the law" is a correct expression; the law has only one eye, and that is the male eye. In law, in politics, in the church, in the schools, we bungle sadly for want of the other—the female—eye, and nothing will ever be fully and clearly visible until it is wide awake and at its post. It would be sharp enough to catch the male eye napping, only when that vigilant eye is astir, the male eye will not nap; it, too, will be vigilant and keen, and both together will be better Justices of a greater Peace which will bring Plenty into every corner of the world and of society

Man alone cannot rule. Every possible reason that could be assigned against his single rule is covered by one - sex-bias. This is why it has failed in the past, why it must sooner or later cease to attempted. Injustice comes to women through so many channels, that it is not easy to fix upon any one in particular through which it flows most freely. The most crying wrong, is the one affecting to a greater degree poorer women, who are necessarily the most helpless, and that is, the want of Women as Justices of the Peace, which is the cause of the most iniquitous sentences, and the most prejudicial pronouncements. Sex-bias may be at fever heat, it may be of a more temperate nature, or it may be merely latent, but it is a certain accompaniment of sex, especially of the male sex. It also exists among women, but in many cases, unhappily, there, too, is a bias in the male direction, the why of which is easily answered by the thoughtful.

I ONCE dreamt a dream, which, let us hope, was not all a dream. In my dream I saw a nation consisting of 36,000,000 of living souls, quite happy and contented. No man owned the land: ALL men owned Some tilled it, but all derived a comfortable subsistence from it. The name of the country was "Every Man's Land." Oh, it was beautiful —beautiful with love and good works—and God smiled upon it! Yet there was no religion there as we know religion. Life itself was the religion of the people—not any fraction of life as with us. There was only one law in the whole realm (this realm of God) and that was "the law of love"; but the one law was indelibly written on all hearts! This law embodied all other laws, human or divine. It was like Aaron's rod, which swallowed up the rods of Pharaoh's magicians. Wherever one went it was a great satisfaction to know that 35,999,999 fellow-countrymen were on one's side—loving, thinking, and working to make one happy! And everyone had this feel-ing, and there seemed no great ambition to go to Heaven, because the people thought Heaven had come to them. There was no king, for ALL were kings, and their crowns were crowns of loving service for the commonwealth. There was no section called priests, for every one was a minister of God—a doer of good works. What constituted everybody's appiness was the fact of being able to minister to the happiness of others to the happiness of all others ! And this great commonwealth of happy human bees (or beings) was never happier than when it was able happy numan bees (or beings) was herein happy of happy of the result of shall feel and act like sisters and brothers, and when all the world shall in deed and truth be everybody's for the common good .- CO-OPERATION !

I dreamt another dream, which was not at all a dream, but a stern reality. I saw a nation of 36,000,000 of people, seemingly (as CARLYLE says) "mostly fools." These people were very miserable. A few persons says) held the land as a monopoly, to the exclusion of the vast bulk of the people save on conditions of servitude degrading in the extreme. No persons had the right on their native soil to live, or move, or breathe, excepting by grant or leave of some privileged person. Even one's soul was not ne's own. There were scores of religious systems, each professing to be the true one. Practical religion was considered impracticable. God was orgotten, and Mammon was universally worshipped. People kept lamouring for a multiplicity of new laws, but never seemed the happier for any new legislation. For, in reality, there was in this nation but one law, which may be summed up in the words :

Let him take who has the power,

And let him keep who can.

No law could be passed if it seemed in contravention of this one. Some times this, the only law, was called "Freedom of Contract," and some-times "The Rights of Property." Wherever people went they felt that they had 35,999,999 antagonists, doing all they could to crush them out of existence, and to maintain their own. Everyone felt so, and all sighed for a Heaven which seemed beyond their grasp here. The thing which constituted happiness was the knowledge of having "bested" one's neighbour—*i.e.*, of having been able to take the wind out of the sails of a fellow-voyager across the sea of life. Locks and bolts, and gaols and bars, and lunatic asylums and workhouses, were in great demand in this country, which was called "No Man's Land," or "Dead Man's Land," on account of the law of entail. One person out of every nine was either a pauper, a lunatic, a criminal, or a drunkard, and twice that number were on the verge of being so. This nation manifested great joy when it could stir up strife amongst neighbouring nations, thinking to gain by their losses. It also often stole large tracts of land from "heathen" tribes. By battle and "Toadyism" was rampant. The lords were the gods of the vulgar many. On dead men's bones the unduly rich vaunted their wealth... many. COMPETITION!

ROBERT HARTY DUNN.

REV. ROBERT SPEARS.

We have been asked to add a word to our notice of Mr. Spears which ppeared in the Christmas Number of this paper.

With regard to the question of the management of the large sums of money which, through Mr. Spears' energetic activity, were brought into the Unitarian Association, from members of that church and friends, it may be said that it took place so many years ago that accuracy of detail probably prevented by the facts being partially forgotten. It would seem that many persons from the country, being attracted to town to help in so important an undertaking, their power became the greater ruling influence; and Mr. Spears thought the difficulty best solved by his resignation, which accordingly took place.

THE ROMANCE OF A PAWNBROKER'S WAREHOUSE.

THE poet or the artist in search of a subject for pathetic poem or picture would, perhaps, hardly choose to penetrate into so apparently unromantic and unpoetical a spot as a pawnbroker's warehouse.

Curious and interesting types of humanity, indeed, one might dis cover within the precincts of the pawnbroker's lending office, and the the room Each bundle was tied up and ticketed with its special number, and characters to be found in such places have again and again been introeach, in its way, was suggestive of a poverty-stricken home, the cruel pangs of hunger and of cold. duced into novels and painted upon canvas. But the curiosity of the observer seldom extends further than the "private boxes" where diffident Within this bundle are a baby's little flannel shirt and socks, the wee "customers" negotiate with the establishment.

If, indeed, one's curiosity is excited beyond this, it is not often gratified, for the pawnbroker is naturally shy of inviting strangers up the winding staircase which leads to the big room above, in case it might reveal secrets, which, as an honourable man, he is bound, in the interests

Here, again, wrapped within a coloured handkerchief, is a well-patched of his clients, not to divulge. When upon a round of investigation for the purposes of this article pair of boots and the Sunday coat of Jack or Tom, awaiting their reemption on Saturday night, and in the meantime, comforting the hearts I was, therefore, peculiarly privileged in being accorded a peep behind the scenes by the proprietor of a house of the "three golden balls" in f mother and son in the shape of a stew for a couple of dinners. Higher up, one catches a glimpse of a warm under jersey peeping from out its covering, too suggestively realistic of the man who finds it imperative to brave the snow or the rain without it, in order to supply the more the East End.

After a toilsome journey up a steep and narrow flight of stairs, I found myself in a lofty room, extending over the whole length and width of the house, which was a large corner one, commanding a magniressing demands of hunger. The one thin blanket, the worn faded merino dress, the mother's ficent view, upon one side, of a number of gin-palaces-the pawnbroker's heck flannel shawl, or the father's Sunday trousers. Each has its best friends-and upon the other; a busy street lined with shops, and eparate history, some of them sad and tragic enough. crowded with passengers.

And as I stood gazing upon that vast collection of mortgaged goods, As we turned to the right, my guide pointed out a number of sewing which, roughly calculated, must have numbered more than 1,500 separate machines, which were stocked together in the middle of the floor. "Ah, said he, shaking his head, "one's heart has to get pretty hard in this kind rticles, and reflected that this establishment was but one among thousands n the great city, the thought of its hunger and misery seemed insupportable of business ; but when a poor, pale-faced, half-starved woman comes here -the exertions of its social reformers so apparently futile to stem the with one of them things, it don't take much cleverness to read her history urrent of its despair. There was one here last week with that machine nearest to you, looking That London is the wealthiest city in the whole world, that the hearts what you might very well call the picture of death. I'll be bound she of thousands are overflowing with pity and compassion for thousands more who are hungering and homeless, and yet that disease, and poverty, and crime continue day by day in our midst, is truly an appalling and piteous hadn't had a regular meal for weeks, and the child with her was wasted to skin and bone. 'Mother,' he cried out in a sharp, thin voice, 'you ain't a goin' to give the machine away, are you ? we can't get no supper without She seemed frightened and hurried, and as I'd never seen her before And those who seek to show the workers the way to free themselves I could pretty well tell that this was her first visit to such a place as from the bondage of slavery, to teach them that the only means of obtaining freedom and light is combination, resolute, sturdy, and self-con-"Has she been here since ?" I asked. ained, are the true saviours of the people

"No; nor I don't expect her to turn up again, just yet, at any rate No amount of largesse or charity, well-intentioned as it may be, can When they had spent the money she got on the machine most likely she accomplish the ennoblement of the masses; the salvation of the people an only be attained by those who practically, as well as theoretically, and the children—for there's generally a large family in these cases— went into the workhouse. At the best, workwomen of that class don't believe in the sisterhood and brotherhood of humanity, who strive to earn, on an average, more than 9s. or 10s. a week, and in this case the better the conditions of the workers by working with as much as for woman seemed to have lost her employment from ill-health.' them, and who, by education and the doctrine of energetic, robust, and "But surely the husband would earn something," I remarked. continuous effort, lead them upward towards the great goal of freedom. LOUISA SAMSON.

"Ah, that I can't say. Likely as not he's run off and left the lot of 'em or, maybe, he's a drunken brute, living upon what his wife works for, or his children pick up. Bless you, there's plenty of such cases. Not but what some of the women are as bad as the men. You don't meet with many 'Blue Ribbonites' among my customers, I can tell you. And after all when you come to think about it a bit, you can't blame the folk so much It's more the conditions they live in that are at fault."

"I see you're a bit of a philosopher," I said ; "you don't believe in shutting up the public-houses until the reformers can find something better to take their places ?"

"That's about it. The coffee houses are pretty much failures, as far as I can see. They've got no comforts about them, and the beastly mixture some of them sell for coffee isn't worth the name. In many of them they don't allow smoking, and, as a rule, it's no cheaper for a man to be a teetotaller, for the teetotal drinks cost him more than beer, and they're nothing like so comforting to an empty stomach. A pint of beer to a man who has had to go without his breakfast is worth more

A THIEVING CROW .- "The crow is the brainiest thing that wears feathers," A THIEVING CROW.—. The crow is the brainlest thing that wears teathers, asserted P. C. Flower, addressing the Mendacity Club at the Laclede. "What he doesn't know is hardly worth finding out. You can fool any other bird with a scarcerow, but this black pirate of the air can tell a bundle of old clothes from a real live man as readily as a skilled naturalist can distinguish between a to him than twice that quantity of ginger beer or lemonade. dude and a dodo. Some years ago I was conducting a dry goods and lotion "I got that lot 'on tick,' he resumed, smiling, and pointing to a large dude and a dodo. Some years ago 1 was conducting a dry goods and lotion store at Nashville. I had a pet crow that was always hopping about the store. I was continually missing articles from the lotion counter, and I was not familiar with the utter depravity of the crow tribe. I attributed the petty thefts to shoplifters. One day a 100 dol. bill disappeared from the cash desk, and I then cupboard which stood open, and upon the shelves of which were piled some dozens of household clocks of every description. 'You don't need to ask some of my customers 'What's the time of day,' when you see them lugging in the family timepiece of a Monday hired a detective to watch the store. He was not long in spotting the thief. Mr. Crow flew away with a skein of silk thread, and he was followed. He morning, which has got to do duty for part of the weekly rent. A good number of these 'tickers' are 'old familiar faces,' too-they come regudeposited it in a hollow oak tree in the rear of the building, and came back for another haul. We cut down the tree, and found it to contain more than a larly enough whenever a special call is made upon the family resources bushel of lotions of all kinds, filched from the counters, and in the lot was my 100 dol. bill. He was the most successful shoplifter I ever knew. We emwhich occurs pretty often.' Upon the shelves of another cupboard were ranged the ornaments 100 doi. bill. He was the most successful supplied 1 of the sentence of death upon panelled a mock court, tried the offender, and passed sentence of death upon him. But it was never executed. Whether he understood the sentence or "best parlours," which had had to be ruthlessly taken from the chimney-pieces and tables to furnish food for hungry mouths. Of

simply realised that his occupation was gone I do not know, but, with a loud croak, he flew away, and we never saw him again. very low marketable value were some of them, and, to an artistic eye, in

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execrable taste-witness the glaring red and blue wool flowers under plass cases, or the huge spotted china dogs and painted vases, which had, nevertheless, possessed a charm for the owners, and left a blank in many a heart when stern want necessitated their abrupt departure.

Far more pathetic than these, however, was the sight of hundreds upon hundreds of little bundles, reposing each in its separate pigeon-hole, from floor to ceiling, all around the warehouse and in corresponding par itions within the wooden frames which were erected across the centre of

ender form perhaps deprived of its garments and condemned to shiver n the vestige of a ragged shawl, that the where withal may be procured to replenish the empty cupboard, or to fill up the black bottle which is the only comfort known or appreciated by its parents.

The Rev. Florence Kollock, who has spent a year in this country, ntended to go on to Egypt this spring. But an important call to Los Angelos, California, made her reconsider her plans and return to America. The intense fogs of the Christmas week made her very ill ; but she safely embarked on December 31st in the Cunard steamer "Servia." She wrote very cheerfully from Queenstown. The "Servia" reached New York safely on Monday, January 9th.

A THIEF IN FEATHERS.

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What Working Women and Men Think.

"THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU."

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By WATSON THORNTON.

CHAPTER I

A DARK DAY IN WHITECHAPEL. A DARK DAY IN WHITECHAPEL. A N eviction in London—a bitterly cold morning in December chosen to turn out six families from Padmore's-buildings, Whitechapel. Who the mysterious Padmore was no one knew—whether he had any actual existence, or whether some other identity was concealed under the name. So the six families had been hustled into the street by the agent's men; their bits of it hat the function and emission bundles of rare thrown into the readway tamilies had been nuscled into the street by the agents men; their bits of ricketty furniture and gruesome bundles of rags thrown into the roadway, where the wretched people now huddled among their poor effects. With them were two sick children, whose mothers, pale and careworn, sat down on chairs, and wrapping shawls round their little ones soothed them as best they could,

and wrapping snawls round their fittle ones sociated them as best they could the neighbours looking on with pitying eyes. "We wish we could help you," said one sympathetic woman. But each family possessed only one room, and that already too full. "I wish I knew who the landlord is," cried an old man in sailor's dress shaking his clenched fist menacingly. "It's worse than inhuman ; a man would not turn his dog out in such weather.

A group of compassionate neighbours, after much whispering, took five of the families into their already crowded rooms until the next day, when other help might be sought.

One family remained, consisting of five members, the parents, who were One family remained, consisting of nive members, the parents, who were decent-looking people though careworn, with mild, thoughtful faces, a young girl, and two little children, who were shivering in their scanty clothing and crying bitterly. The eldest daughter, who had regular, pretty features, was not crying, but her lips trembled and her face was white and set. She had twined her arms round her little sister and brother, whispering

words of comfort to the

At this moment a light cart was driven up, and a tall, good-looking young fellow sprang out.

He stammered, and often had to express his meaning by gestures

He stammered, and otten had to express his meaning by geatures. "Stammering Jem Oakworth," as he was called, was known to be an honest, industrieus young fellow, and always ready to do anyone a good turn. "Mr. Garland, let me put your furniture into my cart, and then Mrs. Garland and the children can ride inside. You and Norah ard I can walk on

Garland and the children can ride inside. For and Noran are 1 can want on to Sudley-street. I know of a room there that you can have at once, and I'll bring some coals and put a good fire in the grate." "Thank you heartily, my lad," said Mr. Garland, grasping Jem's hand. "You are helping us out of a terrible trouble." In a few minutes the battered with the children of the cost and Mrs. Garland and the children

chairs and tables were piled on the cart, and Mrs. Garland and the children were also enthroned there. Jem glanced timidly at Norah. "Will you ride, too?" he said.

"No, 1 will walk on with you and father," she replied. "You are very good

to 118 Jem's face flushed with pleasure. He led the horse by the bridle, and the Jem's face flushed with pleasure. He led the horse by the bridle, and the little cavalcade started for Sudley-street, the neighbours cheering them, and giving them good wishes. In a quarter of an hour they entered Sudley-street, a narrow street off Whitechapel-road. The room in one of the houses was soon taken possession of, and the few articles of furniture arranged in it. In a sur-prisingly short space of time Jem had got a roaring fire blazing. The shivering family grouped around it, and enjoyed its warmth

family grouped around it, and enjoyed its warmth. "And here are some tea, and sugar, and bread and butter that father and mother sent you, Mrs. Garland," said Jem, producing a little basket. Mrs. Garland said, "Oh, thank you, Jem," but her grateful looks said more

than those every-day words. The kettle was soon boiling, and the family sat down to enjoy their much

The kettle was soon boiling, and the family sat down to enjoy their much-needed meal. Jem excused himself from joining them. We had the heart of a gentleman, and thought he had better now leave his friends to themselves. "I'll join you some other time," he said. "Good-bye for the present." He waited until Norah said, "Good-bye, Jem," and, looking at no one but her, went out, and drove away.

"I shall have to try and get some odd jobs in boot-repairing," said Robert Garland, after a brief silence. "I can get no work at the shops; trade is too

The prospect was indeed gloomy to them all. Norah was looking dejected She busied herself in adding to the comforts of their poor room, and helping her mother and the children in many ways. But her heart was heavy within her mother and the children in many ways. But her hear, was heavy within her. What had the future in store for her? A life of toil, with no recreation such as many girls had to brighten their days. Jem was an assistant to his father, who was a struggling man, and hawked fruit and vegetables in his cart. Norah knew that Jem Oakworth was a good, honest fellow, who loved her dearly. But there was his affliction of speech; he was not a man of many words, although his actions were golden; and Norah's feeling towards him was dearly. that of a sister—of a friend who had known him from early years. She had never encouraged him to hope for any other tie than friendship. As the weeks went on her life became still more dreary. They were living

in one room together. The whole family slept in this room at nights. In the day-time they had their meals in this room, and here they worked at their trades. Her father worked at cheap repairs of boots. Her mother made trousers for a middleman, earning a few shillings weekly. Norah helped her as well as she could, but this was not her trade. Her own trade was that of match-box making, and her pursuit of it had been interrupted by a long illness. Norah strove to hide her depression from the others. She had a sweet voice, and would sometimes sing for hours in the room. It was no uncommon circumstance to see outside the house a group of persons, listening delightedly to the girl's singing. She was fond of singing Irish songs. Her mother and

father were of Irish descent, although Norah was London-born. Yet she loved the land she had never seen, and mourned for its misfortunes. One Saturday afternoon she laid down her needle, and said : "Mother, father, you will not

atternoon she tald down her heede, and said. I header, header, yet an her blame me if I leave you to get some work, will you?" "We shall be very, very sorry to lose you, Norah," answered her mother, raising her head from her task. "But we know it is hard for you here !" And

her father answered in similar words. "It is like this, dear mother," continued Norah, her eyes filling with tears,

"It is like this, dear mother," continued Norah, her eyes himg with tears, "May Millard has invited me to go and stay with her at Lismore-street. She can get enough work in the matchbox-making for both of us." "Well, Norah dear, we cannot press you to remain in this poor place, though it will almost break my heart to part from you," replied her mother. "But your father and I have no right to try and persuade you to stay." And that evening Norah kissed them all, and with dimmed eyes bade them good-bye. As she was about to leave, Jem Oakworth knocked at the door, and entered the room

Good-bye, Jem," she said, putting out her hand, "I am going to leave here for a little while

Jem shook hands with her, but his disappointment was so great that he uld not find words to ask her for any further explanation. "Mother and father will tell you," she said ; and smiling kindly on him

she slipped through the doorway. "Has she gone away for good?" said poor Jem. "No, my lad; she will come and see us all now and again, and, I hope, will more comfortable with her friend, May Millard, than in this crowded room."

"And she will forget me," said Jem. With a heavy heart he left the house.

On Tuesday evening, in the second week in March, two months after the On Tuesday evening, in the second week in March, two months after the incident we have narrated, Jem Oakworth called in at the Garlands' room. He had on a smart new coat, and was evidently in high spirits. "1 am in for luck, Mrs. Garland," he cried; "father has had some money left him. What do you think my parents are going to do for me? Guess." "Can't say, Jem. Send you to college, perhaps? Make you a doctor or a awyer."

lawyer." "No, no, Mr. Garland, you are joking. They are going to put me into business for myself. They say they will take a shop for me in Whitechapel-road, a fine fruiterer's shop, all my own. What do you say to that, Mrs. Gar-land? I shall be a tradesman, the proprietor of a shop. Did you think I should ever rise to such a position?

"Mother always knew you were a good lad, Jem," said Robert Garland, and felt sure you would get on. I congratulate you, my boy, most heartily." Jem was silent for a moment, then he looked up anxiously and said : "And

Jem was silent for a moment, then he looked up anxiously and said : "And do you think that Norah would care anything for me, Mrs. Garland ? Will she marry me? I haven't seen anything of her since she left here. Will she be coming to see you soon? Or may I call on her at Lismore-street?" Mr. and Mrs. Garland were looking very grave. "Norah remained some weeks with her friend, at Lismore-street," they told him. "She came to see us every Sunday then. She used to complain, poor girl, that the pay for her work was miserably small. Three weeks ago she left Miss Mil-lard's, and went no one knows where. We have had three letters from her. She says she is happy, but has given no address of her lodgings. She evidently lard's, and went no one knows where. We have had three letters from her. She says she is happy, but has given no address of her lodgings. She evidently does not want us to see her yet. She said in her last letter that she would call on us very soon. But she has not been near," the mother added, "and the letters have had a West End post-mark. I have been very anxious about her." "And I have made up my mind," said Mr. Garland, "to go into the West End to-morrow evening and search for her." "And I'll go with you, Mr. Garland," said Jem, earnestly. "Thank you, my lad; do so. I shall be only too glad of your company and help."

When the Wednesday evening came round, Robert Garland was unwell.

He had caught a severe chill, and had to take to his bed. Mrs. Garland nursed him, and Jem Oakworth went out alone in his search for Norah. (To be continued.)

HEREDITY.

With some reperence to recent novels, Norwegian, French, Russian, and with, as r as I know how, an attempt to link it with Art, Economics, and Ethics.

I wish to state at the beginning that my choice has been made so I wish to state at the beginning that my howledge of it, that so far much more from interest in my subject than from knowledge of it, that so far from dogmatically attempting to instruct anyone my remarks will be chieffy in the form of questions, from which I hope some satisfactory debate may arise, as I am most ignorant, and most anxious to learn. I don't feel competent clear away difficulties. From this, you will understand that it is not in the least my purpose to state the case for Heredity, nor to attempt in any way to prove it. But rather, it seems to me that the importance of a way to prove it. But rather, it seems to me that the importance of a knowledge of heredity, as a factor in education, has taken hold on our modern seers, the novelists; throwing light upon many hidden things; and the terrible suggestiveness of such works as Ibsen's *Ghosts* and Björnson's *Heritage* of terrible suggestiveness of such works as Ibsen's *Ghosts* and Björnson's *Heritage* of the Kurts set me speculating upon the helpfulness or wisdom of a knowledge of heredity, its laws and tendencies. Of art I know so little that a picture might be torn, tattered, badly painted,

and even badly drawn, if to me it suggest somehow or other a soul, an idea. Question, whether art is hereditarily transmissible? As to economics, the con-

Question, whether art is hereditarily transmissible? As to economics, the con-nection is obvious, but I cannot make the relation prominent; it is too general. With ethics, however, the matter is different. Heredity, dealing with the very origin of our being, must have an intimate connection with ethics, and also, I would hazard, with the future of art and economics. If we believe in heredity at all, it becomes a duty to study it; if we study it, it fills us with an awful sense of responsibility. Heredity in an imperative voice bids us

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go here or there, if we would be moral, bidding us imperatively forward if we care for the good of the race, and laying upon our shoulders an awful responsibility. These, however, we shall consider later; in the mean-tune, I want to see clearly the position of heredity. As far as I can under-tune is what must come sooner or later. At a mass meeting of South Wales colliers nearly 70,000 men were

time, I want to see clearly the position of heredity. As far as I can under-stand the position and questions of heredity from my limited reading is this :--1. Whether are we to accept heredity wholly or in part-physically, men-tally, morally, spiritually ?--are we to accept it absolutely as a certainty--that is to say, under the laws which govern it, or as a chance possibility ? Some people admit heredity in one respect, deny it in another; admit the physical, deny the mental, and the spiritual; others allow these, but deny hereditary consequences. It is with hereditary consequences I would more particularly deal, and ask, Are we to accept one kind of heredity and deny the other ? 2. Accenting divers thereditary the area we to done indirect heredity

deal, and ask. Are we to accept one kind of heredity and deny the other ? 2. Accepting direct hereditary transmission, are we to deny indirect heredity, and the hereditary consequences, or the tendency of hereditary transmission to a worse and worse state ; as, for instance, the alcoholic tendency to oruelty, and cruelty to thirst for blood and murder, as case of Jacque (Bete Humaine). 3. What hope have we for hereditary vice ? Is heredity combatable ? Given, in the state of the for instance, the case of a man inheriting drunkenness, no will, and shattered nerves, with an amiable disposition, he is surely absolutely the victim of

heredity, and yet may be a curse to humanity. 4. How much of what is usually considered heredity may be simply custom

and education? What is the connection between heredity and education? I would begin, then, by asking, Suppose we acknowledge physical heredity? This, I suppose, is generally admitted, even to tricks of manner, speech, de-

This, I suppose, is generally admitted, even to tricks of manner, speech, de-formities, and peculiarities. We want to know, going farther, where heredity stops, and individuality, will, and education begin? I might mention here that on the whole subject of heredity the Theosophists have rather a luminous idea-at least, it has a satisfactory and explanatory

First of all, Theosophy takes up the position of denying any real heredity beyond physical. Holding, as they do, that the ego is an eternal something, entering into certain states of existence for its own especial benefit, they deny that anything so mundane and physical as heredity could affect a soul admit that a certain ego will seek certain circumstances and conditions, but this, as you see, is an entirely different thing—the ego seeking its aura—from the aura influencing its ego.

They hold in short that the two laws of Re-incarnation and Karma rule the ego. Re-incarnation, the many earth-lives—being born again ; Karma, the law of sow and reap. "What a man sows that shall he also reap." This Karma drives the ego into certain circumstances. During the first twenty-one years of existence the ego works off the old Karma.

LABOUR NOTES AND NEWS

BY far the most important labour news of the week is the fact that ons," ought to be sufficient to settle all difficulties. We want in Bradford the conference of the Independent Labour Party has romen on the School Boards-more and more women taken place. Men like Keir Hardie, Ben Tillett, Bernard Shaw, Shaw Maxwell, and John Trevor may be trusted to safely steer the ship of Homerton Training College for Mistresses and Masters is about to be Labour through the stormy seas of politics, but to a thoughtful outsider a emoved from north-east London to Cavendish College, Cambridge. At regret occurs that the name of the society was not made more clearly the same time it is proposed, subject to the approval of the Educational indicative of its aims. The fact is, the terms "Labour Leader," "Labour Department, to increase the number of students from forty-three to Member." " Labour Movement," are being more and more appropriated by 100. It is to be hoped that the change into a more distinctly learned the two great political parties. There are few statesmen to-day who would and intellectual atmosphere will prove beneficial, and will not in any avow themselves enemies of Labour. Besides, there are many really good legree rob this well-known undenominational college of its practical women and men who have a great interest in the working classes, and haracter. would do for them all that in their opinion would assist them towards happier lives, either by philanthropic help or by palliative legislation Mr. Wynne E. Baxter held an inquest at Bromley, on Saturday. me title is needed which will clearly distinguish between such and especting the death of John Miller, aged seventy-two, a baker, lately those whose aim is to nationalise the means of production for the benefit esiding at 59, Stainsby-road, Limehouse. The widow stated that the of the workers.

In the Liverpool (West Derby) election last week the bills of both candidates claimed the vote of the worker on the ground that each candidate was the friend of Labour. It is quite impossible to conceive that both candidates would call themselves Socialists, and as the Liberal candidate is a member of the local Fabian Society there is no reason for supposing that he was anything but a socialist. Altogether, it is to be regretted that the conference did not agree to the resolution proposed by Mr. George Curson, on behalf of the Scottish Labour party, "That the title of the party should be the Socialist Labour Party.

congratulated on its work, and every friend of the cause will watch its progress with anxious interest. The objects of the party are summed up in one fine comprehensive sentence, namely, "to secure the collective ownership of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange." Mr. Keir Hardie's speech, which followed the adoption of this statement of

At a conference held at the Vestry Hall, St. Pancras, a report prepared by a committee of the Kentish Town Neighbourhood Guild was read. Outside this single small question of title, the Conference must be The document throws a lurid light upon the condition of the district canvassed by the committee. In twenty-seven streets, containing 931 houses, 712 men were found out of work. In twenty-three streets with 838 houses, 638 men were out of work as compared with 1,920 employed—a percentage of 24.9. The *average* time these men had been out of work was eight weeks, and there were 1,260 women and children dependent objects, was both interesting and instructive. upon them. Miss A. C. Muirhead read the report and Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. Stansbury, of the Neighbourhood Guild, moved and seconded a Everybody is wondering what the Government is going to do with its resolution calling upon the Vestry to organise promptly relief works for the unemployed. Mr. Tom Mann supported the resolution with a hearty Labour Department. It is generally understood that some large reform is being brought forward, but how extensive it is likely to be is unknown.

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At a mass meeting of South Wales colliers nearly 70,000 men were represented. The majority in favour of the sliding scale was stated to be 19,565. The Welsh minærs, like their North of England comrades, are splendidly organised, and are ready to do and to dare anything for the sake of each other. The fact that their organisation is insufficient to preserve them from great oppression is a sufficient answer to those who imagine that union apart from legislation is able to give the worker all

Independent Labour Conference.-Miss Kate St. John Conway, of the Bristol Labour Party, is one of the finest lecturers in the country Mr. John Burns, M.P., Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P. (secretary to the Scot tish Labour Party), Alderman Ben Tillett, Messrs. J. Macdonald and P. Curran (London), W. H. Drew (Bradford), W. Johnston (Manchester), George Carson, of Glasgow (the secretary for the arrangements Committee), Major E. G. Edwards, of Dover, Mr. R. Harty Dunn (Somerset), are all persons worth listening to on such subjects.

London doctors last year made 462 mistakes in notifying cases of infectious disease for removal to public hospitals, with the result that 102 of the mistaken cases ended fatally, the poor being the victims—and of these, without doubt, the largest proportion were women.

Lady Maud Wolmer and Lord Sandford have not spoken too soon on the subject of the attendance of poor children at school during the worst vinter weather. School managers feel compelled to bring considerable ressure to bear, even when kindly consideration urges them to the conrary. They cannot but know how bad it must be for the little ones to raverse long distances to the rural school-houses ; they bring pressure to bear because of the grants which are given in proportion to average daily attendance. Surely our educational code might be made to provide for such weather as we have lately experienced; especially in those outlying listricts where the national school can only be reached along miles of bad roads, "knee-deep in icy mud and slush." Difficulties of course lie n the way of any change. But the thought of what the half-clad, ill-fed hildren must suffer as they trudge schoolwards, after perhaps a wretched pology for a breakfast, to sit shivering in sodden leaky shoes, doing

leceased had not been able to work for the last six years. She supported nim. A bit of bread and butter and a drop of ale was all his food, sometimes not even that. She had a daughter aged nineteen, who worked with her at Ryland's, shirt-making. In reply to questions put by the coroner, Mrs. Miller stated that her own and her daughter's earnings at hirt-making amounted in good weeks to 9s., 3s. of which had to be paid for rent. She cited the case of an old woman (a finisher at Ryland's) who only earned 2s. per week. The coroner said that it was dreadful to think that two women, probably working long hours, could only earn 9s. between them, and out of that have to support an invalid.

[January 21, 1893.

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

Mrs. Stopes was invited to give a lecture on the Women's Franchise on Friday, the 13th inst., before "The Kew Coterie," in the Gymnasium The meeting was very well attended, and very responsive to the argu-ments stated and feelings expressed by the lecturer. There was a little discussion afterwards. One lady considered the idea very delightful, that women should not justly be asked to pay taxes until they were enfranchised. Most of the gentlemen were in favour of the franchise. One gentleman, however, though he agreed that it seemed just, said that men thought women were too good, too angelic, to soil themselves with politics and polling booths. The lecturer replied that angels were God's ministers of service, not mere butterflies.

It is a pretty sight in L'Eglise Anglicane Francaise, in the Church of "St. Jean dite la Savoi," Bloomsbury-street, to see the little choir-girls dressed in the white aprons and close-frilled caps of their Huguenot ancestors. Quaint and suggestive as is the dress, sweet and simple the music and the responses in the girlish voices, another idea keeps constantly suggesting itself to the thoughtful church-goer. Why is it that the musical talents of girls, the musical powers of girls, are not more fre-quently made use of in churches ? Echo answers, "Why?"

On Tuesday last Mademoiselle Rossignol (sent over here by the French Government to inspect our educational institutions) gave a very interesting address to the Norwood Ladies' Literary Society on the systems of education in France. Though not without a foreign accent the English of the lecturer was unusually forcible and idiomatic, and the facts stat extremely interesting. She showed with what rapid steps the education of the people has advanced since 1881, when it was made a State institution on the wider lines. She said that the chief distinction that she could point out between the two countries was that the French system tended to unity, the English system to variety. French education was entirely secular, and to that, as well as to the social customs of the middle classes, we may ascribe the fact that many families still preferred to send their girls for education to the convents, so that there were fewer girls than boys in the national schools. But though secular, the was no neglect of a high Ethical Code in teaching. Teachers were pre pared to set out, believing that there was something divine in every human soul, and that it was their duty to find it out in each pupil and foster it. The system of examinations were so constructed that cram ming was impossible. Pupils were examined upon their general work, so that regularity of attendance, and carefulness of preparation, told in their classification at the end of the year.

There was an interesting critical conversation afterwards, discussion it could hardly be called, seeing that no one differed from anybody else. but were all eager to understand and profit by the instructive lecture.

In the Athenaeum of December 31st appeared an article entitled "Becke's Bibles," by Mrs. Stopes. This is interesting to women in two or three ways. It calls attention to errors not yet noted by men ; and one of these errors is peculiar. In the description of the Fall, it says "And God said unto the woman, etc." The following verse goes on "And God said unto the woman, because thou haste obayed the voyce of thy wyfe, &c."-instead of " unto Adam." There is some talk, therefore, of calling this edition "The Woman's Bible," as others are called "Th Breeches Bible," "The Treacle Bible," &c., from words specially trans lated. In the Dedication to King Edward VI., 1549, Becke suggests that the law would be more justly framed, administered, and executed if all concerned with it would read the book, "but then would they not have such Lordlike houses." It seems, therefore, that the iniquities of the English legal system had even then been noticed openly, and traced to their true cause, the lawman's love of lucre. The dedication is worth considering even now.

A great Temperance demonstration was held in the Assembly Hall. Mile End-road, London, E., on Monday night last, under the auspices of the West London Women's Christian Union, taking the form of a reception and welcome to Miss Frances Willard, as president of the British Women's Christian Temperance Union, and Lady Henry Somerset. Among the supporters of the meeting were: Mr. F. N. Charrington, hon. superin-tendent of the Tower Hamlets Mission, the Rev. P. Thompson (East End Wesleyan Mission), Miss Macpherson (Home of Industry, Bethnal Green road), the Rev. Thomas Richardson, Mrs. Richardson (founder of the Union and president of the Council), Miss Gregory, Mr. Williams-Benn, M.P., Mrs. Benn, Mrs. Gregson, Miss Scrutton, Mrs. Helton, Mrs. Paddon (hon. sec.), Mrs. Servante, the Rev. J. de Kewer Williams, Rev. J Fletcher, Rev. Marmaduke Hare, Mr. J. Hilton, Mr. J. L. Brooks, Rev. C. James, Hon. Emily Kinnaird, Hon. Granville Waldegrave, and Miss Turner

In returning thanks, Miss Willard, who was enthusiastically received, aid she expected to be here when the Direct Veto passed Parliament, and as she would only be here about four months, Parliament would have to urry up. (Laughter.) But they could all have their own direct veto. p in the bright legislature of their own intellects they could each enact prohibitory law for one. It rejoiced her heart to know that the factory irls were being stirred up to join the total abstinence cause. They need ot mind the men who did not like their way of doing things, or the women who differed from them. As a result of the splendid dignity coming to Labour, we should read, "If a man will not work neither shall he eat," with "if a man will work he shall eat." (Cheers.)

Lady Henry Somerset also returned thanks, and the proceedings closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

Miss Florence Balgarnie writes to the Daily Chronicle a very sensible etter on the subject of the Anti-Crinoline Crusade. Like ourselves, she believes there is nothing in it. She has too much faith in womanhood to believe that they who "within these latter years have escaped from so much of the bondage of the past, will again hand themselves over bodily nto slavery. Do not let us in this Democratic age apply to the Princess of Wales or any other royal lady for leadership; the good sense, modesty, and love of that which is beautiful and appropriate in dress, will surely enable us to withstand even M. Worth and all his myrmidons of fashion. "It is," she says, "for men to blush that a man dressmaker should be the prime offender; and as for the argument of your correspondent, Mr. C. Fowler, in favour of this atrocious fashion, it is but a repetition of the ancient illustration of Bastia, that the sun should be blotted out for the sake of struggling candle makers."

Another lady writes to the same paper : Permit me to utter most mphatically my protest against the useless, unsightly, and barbarous rinoline. I am heartily glad that the subject is being well-ventilated hrough the medium of your valuable paper. And I call upon the women of England to assert their independence and good sense by refusing to ollow such a fashion, and so to act consistently with the boasted freedom of this free country. Surely in this enlightened age, when physical levelopment, hygienic and scientific training, are so popular, we have no need to return to a barbarous custom of the "bad old times," even with the most commendable motive of "giving work to the unemployed." Religion, science, and therefore common-sense, are against the crinoline. Shall women be for it? The movement is probably an invention of the enemy of women's freedom to drag her down again into bondage, for the use of the crinoline would mean that and nothing else. Fear not, no good woman will wear it.

MEETINGS.

MEETING of the Humanitarian League was held on Thursday, the 12th inst., at the Wheatsheaf Restaurant, Rathbone-place, W.C., 8 p.m., excellent addresses by Mr. Edward Maitland and Mr. E. Carpenter being delivered.

As these two addresses have since been published in pamphlet form, we content ourselves with giving a few brief extracts from them, and strongly recommend all the readers of SHAFTS who are interested in the Anti-Vivisection Movement to procure a copy of them.* "Medical Science : The True Method and the False," by E. Carpenter.

"Failing to see, what indeed is a central fact of facts, that there is a positive force of health in each creature, seeking suitable physical (and mental) condi-tions in order to establish itself, and continually working towards its own establishment; the current view is that health is a chance product of conflicting external forces, a mere fortuitous absence of disease; and that the best we can o is to bolster up the human organism from outside till such time as it can be polstered up no longer. In our fear and desperation we lay hold on anything that offers the slenderest hope ; and since cowardice is ever cruel we do not nesitate to torture a thousand dumb creatures, whose confiding glances should pierce us with the keenest reproach, if so be that out of their sufferings may emerge the slightest prospect of our being able to stave off for a single day the destruction which so fearfully threatens us." "An Appeal to Hearts and Heads," by Edward Maitland.

"The substitution of methods so barbarous and unscientific as those of vivi-section for the humane and sound methods of clinical and pathological observation and post-mortem examination operates inevitably to the deterioration, not only of the science of medicine, but also of the practitioners themselves, by repelling from the science of interference, but and on the platerinterior interference, by repelling from the study of it the finest minds to hand it over to the hardest hearts, and consequently to the dullest intelligences. This is because, as a form of insensibility, cruelty is akin to stupidity, and the first condition of discovery, that is to say, of *understanding*, is *sympathy*, and of this faculty, vivisection, by the confession of its own votaries, as well as by the nature of he case, represents the absolute negation.

* Copies may be obtained from this office, or from the Secretary, Humanitarian

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CORRESPONDENCE.

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

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

DEAR MADAM, —I was sorry to see a few weeks ago, in one of those most interesting papers, "What the Girl Says," a suggestion that domestic service was in any way degrading. I think this is just one of the ideas which does so much harm to women's labour in England. Why should work with the hands be considered to be inferior to work with the head? Some are fitted for the one and some for the other, that is all; and in an ideal society people would naturally take the place and the work for which their education or natural

most limited conditions) it seems to be a suitable arrangement to divide the labour with others. A great advantage here is the certainty that there will always be a demand for people to fill these places, which gives an element of stability to the trade of domestic service which other trades often have not got. Why Now why should she assume

are their patients—are apt to be almost morbidly shy about our dealings with them; and their fame suffers in contrast with that of the *dee-ar* ladies' doctor should women seek employment as secretaries, governesses, etc., where the market is overstocked and not undertake domestic service where real useful market is overstocked and not undertake domestic service where real useful work necessary to the world is done? Why, for instance, should a hospital nurse, who spends much of her time in doing most unpleasant things, who is nearly always overworked and sometimes badly fed and lodged, be considered to be of higher rank than a children's nurse with comparatively easier work and extolled by his female worshippers. Let us alter this. Be we "ready to give a reason of the faith that is in us," to cite our experience of successful cases. One, perhaps, where "taking in time," was able to avert the operation which out of her; another, where the inquirer was sent joyfully away with the to be of higher rank than a children's nurse with comparatively easier work and invariably healthy conditions? And what an important work is the training of a young child? How much better might it not be done by a refined and educated woman than by the uneducated ones to whom this serious work is now confided? Not that I wish to displace women of a lower standard of assurance that her symptoms were not serious — and not, as other-wise she must have been, humiliated to have exposed herself only to be told there was no need for exposure. A nervous case where the poor girl retained wit enough to know she was not fit to have delicate questions education entirely from domestic service, I only wish it to be considered not degrading to any woman, and to point out that some branches would be better done by an educated person. It should be looked on as equally honourable asked her by a man, and to exert all her weak powers to avoid it. Another where the woman doctor started with this immense advantage -- that the patient told her what was true and not only what was decorous. Let us know, too, that we may be able to cite it, the testimony of history to our cause. Boccacio with all other trades, and not as something beneath them. I remember a very inferior German schoolmistress who had been complaining to me of the hard ships of her lot and of the work which she thought to be derogatory to her we may be able to cite it, the testimony of history to our cause. Boccacio (fourteenth century) speaks of indiscriminate man-doctoring as a novely, which has crept in during the great Plague, and which has "dire effect on the morals of the surviving women." Bayle, of the *Dictionnaire Critique* (about 1690) quotes the Latin fathers in the article "Quellence" (in censure of some ended by saying "They treat me like a servant !" that a servant must as a matter of course be treated bally, or that she had a right to be treated differently. Of course, the conditions of domestic service quotes the Latin rathers in the article "Quellence" (in censure of some practices of forensic medicine), comments on some innovations in his article "Hierophile," and in his article "Bourgogne" extols the daughter of Charles the Bold concealing her wound and dying "the martyr of modesty." Rêtif de Bretonne, in his Monument du Coutoume Phisique et Moral (1785), bears interesting testimony, not only to the decorum of women attendants, but to their interesting testimony. should and must be modified and improved, not only to induce ladies to become servants, but because the women, whoever they are, who do this necessary and hard work should work under fair conditions, whether so-called ladies or not Men-servants, with the masculine power of looking after their own interests, which women would do well to imitate, always insist on at least two hours ou wnpathy with, and perfect understanding of, their patients. The Jesuit father ury expressly instances, as a justifiable self-homicide, that of a maiden who every day; and women ought to have the same, not as a favour but as a right Of course, in times of great pressure no one would wish to insist on it, but as eigets the treatment which appears to her an outrage worse than death ; and ir novelist Richardson makes his married Pamela prefer a woman attendant, a rule all work should carry with it a certain proportion of leisure. Servants should also have a sitting-room, probably the kitchen in small houses, where they can see their friends, and not be forced to go out in the rain or fog for want of a room to sit in, or permission to receive visitors, as is often the case. nd his dying Clarissa entreat in her will that her body may not be opened t all and may not be touched save by women. And when at all, and may not be touched save by women. And when we read of poor, hysterical girls sent to the stake as witches, or deluding a Yours sincerely, CAROLINE CUST. countryside as visionaries, just because the men of their time understood not their disease; of Queens, Isabella of Castile, our own Caroline, and the already MEDICAL WOMEN. ited Mary of Burgundy, whose wealth could not command the aid that alone they could bear to receive. Then can we exclaim, "Blessed are your eyes, DEAR MADAM, -As the paragraph in SHAFTS of January 7th was not quite accurate, it may be well to state that the number of women who have placed their names on the British Medical Register was 153 on January 1st, 1893. Of for they see, and your ears, for they hear. For behold, I say unto you, that many Queens and righteous women have desired to see the things which ye see these nine have died, fifty are in practice abroad, mainly as medical mission-aries, and the remaining ninety-four are in practice in this country, with the exception of a few whose plans are as yet undecided. and have not seen them, and to hear the things which ye hear and have not heard them. I remain, Madam, your obedient servant,

Women are not admitted to study in the same medical colleges as men, either in England or Scotland, but in Ireland they can study in the ordinary schools in Dublin, Belfast, and Cork In London the School of Medicine for Women is situated in Handel-street

Brunswick-square, and is in association with the Royal Free Hospital. The total fees for school and hospital amount to £125 if paid in one sum. In Scotland the School of Medicine for Women first established is in Surgeon-square, Edinburgh, in association with the Leith Hospital. The total

felt by many people. I believe numbers of women would be glad to join corresponding, literary, Surgeon-square, Edinburgh, in association with the Leith Hospital. The total fees for school and hospital amount to £90, in four instalments, with £6 6s. additional for preliminary classes in Physics and Biology. In Glasgow a medical school for women has been opened in connection with Queen Margaret College, and this has now been affiliated to the University of and educational classes. Only the other day a lady asked me if I could tell her of any corresponding class which would teach her Latin, and I know several eople who are now acquiring familiarity with Greek in this way. Those of us who live in country districts, remote from centres of intellectual activity, know that there is a distinct longing for something of this kind, and I hope SHAFTS will be able to stimulate systematic reading amongst its readers. We lose much In all cases five years is now the minimum period of study for a registrable

Glasgow, so that its students can obtain the medical degrees of that University. The fees are about the same as at the Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women. diploma or degree.

IN RE MEDICAL WOMEN.

DEAR MADAM, -- I have only just seen the letter in SHAFTS of December 24th, 1892, re "Medical Women and their Fees."

My experience is different from that of your correspondent. My medical adviser has for many years been visiting physician to the new Hospital for Women in the Euston-road, and I know as a fact that she sees patients during her ordinary consulting hours at fees regulated according to their means. Many, I read SHAFTS with much interest every week. It must give all women workers renewed activity in working for the advancement of our women's not pay more than 2s. 6d. Heartily wishing you success in your pioneering work,

For obvious reasons I cannot publish my doctor's name, but if you care to have it privately, I shall be happy to send it to you. Yours faithfully, L. ETHEL M. FORD.

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SHAFTS.

SOPHIA JEX-BLAKE, M.D.

MEDICAL WOMEN AND THEIR FEES.

MADAN, --While fully concurring with "Obiter Dictum's" sentiment that t is "nicer" for every human being to have a doctor of his or her own sex, let me object that it would never do for women doctors habitually to accept lower fees than men—it would be branding themselves at once as an inferior might retort with the counter appeal to women of means to pay the fees of Women's Hospital, which keeps out of debt, indeed, but with a very small balance to the good. Decent doctoring -shame that it should be so — is as yet a luxury, a dissent from established rules which we must pay for, just as, if we don't like to sit in the family pew we must pay for our own seat. Often, no doubt, a girl saves the doctor's fee from her dress money, and meanwhile suffers in silence what, if revealed, her norm her dress money, and measures and the second state when the remedy lies parents would be eager to pay the general practitioner's bill for. The remedy lies in a wider demand for women doctors, a more general recognition of their useulness, a readiness in us to employ them *always*, and not only when our disease s such that we can't bear to go to a man for it, and a support which shall put is such that we can be generous, together with a generosity in their patients to bear testimony to their worth, to recommend them, and to assist those whom we may truly call "pauvres honteuses," women who yield nothing in delicacy to their richer sisters, but oh ! the fare to the nearest doctor's is so much out of the family earnings. We, the women's patients—indeed, it is just because we are shy that we

ONE OF THE CASES CITED.

CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES.

DEAR MADAM, —There are two suggestions given in last week's issue of SHAFTS which I should like to emphasise, for they answer a need which I know is being

will be able to stimulate systematic reading amongst its readers. We lose much for the need of guidance in our reading. Another of your correspondents alludes to the need of depôts being esta-blished where dinners of varying prices from highest to lowest could be had. A friend of mine has recently been spending several weeks in lodgings in Buxton. When I asked her "How she had enjoyed it?" she replied, "Oh, very well; only the dinners. We had chops nearly every day. I got so weary of the sight of them, and they were generally burnt, and I wished every day there had been a good restaurant where we could have had a really satisfactory dinner."

your pioneering work, I am, dear Madam, yours sincerely A.S.

[January 21, 1893.

THE DIVINE FEMININE

DEAR MADAM, -The Founder of the Christian Religion taught His disciple DEAR MADAM, —The Founder of the Christian Keligion taught His disciples to pray: "May Thy Will be done in earth as in Heaven," as above so below. A part of that Divine Will is that woman should be the helpmate of man on terms of perfect equality. As St. Paul says, "The man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man, in the perfect Christ." But how is this equality to be brought about as long as we see inequality in Herner at lange the behavior for this the Herner the Herner the set in the set is the set of the set.

But how is this equality to be brought about as long as we see inequality in Heaven, as long as wo read and hear of nothing but He, He, He, He-Father, but nothing of the Mother. Spiritualism and Theosophy still talk of He, though both these movements favour the equality of woman with man. Still, we hear of the "Church of the All Father," but nothing of the Church of the DIVINE MOTHER. Is this right, just, or equal? There is but one work we have seen to remedy this, and this work is by common consent and by the Prove churched and the second of the the second sec

Press strangled, smothered, and suppressed, so that nothing of it shall be known. I refer to "The Basket of Fragments," a book of fundamental truths, known. I refer to "The Basket of Fragments," a book of fundamental truths, precepts, devotion for the Church of the future, the Church of our Father, Mother, God (to be had at the Theosophical Society, 7, Duke-street, Strand). This is the enly attempt I have seen, the only honest, out and out, and therough contribution to the question of the *true* revision of our present forms of prayer, which teach us there is nothing in Heaven but a Father, and that an angry one, and a Son, and a "Ghost" (should not Ghost read spouse or husband?)—and so, honouring no feminine in Heaven, man has come to honour no feminine on earth! The male element heims sole and aryluine in Heaven per grandeau it has heav so on earth erath being sole and exclusive in Heaven, no wonder it has been so on earth, and so till the mother is seen and adored in Heaven. The Blessed Virgin in the Catholic Church is seen and adored in Heaven. The Blessed Virgin in the Catholic Church is only an earthly type, however beautiful, of the Virgin Mother in Heaven, just as Jesus is a type of the Father; and both these are types of something within man. Jesus of the spiritual nature of man, Mary of the intuitional. There are in every man and woman the two-the Spirit and the Soul, and with these the Mind, which form the Trinity within. The body, and with these the Mind, which form the Trinity within. Once more I say unless this Trinity, feminine as well as masculine, be seen and wor-shipped in Heaven, it never will be seen on earth. Glory to Father, Son, and Spouse, must be complemented by "GLORY TO MOTHER, MAID, AND BRIDE," in all offices of the Church. The old bottles must give place to new bottles to contain the new wine of truth. In "The Basket of Fragments," above alluded to, this work has been thoroughly done, or rather we are presented with speci-mens or "fragments" of the Church of the Church of the the the the form of the church of mens or "fragments" of a much larger work—and more than this the Gospel of Mary has yet to be written (perhaps is written) to complement those which we have of Jesus. Who can fail to see in Maria Magdalene, the chosen and beloved companion of Jesus—treated by Him as His equal and His friend? As in Heaven so on earth, and never shall it be in earth till the true ideal is recognised and worshipped in Heaven.

Yours faithfully, MARIE-JOSEPH.

HATS OFF.

DEAR MADAM,-In answer to what the girl said a short time ago about women wearing their hats in church and at meetings I would like to say a few

Everything has a beginning. "Who can tell what great things from little things may rise." Let the women who have the courage of their opinions take off their hats at public meetings and in church. It will require a great deal more courage to take off their hats in church than at meetings. I suppose because the Church has always, if not in actual words, ily in its actions, placed women secondary to men. Some will say, no doubt, that the action of a man in removing his hat as he does in any house he visits, is intended as a mark of respect, and should be shown even to a greater extent in the house where God's name is preached. But if a woman were to remove her hat, those same people would be quite scandalised, and think it wrong instead of a mark of respect.

I hope some women, especially women in the richer circles, will have the purage to begin. I beg to remain, courage to begin.

Your obedient servant, S.M.

CHOOSING BOOKS.

DEAR MADAM, - It has often appeared to me that a question of such great importance to the rising generation of girls as to whether they should have equal licence in the choice of the literature they peruse as boys, should have some consideration in your journal, which so ably advocates all that tends to the moral, social, and political welfare of women.

present time there is a prevalent feeling-among the upper classes especially-that all books, it may be fiction or otherwise, which relate to cer-tain social questions should be discouraged as subjects of thought or study for girls. Quite otherwise is it with boys. If not directly encouraged, they are seldom directly discouraged from reading the latest scandal in the newspaper, or the last novel of Zola. The result of this being that when our boys grow up and go into the world, they soon find that the girls with whom they associate have no conception of the evil and temptation to which they are exposed ; and that as far as their understanding of it is concerned it makes no difference whether they succumb to such or not. But, some will say, would you, then, do away with the innocence of our girls ?

No, not the innocence, for I would remind them that ignorance, though

often confounded with it, is not innocence. The ignorant innocence of the child is beautiful and sacred ; but it becomes weakness when carried beyond that stage of life.

This is evidenced by the state of society. Are we to believe that much that goes on in the present day would be allowed to flourish as it does if it were not for the fact that the influence of our English maidenhood is crippled by

That is, an ignorance of vice, which to a great extent prevents the sunshine of that influence from being felt except on those things which lean towards virtue. It may be said all this is true, but are we really to hope that our girls will Mrs. SIBTHORP.

awaken to a sense of their power for good by a knowledge of newspaper scandals ? Are we to think that it is nothing but false delicacy which leads a father or prother to remove the latest horror of the divorce court from his daughter's or sister's way? Assuredly not. To do so is to believe that goodness is learned rom vice, that purity has no innate power.

Yet the girlhood of England turns with earnest eyes to contemplate one of s noblest women. I refer to Mrs. Josephine Butler, who, though acquainted with vice in many of its blackest forms, yet remains the ideal of a pure and noble womanhood, because she became acquainted with vice for the sake of ending her influence to repress it-looked at evil as Christ looked at E McK loving anxiety to reclaim.

DEAR MADAM,-As I am very much interested in SHAFTS, and think it just what is needed, may I suggest a plan which all well-wishers could follow, more or less, according to means: that is, to order a certain number of SHAFTS every week; to order them from as many different stationers as possible, because then it would let more of them know that there is such a paper published; and then to distribute them to friends or public reading-rooms, or failing that, give them to any boys or newspaper vendors in the streets, and ask them to sell them. By this means we should increase the circulation of the paper, and render it self supporting. DUM SPIRO SPERO.

WOMEN'S WORK AND WAGES.

DEAR MADAM,-I have read the article by "Sagittarius" on this important bear MADAM, - I have read the article by "Sagittarius" on this important subject with great interest, but I feel more hopeful than "Sagittarius," for I do not think that, in the long run, the influx of women's labour in the market need, or will, lower wages. It depends upon women to be true to one another - and to men-and to insist upon being paid at the same rate as men for work one equally well. It is scarcely fair to expect employers to voluntarily increase their expenses by paying women the same as men, so long as women are willing to work for less; it is but human nature to buy labour, or anything else, in the heapest market. I have proved in my own work that women can obtain the same remuneration as men if they make it clearly understood that they will not work for less.

If women would extend to their sister workers some of the devotion and self-sacrifice now so freely lavished on the family circle, and absolutely refuse to work for less than men receive, we should soon cease to hear of unfair combetition and reduced wages. Let women stand firm and demand fair wage for air work ; they would soon triumph, and instead of the family income decreasg it would increase, for I am convinced there is work enough for all if properly

Women who earn their own livelihood are not a burden on the men. This fact I should like men to lay to heart, they would assist women the more cheerfully; it is a very great mistake for women and men to imagine their interests are not common. As for the poor girls in the Aerated Bread and like shops, why do women not persistently leave shops alone where they know the assistants are ill-paid ; a slack time would convert the directors of the A.B.C. ists ? Cannot Dr.W. B. Richardson be memorialised in SHAFTS nto philanthron he is an active director of the A.B.C.) to agitate for better treatment of the

My mind has been considerably exercised as to how the condition of married nen can be improved. At present, in many cases, they are regarded by their husbands as little better than superior servants, and are supposed to have little or nothing to do all day but read novels and gossip with callers ; whereas their lives are made up of petty worries and vexations and endless work, far more trying than business worries. Then, married women who give due attention to their children and houses have but little time or energy left for money-earning or outside work of any kind. Of course I am speaking of middle-class women who only have one or two servants. I fancy they out-number the women with more leisure. A *llausfrau's* life is extremely monotonous, what wonder if she suffers from "nerves"? Will readers of SHAFTS help to unravel the difficulty ?—I am, yours,

"OUR FORTUNE LIES UPON THIS JUMP."

-Shakespeare, Ant. and Cleo., iii. 8.

He has very long ears, but cannot hear ; has a nose, but cannot smell ; has two eyes, but cannot see; has four legs (with hoofs), but cannot stand. And yet, he can jump as high as the Monument.

When it is given up, observe that the answer is "a dead donkey," but vouchsafe no further explanation. If any of the company say they do not see how a dead donkey can jump as high as the Monument, ask, "How high can the Monument jump?"—The People (Christmas Number).

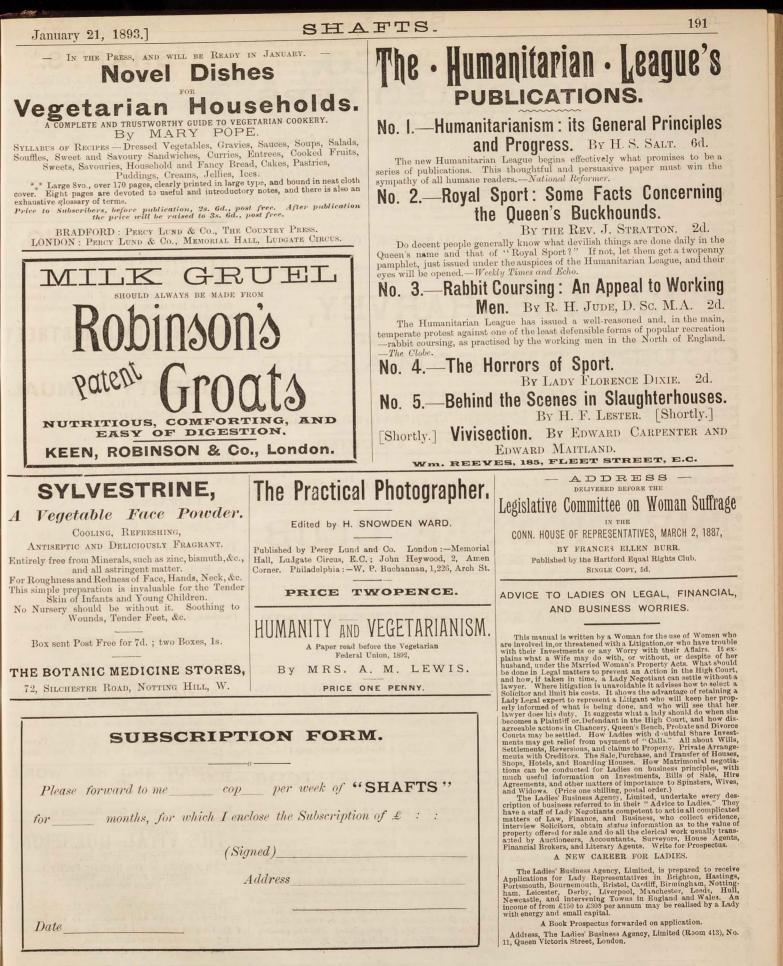
PIONEER CLUB.

SPRING SESSION, 1893.

TUESDAY EVENING DEBATES AND DISCUSSIONS,

WITH THE NAMES OF OPENER.

January 24th, "Temperance Legislation," C. A. V. CONVEARE, Esq., M.P. ; January 31st, "Slander," Mrs. BLAKE; February 7th, "Should Hospitals be Supported by State?" Miss RICHARDSON; February 14th, "Can Philosophy and Science be Reconciled?" Miss CARTA STURCE: February 21st, "Street Noises and their Injurious Effects upon the Brain," Miss SHURMER; February 28th, "Is Vivisection Admissable?" March 7th, "Is Government by Majority the Best Form of Government?" Mrs. GORDON; March 14th, "Alcoholism of the Present Day, and My Suggested Remedies," Miss POLLOCK; March 21st, "Is the Influence of the Stage for Good or Evil?" The PRESIDENT; March 28th. "How we understand, and how we should understand one specther." 28th, "How we understand, and how we should understand one another,



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