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THE
The
Herald of the Star

Vol. VI. Part I.



1917

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The Herald of the Star

VOL. VI. No. 1.

January, 1917

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As "The Herald of the Star" includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the "Herald" in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East, may stand.

This Magazine may be obtained through any of the Officers of the Order of the Star in the East mentioned on page 3 of the cover. Great Britain, 6d. America, 15 cents; India, 8 annas (Postage 1½d. extra).

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The Dreamer

*He dies not for their sake, whose way
Melts soon into eternity,
But for the babes he left at play
Upon their mother's knee.*

*Not for a people that forgot
The way of life her Lord had trod,
But for a land that liveth not
Save in the dreams of God.*

*Not for a Church with idle word
And craven feet that turned and fled,
But for the Body of the Lord
That rises from the dead.*

*Not for a world that ceased one night—
One summer night—the dreamer dies;
But for a lovely world of light,
When the Dayspring shall arise.*

EDWARD SHILLITO

(By courtesy of the "Daily News.")



By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

[It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order are at all responsible for them. But the writer feels he is more useful to his readers in expressing freely his own thoughts and feeling, than if he were to confine himself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.]

WITH the New Year we shall inaugurate certain changes in our magazine, which require perhaps some explanation.

The cover paper will again be somewhat altered in colour, commencing with the February number, as owing to the war it has not been found possible to obtain the same quality and shade of paper. We shall also return to a paper for the text of the magazine itself which will take illustrations. This is not so satisfactory from an artistic point of view, but we hope in future, when dealing with the many problems of reconstruction, to obtain photographs illustrating the various articles, as these greatly add to the interest, and it is difficult to make them fit the text, unless inserted in the letterpress.

We want our magazine to be primarily for our own members, to educate them along the lines of social reconstruction. We have few of us the time or opportunity to become experts ourselves, but we shall hope to obtain the benefit of expert opinion in our magazine. We may lose something of literary and artistic value in thus changing the character of our articles, but we shall gain enormously in the knowledge of those problems with which we feel sure the Great Lord will deal when He is amongst us.

We need the active co-operation of all Brothers of the Star towards making the *Herald of the Star* what it should be as the organ of the New Age. We need their help in the production of the magazine, according to the suggestions made by Mr. Jinarajadasa in his letter to the National Representatives, which is given below; we need their co-operation on the business side also, helping us to increase the number of subscribers. We shall not be satisfied till every Brother of the Star becomes a subscriber to the *Herald*, either directly or through the generosity of a richer Brother. And when this ideal has been attained we shall want them to go further and bring in fresh subscribers from outside.

We can well imagine how eagerly the *Herald* will be welcomed in the future when the Supreme Teacher is amongst us, and when we have to record His movements, His lectures and sermons, and his instructions to His Order. All members then will long to possess it for themselves, but it may be that even now He is endeavouring to speak to us through the *Herald*, if we would but listen more attentively, and endeavour to perfect our Magazine as a channel for His life. Mr. Jinarajadasa has told us of our great responsibility, and

that it rests with the Brothers of the Star to hasten or postpone the coming of the Lord for which our hearts are longing. Could we have a more powerful incentive? Let us resolve as a small beginning that we will spare no efforts during the coming year to double the sale of the *Herald*.

* * * * *

Mr. Jinarajadasa writes as follows to each National Representative :

" It is proposed that the *Herald* shall in future deal much more largely with the problems of reconstruction and become more international in character, giving much space to all that concerns the welfare of children and to new ideals in education.

" I am, therefore, writing to all National Representatives and inviting their co-operation in this direction. I would suggest that in each country a *Herald* National Committee should be formed which would keep in constant touch with the Editorial Board in London. I shall myself be the chairman of the National Board for India.

" The work of the National Committee would be :

" (a) To collect information and when possible endeavour to obtain articles dealing with every aspect of Social Reform in each country. Some of these subjects are outlined in the Leaflet on Social Training which will appear in the December *Herald*. Articles should when possible be illustrated by photographs, as they greatly add to their interest, and particulars for fees for copyright, &c., should always be given. No articles will usually be accepted by the Editorial Board direct that have not first been passed by the National Committee of each country; articles may be offered sometimes on controversial topics, and hence this suggestion as to their being passed first by the National Committee.

" (b) To assist the Editorial Board in London by criticisms and suggestions.

" (c) To endeavour to increase the

number of subscribers, and to push the sale of the magazine in every direction.

" (d) To contribute brief reviews of any important books published in each country bearing on Social Reconstruction, and ideals embodied in the work of the Order of the Star in the East."

* * * * *

The following extract from *Brothers of the Star*, the official journal of the Indian section of the Order, will be of interest to all our readers :

The present Burmese Bhikku and High Priest is leading a great movement in Burma, which is of much interest to ourselves. En Magyi Sayadaw U. Zaw Tika is but thirty-nine years of age; he resides at Thain Daung Hill, near Wundwin, and has organised fourteen groups of monasteries, with ninety priests and some seven hundred people, following the rule of life he has laid down. He proclaims the near coming of the Lord Maitreya, the Bodhisattva, and there are nearly 50,000 people in Burma who have accepted his message, and who are preparing by meditation, and the leading of a pure life, to welcome the coming Lord.

At the age of twelve the future High Priest meditated deeply over his future work in the world, and there came to him as an illumination the idea that he should consecrate himself to the ascetic and solitary life. So he took the yellow robe and has devoted himself to meditation for the last twenty-seven years. The outcome of this is the message he is now engaged in spreading, with the astounding success he has so rapidly attained.

It is profoundly interesting to learn of this wholly independent movement of preparation in a Buddhist country, where the Lord when He comes will evidently find a warm welcome.

* * * * *

I take the following extract from an exceedingly beautiful article on " Life and Death," which appeared in the *Times* of November 11, 1916, from an " Oxford Correspondent " :

For two years past the gates that lie between life and death have been unbarred. No longer singly, or through a narrow door, but in ordered companies and battalions, men have entered into the vast halls of death. In the glare of battle and the thunder of artillery they have passed through the gates.

As they passed, like evening figures burnished by a stormy sunset of cloudrack and fire, they have seemed, for one splendid moment, magnified and transfigured; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, they are gone, and our eyes behold them no more. Unceasingly the march continues; unmoved the open gates rest on their hinges; the open way still runs from life to death, and the sense grows on the mind of the unity between death and life, the community between the quick and the dead. Death is grown a familiar friend, who has put aside his sting; and whatever victories may be proclaimed, there is no victory of the grave.

These are days in which our old estimations and values are changed. Young men have set life against other things, and found that other things were more worth while; they have weighed death in the balance, and found death more tolerable than the things they could not tolerate. They have seen that all their rights—even the right to live, and to draw happy English air into their blood—are the gift of the Commonwealth, given for the uses of the Commonwealth, and to be spent, according to the rules of all faithful guardianship, for the benefit of the uses enjoined by the giver. Into that world, and into that vision, they have mounted up with wings undismayed; and those who knew them, loved them, and talked with them, have learned from them the lesson they had learned for themselves, and have come to see what are the things of real price, and wherein true profit and genuine loss are to be found.

* * * * *

We shall have to pass through the valley of regret and of vain longing for the sound of hushed voices. But soon, we trust, we shall breast the hill that lies beyond the valley, and climb to a height where we shall see another vision—the vision of the things to be done, the gaps to be filled, the ideals to be made actual, in the new age of peace for the sake of which so many have gone through the gates of death. They have left us honour and freedom; they have left us also the duty of finding courage to lay hold on the occasion they have given. If they have died because they held their lives in trust for their country, we who live must henceforth live as men who also hold our lives in trust for our country. Our country will not ask us for the last full measure of devotion which they gave, but it will ask, and it will need, every service

which we can give for its perfection. It would be treason to those who gave their lives for England in war if we did not, after their good example, give our lives to England in peace. There will be so much in years to come that we can do to make our country better—so much in the way of improvement of her system of education; so much in the way of improvement of the relations between masters and workmen; so much in every state of life to which it shall please God to call us. . . . And it will be all the more incumbent upon us to think of all the great new things which we shall have the occasion of doing, since so many of the eager minds that loved to think and to dream of these things will be hushed and quiet. So much of the spring has been taken out of the year; so great, therefore, is the burden laid on all that are left—the young who have been too young for the war, and the old who have been too old. We must make that old French sigh for the unattainable—*si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*—into something actually attained; we must make the young men wise and understanding, and we must turn the cautious and world-weary temper of older years into power and courage.

* * * * *

Many of those who have gone to their death were fond of disparaging, with a certain shy self-depreciation natural to men of their country, the quality of their own motives and the temper of their own courage. They went—so they said—because no man with any self-respect could do otherwise, and because they had no choice. They would tell you, frankly, that they were far from being even “half in love with easeful death”; that they dreaded, as every human being must dread, the thought that they must cease to be. They could talk quietly of the chances of life and death—how the chances of death were as ten to one, and yet how each, in his inmost heart, believed that he would be an exception to the odds. This matter of the chances of life and death was often present to their minds (how could it be otherwise?), and if sometimes it might end in fatalism often it brought them into a very close and living dependence on the Maker and Giver of life and death. Whatever their thoughts, and whatever their fears of death, there was one thing they dreaded most—and that was lest, when the ordeal came, they might fail to meet it with the quick insight and ready resolution which is needed.

This dread was almost always ungrounded, but it was a noble dread. What they feared, after all, was at bottom this: that they might not, in a crisis, do their duty by their men, or by their brother officers, or by their commander. In a word, they feared lest they should fail to do "their duty to their neighbours." And that, though they may have been unconscious of it, was really their motive and their rule of life. It is what we also have to make our motive and our rule of life. If we do that, we need fear no evil. If we do that, the community of the living and the dead will remain; and between those who died in this spirit and those who live in this spirit there will be fellowship and understanding. Thus, and thus only, the gates between life and death will still stand

open, and the open road of communion in a common purpose will keep us close to those whom we have lost—and whom again, because we are true to them and because we keep alive their spirit in ourselves, we have not lost at all.

It is in this spirit that we must all face the future, and the mighty problems which will confront us in that future. We shall need a high courage, the spirit of utter selflessness, and a stern determination that we will not fail, at whatever cost, to be worthy of the trust handed on to us by those who have given their all for their country.

EMILY LUTYENS

Finding God

*Has joy gone from the earth?
And love and peace and kindly fellowship and mirth,
Where have they fled?
Now war and torture, hate and strife and fear
Stalk round the lands; and all that seems most dear
To all of us—is dead
Our homely life, our love of husband, brother, son,
Our rest and sweet communion, friendship dearly won
And wisely kept—at least we deemed it so;
Yea, all good that life possesses! Must it go?*

*Nay, let us look around!
And see our brothers, prostrate, lying on the ground,
As we are too,
Then must we rise, and say, "Still love doth pour
Forth from high heaven." E'en now it seeks the door
Which we have closed—and through
The smallest opening will it come, and satisfy
Our souls' great empty hollow, till we loudly cry,
"We have to spare," and spill love all abroad
Till all men rise and take, and use it—finding God.*

MARGARET M. LANG

Maternity and Child Welfare

By E. J. SMITH

II.

4. THE ENDOWMENT OF MOTHERHOOD

GREAT BRITAIN has unconsciously become an old and dying community; old, because owing to the declining birth-rate of the last forty years there are now three middle-aged persons for every two young children; and dying, because, apart altogether from the war, the progressively growing disproportion means that notwithstanding the tendency to increasing longevity and the fall in infantile mortality the deaths of old people must ultimately exceed the births of infants. To this well-defined trend has now to be added the rapid and far-reaching extension in the employment of women in new fields of service which, though a necessary war emergency measure, is likely to become more or less permanent, and together with the terrible loss at the Front of those who would otherwise have been our best fathers, is bound to still further imperil the already ominous decline in the birth-rate unless well thought out measures are immediately taken to prevent such a national calamity.

How is this steadily increasing race suicide to be arrested? First, by frankly recognising that though the moral aspect plays a singularly important part in the well-to-do sections of the community, and constitutes a problem of its own, the fundamental cause which influences the great masses of the people lies in the fact that, in proportion as parents enrich the nation with new life and in so doing voluntarily assume serious responsibilities that run through a long series of years they impoverish themselves. Wages are paid, not for the liabilities a man assumes, but for the service he renders, so that three men doing exactly similar work get identical pay, though one, being single, has only himself to keep; another being married, but having no family, has two people to house, feed, clothe and care for,

while the third, with half a dozen little ones, is called upon to render corresponding duties to eight. This anomaly arises because, though the very existence of the State and its industries depend upon child life, both have hitherto declined to recognise their obligation to those who provide them with children.

The time has now surely come when this discreditable injustice should be removed and family life be made economically desirable, instead of being penalised as at present, by endowing motherhood with a national grant of five shillings per child per week until the child is able to earn its own living subject to three conditions:—(1) That the house is consistent with the physical and moral needs of the family in size and convenience, a condition that would immediately cut at the root of the appalling problem of overcrowding; (2) That the home is kept clean and healthy, so as (a) to remove those dirty and unwholesome conditions from which sickness and disease inevitably spring, (b) materially raise the standard of public health, and (c) do away with the totally unnecessary demand for much of our costly hospital accommodation; (3) That on the evidence of a medical certificate, the children are being properly fed, clothed and cared for—which would go far to ensure the continuance of a race capable of upholding and worthily extending the best traditions of the greatest empire the world has ever seen.

By the adoption of such an enlightened and humane policy, the birth-rate would begin to rise, infant mortality to fall, and the damage rate to be abolished. Such a national inducement given to married mothers could neither be construed into pauperism nor charity, for if the conditions were complied with—and without that the grant could not be earned—not only would the State receive a magnificent return for its money, but the solution of the social problem would

be brought much nearer than the most optimistic reformer can now claim for it.

The gross cost would be heavy, for in normal times some 800,000 infants are born annually in England and Wales alone, but it would rise gradually and begin to work out a marvellous revolution in the health, education, character, homes and industries of the nation long before the high water mark of expenditure had

at an annual cost of twenty-five days' war expenditure, but with exactly the opposite result; for while the one is to take life, the other would be to save it.

The economic results would be no less remarkable; for the money would not leave the country, drop out of sight, or be spent on drink, as no one can care properly for a child and make a profit out of less than 9d. a day, neither can that be done where there are more children for



INFANTS' HOSPITAL. BATHROOM.

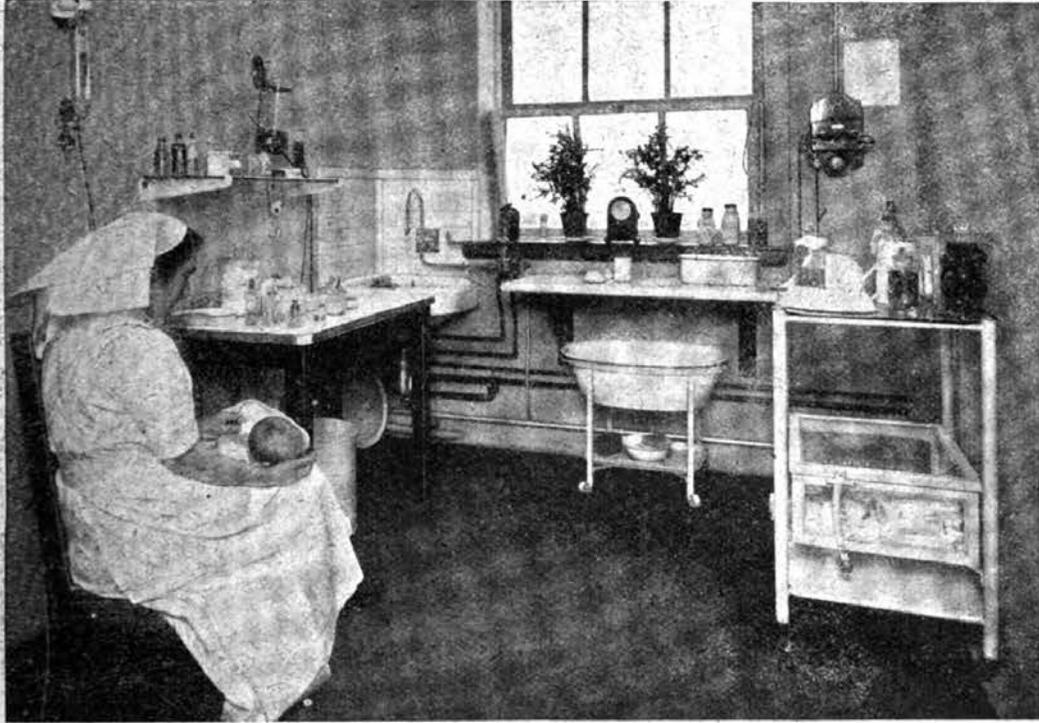
been reached. Assuming that every home into which children came earned the grant by complying with the three conditions, and allowing for a steadily rising birth-rate and gradually falling death-rate in consequence of the more humane attitude of the State, it would probably involve an outlay of some £9,000,000 sterling for the first twelve months, and increase by that amount each succeeding year till it reached a maximum of, say, £120,000,000 per annum at the fourteenth year, after which it would remain more or less stationary

whom a similar amount is paid, for in that case they are growing older and needing correspondingly more money expending on them. Consequently, the grant, like that for old age pensions, would be used to secure better housing, better clothing and better food and thus become as much a stimulus to industry as to high-minded motherhood. Money makes money only when it is put into wise circulation, and it is safe to say that there is not a single desirable industry in the country that would not profit materially by such an

outlay, safeguarded as it would be by the three conditions.

This is a feature of supreme importance to the commercial and financial interests involved, for long after the war we shall be poor and our customers poorer, and whatever tends to promote the home trade—always more desirable than foreign—will be of the utmost value, making the demand steadier and more reliable, and the calls upon labour corre-

time came children brought up under such conditions would be fitted to profit by the education provided for them, and instead of having an ever-increasing excess of school accommodation as at present, the places would be filled with children blessed by good mothering, and earning for the education authorities larger grants for greater numbers, more regular attendance and increased efficiency, rendered possible, not only by



INFANTS' DEPARTMENT. TREATMENT ROOM.

spondingly better. Some modification of the scheme would be necessary to meet the needs of the singularly deserving lower middle classes, which include many men engaged in the professions and kindred callings where there is a constant struggle to maintain appearances, rear and educate a family, and make both ends meet, but that is rather a matter of detail than of principle.

Under the conditions altogether inadequately outlined, a new era would open for both mother and child, and when the

better health, but by reason of the parents being no longer under the obligation to rely upon the earnings of the half-time labour and much too early full-time employment of their children. While when such girls and boys had passed through the schools they would bring to the aid of industry those indispensable qualities of resource and adaptability which neglected children can never supply, but upon the adequate provision of which our future commercial prosperity so largely depends.

How could the money be raised, if it were earned? It would be well to remind anxious inquirers that it would only be *circulated, not destroyed*, and would bring to the distributing and producing trades entirely new demands creating in its circuit additional employment, profit and wages. Still there would be a considerable direct additional expenditure until the terribly urgent necessity of preventing the manufacture of the unfit,

them for service. This and the grant would discourage celibacy, late marriages, childless unions and illicit intercourse, and materially increase the interest of those who tend to become more selfish than altruistic in the child-life upon the welfare of which both they and the nation so surely depend. The balance should then be taken out of the income tax as a just recognition of the State's indebtedness to motherhood, the obligation of



EXPECTANT AND NURSING MOTHERS. FEEDING CENTRE.

which would most certainly grow out of it, had overtaken the costly and largely futile outlay on coercive cure. One of the most just and equitable ways of raising the money would be to ask single men and women and childless married couples—who enjoy the unspeakable blessings and protection which children confer on society—to help to share through the medium of a graduated tax, stopping at a figure that would otherwise inflict hardship, the money obligation which at present falls exclusively upon those who bear, train and fit

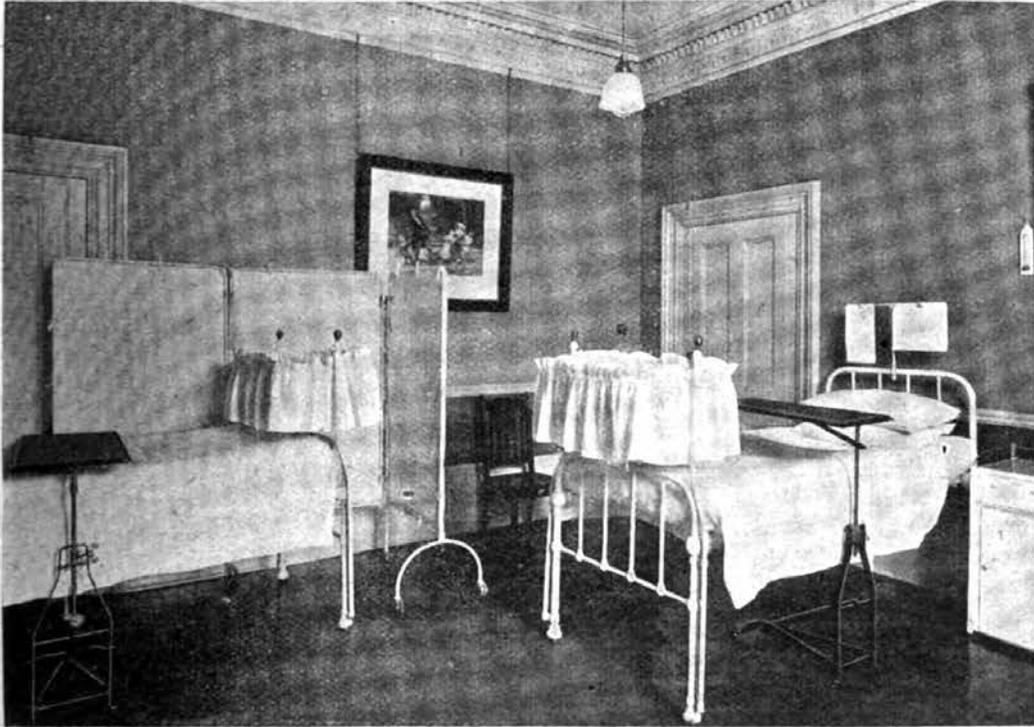
industry to labour and national insurance for the country's future well-being.

5. A PUBLIC MIDWIFERY SERVICE

The allotted span of human life forms but an insignificant part of a nation's existence, but if the sacrifice of mothers and infants which was going on before the war and has since been accelerated by it, were to continue for the next seventy years, it would mean that in England and Wales alone half a million mothers and—including the deaths before birth and those

within the first year of life—seventeen-and-a-half million infants would be lost to the State, or as many as the aggregate mortality of all the belligerents is expected to reach in the greatest war in history. Indeed, in the brief space of twenty years we should have lost five million babies, a number equal to the total voluntary enlistment, upon which the King has so justly and generously congratulated his people. There is of course

important purposes the Endowment of Motherhood should be accompanied by free ante-natal supervision, attendance on confinement, and after-care for both mother and child, subject to compliance with medical instructions and advice. Pending the institution of a great national public health department to stop the inevitable overlapping, inefficiency and waste, which in these days of national stress are little short of a public scandal,



MATERNITY HOSPITAL. CORNER OF A WARD.

no difficulty in eliciting casual expressions of regret or concern over these terribly reflecting facts from an immense number of well-meaning men and women who nevertheless continue to "pass by on the other side," while the "slaughter of the innocents" is kept going, but unless the nation and its industries are to be paralysed, actions will have to supersede words, the declining birth-rate be arrested, and life take the place of unnecessary death.

In order to accomplish these supremely

such a scheme of endowment and supervision could be carried out by the Local Government Board through the agency of the health authorities of the kingdom. These would be responsible for seeing that the conditions of the endowment were complied with and the suggested medical and nursing assistance provided. This would necessitate the establishing of an efficient municipal midwifery service with an up-to-date maternity home and thoroughly competent staff in each area. The cost would probably be best met by trans-

ferring the maternity benefit at present administered under the National Insurance Act, to the Local Government Board and increasing the amount to a uniform £5. £2 of this money would go to the local authority for the work done under the scheme, and would probably cover the cost, and £3 to the married mother—30s. one month before the confinement and 30s. when that important event took place, to help to meet the extra expense inseparably associated with the lying-in—after which the national grant of 5s. per week—subject to the three conditions—would follow until the child was able to earn its own living. To that rule there would necessarily be many exceptions, but these constitute details that need not interfere with the general proposals.

Such a scheme would materially reduce the menace to maternity and child welfare which springs from the absence of ante-natal supervision and the fact that a majority of working-class mothers are attended during confinement by *bona-fide* but untrained midwives, for under such a scheme these women would be superseded by midwives possessing a much higher standard of training—including a nursing certificate—than is at present required by the Central Midwives' Board. This change, so urgently needed in the interests of both mother and child, who are being needlessly sacrificed—indeed, it should be regarded as their right and a necessary protection for the well-being of the State—would ensure the supervision and help of a competent midwife who could immediately call upon the highly specialised staff in the municipal service for whatever medical or surgical assistance might be required, while it would ensure regular employment and adequate remuneration for really capable women now squeezed out by antiquated midwives who ought no longer to be allowed to practice.

These better educated and more highly trained women would soon win the confidence of expectant mothers and secure indirectly the voluntary early notification of pregnancy—compulsory notification is neither desirable nor practical—which alone will enable real ante-natal supervision to be undertaken. What that would

mean for both mother and child, none but those familiar with the perils that lurk in neglect can estimate, but it is certain that its effect on the mortality and damage rates would be tremendous, while its influence in modifying the dire results of venereal diseases would be infinitely more beneficial and far-reaching than anything that has yet been suggested, and the urgent duty of trying to rescue this generation and prevent the innocent and helpless little ones of the next from being born only to die, or to pass through life the miserable victims of every evil wind that blows, is unanswerable. Once thoroughly efficient ante-natal supervision were general, confinement would gradually become the safe, healthy and desirable function which nature intended, and the after-care would complete the just recognition by the State of its obligation to motherhood, and the child life upon which its very existence hangs. The urgent need for the gradual unfolding by thoughtful and thoroughly competent teachers in the schools of the sacred purpose of sex relationships cannot be over estimated, for without it the God-given function is all too frequently perverted.* To suggest that parents should impart such knowledge is to ignore the fact that in the overwhelming proportion of homes they neither possess it nor the ability to pass it on to their children in such a degree as would enable them to discharge the duty with reverence, judgment and success.

In normal times we have been too thoughtless to recognise that life, the one thing without which all else must perish, has been slipping from us with a rapidity that threatens the well-being of the State. To that sad fact has now to be added the unprecedented sacrifice of our brave lads abroad which imposes upon those at home the sacred obligation of guarding the inheritance which these noble heroes are so worthily defending, but unless we recognise the duty of filling the cots as being no less vital and patriotic than that of manning the trenches, we shall convert a glorious victory into an ultimate and self-imposed defeat. Death can only be compensated for by birth. E. J. SMITH

Our Special Work of the Future

[Address by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa to members of the Order of The Star in the East at the Conference of the Southern Province, Bath, October, 1916.]

WHEN five years ago the Order of the Star in the East was organised, there were certain things that the few who formed the Order recognised, which are being recognised by thousands to-day. For instance, anyone who at all looked into the principles of the Order would have very quickly seen that one great idea that held together the members of the Order was a desire to co-operate in certain great reforms that a World Teacher would bring into the world. In other words, they believed in a "Reconstruction" by a World Teacher, and they gathered together in order that His Reconstruction might be a success. Now, men did not then see "reconstruction" so necessary as they do to-day; but there has been so much change in the world since then that people now see reconstruction to be absolutely necessary, and what seemed a cranky idea inspiring our Order has been recognised as the most logical thing in the world to-day.

So this much has happened: there are hundreds of thousands now who will join with us in discussing reconstruction, although they are not concerned with the special idea of the Coming which the Order represents. Therefore part of our work is already accomplished; when to-day you speak of reconstruction, you find people following intelligently.

The next thing is this: that just as we have been several years ahead of the world as to reconstruction, so are we many years ahead with regard to *how to reconstruct*. If you look at papers and magazines to-day you will find many topics dealt with all from the standpoint

of reconstruction. Take for instance the question of the British Empire; the idea that the Colonies should come closer to the Mother Country, that there should be a new relation between Britain and India, that the bonds should be more affectionate, bringing together the distant parts of the Empire into some Central Imperial Council, is steadily gaining ground. But also there is another thought of reconstruction, that with regard to commerce. You will find in the newspapers a great deal of attention being paid to reconstruction with a view to the commercial growth of the British Empire. Now in thoughts of this type of reconstruction it is unfortunately taken for granted that the only sensible reconstruction for the British Empire is by a system of bonds with our present Allies which will practically boycott all kinds of trade relations with our present enemies. We may roughly say this with regard to commerce, that the principal motive of reconstruction in this direction is to be a motive of hate, of strife. In the Empire the key note is a coming together; whereas with regard to the great commercial ideas of reconstruction you find in the air to-day—taken for granted in Parliament the other day—the idea is that the world must be divided into two great camps, those that stand now as the Allies, and those that stand as the Central Powers. However, there is the thought, that there must be a reconstruction.

Then you will find many people recognising that there must be a reconstruction of public affairs, especially with regard to public utilities. Nobody has grumbled because the railways are now practically State-controlled. Nobody has

resented the fact that law after law has been passed that practically brings about a state of socialism. We begin to feel, on the other hand, that some very remarkable results are coming from these things, and we are beginning to feel that in the reconstruction to come there has to be a greater control by the State of natural resources; that for the welfare of the people this vague entity called the "State" must come in. You will find, for instance, much talk about capital and labour, about Guilds of Masters and Men which shall be responsible to the nation; people are talking of the responsibility of ending the struggle between masters and men. These various types of reconstructive ideas affect public life.

But one thing we can say for ourselves here in England, that much as the present system of administration under the Defence of the Realm Act has produced certain useful results, it has also shown certain weaknesses, not so much in the system, but because of a lack of proper motive. One of the things one feels rather surprising is that the people of this land, so much accustomed to liberty, have been so remiss in protecting or safeguarding the liberties of others. Take, for instance, the matter of pensions for the widows of soldiers. There has been shown a certain harshness and brutality in the administration of these. It is as if certain individuals, given a trust on behalf of the nation, could not understand the responsibilities involved, and hence there is too much of militarism coming into ordinary civil life. Especially, for instance, is this so with regard to the conscientious objector. Where, in a country like England, we aim at full liberty, and the trust is given to Civil Committees (not to a bureaucracy) and there is a partial failure, I suppose the logical result is the military harshness that has been shown by many committees. However, people are getting used to administering something of their affairs, not by a representative government, but by themselves, with powers delegated to local committees. There you have a new experiment. Then people

are thinking more of the welfare of the children, more attention is being paid to their health and their feeding. Then, with regard to disease, drunkenness, and so on, various experiments are being attempted.

Now my point is this: that while these ideas are in the air, there is no clear principle being put forward in the light of which they may be fully effective. In the world of commerce, it is true, the principle is hate. We are to cripple our enemies commercially. Certainly that is logical and clear enough, but it is not the principle that appeals to people who look forward to a true reconstruction. - But in all other things, there is nothing clear as a working principle. Now the remarkable point about the Order of the Star in the East is that when five years ago it first talked of reconstruction, it enunciated also a principle, the principle of Love. You know how in our Declaration of Principles we lay special emphasis on three qualities which members should show forth: Devotion, Steadfastness, Gentleness. Above all, gentleness, that is, the principle of Love.

Now the world has not yet awakened to that. Thousands are thinking and writing about reconstruction, but there is not yet the recognition of that principle of Love as the motive with which to reconstruct. One part of our future work is to make the world recognise that. People may be sceptical about it now, but recognise it some time they must, as five years ago the idea of reconstruction was scoffed at, but is accepted to-day.

Now how are we to make people realise that only the principle of Love will take people forward? First, by showing that Love is a power, not a mere vague sentimental something, but a power. That means that we must approach the world not as we think it wants us to, but as the world needs to be approached. A certain number may require mystical devotional meetings; but I am looking at the world as a whole, and if we are going to help in this work of reconstruction, we must rearrange ideas in practical ways. We must show that Love is a practical power,

and so the first thing we must do is to apply this principle of Love to problems. You will find, for instance, if you go into the work of economics as presented by business men, enough facts of a commercial kind to pull to pieces the whole structure of hate they are aiming at now. This principle of hate by the Empire and by the Allies, in trade, simply will not work. Purely by taking facts you can show that; and similarly you can show by facts how it is possible for nations to work on another basis, and so reconstruct the world more lastingly. Similarly in problems of child welfare, the idea is now put forward that this is simply a question of saving the race; it is not looked at from the simple principle: will the children be helped?

And so we can point out to the world, in discussing whatever problems, *that there is a principle involved*, and that it is a matter of understanding this principle before we can usefully reorganise and reconstruct the whole of life. Go into these matters of reform, write articles about them. The world is talking of reconstruction; drive it into the world's mind that the old type of reconstruction they are talking of will not do, that there must be an era when we must transcend the sad pages of the history of the past with its jealousies and rivalries and attempt a new thing.

So one thing we have to point out is that Love is the way, because it is a power, the one power that the world needs to-day. There is no power in hate: that is a phase we have transcended, and you cannot go forward in a real way until you identify yourself with the wider international life of the world. England has had to leave her little island isolation; and so has France also. Similarly too with all parts of the Empire, the individual is driven out into a larger life. Each must go forward into a larger life, and wherever there is a barrier, commercial or of any other thing, it will not help the world to progress.

But if we are to see how Love reconstructs the world, we must see that there is in us first reconstruction by Love. We

must take ourselves in hand, every day, every morning, testing ourselves with that one principle: Have I been gentle? Have I had regard to the principle of Love in my writing, in my speech, in my business; have I had regard to the principle of gentleness so as to flash into all I meet gentleness?

So, if we try to put into practice something of gentleness, we shall learn how to put into the lives of others its characteristics, and so understand how to put them into the reconstruction of the world. One of the most striking characteristics about a member of the Order who is working thus is that he will see more into the possibilities of any line of work, even though he is not personally connected with it, than those who are making it their special study and work. That is because he brings to it the loving touch coming from behind, from the Lord of Love.

We must point out, then, that Love is the principle, the only principle, and we must put our message in such ways that we talk common sense, meaning thereby the sense innate in every individual. If we have discovered it by ourselves, we must remember that we are "the first fruits of them that slept," and that there are many round us who are not awake to see, and it is our duty to make them see.

But there is also another reason why we must speak of reconstruction by Love. And that is, that all this reconstruction is reconstruction by the World Teacher. It is He that stands behind, suggesting all the time. And we must dream of the reconstruction by Love, because it is Love that brings us into touch with Him. We must not dream in a sentimental way, but believe that Love is a great uplifting power, that Love is the channel that will most swiftly link us to Him who will come to reconstruct.

There are then two driving ideas that we have to put forth into the world in all kinds of ways and permutations and combinations; that the principle of reconstruction is perfect gentleness and friendliness, and that the reconstruction we

talk of is part of the reconstruction by a Great Personality.

Perhaps in less than six years the world will wake up to the idea that Love and Brotherhood and international friendliness offer the only way to true reconstruction. Perhaps various schemes of hate will be tried before then and we shall then have another ghastly disaster. And then newspapers and writers will begin to talk of the principle of Love instead of hate, as they are now already talking of the other idea the Order has long been putting forward, the idea of reconstruction. Then there will be another third of the Order's work accomplished; and Love shall be recognised as the great guiding principle before reconstruction can be.

After we have spread the thought of reconstruction by Love, there will remain only that other great idea to make popular, that the real reconstruction will only be when the Personality who shall carry out this great work shall be with us.

Our work, then, in the future, will be public and private. There will have to be devotional meetings to encourage and inspire us as members of the Order. There will also have to be meetings to present the intellectual concepts of the Order, and our work there will be to take up topic after topic, and see how they will be affected by the principle of Love.

You can take up, for instance, the life of this City of Bath, and think how it would be changed by the application of the principle of Love, and what difference you would see if you could come back to it after a hundred years. People will not dispute the value of the law of Love; they recognise it. That is the wonder of this great law; you can discuss how the administration of schools, of governments, of institutions, of railways, would all be changed if each took for granted that Love was the great principle of all.

Another work also we must do. We must have centres from which to disseminate our literature, such as the Star shops we have in London, in Sydney, and of which there is talk of having one here. We must understand, also, these busi-

nesslike ways of affecting the world. We may be looked upon as sentimentalists, yes; but we should be recognised also as *practical* sentimentalists, who know the queer ways of the world, and how to affect that world.

We must also take part, as the Order, in various movements, conferences, discussions, etc. That was one thought brought forward in the very beginning: that we should take part in international discussions, and so on.

Lastly there is our private work, intellectual and emotional: intellectual, with the desire to train our faculties so as to be more coherent in our thought about these world problems, not merely to think about Love, but to understand Love in practical application; devotional because unless there is the great devotion which makes ideas into ideals, all our thinking will be vain. It is devotion which transforms life as if suddenly your little room opened out into windows, and each window showed you a great gallery of things.

The coming of the World Teacher is not a dream, but a great reality; try to think of His shadow over the world, of His smile over the world, and you will find, as hundreds have found, that there is an intense reality that makes you consecrated to His work.

These then are some of the things we have to hold in mind in our work, that reconstruction must be in ourselves, not for our own personal happiness, but that we may become channels for the reconstruction by the Great Teacher; that although He is invisible now, yet our souls will see Him, and that we can move in the world as His lieutenants.

We have then done already about a third of the work entrusted to us by Him, and now we stand as His Order, a definite body through whom He is affecting the world, so that the world may see what it is He will try to do when He comes. We have a supreme privilege in having been given the opportunity of seeing a little of the work which He will do, and of finding therein that larger vision which gives such intense happiness.

C. JINARAJADASA

More Recollections of Madame Blavatsky

By EDMUND RUSSELL

[More and more do we realise that those who describe this greatest benefactor of our period reflect themselves as it were in a looking-glass. To the big-hearted she is leonine, to the unscrupulous, a fraud, to those of the open eye, a seer. We are grateful to Mr. Russell for his vivid word-picture of her.]

I.

"Some interchange of grace, some splendour
once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile."

IN thinking over the mighty wonder-words, the dear trivial words which fell from her lips, treasured to-day as pearls and rubies, one need not try to separate the seed pearls of pleasure from the royal sacred flame, *le sang pur de pigeon du saint esprit*; for with her both rose together, and it is just in recording the lighter side that I am privileged, in the service of making her personality better understood.

In "As I Knew Her"* I felt all I had to offer at the time had been given; but since limning that "impressionistic portrait," as one Theosophist of the old days has called it, memories flood back which I jot down as they come; impossible to catalogue or detail.

All were part of a psychic growth and I want to give to others what I can of it.

Things most wonderful we lose in trying to grasp only mentally.

That is why I used to listen to Madame as half-asleep, the mind in the viscera; and still do when I really want to absorb anything—hunting, hunting, with eyes sewn-up and wide-open soul.

I once spent an afternoon with Robert Browning in Lord Leighton's studio. He told me of his early days, his coming to

London, his first meeting with Wordsworth.

The vibrations were too complex for reportorial detail.

Nothing remained but a picture of marvellous colour—a symphony of sound—something beyond mental impression.

So with Madame Blavatsky.

The Sanskrit sage Valmiki used to say that the whole of his *Ramayana* of 24,000 *shlokas* was condensed, oak and acorn, in the one word "Rama."

Pronouncing "Theosophy" for Madame Blavatsky, or "Madame Blavatsky" for Theosophy, does not make the one less or the other greater.

From her the world has accepted and developed. For this she felt she was born, had chosen her birth. She was indeed epic.

She liked nonsense for a change, and, never going out or taking any form of physical exercise, the evening gatherings were her only relaxation and diversion.

Then she seemed to say with Disraeli: "I am not thinking now, I'm enjoying myself."

She frolicked as in the chateau-park of childhood.

Let off steam in profane explosions, rode on all the merry-go-rounds of the village fair, and many of her reported littlenesses and light sayings were the football and tennis of her mental sport.

Thus she might roar at a dismal joke, and disappoint some high-brow who had

* See May number, *Herald of the Star*.

traversed half the globe to sit at the feet of his idol.

She had given of her greatness to him already.

If he now wished to enter the garden of her friends, he must take her as he found her.

She was above sanctimonious pretence even for him.

She could drape the toga in its traditional folds by right of inherent majesty, but did not care whether she impressed or not.

She had just risen from her desk where she had been hammering thunderbolts for twelve hours.

It was his own fault if he did not meet his thought made flesh :

HE HAD COME AT THE WRONG TIME.

There was something to remember if one interrupted lame Hephaistos at her forge.

Then he recoiled from an angry snort and stony stare, books piled mountain high, sheets of paper drifting in air :

"What in — Oh! is it you? My dear friend—please go away!"

* * * * *

All great people I ever knew have been playful: took themselves and the gods seriously only in their work: were undignified; ungirdled, universal.

The world may call its specialists great. They are not.

They have killed their natures in order to be useful.

Usually they are well rewarded, not loved.

William Morris, with his shock of grey hair, used to romp like a schoolboy.

His pet name amongst intimates of the pre-Raphaelite circle was "Topsy."

With H. P. B. it is most necessary to grasp this point, which I think has never sufficiently been dwelt on.

* * * * *

A fashionable woman of New York, who thought she highered "Higher Thought" by being "really quite interested," said to me :

"I shall never invite Baba Bharati to a dinner party again—he snuffles."

She was content to return to her lower-thought friends, who did not snuffle.

The great ones still retain their *avatars* of Boar and Tortoise.

After the most luxuriant vegetarian feast, brooding Garuda shook her wings and seemed to say :

"Life does not cease to be serious when it is amusing, as it did not cease to be amusing when serious."

Perhaps living beings looked very small puppets to her after communing all day with the *devas*, the "shining-ones" of every age and clime.

Gracious to all, especially kind to those of whom others would take no notice :

"She was so good to me in America."

"His mother is one of my oldest friends."

"A stranger from our most distant lodge."

She liked new faces that brought promise of hope :

Was terribly bored with well-dressed chatter and husks :

Gave without stinting to whomsoever lifted the cup to be filled.

The "culture" of most people to her was only a joke.

To their repetition of scarce-comprehended phrases she listened as would a Himalayan *rishi*.

Their self-aggrandisement was to her as the scrap of ribbon on their bonnet.

She knew they would say anything, as they would wear anything, thought to be proper at the moment.

All part of the "system" they had signed themselves to.

She liked rough diamonds, but, accustomed to princes, knew the meaning of *noblesse oblige*; at the same time feeling it of the highest aristocracy to do as one may please, if he has attained the right of choice.

* * * * *

I recall a little story from the States that hugely interested her, and she often asked me to repeat.

Huge seems just the word to describe all she did and was—

Huge rock-temple by day—

Huge child at night.

In some Yankee dream of *devachan*—a halting-place in heaven—one found himself borne along by streams of angels hurrying to some certain point.

All bound in furious haste for a "Freak-Museum," advertising on great posters :

"THE SMALLEST MAN EVER SEEN."

Entering with the crowd, he found to his astonishment the exhibit to be of rather above average stature :

"Yes," said an angel, "but his soul is only one inch high."

Such foolishness amused her in this play-time.

As I have said, she caught at each novel and rugged expression—mugwump—bamboozle—blatherskite—high cockorum—gyascutum—used copiously and inappropriately till another came along, just as strangers in Paris pick up *apache argot*.

She was once carried off to a so-called "problem-play," which everyone declared she *must see*, but sat as Sarah Siddons would have witnessed a performance of *Pinafore*.

She liked better hearing the plots of what the English call "cat's-meat-dramas"—seven murders to an Act.

II.

In the real conversations of her Thursday nights, the only evening she kept apart devoted to that esoteric Circle of which she thought so much, she spoke with grave seriousness and exalted certitude.

Of course, all there were one with her in the verities :

"Agreement in essentials, freedom in non-essentials" was as her motto.

* * * * *

The childish form of undifferentiated consciousness thinks itself so clever when it can divide and separate; thinks that it must be always thinking; never gets beyond grocery measures and balances :

"THE DELUSION OF THE PAIRS OF OPPOSITES."

so deliciously put by Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gita*.

She stretched from sub to super.

Although her vestiginous Cossack instinct might have been to strip and whip, to flick on the raw, the knouting was good-humoured, and she tenderly bound up the wounds she made.

She refused to accept the judgments on her life by those who had no means of understanding her life.

But we should all do this.

An outlaw to man's rules, like Garibaldi, she did glory a bit in her *sansculottism* and liked the red shirt and top boots of the camp.

Legend said she fought with her hero in his campaign for the union of Italy, dressed as a man—

Even that she carried a gaping wound in her breast.

* * * * *

Of her *regard* Rossetti might have written in his *Card Dealer* :

"Those eyes unravel the coiled night
And see the stars at noon."

On her general appearance someone has quoted :

"Modern civilisation is nothing but an energetic correcting of Nature's mistakes, and Nature never bungled worse than when designing the exteriors of great minds." But this is not true! The best of our modern work is that we are correcting man's own mistakes; are not going to make them again.

There is no "bungling" in Nature.

In man's first delirium over his discovery of the power of co-operation, his first brain-storm over the exploits of his mind, he left soul and body out; though nothing flames in the heavens more marvellous than the daily miracle of "transmuting a meal of bread and milk into the Radiant Matter of a flaming truth, a great idea, a noble altruistic impulse."

* * * * *

She spoke of life always as the Japanese *Michi*—the road—and ever in her aero-automobile forgot her feet were stained and bleeding till she fell in sight of the Promised Land.

* * * * *

Of course, she gained in power by never moving.

Found in the same place—the same chair—the same robe—at the same time.

Even as a girl her portraits show that “full-moon” look so much spoken of.

The mystery is the other side of the planet.

She was a vivid listener—the expression of learning always on her face.

She sought knowledge, ever ready to acknowledge a new view-point, no matter where she might find it.

One reads of the

“Childlike trust in goodness, spontaneous aspiration after beauty, impassioned reverence and awe before the mystery of the spirit of life,” with which Mr. de Selincourt sums up the most essential characteristics of William Blake, and sees them all in Madame Blavatsky.

At the same time outwardly she suggested the *monsterism* of those strange beings Blake drew; whose clothes, hair, gestures, seem part of the rocks and trees, the wind, the atmosphere; yet were girdled with the Zodiac and held converse with the gods. She was the last of the Mammoths.

* * * * *

I think she would best be given to the world in sculpture. A great statue to preside over the new Theosophic temple. Some vast hall covered with symbols of the doctrines she taught.

In the style of the cave-frescoes of Ajanta. It need not look at all as she did; yet be all she was! Mestrovic could do it.

All her incarnations as they seemed to gleam out of her.

Very large and unfinished as a symbol.

III.

I remember one evening we were discussing that strange vision of Anna Bonus Kingsford about the burning of the Library at Alexandria.

One of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world.

History declares it was destroyed in iconoclastic Saracenic zeal.

The beautiful blonde star-soul found an unthought reason for this holocaust.

For years the framers-of-the-new had been building from the seven hundred thousand accumulated manuscripts of the Royal Ptolemys the coming thought to offer to the world. Co-ordinating the virtues, throwing out the mistakes of older faiths: then hurling the torch to destroy all evidence of former halos and earlier Christs. Madame said that it was a pious crime in the Roman Catholic Church, and is still to-day, to remove such trace, that the true Jesuit is absolved at once for the endeavour to antidote the antedate.

In spirit with the famous answer of Caliph Omar:

“If those Greek writings agree with the *Koran*, they are useless and need not be preserved. If they disagree, they are pernicious and should be destroyed.”

* * * * *

Reverence was a strong facet in her nature, but to her Christian and Pagan were meaningless terms. Things were respected only when real in the sense of being fundamental, immutable, cosmic. If a Cross shone to her on the “Faultless Parthenon of Truth,” it was because of being an eternal symbol.

In her Theosophy, god-wisdom or good-wisdom, she taught us to drop the final *s* from religions and the little letter seems now to be universally losing its grip.

She knew her Bible well, though to her it was only one of many sacred books. A deep student, with knowledge of universal analogies, some of her interpretations were electrical.

THE LAST WORDS OF CHRIST

“Eli! Eli! Lama Sabachthani!” a sorrow to many, and which some make, with George Moore, a renunciation of His mission, she turned into a joy:

“My God! My God! How Thou Hast Glorified Me!”

In most Oriental languages vowels are left to the imagination, or only indicated by certain dots and dashes. Some overlooked, or missing, sign brought back the lost and precious significance.

* * * * *

She was most interesting in her discourses on the use of the masculine-feminine plural in many names of God in the Old Testament and would have told the Suffragettes that, to be consistent, they should put the Virgin Mary back in Heaven.

Cryptograms were writ for her on every flower and gem :

The irised sphere of every drop of dew.

The Secret Doctrine was to her an open book which all who flew might read.

The veils of Isis but transparent glittering wings.

The key of every great religious mystery, she said, can be turned in the lock seven times.

What intrigued her most was the unchanging grandeur of the human soul.

As far back as human mind can go, far, far as tradition sends its searchlights, nothing shows man to have increased in personality.

We seek the secret in atom and animalculæ, but with all apparent progress it is at the beginning, not the end, we find our *Iliads* and *Odessys*, our *Ramayanas* and *Mahabharatas*.

Behind the Vedas they speak of "LIVING VEDAS."

Even frozen Iceland clasps its Holy Grail.

She accepted the ascending and descending—the twin processions of the Milky Way, whose streams of stars sweep in opposite directions.

Thus she was deeply held by the promise of the New Race which she felt to be already on the ascending arc.

IV.

It was in America, she said, that the dawn would be first perceived.

From the congeries of all Europe the streams poured into the melting-pot.

In far Western cradles the thrill had already come.

Sub-races overlap without cataclysm.

Some of the parents who bend over them have also felt the premonition, and so draw the new ones to them by their own longings.

We all feel the rising of the sun and will all have our part of the full light later on.

Those who understand transmigration know there are no such things as parents; though none the less dear and closely related they may be.

She said parents must resemble children, not children parents.

These babes speak with a new note.

They will experience new joys.

Will lift themselves above ancestral sorrows.

THEY ARE THE RACE.

Soon they will all come together in their beauty and we, now so proud, will be but the mongrels of the past, the left-over remnants of a had-to-be, the cold plates of rice of a former feast, *morituri te salutamus!*

This coming is the further awakening of the god-consciousness, already given to some.

Mr. Leadbeater so well tells us that :

"Here, then, is distinctly a possibility; if these psychic powers are so near the surface even in the people of this earlier sub-race, and if in the sixth sub-race they are going to be still nearer the surface, you will be in the presence of another set of religious evidences."

Then every man shall be his own priest, rear his altar after his own art, and the Living Vedas shall return to earth.

His assurance that those who have been suddenly taken away in this War will be speedily brought back to have their part, with greater power to guide and help, in the New-Light, is very illuminating and comforting.

Of course, she believed in reincarnation and seemed herself proof of it.

She was pleased when Huxley allowed re-birth to be supported by scientific analogy, though she was usually indifferent to the "allowances" of the one-sided scientists.

Such men often sought her, but amused at the narrowness of their grudging concessions, she only played with them, appearing at her worst. At one moment hoisting them far beyond their own petarò, the next gravely asking such questions as

whether they thought the brain to be inside or outside the skull. They went away baffled and mystified, not knowing how to classify this free-ranged external; unused to such wide sweeps of the pendulum; to one who could balance and unbalance to such a disturbing degree.

V.

One Thursday evening I witnessed an explosion before her esoteric devotees, which should be historic, and should set at rest for ever the stories of her attitude towards vulgar mystery making.

The words are exact and never to be forgotten. They ring in my ears as of yesterday.

* * * * *

Someone had tried to recall the materialisations—the *yogamaya* of an earlier date of which he had been a part :

“ I beg of you never to repeat those stories in this circle. They have done me harm enough already. If you had given at that time my explanations instead of your impressions, I should not stand before the world the old fool I do now. I told you they were tricks on the psychic plane, as the juggler performs his tricks on the material plane. There was no spirituality in them at all. But no, you wanted to make me out a goddess; which I never pretended to be. And I may as well let you know there were spiritual things, too, happening at that moment which passed right under your nose and you could not see them.”

Characteristic, almost comic, in the frank brutality of acquired English, this shows her utter absence of charlatanism or pretence.

EDMUND RUSSELL

Nouvelle-Année

*Pour cette année au ciel luride,
Seigneur, baigne nos cœurs arides
A l'eau vive de charité.*

*Fais, car nos vœux sont de sable,
Monter en nous, flamme ineffable,
Une ardente Fraternité.*

*Père de qui toutes les races
Sont mêmes enfants, que Ta Grâce
Leur rende tous fardeaux légers!*

*A vous nos mains et nos sourires,
Qui souffrez peut-être un martyr
Et qui peut-être l'infligez . . .*

*Tous nos frères: tyrans, rebelles;
Aux degrés divers de l'échelle
Vous êtes nous, nous sommes vous.*

*Je commets le mal que vous faites;
Ou mieux, la vérité parfaite
C'est qu'il n'est pas de mal du tout.*

*Le mot juste, c'est ignorance.
Evoluant vers la conscience
Il faut que, boiteux, pas à pas,*

*Vous gravissiez le chemin rude,
Dans le froid, dans la solitude,
Cœur défaillant, pieds lourds, front
bas. . . .*

*Mais nous sommes là, mains tendues,
Et, connaissant la tâche ardue,
Nous vous aiderons en aimant.*

*Car nos yeux brûlent de vos larmes,
Car nos mains saignent de vos armes,
Et vos erreurs sont nos tourments!*

*Et qu'ils soient bourreaux ou victimes,
Du Drame épique pauvres mimes
Au soir sombre, au clair point du jour.*

*Fais, Seigneur, Charité sereine,
Que nous les prenions, l'âme pleine
De l'ardeur d'un égal amour.*

MARGUERITE COPPIN

Some War Sonnets

By E. A. WODEHOUSE

BEAUTY AND DEATH

*A ripple of flowers along the grassy ledge
Of this dark trench; three slender poppies high,
That wave their heads against a clear blue sky;
A knot of clover clinging to the edge—
Ah! how they make this war seem sacrilege!
What right have we to thrust sweet Nature by,
Scoring her face with murderous enginery?
And yet, these flowers, are they not a pledge?
Speak they not of a time when they shall flow
Tumultuous o'er the horror of this place
And drown it—till there live no single trace
Of all our handiwork? It must be so!
Thank God, thank God, we win but for a space,
And Beauty shall be queen, where Death reigns now.*

TO A LARK HEARD IN THE FRONT LINE TRENCHES

*Strange visitant to this infected scene,
Flooding with song the clean and upper air
Above this stew—to what shall I compare
Thy anthem?—It is like a beauteous queen
That's wedded to a dwarf; a lily seen
Beside a yawning grave; a jewel fair
Hung on a leprous bosom; perfume rare
Sweetening the horrors of a foul latrine!
Nay, but 'tis more, 'tis more!—What words can tell
How sacred, heard mid desolation grim,
That Beauty? O! it hath such holy spell
As took those poor lost souls, in regions dim,
When first the Presence brake on them of Him
Who for three days descended into hell.*

QUANTUM MUTATUS

*Cover him up! My nerve hath not the steel,
 Doctor, of yours!—And so you tended him?
 Your fingers dress'd each torn and shatter'd limb?
 You swath'd that ruin'd face?—Ye Gods! I feel,
 Did we but know, we lesser men would kneel
 In reverence for the hands no horrors grim
 Can shake, the eyes no terror can make dim.
 —This lad hath taught me what it means to heal!
 So young!—so far from home!—Alas! 'twas best.
 Rejoice, poor boy, for that dividing sea,
 And think thee in thy lonely death thrice blest!
 So shall a mourning mother-heart 'be free
 To see thee still the baby at her breast,
 The pretty child that danc'd upon her knee.*

A BATTLEFIELD THOUGHT

*Oft had I mus'd, how mortal man do dwell
 Cag'd in a false world and a true—of sense,
 And of an inward felt experience—
 Yet never could that riddle rightly spell,
 Holding the keys of earth and heaven and hell,
 Till now, when every quivering nerve, made tense,
 Becomes a string for high intelligence
 To speak thro'.—Now those ampler tones may swell!
 Know then, O soul, where long thou had'st been guessing,
 There is no earth! Thou seekest it in vain.
 For earth is heaven, when sweeten'd with love's blessing;
 And earth is hell, when rack'd with hate and pain.
 They are two forces, ever inward pressing,
 And earth the vanishing-point betwixt the twain.*

The Public House Trust

By the EARL OF LYTTON

[A great want of the day is supplied by this Trust; many a man who now drinks to excess would be temperate could he only obtain good food and drink in comfortable houses where alcohol was not forced upon him.]

IN a democratically-governed State a conflict is always in progress between those who wish to impose the authority of the Government upon the actions and habits of individual citizens and those who are concerned to defend the liberties of the individual from the encroachments of the Government. In what is known as the Temperance question, the rival aims of these two schools of political thought have been especially sharply contrasted, and the difficulty of finding any compromise between two incompatible theories has been the chief cause of the slow progress towards a sound and acceptable method of controlling an admittedly dangerous trade.

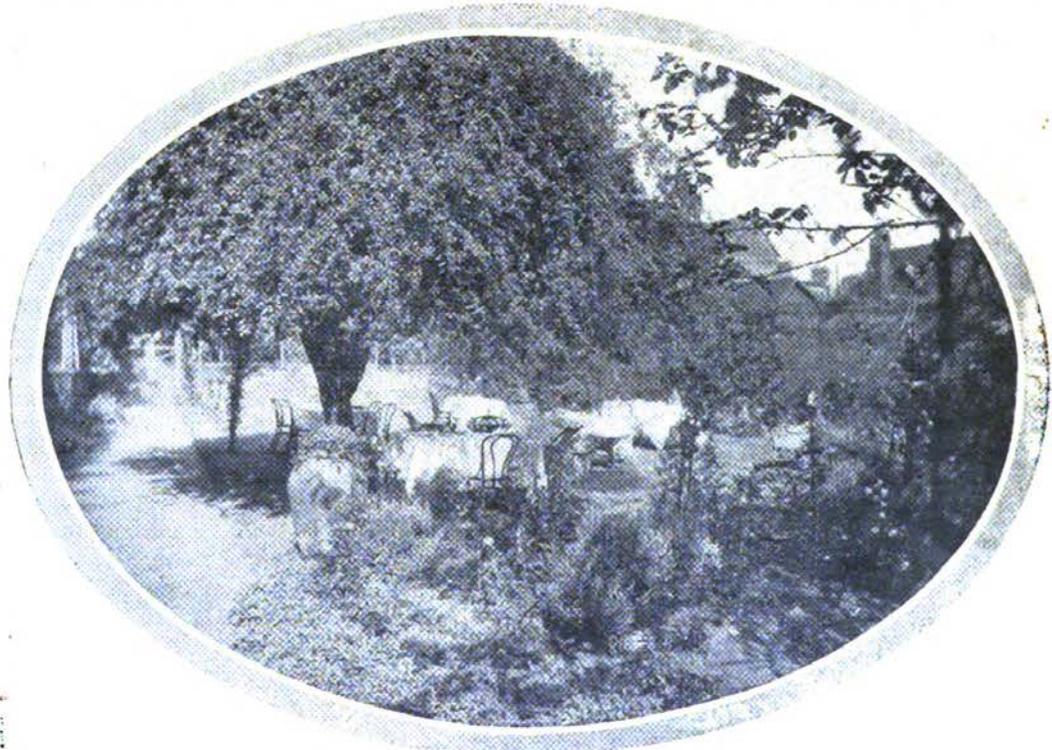
On the one side is ranged a large body of opinion which holds that drunkenness is at the root of most social evils, and more responsible for poverty, disease, and crime than any other human failing. These people, believing that the consumption of alcoholic drinks is never beneficial and often intensely harmful, desire to prohibit by law the sale of all such beverages. On the other side is ranged a still larger body of opinion which holds that drunkenness is a vice of the individual, not of the community, and that to prevent a whole community from indulging a perfectly harmless taste because some of its members are guilty of excess, would be an outrageous abuse of the functions of government, and an intolerable interference with the liberty of the subject. In this country the latter school has in the main controlled the legislation, although it has come to be recognised that in the interests of the public some control of the liquor trade is necessary. This control is

at present provided by confining the power of selling alcoholic drink to certain persons licensed by law to do so. The chief and now generally recognised weakness in this system of licensing is that it has set up in business all over the country a large number of persons whose means of livelihood depends upon the amount of liquor which they can sell, and this evil is further intensified by the fact that the vast majority of licensed houses are now owned by the wholesale manufacturers of the liquors sold in them. A direct conflict is thus set up between the interests of the State, which are that as little alcohol should be consumed as possible, and the interests of the licensed traders, whose welfare depends upon selling as much as possible. A remedy for this evil, which has not yet been found by legislation, is offered by the private enterprise known as the Public House Trust movement.

This movement is generally associated with the name of Earl Grey. Though not its actual founder, he was the first to make the movement known on a large scale. It has been in operation for about twenty years, and, though founded on theory, is now strengthened and established by long experience. It represents a compromise between the two opposing schools already referred to, and is therefore subjected to the criticism of both. Nevertheless, its adherents have grown steadily year by year, and its main principles have come to be recognised as essential to any reformed system of State control. The reason why these principles are not already more generally applied is to be found in the difficulty of regaining for the State full liberty in dealing with the licensed pro-



COFFEE-ROOM, CASTLE HOTEL, WINDSOR.
Very old oak ceiling, white ground for ceiling, 14th century, and stone-colour walls.



GARDEN, CASTLE HOTEL, WINDSOR.
Pink blossom on tree in foreground.

perty and trade of private individuals, rather than in any weakness in the principles themselves.

In time of war the liberties of individuals are necessarily more completely subordinated to the interests of the State than in times of peace, and consequently in the last two years much progress has been made towards Temperance reform. In those districts where the Public Control (Liquor Traffic) Board has taken over the management of public houses, the main features of the Public House Trust system have been adopted. The system aims at the control and limitation of the liquor trade, not at its suppression. It seeks to make the public house itself an agency for the promotion of temperance, and it relies upon the influence of a healthy public opinion to prevent excess on the part of the individual.

The following are the three main features of the Public House Trust movement :

1. A salaried Manager is placed in charge of every house. The Company buys all wines, beers, and spirits, and fixes their prices. The Manager merely retails them at no profit to himself. By this means that conflict between the interests of the publican and the interests of temperance, which is the worst feature of the tied-house system, is removed.
2. Every other kind of refreshment, as well as alcoholic drinks, is supplied in the Company's houses. The provision of good cooked meals, food of all kinds and non-alcoholic drinks is made the chief feature of the house. The Manager is given a direct pecuniary interest in this part of the trade, and his services are thus enlisted in the cause of temperance. In houses situated in working-class districts, special cheap workmen's meals are provided. At the Lightship Inn, Beckton, for instance, a photograph of which is here given, as many as 300,000 of these meals are served in a year.

The ordinary public house is

regarded as a drink shop, and usually resorted to only for drinking purposes. The Trust house is known to provide for all reasonable and legitimate demands in the way of food and drink, and this distinctive feature is immensely appreciated by all classes of customers.

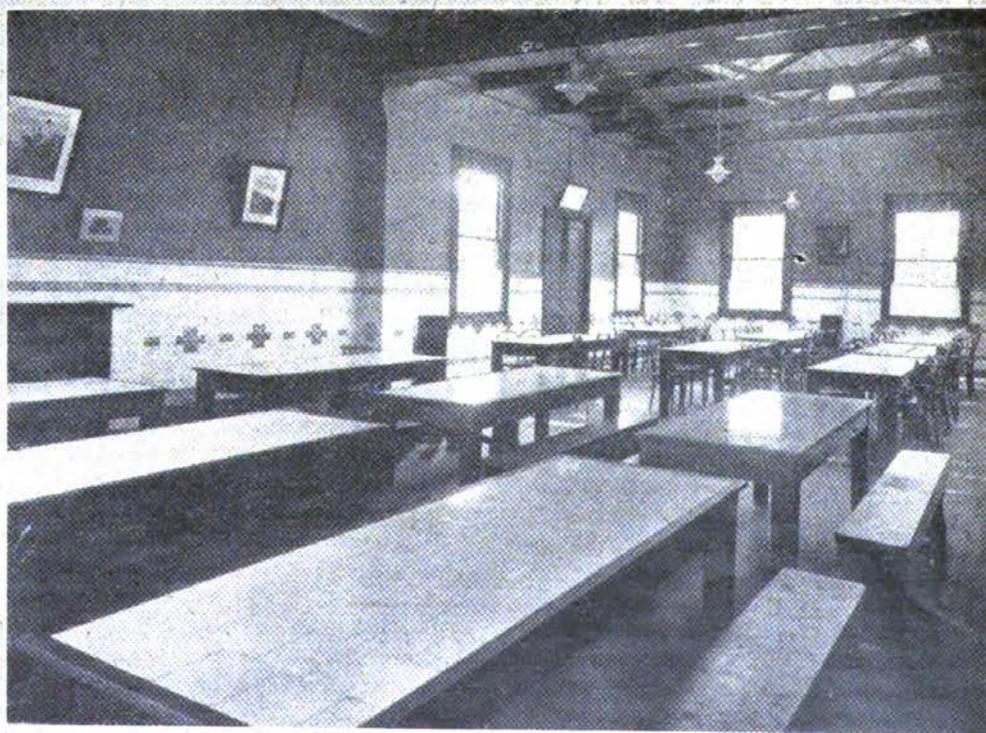
3. Every effort is made to keep the houses clean, bright, well-furnished, and comfortable. They are cheerful and welcoming, and their higher standard of comfort and cleanliness compels a correspondingly respectful behaviour on the part of those who use them. The condition of most of the houses when taken over by the Trust, and the amount of work necessary to adapt them to Trust requirements, is the strongest possible indication of the need for the movement. Nearly all are indescribably dirty, many have been previously used as immoral houses, most of them require extensive structural alterations to provide good dining-rooms with direct access otherwise than through the bar.

The photographs which accompany this article illustrate some typical Trust features. They include the kitchen, dining-room, and food dispense bar of a large working men's Canteen in the East-End of London, and a bedroom, dining-room, and tea garden of a first-class country hotel. These represent the two extreme ends of the range; between them are to be found all over the country, under Trust management, canteens, inns, hotels, and public houses of all sizes, in large cities, in country villages, in mean streets, and crowded thoroughfares, on the main motoring highways, and in quiet, secluded districts.

The principles which govern their management are best studied in the houses themselves, and those who wish to know more of this movement are advised to visit them. A list of the Company's houses and full particulars of its aims and methods can be obtained by



FOOD DISPENSE BAR AT LIGHTSHIP INN, BECKTON.
Controlled by Home Counties Trust, Ltd.



ONE OF THE LARGE DINING-ROOMS AT LIGHTSHIP INN, BECKTON.
Controlled by Home Counties P.H. Trust, Ltd.

writing to the Secretary, Home Counties Public House Trust Company, Radlett, Herts.

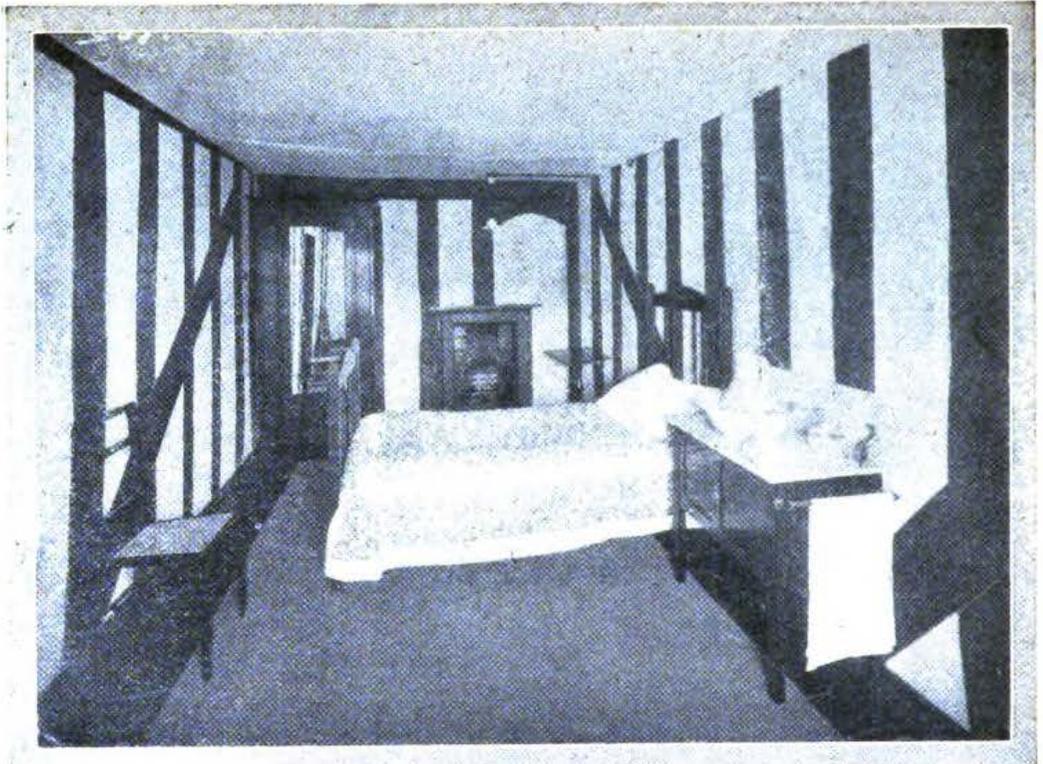
The policy is eminently practical, the machinery by which it works may be seen and studied by anyone interested. But it must always be remembered that the success or failure in practice of the Public House Trust principles depends ultimately upon a human agency. The Manager and his wife are the pivot of the whole system. A house may be furnished, repapered, and painted, from top to bottom, but it cannot be *kept* clean unless the Manager sees to it. Whatever may be the ideals of the Directors, the tone and influence of each house is determined by the character of the Manager.

Those who propound the theory and establish the principles are only laying the foundations, to build thereon success in practice is the work of others; but it says much for the soundness of the principles that they have attracted a very good class of person as Managers. The success which we claim is due to this fact. They have a very hard life, with heavy responsibilities—beset by temptations and surrounded with many pitfalls. The technicalities of their trade, the intricacies of the licensing laws, the difficulties of housekeeping, have all to be mastered, the idiosyncrasies of customers have to be studied, and, above all, abundant cheerfulness and good nature are required. To live up to such a standard is difficult enough, and the Company has every reason to be grateful to the men and women by whom it is served, especially in the difficult circumstances created by the war.

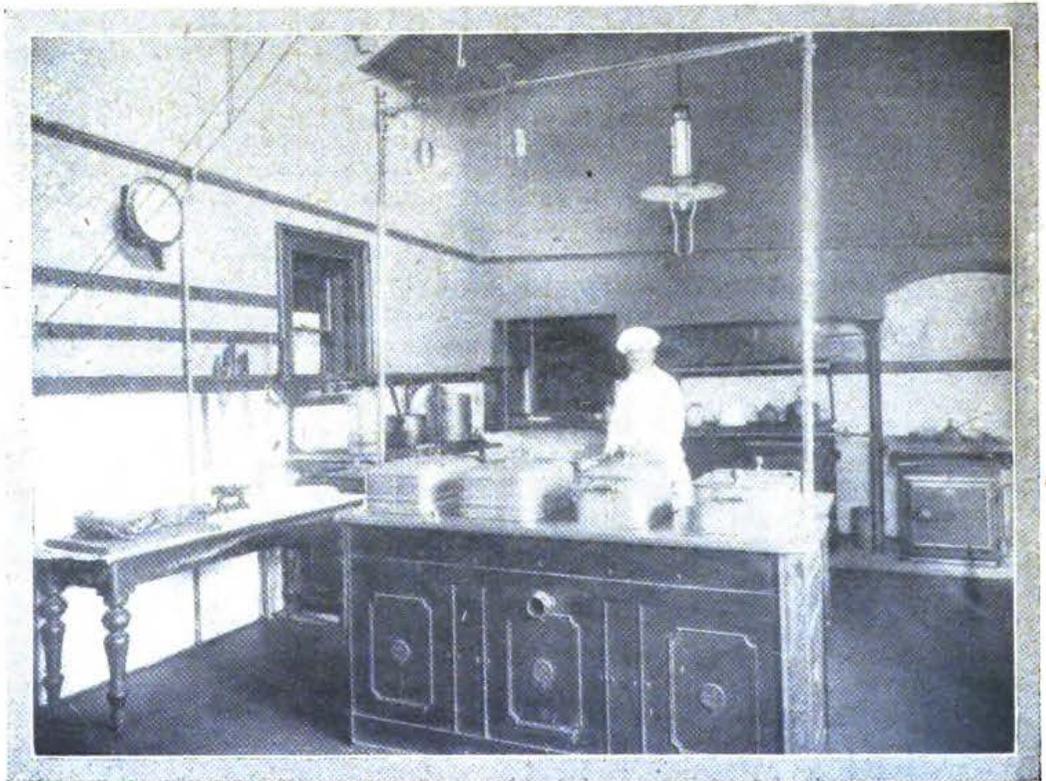
Something should, perhaps, be said of the relation between the advocates of Trust management and that section of the Temperance Party which aims at total prohibition. Though both travel for a certain distance along the same road, and

are united in the advocacy of certain measures, such as a reduction in the number of public houses and a restriction of the hours of sale, there is really a fundamental difference in aim between the two. The prohibitionists regard the public house as inherently and unalterably evil. They would close every one, if they might, and, failing this, they wish to discredit them to such an extent that no self-respecting individual would enter them. The more dingy and dirty, the more garish and offensive their appearance, the more immoral and degrading their atmosphere, the better they are pleased, because the nearer do they then approach to their own conception of such places, and the easier is it to induce others to share their opinions. They therefore view with the utmost repugnance the efforts of the Trust to re-establish the credit and good name of the public houses which they spend their lives in denouncing. The advocates of Trust management, on the other hand, regard public drinking as far less dangerous than secret drinking, and since they cannot compel people to drink in public, desire by every possible means to induce them to do so. They see that men and women can meet in cafés and restaurants, that they can there enjoy good company and wholesome refreshment, that they can drink wine and spirits with their meals without indulging to excess, and they aim at making every inn and public house as innocuous as the Carlton Restaurant or the refreshment-room of a railway terminus. The one party aims at dragooning a whole nation into compulsory abstinence, the other at providing all classes, according to their needs, with wholesome, well-conducted, public establishments, where social recreation and good refreshment can be obtained under conditions which make for decent behaviour and good fellowship.

LYTTON



24 TYPICAL BEDROOM, SHOWING 15TH-CENTURY WOODWORK, AT RED LION HOTEL, COLCHESTER.
Controlled by Home Counties Trust, Ltd.



PART OF THE MODEL GAS KITCHEN AT LIGHTSHIP CANTEEN, BECKTON,
Belonging to the Gas Light and Coke Co. Controlled by Home Counties Trust, Ltd.
300,000 meals for workers are supplied here annually at cheap rates.

Keshub Chunder Sen

Asia's Message to Europe

By HARENDRANATH MAITRA

[The claim of Asia to be the Spiritual Mother of the world is apt to startle the thoughtless and it is helpful to hear from one who speaks to Europe from the standpoint of Asia. While it is true that there is a wide tolerance amongst the more instructed, it must not be forgotten that amongst the ignorant bigotry is manifested in East and in West alike.]

THE mantle of Maharshi Debendranath Tagore fell upon Keshub Chunder Sen, who called the Maharshi his spiritual father; they used to spend days and nights in religious conversation. The Maharshi was more than double the age of Keshub, but the two souls drank nectar from the same sacred river of Heaven.

"It is only midnight, why should you go so early, Keshub?"

"Yes, Father, let us talk more on the subject," would Keshub reply.

The distinguishing mark of all truly great men is their universality; they are immensely national, immensely spiritual, immensely universal. Such was Keshub Chunder Sen. From the deep spiritual love between him and the Maharshi must needs flow forth a great wave of spirituality.

The India of the nineteenth century contributed a special note to the music of the world. The sound was far reaching. It was a note of unity. It echoed in the uttermost retreat of the Himalayas and touched Ceylon, it vibrated through many a country and came to England. It was a summons to harmonise all discords. When India heard it many movements were originated; old traditions were revived; there was a ferment of social and political ideals; the hidden spiritual life of the people once more awakened to give good tidings of great joy to the world

of man. The movement originated in Bengal, but it spread immediately to the whole of India. Springing from the soil of India, it was imbued with all the spiritual idealism of India's universal aspiration.

The genius of India is to see the Universe in the atom and to realise the atom in the Universe. Hence it is catholic. Call the religion of India by any name, it has the spirit of catholicity in it. Very deep indeed is the heart of our religious system. It has left a unique legacy in the minds of the children of the land.

The religion of the Hindu is specially known by the name of Hinduism, but it is not a credal religion. It is a note of spiritual culture; and because of this strong note all the faiths and cults that have sprung up from it from time to time have a great ideal of progress.

The different faiths and cults that arose in India have represented different aspects of the religious life of man, but have merged into one Harmony.

In the early ages of the progress of our civilization, when the minds of the people were getting divorced from the central Path, it was Shri Krishna who came and sounded the note of Unity. The doctrines of the Vedas, the Upanishads and Puranas were working in holy minds, and different sects were advocating one or another Scripture and neglecting the others. Thus those who were following the Vedas, which had pronounced Karma, or Action,

to be the most important ideal in human affairs, were neglecting the path of Jnana, or Knowledge, and those who were following the Upanishads and the path of Jnana were neglecting the spirit of Action, of the Vedas, and the Bhakti, or Love-Devotion, of the Puranas. Shri Krishna came to unite all these systems, through the deepest spirit of Bhakti. His Teachings, which aroused the consciousness of the Hindu people by the ideal of Love which he gave to the world through the various phases of his life, have given a glorious place to Shri Krishna's name.

The *Bhagavad-Gita*, which is being translated into all the languages of the world, is becoming the valued possession of the human race. In a real sense, Shri Krishna was the first Minister of the Gospel of Humanity. In Him religion became the personal note in the life of man. What was abstract idea and theory before became a reality in His life nearly five thousand years ago. Since His day, various Incarnations have come with their special notes to awaken the slumbering nations of the world. Religion, in those days, did not take a name, so, when Shri Krishna spoke in His immortal song, the *Gita*, He enunciated the general principles of Harmony, and left His own life as the demonstration of these principles. After His time, there arose, not only in India, but in other parts of the world, and more especially in the heart of the East, various great men, representing various aspects of life. In India, the Buddha came, then the great Shankara with his Universal Monism; then different Vaishnava Teachers with their ideal of devotion which implied Duality.

Many different Teachers came; in the Panjab, the great Guru Nanak; in the Bombay Presidency, Tukaram; in the North-West, Kavir; in Southern India, Ramanuja and others; while in Bengal was born that Incarnation of Love, Chaitanya. Then also was implanted a wondrous seed for humanity in the life of Jesus. In the heart of Jerusalem bloomed a tree that shelters many. For, verily, Jesus is the "Prince of Sannyasis," whose light spread all over the West.

His gospel gave a mighty shaking to the slumbering nations of the world, among whom sprang up great disciples to carry forward the Cross. The devotion of the early Christian Fathers deepened the lesson to the Western world. Later, Roman Catholicism did yeoman service towards the spiritualising of the race. The advent of Martin Luther brought a great stir in the dry bones of formality. In the scientific world, men like Faraday, Darwin and Newton, in America the special voice of Emerson, have largely widened the outlook for human possibilities. All these teachings found an outlet through the help of modern science. Steam and electricity helped in the wide exchange of these ideas. The Printing Press was re-invented, and another most important event happened in the history of the world, England made her advent into India. This advent, however considered, has brought about a union between the East and the West in a more material way than ever steam or electricity alone could have accomplished.

India, from the beginning of the civilization of mankind, has been kept intact as the source of spiritual evolution. We do not mean to say that no other part of the world has had any share in shaping the world-evolution of religious thought, but India has ever supplied, and is still supplying, the spiritual current. India is, as it were, the background, the home, of all spiritual culture. The time had come for a world-language to spread this spiritual treasure hidden through the centuries in cave and hill, in stream and plain. The advent of England into India was, therefore, a most significant event in history. Keshub Chunder Sen saw in their union the possibilities of a World-evolution of religion.

The election of certain men for a special purpose is by a divine call. What is the inscrutable reason for this election? Who can fathom it? We only know that the fall of a sparrow, the growth of a blade of grass, or the birth of a child, all were foreshadowed millions of ages before. We must breathe; that is why the atmosphere exists. We must quench our thirst; that

is why there are all these streams on the breast of Mother Earth. We must have heat ; that is why there is sun and fire. All were created ages ago before the birth of our need. The whole possibility of creation was in Him, and His creation is going on from eternity to eternity. The Gospel of the world-evolution of religion came from India. India was the land elected for that purpose. There is no other land which so vibrates to the note of Unity. Nearly five thousand years ago it was Shri Krishna who gave this Gospel to Arjuna on the battlefield of Kurukshetra, and, in the nineteenth century, the same note of Union, though in a different key, was sounded from India by Keshub Chunder.

The land of the Hindus is a broad and catholic land ; hence, in the past as in the present, great Teachers have been born there who have sought the same Unity suited to the time and the hour. It is a fact, and we can by no means deny it, that there have been quarrels between the different religions, quarrels which are going on even to-day, and will go on until we are convinced of the eternal truth that the source of all religion is the Fountain of Love. Different cults and faiths have arisen in India, sometimes apparently opposed to each other, but having a central Unity in the teachings of Krishna in the *Gita* ; and the spirit of toleration in India has been more pronounced than anywhere else in the world. India alone has never persecuted any religion. If there is any land which has welcomed every belief in the world, it is the land of the Hindus. Muhammadanism came with fire and sword and desecrated many a Hindu Temple. "Sweet children of the Prophet of Arabia, come and rest awhile by the side of your brother Hindu. Ye have destroyed my temple, but, pardon me, I must return thee a piece of land for your Musjid." Thus said the Hindu. To the Christians they said, "Come and build a church at the very place where thou hast said evil of my Devas. Ye are children, O Christian brothers and sisters ; not as yet have ye grasped the mystery of the science and

philosophy of images. No matter ; everywhere exists God. The name of the Hindu's God is not one or two, but three hundred millions : yea, more." "Infinite is Thy Name" thus the Hindu sang from his caves in the mighty Himalayas, from the Forest of Vrinda, from the jungles of Aryavata.

Keshub Chunder saw the vision of Unity not only in the cults and faiths of his own country, but in all the cults and religions of the world ; he saw unity between Science and Religion, between Past and Present. The whole evolution of the life of Keshub Chunder shows the wonderful growth of this idea. In his early life it came like a seed which later grew into a great tree and has given shelter to many. Where is the solution of our quarrels ? Not certainly in rejection, but in assimilation. If we accept the Buddha and reject Zoroaster, or accept Jesus and reject Krishna the quarrel goes on all the time. There is no end to these sectarian differences. But if we take the Buddha, if we take Zoroaster, if we take Jesus, if we take Krishna, then the quarrel ceases for ever. As there are different paths of progress, such as Karma, or Service, Jnana, or Knowledge, Bhakti, or Love-Devotion, so there are different Teachers who came into this world to show different ideals. These great Teachers are beacon-lights in the Path of Eternity. Unless we take the Harmony of all these Ideals and the Harmony of all these lives, we shall never be able to bind ourselves to eternal Brotherhood with mankind.

But is it only religious teachers that must be harmonised ? No, there must be harmony also between philosophy and philosophy, between science and science, between truth and truth. This was Keshub Chunder's ideal. He chanted at the Temple of the Universe the mantram of Harmony. Truth is the legacy of the world at large. All science is the offspring of One Truth. He said, "Shall I accept the homage and sacrifice of the Hindu Rishis alone ? Can I discard Jesus and the mystical meaning of his sacraments ? Shall I take the Gospel of the Buddha and say adieu to Muhammad ? No, I cannot.

Shall I bow only to the Hindu Rishis and say, 'Nay,' to Moses and the Prophets on the banks of the Euphrates? No, I cannot do that. Shall I take only the religious and not the scientific? No, it is the Dispensation of Harmony between religion and science." So he went to Moses and the Hindu Rishis, Muhammad and Buddha, Jesus and Chaitanya. But he also went to Faraday and Newton, to Carlyle and the "Rishi Emerson." They were not to Keshub intellectually known only. They all lived in his life. They all lived in his ideals. In his heart of hearts he saw the streams of the Jumna and the Jordan harmonised; in his soul of souls he saw Krishna and Christ. His message was once and for ever to uproot the seed of quarrel. That will never be realised simply by saying, "Yes, you are all Buddhists; very good; but, you see, my Christ was the greatest Incarnation the world has ever seen; so unless you take my Christ you have no salvation." This world-quarrel will only be resolved through the consciousness of the Unity of all religion.

When the West came into the lap of the East, Keshub saw in that union the possibilities of a World-Peace. When he came to England, he saw in the august personage of Queen Victoria the personification of a great symbol of Unity. He addressed the Queen as "The Mother." In the symbolic union of India and England, of Europe and Asia, he saw the beginning of a world-embrace, a world-union, a great fusion of ideals.

Asia has, indeed, a great message to give to the world at large. She is the custodian of a great store-house. She is the custodian of spirituality. And spirituality is the Mother-ideal of all other ideals. Asia has nursed her children with this idealism. Keshub Chunder was a spiritual genius of the nineteenth century. As a true son, he stood at the feet of the mighty Himalayas, on the bank of the sacred Bhagirathi to vindicate the cause of his mother-Asia. "Europe must understand Asia." That was the keynote of his last lecture, "Asia's Message to Europe."

Before the formidable artillery of Europe's aggressive civilization, the scriptures and pro-

phets, the language and literature of the East' nay, her customs and manners, her social and domestic institutions, and her very industries have undergone a cruel slaughter.

"Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Thus asked the hypocritical Pharisees of Judæa about the oriental Christ. And so strong was the prejudice, that even the guileless Nathaniel echoed it until he came himself in contact with Jesus, and, through the purity of his own heart, at once recognised the Divinity of the Master. So, Pharisees of the West have defamed and decried the East, seeing all that in their narrowness and prejudice they did not understand, through the uncleanness of their own minds; till even the pure-minded, but ignorant, felt that verily it must indeed be the mission of Europe to "civilize" and "Christianise" Asia. Asia, from whence all civilizations, all religions have sprung. Asia, whence Jesus himself came. Jesus the Christ, whom the West has never understood, because it has never understood the East.

Keshub Chunder was thankful for all the good that Europe has rendered Asia. But, Europe, he said, was holding in one hand life and in the other death. He saw clearly that European civilization was exterminating the very nationality of the East.

"Therefore, will I vindicate Asia," said Keshub. Asia appealed to him as the place which has given birth to prophets and saints. He considered the land of the East as the place of pilgrimage for the rest of mankind.

Is not Asia the birthplace of great prophets and saints? Is it not pre-eminently a holy place of pilgrimage to the rest of the world? Yes, upon Asia's soil have flourished and prospered those at whose feet the world lies prostrate.

To him, the dust of Asia was far more precious than gold or silver. The East was to him a Holy Land. In this one place you can count all the leading prophets and all the greatest religious geniuses of the world. No prophet, he said emphatically, was born outside the boundaries of Asia. Jews, Christians, Muhammadans, Hindus, Buddhists and Parsis all recognise in Asia their common home. Asia has never been exclusive. She has nursed and cradled all

the religious systems of the world, all the great churches of the East and West.

How versatile her genius, how diverse her gifts, how comprehensive her character ! How large the breast that gave milk to so many and such widely divergent creeds and churches ! Mother of Christianity and Hinduism, the world magnifies thee, and honours thy matchless catholicity ! Thou hast nursed Jesus and Buddha and Zoroaster.

All the principal religions of the world are like brothers that have journeyed far away from the same common home. Each is singular, yet in the whole group you trace a family likeness, a fraternal resemblance.

To him all the prophets were fellow-Asiatics and hence brothers in a special sense. He felt a great thrill of joy and pride that all the Masters and Teachers belonged to his nationality.

How capacious is Asia's heart, how versatile her intellect, how comprehensive and many-sided her soul ! How from one heart grew such great and glorious geniuses as Jesus and Buddha, Zoroaster and Confucius . . . ? How in the same land flourished pantheism, polytheism and monotheism ; communism, asceticism, nationalism, ritualism, quietism and the most transcendental spiritualism ; how on the same soil grew such divergent creeds as Hinduism, Buddhism, Judaism and Christianity, Mahomedanism and Zoroastrianism, Confucianism and Sikhism, must remain an abiding marvel in all ages.

"All, all the great religions are mine," saith Asia, "and their founders are all my children. Lo ! on my lap are seated the Prophet of Nazareth and the Prophet of Nadea." "The mountain on which Moses saw Jehovah in the burning bush and received the Decalogue is mine," saith Asia, "mine is the mountain on which Christ Jesus preached His famous sermon, mine, also, are the Himalayas on which Aryan devotees lost themselves in contemplation, mine, likewise, is the memorable Bo-tree under whose shade the great Buddha attained final beatitude." "Sinai is mine," saith Asia, "and the Jordan is mine, and the sacred Ganga is mine. The Vedas and the Bible are mine, the Cross and the Crescent are mine !"

Standing upon this universal and holy ground of Asia, Keshub proclaimed his Message to Europe. "Europe, I charge thee to be unsectarian." Sectarianism has been the very breath of all European religion. The religious gospel of the West has tried to shut out everything of the East by trying to accept Christ as the only saving messenger of the world. The evils of sectarianism are immense :

It lacerates most remorselessly the sweet ties of brotherhood and of sisterhood. It is the demon of sectarianism that estranges individuals and nations, splits God's family, and, in the name of God, sows broadcast the seeds of enmity and of war. It annihilates love, and crushes every holy interest which draws men together.

Sectarianism cannot be the index in the life of a scientific people. Europe says that she is scientific ; then why should there remain this idea of divisions between truth and truth ? Sectarianism is contrary to the nature of science.

Thou art pledged to Science, and therefore to unsectarian truth in all branches of knowledge, physical and spiritual. Both in the world of matter and in the world of mind thou art bound to vindicate the *one* against the *many*, unity against multiplicity. Proclaim, then, O Europe, the scientific unity of religion. Asia demands this of her sister, Europe. Asia has given to the world this spirit of unity in diversity. She has instinctively learned this great truth. It is by intuition that India has learned all this Europe will learn the same reflectively.

Thus, through this path of knowledge Europe will understand Asia. It is unity in variety that is the great truth for both.

Great is Europe, let her flourish. Great, too, is Asia, let her prosper. We want not then annihilation but unification.

All sects must exist, but without the instinct of sectarianism.

The unity I contend for is the unity of music. For in music, though there are hundreds of diverse notes producing various sounds, yet there is sweet harmony among them. . . . Each instrument has its own individuality, its own specific character ; each voice retains its peculiar tone and is determined not to yield ; yet, out of the union of many voices and diverse instruments comes forth sweet and delicious music.

He did not want any single instrument to supplant and supersede the rest ; he did not wish that any one voice should be heard and all others be either annihilated or hushed in silence. True music is the harmonious rhythm of all the individual notes.

If then instruments and voices differ and yet agree, why should not churches and creeds, sects and denominations do likewise ? All the different churches are like the members that constitute a family.

There are men and there are women ; there are young men and old men ; there are parents and children ; there are brothers and sisters ;

there are masters and there are servants. And yet, in spite of these many relationships and their diversified tastes, inclinations and interests, what harmony prevails in "Home, Sweet Home."

The family can exist because all the members can forget and forgive each other's faults and weaknesses, and in this forgiving and forgetting they make the atmosphere of a delightful home the centre and the charm of many. We really cannot destroy each other. It is impossible in the nature of things. So long as each nation has a particular message to give, it cannot sink. We may try, but there is a higher law than the law of this earth.

Can England demolish Germany? Will Germany kill France? Is it possible that Russia will slay Turkey and obliterate it from the map of Europe? Such things may be desired and even longed for, but they are not possible in the economy of Providence so long as each nation has a particular mission to fulfil.

No church must be demolished, no sect must be annihilated.

The Kingdom of Heaven is not one sect to the exclusion of others, it is not Jew or Gentile, but Jew and Gentile, Asiatic and European, Eastern and Western, old and new. . . . Humbly does Asia exhort you to build up such a Kingdom, the Universal Church of Love and Peace. What is true and grand in the East, the West is bound to accept,

said Keshub, in loving challenge.

The marvellous and almost incredible ease with which Asiatic seers have always communed with the Eternal spirit, gives the lie to the dictum of Western science that God is unknowable. . . . While Europe says God is unknowable, Asia proclaims distinctly and emphatically a Knowable God.

Nay, Asia goes further, and says, "I see God." . . . Let Europe accept this truth. . . . Here we are, let the whole world call us idiots and dreamers, and our dear God a honeyed fiction, we will not move an inch. . . . When I say I have seen my God, I have heard my God, I say so as an Asiatic boasts that he has seen the invisible spirit. It brings him no credit whatever. But not to see his God is to him shame, humiliation and death. It is un-Asiatic not to know God. . . . Vivid God-vision is not a luxury which the Hindu enjoys but once a year. No, it is the daily devotion of every humble believer.

It was the deepest experience and conviction of Keshub that God was to him a living God, a God who had spoken to him in each and every breath of his heart and soul. "God is something more than real. He is an eternal 'I am.'" The Bible was to Keshub not a dead book.

I am with Moses near the burning bush; I am with Jesus and His disciples listening to His Sermon on the Mount. Such is the Asiatic's study of the Bible. We have no theology but religion. The Bible as the book of the past has no existence for us. Do you not know that we Asiatics never read books but converse with them, and that we never study Nature but commune with her? In the East, all is full of life, all is full of God. "Behold," says Asia, "all my hills and mountains, all my rills and rivers, all my seas and oceans are effulgent with the light of heaven. Blessed are the trees that grow on my soil for they are divine; even the humble blade of grass in the East is holy, for the Great God comes down to dwell in it." Learned Europe, study Nature. We shall commune with Nature. Europe, study botany like a scholar; we shall live as devotees in the Garden of Eden. Europe, rise on the wings of science and study the stars in the firmament alone. We shall study them within our hearts.

Europe has studied science as a special student, but it must add to its knowledge the vision of Asia.

Add to these the faith and intuition and spirituality of Asia. . . . Asia honours thy science; do thou honour, O Europe, Asia's spirituality and communion. The Western world must be saved from the horrors of agnosticism; because this has ruined Europe, by removing the holy God from all objects in creation.

What a devoted child of Nature was Keshub! Everything in Nature was linked to God, even the dust of the earth was the child of God.

Who will touch this cheerless rose of the West, on which atheism has laid its accursed hand? Not I. As an Asiatic I must turn away from the infidel rose which has no Divinity in it, and is fair only to Godless eyes!

His rose that blooms in the Garden of Eden, on the bank of the Ganges and the Jumna, and in the retreats of the Himalayas, whispers of God's love.

Believe me the love we give to our flowers is not merely the poet's love, but the devotee's love. Both flowers and mountains quicken religious impulses to an Asiatic. Who on earth is so adoringly fond of flowers as the Asiatic? . . . The sacred Himalayas still reflect the

glory of God as they did before. They still speak the Veda and the Vedanta to India's devotee in spite of the sectarianism and infidelity of the age.

As a true child of Asia intensely vivified with the idea of the presence of God in every atom of the Universe, he cried :

When will Europe, O God, see Thee in all her hills and mountains, her rivers and seas, in all her trees and flowers ?

In the union of England and India he saw a far deeper meaning than many think. He saw the spiritual fusion. And so every evening party and friendly meeting, where Asiatics and Europeans united in social fellowship, was to him a religious gathering destined to further the purpose of God. Everything, so it seemed to him, was hastening the day of reconciliation.

After war comes peace ; after centuries of separation comes sweet reconciliation.

Keshub was intensely national, but at the same time he was intensely universal. He believed in his own country, he believed in his mighty Himalayas, he believed in the rivers of his own land, he believed in his own race, but he also believed that the Falls of Niagara were his own, the great Danube was his, Mount Sinai was his, and England was his Father's Western Home. His charity extended to the people of all the religions equally, and this was his love injunction to the new Brotherhood which he had formed : —

The wide Universe is the Temple of God ;
Wisdom is the pure land of pilgrimage ;
Truth the everlasting Scripture ;
Truth is the root of all religion ;
Love the true spiritual culture ;
The destruction of selfishness the true
asceticism.

HARENDRANATH MAITRA

*Struggle we must, and strive,
Sorrow, and suffer pain :
Die ever that we may live :
Lose often that we may gain.*

*Say ye not unto the soul,
" Rest, soul ! it is over." Lo !
Beyond us is ever the goal,
And for ever before us the foe !*

*The strife that on earth is begun,
Not on earth is it ended, sure,
The cause is eternal, one
With the Godhead : wherefore endure.*

*By the evil here and there
Try we, and test we, the good :
And O what if the evil were
Good, only misunderstood ?*

*For, knowing not what is below,
We know not what is above,
But that all is well we know,
Knowing that all is love.*

EARL OF LYTTON (Owen Meredith)

National Institute of Mothercraft

[The Duchess of Marlborough is the President of the proposed Institute, and this article has been approved by her as an expression of her views.]

MANY people, we hope, are asking "What is the National Institute of Mothercraft? Where is it? What is it going to do?" This article proposes to try and answer these questions as shortly as possible, and to enlist sympathy and interest for the future.

Where and what then is the National Institute of Mothercraft? To this question we must at present answer that it is as yet only a proposal, though a perfectly definite one. Its work, when it comes into existence, is well defined and immeasurably wide—but the site for the building is not yet chosen, and the preliminary organisation is still incomplete. Probably the building will not be begun till after the war, or it may be possible to find an existing building which can be adapted for the purposes of the Institute. For its construction, or its alteration and equipment, funds are necessary, but just now it is even more important to arouse interest and sympathy among the public generally—an interest not merely speculative and critical, but practical and personal.

It is proposed to build in London a central Institute of Mothercraft, comprising the following departments and possibly others:

- An ante-natal clinic.
- An infants' consultation centre.
- A school for mothers.
- A day nursery.
- An observation ward.
- A library and museum.
- A research laboratory.
- A training school for students.

Each of these branches would serve as an example, as nearly perfect as possible, of the Institution it represented.

Is the work of such a National Institute necessary? One has only to study

statistics concerned with infant mortality to see that it is. When we read that last year twelve babies under the age of twelve months died every hour in the British Isles alone—and that their deaths were largely due to preventable causes—we must realise that the organisation of Mothercraft in this country is at present inadequate.

In all our large cities, and in many smaller towns, infant Welfare Centres, Day Nurseries, and so forth, are already established—yet in spite of much good work that is already being done, we are faced by a most terrible waste of infant life. The central Institute is designed to co-ordinate this scattered effort, not to interfere with good work already in progress—to make researches whose results will be useful to all, to give advice and to send out teachers.

The psychological, as well as the practical value of making Mothercraft a subject of national importance, and of constructing a great Institute in the centre of the Empire, to represent it—would be incalculable, both to individual mothers, and to society as a whole.

Lastly, the objection may be raised, "Why begin a great new venture at a time when every man and woman worthy the name is already more busy than he or she has ever been before?" We can only say that the list of infant deaths in the British Isles last year was a good deal longer than the list of casualties among our troops from all parts of the Empire—and in the face of such a fact as this, there can be no time to lose. The cause of justice and humanity, which demands that so many thousands of lives must be lost on the field of battle, demands none the less that we should do our utmost to save the lives and strengthen the constitutions of the children who are to take the place of those who fall.

The Mission of Eustace Miles

Symbolic Meaning of Diet and Exercise — Union of East and West—Lessons from the Hindu System—The Way for Democracy
—On the Achievement of All Virtue

THE world is full of rumours of reconstruction. In every class of society a feeling prevails that something is wrong with our social system, and that an alteration is necessary if our civilisation is to endure. In the market place the ears are distracted by the cries of the various discoverers of panaceas for human ills, each one claiming



that his or her particular remedy will effect the cure. Life, however, under modern conditions is so complex that the student feels that the solution of the problem does not rest in the hands of one particular

school. Each are doing their work of criticism or construction, of pulling down and rebuilding. If we are to visualise the coming age we must know something of the labours of every reform school; we must understand the work which is being done, consciously or unconsciously for preparing the world for the coming of the great Teacher.

A representative of the *Herald of the Star* has been commissioned to adventure forth and discover what it is that certain men and women are doing; what is the motive which is impelling them toward a particular service; what is the guiding star of their lives. In pursuit of this knowledge our representative sought out Mr.

Eustace Miles, whom he found in his little "den" at Chandos Street.

Asked as to the nature of his particular work Mr. Eustace Miles replied that it fell under three headings: Food reform, physical culture, and mental training.

"Diet is an important factor in life and our object is to secure a proper balance, said Mr. Miles. It is not a matter of abstinence, but of securing the right, instead of the wrong, elements. Particularly must we obtain a dietary which is suitable to the sedentary life. At least 75 per cent. of our population live in cities, and, although the War has made a difference to a large number of men who are soldiers, most people live in the artificial manner of the town."

We must, therefore, secure the right substitutes for flesh foods, which are in themselves unnecessary.

It is important to the progress of the world that a union of East and West should take place, but this is impossible so long as the West keeps to a carnivorous dietary.

To get the public interested in this question it is necessary that we obtain right bases for food instead of meat.

Secondly, the question of flavour is important. In order to appeal to every man food must be attractive.

Food reform propaganda in the East has been attractive, being mostly couched in the form of parable. In the West the propaganda has been unattractive and it has not interested the people.

"In fact," said Mr. Miles, his eyes twinkling with the remembrance of fights past and gone, "the propaganda has been

a crude, priggish campaign. I am opposed to the use of the word 'vegetarianism.' It simply means to the ordinary man 'vegetables,' which are generally badly cooked and prepared in an unattractive manner. Food reform is a totally different thing, and is based on scientific investigation of the values of the elements which are in all foodstuffs. Food reform is not, however, sufficient in itself for promoting health. It must be accompanied by physical culture. But it must be a physical culture different from the orthodox system, which is nothing more than a muscle-grinding method producing unnecessary strain and stress. It is dull, and bears the same relation to real physical culture as the teaching of Latin at school bears to a real knowledge of the language. I cannot think of a greater condemnation," said Mr. Miles laughingly. "I dislike the orthodox method, producing dull, self-satisfied types."

The foundation of our system is deep and full breathing. This is a *sine quâ non*. Attention is also paid to the position of the body, with a view to correcting the wrong attitudes engendered by the sedentary life.

We aim at producing independent control of both sides of the body and at spontaneous movement. We also lay considerable stress on the Hindu system of muscular relaxation, or non-use of the muscles.

Dietary and physical exercise must be adapted to the needs of each nation, to the need of each group within the nation, and to the need of each individual within the group. We are endeavouring to show forth the symbolism of diet and of exercise. Eating is not simply eating. Food is not only food. Exercise is not merely exercise. Taken together they may be regarded as a means of bringing about something higher and more refined. If you like you may regard them as a coarse medium for conveying ideas which are hard for people to grasp in any other way. Food and exercise have their meaning, which is self-evident to those who understand. What more significant symbol can we have, for instance, than

the deep, full breathing, which is the foundation-stone of a healthy body and a healthy mind?

We also develop mental practices of a simple kind, based largely on self-suggestion. We aim at developing the use of powers which exist in every person. We aim at training the mind to see a thing all round—to get control of the body and so keep its poise.

Individual attention is the keynote of this system, and we do not seek to impose it on any person. We feel that they will come to study it when they feel the necessity.

"I believe," said Mr. Miles, in conclusion, "that when there is common knowledge and common practice of more sensible diet, exercise, and mind training, then we shall be laying the foundations of a true democracy. It is utterly useless to talk about democracy when the masses of the people are so blindly ignorant on what concerns them most. The people who know nothing of the first principles of health cannot be intelligent. Democracy does not consist in giving privileges to the ignorant, but in having people in such a state of health, &c., that the privileges will come to them automatically.

"Our movement is to some extent a protest against the modern vote-catching plan of giving Dick, Tom, and Harry more money, more power, less work, without first or after making them worthy. We feel that if we make Dick, Tom, and Harry better citizens, healthier and more intelligent and more helpful, nothing on earth will be able to keep their privileges from them.

"At the same time we are only dealing with one phrase of life. We do not think that when a man has attained these things he should rest content. He must go on working for the progress of the world.

"The great mistake of most modern reformers is that they emphasise one sole aspect of life, and give the public to understand that nothing else matters." Mr. Miles's eyes again twinkled as he fired off his final sentence: "This is particularly the case with vegetarians, who often imagine that to be a vegetarian is to have achieved all virtue."

The Coming of Woman

By SHAW DESMOND

[No phenomenon in modern social conditions is more remarkable than the quick rise during the decade immediately before the War of the forces of womanhood. So rapid was the growth in capacity and sense of power that for lack of opportunity many valuable qualities ran to seed, or expended themselves in unwise ways. The War is making opportunities of all kinds for her, and woman is taking her place beside man, to their mutual benefit and for the helping of the nation.]

WAR is about to give Woman her supreme chance. In the crash of shell and the stutter of the machine-gun, not only the Europe but the world of the future is being broken and moulded for the new incursion. In the shattering of fortresses, the fastnesses of ideas are also being shattered—men's minds are being opened up to receive the newer thoughts, the newer impulses, which even now are passing over the Continent. Behind the wing-beat of the Angel of Death there is already to be sensed the beat of those other shapes, shining, radiant. The boom of the last gun and the blast of the last trumpet will be the signal for the *conscious* entrance of Woman upon the world-stage to play the part that lies to her hand after the war, to play her part in the Age of Woman.

THE NEW SYNTHESIS

The years before the war were pregnant with the signs of her coming. It was as though the thought-forces which had been piling up in the womb of time through the centuries had in a moment found vent, producing the new birth. In a flash, woman has leaped the centuries, and it is the travail of war which has driven her forward more than aught else, for behind the darker, occult purposes of the war, one purpose at least can be seen—the bringing in of the Woman.

We had seen within the hand-span of fifty years the silent crumble of materialist science and with it the godship of the intellectual (male) principle. We had seen our Bergsons and our Maeterlincks de-

veloping their intuitive, almost feminine, philosophies; the coming of Mme. Curie into the strongholds of physical science; the rise of the female administrator from the Dowager-Empress of China to the woman on the town council. And, above all, in the sphere of religion, a sceptical world has seen the advent of the priestess.

We had seen in this Age of the Breaking down of Barriers between class and country, the breaking down of, the most concrete barrier of all—the barrier of sex. The new synthesis we had seen at work not only in the realm of science but in that of religion, and between science and religion, once myopic opponents.

In a word, everything showed that the age was ripe for the new birth, for the coming of woman to her own as the comrade and helpmeet of man.

The Power Behind has chosen to its hand, now as always, the most ordinary instruments for this new travail of a world. To the historian of the future nothing will seem more curious than that the ushering in of the greatest event in history was made, not by clarion and banner, not from above, but from beneath, from the democracy. That it was the coming of the woman into the factory under the unstoppable urge of war, red war, and the skill of the life-giver in the making of the means to take away life, which was the first sign of her conscious advent.

Already she has clenched her hold upon chance by her splendid seizure of opportunity during the war. Already she has proved her right to the title of Mother-Preserver of the race. It is woman only, the despised of intellect, who has kept her

head clear, her blood cool, in the chaos of war.

One is not speaking here of the Woman Peace movements into which she banded herself both before and after the war; of the Woman's War-on-War League the idea of which seems gradually to be percolating all frontiers and which may come to fruition in the years to follow the Great War; nor even especially of the more orthodox channels of Red Cross work amongst the man-maimed soldiers. But one sees in all the warring countries woman taking her part coolly, audaciously, not amidst the crimson glories of war, but to the soundless clarions of peace. In England it is she who has been called in by the Government to help in the administration of funds like that of the Prince of Wales. In France it is Millerand who in the name of the French Government comes forward to the women of France, calling upon them to take the burden of the Republic upon their willing, patient shoulders, whilst the men are at the front. Across the other frontiers, as in France and England, it is the woman who is mounting the bus-step, manning the railways, supervising the relief works, passing from the kitchen to the fields, where she is the reaper and sower, from the home to the free air.

Everything has fallen before her and made her path possible when the war is ended.

THE WOMAN IN INDUSTRY

It is her coming into industry above all else which marks the new revolution. Before the war the man, sometimes with right, regarded the woman in the factory as an underpaid wage-cutter, as an intruder. Even inside the Trade Unions, some of which banged and bolted the door of organised labour in her face, an atmosphere of jealousy was bred, which spread itself into the home and poisoned the beginnings of sex-comradeship.

Figures talk. In 1914 in Great Britain we had the insignificant minority of 184,000 women engaged in all war industries. To-day there are nearer one million, with a vast army of seven millions

of women at work in industrial life as a whole, or a number nearly equal to the number of male wage-earners in England and Wales in 1881. And we have the testimony of men like Lloyd George and Chiozza Money that in many cases they are doing their work even better than the men whose places they have filled. A member of the Retrenchment Committee has reported that the woman clerk is not only able to do all that her male predecessor did, but that in some engineering jobs the woman is turning out twice as much product as her male forerunner in the same time. This applies also to the other countries.

It is her material work which, in the minds of millions, is her spiritual justification and the justification of the intuitive (woman) principle. It is the paradox eternal that in her very power to manufacture the horrors of war she has, unconsciously, proved her right to administer the works of peace to follow the war.

But how is she to make what one may call "the woman-principle" concretely, intelligently, felt in industry after the war?

Much of this influence, as is natural, will make itself felt intuitively, almost unconsciously, in the earlier years. The fact that to-day she is a bench-mate with man is in itself a tremendous privilege and opportunity. I, at least, believe that after the war we shall no longer see the woman in industry segregated from the male into lower, underpaid work, but working by his side at the work which she is and has been doing so effectively. The feminine-principle will join hands with the male-principle in industrial production, resulting in "the inspiring of the machine." We shall see the sex co-education of the modern school, with the cleansing, inspiring results which have followed it, reproduced in the factory—in a word, we shall find in the factory of the future a new sort of industrial co-education.

RAISING THE LIFE STANDARD

As this entrance of woman into industry indubitably means her organisation into Trade Unions like her helpmate, we

shall no longer find that archaic survival, the male Union, but instead, a mixed, non-sexual Union with the woman freely admitted as an equal, as a fellow-worker. It is here we sense her first practical avenue for making the new influence felt. Inside the Unions, upon their executives, in the mass-meeting as in the shaping of the ends of modern Trades Unionism, the woman will find her chance as she has already begun to do. It will be for her to deepen the spiritual atmosphere in the Trade Union, to point the road to the male worker showing him that the object of labour organisation is literally "to raise the Life Standard," that the securing for the masses of the requisite food, wages, etc., is but a physical means to a spiritual end. In a word it will be for her to be the inspirer of the new sexless Trades Unionism to follow on the heels of war and with it to help the nation to solve the after-the-war labour problems.

The practical grip the woman has got during war upon the administrative affairs of the nations will enable her to take her place assured, confident, upon the Town Councils and the Local Government Boards of the future. We are about to see an enormous extension of the woman-principle into public life—an extension not segregated into suffrage societies (for woman will have the vote after the war), but inside the national non-sex movements.

It is not impossible that we shall see her sitting in the British Parliament before long as we have seen her in Finland and are about to see her in Denmark and New Zealand. There it will be for her to inform the male traditional conservative principle with the inspiration that can only come from religion—not the dogmatic religion of the past but the Synthetic Religion of the future; the religion that finds its inspiration not only in gods but in men; which sees that not only all parts of life are one with the other, but that the man is the God potential.

No longer will the national decisions be governed solely by financial, so-called "practical" motives. The bi-sexual Parliamentarians of the time after the war will not say: "How much can we

make?" so much as "How much can we give?" for woman is always the giver. We shall look to changes in child and woman legislation—we shall pass from the hypertrophy of man-made law to the equipoise of laws made by both men and women.

SCIENCE AND THE INTUITIVE PRINCIPLE

With this invasion of the old male strongholds will follow naturally the invasion of woman into Science. I am convinced that we are about to see the recognition of the intuitive principle in science after the war, that the clearing of the ground by the inroads made into purely materialist science during the past two decades is to find its natural culmination in that intuition which, in a sense, has always been the informing side of science, though unrecognised, for it is only by the reaching out of the spider-bridges of intuition across the time-gulf that even the experimental scientist can progress. (In a sense there has never been any "intellectual" process.)

Intuition has always been the hall-mark of the "inspired" scientist—in chemistry of our Sir William Crookes, in biology of our Alfred Russel Wallaces, in other fields of our Sir Oliver Lodges. It has been the attempt of the woman-scientist of the past to follow the beaten tracks of the intellectualist male rather than trust to her own dower of splendid intuition which, partially at least, has led to so poor an average amongst the woman scientists of the last twenty years. We shall yet find intuition and the intuitional-method recognised in science as it is beginning to be recognised in philosophy, and the intellectual process relegated to its proper place as the bridge from the instinct of the lower animals to the intuition which is the sign manual of the human.

No one can map out the lines along which the woman scientist of the future can make this felt. It will probably come through the confidence in herself and in her woman-understanding which she has acquired during the war to break new paths—to pioneer into new ways.

One is not blind to the vast economic issues raised by the coming of woman into industry and into the National Business. These shapes are already beginning to loom portentous: questions of wages; questions of the return of the men after the war; questions of children. It is enough here to say that woman, having proved her right and her quality to an equal share in the world's work, will also make certain demands from society after the war, which will solve these problems in part at least. I believe that we shall see these demands concentrate broadly upon two issues: one the endowment of motherhood, and the other "equal work equal pay."

The latter, in its recognition of woman as man's work-mate, his equal, is a spiritual principle and is essential to the upkeep of the national Life Standard. The endowment of motherhood is in itself a vast question, but put shortly it means that after the war the woman will demand the recognition by the country of motherhood as in a sense its greatest, its only, business—the bringing of good children into the world. She will demand economic protection from society in one form or another during the dangerous periods of

child-bearing, not by haphazard charity but as her right.

But the essential of all these things is that woman go forward with her life-comrade, man. Purely "sex"-movements are foredoomed to failure. The New Synthesis is at work.

WOMAN AND RELIGION AFTER THE WAR

And it is, above all, in the world of religion—which people are gradually beginning to recognise as the world itself—that the woman after the war will be able to make her appeal. With the force of her war-record behind her, with the brain-cooling which will follow the blood-spilling, in that strangely "religious" atmosphere which during the war has made itself felt in the newspaper as on the battlefield, through every phase of the national life, she will be able to make those subtler appeals in the realms of the spirit, will be able to show man that there are higher prizes than material prizes—that it is more glorious to save life than to destroy it. The message will come from a thousand platforms after the war, will gather strength and resonance, preparing the world for the new advent—the Coming of the Woman.

SHAW DESMOND

*Behold the girth of this tree! It grew from a small filament of a stalk!
This tower of nine storeys has its base upon a small space on the earth.
The journey of a thousand miles began with a single footstep on the ground.*

TAO TEH KING
(Mears' Translation.)

International Bulletin

SO little news reaches us from our German Brothers of the Star that it is good to know that a report has been received from Miss Guttman. After referring to the death of the National Representative, Dr. Hübbe-Schluden, she tells us that a quarterly Star magazine has been started, "sufficient subscribers guaranteeing its continuation so far. We hope that it will prove a great help in making us realise our unity in the great cause of preparation for the coming of the World Teacher." Miss Guttman goes on to say: "We have begun working for the International Conference of the Order of the Star, planned to take place in Holland after the war. And so we go on cheerfully, hopefully, doing our best according to circumstances, with sufficiently encouraging results, and we send a joyful 'Hail, hail,' to all our brothers and sisters all over the world."

From Iceland also we have the report of a new sectional magazine appearing as a Christmas present to the members, through the generosity of the Belgian Consul in Iceland, Mr. Kaaber. The National Representative tells us: "Knowing the national character of the Icelandic people we work quietly and with care, but our Order has got many friends and few enemies, and we have had no resignations."

"Although few of the members read English we hear that the *World Expectant* is much appreciated, and has been introduced to many outside the Order."

We take the following from the *Server*, America's sectional leaflet. The list of books given will be of interest to many:

"Some time ago our Head requested the National Representatives of each country to report a list of books which most authoritatively deal with the particular problems of their country. (See letter from the Head published in the

General Secretary's notes in *Herald* for October, 1913.) In answer to the request, a list of books along the suggested lines has been compiled and is herewith published as an assistance to those of our members who wish to do special reading or study. In selecting these books we have tried to choose those which are most concise and not too technical for the lay-reader (except in the case of some books written by special experts). The numbered topics are quoted from the original letter of our Head. Thanks are due to the literary department of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which made available the advice of Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie and his Secretary, Mrs. Anna Knight, in compiling our report. All books may be ordered from Baker and Taylor Co., Fourth Avenue, New York City, which handles the books of all publishers.

1. The most impartial general history of your country in compact form:
History of the United States, in one volume, by H. W. Elson.
2. An impartial history of your country's religious growth:
Religious Life in America, by Ernest H. Abbott.
3. The history of education in your country:
American Education, by A. S. Draper, or
Our National Ideals in Education (smaller book than above), by E. E. Brown.
4. The most impartial statement as to the political conditions of your country with the leading principles of the great parties in the State, political ideals, etc.:
The New Nationalism, by Theodore Roosevelt.
American Ideals and Other Essays, by Theodore Roosevelt.
American Ideals, Character, and Life, by Hamilton W. Mabie.
5. The condition of the Peace movement in your country:

- The Ways to Lasting Peace.*
(Presidential address delivered at the International Peace Congress held at San Francisco in 1915.)
6. Books on the progress made in science in your country :
Foods and their Adulterations, by H. W. Wiley.
 7. The names of artists and their works which interpret the new spirit dawning in the world :
Mr. Charles Wakefield Cadman.
Stephen C. Foster.
Chadwick's scherzo of his second symphony.
Dvorák's *New World Symphony* (Interpreting American types of music.)
Story of American Art, by Charles H. Caffin.
 8. Your best book on liberty :
Liberty, Union and Democracy, by B. Wendell.
 9. The condition and treatment of the criminal in your country.
Book on prison reform, by Thomas Mott Osborne.
 10. The political condition of women.
Woman's Place in Government Whether She Votes or Not, by W. H. Allen.
The Duty of Being a Woman, by Ida Tarbell.
 11. Writers of especial interest to students of American conditions :
Jane Addams (on social work).
Booker T. Washington.
The Beast, by Judge Lindsey and H. J. O'Higgins."

Constitutional Reform : A Summary

[“ *The Round Table* ” is a co-operative enterprise conducted by people who dwell in all parts of the British Empire, and whose aim is to publish once a quarter a comprehensive review of Imperial politics, entirely free from the bias of local party issues. The affairs of “ *The Round Table* ” in each portion of the Empire are in the hands of local residents, who are responsible for all articles on the politics of their own country. It is hoped that in this way “ *The Round Table* ” will reflect the current opinions of all parts about Imperial problems and at the same time present a survey of them as a whole. Opinions and articles of a party character will be rigidly excluded.—NOTE TO “ THE ROUND TABLE.”]

IN the current number of *The Round Table* there is an article which deals with the necessity for reform in the constitution of the British Empire. The article does not purport to be constructive : it does not dogmatise as to the methods by which reconstruction should take place : its purpose is to insist that reconstruction is not only necessary but inevitable. And this for two reasons : firstly, because the existing machinery is inadequate to the existing demands upon

it; and, secondly, because after the war the demands will be immensely increased. A good constitution is defined as one which will give both stability and flexibility to national life, whereas a bad one may be a continuous cause of unrest and bitterness.

The dangers and defects of our present system are discussed under three heads : I. Inter-Imperial Relations—II. The Parliament Act—III. The Congestion of Parliament.

I. *Inter-Imperial Relations.* — The

faultiness of a system by which the Dominions may find themselves at war without being consulted, and through the action of a government elected by and responsible to the people of the British Isles only, is glaringly obvious. It is necessary, the writer of the article lays down, that the foreign policy of the Empire should be determined by a single authority; but, as that single authority is the Cabinet, Parliament and people of the United Kingdom, two important defects arise. In the first place, the Dominions, if they wish to remain within the Empire, are obliged to act on the instruction of a foreign minister who neither represents nor is responsible to them, and who is far from likely to consider their local conditions. And, in the second place, the Government called Imperial is responsible for the safety of peoples whom it does not represent, and over whom, though it may involve them in a policy of which they disapprove, it has no real authority.

The defects of the present system were not manifested in connection with the Government's action in entering upon the present war, for the simple reason that all parts of the Empire were in agreement with that action; but they cannot fail to become patent in the period which will follow the war. For after the war the determination of the Dominions to be self-governing can be neither shelved nor withstood, and after the war Imperial problems will demand a representative authority. The necessity for change in the relations between the British Government and the countries contained within the Empire is emphasised by the recent demand on the part of India, both for a fuller measure of local self-government and for Imperial representation. The demand cannot be ignored, since it is impossible to ignore the fact that a country containing 315,000,000 inhabitants has just claims to self-government and also to direct expression on fundamental questions of Imperial policy.

The truth is that the Imperial Parliament is Imperial in name only; in fact, it is the Parliament of the British Isles; and while this is so, it can neither possess

the confidence of the overseas peoples nor is it competent to discharge its Imperial functions. The present system can work only so long as the several parts of the Empire are content to leave Imperial and foreign policy in the hands of the British Government, and so long as the British people are content to shoulder the responsibility for the defence of the whole Empire. It is manifest that these two conditions of success are not likely to endure after the war; and if the system is altered, the alterations must be radical. The application of the federal principle to the Imperial constitution seems to be essential. There must be one body which is concerned with the domestic affairs of the United Kingdom and responsible to its people, and another body whose function it is to deal with Imperial affairs and which is responsible to the Empire at large. In other words, the present system of Imperial government would seem to have been based on the paradox that the less can contain the greater, and the test of practical working demonstrates the falseness of any such assumption.

II. *The Parliament Act.*—By this Act the absolute veto of the House of Lords was taken away, and any Act passed in the House of Commons in three consecutive sessions becomes law. The effect of this Act is dangerous to the constitution, and that for two reasons. Firstly, legislation is under the control of a single chamber and in the hands of a temporary party majority which can impose changes not only in the United Kingdom but the whole Empire; the sole check upon its power being that, if its Acts are rejected by the House of Lords, there will be the delay entailed by the passage of three successive sessions before these Acts can become law. Moreover, besides giving autocratic powers to a temporary party majority, the fact that the majority is a party one and a temporary one furnishes an incentive to active and passive resistance, on the ground that the machinery of State has been used to pass legislation of which the community does not approve. Secondly, it diminishes the independence of the elected representatives of the

nation by increasing the control of the Cabinet over the House of Commons. Members are induced to vote for many measures of which they disapprove lest, by withdrawing their support from the Cabinet, the particular measure which is to be carried by means of the Parliament Act be lost. And this risk of losing the measure results also in the postponing of general elections as long as possible.

The Home Rule Bill is cited as an example of the above evils, and of the dissension and opposition aroused by lack of balance in the constitution. That balance must be supplied either by an independent second chamber or by means of direct reference to the people; so that the alternatives are the restoration of the veto to a reformed House of Lords or a referendum to the electorate. Democracy demands the latter, while experience forbids the former, since it has never in any country been found possible so to constitute a second chamber that it should remain at the same time independent and non-autocratic. To the electorate, therefore, must be assigned the duty formerly performed by the second chamber; and the duty can be carried out in one of two ways, referendum being essential in both. To quote verbatim from the article: "The constitution can be written down and it can be provided that the law of the constitution can be altered only with the assent of the electorate ascertained by referendum. Or if the constitution is not written, it can be provided that where the Upper and Lower Houses cannot agree the deadlock shall be resolved by a referendum." A general election, with its numerous and conflicting issues, is useless as a means of deciding a particular point.

The writing down of the constitution probably implies federation, for in no other case is that writing down likely to be undertaken. The second method suggested implies reform of the second chamber, but a reform not difficult, since the responsibility of the absolute veto would be transferred to the electorate, and the function of the second chamber would therefore be merely that of independent

review and not of final political authority.

III. *The Congestion of Parliament.* This is perhaps the most urgent reason for constitutional reform. The present machinery is entirely incapable of coping with the vast business with which Parliament is supposed to deal. Vital subjects are shelved, useful Bills are lost in large numbers, vast sums for public expenditure are voted without discussion, and the private Member is reduced to a machine for speaking and voting for his party.

Party spirit and the methods of Parliamentary warfare may be factors in the congestion of Parliamentary business; but they cannot be entirely eliminated, especially when reforms are in progress; nor are they the principal factors. Lack of time and a machinery entirely incommensurate to the tasks to be accomplished, these are what render the accomplishment of the tasks impossible. The time at the disposal of Parliament cannot be augmented, especially considering that Ministers, even as things are, cannot attend properly to their departmental duties and the preparation of legislation; nor can it be effectively economised by any of the forms of closure. As for the machinery, its hopeless inadequacy becomes immediately apparent when we realise that America with a population of one hundred millions has for the transaction of its business a Congress and forty-eight State legislatures; that Canada with a population of between seven and eight millions has a Federal Parliament and nine Provincial legislatures; that Australia with its five millions has a Federal Parliament and six State Parliaments; that Germany with its sixty-six millions has an Imperial Government, six State Governments, and a number of lesser authorities: whereas we, to deal with the governing of the forty-five millions of the British Isles, with the foreign policy of the whole Empire, and the government of India, Egypt, and the Crown Colonies, have only the British Imperial Parliament. It is not to be wondered at that Ministers and Members should be overworked, that they should give their atten-

tion only to matters which are forced upon it, that they should neglect and misunderstand the interests of India and the Dominions, and that legislation should be scamped and both hurried and delayed.

Besides the congestion itself, there is the effect of the congestion on Parliamentary life and on the working of the electoral system. For one thing, the efficiency of the Cabinet is impaired, for, owing to the variety of subjects with which it has to deal, it becomes too large in size; and while each Minister finds his work delayed, because the Cabinet has not time to deal with the questions he wishes to put before it, each Minister, when the questions do come into consideration, practically decides what is to be done, since no member of the Cabinet has time to acquire understanding of the work of Departments other than his own, and the Cabinet, as a whole, cannot oppose the specialised knowledge of a particular Minister.

Then, in Parliament, the individual Member is bound by the official view. Should he attempt to exercise any independence by voting against a measure of which he disapproves, he imperils the rest of the reforms of which he approves and for which he has worked. Yet, when a single party majority is dealing with foreign and domestic affairs, with India, Ireland, the Crown Colonies, and the British constitution, it is almost impossible that every Member of the Party can agree with the Cabinet in every decision it makes. So that the private Member has practically to choose between a slavish adherence to his Party or the risk of putting the Opposition into power. Thus the multiplicity of function, while, on the one hand, overloading the Cabinet and impairing its efficiency, on the other hand gives it almost autocratic power over the House of Commons.

And this same multiplicity of function stands in the way of the control of public policy by the electorate. The variety of subjects on which at a general election an elector has to express an opinion by means of a single vote, renders the vote futile save as a vehicle of Party policy.

Many electors might wish to vote with one Party on certain issues and with the opposing Party on other issues; but this is impossible; they must accept the full Party programme or none of it.

For the many evils caused by the congestion of business and the over-concentration of functions in one Parliament, there is only one cure—the application of the principle of federation, the division of the functions of government between different sets of Cabinets and legislatures, so that each would have the time to master and transact the business entrusted to it, and that the Member of Parliament and the elector would both be able to vote separately on the various provinces of government.

The necessity of reform is urgent, and federation is the only method of reform possible under a democratic system of government. Federation would give to all the self-governing peoples of the Empire an equal share in the responsibility for their foreign policy, and would subject that policy to the control of the Imperial democracy. It would remedy the defects of the Parliament Act, for it would necessitate the definition of the relative spheres of authority of the Imperial and national legislatures, and it would provide a constitutional means of ensuring the assent of the electorate to changes in the constitution.

Such a profound change in our institutions, a change for which public opinion is little prepared and which must disturb many traditions, may seem far off; but a glance at the situation as it will be at the end of the war will prove that, though the final solution of the problem be distant, the constitutional problem itself cannot fail to be in the forefront of practical politics. The Imperial questions which must inevitably arise, such as the control of foreign policy, the expenses of the war, the distribution of the burden of Imperial defence, or of obligations incurred in the peace settlement, will emphasize the necessity of a true Imperial Government to deal with them. Moreover, the congestion in the House of Commons, paralysing before the war, will be so

enormously increased after it that the impossibility of dealing with all the questions which imperatively demand settlement will be sufficient in itself to bring the problem of reform to the fore. For besides the many questions arising out of the war, such as the demobilisation and repatriation of the Army, the restarting of industry and trade, the settlement of pensions, the relations between capital and labour, protection versus free trade, the future of women in industry, to name but a few, there is a legacy of pre-war difficulties to be faced. Amongst these are the Irish question, the Welsh Church Act, the Insurance Act, and—though the author of the article summarised does not mention it—a question which, it seems to the present writer, cannot be ignored when the case of the non-represented peoples within the Empire is considered, the question, namely, of the enfranchisement of the unrepresented women of the British Isles.

Then there is India. India has put forward a claim to a fuller measure of self-government, and for direct representation as regards Imperial policy. Opinions may differ as to the form in which India's claims can be granted, but the claims must be recognised and dealt with.

And all these questions will have to be considered by one Cabinet and one Parliament. Inefficiency, hurry, confusion, and delay are inevitable; reasonable considera-

tion and effective settlement are impossible; and a general election to decide the multiplicity of issues presented to the electorate must be futile. What will be the outcome of the congestion and confusion? As regards India and Ireland, delay in the settlement of the claims of each, on the ground that the consideration of these claims must be postponed till more pressing business is disposed of, is certain to create unrest and possibly revolution. And yet that is the course the Government will be forced to take in regard, not only to the problems concerning India and Ireland, but in regard to many other problems of first importance.

We may be nearer a breakdown in our government than is generally supposed, and the root cause of the trouble lies in the endeavour to govern the Empire and the United Kingdom through the same set of men. The trouble cannot be cured so long as national and Imperial functions are in the same hands, and an application of the principle of federation is the only way to end it.

The article ends with these words: "If the work of reconstruction is to be smoothly and efficiently accomplished, if the Empire is to survive as a unity, and if democracy is to be a reality in any of its parts, it will only be as the result of the remodelling of its institutions on federal lines."

G. COLMORE

King Alfred's Prayer

"Grant now, O Lord, to our minds that they may ascend to Thee from the difficulties of this world; that from the occupations here they may come to Thee. With the opened eyes of our mind may we behold the noble fountain of all good! Thou art this. Give us, then, a healthy sight to our understanding, that we may fasten it upon Thee. Drive away this mist that now hangs before our mental vision, and enlighten our eyes with Thy light, for THOU art the brightness of the true light. Thou art the soft rest of the just. Thou causest them to see it. Thou art the beginning of all things, and their end. Thou supportest all things without fatigue. Thou art the path and the leader, and the place to which the path conducts us. All men tend to THEE."

Destiny

By E. ANTHONY ATTWOOLL

IF at the present juncture in the World's History we would turn aside from the turmoil for a few moments to study the subject of this little article, we should find ourselves amply repaid by a better understanding and knowledge of how to deal with the perplexing problems that confront humanity, both from an individual and national standpoint. The same path has to be trodden by each, only that the latter must necessarily be a longer and slower process before the will of Destiny is an accomplished fact.

Destiny when thought or spoken of, without profound study, appears to loom far away in the distance, yet the moment it arrests our attention we know that it is our perpetual companion—our shadow, as it were, that never leaves us. The fact of not knowing what the hand of fate holds in store for us keeps us ever looking forward—for what? Happiness, which humanity is unceasingly trying to find. And why should we not behave as though we were on the brink of some great joy? For is it not man's instinct that leads him on to this Truth? And he who can control the mysterious force of instinct within him is also capable of controlling external destiny. Giving to this subject that profound study of which I spoke before, however, we come to realise that in our search for Destiny we may expect to find our sorrows. We need not be disturbed if our sorrows are revealed to us, for if we try to understand our happiness we

shall find it is only the possession of the knowledge of the laws of life that divides our joy and pain, and the soul that lives a pure and noble life will attract results accordingly and transmute its sorrow into joy. The mystics assert, despite all appearances to the contrary, that the Heart of Love is always leaning to our side and bears no animosity towards us. Marcus Aurelius says: "On every occasion a man should say: This comes from God, and this is according to the apportionment and spinning of the thread of Destiny." There are two kinds of misfortunes—those that man might prevent, if it were not that some mysterious force rules within him and leads him on to actions even against his will, so that in the end the hand of Fate conquers. If we turn our thoughts back to the fateful days of our life, we shall most probably see that we were forewarned, and we could have changed our destiny by taking another path; but this invisible power asserted itself, and we resigned ourselves to its dictates.

If man be master of his own destiny, why does he obey this mysterious force within him instead of controlling it? Before this can be done he must realise the Divinity in man and believe in the laws of Re-incarnation and Karma. Is not the destiny we are reaping to-day that which we decided for ourselves in past lives? And at the present moment are we not shaping the destiny of the future? Then there are the misfortunes which we

are unable to avert; for instance, the removal of some dear one from the physical plane of existence. If we are only concerned with the loss of our personal friendship, we shall only be able to discern the solemn and apparently sad shadows that hover round the physical fatalities and thus miss the beautiful explanation of the inner mysteries. So it is also with the destiny of humanity. The sorrows of mankind are much the same as those of the individual, and perhaps we might well turn our thoughts in this direction, in regarding the present conflict that has fallen upon the world. It is, indeed, a sorrowful road the various nations are treading, each anxiously pushing on towards its destiny; but

without darkness there could not be light, and we feel sure it is the working of those mysterious forces from within to clear the way for the coming of the Prince of Peace.

Free will has been described as "destiny's ripest fruit." What is that to those who have learnt what destiny is? We know that no event happens to us that has not been shaped at some time or other by our own thoughts, and the nearer the soul lives to the Divine Ideal the more will it purify destiny—which, after all, is only the name for limitation—and as the soul evolves and our consciousness becomes enlarged, so in proportion will our destiny change.

E. ANTHONY ATTWOOLL

Books We Should Read

[*"Maternity and Child Welfare."* By E. J. Smith. King and Son, Orchard House, Westminster. 1s.]

IN these days, when for the most part we think and speak and read of little else but war and destruction, it is with a feeling of real joy that we turn to a booklet such as this of Mr. E. J. Smith, which is steeped in constructive suggestions. Within its small compass Mr. Smith tells us of the efforts which have been made by the City of Bradford to stem the terrible tide of infant mortality by the establishment of

Ante-Natal Clinic and Maternity Home.
 Infants' Department — (Consultation and Hospital) and Milk Depôt.
 Meals for Expectant and Nursing Mothers.
 Pre-School and Post-School Clinic.
 Special Department for the treatment of diseases of the eye, ear, throat, and nose in children.

Our readers will become further acquainted with the details of this scheme through the series of illuminating articles which Mr. E. J. Smith is contributing to

our magazine, but we should like to cordially recommend this little shilling book to those who wish for fuller details. In reading it we experience a sense of upliftment, because the book, although intensely practical, is steeped in the "spirit of the future," and one longs for that day when the madness of war will be over and the nation will be free to occupy itself with schemes of social betterment and human uplifting. In those happy days we may hope that all our great cities will follow the lead of Bradford.

As Mr. Smith so truly says, "If the war has taught us one lesson more cogent than another it is the folly of taking short views and the wisdom of looking ahead and preparing for the future. We must not only win the mighty campaign for freedom in which we are engaged, and honour our heroes by safeguarding the inheritance they are defending with loving prodigality of life, we must rise to the greatness of the occasion and hand down that inheritance amplified and enriched by the reforms which this testing-time of the nation has shown to be imperative. How is this task to be accomplished? The one hopeful initial course that seems open to us is to usher in the golden age of public health, when preventable disease shall be prevented, when motherhood shall be raised to a position in keeping with the sacred office it fills, and when infants shall be rescued from the poverty, ignorance, and neglect in which they perish or in which those who survive are disabled as they cross the threshold of life.

Not only does the Bradford scheme save the lives and preserve the health of the children which come under its care, but Mr. Smith tells us of that other great side of the work, the humanising influence. "When another little mouth enters a home already poor, and the careworn and anxious mother takes her infant to the Clinic, a wonderful thing not infrequently happens. The mother sees fully qualified physicians and well-trained nurses taking an intense interest in the child that circumstances had led her to regard rather as a burden than a blessing,

and a revelation enters her life and a new love flows from her heart. If these strangers care for her child, if its well-being really matters to them, it must mean something to her; and she leaves the building with a treasure she did not bring, and goes down the street a nobler woman."

Mr. Smith presents very forcibly the serious evils resulting from the employment of expectant and nursing mothers in factories, and in one illuminating sentence he sums up the position: "In an ideal State a wage-earning mother would be an anomaly, and one cannot help feeling that those who seek to justify the employment of married women in factories plead for the labour of to-day rather than the life of to-morrow."

We can only quote in addition the noble passage in which Mr. Smith sums up his conclusions: "In the great uplift that is coming Parliament and public health authorities must not be left to storm the strongholds of human error and material wrong alone, but must be supported by every moral and religious agency; for abstract faith is on its trial, and must either be reduced to concrete practice or die. We have been content to allow these brutal conditions to oppress the deserving poor so long as the victims did not become a menace to our profit or comfort; and so the responsibility lies at our own door and cannot be delegated to others. The blood of these people is upon our heads and we must either deliver them or increase our guilt. If God has any children these are His; if there is good in all men there must be some in these. Nay; it is common knowledge that one of the miracles of poverty is the extraordinary kindness and consideration of the poor for each other. Their hearts are sound, mother love is strong, and if Christian men and women believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, they will come out of their churches and learn at first hand how the poor live. Once they have learned this by actual contact with the derelict conditions to which such people are consigned every day, every week, every month, every year of their

lives, they will be compelled to recognise not only the weakness, but also the worth of these less fortunate brothers and sisters; and they will go and win them

for God, that the new man and the new Kingdom may come together—for neither can exist alone. The opportunity constitutes the obligation."

[*"The Schools of To-morrow."* By John Eveling Dewey. Dent and Sons. 5s.]

NEARLY twenty years ago I had the privilege of visiting Chicago, and of spending three months at the State Normal School, of which at that time Colonel Francis Parker was the principal. This visit was vividly recalled to my mind when reading Professor Dewey's book, "*The Schools of To-morrow.*" For during my visit I had the opportunity of meeting Professor Dewey, and of being shown over a school in which he was practically working out some of his theories of education.

I was at that time principal of a co-educational school of six hundred children of many nationalities in Honolulu. Colonel Parker had come over to the Hawaiian Islands to lecture at the Summer School, and invited me to return with him to Chicago and study the educational methods of his school. It is these two great educationalists who have chiefly inspired me in all my work with children, and who have helped me to better things. As Professor Dewey says, there is no attempt in his book to develop a complete theory of education, nor yet review any "systems" nor discuss the views of prominent educators. His aim is rather to suggest to his readers the practical meaning of the more widely recognised and accepted views of educational reformers by showing what happens when a teacher practically applies these theories.

If viewed from this standpoint, the book is certainly of great value, and should be read by every teacher who has his children's welfare at heart.

In the opening chapter he strikes the keynote of the new spirit in education—viz., that education must aid the natural growth or unfolding of the child's powers

and capacities, and must not be an arbitrary or artificial system imposed on the child from without.

For those who fail to see how this can be worked out in the schools of to-day, he describes with some detail various experiments which are now being carried out in some of the schools in America. In one of these he shows how the whole curriculum of a school can be reorganised so that it may fit in, so to speak, with the life of the community in which it is placed, and indeed become the centre from which inspiration comes for the betterment of that community. In the account of another experiment we are shown how necessary it is that a child should learn by *doing*. While in a third we get a delightful description of how "play, stories, observation, and handiwork" can be the basis of free and individual expression on the part of the child. In this school the children are brought into very close touch with nature.

The unifying principle which is to guide these schools of to-morrow must be a realisation of the necessity for a conscious co-operation in the life of the school, so that the children may be prepared to take their rightful place and do their share of the work in our modern democratic state.

A deeper note, however, needs to be struck. The educational world, as well as the political, is crying out for some ideal or principle which will go right to the heart of things. What is the Great Ideal? LOVE, which is the greatest force in the Universe and which expresses itself as Service to Humanity regardless of personal interests or advancement, must be the basis of all our work for mankind. Unless this note is sounded clearly and is

rightly understood, the dangers feared by Professor Dewey will inevitably be realised. All the activities of school life must draw their inspiration from and work towards this one great ideal of Service. Children must be taught that their powers and capacities to do things are theirs only in trust for use in the service of others; that noble characteris-

tics even are not to be cultivated as personal adornments, but to be regarded as equipments necessary for better Service. On such a foundation alone can the schools of to-morrow stand secure.

ARMSTRONG SMITH,
Principal of the Garden City
Theosophical School.

[*"The Principles of Social Reconstruction."* By Bertrand Russell, F.R.S.
Published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. Price 6s.]

THIS is a book that is useful to the man of balance, but destructive to the man still governed by impulse, and who is not? The former will find in it matter for constructive thought; the danger to the latter is that he may make its arguments an excuse for ill-considered and destructive action.

When we read in regard to war :

The utmost evil that the enemy could inflict through an unfavourable peace would be a trifle compared to the evil which all the nations inflict upon themselves by continuing to fight,

and "pride" is pointed out as the one thing which makes the acknowledgment of defeat intolerable, we find ourself in a region of thought which excludes so much that makes life valuable to the aspiring that we can understand an impatience that permits no further study; there are critical days when united effort is absolutely essential to ward off the enervation of being a nation enslaved by a stronger power insisting upon the cultivation of what its actions show to be lower ideals.

Again, in the chapter on "Marriage and the Population Question," the valuable facts that are marshalled against concealed laxity in sex life are vitiated by advocating what amounts to polygamy, though the word is omitted. It is the quality as well as quantity of our population that has to be considered if we would march in the van of evolution, and

though the spirit immortal is not to be confused with the body it inhabits, it remains true that the security of the marriage tie is more conducive to the advent amongst us of entities advanced on the spiritual and intellectual, as well as emotional, levels than is an ideal of children to all women who want them, regardless of emotional turmoil and passion set free without the purifying power of right thought. We have to prepare for the coming of the World Teacher, and to make the emotional vehicles of the race finer and stronger and not less restrained : full of the force of a noble hope, and yet without the hysteria that wrong restraint brings in its train for men and women alike.

Truly the right path has precipices on either side, and it is men like Mr. Russell who point out for the thoughtful dangers otherwise easily overlooked.

For us, too, it is necessary to create a new hope, to build up by our thought a better world than the one which is hurling itself into ruin. Because the times are bad more is required of us than would be required in normal times. Only a supreme fire of thought and spirit can save future generations from the death that has befallen the generation which we knew and loved.

We may not agree with all his conclusions, but with him we look forward to the new hope, the wider, cleaner life of co-operation between men and women, States and Nations.

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The Herald of the Star

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February, 1917

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This Magazine may be obtained through any of the Officers of the Order of the Star in the East mentioned on page 3 of the cover. Great Britain, 6d. America, 15 cents; India, 8 annas (Postage 1½d. extra).

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The Hero-Power

*Great Energy! The thoughts of man grow pale
Without Thee. Dreams of gods and heroes die,
Unsuccoured by Thy Fire. What thought divine
First sends Thee on Thine errand to these dark
Wet valleys, far from Thy primeval Home?*

*Lo, Thou befriendest all the Fatherless,
Thou art the Mother of the Lonely Hearts,
Dost stay beside them through the long grey days
And bitter Nights of Being! Who knows Thee,
He shall not see the stars of Love go out
Upon the sacred altars, for Thou, God,
Thou great, gold-winged Lord of Energy
Shall take the pain and passion of his heart
And turn it into Action. Thus the great
Musicians suffered, till He took the pain
And tuned it into Wonder, . . . thus all those
Who have left landmarks on the stony way
Were guided in the doing. What is Pain?
It is an angel that doth clip the wing
Of some too wild a passion, that would lose
Itself in Chaos of too wild a flight
Across the Empyrean. Cling to Pain,
He yet shall guide you upwards, with strong arm
To find Achievement! Energy, forsooth,
Is but dead Pain that rises on fresh wing.
Take flight with Him and guide the world to God.*

N. P.



By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

[It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order are at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.]

THE various articles now appearing in our magazine raise questions of enormous importance which touch not only England but every other country in the world as well, for these fundamental problems will have sooner or later to be faced by every civilised nation. It is to be hoped therefore that Brothers of the Star the world over will not be content merely to read the articles in this magazine, but will discuss the questions raised among themselves, applying to each of them in turn the spirit of the Star. The series of illuminating articles, for instance, by Mr. E. J. Smith, on "Maternity and Child Welfare," deal with a problem which, although it presses more particularly upon those nations who are losing their finest manhood in the present war, yet has to be met to some extent by all nations. The cry to-day is for more and yet more children, and Bishops and priests, often unmarried men, are fond of fulminating against the selfishness of women who refuse to be turned into child-bearing machines. There is much cant and hypocrisy spoken about the sanctity of motherhood. In words we still offer worship to the sacred emblem of the Mother and the Child, but in practice we

penalise motherhood by every means in our power, and our regard as a nation for the sanctity of childhood is shown by the fact that, as was pointed out to us in the January number of the *Herald*, "twelve babies under the age of twelve months die every hour in the British Isles alone, largely due to preventable causes."

If the need for an increased birth rate is as urgent as many politicians and scientists declare, let us devise some scheme for endowing motherhood and surrounding the mothers and infants of the nation with that care and consideration which can alone justify our cry for more children. But before we demand a higher birth rate let us preserve the children we already have. It is the children, alas! who, being the weakest members of the community, suffer first from the system of competitive selfishness on which our present so-called civilisation is based. We deny the children sugar, a vital necessity in the building of the young body, that men may drink beer. At the first possible opportunity, and this war has provided the opportunity, we deprive the children of their education and put them to work for us in factory and field, thus imperilling their health as well as stunting their mental growth. And these, be it remem-

bered, are the citizens of the future who are to carry on the mightiest Empire the world has yet seen, and who will be permanently maimed in body and soul through our selfishness. In this connection the following extract from the letter of a conscientious objector, who, after serving a sentence of 112 days' hard labour at Wormwood Scrubbs, was taken with his unit to the Royal Barracks, Dublin, and on the eve of Christmas sent to Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, to undergo a second court-martial sentence of 112 days' hard labour, will be read with interest:

I never remember seeing before so many children who were so badly clothed and shod and obviously poorly nourished. I saw children of all ages out in the mud and pouring rain yesterday with neither hats nor boots and stockings, and clothing which would barely serve in the height of summer and is obviously, in weather like this, merely a pretence at covering. The minds of many of the children seem in as poor a condition as their bodies. I have never seen such old faces on heads so young. It is quite plain that the joy of being children is and has been quite unknown to them. The most heart-rending part of all is the resignation of the children to their position. It is painfully apparent, even upon a superficial glance, that they see nothing abnormal in the condition and imagine nothing beyond it. The expression on the face which denotes such a state of mental resignation is painful enough when viewed in somebody advanced in life; but the spectacle of a little child who commences life in that condition is not easily forgotten and is the most powerful indictment of present-day conditions that I know of. Such a sight has a wonderfully sobering effect upon one who had what he thinks to be a trouble of his own. It tends to remove the selfish element from the fight he is engaged in, and keeps him from being self-centred in his trouble. I shall always feel, no matter where I am placed, that a large amount of my pity belongs to those poor Dublin kiddies. There are other fights to be fought and won when this of the conscientious objector is over, one of which is the impression on the public mind of the fact that a child is a fellow-creature, with a right to a bright and happy existence, and that the ill-treatment and lack of care of children is as big a crime against Humanity as war itself. The Empire

which allows that state of affairs to exist has little reason to complain of atrocities in other lands. Each of those children is living evidence of a continual atrocity, and the world waits for the country that will be willing to spend in a bloodless way on behalf of children the energy and money it is so lavishly outpouring now. . . .

These things could not be if we remembered the injunction of the Lord of Love and His special care for the little ones, who are His own.

Miss Evelyn Sharp, in an article in this month's issue on "The Crime of Being Naughty," deals with a question which is greatly exercising the minds of educationalists and magistrates at the present moment—namely, the increase of what is called "juvenile crime." Miss Sharp is the first person, as far as I know, who has gone to the root of the trouble and pointed out that the "war spirit" in adults, which in them is considered a virtue, works equally in the children, but in their case is denounced as crime! In men it is accounted a virtue to kill each other in war; in children the same desire is attributed to the evil effects of the cinematograph! If the picture palaces really can be proved to have a deteriorating effect upon the minds and morals of the young, upon whom should the blame rest? Surely upon the grown-up people who permit such shows and not upon the children who attend them. Childhood is essentially the time of romance and love of adventure, and it is the business of the community to provide for the children of *all* classes a suitable outlet for this spirit. If playhouses, such as were described by Mr. Jinarajadasa in the December (1915) *Herald*, could be established in every great town, we should, I think, hear much less of "juvenile crime." This is an object which all Brothers of the Star might endeavour to further if an opportunity comes their way.

Another question of particular interest at the present time is the position of the drink traffic and what position the public house should occupy in an ideal state. Lord Lytton contributed an interesting

article on this problem to the January *Herald*, and Mr. Midgley deals further with the matter in our present issue. It is a question which provokes much controversy: some are for the establishment of national control, some advocate total prohibition, some a gradual increase of the Public House Trust scheme as outlined by Lord Lytton. It has taken a European war to teach this lesson to the nations—that alcohol is the deadly enemy of health and efficiency. But whatever solution of the problem is attempted it must be in accord with the spirit of brotherhood, and not operate in favour of one particular class alone. The public house is a necessary institution, but in future it should become a place of public comfort, usefulness, and upliftment, and not, as at present, a place of evil and temptation.

At present the articles we receive are sent chiefly by English contributors and deal chiefly with English problems, but we trust that this rather one-sided point of view will be overcome when the *Herald* Committees of other countries get to work, and that we shall then be receiving articles from all over the world. We are glad in this number of our magazine to welcome an article from a Danish member, Mr. Liljencrantz, and congratulate

him upon his excellent English. We hope that he may later send us a further article dealing with some aspect of social reform in Denmark.

All these problems touch questions on which many different opinions will be expressed. They are none of them to be settled in a moment. Even amongst the Brothers of the Star there will be many divergent opinions, and this is well, and in any groups formed for the purpose of studying problems of social reconstruction there should be full and free discussion. But we must always keep before our minds the fundamental principle upon which alone any true reconstruction can take place—Brotherhood—and in the consideration of any particular problem we must first ask ourselves, "How should I regard this question if my own brother or sister were concerned in it?" If we can continually bring this spirit of brotherly kindness to our study, we are certain sooner or later to be guided to the right solution, for the Supreme Teacher is ever striving to find pupils who will cooperate with Him in His work, and, as we use our intuition and exercise our imagination, we shall hear with increasing distinctness "His lightest whisper above earth's loudest song."

The Somme 1916-1917

*These simple lads, so careless and so free,
Who meet with such a light and humorous glance,
With heart so unperturb'd, war's every chance,
—Are they not nearer to the mystery
Of perfect Work, albeit unconsciously,
Than they whose ampler soul-inheritance,
Or quicken'd sense, tunes their allegiance
To a more deeply-toned philosophy?
O, it is one thing to disarm grim Death
With reasons that philosophy hath spelt
Out of the Book of Wisdom; to have knelt
Invoking, in soul's aid, each great "thus saith";
But happier they whose service, light as breath,
Ascends to heaven unlabour'd and unfelt.*

E. A. W.

The Great Plan

[A lecture given at the Star Convention in London in July, 1916.]

By C. JINARAJADASA

LADY EMILY LUTYENS has told you of the general methods of organisation we need to develop. I wish to confine myself to the other side of the topic, to what might be called the more mystical conception of our work.

We are a small body as yet, though in the last five years we have accomplished a great deal. But there is so much to be done that it is well we should, in our inner lives and from our inner standpoint, organise ourselves with precision, so that what little we are able to do we should do with no waste and with a clear aim.

Considering, then, our work as Star members, not merely as those who believe in a Coming, but as those who desire to organise themselves to be efficient workers, one of the most important elements is to understand the great problem of reconstruction. It is not enough to have a sentimental sympathy with the suffering side of it—there are thousands who do sympathise with the aims and objects of all the societies working in that direction—but we want the definite understanding by the mind of what the evils are and how they shall be abolished.

Now, certain problems must be got out of the way before there can be anything of a real Coming. Consider the exploitation of labour in commerce, the condition of the children of the poor, or the hundred and one things heard of again and again from our Star platforms which must be dealt with.

The Star worker should not have merely a general knowledge of a subject, but know precisely what is the problem in actual fact. Suppose, for instance, it is a question of child welfare. The Star worker should have a clear idea of the

problem, as shown by statistics, should see the largeness of the problem, how it has been dealt with so far, and what conditions have still to be changed. Or take education. It is very important that we should think of this problem in order that we may help to change to some extent the unspiritual ideal there. For that, we must know what are the dreams of modern educators, and know precisely—not as mere sentimentalists, but know clearly—the difficulties, the things to be achieved, the work already planned by others, and what we ourselves can do to bring about better work.

The lines of work along which we have to be active you already know (you have only to look at the *Herald of the Star* to see them); but there is one element necessary, perhaps, for some of us to realise; we must not be diffident because we are not so capable as outside workers. We have a special capability because we believe in the Coming of a Great Teacher, and if there is a desire on our part to do the best we can, our diffidence need not stand in the way of our inspiring others. Though we ourselves cannot sometimes do much, we can be made the pivot of forces which will affect others. So we must recognise that now is an occasion when we must put this natural drawing-back of ourselves into the flame of sacrifice and try to do something in the Name of the Lord. He will do the guiding, and if the instrument be ever so feeble, nevertheless it will be made by Him an instrument.

So far as outer work is concerned, then, we have to understand the problems in definite scientific ways. Of study courses for this purpose, of University lectures, and so on, I have already spoken else-

where. Those matters others can carry on and develop more fully. Passing on from that, I would like to deal with the training of our inner character, so that we may sense the great Plan that has been put into operation. You are all aware that in one of its aspects the Order of the Star in the East is an undemocratic organisation. That is, the various officials are not appointed by the members, that there is a sort of hierarchy. I am not one who wishes to insist on that side of the work, but will point out that in this Order, for the sake of efficiency, and of inner guidance, there is this choice taking place. And much as the various officers may make mistakes, there is in them a deeper wisdom and intuition about the lines that should be adopted for the work than there is in those not so appointed. Therefore we should try to carry out orders given, though, as a matter of fact, no orders have been given. I am putting things thus bluntly, simply because it is imperative that you should realise the great importance of swift co-operation on the part of members of the Order in the carrying out of the Plan.

I cannot tell you whom you should obey. You must use your own intuition to see whether you should carry out an order even if given only as a request. If we can thus co-operate in the larger things, and so secure a greater knowledge and efficiency in details, we shall succeed better than if we persist in the carrying out of our own little plan. I say this because if some of us, working in the inner circles, could depend upon the co-operation of those working with us, there would be swifter results produced.

And we must not forget that it is an aim of our being Brothers of the Star to inspire all other workers—all other workers, that is, who do not belong to our particular body. We ought to train ourselves to look at every worker for human reform more than in a mere spirit of fellowship, but with a deep mystical feeling that that worker is a Brother of the Star, though he may know nothing of the Star. Because we are in a world-crisis, and the Great Lord Who is going to come is giving out on all

sides, like a great sun, His rays of Wisdom, if anywhere anyone is dreaming of reconstruction, into that dream the Great Lord enters. We must therefore realise this great fellowship of workers. It is true that in our Order we are given certain privileges of sensing more fully His Plan, of being inspired in a particular way because we are Brothers of the Star and also of His Wisdom. And so we must develop in ourselves the ability to look at another worker, eliminate those things in which we differ, and pick out that part of his work which is in the Lord's Plan. And as we do so we can be made channels for the influencing of other organisations. This is very important, because the work of the Order of the Star in the East is a far more important thing than just what is done by the official Order.

We have to gain the ability to see, not men and women at work, but a soul at work. That is the great characteristic of anyone who works in the Order of the Star. He can talk to any reformer, to anyone who dreams of doing something noble, and tell him of the way in which that work enters into the Plan.

And so, loyal as we are to our own organisation, we must not forget that one part of our work is broad sympathy with all organisations. It is because of that that such an organisation as the Star Shop is useful. The spirit described to you as prevailing there is useful to everyone, that spirit of sympathy and willingness to co-operate with every person.

For, as I mentioned, the Great Plan is in the air everywhere, and we must be ready with our intuition to see the hand of the Lord on all sides. There is something of His Great Plan behind this ghastly War. Who knows what tiny part of His Plan may not be apparent in some reform suggested in Parliament, in some Labour Congress—for this Great Plan is trying to burst through into men's minds everywhere.

Now, we stand as a nucleus in that Plan, but also to be made a channel for the influence that we can bring to people, that shall make them co-operate, make them Brothers in the Great Plan, though

perhaps not of the Star. There should be in all of us a certain spirit of contemplation, so that we begin to see more and more of this vast Plan.

The help to see the Plan may come in a direct method by reading the *Herald of the Star*, and we have so to develop that magazine that it shall be the voice of the Great Plan, so that through the plans and dreams of its writers, perhaps yet to come, the Great Plan may find realisation on paper. But the Plan is everywhere, and I want all our members to feel something of that, to sense that.

As to methods of work, there are others more capable of talking to you on that; but I do want to bring to your attention this profound mystical feature of our work. The power of our Order depends upon that, upon the fact that we can draw upon an inexhaustible reservoir of mystical power, without which we could not succeed. We must try, therefore, to keep about us something of that spirit of mystical co-operation, an obedience of the spirit to an inner command, which is in reality the impression of its own great desire.

We must organise as we go into the future, for in the twentieth century we cannot succeed without organisation; but if only we have the inner spirit the outer body grows of its own accord, and rises from one achievement to another.

One further thing—in spite of the emphasis I have laid upon this contemplative side of our work—and that is the need there is for us to do various kinds of outer work, and to make known the sense of brotherhood where it has not yet begun to be felt. Many organisations will be required to carry out the great reconstruction, but if we see some way of doing

something to help we must not hesitate to begin now to do it, in His Name. Later on there will come others to take it over. We must remember that wherever there is any kind of misery, it is our duty to alleviate it, not as mere philanthropists, but as precursors of the Lord, and so that we may start work which others will take over later, leaving us free for still other work.

In all our outer lectures and writings and activities our aim should be to sense the Plan, and to help as workers to remove suffering. For if we do this, handicapped as we are by the lack of ability, lack of means, by the position we occupy, yet we can be made a pivot on which a great and wonderful reconstruction will turn.

That is the privilege of each worker of the Star, even though with no gift, even though through lack of capacity he may fail, yet through him there may shine out a greater capacity to rouse in others something of the Great Plan.

And that is what I want to put before you as one important feature of our work: the coherence of the Order as a definite mystical body pledged to the great work of the Lord. For what He wants is an instrument for His work, and that the whole world may be helped through that channel. Let us help as that channel.

Therefore, I have spoken these few words on the contemplative side of our work. For if only we can realise that each of the workers of the Star is in a small way a representative of the Mightiest of Workers Who is to come, then we can be the channel of His Life, of Him Who is the Lord and Teacher of Men.

The Reform of Drunkards

By COMMISSIONER D. C. LAMB

[This description of the splendid work of the Salvation Army in reclaiming inebriates incidentally throws light on the difficulties in the way of the man of weak will who would reform himself.]

THE best that we can hope for from the tremendous trouble in which the world is seething is that, with the return to peace, the nations will have awakened to a truer conception of life and life's responsibilities — that after his sore scourging man will go back to his day's work more intent on pursuing the ideals of his high destiny, and less prone to material tendencies that were atrophying his finer qualities and hindering his development in the truest sense. Even now, while Europe is deluged with blood, and the first born, and the second son, and the third, are being immolated on the altar of Moloch, there are signs of a quickening to a larger sanity. Forces that have caused the Russian to give up his vodka, the Frenchman his absinthe, made Canada to all intents and purposes a "dry" country, and moved Australia in the same direction, cannot be dismissed lightly as evanescent lapses into virtue brought about by the exigencies of the war. Even our own efforts at temperance reform in the cause of national efficiency contain the seed of lasting good, that may be nurtured into something of far greater value. Drunkenness and crime have decreased since the shortening of the time for sale, and other restrictions have been imposed, and it is to be hoped that the improvement will be maintained.

But I will make no attempt to deal with the general aspect of temperance reform; for my experience, if it has been large, has been acquired in that form of service which has for its object the cure rather than the prevention of drunkenness,

To one fossicking for treasure on the scrap-heap of civilisation, the ravages of the drink traffic appear in all their appalling significance. Misery, naked and unashamed and noisome, meets him at every turn—the starving wastrel, the fallen and degraded woman, and the ragged and famished children—almost all, except the children, apparently beyond the hope of reclamation.

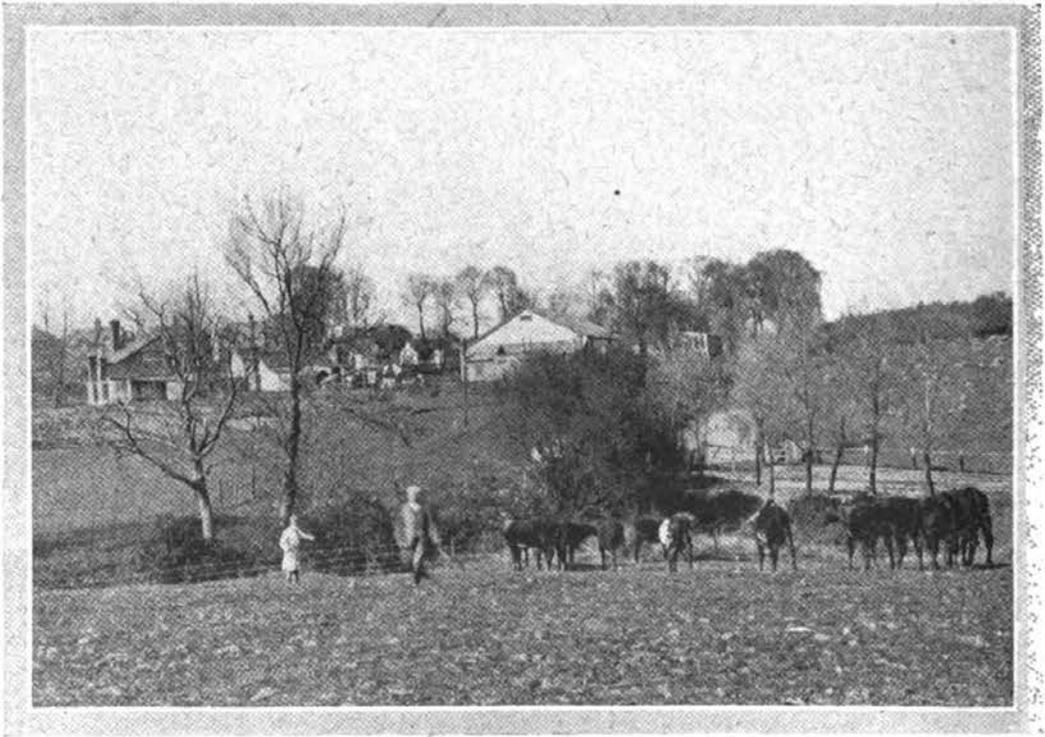
Every inebriate is either a potential criminal, a burden upon public funds, a danger to himself and others, or a cause of distress, scandal, or nuisance to his family and to those with whom he associates. Every inebriate, moreover, by precept, example, neglect of children, and possibly by direct procreation of his species, is reproducing his like, to the detriment of national welfare in years to come.

So runs the definition of one eminent authority. With his comprehensive indictment of the inebriate I have no complaint. The inebriate fills the bill with possibly something to spare. It is comfortable to reflect, however, after many years' study, observation, and practical experiment, that, given certain conditions, the man—aye, and the woman also—who has fallen to the lowest depths through the drink curse, may be lifted out of his wretchedness, and fitted to take his place again as a responsible citizen, and, better than all else, that he may be rehabilitated in his own esteem, with little danger of ever reverting to the practices that brought about his downfall. I have witnessed hundreds of such transformations, and know of thousands more.

The founder of the Salvation Army

was as great a friend of the "down and out" man as the world has ever known, and consequently of the debased drunkard. He had faith even for the worst, and planned and laboured until the end for their regeneration. But he had little or no belief in the ordinary official-made systems for dealing with the poor or the criminal. He did not believe that you could cure people of drunkenness or make them good by Act of Parliament.

results of the late General Booth's passion for the regeneration of the submerged. It was not established merely as a sort of glorified inebriates' home. The founder of the Salvation Army when he went in for a thing went in for it body and soul. He had heroic ideals, and all his schemes were cast in an appropriate mould. Hadleigh Farm Colony was one of the noblest of his inspirations. In being it was (for I am speaking of its



A CORNER OF HADLEIGH COLONY.

He followed other methods. The transgressor, common drunkard, or expert thief to him was a man whose soul had become warped and distorted. His remedies were for the soul of man. He had discovered that the age of miracles is not past, and knew that the healing touch of the Creator is as potent to-day in the British Isles as it was 2,000 years ago on the shores of the Lake of Galilee.

The Colony of Hadleigh was one of the

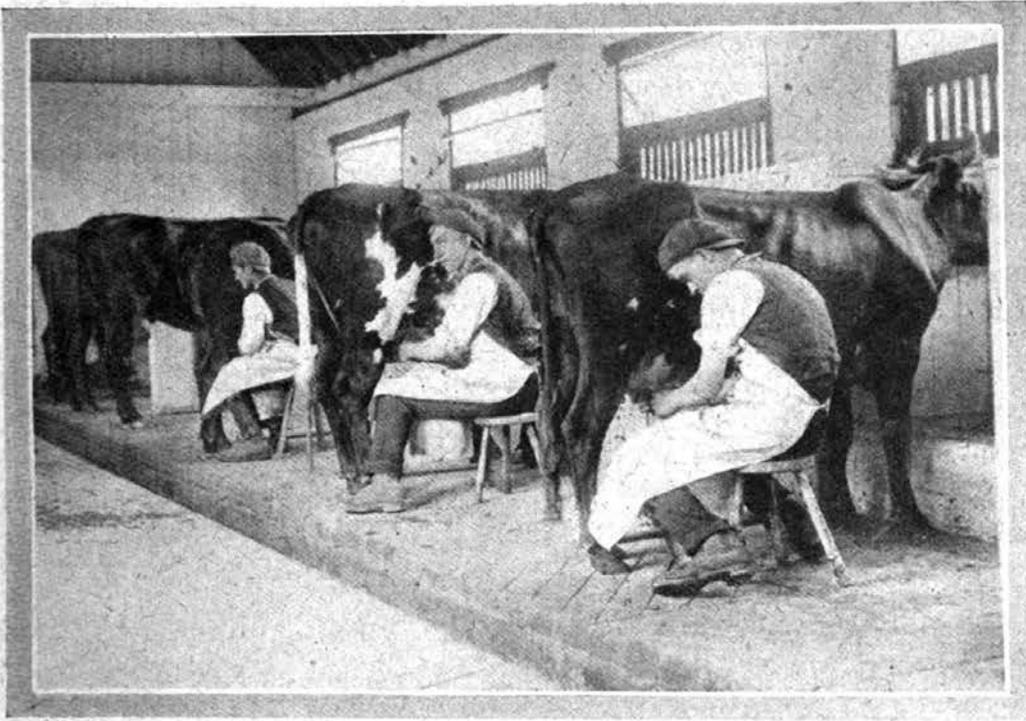
ante-war aspect) a commune of prodigals, where, under a benevolent autocracy, sinners of varied hues, whom an outraged society had ostracised and denied the means of subsistence, worked out their salvation while they tilled the fields, and tended the herds and flocks of William Booth, whose practical Christianity had brought about conditions that gave them the right to live, to work, and to reform.

The colony embraces 2,000 acres of

arable and pasture land and 1,000 acres of foreshore. About 800 of the 2,000 acres in pasture, 600 under crop, 300 acres devoted to market gardening, 100 acres to fruit, 20 acres for poultry rearing, while the remaining 180 acres are occupied by brickfields, roads, the houses of the Governor and the colonists, and the various accessory buildings.

The division of the land indicates to a certain extent the fundamental elements

War, poultry was exported to all parts of the world, and when I was governor of the colony we did a big trade with South Africa. The produce of forty milking cows is sold locally, the adjacent borough of Southend absorbing the bulk, and also forming a convenient market for the fruit, the vegetables, and the output of the brickfields. During my term of governorship of Hadleigh the annual value of the land produce averaged £20,000.



MILKING TIME.

of life in the colony. In the main it is an agricultural community, the colonists being employed in the respective branches of farm work, and in cultivating vegetables for the market. The brickfields also employ a considerable number. Horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry all play their part in the general scheme. The General had a penchant for pedigree stock, and only the best breeds of animals are known on the colony. Before the

In ordinary times the population of the colony is usually about 550. The colonists are housed in twelve separate buildings, planned on utilitarian lines, while besides there are twenty cottages for married people, many of whom have been reunited since the man's entrance to the colony. The colony, moreover, boasts its "General Stores", which provide groceries, clothes, sweets, and all necessities at prices current in the neighbour-

hood. Other important institutions are a day school, a hospital, and a library and recreation room, and, of course, the Salvation Army Citadel. In the early days of the War the colony, with many of its men away fighting for the King and Empire, was able to extend its hospitality to several hundred Belgian refugees for a time. One of the recreation rooms was turned into a Roman Catholic chapel for the Belgians, who appreciated highly

their harvest over, their work for the season done; at my feet the ebb-tide had left the expanse of mud bare and wet glittering here and there with strange gleams of light; behind the mud lay Canvey Island, its flat meadows seeming lower even than the mud of the low tide; beyond Canvey rolled the broad river on which the ships go up and down all the day and all the year round; beyond the river one could see the mouth of the Medway and the low cliffs of the Kentish shore. The ebb was quite finished; the



IN THE RECREATION ROOM.

everything that was done for their comfort.

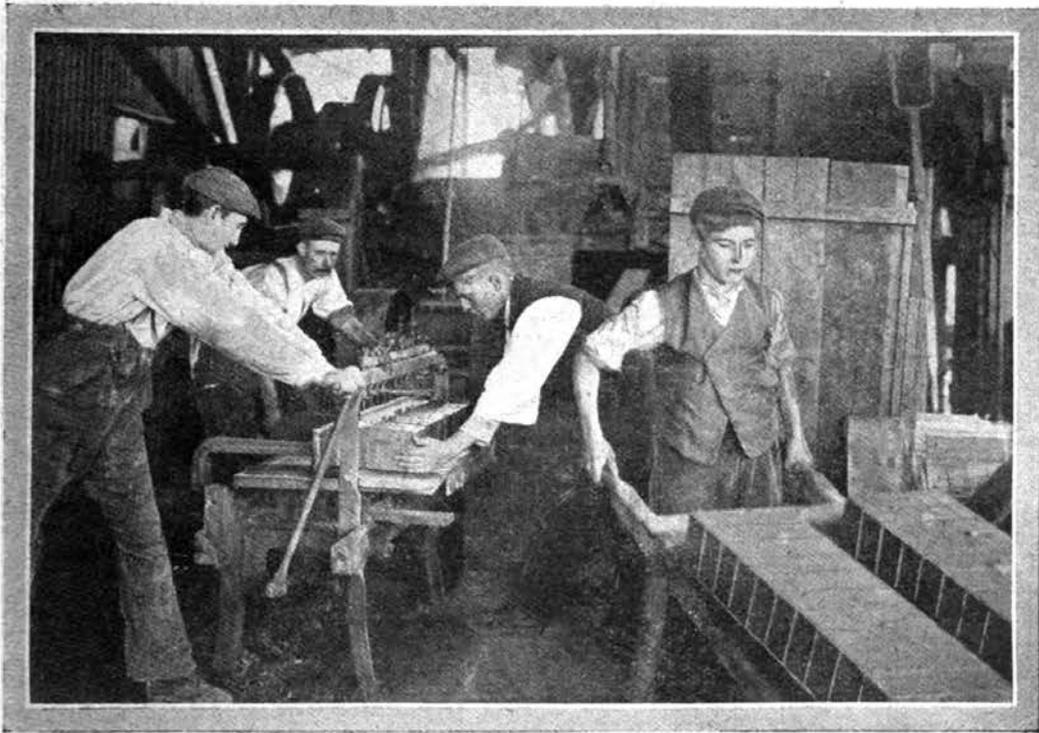
For a description of one aspect of this colony let me quote from the *Farm and the City*, by the late Sir Walter Besant :

I was standing on a gentle slope rising slowly out of the uncompromising levels of the Essex Marsh and the mud of the foreshore. Beside me stood up against the clouds the shapeless ruins of an old castle; behind me were the orchards of a four-years' growth,

autumn sky was grey, but brightened by the frequent appearance of a cloudy and a shaded sun, as of a lamp with a gauze upon it; this coming and going of the sun caused that glittering of the mud, and drew those silver lines across the levels. All these surroundings, the strange prospect of a stretch of bare mud that was not unlovely, the gleams of light, the splendid river, father of wealth and fosterer of industry, the blue hills in the distance, suited the place, and the mood called up by the place, and the meaning of

the place. For here around me were the ruins of an abandoned past; here was a new life springing up; here were hapless, dreary, sorrowful stretches of barren mud, yet touched with light; here though the sky was overcast, the colours of earth and air and water were tinged with a gentle melancholy; though the very light of day was sad, yet the sunlight intervened, and the clouds, if you looked up, were slowly, slowly falling away to the west, leaving there the promise of a golden rose of dawn.

they came from all the counties and shires of the United Kingdom, and some come from abroad. In their brighter days they have been tradesmen, clerks, professional men, and not a few of them independent gentlemen, before their rake's progress was brought to its inevitable full stop. But, no matter what station of society he might have formerly adorned, each entrant into the rules and privileges of the colony has to begin at



HADLEIGH COLONISTS BRICKMAKING.

For this place was none other than the Farm Colony, the farm of Hadleigh, part of the great scheme of General Booth, of which the world has heard so much, of which the world as yet understands so little.

It is a very trite way of expressing it to say that life on the Hadleigh Colony is always interesting. How could it be otherwise? Blown in from the four airts the men assembled in this corner of Essex form an inexhaustible study. Originally

the bottom of the ladder, and his advancement in the material sense is dependent on his industry and good conduct. These men attribute their downfall to divers causes, but from close acquaintance with many hundred cases I believe I am understating rather than exaggerating when I say that two-thirds of them at least owe their ruin directly or indirectly to their indulgence in strong drink. It follows, therefore, that the

colony has certain cardinal aims—i.e., the desire to eradicate from these poor fellows the fatal craving for stimulants; to instil will-power and energy into their invertebrate make-up; to transform them into beings capable of fulfilling the functions of honest citizenship—in fine, to make new men of this vagrant legion of society's rejected.

To understand the mentality of the colonist when he enters the colony for the first time it is necessary to imagine what his life has been for the year or two immediately preceding. Take him from the day of his Waterloo, that fatal day on which his enemy (in the Salvation Army we would say the Devil) finally routed him, horse, foot and artillery—the day when he finally cast loose from respectability and went forth adventuring after the will-o'-the-wisp. Very probably he had been in a good position once, and after his ruin shame had driven him forth from his native place. He has chosen no primrose path. Penniless he becomes eventually. He trudges along the high road from town to town in a vain search for work, becoming more disreputable and tramp-like as the days go by, till the truth is forced upon him that nobody will employ him again, that he has ceased to count as a human entity. As far as the world is concerned he might be dead. In fact, he would be better dead. Sometimes when crossing a river the suggestion comes that he might as well be finished with it all, or by the side of a railway track when he sees a great roaring express hurtling over the metals. Yet his decision is to carry on, for deep down in the inner recesses of most of us, I suppose, there is a secret spark of optimism that can only be extinguished with life itself—the Wilkins Micawber feeling that something better will turn up; but God alone knows when. Like the Wandering Jew our friend goes on and on and on, obtaining his food by asking for it, for now he has jettisoned his self-respect, and sent shame adrift. When he cannot cadge enough money to secure a bed at a lodging-house he puts up at the "spike," as the casual ward of the workhouse is

known to the fraternity. There he makes bitter atonement for any paltry sins he has committed. Probably the heaviest tool he handled in the old days was a fountain pen. In the "spike" he has to work for his keep, and, more likely than not, they lock him up in a small cell along with half a ton of granite rocks (liberal measure, for the labour master is not a sentimentalist). Before he can again call himself a free man the tramp has to break this heap of stones with the regulation hammers into pieces small enough to pass through an iron grating with a narrow mesh that protrudes from the wall into the yard. For sustenance he is allowed half a pound of bread three times per diem and as much water as he can drink. The first time our friend is confronted with this task, and it is bound often to recur in his experience, his heart nearly breaks. He cuts his hands and face with the splinters that his valiant strokes send flying about, but he makes small impression on the heap of granite, although he perseveres manfully until all his ill-nurtured system seems likely to crack up. He is lucky if he escapes imprisonment for failing to accomplish the impossible; and if he is sent to jail, he discovers that prison is heaven as compared with the casual ward. However, he goes on from bad to worse, sinking lower and lower, wondering in a detached sort of way when it will all end, and how. Then for some occult reason Providence intervenes, and the wanderer is picked up by the Salvation Army and sent to the colony.

His first sensations in his new surroundings are probably akin to those experienced by the soldier back from the trenches. He thanks God for a square meal decently cooked, clean clothing, and a comfortable bed to sleep on o'nights. He feels a new man. And there his regeneration begins if he has any moral stamina left. Work is offered him. The latent spark of hope that never deserted him completely is quickened in a steady glow, impelling him to endeavour. He is very impressionable in the first stages, and possibly at this time he finds his

way to the penitent form at one of the Army's meetings, and asks God's forgiveness.

There are no barred windows or ponderous iron doors about the colony, nor cast-iron rules of discipline. Every encouragement to go forward is given to the man who shows a disposition to better himself. Of course, there are strict rules for the governance of the place. The lazy man does not find it a paradise. Although it might be claimed for the founder of the Salvation Army that he was the greatest exponent of applied Christianity the world has known, he was not given to namby-pamby methods, and had a rough side for loafers and malingerers of every description. His ideas in this respect are reflected in the working of the colony. The man who fails to exert himself in a reasonable way is apt to suffer in stomach. A minimum amount of labour is expected from each individual. This duly performed entitles him to the regulation allowance of food, which is generous. Failure to accomplish the allotted task causes inquiry, and if the laxity is continued rations are curtailed. The incentive to industry and improvement exists in the scale of monetary reward fixed for work done beyond the established minimum.

From the lowest grade a man may work himself up to the highest, and eventually become a superintendent. After a time, however, many of the colonists get into communication with their friends, and often return to positions in industrial, commercial, and professional life similar to those they formerly held; stronger men, of course, from the experience they have undergone, and from their new-found determination never again to succumb to the wiles of Bacchus. Gratifying to relate, the vast majority of these men are known to have been permanently cured of their disease.

Other men have no desire to return to their old environment. Perhaps they are so constrained by thoughts of their former failures, and think they could re-start afresh under more favourable conditions in a new country. Many are in-

fluenced in the same direction purely by the appeal made to their imagination by life in the Overseas Dominions, where industry and energy are the qualities that matter, and references and character-notes are at a discount. I am thankful to say that the Salvation Army has made it possible for many of these fellows to realise their aspirations. Of course, we can only undertake to send out men who have proved their worthiness.

Naturally religion plays the important part in this work, and Salvation Army religion at that. Environment may or may not have to do with the contracting of drinking habits amongst the people. I, for one, do not think that man is altogether the slave of his environment. The late General Booth (for quoting him so frequently I make no apology) held that once the man was right in himself he would seek a new environment, if that in which he found himself was evil, or better his present surroundings by his own good influence and example.

Under conditions such as I have sketched the ex-tramp may work his way back to decent livelihood freed from his evil propensities. I believe that the great success of our method in dealing with the victims of the drink habit and ne'er-do-wells generally is that we introduce hope for the future into the souls of the forlorn wretches who come under our influence. Despair, perhaps, has more to do with establishing a man in debasement than any other cause inherited or acquired; the difficulties in the way of returning to respectability, after he has once gone under driving him further into the morass, association with the vile completes the work which his own folly began. In the regeneration process the hallowing influence of a good woman is inestimable (more than half of the Army's officers are women), for the man who enters the colony is at first a very hardened sort of creature. He believes he has no friends in the world and is suspicious of everybody. Convince him, however, that those interested in him are acting from altruistic motives and you at once find a breach in his armour of callousness.

The Human Flower

By DR. AUSTIN PRIESTMAN

[*Dr. Austin Priestman has been for some years working for the School Clinics of the City of Bradford Education Committee. During a part of this time he has had the care of the cripple and other physically defective children. He is an idealist and enthusiast in his work for the children. A recent article from his pen in the "Political Quarterly Magazine," 1916 (2s. 6d.), is of great interest and gives a fuller account of his work. For the present Dr. Priestman has left his school duties for Military Service. He is a member of the Society of Friends and brother-in-law to Dr. Ralph Crowley, who was mentioned in the first of this series of articles—viz., "Feeding the Children."*]

THERE stands before me, as I write, a vase of chrysanthemums in clusters of little suns; each branch of the parent-stem wears a crown of gold: some have not opened, but even these radiate a sense of secreted life and beauty.

This is no unique, exceptional group of flowers; to every flower is given the power of a loveliness that sings.

Its blossoms are souls longing for a happier world, and by their very longing is the world made happier; their longing gives them fellowship with us.

Children are blossoms; some we forbid to sing, in some we refuse to allow the soul of longing: they, too, would have the loveliness that sings, but we will not grant to them the privilege of flowers. We would not, if we could, deny the poppy its crimson blood, nor the tulip its lips of flame; we would not pluck the columbine's free wings, nor restrain the dancing daffodil. Then why should we deny to human flowers their rights? It is as though we had a passion for sprays of unblossoming thorn.

What kindly helpers lend such health and beauty to flowers and deck them in their joyous colours? They are three: food, sunlight and sleep; the flowers rise and drink the fresh, sweet air, "drink in the sun with fibrous joy," and in the evening sleep under the dark veil of night.

These are all our human flowers ask of us, and yet we deny them.

* * * * *

Some few years ago, 1907, an Act of Parliament was adopted which set up a compulsory system of medical examination of children in public elementary schools, and out of this has grown the present intricate and ever-ramifying scheme of meeting the needs of the great numbers of children found defective, physically or mentally.

What has been revealed by this wide and detailed inquiry into the physique of these children of the less well-to-do is seen in its naked ghastliness in any of the annual reports issued by the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education.

What sort of human flowers have been discovered? Only about 20 per cent. of all these human flowers have been found to be in real, healthy bloom. Only about 20 per cent. of these children are fit to spend the greater part of their lives in the buildings we provide; only 20 per cent. are fit to pursue the education we offer.

Some who read this will say, "Then our system of education is wrong." I think it is, but that is not the subject of this article, and does not affect the fact that 80 per cent. of the children are physically unable to benefit by their schooling.

Space does not permit me to refer to the various defects which have been found, or to the deplorable condition of our poor children as regards clothing and cleanliness.

Suffice it to say that in the poorer dis-

tricts of the larger towns three-fifths of the children have bad or very bad clothing and about one quarter are dirty.

Amongst the more common defects are those of vision, of the external eye, of hearing, and such defects as enlarged tonsils, ear-discharge, enlarged glands and defective teeth.

Of general diseases the more common are bronchitis, rickets, anæmia, skin-diseases, heart diseases and St. Vitus' dance.

Then there are certain special groups of defective children, such as the blind, the mentally defective, the deaf-mute, the crippled, the epileptic, and the imbecile.

Now, having found all these unfortunate children, what do we do? I will revert to the flowers.

In the first place we do not put our flowers into bad soil, but if the soil seems poor we enrich it.

In the second place it is not usual to allow the flower to show a miserable shoot and thereupon take it up by the root, put it in someone else's garden for the day and bring it back at night.

That is where we are in danger of going wrong with our human flowers; that is where we have, perhaps, already gone wrong. The bulk of school medical officers would, I think, support me when I state that 80 to 90 per cent. of these defects, smaller and greater, need not occur.

Fifty per cent. of our blind children need not be, need not miss the vision of the world as God has made it, full of beauty. Eighty per cent. of our mentally defective children need not be. These are the needless victims of alcohol, syphilis, and tuberculosis. Our children need not have tuberculosis, rickets, and the rest; they need not be these broken shells cast up on the shores of life. It

is our duty to alleviate where we can, as we are doing, but we may alleviate too long, and the time has come for prevention. The figure of the philanthropist, his pockets bulging with patent medicines, or pointing the way to special schools and baby crèches, will soon be a mere figure of the past. The notion of an unchanging society on earth with heaven and hell beyond the grave to put things right is obsolete.

We have only to give opportunity to all for food and sunlight and sleep, and remember that life is not worth living if pride in self has flown.

We need but the good will to allow others to live, live clean, and exercise their faculties.

This provision for future ages ought to hold a larger place than it does in the religion of the West.

Flesh must ultimately grow into spirit. Think of the lot of those whose children we have been considering, and the lot which many of the children are to inherit. They, with their poor bodies and poor brains, existing only, how shall they hope, how shall we expect spirit born of these?

Within our breast they touch a string,
They wake a sigh.

Truly to these also, as to us, the beauty and peace of flowers and fields should be open.

Come, ye who love human flowers, for new and bright ones are already springing into life! Come and make ready the soil of the garden that they may accept with fullness and with joy the rain and sunshine of God!

Our life is but a little holding, lent
To do a mighty labour: we are one
With heaven and the star when it is spent
To serve God's aim: else die we with
the sun!

*"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."*

WILLIAM BLAKE

The Case for National Guilds

By S. G. HOBSON

I.—THE WAGE SYSTEM

[The following article is the first of a series which Mr. Hobson is to contribute to the "Herald of the Star." Mr. Hobson was born in Ireland in the year 1870. of an old Quaker family, and he received a Quaker education. With a band of young enthusiasts he founded the Cardiff Fabian Socialist Society in 1888, and subsequently served on the Fabian Executive Council for several years. He was the Socialist candidate for East Bristol in 1895 and Rochdale in 1906, but resigned all Socialist connections owing to disapproval of Labour policy, because he has always been strongly opposed to any stereotyping of Labour as a caste of purely wage-earners. Mr. Hobson has been associated with Mr. A. R. Orage on the "New Age," to which periodical he contributes regularly. In collaboration with Mr. Orage he wrote "National Guilds" (G. Bell and Son, 5s.), which has become the text book of the new Guild movement. He is the author of various other interesting and suggestive publications, and has travelled extensively in Russia, Northern Europe, Africa, and North, Central, and South America.]

IT would seem to be a psychological truth that all of us who think and dream of freedom—mankind's most precious gift—are peculiarly susceptible to the call of ever-recurring Messiahs or Messianic ideas. It is at once our high hope and our tragedy. Our hope, since if it were killed mankind would lapse into spiritual and social inertia; our tragedy, in that we seem for ever doomed only to glimpse the Promised Land, yet never to set our wounded feet upon it. Nevertheless, our hope, builded upon a faith that is "the substance of things hoped for," carries us triumphant over evil and disappointment. Our ears attuned to "the still small voice," our spirits refreshed by the lights that opportunely radiate the way. "Man is not man as yet," sang Browning, instinctively conscious that rare spirits lure us on to the mark of our high calling. So it comes about that we rise superior to the perpetual frustration of our hopes and reasonable expectations, seeking for the cause of failure as part of the day's work, so that the morrow's march may be the better planned.

Although my own personal preoccupa-

tions have been with the material—the economic, problems of life, I have always been conscious (was it nearly three centuries of Quaker blood stirring within me?) that the spiritual apperceptions must be correlated with our economic principles and discoveries; that the moral and the economic are the obverse and reverse of the same coin. If, then, what follows is mainly an economic argument, it will not, I hope, be assumed that I am unmindful of the spiritual implications that flow from—or create—economic conditions and changes. Unless this be so, we are thrown back upon a sterile economic determinism for which there is no philosophic sanction whatever. There are, indeed, some who contend that, granted certain economic conditions—capitalism, for example—certain economic results must inevitably ensue. But that need not delay us. It suffices to affirm that economic principles are finally conditioned by mankind's desires—desires which may be good or evil or both. Above all, the rooted instinct for freedom.

It is now more than a century since the inventive and mechanic, the manu-

facturing, sections of our community revolted against feudalism for the freedom to exploit both nature and their fellow-men. Their problem was comparatively simple: they had merely to render the wage system more attractive to the labouring population than the existing feudal system. If we read the lives of Thomas Cooper or Samuel Bamford, if we study the real motives and principles of Chartism, not forgetting Carlyle's essay, there can be little doubt that, horrible though the story of early industrialism is, our forefathers instinctively believed that the wage system marked an advance on feudalism, and, conjoined with political freedom, was to be an instrument of emancipation. It amounted precisely to this: freedom to the labourer to sell his labour; freedom to the manufacturer to buy it. The Corn Law Rhymes of Ebenezer Elliott and others, which have passed into our literature, were directed, not against the abominations of wavery (the time for that was not yet), but against the political and religious oppressions of the aristocratic interests.

When wilt Thou save Thy people,
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and kings, but men.

It was a frenzied protest against a political system subdued to the economic power of landlordism and all that it stood for. Not a word or suggestion that the oppression of the industrial magnates was as the little finger to the thigh. Two generations of wavery were to live their squalid life and go their ways before we find singers like Edward Carpenter grasping the true meaning of industrial oppression, singing in similar numbers but with a different bias:

Over your face a web of lies is woven,
Laws that are falsehoods bind you to the ground,
Labour is mocked, its just rewards are stolen,
Arise, O England, for the day is here.

The industrial developments of last century had two reactions: Lord Shaftesbury's agitation for the amelioration of factory life, particularly the exploitation of child labour; and the Trade

Union movement, aiming at the maintenance or increase of wages. Widely different though both these movements were in tone, temper, and objects, they held in common the belief that the wage system was inevitable, even if it was not defensible. Feergus O'Connor and Robert Owen (both Celts, incidentally) vaguely realised that there was some trickery, some fraud, in it; but they failed to find it. Owen thought that the elimination of profits could be obtained by voluntary association, whilst objecting to combination and monopoly, never realising that the monopoly value of labour is the way to freedom. Fourier's formula was five-twelfths of the product to labour, four-twelfths to capital, and three-twelfths to management. Louis Blanc visualised an association of producers who would market their commodities in the usual way. He was, in short, a co-operator. The wage-system was as much the bed-rock of their schemes as it was of contemporary employers. Later came Marx's analysis of capitalism, in which he, too, postulated as essential the commodity theory of labour. Nor were men's minds enlightened by the discovery that the Shaftesbury reforms strengthened and regularised the wage-system; nor that the economy of high wages had exactly the same result. Then, as now, wages was the price paid for labour as a commodity; then, as now, the labourer's person was separated from his labour, the labour commodity being the true object of the employers' solicitude.

This severance of the labourer from his labour is no mere academic distinction. It cuts at the roots of our industrial life; it explains much in the social history of last century. If, for example, we analyse the *Poor Law Report of 1834*—the most ghastly official document ever written—we shall discover that the contention underlying it is that employers claimed to buy labour when it was in demand, but declined any cognisance of the labourers' bodies and souls, as *employers*, when there was no demand for the labour commodity. Accordingly, the

responsibility of maintaining unemployed life was foisted upon the community. The story of the tragedy that has continued for a century, and still continues, beggars the realism of a Zola or the passionate denunciation of a Carlyle. It was as imperative to the employers that they should maintain a reserve of employment (for that is precisely what unemployment is) as that they should maintain a reserve of cotton or wool or coal or any other raw material. Nor ought the employers' responsibility to have been remitted when improved machinery threw labour on the market. Apart from the argument—sound as far as it goes—that new machinery created new industries and therefore ultimately increased the demand for labour, it remained a fact that labourers thus rendered unemployed *belonged* to the trade into which they had been drawn by the employers, and, since even as unemployed they fulfilled the function of keeping wages at the competitive minimum, they ought in justice to have been maintained by their trades until they were drafted into the vaunted new industries to be created by new machinery. The mediæval guilds shouldered this responsibility; the wealthy manufacturers of the great industry systematically shirked it. They did not put their reasons so bluntly as I state it now: we must admit that they never thought of it in that light. They were convinced—it was the spirit and atmosphere of their period—that, just as one enters a shop and buys a pound of sugar, so they were entitled to go into the market and buy so many units of labour. Sugar was a commodity; so also was labour. We look back with horror on the industrial and social conditions of the period that culminated in the *Poor Law Report* of 1834. Worse remains to be told: the precedent of the severance of the labourer from his labour, then created, continues to this day. We have covered it with trappings of so-called social reform, with a more humanised Poor Law, with Labour Exchanges, with petty little mechanisms for accelerating "the mobility of labour" (another false god!), but even as I write our whole industrial world is

based upon the hypothesis that labour is a commodity, subject, like other commodities, to the law of supply and demand; that the sacred element of personality in labour, industrially considered, must be disregarded. Employers still refer to their employees as "hands."

Before I discuss the essence of wavery in a more scientific spirit, I should like to clinch this point by quoting some words I have written elsewhere:

"It is a curious comment upon slavery, or even peonage, that the owners did not distinguish between the bodies and the labour of their slaves. In their pseudo-patriarchal way they believed that the human body and the labour residing in it were one and indivisible. The modern industrialist disentangled the one from the other. He put a value upon the labour, and, so long as he could procure it in abundance, bodies might rot and souls be damned so far as he was concerned. Could he extract labour from the dead, then corpses would be at a premium, and the embalming trade supplant medicine and surgery. The release of the human body from the economic demand for the labour inherent in it marked the beginning of political democracy. The return of labour to its natural habitat in the human body will mark the beginning of an economic democracy. When the labour of the worker once again becomes part of himself, then wherever his labour goes he will go too, entering into and owning its fruits. It will have become a vital part of himself—the instrument of his destiny; it will have ceased to be a commodity."

The foregoing seems so clear to me, and yet finds so little acceptance amongst the generality of mankind, that I often wonder whether I do not suffer from some overpowering delusion. I comfort myself with the reflection that, in former days, masters regarded their slaves as chattels, and that consequently it need not surprise me that to-day employers regard their employees' labour as a commodity. And when I think a little more about it, I remember that the abolition of chattel slavery was hastened by those grim Northern employers who frankly avowed

that it was wasteful and uneconomic to maintain the body when you could buy the labour for a wage. The chattel was, by a sleight of hand, transformed into a commodity. Let me set it down with less feeling and more exactitude. Why do we distinguish between "salary" and "wage"? Why do we divide the "salaried" and the "proletariat" into separate classes? And why does the salaried rank above the proletariat? The reason is so simple that I am almost ashamed to write it. Because the salaried retains, and is, in fact, paid for, its personality, whereas the proletariat sells only its labour-power considered purely as a commodity. Thus we instinctively and rightly give to salaried Robinson a higher social status than wage-earner Jones, because Robinson has a recognised and recompensed personality, whilst Jones supplies only a non-human quality, from which his personality is *ex hypothesi* excluded, which the economists brutally describe as the "labour commodity." When Robinson goes on holiday, his salary goes with him; when Jones goes to a funeral, his "time" is deducted. In times of depression, Robinson, still on salary, sits at his desk; Jones tramps the streets, because no one hath hired him. But it by no means follows that, because we do not buy Jones's personality, he therefore has none. We put him into a status or caste from which we do not formally demand personality. We are, of course, glad to profit by his personality; but by putting him on a wage-basis we defraud him of its economic value.

How, then, is the fraud effected? We first fix the wage rate at a competitive market value, reached by the existence of a labour reserve, which we wrongly call the unemployed (putting the charge on the community), then, having purchased the labour on a commodity basis, the buyer—i.e., the employer—obtains absolute possession and control of the products of the purchased labour and pouches the surplus value created. That is what Lord Wrenbury meant, in a recent letter to the *Times*, that at the root of all present discontent is found the

problem: who shall have a share and interest in the thing produced? I do not think he quite realised that he was raising the embarrassing dilemma—partnership or wagers.

The psychological aspect of the commodity value of labour is not less important than the economic. Our moral sentiments are largely derived from our social environment. An Oxford graduate, meeting a commercial traveller in a railway carriage, finds that he speaks a different language, thinks on a different plane, sees life in different values. They may have much in common—patriotism, for example—but, generally, the two men, having passed the time of day, are rather glad to lapse into silence, each reading his own papers or books, every sentence of which would be differently interpreted by the two men, whose mother language tends to diverge each from each. In this way, economic environment inevitably creates different castes, with danger to the nation and grave moral loss to its people. Now what in India is called caste, in England is called status. I am far from affirming that they mean the same thing East and West. Status here is a much more elastic term than is caste in India; but *mutatis mutandis* they have a distinctly similar significance. In this connection our phraseology is not without interest. We say of some workman that "he knows his place"; it is frequently said that the harshest taskmaster is the workman become master; we must not let its humour distract us from the true implication of the epigram, "poacher turned gamekeeper"; rather more remote, yet relevant, is the "beggar on horseback." We regard it as incongruous that any man should get out of that station in life to which it has pleased God to call him. It is sometimes difficult to ascribe his true status to this or that man—it is possible, though not probable, that one might mistake a schoolmaster for a merchant—but there can be no mistake possible in instantly realising the status of a wage-earner. In fact, whatever may be their several gradations, every man who sells

his labour as a commodity, and *because* he does it, belongs markedly and unmissably to his own *status*. There is a universal conspiracy to put him there and keep him there. We first put him in a "working-class district," just as the slaves were segregated in the "slave quarters," now known as "Negro quarters." We next send him to a "working-class" school (note the recurrence of the word "class"), where we are careful to instruct him and equally careful not to educate him. Having graduated in shop or factory, we bring all our influence to bear and all our mechanical arrangements, particularly transport, to compel him to marry early and marry one of his own "class." If he marry a "middle-class" girl we slightly shudder; if an "upper-class" girl, it immediately becomes either a scandal or a romance, according to circumstances or the whimsies of the Press. Then, when he is mated and settled, we surround him with a veritable mesh of special legislation, partly contrived by far-seeing employers, partly by political busybodies. In the Southern States, on tram and train, seats are specially reserved "for coloured passengers"; in Great Britain, we have the "workman's train." Whatever our motives, good or bad, the *status* of the wage-earner has crystallised into a social factor of terrible aspect.

We may be sure that the wage-earner does not voluntarily belong to his economic *status* and will leave it at the first opportunity. But the transition from one economic condition to another is always difficult, and in the case of the wage-earner is well-nigh insurmountable. He is not the subject of a mere social convention, such, for example, as divides a manufacturer from a landowner; his position is rooted in economic subjection and he must remain where he is pending an economic revolution. It is sometimes asserted that if he would exercise his political powers he could win through. But not the least of his disabilities is the fact that wage-servitude limits and modifies citizenship. We know that economic power precedes and dominates political

action. If we doubt it, we need only read Ostrogorski's constitutional studies, particularly his analysis of the caucus system. Now the essence of wavery is that economic power passes with labour power to the *entrepreneur*. No economic power is reserved to the labourer because his wage is based upon the bare cost of sustenance. The result is that we have two types of citizen—the "active" and the "passive." I venture again to quote what I have written elsewhere:

"Just as you cannot eat your cake and have it, so you cannot sell your life and yet retain it. Brown has Smith in his pocket because Smith's labour, and the life having gone into the labour, leaves Smith inert, lifeless, spiritually dead. Whatever the politicians may tell him, he is inevitably a passive citizen because, in the guise of a commodity, he has sold his life. Every week he sells it; every week he and his family mount the altar and are sacrificed. How different is it with Brown! He not only possesses his own soul but has Smith's in addition. Smith's life enters into Brown's at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. The price that Labour pays for enduring the wage-system is its own soul; the political sequel is passive or subdued citizenship. And even though the Smiths sit on the Treasury Bench and put on the airs of the master, they cannot escape from their economic subjugation, with its correlative civic passiveness, if they remain content to sell their brethren into the servitude of the wage-system."

"No nation," said Lincoln, "can exist half-slave and half-free"; no political system four-fifths of whose electorate is "passive" can work for righteousness, even if haply it escape dissolution.

The question will arise in every generous mind, why should not Great Britain, with its humanitarian traditions, sweep away this dishonest system? We abolished slavery a generation earlier than did the United States; if slavery, why not wavery? Ah! If we only could! But there is this fundamental difference between slavery and wavery: the abolition of slavery consolidated the industrial

system; the abolition of wavery involves its destruction. We have seen that when the employer buys labour, based on the bare cost of maintenance, he secures to himself the market value of the product—as the Marxians quite accurately phrase it, “the surplus value.” It is out of this surplus value that rent, interest, and profits are paid. The *entrepreneur* is therefore in a cleft stick: If he engage labour at the market value of the product of labour, there is clearly no fund to pay rent and interest, to say nothing of his own profit; if he buy labour at its commodity value (his only alternative under industrialism), he lends himself, willy-nilly, to a fraud upon Labour. Thus we discover that the industrial system, in the final analysis, is based upon the commodity value of Labour, which, ethically considered, is a trick or a fraud. That is why the finer spirits, instinctively sensing its true nature, have always rebelled against it, yet knowing of no cure. For, being an evil, it infects its votaries with its contagion, and we see it in their attitude towards life, their tone and manners, their astonishing obtuseness to spiritual values. When we determine wavery, we destroy the existing industrial system. Let us at least do it with our eyes open.

Between the comparatively small group that exists on rent, interest, and profits (exercising, in consequence, a disproportionate political power) and the great mass of wage-earners are the salaried classes, an inchoate, variegated, and unorganised aggregation of fortuitous atoms. It is, of course, impossible to generalise about the middle-classes for precisely the same reason that you cannot indict a nation. Nothing you can say or criticise applies to all of them. Some of them, by education, training, and *milieu*, are closely related to the actual exploiters; others are equally close, in interest and sympathy, to the wage-earners. An industrial insurance agent, living upon commission, is practically a proletarian. In many ways we may say of the lower middle-classes that they are as much under the harrow as the wage-earners themselves. A clerk earning £2 a week,

although of a higher *status*, must necessarily live very much the same life as an artisan: is probably sprung from the artisan class, and, unless he possesses special abilities, will probably die in the atmosphere and environment of Labour. He has been educated at an elementary school with working-class children, and, almost certainly, will marry an artisan's daughter. This particular type of the salariat is obviously dominated by the conditions of the wage-system. It is the well-considered policy of the industrial leaders to keep the lower middle-classes in a different, and nominally higher, *status* from Labour; but their incomes are regulated by the amounts paid in wages—so much to labour, a trifle more, *plus* a little mock amenity, to the clerk and all who rank with him in social estimation. The abolition of wavery would bring in its train a most happy release to the lower middle classes from an intangible and subtle tyranny, against which they have not even the ineffective redress of Trade Union organisation. Situated as they are, often mocked by the lure of small social advancement, it is hardly surprising that they become saturated with a servile and obsequious spirit, which results in a dangerous and depressing morality, which lacks even the saving virtue of that courage and strength which makes our possessing and governing classes the most powerful factor in our national hegemony.

In the constructive article to follow, I shall deal with the forces at work destined to destroy the wage-system and constitute a nucleus, in the form of incipient guilds, to take its place. But I would now emphasise my own conviction that no really enduring edifice can be built until, realising the implications of wavery, we protest against it on moral and religious grounds, and will its destruction in our passion for justice. I am the first to admit that the science of economics is neither moral nor immoral; it is non-moral. Properly understood, it is a dispassionate examination of every purely economic factor, a diagnosis of every economic disease. Just as a doctor

dispassionately reports on a prevailing disease or plague, so does the economist report the result of his inquiries into economic facts. But when we have the doctor's report, it becomes our moral duty to extirpate the plague by legislation, by organisation, by personal example; so also, when we have the economist's report, it is equally our moral duty to eliminate the discords and secure economic harmony. I confess that I see no signs of an awakening amongst our religious leaders. In other days, we might have looked to the churches with some confidence. Alas! John Ball died a very long time ago. It is, unfortunately, only too true that our churches take their colour from their congregations. This church, well endowed, is attended by the very pink of respectability. No hope there! That church, poor and unen-

dowed, is ruled by its deacons and elders, who, responsible for its small revenues, more or less consciously dominate the teaching and the preaching. But clerical inertia, I think, must also be explained by clerical want of thought. Never, in the history of civilisation, has organised religion been so deeply separated from living issues as to-day. The line of least resistance is the line of least thought, and social reform is a soothing plaster to the conscience. We have reached a stage in our social and economic history when mere reform must give way to the revolution involved in wage abolition. Is it unreasonable to call upon all who are spiritually minded, of all creeds and none, to make the great decision that, so far as in them lies, wagers shall no longer defeat or deter the ascent of man?

(To be continued.)

Will

*What is't, to will?
—It is to interpose a hand between
The Life and its Machine,
Stilling each whirring, lawless wheel
To silence, till
A deeper current of control it feel;*

*And then to let it go,
Tentatively, at first, and slow,
With careful finger poised nigh
To speed it, should its motion die;
To hold it back, if haply, started so,
Sudden, some rude, unbidden force
Rush in and set it to an alien course;*

*Until there comes at length
That quiet plenitude of order'd strength,
When moving Life and Instrument are done,
In smoothest action blended.
Then, friend, thy task is done.
Thy finger from those wheels release;
After long pain, thou may'st have peace;
The age-long strife is ended.*

E. A. W.

The Crime of Being Naughty

By EVELYN SHARP

WE may well wonder, in these days of turbulent disorder, whether the nation will ever awaken to the meaning of the fact that the little delinquents who pass through the dock in our Children's Courts belong exclusively to the working-classes. The national conscience is being slowly roused to a realisation of the increase in what is called juvenile crime: it still remains dead to the fact that the juvenile criminal comes invariably from the workshop and the elementary school, and never from the comfortable home and the public school. Yet, until we as a nation cease in our methods to assume that criminal instincts are confined to the children of mean streets, our attempts to deal with the problem can never be anything but remedial, and therefore ludicrously incomplete.

A glimmering of the right point of view is seen occasionally in an admission, here and there, that the children who in increasing numbers are brought before the magistrate are not naturally vicious. "The boys are normal, possessed of the spirit of adventure," wrote General Sir R. B. S. Baden-Powell in a recent article on "Boy Crime and the Scouts"; "they are usually working together in gangs under romantic names and with romantic impulses." Again, Mr. Herbert Samuel is reported, in the *Times* of December 9, as holding the opinion that "very few of these children are really bad, and wise help and advice will generally be rewarded with success if given in time." There is apparently nothing inherently different between these offending children and those of the same age belonging to the leisured classes. Such boys as those, for instance, who were charged before the Southport

bench last December with breaking open automatic sweet machines and slot gas meters, are by nature the same boys as those whose robberies of apple orchards and other "rags" form so often the subject, not of an item of police-court news, but of some exciting story of public school life, published at six shillings. The spirit of adventure leads in the one case to the Juvenile Court and in the other to the headmaster's study. But in both it is the same spirit, the same desire to get even with the wind and the storm and the rolling waves, to get out of the dull rut of everyday life into the glorious kingdom of the unknown.

There is something a little pathetic in our blundering grown-up attempts to find reasons for the natural instincts of the growing child. The other day Mr. William Sheepshanks, presiding at the West Riding Quarter Sessions, stated that 501 cases of juvenile crime were brought into the West Riding Court in 1914, that this number increased to 916 in 1915, and became 910 for the first eleven months of 1916; and he added the opinion that the primary cause of the increase was lack of parental control owing to the absence of fathers at the front. Other magistrates and authorities have endorsed this opinion repeatedly of late. A further reason alleged for the growth of youthful offences is that high wages are now being earned by boys and girls, and are spent by them in going to the cinema, where they become corrupted by the film dramas that are shown there. Very rarely, if ever, do we see it suggested that the general atmosphere of the war induces a spirit of lawlessness and materialism, distinct from any other of these supposed incentives to crime.

It is impossible to deny that any or all of the reasons alleged do contribute materially to the intensity of the problem—and I use the word "materially" advisedly. But two things may be said about all of them—that they are surface causes only, and that they exist to some extent always and cannot be considered as arising particularly out of the present situation. Fathers who support their families are never much with their children, whether in the wage-earning or the middle classes; and one would have thought that the war, instead of loosening the parental tie, would tend rather to strengthen it. Without cynicism, it must surely be supposed that children can be more readily appealed to with reference to an absent than a present father, and more easily urged to spare trouble to a mother who is racked with emotional anxiety than to one who is merely bearing all the ordinary cares of domestic life which are taken for granted by her family. Lack of parental control, in one sense, probably accounts for much of the lawlessness that we see in the young people of the present day; but there is little to show that this is a war condition. Where it exists it arises partly from the negligibility of the mother in those homes where the State view of her inferior position is accepted—a view that is expressed in every sitting of the Juvenile Court, where the consent of the father only is required for the future disposition of the child—and partly from the fact that we are still in a transition stage with regard to the relations of the State to the parent and of both to the child. This applies, of course, mainly to the working-class child, a limitation that accounts largely for the existence of the difficulty; for if the State had assumed control over the education and health of the children of other classes as well, more would almost certainly have been done to safeguard the position and the authority of the parent in the home. But since, unfortunately, the working classes only are affected by most of our child legislation, the children of those classes are at present in danger of falling between two stools; the old power of the parent, often no doubt badly used,

has been weakened, while that of the State—at best only a male State—is still far from complete. It can therefore be said with accuracy that lack of parental control is a surface cause of juvenile crime; but it is not fairly attributable to the war, and cannot be regarded as having much to do with the recent increase in children's offences.

The higher wages earned by children in war-time, if really an incentive to crime, can only be regarded as a very indirect one. The possession of money in itself does not induce criminal action, or boys and girls of the wealthier classes, who are always in possession of pocket-money, would become juvenile criminals. There is no doubt that child wage-earners do spend a good deal of their money on the cinema, and that some of the films shown do suggest undesirable things to their imagination; but if this indirect result of high wages is set against the number of thefts committed by children who have no money and steal it in order to go to these entertainments, it seems as though the one cause of crime should cancel out the other. It is not the money earned that turns the juvenile wage-earner into a juvenile criminal; it is rather the fact of his being a wage-earner at all at an age when he ought to be at home or at school. You cannot—I should like to add fortunately—put old heads on young shoulders; and to expect a child of twelve—the age at which experts are agreed the greatest tendency to crime is shown—or upwards, to develop an adult sense of responsibility because he or she happens to be doing an adult job in the labour market is to expect what is happily an impossibility. Juvenile crime is a blunder, a waste, a gigantic stupidity, but it is not a tragedy. The tragedy would be there only if our army of child labourers were to show themselves devoid of the desire for change, of the love of adventure and of the power of initiative, which, because they become perverted at the source, now lead to punishable offences instead of the higher development of the imagination.

This brings me to what appears to be the basic cause of juvenile crime. It is

not a material one, because basic causes are rarely material. The poverty of the poor, for instance, may produce disease and vice and crime; but it produces these things mainly because of the spiritual starvation which results from poverty as surely as bodily starvation results from it. Bad housing may drive children into the streets for a playground; want of food and clothes may drive them into the shop instead of the secondary school; both of these things may smooth the way to a career of crime. But it is the starvation of their souls, consequent upon the conditions under which they have to live, that is the real cause of their constant appearances in the police courts. You cannot doubt this if you visit one of these courts where such children come before the magistrate. You expect, perhaps, to see depraved countenances, furtive looks, vicious expressions. Of course, you do see some of these—in children who are obviously diseased, subjects for the pathologist and the doctor rather than for the magistrate and the schoolmaster. But the occupant of the juvenile dock is in the great majority of cases just a naughty child—one of those boys who will be boys, or girls who will be girls; a little creature struggling to find expression, convinced of being an incipient hero or heroine, a pirate captain or a robber chief, obeying one knows not what instinct of the growing soul, reaching after infinity, and falling with a crash to the earth. In the great majority of cases juvenile offenders are the best, not the worst, of their fellows; the most intelligent, the most ambitious, the most susceptible to romantic impressions, to spiritual influences. If they were otherwise, they would have remained content with the dreariness of their drab lives; they would not have broken bounds in search of adventure. It is our fault, not theirs, that the only food we offer them for the spirit is the cinema film, and the only outlet for their unconquerable enthusiasms an orgy of petty larceny.

It is very easy to be sentimental about children in the abstract, and sometimes difficult to be patient with them in the flesh. Even when we have reached the

point of admitting that the juvenile criminal is a naughty child, we have still a naughty child to deal with; and it is a hard truth to swallow that we, and not the children, are responsible for the naughtiness. Yet it is only the people who do frankly admit this truth, and who see the necessity for taking the child into partnership over the problem of its own redemption, who seem to be even approaching a solution of it. The Little Commonwealth in Dorset is becoming a well-known example of this method of dealing with the juvenile criminal, when he or she has been made; and it is a method that seems to have been attended with amazing success. But it would be better still to stop the manufacture of juvenile criminals at the source, to provide for the children of the poor what is to some extent provided for the children of the rich—an outlet for their imaginative impulses; though we must remember here that the education even of those happier children leaves much to be desired in this direction. The fact that the middle-class child goes away to a boarding school at an age when the working-class child goes out to work accounts very largely for the absence of juvenile crime among Etonians and Roedeanians. But if naughtiness were called crime in the case of those other children, there would be many of them to stand side by side with their poorer brethren in the dock—and with less excuse, for they have plenty of colour and variety in their lives, even if the conventional school curriculum has been at fault in many ways.

Lord Haldane, in a recent lecture on "The Training of the Citizen," mentioned that in this country only one in nine of our children gets any education at all after the age of fourteen, and many leave school at thirteen or earlier. Three times as many children in France, and five times as many in Prussia, pass on to the secondary and continuation schools. "We do not know what geniuses are wasted among our children for lack of opportunity!" he cried. In the same address he emphasised his belief that the educational problem is not a materialistic one, that we cannot live by bread alone, that the training of our

children must be directed towards spiritual things as well, and that in educating ourselves to become a practical nation we must see to it that we become also a nation of idealists. It is in this spirit also that the problem of juvenile crime must be approached. Many educational experiments are being made to-day that mark a new spirit in education. The Scout movement is excellent in some directions; all kinds of physical exercise and games are good as affording scope for learning courage and brotherhood; technical education is good in establishing a connection between the mind and the hands. But such experiments, successful as they are up to a point, do not necessarily touch the imagination. The Scout movement only does so in so far as its adventurous and chivalrous, and not its militarist, side is accentuated; and technical education, only in so far as it is able to satisfy that interesting combination of the qualities and the senses that in more fortunate circumstances would be allowed to betoken the artist. For among those little geniuses, of whose existence Lord Haldane is so positive, are probably many embryo artists; and it is the artist who, if his aspirations are thwarted, is most easily corrupted into the criminal.

It is important to lay stress upon this aspect of the question because of the danger that awaits us at the end of the war, when it is highly probable that the struggle for existence, both in nations and individuals, will be so strenuous as to set in motion a wave of materialism throughout the world. The cry in this country will be for better technical education, for greater commercial fitness, for higher wages, for decent housing, for material advantages of every kind. All these things are necessary; are, indeed, essential to our spiritual development as a nation; but unless the needs of the soul are provided for at the same time materialism will win hands down, and no victory in the field will be able to compensate for the spiritual

defeat we shall have suffered. We continually hear, even now, bitter criticisms of the poor, who, earning fairly good wages for the first time by doing war work, spend their money on cheap jewellery and pianos. Without discussing why it is wicked for the poor to buy cheap jewellery, when it has never been held wicked for the rich to buy expensive jewellery, we should surely welcome the departure from materialism which is evidenced, ever so slightly, in the desire to buy a piano or a gilt ornament, and so to procure a little food for the soul after a lifetime spent in scraping to secure enough food for the body. Many a wealthy and cultured member of a War Savings Committee has made less sacrifice for his soul than that.

Is it so very revolutionary to look forward to another sort of new era after the war—one in which children of all classes shall be taught that there is a great adventure of peace as well as of war, that it can be as heroic to make one's country worth dying for as to die for it, and that if every boy and girl wants to be a St. George there will still be enough dragons to go round? At all costs let us bring about that revolution as speedily as possible, if only to justify the great sacrifices made by those who lie in the graves of France and Flanders to-day because they did think their country worth dying for. Education in any real sense does not exist in this country; it will never begin to exist until we determine that every child of every class shall be allowed to be a child, with equal opportunities of development, and, having done that, see to it that we feed their imaginations as carefully as we feed their bodies. I do not think we shall be troubled then with juvenile crime; and if it still occurs, we shall at least call it naughtiness, whether we find it in a cottage or a palace, and seek for its cause in the system we have built round the child and not in the child who has been produced by the system.

Maternity and Child Welfare

By E. J. SMITH

III.

WERE we half as anxious to prevent the deadly evils that our indifference permits to grow thick and fast through periods of material prosperity and soul-destroying ease, as we are to make the unspeakable horrors that are now being perpetrated through Europe, a war to end war, the Government would invite its capable Blue Book experts to collaborate in the production of a much more comprehensive and informing report and balance-sheet than any that has yet been attempted by them. They would be asked to condense into one volume such departmental data as would enable reasonably reliable conclusions to be drawn as to the soundness or insolvency of the national concern as a whole. Under the respective headings of assets and liabilities they would not only present such interesting items as our fabulous wealth, industrial greatness and naval power, but also such discreditable facts as are involved in the number of inmates of our prisons, workhouses, hospitals and asylums; not only the number and extent of our great country houses and fine suburban villas, but also the number and condition of our overcrowded and insanitary hovels where the poor and those who have no helper eke out an animal-like existence; not only the stately architecture and lavish equipment of our universities, colleges and public schools, but also the terrible record of human moths that fly to, and are consumed in, the gin palaces, gambling hells and houses of ill-fame that are permitted to ply their nefarious traffic amongst us; not only our magnificent cathedrals and gorgeous churches

erected for the worship of God, but also our horrible scrap-heaps of sin and sorrow and shame, bearing witness to the appalling gulf that stands between religious profession and Christian practice; not only the number of mothers and infants whose lives had rightly been protected and cared for by every means that medical skill and trained nursing could devise, but also the number of mothers (1) whose lives had been needlessly lost in child-bearing, for want of it, (2) whose health had been unnecessarily broken through lack of adequate ante-natal supervision, proper attention during confinement and reasonable after-care; the number of infants who had (a) been culpably sacrificed before birth, (b) suffered avoidable death during the first year of life, and finally the number of innocent and helpless little ones who for similarly discreditable reasons must be a burden to themselves, their humble circumstanced parents and a guilty nation, till the kindly hand of death calls them to a home where selfishness is superseded by service and the results of man's inhumanity to man are lost in the arms of everlasting Love. We cannot, and we dare not if we could, have an annual "march past" of these two sides of the national balance-sheet, but if our cinematograph companies would turn from fiction to fact, throw their enterprise into the production of such a film of alternating conditions, and send it through the length and breadth of the land, they would become mighty reforming agencies, creating such a revulsion of feeling as would render a continuance of the dehumanising conditions impossible.

It will probably help to a better understanding of the need for drastic changes in the realms of maternity and child welfare, if concrete illustrations are given of the conditions under which—owing to the refusal of well-to-do married people to have children—an ever increasing proportion of the parents of the race live and work in Bradford, the seat of the worsted industry, and one of the most prosperous cities in the kingdom. For, though the details of the problem vary in places with widely different conditions and callings, the broad underlying features have much in common all the world over. The figures to be quoted—unless otherwise mentioned—will refer to 1914, as those of a later period would, owing to the war, be abnormal and therefore misleading.

At the last census, over 26,000 persons—or 9.3 per cent. of the total population of the city—were living in overcrowded houses, to the physical, mental and moral deterioration of every man, woman and child in them. Some idea of the truth of this statement may be gleaned by taking a much wider and more general survey. Three-fifths of the inhabitants of Bradford live in houses of four rooms and under, and the remaining two-fifths in dwellings of five rooms and over. If the death-rate in the smaller houses were the same as in the larger ones, only half the number of people would die in them, and, per contra, if the mortality in the large houses was as heavy as it is in the small ones, double the number of their better-class occupants would succumb.

When knowledge and imagination begin to play upon such illuminating figures, and reduce them from general statements to concrete facts, they throw a lurid light on conditions which constitute the setting for the sacred office of maternity and child welfare, and prove how pregnant these are with grave, urgent, and far-reaching issues that must be faced and grappled with whether we are willing or not. Slums and the human derelicts who inhabit them are sorry sources from which to continue the race, but we keep relying upon them with

a light heart. What will the harvest ultimately be, and what will history say of us?

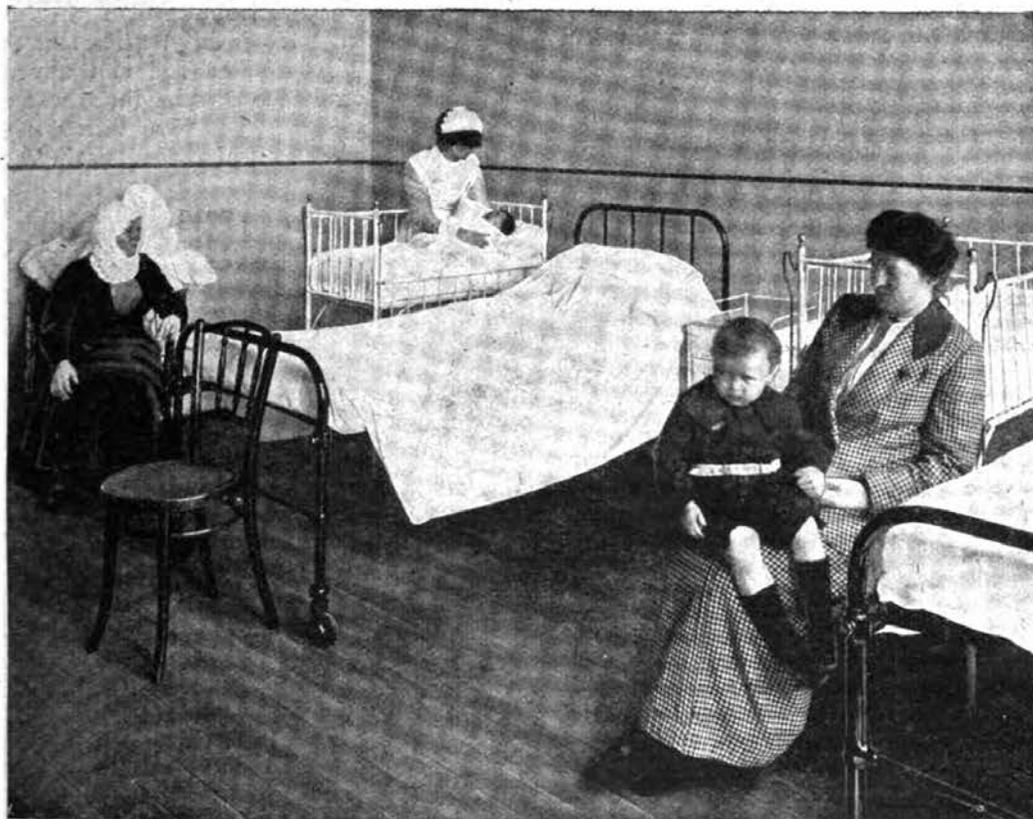
THE DECLINING BIRTH-RATE

From 1876 to 1914 the birth-rate in Bradford fell from 40 per 1,000 of the population to less than 20, which means that if the births in 1914 had been relatively as numerous as they were in 1876, instead of some 5,700 infants being born, the number would have been about 12,000. The effect of that tremendous decline is that—apart from the influx of population from outside—the middle-aged people of the City were born when twice as many infants came into the world as at present, while the young men and women of Bradford were born when the birth-rate was 50 per cent. higher than now. This is equivalent to turning the pyramid on to its apex and contemplating a material extension of national responsibility with an ever diminishing number of recruits.

There must be something fundamentally wrong with the education and training of those comparatively well-to-do people who are largely responsible for the present position, for it is obvious their conceptions of duty to themselves, the nation and the race, have fallen before the persistent onslaughts of pleasure, comfort and ease. Their palpable neglect of the claims of God and man has the effect of increasing the proportion of our so-called imperial race which is born from the poorest stock and into the worst possible conditions with disastrous results. In Bradford in 1914 the average infantile death-rate in the three best wards of the City was 59 per 1,000 births, while in the three worst wards it reached 176, or three times as many, and the death-rate is a fairly reliable index of the damage rate amongst those who survive. As, however, twice as many infants were born in squalor as in comfort, the slaughter of these innocents—each one of which had a mother—was in reality six times greater in the slums than in the suburbs. Try to compare the prospect of an "equal chance" in such conditions with that in

a home blessed with adequate means, education and the protection these have the power to provide. The expectant mother consults her doctor early and receives from him all the supervision and advice he is capable of giving, a fully qualified nurse is called in before the child is expected, and all that forethought can do and skill supply are bestowed alike on

pend, in more senses than one, upon the birth-rate in countries which claim to believe in it. Unless the slums can be rescued we are drifting towards the rocks, for they are rapidly becoming the cradles of great cities, and the nation is losing its middle classes—hitherto regarded as the backbone of the State—and being divided into super-men on the one hand



OPHTHALMIC WARD.

mother and child. Why, from a Christian point of view, should two innocent and helpless infants, who are not responsible for their existence, be subjected to such strangely different welcomes? Will the same divergence of treatment be meted out to them in heaven, and, if not, can the churches explain why it is permitted here; for nothing more than they have the power to do is needed to provide the "equal chance," and even Christianity itself de-

and hewers of wood and drawers of water on the other.

It must be remembered that the declining birth-rate is indicative of lowering morals. In Bradford the proportion of illegitimate births to total births rose from 4.3 per cent. in 1907 to 6.0 per cent. in 1914, while deaths are gravely multiplied by procuring abortion—which ought to be called, what it is, murder—and where the attempt fails the child

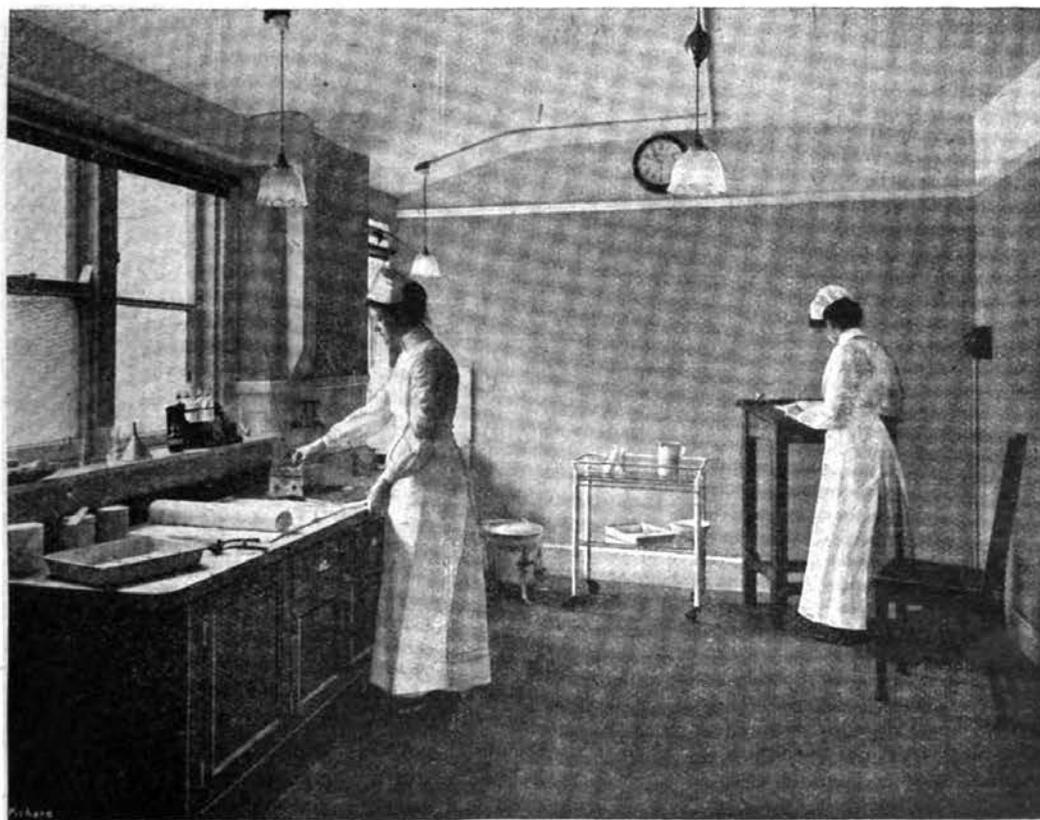
all too frequently crosses the threshold only to succumb or be maimed for life. Were these "not wanted" children, who are worse than orphans, deducted from the legitimate births, the fall would be still more marked. The impunity with which the blatant advertisements for procuring abortion may be inserted in the Press, and the easy manner in which drugs can be bought for the purpose, is an appalling public scandal which calls for immediate and stringent suppression, by prohibiting the one and confining the sale of the other to doctors' prescriptions. The incredibly widespread prevalence of venereal diseases has been confirmed by the recent report of the Commission called into being to consider that horrible problem. It is difficult to appreciate their objection to compulsory notification, which seems to be founded on a false sentiment that in practice treats the guilty as though they were innocent and the innocent as though they were guilty. But surely a half-way house which should meet both sides could be found by confining compulsory notification to congenital syphilis, which would do something to protect the victims and the race without needlessly involving the culprits, who have already received far more consideration than those they have cursed. The terrible retribution these diseases impose upon innocent women, their helpless offspring, and the State, are awful to contemplate, and should make those responsible for them shudder at their iniquities. The least of the penalties these inflict is a wretched army composed of women dragging through life broken and miserable, infants cursed before they have seen the light by premature and precarious births and congenital debility, and mentally defective children wending their hopeless way to the prisons, work-houses and asylums of the State. Clearly we are working on the wrong side of the river, and instead of spending our money and strength in dragging men, women and children out of the turbulent waters, we must cross over on to the other bank and try to prevent them falling in. But though the race is being ground between

the upper and nether millstones of declining births and needless deaths, neither organised religion, the representatives of industry, nor Parliament itself have stopped to think seriously of the future or to inquire, "Watchman, what of the night?"

There is another aspect of this grave and urgent problem that is of supreme importance to the highest life of the State, for here as always retribution walks in the footsteps of neglected duty. The inexpressible joys of motherhood can never enter a childless home, and for that reason "mother-love," the most God-like attribute in the wide, wide world, is being sacrificed to human folly and national unconcern. It is the response to the inimitable appeal of the most helpless form of life on earth, for an infant cannot even find its own way to its mother's breast. It is the outpouring of a love she did not possess till that frail being, which is flesh of her flesh, was ushered into this strange, mysterious and unfolding world. And though she does not know that it is destined to enrich the world, she prays that it may, and fortunately the man is unborn who can deny the possibility, for human wisdom has not yet been able to determine in which cradle the genius is being rocked or under what roofs the world's saviours are being reared; but we know that God has provided them both, and the mystery of their whereabouts is the salvation of the poor. If this mighty fulcrum of mother-love—our priceless asset—which is capable of lifting the world, and which has made the homes of England the sheet-anchor of the State, is to be sacrificed, the British Empire will pass like a dream. Surely the heroism of war is not to be accompanied by the cowardice of peace. If men are willing to make the supreme sacrifice by laying down their lives for the nation, women, with reasonable encouragement and help, will not shrink from serving God in the sacred office of motherhood on which the salvation of the world depends. Greece died for want of children, and the finest civilisation in history was lost because the solution of its declining birth-rate was too

long delayed. To be fore-warned is to be fore-armed. Are we wise enough to learn the lesson, or must we, too, deprive the world of the service it is in our power to render? Consciously or unconsciously we are approaching the time when we shall have to decide whether the nation, for want of children, is to be hurled down the hill of progress up which our fathers

child-bearing age, work in the factories of the City in normal times, which means there must be something approximating to that number of neglected homes, over-worked wives, and whatever number of young children are represented by them, together with as many partially-for-saken little ones as are entitled to their constant care. How serious this is for the



TREATMENT ROOM.

struggled through long, weary years of labour, sacrifice and loss, that we may be free, or because of an ever-increasing number of healthy, intelligent and happy little ones it is to climb with redoubled energy to more glorious summits.

EVILS OF THE FACTORY SYSTEM

Over 10,000 married women—apart from widows—90 per cent. of whom are of

infants concerned will be recognised when it is remembered that the child loses its mother at the very time when it stands most in need of the protection she alone can give, and is deprived of her breast-milk when it is indispensable to its well-being. In 1911 an investigation was made in St. Helens, and it was found that the death-rate amongst infants artificially fed was five and a half times greater than in the ranks of those fed at their mothers'

breast; while experience has proved that during epidemics of infantile diarrhoea in Birmingham, Liverpool, and Bradford, the deaths of hand-fed infants have been from fifteen to twenty times greater than amongst those naturally fed. In this connection it will be of interest to know that the Bradford Corporation have determined to seek the following powers:—

“That the Parliamentary Sub-Committee be recommended to include in the next Bill to be promoted in Parliament by the Corporation clauses providing:—

“(1) That a married woman, who is the mother of a child or children under the age of three years, shall not be employed in any textile factory in this City unless the owner or occupier thereof makes arrangements to the satisfaction of the Corporation for the care of such children during the period of such employment.

“(2) That the Corporation may make regulations with respect to such arrangements.

“(3) For the conferring on the owner or occupier of a textile factory and the employee of a right of appeal to the Local Government Board against the decision of the Corporation in any case.”

As the breast secretion of milk inevitably fails when intervals of twelve hours intervene between one feed and another, such an arrangement on the factory premises, by enabling mothers to suckle their children during meal times, would ensure the continuity of that provision which Nature intended for the major part of infancy.

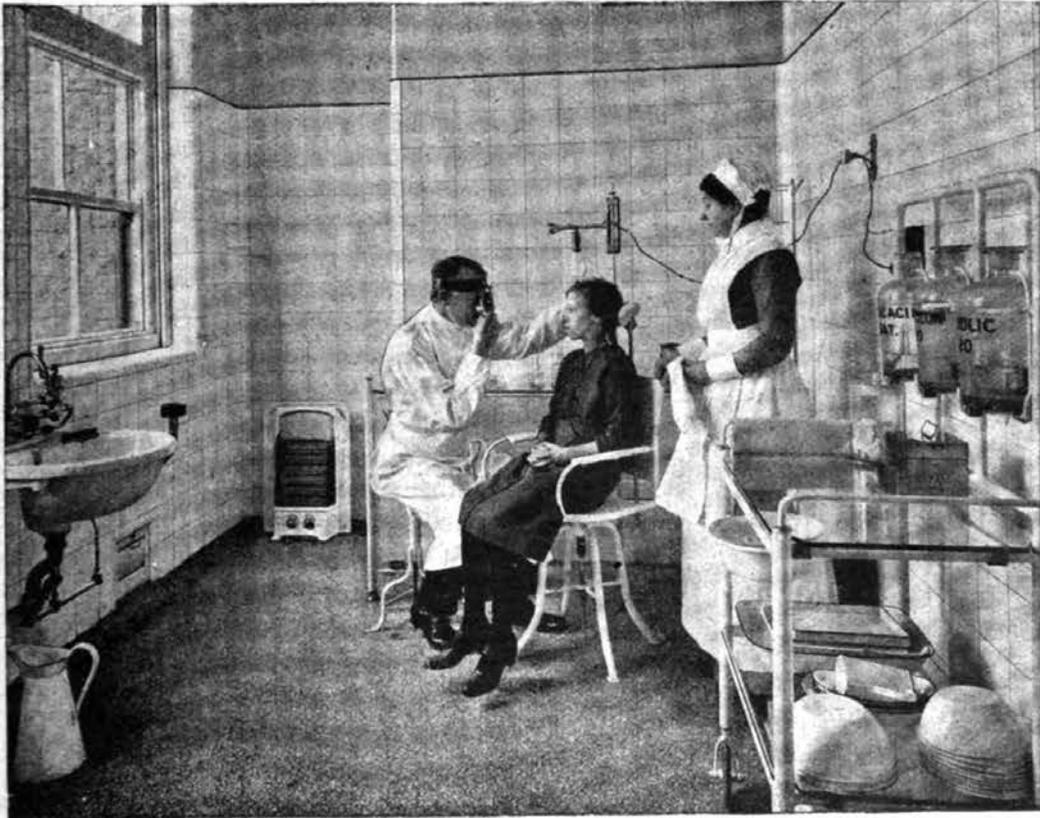
It ought to be neither necessary nor possible for mothers with young children to go out to work. Why should married women who make our homes, sustain the nation's life, and feed industry with labour, be less adequately rewarded—indeed, as mothers they are not rewarded at all—than single ones, who would be the first to admit that they render no such supremely important service to the race? Yet the present industrial system makes it more profitable for a woman to work in a factory than to have children. Is it reasonable or just that motherhood should actually be penalised and impoverished by

the community whose well-being depends upon it. And if it is, and she succumbs to the same mercenary spirit that prompts them, who is responsible for the falling birth-rate? Such a system stands self-condemned, for it sacrifices the future to the present and accumulates the wealth of to-day at the expense and to the detriment of the life of to-morrow. Indeed its influence is apparent by comparison. In the South Wales coalfield of Rhondda, the chemical and glass centre of St. Helens, and the iron town of Middlesbrough, three districts in which there is practically no employment for women, the birth-rate is nearly 75 per cent. higher than in the worsted areas of Bradford, Halifax, and Huddersfield, although the trade of these towns depends upon a steady stream of young life being maintained. When a child-bearing mother is compelled to work in the factory, instead of ceasing her employment for not less than three months on either side of the child's birth, she usually works as close up to the confinement as possible and returns to her work a month after that trying ordeal has been passed. What can be said for a system that renders such exactions necessary, or for a nation that permits its population to be maintained at such a callous price? Clearly the inducements for such women to have children are not very obvious, neither is the fact that many of them decline, strange. Yet we contrive to act as though men were made for industry and not industry for men, till the mercenary atmosphere grips us like a vice, to the exclusion of humanitarian considerations and altruistic endeavour. Indeed, the willingness of captains of industry to amass fortunes out of the nation's necessities, while other men are sacrificing their lives for our safety, has demonstrated through the medium of indelible experience that the selfishness of unfettered freedom would both lose the war and ruin the State.

In addition to the 10,000 married women, there are some 6,000 half-timers employed in the factories of the City at tremendous cost to their physical development and better education. Many of

them, certainly the greater portion, are being called upon to pay this price because without their earnings the income is inadequate to meet the needs of the home. The Factory and Education Acts—altogether excellent in themselves—have impoverished parents by reducing the earnings of young children through their exclusion from employment during tender

steadily rising standard of leisure and comfort. The maintenance of families on incomes that left them entirely out of consideration made that impossible, and so the decline in the birth-rate began where more popular education started, with the middle and upper working classes, and unless drastic measures are taken to arrest it the fall will continue through a pro-



MEDICAL CONSULTATION.

years, and in the absence of some equivalent recompense the diminished income has been tantamount to an economic tax on family life. Instead of meeting the difficulties it has benevolently created, the nation has confined itself to timid, fitful, and futile expedients, and in the meantime education has been gradually percolating through an ever-increasing proportion of the community, giving imagination, outlook, and vision which rightly demand a

gressively widening mass of the population, until it reaches and includes the base. But money-making has become such an obsession that we put a higher premium on wealth than on welfare and allow individual success to loom larger than social amelioration; and so men are blinded even to their own private interests, and continue to provide ambulances at the bottom of the cliff, rather than adopt the saner course of erecting a fence round the top.

Belief and Life

By GUSTAV LILJENCRANTZ

[*Mr. Liljencrantz is showing the same earnest desire for pioneer work in our Order as did his mother, Baroness Liljencrantz, in the pioneer socialistic movement in Denmark, concerning whom a short article appeared in the July, 1916, number of the HERALD.*

Twice a week during a period of five months Mr. Liljencrantz read and studied that rare book, "At the Feet of the Master." The thoughts produced by this work were written out first in his native Danish, and then with unwearied care these papers were worked over again and again into English, until he had succeeded in obtaining in that language the same earnest, pure tone he had expressed in his own. Then he was advised to send the article to the HERALD.]

THE first of the six principles in the Order of the Star in the East reads as follows:

"We believe that a Great Teacher will soon appear in the world, and we wish so to live now that we may be worthy to know Him when He comes."

This principle indicates both the object of our belief and the nature of the life we ought to live, and if each member understands and carries out these two particulars, then the Order of the Star in the East as a whole can solve the two main tasks of which the General Secretary of the Order speaks in his little pamphlet: in the outer world to prepare the public opinion for the coming of the World-Teacher, or the Master if we use the Christian name, and in the spiritual world to form an instrument ready to serve Him. When we maintain our conviction and present clearly to others the reasons proving our belief in the coming of a World-Teacher, we are instrumental in creating a state of expectation and spiritual hope; and if we succeed in that, we may perhaps trust that we have solved the first task. And when we are trying to change our nature in order that it may be a clean and bright mirror, which so reflects His Spirit that we (speaking from the Christian point of view) recognize the Christ without us by virtue of the Christ-

life within us, then we may be instruments, imperfect certainly, but ready to serve Him; and then we have solved the second task.

First of all we must emphasize that we do not wish to try to convince anyone by argument as to the truth of our belief. *Conviction is something that comes from within, not from without*, it is the fruit of a personal, mental work, the result of a spiritual growth coming through particular conditions to each individual, not an impression of the thoughts of others. We wish only to remove hindrances to the unfolding of this free, independent conviction by trying to conquer the resistance of prejudices and to elucidate misapprehensions, and then to propose some points of view which may be proved by the unprejudiced intelligence.

Two types of men are to be found in the world, two types whose ways of evolution differ considerably from each other, the intellectual and the devotional. They are so different that the same idea must be presented in quite different forms and must be founded on quite different reasons if it should be accepted by both. Reasons acknowledged by the former make no impression on the latter, and reasons to which this type bow by virtue of an inner assurance are not logical to the former, but only of personal validity

Therefore we must divide the reasons into two classes: those which appeal to the intelligence that always demands objective, solid facts as the basis of its judgment, and those that appeal to the devotion and its inherent spiritual suppositions.

When we look about us nowadays, we cannot help noticing that political, social, and material evolution, as well as the spiritual life, points to one great goal, the realization of one great idea: unity and brotherhood. Through the growth of industry and commerce, and through the improved means of transit, the world has become a great economical whole, the parts of which are firmly bound together. In the lower layers of society a feeling of social solidarity is growing, a feeling that comprehends all lands, all peoples, and knits them together. We wish peace for the world, not only peace between the nations through an international court of arbitration and a political confederation of the world, but peace between the races, a more conciliatory mind. The Universal Race Congress in London in 1911 was a sign pointing in that direction. We wish a universal language in which all nations can express their thoughts.

Within religious circles there is a growing understanding of the spiritual fact that religions are friends, not enemies, and can learn from each other. Christians, for instance, now acknowledge that we here in Europe, with our individualism, have much to learn from the East, where the feeling of solidarity is strong and deep, and, further, that our religious life would profit if we could acquire a little of that serenity which characterises the spirit of the peoples of the East. This acknowledgment of the brotherhood of religions also appears in growing tolerance in the parliaments of religion and in the activity of the Theosophical Society through which this idea is spread. And not only do the single religions approach each other, but the relation between religious life as a whole and science as a whole begins to change. Religious experiences are not rejected now as mere dreams and fancy, but are investigated scientifically. (William

James). So-called supernatural phenomena, that depend on unknown laws of psychic powers, are no longer put aside as superstition, but are narrowly examined by societies for psychical research and by individual scientists. (Myers.)

Now, it is a historical fact that when an idea has been spread among men, when it has inspired their hearts and their thoughts, when it has been a hope to the weak and a goal to the strong, then at last it is incarnated in a great personality. He is born by the enthusiasm which the idea has awakened, he rests upon the will to self-sacrifice caused by this enthusiasm; and by gathering around himself all powers ready to serve the idea, he leads it with a powerful hand to its complete fulfilment. Why may we not hope to find some time an incarnation expressing universal unity? But only a World-Teacher will be able to realise this mighty idea, and the acknowledgment of our need of such an incarnation of unity and greatness is already to be found. A prominent thinker has written that religious life needs a great religious personality in order to regain its power. These words do not mean that earnest religious men are not to be found, but they are only stones waiting for the builder who shall rebuild the temple of religion.

These are some exterior reasons that we can lay on the table. They contain no proof that compels understanding. Still, I believe that as a whole they must give rise to the feeling that we are living in a remarkable age in which something great and mighty is approaching. That this great idea will appear in the shape of a World-Teacher cannot be proved, but neither can it be disproved. I believe that from a rational—but unprejudiced—point of view this position is to be taken: "What *has* happened *may* happen again. We will not believe before we see, neither will we deny the possibility of what we have not yet seen. *We will wait and let facts speak.*"

Turning to the religious or devotional type, we do not usually meet any doubt regarding the possibility of the coming of the Master, because the prediction of that

coming is to be found in all great religions. Christians, for instance, are familiar with the expectation of the advent of Christ, about which many testimonies are to be found in the *New Testament*. I will only quote two :

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."

—*Matthew xvi.*, 27.

"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd"—*John x.*, 16.*

The last words especially are of importance, because the meaning may be that Christ is not only the Master of the Christians but the Universal Teacher who will some time gather around Him all humanity. Among Christians we meet the widespread belief in the Advent of Christ and the Day of Judgment as two events taking place at the same time. Still other views regarding this point are to be found within the Church, and prominent scholars are of opinion that one of the most important texts in the Scriptures (*Matthew xxiv.*), upon which this belief may be founded, is translated in a wrong way as "the end of the world" instead of "the completion of the age."

But we meet a far greater difficulty. People can justly ask us how we prove that the coming of the World-Teacher will take place in some years. We can answer by asking them to go two thousand years backward in thought, and imagine the circumstances in which Christ was expected. A lonely man stood forth in the desert and announced to men that they should be converted for the Kingdom of Heaven was near. He did not prove anything, not even his right to bring this message; he was speaking to their hearts, not to their intellect; he was speaking from the assurance of his spirit; and those who heard and followed him blessed his name and prepared themselves to receive the Master.

* Further: *Matthew xxv.*, 31—32; *Mark xiii.*, 26—27; *Luke ix.*, 26; *xvii.*, 24—45; *xxi.*, 27; *xxi.*, 36; *John xi.*, 52; *xiv.*, 3; *xiv.*, 28; *Acts i.*, 9—11; *iii.*, 20—21; *I. Corinthians iv.*, 5; *I. Thessalonians iv.*, 16; *Titus ii.*, 13; *Hebrews ix.*, 28; *x.*, 37; *xii.*, 26; *James v.*, 7—8; *I. Peter, i.*, 7; *i.*, 13; *II. Peter iii.*, 13; *I. John iii.*, 2. These references are quoted from the *Theosophist*.

But their conviction was not born of reason, it was born of the intuitive feeling of the truth of the personality of the messenger, the power in his announcement, the spirit in his words—and that was the Spirit of the Master.

Returning to the present time. The same message regarding the coming of a World-Teacher is announced again, this time by a woman, Mrs. Besant, whose life has been an incessant search for truth, a constant sacrificing of herself to the need of humanity—and by a young man, Mr. Krishnamurti, known as the human author of a little book now spread all over the world. I doubt if any religious man can read *At the Feet of the Master* without receiving a deep impression of its sublime views of life, the love, gentleness, serenity, and immovable strength that stamp this book. Perhaps one will say that it contains nothing that is new, almost all is to be found in the Scriptures. But perhaps nothing is more in praise of a book, in a spiritual sense, than the fact that it is so deeply stamped by the spirit of the Scriptures, that one believes oneself to be reading the Scriptures, although each sentence expresses the eternal truths in an entirely original form. This book has to me and thousands of others become a key to life, because it shows us the way to perfection, to God. And when he through whom the world has received this book, announces the coming of the Master—then I believe him; for the Spirit of the Master speaks through the words of the book.

This is not belief on authority. Belief on authority is, as Mrs. Besant has pointed out in *Ideals of the Future*, the conviction of a child, or a child-soul, leaning upon the assurance of others, and it is a help to man until he reaches mental maturity, learns to use his own thought-power and to form an independent opinion. But a prophecy cannot be an object of thought. If the prophecy regards something that has happened before and therefore may happen again, thought can neither assume nor reject it, it can only answer: "It is possible." A prophecy must be believed either by *intuition* or by *confidence* in the

prophet, and it is very difficult to discriminate between these two ways. However, the practical result, in a spiritual sense, is the same in both cases. A tie is formed between the Master and the individual, either directly by intuition, or indirectly by confidence in the particular instruments of the Master, and through this tie, this conviction of the heart, man is enrolled in the army that is fighting in order to prepare the way for the Master.

The first declared principle of the Order is that members wish so to live now that they may be worthy to know the Master when He comes. The meaning of this is obviously not an outer recognition through eyes and ears, but an inner spiritual recognition by virtue of certain qualities that they themselves must develop.

In order to understand this, we must examine how we generally learn to know things outside ourselves and their qualities. How do we learn to know the beautiful? By opening ourselves to it, by exerting ourselves in order to grasp it, by living in it. How do we learn to know the truth? By searching for it, by loving it, by receiving it so that it becomes a part of ourselves. In the same way with the good, the great, the sublime. But what holds good in these special cases must also hold good of the perfection, the Master Himself, in Whom all this is united. *Only the ideality in man recognises the ideal of man.* I believe that we never are able to see a Master; what we see is, perhaps, a beautiful, a harmonious figure, but that it is the Master—that we feel. If the Divine could be seen with physical eyes the Crucifixion had scarcely taken place; the Jews did not see the Master, they did not see the Messiah, they only saw the son of the carpenter.

Here is the great privilege that we possess as members of the Order of the Star in the East. Other people, some day, will stand face to face with the Master, only possessing that power of recognition, great or small, that they happen to have, but we can for years purposely develop those qualities that enable us to recognise Him with spiritual certainty by virtue of a kindred nature. The difficulty

is only that we have not ideality sufficient to imagine a Master. Therefore we must turn to one who is able to do that, and I will then choose that picture of a Master that Mrs. Besant draws—in its main features, in her book, *In the Outer Court*. She describes the Master as a Divine Man, whose Nature is full of *gentleness* and *sympathy*, whose spirit possesses a *strength* that nothing can shake, and behind all this the *joy* shines forth, that joy which looks beyond all sorrow, that peace which passeth all understanding. These main qualities we can adapt to our life.

With deep understanding of the inner life and nature of man, Mrs. Besant has laid stress on joy as a chief quality in the character of the Divine Man. Eager to impress the importance of suffering as a spiritual instrument of purification, religion has often forgotten the goal and has undervalued joy. Both joy and pain are necessary to inner development; in the picture of the perfect soul the expression of the countenance is joyous, yet the features are lined with furrows of pain. Again we must discriminate between the lower and the higher kind of joy. For there is a joy that is a sign of a superficial nature, that joy that constantly has to be supported artificially, that joy by which man is hurried, tired, and breathless, from amusement to amusement. But there is another joy, coming from within, the true joy of life, and that joy is closer to the root of existence than pain. *To be penetrated by the joy of life is to be in accordance with existence, it is the harmony between the heart of man and the Will of God.* This covenant with life is like a hymn to existence; existence not yet grasped as God, but felt as a gift, a benediction, and hence the path leads inward to the Giver.

This point of joy is of special importance to children. Childhood ought to be a time of joy, of peace, of harmony. A man may grow through suffering, a child grows naturally through joy; nothing ought to disturb this harmony. Therefore, when the message of the coming of the Master is to be announced

to children, it ought to be a message of joy, a light of expectation, not anything which shadows their minds, no matter how earnest it is to the members.

Still, it is not sufficient that our relation to existence as a whole is grateful and optimistic; the common joys that belong to our daily life, and are connected with concrete things, ought also to undergo a silent but essential change in accordance with our belief. There are two ways of rejoicing—namely, to rejoice immediately *with* something and to rejoice by *looking forward* to something. To rejoice with something is a strong, fresh, and vivid emotion, but to look forward with pleasure to something is a finer and deeper feeling, religious in its innermost nature. If we try to nourish this feeling in ourselves, if we try to live in the joy of expectation, instead of claiming and enjoying the immediate fulfilment of our wishes, then gradually we shall learn to be able to wait for the reward of our efforts, to wait for the fruit until it is ripe, we shall learn to fight and be defeated, firmly relying upon the final victory; we shall learn that the future is just as real as the present, that both are part of the Eternal, and high, high above this life in devotional expectation and silent prayer the picture of the Master is shining, He who one day will come to turn our belief into certainty, and bring to our souls that joy which looks beyond all sorrow, that peace which passeth all understanding.

Strength is gained through fighting, through effort, and the amount of effort depends on the greatness of the task—i. e., its difficulty; gradually as we meet with greater tasks the power of will is exercised and the personality grows. But when we look at those who are strong and great in a spiritual sense, we meet with something more than mere strength; they not only possess initiative and the power of endurance, they also possess self-control and serenity. *Spiritually great is he who is able to discriminate between barriers that ought to be broken and limits that ought to be respected, and who uses his power according to his*

understanding. Smaller natures remain within their own narrow limitations, gaining very little. Strong but uncontrolled natures consider every hindrance, every bond, as a personal insult, and therefore they break all things, the chains that bind them, as well as the fine threads by which Providence tries to lead them. But the spiritually great man is strong, serene, harmonious, superior, he avoids both extremes, and it is to this level that we should try to attain.

Just now humanity is at a stage in its evolution where we have the best possible opportunity for attaining to this spiritual greatness, this calm and controlled strength. Our age that is now finishing is the age of intelligence and individualism, and from that point of view we must try to understand its peculiarities, its great desire for knowledge, its tendency to analyse and disintegrate rather than to unite, its inflexible independence, and its practical capacity. All these are permanent values, and where we meet with permanent values we meet with limits that we ought to respect. But we find also in our age a wall of prejudices built by intellectual pride, we find brutal competition and heartless egotism, and these things we ought to consider as barriers that we should try to break. The wave of spirit and truth that is now approaching will conquer all hindrances sooner or later, but all will remain that is of permanent value, and therefore we must try to follow this rule: to work for the new age but to respect the old one, if we would become His servers to whom nothing is new or old, but all things part of God's eternal plan for men.

Sympathy springs forth in the heart of man when he feels the truth of these words: ". . . that all are one, and that therefore only what the One wills can ever be really pleasant for any one" (*It the Feet of the Master*). This understanding is the fruit of the wisdom of the heart, the fruit of the personal, self-acquired knowledge of what true happiness means. It is said that man seeks only happiness. I believe that man seeks truth, but seeks it through the heart.

Clifford Harrison

By LILIAN E. TILLARD

ALTHOUGH thirteen years have passed since Clifford Harrison "died," on the 27th of December in 1903, he still lives in the hearts of his innumerable friends, for he had a veritable genius for friendship—was pre-eminently "friend-making, friend-taking." We generally have to go to one man for wit and to another for wisdom—to seek sympathy here and to find originality there; but Clifford Harrison was able to supply all our need in himself whether temporal or spiritual.

But it was as an artist that Clifford Harrison chiefly appealed to the public. Whenever an exhibition of his etchings took place, nearly every picture was sold at the private view, and Graves told me that he was inundated with telegrams begging for a yet earlier inspection. His music raised those who heard it to heavenly places, and what harmony and melody meant to him he has told us in *The Lute of Apollo* (A. D. Innes and Co.). To him it was more than the language of the soul: it was the very Voice of God. Chappell, I think it was, who obtained permission to write the

score while he improvised, but unfortunately he abandoned the effort in despair and of course his flower-like "touch" would have been quite incommunicable. I once bought a poem of Buchanan's

which had been given with music, but the mere printed words proved a lamentable disappointment, for they were "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine." Besides perfect technique and consummate art was the reciter's marvellous magnetism. Many years after his death a psychic friend of mine who was holding a packet of his letters made the following remarkable statement: "They throb in my hands like a heart."

His Recitals' audience never

failed him up to the very last; indeed, some admirers followed him about from place to place.

I had been told to go to them as an "intellectual treat," but I found them infinitely more than that: they always gave both spiritual strength and insight; one seemed to realise more clearly there than elsewhere "The Hills whence Life rose and the Sea where it flows."

Clifford Harrison was one of a small



minority who do not maintain Christian ethics to be inapplicable to the present day, and consequently he did not prosecute when defrauded of the financial results of much labour. Many persons were altogether ignorant what an amount of daily labour those entrancing Recitals entailed, and they were quite surprised to hear him allude to them as "work"—work which was frequently performed in spite of physical illness and exhaustion. Under the most deplorable conditions he continued to enthral his audience until within a few months of his death, for, as he once said to me, "The flesh truly is willing but the spirit is weak."

His own spirit and will were wonderfully strong, and if it be true that the pains of one life reincarnate as powers in the next, Clifford Harrison will be a heroic figure.

His memory, too, and observation were also phenomenal, but his character was the coping-stone of his life. He was a

nineteenth-century saint, one who tried (he told me), "Never to go out from the presence of the Lord."

One of his last ever-memorable words was: "To fail in Love is the great Failure." *This he never did.* He was invariably true to his own ideal, which I give in his own words:

Who lives his life and keeps his converse true;
 Who loves because he loves to love, and heeds
 Of no rewards or recompensing deeds;
 Who does the duty that comes first to do;
 Whose words are kindly and whose needs are few;
 True to his own, nor fighting other creeds;
 Masters a cabala which leads him on
 As truly, by as luminous a way,
 As his of old, whom, the traditions say,
 First penned the symbol, Tetragrammaton;
 Who taught Temura and Notarigon
 And knew the mysteries of Gamatria.

(*The Cabala*)

L'Envoi

*If any word that I can speak,
 May make one heart the lighter;
 If any song that I can sing,
 May make one hour the brighter:
 God help me speak the passing word
 And heaven speed the singing,
 And waft it o'er some lonely heart
 To set the echoes ringing.*

*If any Friendship I can give
 Can make one life the sweeter:
 If any care that I may bear
 May make a friend's the fleeter:
 If any "lift" of mine can ease
 The burden of another—
 O! for the Heart to understand!
 The Hand to help that brother!*

*To speak a word in passing by
 That makes a moment's gladness,
 To bring a smile upon a face
 Grown pale and hard with sadness;
 To make the Thought within the word
 Flash out with new-found Beauty;
 This Benediction were To Be,
 In daily round and duty.*

*One wish stands high above the rest,
 To point me up and onward,
 To look for ever toward the Light,
 And bid all Thought turn sunward:
 I have no gift of words that burn,
 Nor Life nor Death's Divining:
 Only a Hand to point above
 To where the Sun is shining.*

Peace to all Beings.

CLIFFORD HARRISON

The Question of Unselfishness

By A THEOSOPHICAL STUDENT

[Was it not La Rochefoucauld who wrote that self love is the basis of every action? For those who realise the one-ness of all that lives there is a high philosophy in such a remark; just as the true lover does not distinguish between himself and the beloved, so true Self-love embraces all others.]

THE question of unselfishness is one around which there has accumulated so large an amount of misconception and pseudo-sapient discursiveness that it becomes necessary to obtain a clear understanding of the matter ere one can hope to hold out this highest of all virtues as a prerequisite to happiness. For there is no denying the fact that the majority of people regard unselfishness as something intrinsically painful, associating it with martyrdom and sacrifice of a pain-bearing nature. And yet, far from this being the case, it is alone its antithesis, selfishness, which gives rise to pain, and may even be described as the "mother of all tragedies," since the entirely selfless man would be practically immune to well nigh every form of sorrow, as all people must realise who have given the matter a moment's consideration. It is true, we admit, that the process of acquiring selflessness is often times a painful one for those who set about it by faulty methods, but this arises largely from the fact that such people begin at the wrong end of the undertaking, killing out rather than substituting (a phrase we shall attempt to explain later), or beginning with the lower, and endeavouring to work upwards, instead of permitting the higher to oust the lower by slow but sure degrees.

Now the quintessence of unselfishness is obviously Love, for in that love is the directing of one's mind towards another, it needs must be the diverting of it from

oneself; and hence the greater number of people a person wills himself to feel an affection for, the less does he centre his mind on his own person and desires. Nor does the advantage of such a course end merely in the pleasurable sensation of loving, for in that we can contemplate the desires of another in a more impersonal manner than we can regard our own, we are thus void of that sense of apprehension which is ever the gnawing element in self-interest and self-centredness. Just as, for example, it is more pleasurable to nurse the sick than to be ill ourselves (since illness for oneself involves both discomfort and apprehension), so is it more pleasurable to sympathise with the desires of others than to be troubled by desires in ourselves, in that along with all desire goes the apprehension lest it be not fulfilled. As Swami Vivekananda so aptly put it: if two men go to an auction of pictures, one to buy and the other merely to look on at the proceedings, he alone who is not occupied with the process of buying and selling can really enjoy the beauties of the pictures themselves; since, there being no acquisitive desire in his heart, he is free from apprehension that another should outbid the limit of his own premeditated price. In a word, the interest engendered from the contemplation of the doings and desires of others is the interest which a drama provides in the minds of an audience; that interest which causes it to laugh *with*, or to weep *with*, and yet to feel itself entirely free from any personal

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entanglement, whatever may transpire ; and if mild tears of compassion must needs at times flow, such tears are pleasurable in comparison to those which are the outcome of self-interest or self-thwartedness.

How, then, it will be asked, has unselfishness come to be regarded as a painful attribute ; for with this question we will now concern ourselves, since an analysis of current misconceptions proves of interest to the psychologist. It is just respecting this point we need to touch on the fallacious methods already alluded to, of acquiring unselfishness, and that inadvisable attempt to begin with the lower emotions, and kill them, rather than replace them with higher ones. Now the first misconception, so often to be met with, is, that an action cannot be considered unselfish unless it be unpleasant, or costs the doer pain in one form or another. And this, when logic is brought to bear upon the matter, implies that a deed which is not actuated by love is of more merit than when it is, and therefore to perform actions when the element of love is absent is to be truly unselfish. As one so often hears in everyday desultory conversation : " Oh, it is very easy to do things for people one likes, the difficulty is to do things for people one hates," a phrase which bears out our contention that inherent unselfishness is never pain-bearing, for hatred is in itself selfishness. Thus in readjusting this phrase to what seems to us its real meaning, we may put it in blunt English, that to be unselfish at the same time as selfish is a matter of extreme difficulty ; as, indeed, it is, even as difficult as to feel hungry when one is satiated, or cold when one is warm. Nay, if we place the matter in terms of giving, we find ourselves confronted with the erroneous phrase, " Blessed is the uncheerful giver " ; for he alone is cheerful who gives with love and through love. And yet it is not difficult to see how this misconception arose, since there is a tendency among superficial thinkers to regard struggle as of greater merit than achievement. In other words, one might say that to *try* and play the piano like Paderewski is of more merit than actually

to play like Paderewski ; a statement that requires qualification. Even the drunkard who struggles against the drink habit is regarded by some people as possessing a greater character than the man who is temperate. In fine, just because it is easy to *be* a thing when one *is* a thing, the mass of humanity forgets to direct their admiration towards attainment and directs it towards struggle instead : and all struggle being more or less painful, pain is thus regarded as meritorious, and facility as of no worth—at least this is the case with certain things, and unselfishness is one of them.

But to deal with the fallacious *modus operandi* referred to, one may express it thus : that a man who is selfish at heart endeavours to do unselfish things, and finding the process difficult contents himself with thinking it of more merit than in reality it is—for such a man lacks both dexterity and wisdom. Indeed, he is on a par with a person of intrinsic unmusicality who would set out to play Beethoven sonatas, forgetting that the first prerequisite to playing these works would be to acquire a sense for music. In other words (strange to some though the statement may sound), unselfishness has far less to do with action than is usually supposed, for as the old axiom says, " As a man *thinketh in his heart* so is he," since actions are by no means a criterion (though they may be an indication) of a man's true character. The heart, then, is the first organ, figuratively speaking, to be treated, and within that heart must be placed the essence of Love by the power of the will-directed mind ; for let once this attribute be established, and actions will take care of themselves, following the path of unselfishness of their own accord as easily and naturally as water flows down into the sea. For assuredly, " Love the great purifier " makes all things easy, and even the hermit who merely sits his life long in a cave, yet throws forth Love to all Humanity, is more selfless than the philanthropist who toils weary hours from a mere sense of duty. Only when a man acts from motives of love does he give, as it were, a portion of himself with his

deeds: for love is actually a "flowing out" towards others; a something spontaneous and ever pleasant, whereas the sense of duty, being but cold, loveless and ungiving, is in reality not selflessness but its antithesis in disguise.

The acme of unselfishness, then, is embodied in the one short sentence "Love thy neighbour as thyself," or, in other words, "Enlarge thy heart by a multitude of affections," as Joubert has it, in essence. And yet, strangely enough, the first sign of unselfishness in a person is often the appearance of what seems to be selfishness. In fact, to the selfish, unselfishness in others appears but greater selfishness: and this arises from a certain resentment engendered from jealousy, either of other people or of other interests. To put it concisely: if A is fond of B, as soon as B becomes fond of C, D, E and F in addition, A feels resentment; for A desires that B should only love A, and should only do what A wishes. And the same tendency shows itself if B's interests are not centred so much on people but on some cause, however noble or philanthropic that cause may be; for repeatedly one hears the complaint, "Ah, yes, Ella used to be an unselfish girl until she took up Theosophy (for instance), but now she seems to think of nothing else"; which means, when adjusted to the spirit of truth, "that since Ella became interested in, and works for motives of love, at a cause which has Brotherhood and the spiritual Evolution of the Race as its chief aim, she has no longer the time to absorb herself entirely in *me*, nor does she any longer agree with all my opinions and views on life." And this in face of the saying of Jesus, that unless a man place spirituality and its acquirement above even the love of father and mother he must not hope to attain; for self-evidently he alone who first learns to be inherently spiritual can acquire the true art of loving; and loving with a selflessness hitherto unknown and unfelt. Indeed, as another axiom has it, "First seek the Kingdom of God" (*i.e.*, spirituality) "and all things shall be added unto you."

And thus the process of enlarging the heart, although pleasant to oneself (as all

truly spiritual processes are pleasant) proves unpleasant to others with smaller hearts: and the first obstacle to be encountered is the attempt on the part of these latter to prevent one from loving one's neighbour, however often they may attend their churches and be informed that such is one's duty. For here again, as in so many cases, we meet with a pretended acceptance of Christianity in theory, but an inherent distaste for it as regards practise. Rather does the selfish one say: "Love *me* as yourself, but the less you love your neighbour the better shall I be pleased, for you cannot love me and your neighbour at the same time, while even if you could, I should prefer you did not." And yet this demand infers a complete disbelief in the very Christianity this person outwardly professes, for it infers that Christ (and all other great religious teachers) foisted upon Humanity a fatuous impossibility. Nay, if it were not possible to love ten others, twenty others, the whole of Humanity even, then this admonition would merely be based on a monstrous untruth, and any person giving such a doctrine forth to the world must either be accounted a lunatic or a humbug. And here, we may say in passing, may be found the reason why dogma, and dogma only, has played, and plays, such an important part in Christianity and in the minds of the selfish, for not only does dogmatic belief thrust no inconveniences on people in general, but offers even an apparent excuse for discarding or disobeying the higher Christ-commands. Indeed the selfishly pious person argues (if he be true to himself): "It cannot affect my personal convenience whether so-and-so believes or not, but if he disbelieves I have an excellent excuse for not loving him, since, of course, I cannot be expected to love a heretic." And carry this statement to where it becomes an absolute conviction (though the last few words must be omitted), and you find so devout a man as Cardinal Newman saying that the dirty, indolent beggar, begging on the steps of some Italian cathedral, if he have "faith" must be accounted of more value than the honest, upright, hard-working

Englishman, if he be of some other religious or irreligious persuasion.

But to return to the question of unselfishness and to deal with certain subtleties which must prove of interest to the student of human nature ; for, as already inferred, the amount of selflessness in a man's character cannot accurately be estimated from his actions, and to attempt to judge in this manner is to run the risk of judging falsely. We come, in fact, to the vital question of motive and internal feelings, and the more or less hidden weakness of vanity and all that springs therefrom. Now, there is no denying that a certain form of vanity may give many a person a fictitious unselfishness which in reality they do not possess ; and it is alone necessary to contemplate the activities of ordinary everyday social intercourse to realise this is so. The person, for instance, who sets himself the task of being pleasant or " trying to please," as the phrase goes, sometimes does so from altruistic motives, but far more often from the desire to be *deemed* pleasant. Moreover, he is usually blessed (or cursed) with that form of subconscious conceit which prompts him to imagine whatever he says, however trite and obvious, must, in some strange way, prove of deep interest. Nay, one might go so far as to state that vanity is the mother of all small-talk, for each small-talker is either afraid to remain silent lest he or she be looked upon as a fool or a tedious person, or else she imagines her trite remarks are not really trite, or that her personal charm will lend favour to even the most fatuous observations. And the basis for all this is vanity, and therefore an insidious form of selfishness ; though let any person be moderately silent as the result of a sifting process, a process inspired by modesty to select such thoughts as alone are worth utterance, and selfishness is immediately advanced as the cause of that silence because it is regarded as one's duty to keep the conversational ball rolling, however flabby and out of shape that ball may be. And yet, even though it be deemed extravagant to connect all-round conversation with selfishness, let one but observe people of high

spiritual qualities, and one thing stands prominent, namely, that they never talk for the mere sake of talking ; and this is so, not because they are selfish (since spirituality and selfishness are incompatible), but simply because, as already inferred, they are endowed with modesty ; not to omit the fact that they do not indulge in those anti-Christian gossipings and bearings of false witness against their neighbours, which form so large a portion of social conversation. For here is an important matter which only the very few fail to overlook, and that is the prostitution of speech ; indeed, a man is not permitted to prostitute his talents, and a woman is not permitted to prostitute her body, but everybody is, or appears to be, permitted to prostitute their speech, and should they omit to do so they are at once regarded as tiresomely selfish. And yet, the talking of mere rubbish is as painful to the æsthetic sense of a great man or a spiritual character as the writing of rubbish ; for truly that which comes out of a man defileth him, and this the being of spiritual qualities is sensible of to a marked degree. In a word, the requisite of unselfishness is always to give the best in us on whatever field of activity we may at the time be engaged ; and he who, because of his vanity, fears to keep a golden silence when the prevailing speech is not silver, but mere tinsel, or, even worse, tarnish (usually the tarnishing of other people's characters), cannot be regarded as unselfish, but the reverse instead.

And here, finally, we come to a phase of our subject matter which may best be designated by the paradox selfish unselfishness ; for we are concerned with that type of persons who make " martyrs " of themselves to assure the happiness of those they love, but deeply resent any happiness flowing to them from other people or other sources. And this selfishness is the most insidious of all forms, since it is of an entirely unconscious nature, and those who are tainted with it, far from being aware of its existence, usually take every opportunity to remind their loved ones how truly unselfish is

their feeling towards them and how they are ready to "do anything" for their sakes. And yet not unfitly may the analyst ask: what is "anything"? for, when we come to scrutinise this seemingly limitless generosity more closely, we find it dwindles down to a thing not only limited, but even circumscribed to a marked degree. Indeed, as there are times when a friend may show his friendship by absenting himself rather than by remaining present, so often true unselfishness may be shown by not "doing anything" oneself, but by allowing others to do instead. For as soon as any person desires to withhold from his loved-one such happiness as alone others can give, then he is not fulfilling the conditions of that doing of "anything" which he so heedlessly promises in the impulse of his love. Nor, as goes without saying, is the happiness of his beloved his first and foremost consideration and desire, but his own happiness instead; a happiness partly

dependent on the gratification of that vanity which, however subconsciously, craves for gratitude or for especially requited affection. As it has been rendered in *The Way of the Childish**: "Not deprived of selfishness is she who labours the live-long day for the comfort and pleasure of her beloved, and yet within her heart thinks: 'All happiness to him must come alone through me.'" And again: "Ah, verily, not solely the desire to give oneself unto the beloved is the test of true selflessness, but the joy of beholding others add to his happiness as well. For the wholly selfless one is he or she who gives all that she can, yet suffers others joyfully to give that which she cannot. And thus is her giving not tainted with egotism and vanity, but is the mother of real happiness to her beloved, and hence also to herself."

* By Shri Advaitacharya (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner).

Apocalypse

*I saw His face but yesternight,
—I had not thought that any light
Could make a human face so bright.*

*There was a depth within His eyes,
One sees at noon in Eastern skies.
—And O! their glance, how sweet and wise!*

*The peace, that slept upon that brow,
Like summer sunset's afterglow,
I never could have dreamt—till now.*

*But now I know!—That wondrous face,
Which swiftly dawn'd, to fade apace,
Hath taught me of Immortal Grace*

*All that I need to learn. One look
Hath told me more than tongue or book.
Henceforth, I need no other light
Than that which bless'd me yesternight.*

E. A. W.

The Public House of the Future

By W. K. MIDGLEY

[The improvement of public houses is a step in the right direction. Last month we published an important article dealing with this subject.]

ANY attempt to raise the standard of the public house must commend itself to Theosophists as a step to much-needed reform, but it has a more particular claim to those who look for the coming of the Master. The one quality of that advent which seems certain is the unexpected. For that reason alone the public platform may prove useless. If the ways of former teachers are a guide, it seems much more likely that the new gospel will be given to the public in a public house than from a public platform. Tens of thousands of men and women go there who never go to any other place of meeting. Their ears are not staled with sympathetic teaching. They are more akin than any other to the class from which disciples have generally been drawn. Their feelings are, on the whole, more simple and more direct. They are more tenacious of a truth once seized, and in any case they probably need, more than any other class, illumination and hope. They seek relief, forgetfulness, exaltation, strength—all the things which alcohol promises and religion gives. Their readiest instincts are more generous, more human, more kindly than those of most other classes. Above all, they are despised; and Christ and Krishna, Muhammad and Buddha loved such.

If there is no more than a possibility that the public house may become the place of the evangel then it is well that it should be made more fitting for the evangelist, and any Theosophist who knows the public house as it is will welcome a change.

The only authority big enough to tackle an evil as strong as drink is the State itself, and the State, impelled by war needs, has begun the task. The experiment is different from all previous experiments in this country in that it deals with the conditions throughout the whole of a large area and not merely with isolated houses. Its ultimate value can only slowly transpire, because the present conditions are abnormal and the future conditions unknown or not divulged.

A large influx of workers from the lowest class upwards took place some time ago into the district round Carlisle. The result in regard to the public house was exactly what might have been expected, though the details of overcrowding are unimaginable. Slow moving men raced each other along the streets for places in public bars. Men, jammed in public houses, drank till closing time because it was easier to stay there than to struggle to get out. The publicans called in extra assistance and strove to keep the beer flowing and their houses clean. It was a sort of publican's dream come true, but it proved a nightmare. The decent publican takes a pride in his innkeeping, but even the publicans were sickened with this excess. They must have felt relief when the Control Board stepped in and took over the responsibility for a state of affairs which has been condemned even more perhaps by representatives of the trade than by its antagonists.

The first step taken was to relieve the pressure by drastically curtailing the sale of drink. There was no considered reform in this. It was a sheer necessity of the

situation. The locality was not Carlisle itself, but a small country town not far away. The shift system was applied to drinking. After a reasonable time from the opening every man was cleared out of the public house and a fresh start made. Men did not return, partly from a sense of fair play for others still thirsty, partly because they thought of other things to do and went off home. The public houses gleamed again and the glasses sparkled because they were thoroughly cleaned. Along with this went constructional reforms. Gas fires replaced smoky grates, better kitchen accommodation was provided, and, in general, conveniences were improved.

In Carlisle itself a simpler method was possible. The huge post office was vacant. It was seized by gangs of workmen. The public counter became a public bar with a row of barrels behind it as evidence of good faith. Instead of advertisements of glass tubes and other assertions of *bona fides*, the beer came out of the spigot as beer did of yore before laboratories were thought of. The great high sorting hall became the sort of place that for a dozen years of residence in Northern slums I have longed to see. Brilliant, but tasteful, decorations made the place gay. Refreshments were cheaper than beer. There was a counter for sweets, tobacco, and fruit. A piano stood invitingly open. The only lack were the roaring fires, without which conviviality in this country seems impossible. That was a splendid makeshift, though a makeshift. It was followed at once by the erection of two new buildings in other parts of the area. I have described these at greater length in the *Daily News* of November 16th and November 24th, but the details are not perhaps important.

The larger one is built mainly of timber and is black and white. It lies immediately behind the main street of the town and along two sides of an open square, with lawns for bowls and quoits. On the left, with many windows looking across a broad flagged terrace on to the lawn, is the beer hall. At one end of it are billiard tables. Against the windows are ranged

tables, enclosed by seats of the old coffee-house pattern, with high backs and cosy corners. Scattered everywhere are small tables with arm-chairs. The floor is black and white; the walls are brightly coloured. The manager can survey it all at a glance. He can also see through the glass partition with swing doors the refreshment-room, which occupies the corner of the building. Across the tables, between which the uniformed waitresses move about, he can see the fire blazing on the floor of an ingle built of local stone. Twenty to thirty folk are gathered round it, talking hard against the sound of the piano, which some musical soul is playing in the gallery overhead. There is soon a general stir, for the picture house which occupies the second wing of the building is beginning one of its regular shows, or perhaps it is a special night and a lecture or concert is taking its place in the hall, which will hold nearly three hundred people. There is nothing surreptitious in the whole place. A man is entitled to the enjoyment of his leisure. Here he may pass his time as readily with his pot of beer as with a pot of tea. It is a people's house.

More time was available in another town. The need for the future could be more accurately measured, and here, though still unfinished, a permanent building of red sandstone is going up, smaller, but on the same model. There is one big room with ingle nook and other fireplaces to be used as a beer hall. There is a smaller room for refreshments. A room above this will be available as a reading and games room. It will be accessible by a special staircase from outside. Beer, instead of ruling the place, takes its incidental position. The very design of these places is a demonstration that a man may pass an enjoyable leisure without beer, but there is no effort to discountenance decent beer drinking.

These are the general steps which have been taken. The policy of the Control Board includes a thorough overhauling of all the licensed premises. They long ago took stock of all licensed houses in Carlisle. Several were closed at once,

and if they were more comfortless and more ill-adapted to their trade than some still open, the step was necessary. Several of the houses were big and too busy for this treatment, however, and the task is in hand of re-planning them. Great ingenuity has been necessary in rearranging buildings in the heart of an old congested city like Carlisle, but the same principles have been followed everywhere. Small, dark rooms difficult to observe, expensive to serve and keep clean, are to give place to open places. Careful arrangement of fireplaces and ample seats will ensure greater comfort than before. The rooms are not merely square boxes. Every advantage has been taken of their shape. Ingles and benches and corner seats will make up for more than will be lost. In all these reformed houses the same custom will be observed of serving all customers who wish it at their seats. Those who wish to stand may do so, but prompt service to those who sit down should do much to lessen "perpendicular drinking."

The broad view the Control Board takes of its task is shown by the provi-

sion of temperance coffee houses where the need for them was discovered. They have been decorated simply and brightly and have proved a tremendous success. Food that is cheap though good is served in simple, tasteful surroundings, and the combination of simplicity and taste has led to the patronage of a surprising variety of customers. How far these cafés will retain their popularity as the larger taverns become established is an interesting question.

The Control Board in this area entered upon a task where the conditions were so bad that improvement up to a certain point was easy. Probably a more difficult time lies ahead, but the work of the Board has added enormously to the social amenities of the district and in some places provided amenities where none existed. What the effect of its work will be in future is impossible to prophesy, because its policy will no doubt be conditioned as in the past by existing circumstances. Nobody who has seen its officers at work, however, can fail to be impressed by the spirit of broad-minded zeal in which this great reform is being essayed.

The Castle of Too Late

[The following little poem is by a young soldier, a corporal in the Royal Fusiliers, who has been reported "missing" since October last. It would give him very great pleasure could he see it published here, as this magazine is one in which he took great interest, and it was always eagerly welcomed by him when on active service in France.]

With windows barred and rusted door,
With broken roof and rotted floor,
Within a maze of doubts and fears,
Amid a mist of human tears,
Mid paths both dark and hard to tread,
Where many wand'ers' feet have bled,
There stands a castle all alone,
And by this name to all 'tis known,
"Too Late."

Yet thro' the clouds a rainbow shows,
And here and there the sunshine glows;
Some windows hold a happy smile,
Some hearts beat gladly there the while;
Sometimes an easy pathway leads
A way mid flowers instead of weeds.
For some have lived, just here and there,
To bless the day on which they were
Too late.

G. HEARN BREACH

The Beneficent Fairy of Nine Elms

[The Story of a Woman's Life Work—Theosophist—Suffragist—Socialist.]

NINE Elms Lane is not a nice place. When the writer walked through it he was fearful of being engulfed in mud. At one point a railway crosses the road, and every now and again the traffic is stopped by a policeman, who rings a huge hand-bell with much vigour, whilst a procession of trucks crosses at that leisurely pace which always seems to animate traffic when it is in the wrong place. One can get acquainted with the choicest slang listening to the carmen chaffing at the delay.

A little further down the lane on the left-hand side, opposite to several huge cranes which pick up great weights with the ease of the giants who used to live in our infantile story books, one comes to the gasworks. Not a district one would choose for a holiday resort. Yet men, women, and children live all around in poky little dolls'-houses whose windows blink at you in a curious sort of way, as if they had a sense of humour at being supposed to let in light and air for the benefit of the human residents.

Currie Street and Everett Street form a *cul-de-sac*, with the gasworks as sentinel of the angle formed by their meeting. One realises the tragedy and ugliness of our modern industry, and wonders if it is not possible to alter it. One person, at any rate, has faith, and has determined to do her share in the work of brightening the lives of those who live in the district.

If the gasworks stands as the sentinel of industrial darkness, just beside it stands a little shop as sentinel of light and beauty, and in a room or two over this shop lives Mrs. Despard, who fixed her headquarters here some sixteen years ago, and who is now the good fairy of the

place. This seems but appropriate, for all Irish people believe in fairies, and is not Mrs. Despard an Irishwoman?

Many years ago this good fairy lived in Esher, in a house where fairies ought to dwell, but she felt that she was selfish in living amid such surroundings when others were compelled to exist in dark places. She sought a way to help them, and, as to all real seekers comes the discovery of the way, so it came to her. Two neighbours used to journey once a week in connection with a mission to Nine Elms, and Mrs. Despard travelled each week with them, taking with her a trunk of flowers.

She soon found plenty of work to do, and before long she was adviser-in-chief to the womenfolk of the neighbourhood. Incidentally, one portion of her work at this time illustrates that if a thing is just it will be helpful to everyone, although on the surface it may appear to be only beneficial to the few. Most historians would say that the Married Women's Property Act only helped women of property. Mrs. Despard's experience proved the contrary. In this district, composed largely of the poorest class of casual labourers, homes could be found in which the Drink Fiend reigned supreme. Drunken and besotted men would prey upon their wives, sometimes deserting them, leaving them to face the world and to incur all its buffetings in order to snatch an existence for their children and themselves. Then when they had turned the corner, and out of their scanty earnings they had saved a little, the husband would come back and claim it all, and the law upheld him. Mrs. Despard acted as a trustee to a number of deserted women, so that the little money they had

could be saved from the drunkard and the deserter. The passing of the Married Women's Property Act was a real charter of liberty to the womenfolk of Nine Elms. The woman could control her savings and was free.

For a time Mrs. Despard had to leave these people in order to accompany her husband in what was in the end a vain search after health and strength. When



the time came for him to lay down the burden of this life, Mrs. Despard turned once more to Nine Elms, there to seek comfort and solace among a kindly people. The fairy home at Esher knew its occupant no more, but there is much brightness in the Surrey Hills, and a glint of it went to Nine Elms and stays there unto this day.

For Mrs. Despard is regarded by the people as one of themselves. Once, soon after she returned, a poor woman came seeking advice and assistance. Alas! time had gone by, and it was too late to render help. "But," said Mrs. Despard to the woman, "why did you not come to Mrs.

So-and-so (the lady who had undertaken to carry on the work during her absence) and tell her?" "Oh, I couldn't do such a thing!" replied the woman. "But," said Mrs. Despard, "you have come to me and told me everything." "Oh, yes," replied the woman, "but you ain't a lady." "That," said Mrs. Despard to the writer, "was the greatest compliment ever paid to me."

Help and advice, however, are not the only things to be found at 2, Currie Street. In the old shop itself is an excellent clinic for children. Here are treated all the minor ailments from which little ones suffer, and which are often the forerunners of more serious disease. Some twenty little urchins of both sexes were being treated on the occasion of our visit, and some of them certainly seemed to like it. It was a lesson to anyone who is leading a soft, comfortable existence to see how children of seven or eight bore unflinchingly and with a brave face the smarting pain when ointments and lotions were applied. The eyes are a source of grave anxiety to the excellent trained nurse who is in charge. I felt, as I watched her deft fingers at work, that at least one woman had found her vocation. Life has little more to offer us when we find a vocation instead of a profession.

The children regard the place as their own, and often a rap, rap, rap is heard at the door. When it is opened a child will be found bringing another who has received some hurt in its play. The lame duck is attended to, and goes on its way rejoicing.

A slight murmur on the other side of the street led us to leave the clinic in order to investigate. It was lunch time, and the restaurant which Mrs. Despard has opened was doing a roaring trade. The best vegetarian fare is served, and on the occasion of our visit suet (vegetable) pudding was in demand. A long queue was formed, and much grumbling took place when the supply gave out. All the sustained eloquence of the server could not persuade one sturdy urchin of about nine summers to accept plum pudding in its place.

Sometimes there is much shoving and pushing; but Mrs. Despard spoke with pride of the times when, at a word from her, the big boys of from fourteen to sixteen will stand aside to let the little ones have their share, although they are hungry and know that the supply may give out and they will have to go without.

Attached to this building is the ex-baby's home. When the new-comer arrives in a workman's home the previous child runs a serious risk of being neglected. Father is at work and mother is in bed. In Nine Elms this ex-baby is looked after. For a shilling a week it is fed and cared for until mother is able to be about again. "It is delightful," said Mrs. Despard, "to see the fathers come up on Saturdays to pay the small fee—only too willing to do so—and be relieved of all anxiety.

This work at Nine Elms would be sufficient for many, but Mrs. Despard is one of those who, doing much, find time to do more. In the Hampstead Road we can find the "Despard Arms," a real refreshment house, which has already become famous.

Yet this is not all. If you are connected with the Women's Suffrage movement, naturally you think of Mrs. Despard. Often has she braved the terrors of the law, and the gates of Holloway Prison have clanged behind her. Not that she sought notoriety: like most earnest workers, she is worried by publicity. But always at the back of her mind she sees the faces of the patient working women of

Nine Elms, and she is spurred on to every effort.

If you are interested in Theosophy you will at once think of Mrs. Despard as a writer and lecturer on its behalf.

And last, but not least, if you want to know how she is beloved, go into any place where the working class meet and ask if they know Mrs. Despard? Perhaps I can illustrate this best by an incident which happened during the great London dock strike of 1912. The men were very, very weary, the women sick at heart, and the children wanted food. One woman in East London was struggling bravely to feed and relieve them. Mrs. Despard went to see her, and for a short hour went round the streets where the dockers lived. As they passed by a crowd of labourers, ill-clothed, half starved, and despairing, one of them stepped out, and, touching the East-End woman on the arm, pointed to Mrs. Despard and said, in a tone half-fierce, half-kindly, "Mind you take care of her."

Thus they who are at the bottom think of her; thus they love her—this dear, gentle dame, on whom the years as they pass sit lightly. Time seems not to exist for her. Meet her where you will, the step is firm, the voice resonant, the eye flashing with fire betraying the indomitable spirit hidden in the frail body. Love and service are the dominant passions of her life. When the history of this time is written no one will occupy a higher place than the beneficent fairy of Nine Elms—Charlotte Despard.

JOHN SCURR

* * By an oversight no acknowledgment was made in the December issue of the "Herald of the Star" of the courtesy of the "Matin" in supplying illustrations for the article on "France in the Re-making," by Huntley Carter.

International Bulletin

ENGLAND

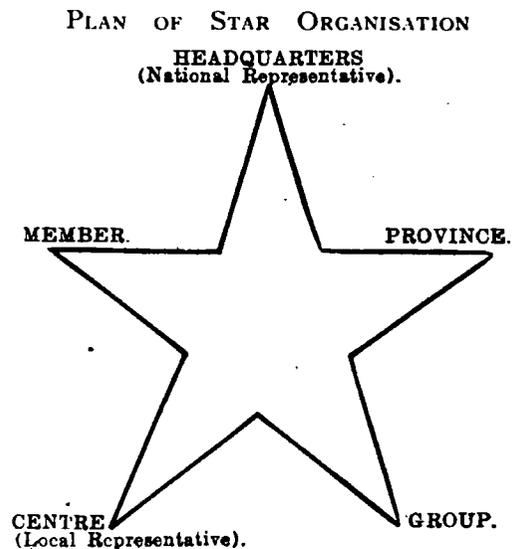
THE question of organisation being always a pressing one in any growing society, it may interest members in other countries to know how the English section is endeavouring to deal with the question. The country has now been divided up into Provinces—North, South, Midland (London remaining as an area by itself). A Secretary has been appointed for each of these districts. The Province again is subdivided into centres—any seven members, with the approval of the Provincial Secretary, being entitled to form a centre and nominate a Secretary. Centres are again united into Groups according to locality, with a Group Secretary appointed by the National Representative in consultation with the Provincial Secretary. The office of Centre Secretary is held only for a year, after which time the members may make a fresh nomination should they desire to do so. The choice has in all cases to be finally approved by the National Representative.

It is hoped that this plan of organisation will throw more responsibility upon local officials and will relieve the National Representative. A Conference will be arranged in each Province, twice a year, in different districts, at which the National Representative will always endeavour to preside. The number of centres having increased so rapidly (there are now sixty-one), it is impossible for the National Representative, owing to pressure of other work, to visit them all; but these half-yearly Conferences give the opportunity of coming into touch with representatives from many centres.

A central Organising Committee meets weekly in London at the Star Shop, and will endeavour to keep closely in touch

with the Provincial Secretaries and their needs.

This scheme of organisation has been very neatly worked out as a diagram having the form of the five-pointed Star, and is given below:



GERMANY

A FURTHER report comes this month from Germany, showing that progress is being made in spite of war conditions.

Circumstances have brought about a partial joining of the activities of the Theosophical Society and the Order of the Star, so that, for instance, we started together a translation bureau with the view of centralising, as far as our small band of Theosophists and Star workers are concerned, the translation and business of the standard literature of the mother Society and the Star.

Herr Ostermann (Colmar) is President

of this translation bureau; Mr. Cordes (Wien), Herr Lauweriks (Hagen), and Miss J. Luise Guttmann are its managers.

Mr. Leadbeater's series of Australian lectures on the "Sixth Sub-Race" is in the course of being translated, and will be published in *Theosophisches Streben*, which, as the organ of the Theosophical Society, opens its pages to a large extent to Star literature and Star propaganda; and "Why a Great World-Teacher?" first to be published in the Star periodical, *Orden des Sterns im Osten*, will afterwards be printed as a pamphlet.

The ordinary work of the Order—meetings, &c.—is going on as usual. Since my last report six new members have joined the Order, one has left it.

SCOTLAND

THE following letter has been sent to all her members by Miss I. Pagan, the newly-appointed National Representative for Scotland:

Dear Friends,—

The official letter announcing my appointment as National Representative for Scotland of the above Order reached me just as the Old Year closed, and my first thought is a greeting to all of you, coupled with the earnest aspiration that our band of workers here and throughout the world may, indeed, be efficient in service of the Master, helping to bring health and sanity along with the peace and goodwill which we desire to see established upon earth. When the Order was first founded in Scotland Mrs. Besant suggested that this post should be occupied by me, and I regretfully declined, feeling quite incompetent, and already over-burdened. My work has not really grown less since those days, but my predecessors have planted the seed and watered the soil, and a small band of keenly interested officials is already at work. At the present juncture we are told that what we have chiefly to do is to make the existence of the Order known—and favourably known—in all sorts of different ways, so as to reach as large a circle as possible. Mr. James Allan,

whose wide sympathies and large-hearted idealism brought him closely into touch with many movements, social, political, and religious, as well as musical, was peculiarly fitted to fill this office, and I shall do what I can to follow in his footsteps, bringing the Order under the notice of those with whom my own literary and other work brings me into contact. At this period of stress and strain it will probably be easier, and in the end more effectual, for the great majority of members so to do, bringing some of the Starlight that has shone into their own lives to illumine the problems and conditions of those with whom they come into contact in their daily lives, rather than striving to open up fresh channels in war-time. I hope that the Star may be a source of refreshment and inspiration to all of us. Later on, when more leisure is possible, it may also be a splendid spur; but I am proud to say that the members with whose circumstances I am best acquainted are in no need of a spur of any kind at present. I am even inclined to ask some of them to find time to rest—rather to forgo meetings than to allow them to be a burden; and when attending them to create, by harmonious and ordered thought, an atmosphere that sends them home invigorated always. I do not wish to dictate methods or procedure, feeling that our Northern folk prefer to guide their own local activities; but for any who feel at a loss as to how to begin regular Star meetings, I suggest that an equal place be given to the devotional and the practical side. In our Edinburgh centre we have of late had a series of meetings which began with a half-hour's reading of some devotional book, such as *At the Feet of the Master*, or *Flowers and Gardens*, the half-hour being broken by pauses for meditation on chosen passages and comment thereon. Then some question of practical need in the life of the city was brought up for discussion, and methods of helping in the matter were discussed. Then all silently united in a strong thought of goodwill to all workers in that field, concentrating specially on the type of help

we had concluded was most required. After which another subject was selected for similar thought and study during the coming month or fortnight, the invocation was given and we dispersed. It is important that such efforts should be made as living as possible by making the choice of subjects for helpful thoughts a wide one, and connecting it with questions in which members of the group are individually interested. Our subjects included: Child welfare, and better housing accommodation; a more sympathetic understanding of the Irish in our midst, and their brethren across the water; proper regulation of the liquor traffic and other aspects of temperance-reform, including the due providing of healthy forms of entertainment, such as the subsidising of good orchestral concerts and repertory theatres by the municipality; incidentally also more wisdom and higher ideals for municipal officials! The Vigilance Association also had its share of our earnest good wishes. We were only a little band of thinkers, but sometimes it seemed to us that our thoughts had remarkably direct results—as when the Zeppelins arrived and dropped a bomb on the particular “stuffy slummy street” which was occupying our thoughts, breaking every window and giving the inhabitants a good allowance of fresh air for a few weeks; and hardly hurting anyone in it!

During the coming year the question

of closer organisation will be taken up by the secretaries for East and West, Mr. Chris. Gale and Mr. James Wilkie, and it is hoped that a Star conference may be arranged in the Spring. Mr. William Thomson, 44, Lilybank Terrace, Glasgow, W., has kindly agreed to accept the office of treasurer, and Mrs. Bindley, 12, Albert Terrace, Edinburgh, is now secretary for the committee, whose business it is to secure suitable articles from Scottish contributors for the *Herald of the Star* on Social Reconstruction, Educational Reforms, artistic efforts of all kinds that make for good, and other topics. Members in a position to provide such help will kindly send their contributions to her. Other contributions in money will also be welcome. Expenses will be kept in bounds, but the work in new centres must have substantial help in the way of advertisements, lectures, and literature. Mr. James A. Allan's exceeding generosity has made us take things a little easy, perhaps. We must do what we can to show our gratitude to him by keeping up the work he started and making it grow as he wished. I hope to visit all the Scottish centres in person during the next few months, and shall be glad to speak on my favourite “Star” topic of astrology on suitable occasions.

I remain,

Yours in all fraternity,

ISABELLE M. PAGAN

The Herald of the Star

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March, 1917

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As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East, may stand.

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WHEN HE COMES

*Think you the world will know Him,
When again the Master comes?
Will they all be glad to greet Him
From the palace to the slums?
Or will pride and hate and envy
Blind the eyes that else might see
The Lord in all His beauty
When He comes to you and me?*

*Not in town of sacred Judah
Will His bed this time be laid;
Nor yet in waiting India
Where for man Lord Buddha prayed;
But here, where need is greatest,
In this land of graft and greed,
Will come our Elder Brother,
Living, teaching all Love's creed.*

*The flowers by the wayside,
The birds,—all living things
Shall sing aloud the praises
Of Him, our King of Kings!
But man, His lesser image,
Will he then the Mighty know,
Or once again reject His love,
As he did so long ago?*

*May we who know and love Him
Help to make His coming glad,
Cleanse our hearts and wait with patience,
Hold no thought impure or sad;
But with loving hearts and service
Watch the dawning of the light
That shall fill all earth and heaven
With the splendour of God's might!*

ETHLYN WIGHTMAN WHITTIER.



By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.

THE greatest event which has happened during the past month is, to my thinking, President Wilson's speech to the Senate.

It is surely one of the finest pronouncements on International policy ever made by a great statesman, and will stand as a landmark in history, for it marks the birth of the International ideal. His critics have fastened upon certain phrases for condemnation, losing sight altogether of the spirit which informs the words. If such a peace could be brought about, as President Wilson outlines, it would surely realise to the full the ideals which the Allies have proclaimed in this war, and would be a victory almost surpassing belief, even if no great military triumph stood to their credit. But to accomplish such a victory means the renunciation by all the belligerents of selfish and ambitious aims.

With dramatic swiftness this great speech has been followed by the severing of diplomatic relations between America and Germany. Should the United States after all be drawn into the vortex of the European war, it will strengthen the hands of all those who work for Inter-

national Brotherhood to know that the wise and strong head of the American nation will have his place in that Council which must eventually decide the future welfare of the world. For this reason, if for no other, America's participation in the war of nations is to be desired. President Wilson will bring to the Council the same spirit which inspired his great predecessor, Abraham Lincoln, to utter those noble words in his famous address at the conclusion of the Civil War :

With malice toward none ; with charity for all ; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are engaged in ; to bind up the nation's wounds ; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan—to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Appropriately in this connection we publish this month Mr. Jinarajadasa's lecture on "Preparation for the New Age," in which he deals particularly with that International spirit which should be cultivated by all Brothers of the Star, the readiness to sympathise with and learn from other nations. It is the growth of this spirit alone which can bring about true peace in the future. It is useless to

form leagues for peace while men in their ordinary everyday life *think* and *feel* in terms of war and antagonism. The time is passing when men openly profess to love war, but the time has not yet come for them to realise that if they encourage strife and competition in all the great departments of life, war must ensue as the inevitable result. A league to *enforce* peace is surely a contradiction in terms, and implies the continuance of armaments. A league to *ensure* peace would seem a more appropriate title, and peace can only be ensured as men learn to replace hatred, jealousy and suspicion by love, brotherhood and sympathy. This was the teaching of the Christ two thousand years ago, but his followers who are ever ready to condemn those who call into question His divinity, yet trust His teaching so little that they dare not put it into practice. Well may He have exclaimed, "When the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth."

* * * *

From the other side of the world comes the speech of an Indian statesman claiming the right of his great nation to participate in the building of that Empire which is to be a Commonwealth of free peoples. For the benefit of our readers that speech of Mr. Amvika Charan Mazumdar's is summarised in this month's HERALD. The Indian National Congress over which he presided was unique as regards numbers and the unanimity of the demand for self-government within the Empire, and will be surely known in history as the "Home Rule Congress." An audience of 8,000 people filled the huge *pandal*, and included delegates from every part of India. The popular leaders, including Mrs. Besant and Mr. Tilak, received a great ovation. The Lieut.-Governor of the United Provinces, Sir James Meston, was also present and addressed the meeting, being warmly welcomed. It was a significant fact that the resolution on the repeal of the Arms Act was seconded by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the Indian poetess, who has been called the "Nightingale of

the Deccan." Mrs. Sarojini Naidu is an inhabitant of Hyderabad, an Indian State where men are not deprived of their right to bear arms in self-defence.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu is a striking example of the fact that women all the world over are realising their responsibility towards that future civilisation which they must help to build. Who can doubt that India, which has produced in the past some of the finest examples of womanhood the world has ever seen, will again send forth her daughters to build and guide an Imperial race.

* * * *

During the past month I have had the privilege of visiting Bradford and of seeing in operation the splendid scheme for Maternity and Child Welfare, illustrations of which have been appearing in our magazine. I can bear personal testimony to Mr. E. J. Smith's statement with regard to the "enthusiasm, devotion, patience, and love" which seem to inspire all the workers in this scheme, from Mr. Smith himself down to the *chef* who was organising the daily meal for the school children of Bradford. But, if I may be permitted to say so, I think that Mr. Smith is the kind of man who could wake enthusiasm from a stone!

I am personally entirely in agreement with his contention this month, that although voluntary workers "enjoy the proud distinction of being pioneers in the great cause of maternity and child welfare," the time has gone by when this work can successfully be carried on by voluntary associations alone. There must be overlapping in some directions and gaps left in others, unless there is some central authority to control and co-ordinate the different associations. This central and controlling factor should be the local authority. Apart from the increased efficiency of a municipal scheme, Mr. Smith rightly points out that "under a purely voluntary system the greater proportion of the well-to-do contribute nothing, whereas if these burdens were borne through the rates and taxes all would help to carry a load for which collective responsibility

cannot be denied so long as we permit evils it is in our power to prevent."

* * * *

This month we commence a series of articles on the all-important subject of education. All social problems sooner or later lead us back to the question of education, for all our hopes of the future rest with the young, and by *true* education we place in their hands a key which will unlock all other problems.

In this connection the following recommendations are of great interest, made by the Workers' Educational Association to the Reconstruction Committee on Educational Reform appointed by the British Government. Lack of space forbids our giving them all here; but we recommend our readers to apply for a copy of the *Highway* (published by the W.E.A., 14, Red Lion Square, London, W.C., price 1d.), where these resolutions are published in full.

RECOMMENDATIONS

Resolution 1.—The Highway of Education.

That the broad principle of free education through all its stages, including that of the University, be accepted.

Resolution 2.—Young Children.

(a) That the age for compulsory attendance at school should be raised to six years, and it should be compulsory for the Local Education Authority to establish and control a sufficient number of Nursery Schools for the children within their areas between the ages of two and six.

(b) That attendance at these schools should be free.

(c) That the Nursery Schools should be under the special supervision of the School Medical Officer, and attention in them should be mainly directed to the cultivation in the children of good physical habits and healthy bodily development, play and rest, whenever possible in the open air, forming an important part in the curriculum.

(d) That the Nursery Schools shall accommodate small groups of children and should be so distributed as to be near the homes of the children.

(e) That the Head of the Nursery School

should be a teacher who has special qualifications for the training of young children.

Resolution 3.—Universal Full-Time Education.

We are of opinion that the age for exemption from compulsory full-time attendance at school should be sixteen, and to this end we recommend :

(a) That universal full-time education continue to the age of fourteen, no exemptions being granted under that age, and that no child shall leave school until the end of the terms Christmas, Easter, or Midsummer, in which he attains the age of fourteen.

(b) That it be compulsory for all Local Education Authorities to raise the leaving age to fifteen (without exemption) within a period of five years, and that Local Education Authorities be granted powers forthwith to make by-laws to raise it to sixteen.

(c) That when the school-leaving age is raised above fourteen, Local Education Authorities should be required to grant maintenance allowances to children above that age where necessary.

(d) That education during the compulsory full-time period, more especially in the upper standards, should be organised with a view to its continuance during adolescence.

(e) That the employment of children for profit or wages outside school hours during the compulsory full-time school period be prohibited.

Resolution 4.—Higher Education.

I.—Secondary Education.

A.—*Part-time education between the age of exemption from compulsory full-time attendance and eighteen.*

(a) That compulsory part-time education of not less than twenty hours per week (including time spent in organised games and school meals) be provided free for all such young persons as are not receiving full-time education.

(b) That the hours of labour for all young persons under the age of eighteen be limited to a maximum of twenty-five per week.

(c) That the distribution of hours throughout the year upon the above basis

should be arranged, where necessary, to meet the needs of seasonal industries and other circumstances.

(d) That the education in such schools should be directed solely towards the full development of the bodies, minds, and characters of the pupils; that it should, therefore, be intimately related to the environment and interests of the pupils, and should contain ample provision for physical well-being, including organised games and school meals.

(e) That the teachers in such schools should enjoy status and emoluments similar to those of teachers in other secondary schools.

B.—*Full-time Secondary Education.*

(a) That all children admitted to a secondary school should have reached an approved standard of education, the ground of transfer being the fitness of the scholar for the broader curriculum.

(b) That free provision should be made for all who are eligible and desirous to enter such schools, such provision to include a satisfactory maintenance allowance where necessary.

(c) That the number of secondary schools of varying types should be largely increased, and that the curriculum be made more variable to meet the needs and interests of individual scholars.

(d) That facilities should be provided for the transfer from part-time to full-time secondary education.

(e) That the requirements of a liberal education should be regarded as paramount in the organisation of every type of secondary school.

(f) That the distribution and organisation of secondary schools should be such as to promote equality of access to University education of the highest type for students in every local area.

II.—*University Education.*

(a) That no student should be accepted as an undergraduate of a University or University College who has not previously attained an adequate educational standard satisfactory to the University Authorities.

(b) That free provision should be made for all who reach this standard, adequate

maintenance grants being given where circumstances require them; and further, that until such time as free University education is provided, the number of scholarships, the value of each scholarship, and the method of selection should be such that no student should be debarred by financial circumstances from becoming an undergraduate.

(c) That greater facilities should be provided whereby men and women able to profit by a special period of study at a University should be enabled to do so without an entrance examination.

(d) That all Universities and University Colleges conforming to Board of Education requirements should receive from the State such grants in aid as will enable them to be efficiently staffed and equipped.

(e) That it should be a condition of payment of State grants in aid to Universities and University Colleges that they make adequate provision for University Tutorial Classes.

(f) That since an essential part of the work of a University lies in affording facilities for the advancement of knowledge, more adequate provision should be made for scientific and literary research conducted with this object.

(g) That workpeople, together with other sections of the community, should be directly represented on the governing bodies of all Universities and University Colleges.

III.—*Technical Education.*

(a) That in the interests alike of education and of economic efficiency, a sound general education in childhood and adolescence is the necessary foundation for any specialised course of technical or professional training both in town and country, and that, therefore, technical education should be regarded as supplementary to secondary education.

(b) That, owing to the immense variety of occupations in a modern community, and the wide differences between them, both in the amount of special training necessary to efficiency and the prospects of permanent employment for young workers, it would be impracticable, as

well as undesirable, for the State to attempt to enforce any compulsory system of technical education.

(c) That, since the trades and industries and professions of the country exist in order to serve the needs of the community, technical education should, as far as possible, be divorced from the prevalent atmosphere of commercialism, and regarded as a training in public service; and that this aspect of the subject should be kept in view in the organisation of the courses of instruction.

(d) That technical schools should be administered by a body on which employers and workpeople chosen by their respective trade organisations should be equally represented; together with members of the Education Authority, and that there should be special advisory committees of employers and workpeople for special trades.

(e) That close contact should be maintained between Universities and Technical Institutes, and between Technical Institutes and schools and workshop practice, and that workpeople should also be represented on the University Committees concerned.

(f) That, subject to the preceding conditions, an extension of technical and professional education is highly desirable in the national interest.

(g) That such education should be free, and that until this is provided there should be a generous provision of scholarships with adequate maintenance grants, so that duly qualified students from the full-time and part-time secondary schools and from evening classes in technical schools, whose special bent lies in the direction of scientific and technical work, may pass forward to full-time day courses of instruction (followed by research) in Universities, technical colleges, and the larger technical schools.

* * * *

As already advertised in the January HERALD, a series of seven lectures has been arranged under the auspices of the Order of the Star in the East at the Queen's (Small) Hall. Mrs. Despard

gave the first of these lectures on "The Work of the Forerunner." We hope to publish it next month, but I wished as she spoke that Brothers of the Star the world over might have been present to hear the beautiful and inspiring address. Mrs. Despard declared that the work of the forerunner, the work, that is, of every member of our Order, should be to proclaim the need for a new social conscience, the need for the spirit of the Christ to permeate our relations with one another. In one beautiful and illuminating phrase she summed up the hope of the future. "To-day the physical misery of the disinherited of the world has become the spiritual misery of the world's heritors."

The whole lecture was a stirring call to action from one who has looked into the future and had the vision of the new heaven and the new earth where "men shall brothers be."

Even so speaks our Protector, Mrs. Besant, in that trumpet call to action which concludes her Presidential Address to the Theosophical Society. Brothers, shall we not follow where she leads?

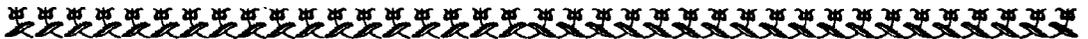
"My Brethren, the times are times of transition; the civilised world is cast into the melting-pot, is being purified of its dross, that the great Craftsman of our globe may shape the glowing metal into new forms of usefulness and of beauty. For the reception of that precious metal, moulds have now to be prepared, moulds religious, intellectual, moral, political, and social, such as may be used by the Great Messenger of the Occult Hierarchy, the Jagad-Guru, the World-Teacher, the Bodhisattva, Shri Krishna, the Lord Christ—call Him, the Mighty and the Compassionate One, by what name you will. He comes to make all things new, to re-create our shattered world.

"The Theosophical Society, the humble Messenger sent out by that same Hierarchy of the Lovers of Men, sent to be the Herald of His Coming, sent to prepare and make straight His road—is that Society to stand aside, to look on indifferently at the whirling chaos, and, fear-

ing to soil its white robes by contact with the turmoil, leave undone the work which is needed, and to plead its spirituality as a reason for cowardice and for sloth? Have we gathered wisdom to hide it away as a treasure for ourselves, instead of using it for the enriching of the world? For what have we been preparing ourselves for these forty years? For what have we developed insight, studied underlying causes, mastered the mysteries of karma, offered ourselves in self-surrender to the Will which makes for Righteousness, to the Power which works for good? There are problems, religious, intellectual, moral, political, and social, which need for their solving the wisdom we have gathered, the insight we have developed, the knowledge of causes we have obtained. Are these for the service of the world, or for our self-glorification? Are we to be misers or redeemers?

"He who is coming has declared His will that the Society shall use for the helping of man all that for forty years it has garnered by the help of the Lords of Love. They have enriched the Society

that it may use its treasures for the service of humanity at this great crisis of its fate. It is now no question of party politics, no matter of party strife. It is the moulds into which Nations are to be cast for a new civilisation, that are preparing; it is these which we are summoned to help in the shaping. Away then with fear and with the shreds of futile shibboleths. Away with a false neutrality, which is but a cloak of indefiniteness of thought and irresolution in action. The Theosophical Society is called to take its share in the mighty world-creation, to spread its ideals through the mental atmosphere, to work them out into the physical forms for the new civilisation. I summon you, my Brethren, to set your hands with me to this great task, to march forward boldly to prepare for the New Era, to repay, as far as you can, by helping in Their work, the loving care showered upon you by our Elder Brethren for the last forty years. Come with me into the darkness and the peril. There is no failure for those who march beneath the shining of the Star."



FOR I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunderstorm;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

Tennyson ("Locksley Hall")

EDUCATIONAL RECONSTRUCTION

By BEATRICE DE NORMANN

Late H.M.I. of Schools, Miss de Normann is now Organising Inspector for the Theosophical Educational Trust in Great Britain and Ireland, and a Member of the New Ideals in Education Conference Committee. Education is the most potent factor for realising the promise of the New Age. The Editor has arranged to issue during 1917 a series of articles by well-known Educationists on some of the New Ideals in Education.

I.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF EDUCATION IN GREAT BRITAIN

WE are in the process of passing from an old world to a new. When Europe awakens from its nightmare it will not be possible to resume our former life where we left it in August, 1914; indeed, we shall not want to. The history of [the latter part of the last century was largely that of internal strife, of unrest and discontent. Christianity, Socialism, Humanitarianism and Education individually and collectively failed to save us from Armageddon. We were face to face with problems which appeared well-nigh insoluble, so intricate and so interwoven were they.

To-day we are

passing through the birth-throes of a new age, and the problem which is forcing itself upon us—that of Reconstruction—is the difficulty of impressing upon the dawning era those ideals which constitute the spirit of the new age.

passing through the birth-throes of a new age, and the problem which is forcing itself upon us—that of Reconstruction—is the difficulty of impressing upon the dawning era those ideals which constitute the spirit of the new age.

The whole problem of our future is a problem of Education. It is not only the future of the British Isles which is at stake, but that of the whole British Empire, with all its glorious possibilities; the responsibility, therefore, is not merely National, but Imperial.

The English as a nation have not valued Education, but there are signs of awakening interest. Those who are working for the reforma-



Photo by

[Vandyk Studios.

BEATRICE DE NORMANN

tion of Society recognise in Education their most potent instrument. Our whole social life is so complex that it is impossible to isolate any branch of activity, for each branch acts and reacts on every other. Thus Religion, Politics, Sociology, and Economics profoundly affect Education, and in Education lies the answer to the problem of how to alter and improve things.

The radical defect of our present educational system is the totally inadequate conception of what the State owes to its child citizen. A brief summary of salient facts will prove this.

Lord Haldane stated in the House of Lords on July 12th, 1916: "In England, out of 2,750,000 boys and girls between twelve and sixteen, nearly 1,110,000 get no further education after the age of thirteen. Of the remaining 1,650,000, the great bulk are educated only for a very short time, mostly in the Elementary Schools, until fourteen. Only 250,000 go to proper Secondary Schools, and they are there only for a short time in most cases. Between sixteen and twenty-five, there are in England and Wales 5,850,000 young persons, roughly. Of these, 5,350,000 get no education at all; 93,000 only have a full-time course for some period, which is generally a very short period; 390,000 have a part-time course, which may also be a very short period, at the Evening Schools. Are not these appalling figures—390,000 only out of somewhere near 6,000,000?"

In the last report of the Chief Medical Officer of Health, we are told that, of the 5,636,927 children attending our Elementary Schools, there are no less than a million, or nearly one in six, who are so physically defective or diseased as to be unable to derive reasonable benefit from the education which the State provides. And this is largely due to preventable causes.

Between 40,000 and 60,000 children leave the schools annually to enter Industrial occupations. In some of our large towns about forty per cent. of the boys enter blind-alley occupations, such as paper-selling, which lead no-whither.

The schools of the country are understaffed. Before the war, classes had been reduced to sixty, but since, owing to the shortage of teachers, they have been increased to eighty and one hundred. Thus, even before the war, the best work of thousands of teachers was annulled.

As far back as 1908, a special Committee appointed by the Board of Education decided that there was great need for State provision of Nursery Schools for children under school age. Very little, however, has been done, except that, since the war, large numbers of children under six have been turned out of schools for reasons of economy, and this at a time when women are more than ever employed in industry.

There are roughly 6,000,000 children in the Elementary Schools, and the annual Government subsidy of the schools they attend is about £12,000,000. Add to that another £12,000,000 from local rates, and we get an approximate average expenditure of 1s. 6d. per week on the education of each child.

The status of the teacher is very unsatisfactory, not only materially—but in every way. Teachers should be honoured as the trustees of the future, yet many now have not the strength and the enthusiasm and the power they ought to have, simply because the community does not appreciate them as it should. It certainly should not be necessary for teachers to have to form associations to protect their interests—these should be secured by the State. At present there is not only lack of co-operation between teachers of different grades, but there is positive suspicion and distrust, which makes it exceedingly difficult for a teacher in one grade of school to pass on into another. All this needs changing. All teachers should be members of one common profession, a profession of such national importance as to be one of the highest callings a man or woman can enter.

When the next history of education is written, 1915-1916 will stand out as one of the most fateful years. The discontent of the past decade, both within and

without the educational world, has apparently come to a crisis, and during the last two years a revolution has taken place in educational thought in this country. Presumably the leaven had been slowly working, and suddenly the spirit of the new age became too strong even for the most hidebound traditionalist, even for the most conservative schools and institutions.

This change of attitude has touched the universities, the public schools, the secondary and elementary schools, and the public generally. The progressives everywhere are kindled with an enthusiasm for reform, for extended educational facilities, for a complete State system, for a broad highway from the crèche to the university. The unanimity upon basic principles between representatives of all branches of education is as surprising as it is gratifying.

Not only is there a demand for obvious reforms which would lead to a greater material prosperity for the nation, but there is a vision of an educated democracy, of greater co-ordination of knowledge, of moral idealism, of altruism, of co-operation as opposed to competition, of a fairer world arising out of the ashes of the old.

Of course, even the greatest optimist and the enthusiastic reformer must realise that many of the changes will take years to accomplish. It is no easy task to reconstruct; it is infinitely easier to build afresh. But though the campaign is by no means won, yet the ground is better prepared than many imagine.

These reforms naturally mean increased expenditure just at a time when there is a universal cry for economy. There is, however, no more profitable investment for the capital of a nation than that which shall give to all the fullest opportunity for the development of brain and character.

Once the business man is convinced of this there is no doubt that the money will be forthcoming. In one of our large northern towns a lecturer, speaking at the Chamber of Commerce, tentatively

mentioned £100,000,000 as a probable annual expenditure, whereupon one of the leading men remarked, "Sir, you need not seek to intimidate us by the mention of £100,000,000, we are used to dealing in millions."

Let us then review what has actually taken place during 1916:

1. The public schools issued a circular to parents, held a conference, and have published a memorandum of suggested reforms.

2. The Workers' Educational Association has embarked upon a big campaign. Their first step was to issue a leaflet, "What Labour Wants From Education." This they spread broadcast among the workers of the country. A provisional memorandum was then drawn up, which was discussed and revised by the autumn meeting of the council. This council consists of representatives of all the affiliated societies of both the educational and labour world, and contains practically every shade of thought. The final result is a remarkably compact and exhaustive memorandum*, which is exciting much attention in educational circles.

3. The Educational Reform Council early in the year appointed a number of sectional committees, each of which included the names of eminent experts, to enquire into the various branches of education; an extremely interesting and useful programme of education reform has now been issued.†

4. The National Union of Teachers has also issued a programme of reform, which, coming from a vast body of teachers such as this association represents, must carry considerable weight.

5. The New Ideals in Education Conference Committee, under the presidency of the Earl of Lytton, held their third annual conference at Oxford during August. It was attended by over three hundred men and women of diverse faiths, political persuasions, and social positions, most of them engaged in

* *Educational Reconstruction*. Price 1d., to be obtained at 14, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.

† *A Programme of Education Reform*. Price 1d., to be obtained from the Secretary, Education Council, 9, Brunswick Square, W.C.

different branches of the teaching profession. Yet, here again, in this concourse of idealists, there was a unity of purpose which impelled them along different paths to a common goal.

Thus the effect of war conditions in the educational world has been marked by two stages and by two distinct tendencies. One has been towards restriction of educational effort. This was, particularly noticeable in the earlier stages. The other is a widening outlook, which makes the future hopeful.

A great sign of the times is the appointment of an expert such as Mr. Fisher to the Board of Education, and a business man of world-wide fame, such as Lord Rhondda, to the Local Government Board.

A fact of great significance to readers of the *Herald of the Star* will be the great emphasis laid by the leaders of the Theosophical Society and of the "Order of the Star in the East" on the importance of educational work. The Theosophical Educational Trust now exists in both India and Great Britain. In India it has a record to be proud of; there are no less than fifteen educational institutions founded and run by the trust in different parts of the country. In Great Britain the trust is not a year old, but here also it has accomplished something, and the directors are constantly finding new openings for useful work.

The Theosophical Fraternity in Education exists for the purpose of drawing together in fellowship teachers and others interested in this work in all parts of the world, to form a channel through which the spirit of the new age may flow.

It must, however, be remembered that although the Theosophical Educational Trust was founded for a special purpose, and great as we believe its mission to be, we are not alone in promulgating the new ideals in education.

The pioneer and progressive movements such as "The Montessori Society," "The New Ideals in Education Conference Committee," "The Civic and Moral Education League," "The Schools Personal Service Associa-

tion," "Education as National Service," and others, have ideals closely allied to our own. It is, however, perhaps fair to say that, whereas they individually specialise on a part, we try to build the various parts into a synthetic whole, with the "Plan" of the Elder Brethren for the next step in human evolution ever in our minds, and in the light of what we have glimpsed of the Ancient Wisdom.

These new ideals may be summarised as follows:

1. Reverence for the child's individuality, and the belief that individuality can best develop through a discipline that aims at freedom.

2. Self-discipline and self-government, leading to increased individual and collective responsibility.

3. Co-education—i.e., not mere mixing or uniform treatment of the sexes; but a system in which their mutual influence for good has free scope.

4. Vital religious teaching, consistent with the broadest tolerance for all genuine beliefs.

5. The elimination of competitive individualism and the substitution of co-operative individualism.

6. The training of future citizens to fulfil their obligations to their immediate surroundings; to their country; and to humanity as a whole.

7. Generally, the discovery of how it is possible to put the sound ideals into practice in the schools of to-day.

8. The Training of Pioneer Teachers.

Most of these will be dealt with fully by well-known experts in each branch in the succeeding articles of the series.

It is essential to remember that this is the psychological moment; after the war drastic changes must take place, but on what basis? That is for you, and me, and others like ourselves to decide, for it is largely dependent on whether we help to bring the vision we have seen in the world of ideas into materialisation. Only thus can the promise of the New Age be fulfilled.

The following will be of interest to

Teachers and others interested in Educational matters:

Educational Experiments by Head Teachers in Elementary Schools.

A pamphlet containing five papers read before the Conference of New Ideals in Education by Head Teachers of Elementary Schools, describing important Educational Experiments carried out by them with successful results in their own schools.

In view of the Reconstruction of the Elementary system after the war, the Committee of the New Ideals movement felt it a matter of national importance to make these results known far and wide.

The pamphlet will be sent free to all Elementary Teachers who send 1d. stamp for postage to the Secretary of New Ideals

in Education, 24, Royal Avenue, Chelsea, S.W.

To those other than Elementary Teachers the cost will be 3d. post free, or 7s. 6d. per 100 copies.

The Report of the Conference on New Ideals in Education held at Oxford in August, 1916, is now ready, and can be obtained from the Secretary, 24, Royal Avenue, Chelsea, S.W., on receipt of 2s., post free.

The Report contains papers by Principal L. P. Jacks, Mr. Henry Wilson, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Professor Fleure, Sir Henry Miers, Mr. John Russell, Professor Patrick Geddes, and Dr. Crowley, as well as five papers by Elementary Teachers on Educational Experiments carried out by them in their own schools.



THE SUPPORTERS

NOT only upon thrones, remote and grand,
 Abide the Powers to which my homage clings.
 The mighty host of trampled humbled things
 By its submission doth my fate command.
 'Tis by the ground I tread on that I stand!
 The base mine yields the wherewithal of wings,
 Weapons, and fire! The corn that feeds me springs
 Beneath my heel; and waits my bruising hand!

So served, so ruled, my spirit, fearless, wends!
 So, whether I must don the victor's wreath,
 Or take the helm against the tempest's teeth,
 I lean in faith on my great vassal friends.
 . . . Nor earthly Power alone thus condescends!—
 The Everlasting Arms are underneath.

G. M. HORT

PREPARATION FOR THE NEW AGE

By C. JINARAJADASA

Notes, unrevised, of an address given at Bath, October 22, 1916.

I SHALL not deal with any details of our special work in connection with the New Age, but shall confine myself to a survey of the subject of the New Age and our general preparation for it, not so much as members of this particular Order, but as well-wishers of that reconstructed world which we see before us.

Now, there are two currents of thought which are flowing stronger and stronger each day which, undoubtedly, will be specially characteristic of the New Age, and of these the first is the great thought of brotherhood. You are aware how much that word "brotherhood" is in the air in all discussion of social reform. It is that which fundamentally stands at the back of the great Socialistic movement, and wherever there is any kind of reform movement you will find that the thought of brotherhood is, in one form or the other, very, very prominent. There is a second stream of thought, which is Internationalism, and in these days the truly cultured, educated man, or woman, is interested not only in the affairs of one particular country, but also in the affairs of many nations. It is a characteristic of the world to-day to have Congresses and Conventions all trying more or less to bring together on a common platform men of the various different nations, so that you can take for granted that there are two characteristics that will be prominent in the new civilization: first, brotherhood; and, second, internationalism. Now, the thought of brotherhood you are all familiar with; the difficulty is to apply it in daily practice. The thought of internationalism is vaguely familiar,

but it is not quite so easy to understand. I mean by internationalism the life of the individual citizen, which will be found to affect not only his particular nation but also the other nations as well.

Under present conditions, the changing conditions especially, interests are restricted for the most part to a particular nation. You think in terms of nationality; you view the reforms that are necessary in terms of nationality. One thinks of it as a special characteristic of the British people, who form such an essential part of the British Empire, that they look upon the affairs of the British Empire from very much the British standpoint. The Colonies, on the other hand, do not see things from a British but from a Colonial standpoint. It is this narrow outlook that is characteristic of the nations to-day. They look at the future very much as a glorification of their own particular country, with not enough recognition of the value of the various nations of the world to build up a real world civilisation. If you are to live usefully in that reconstructed world, especially if you are to help in the reconstruction, you must put into practice in your own lives these great dominant thoughts, internationalism and brotherhood. I will take internationalism first, and point out a few ways in which you can be international now in spite of the fact that there are so many interests that divide one nation from another.

When you go about from place to place, especially as between England and Scotland, and I presume it is the same between Ireland and Wales as the rest of the British Isles, you see curious rivalries

of nationality. Everywhere you have always pointed out to you the characteristics of the Scotch race, of the Welsh race, of the English race, and story after story is told to you by the Englishman or the Scotsman in the spirit of "Thank God, I am not like that!" These divisions are considered as things that make the people different from yourselves and therefore not at all worthy of admiration. You know how much more this is the case with Continental nations. The Englishman goes about in France or in Italy or elsewhere with a certain—I don't like to say sanctimonious—air, but as much as to say, "We do things better in England." He has to go to the post-office and is delayed, and he thinks, "There is no such delay in the English post-office!" Always he thinks of these differences of the people in the sense that he has some kind of superiority because he has not those particular characteristics. You know the way people talk of the French people as an excitable race and as making gestures. They cannot help it; it is the way the Frenchman is built; he is built volatile, and that is his characteristic. Each nation has some particular way of looking at the other and congratulating itself it is not like that! Now, the first thing you have to do is to change your attitude and to begin to admire those nations for those particular things in which they differ from you, and you will find, if you train yourself, that they are intensely worthy of admiration just for those very things that you have hitherto looked upon as not worthy of admiration. Take that special characteristic of the Latin race—emotionalism. That, as you will find in Italy and France, is an indication of acting inner-consciousness. It enables them to see far more of life than does the non-emotionalism upon which the British people pride themselves.

The Italian is far more interested in the *thought* and the reason why a particular idea is presented in a particular way, and what is the *thought* at the back of it. One gains a totally new conception of the thought of Greece and Rome by look-

ing at those things through the pair of spectacles which Italy gives. The moral ideals of the Latin races are, again, quite different from those of the Englishman. The Englishman prides himself that his morals stand superior to those of the Latin races; but Bernard Shaw says of the Englishman that he thinks he is moral when he is uncomfortable. The Frenchman looks at things differently—his judgment of what are called morals is different; and to see this whole problem of what is called right and wrong through another pair of spectacles is most instructive. In these days we have come to admire the French. A French lady told me, "It was only last May that English people began to find out what we always were."

Now, what you have to do as members of the Star of the East is to be international and to begin to imitate some of those characteristics of other nations. By making gestures and being a bit French you will find that the life of France becomes a little bit more real to you. The French language demands gestures; the Italian language demands gestures; you cannot help it—it is part and parcel of the life of the language. I spent six years in America, and I owe a great deal to the American view-point, that "I am as good as you and better." It was one of the most helpful things to feel that America did not have all these class divisions you have in this country. You must be international with a sense of keen admiration for the qualities of the other nations, and must try to build into yourselves something of their attributes. That does not in the least mean that an Englishman will cease to be an Englishman, but he will cease to be a narrow Englishman, the John Bull type of Englishman. He will be a little bit more of the Italian Englishman, the American Englishman, and so on; he will retain his attributes and at the same time sympathise with and not criticise the attributes of the Frenchman, the Italian, or the American. If you become a little bit more than English—English *plus* French, Italian, American, Hindu, or

Chinese, it does not matter which—then you will be able to contribute to the coming of the New Age.

The next characteristic of the New Age is brotherhood. Let me put the word "brotherhood" in another way: I will call it friendliness, an intense sense of friendship with all things, so that you do not go about trying to judge people, whether educated or uneducated, cultured or uncultured, whether of this type or of the other type, but you are friendly with whatsoever a thing is because it is so. You are friendly with a tree simply for what it is, and do not criticise a beech because it is not an oak tree. Try to feel friendly in the same way with people; trying to feel towards them as you come in touch with them, not from the ordinary standpoint of weighing them in the particular balance of your own experience, but with warmth, because a person is a thing to be friendly with: go out with this intense sense of friendliness.

The difficulties of a land like this are social conventions. We consider that people are ladies and gentlemen if they subscribe to this or that particular code. One of the very useful things in getting away from a land like England and getting into the Colonies or America is that you see human worth quite apart from the very pleasant things of the conventional world. It is that sense of human worth that you must try to develop. You cannot reform English society or the conventions of the ordinary society world, but you can in your own life build up a larger society, so that to you a man is a gentleman and a woman is a lady because you see the Divine in him and in her, and not because they act in a particular way. This friendliness, too, will have to be expressed by you in a very practical way towards children. I mean by that you have to cease to patronise them. You have got the idea, because you are older and have a mere smattering of knowledge—and it is only a smattering—that your judgments about things are more true than are the judgments of children. It is inevitable; you have been brought up that way. Hitherto your whole conception of

life in a nation has been the patriarchal conception, the conception of a tribe with a chief. You have that so strongly in England. There is the father of the family; he is responsible for the family; his particular little plot of ground is his castle; he is the head of the family; his wife and his children look upon him as the head; he is the patriarch. Now that is the scheme that has hitherto built up all the great civilisations. But it may be in certain countries that a particular scheme brings about certain limitations of life; and you know how here in England, if you are to gain freedom, you must go out and build up a home for yourself and be yourself the father of a family; you have not a sense of ease and freedom so long as you are in the tribe with the chieftain. That family scheme of things has worked wonders for the world, but it is changing, and it is fairly certain that in the civilisation to come you will not have the patriarchal idea but the fraternal idea, where individuals of a family will be thought of, not as superior and inferior, but more from the standpoint of equals co-operating. In the American civilisation you find the element coming in of greater co-operation among individuals for home and business. No American father would give an order to a child as an order, because he knows the child would not obey it. He would not dream of giving it, because that is not in keeping with the American spirit. The child is looked upon more as a brother; and if you are to get a child to do some particular thing, even if he is only a little tot of two or three, you have so to word your language, your whole mental attitude, that you treat him as an equal with the family; you expect co-operation, not obedience. It is very necessary to treat children in this spirit if you are to produce a fuller opening of their natures and a quicker response. As it is now, you often find that up to a certain age children have beautiful natures; then they begin to harden, to retire within themselves, and for years this change is marked with very many difficulties. In the future civilisation you must see to it

that the natural nature of the child is retained through all the years of growth, and you yourselves of the present generation must do your best to bring about this new age. Therefore it is that you must change your attitude to children and recognise that they are souls in child bodies having a mystic nature of their own, understanding as well as you do, very often, what is required, but with just this much of handicap, that the body and the brain are not fitted yet to express that real co-operation. It is for you to go out of your way to gain the response of the soul of the child. This means a total reconstruction of education, but it has to come. It is an important thing to realise that in the New Age, with all the great fraternal schemes of civilisation, you cannot have co-operation, you cannot have internationalism, unless the change begins in the home. To some extent there has to be a modification in the thought of the home, not as being of the tribe but as an association of equals, to realise something of common purpose.

A great characteristic of the New Age will be intuition, the quality of knowing things that are unknowable, of seeing things that are not visible, and so on. These are the kind of things which are going to give the great principles of the future. There will be more communion with the mother intuition of Nature. If you go out into the open air, to a spot which is away from the cities, you begin to be intuitive because you try to feel something of the influence of a tree or of a stone, each of which is thinking and feeling according to its own particular temperament. Live in the open air as much as possible, for you will find there is a great deal to encourage intuition. In the new education you will not shut children up in ordinary schools; you will have open-air schools as much as possible, and, instead of considering only a few delicate children, you will consider

all children, and try to develop their natures in wind and sunshine schools, in our gardens and woods.

Intuition is developed wherever you can think uniting thoughts. You have united thoughts in poetry. If you can only read poetry, looking at it in the sense of poetry, you will find that as you sympathise, as you try to learn, you become distinctly intuitive. Not less so is it with other things. There is music and music, but there is a quality in music that is more than intuition, something grander still. Certainly all the great classical music is full of intuition.

To sum up: the New Age will be one of internationalism; not intellectual internationalism, but an internationalism which will make the Englishman something of a Frenchman and also an American; which will make the Hindu something of an Englishman and also an American and Frenchman; which will add to such virtues as you have of a national kind something of others' virtues too; which will develop intense friendliness with all that lives. You can see things from another's standpoint if you try to, not with a sense of grievance, but by looking upon the world as full of a great vitality, which is brotherliness with all things. You will then find that the New Age is being constructed already now.

Members of the Order have been given a special privilege to understand something of the New Age and its ideals, how it should be reconstructed; and they begin with reconstruction, knowing that there is more in these thoughts of brotherhood and internationalism than people in the world usually think. Try to live these things, not your own little circumscribed lives, and you will strike the keynote of the new world, which will be listened to by thousands who know nothing about you individually, but who feel mysteriously that the New Age is not so far off because a certain number of individuals are living it now.

THE DESERTED MOTHER

By *BARBARA TCHAYKOVSKY, M.D.*

IT is strange but true that a time of national crisis, such as we are passing through in almost every civilised country, has the effect of arousing deeper thoughts, and of converting them into swifter action, than months or years of peace seem to have done.

It may be that our imagination is stirred more vividly by contrasts of lavish and uncontrolled expenditure of life and wealth on the one hand, and the ever increasing need of saving savable life and resources at home. This may explain in part at least the sudden and progressive interest in problems of child welfare, of parenthood, of all that goes to the making of life—the greater need for and spread of human sympathy and companionship, the closer understanding between parents and children, men and women, class and class.

Artificial standards and barriers of caste and sex and religion seem to have passed as through a fire, and much that hampered human progress and understanding has vanished away.

Even the "love child", and the unhappy plight of his mother have come in for some share of this new understanding. The doors of the Infant Welfare Centres are open to them both, and the knowledge of a mortality double that of children born in wedlock has rendered more uneasy still many a conscience that has been deeply stirred by the preventable waste and maiming of child life in our midst.

Through the desire to save all savable infant life, attention is becoming more and more focussed on the expectant mother, and this has necessarily brought about a change of attitude towards the deserted mother—deserted by the father, "who regains respectability by the easy device of desertion."

It has been said by men, and not without reason, that women are largely responsible for the closing of the door on the woman who errs out of wedlock, and while it is not very obvious in what way men have helped to keep that door open, it is certainly true that with a better understanding between the sexes there is a hope that the door may be kept permanently open, or at least not so irrevocably bolted and barred.

"A little child shall lead them" is becoming a matter of practical politics—the advent of the children's century may spell hope, or at least less black despair for many a woman whose longing for home and love and companionship and motherhood may have led her to place implicit trust in manifestations of affection and human passion that are not to last.

And the lasting witness of the trust in these manifestations may be a little child!

A time may come when, as the Dean of Durham has so finely put it, maternity becomes more honourable in the view of the nation, when the mother knows and the man in the street understands that the most sacred figure in their midst is that of the wife and the mother.

But not yet. It can only come when we let our boys and girls pass out into the world equipped for the functions of creating, maintaining, and nurturing life as the highest and most sacred duty of human beings and citizens; when something more is realised of "the mystery and the glory and the tragedy of sex."

In the meanwhile we must see to it that every child has a right to be born well, to be reared well—not only for its own sake but for the sake of the community that is to succour it. What is good for the child must be good for the State, and "that State will survive which abolishes

child poverty," says Judge Neil, of Chicago, who since 1911 has persuaded 27 out of the 48 States of America to adopt Mothers' Pensions, and who predicts that in ten years they will have no child poverty left.

In an interesting pamphlet reprinted from the *Woman's Dreadnought* and issued by the Workers' Suffrage Federation, the scheme is explained in detail, and well merits close attention from those who are anxious about the welfare of war orphans and other destitute children in our midst. The law in America stands as follows:

If the parent or parents of such neglected or dependent child are poor and unable to care for said child, but are otherwise proper guardians, and it is for the welfare of such child to remain at home, the Court may enter an order finding such facts and fixing the amount of money necessary to enable the parent or parents to care properly for such child, and thereupon it shall be the duty of the County Board, through its county agent or otherwise, to pay to such parent or parents, at such times as said order may designate, the amount so specified for the care of such dependent neglected child until further order of the Court.

Be it noted that no statutory sum is laid down, but *sufficient* to secure what is necessary for the child, a glaring contrast to our methods of expecting the impossible on fixed inadequate allowances.

No wonder we have in our midst badly nourished, ill-favoured, ugly-faced, evil-minded, mean-souled juvenile criminals of all shades of physical, mental and moral deficiency, for they have suffered from lack of nourishment and air to grow up, lack of mother love to nestle in, lack of scope to develop in, and this in spite of all our Commissions of learned inquiry and recommendations by experts of all kinds for years past.

It has needed the outraging of the human feelings of a Judge Neil in a children's court to prove that it is cheapest to the community to hire the destitute child's own destitute mother to mind him and train him and love him, in-

stead of the trebly expensive institutional upbringing, so woefully deficient in mother's love and all that this means and has meant to those of us who have known it to the full.

It has been truly said that the real severance of the child's body from its mother is not at birth, but at her death. The tie between them has been lauded by poets and novelists; but the brutal separation for ever, by Court decree, of children from their mothers suffering from the crime of poverty, must continue under any system that tolerates the existence of child and mother destitution in its midst. And, whatever be the plight of the legitimate child, that of the love child is always worse, for it is more often than not the only obstacle that stands between its legal parent and her chance of getting work to feed herself, let alone the child.

It is when society recognises that the rearing of children to a healthy citizenship is as sacred a national responsibility *for the benefit of society* as the free educational system (that at least theoretically recognises the drawback of an illiterate democracy), that we may hope for some practical solution: not only for the love children in our midst—some 37,000 annually—but also for the hundreds of thousands of war orphans who are suddenly bereft of a father's support, and who will have to grow up in homes deprived of all but a wage-earning mother's care. To abolish this grievous plight, the recognition of motherhood as an honoured estate, as the rendering of a national service that deserves at least the minimum conditions of effective service, and the assurance of the means of livelihood during that period are indispensable.

And so, calling it what we will—the endowment of motherhood, mothers' pensions, child pensions, war pensions—let us remember that the race that would renew its youth must regard its young incessantly, and must retain intact the tie between mother and child.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

By E. A. WODEHOUSE

General Secretary, Order of the Star in the East

LADY, who is a member of the Order of the Star in the East, in the course of a letter which I have recently received, writes as follows :

"What is beyond my comprehension, as a Star member, and my son's also, is why so many Star members and Theosophists approve of war. We both feel so disappointed at their attitude. It seems to me that the very opposite way would further the Kingdom of Heaven much sooner, and bring about a Brotherhood of the suffering nations. Perhaps you know Mr. —, who is a Theosophist, I understand. He seems to me so much more Christlike than those who can take part in war. His very presence is peaceful. I trust God will give him comfort in this hour of trial for his conscience's sake. I, as one of the mothers of the nation, pray that peace will soon come. Would you kindly, in a few words, either to me or through the *HERALD OF THE STAR*, explain why Star members and Theosophists differ so much on such a vital point?"

I gladly accept the invitation of my correspondent to say something on this question, as it is one which is probably troubling others beside herself at the present time. And for the same reason I have thought it better to say what I have to say in the *HERALD OF THE STAR* rather than in a private letter. In the concrete, of course, it is a question which concerns only the individual person, who must make up his mind, in the light of his own reason, how he means to think or act. But when the question is raised in the abstract, as in my correspondent's letter, and when one view of

war is stated to be, on spiritual or philosophical grounds, higher than another, then it becomes necessary to deal with the question openly in order to defend a very large number of our members from misunderstanding. As Star members we are all concerned with ideals. It is, therefore, of very real importance to have some clear notion as to what ideals we shall follow, and why—particularly in connection with urgent problems of the day.

The first thing to do, if we wish to treat a question like that of the Conscientious Objector in a philosophical spirit, is to divest it of prejudice. And, therefore, let me start by saying (and I think all Star members and Theosophists will agree with me) that I have nothing but respect for any person who clings to what he genuinely feels to be right, in the face of the greatest odium and the strongest pressure of publicly organised force. The point here is not whether his views happen to be correct or incorrect, but whether he genuinely believes them to be correct. As things are at present, the last thing which I should call the genuine Conscientious Objector would be a coward. I realise that it requires very great courage and determination to take up that position; much more, I am prepared to admit, than to do what everybody else is doing and to take part in the war. On the score of cowardice, therefore, I have nothing to say against the convinced Conscientious Objector: rather the contrary.

And, incidentally, I may remark that while, as a Theosophist, I should be inclined to believe that, if it were not a person's *dharma* to participate in the war—if, that is to say, he had really other

duties to perform—some means would be contrived, from behind the scenes, to remove him quietly from the necessity of fighting; yet, at the same time, I can quite believe that, in a given instance, the struggle and the exercise of will-power, incident upon a refusal to have anything to do with the war, might be just what was required for that person's evolution, and that he might make great progress through it.

It is when this concrete aspect of the problem is left behind, however, and the Conscientious Objector demands of others that they shall accept his views, on the ground that they are higher and more spiritual views, that the question takes on a different complexion. It then becomes simply a question of abstract ethics and has to be treated as such. And it is to the interests both of the Order of the Star in the East and of the Theosophical Society that, so far as is possible, there should exist clear ideas on the subject. Not that any line of thought or action should be officially laid down, either in the one organisation or the other, as obligatory on members, but that there should exist a clear basis of thought on which each individual can then make up his mind for himself. And the first requirement here is that no looseness, or inaccuracy, of thought or expression should be allowed to pass unchallenged.

It is for this reason that I must start by taking exception to a phrase in the very first sentence which I have quoted from my correspondent's letter—namely, that "so many Star members and Theosophists approve of war." This phrase shows an inaccuracy in thought.

No sane and civilised person "approves" of flooding a neat and charmingly furnished house with streams of water. To do this in normal circumstances would be evidence either of insanity or unrestrained hooliganism. But, if a fire were to break out in that house, we should all do it with the utmost enthusiasm; and I think my correspondent would do the same. Similarly, no person with any spark of

humanity in him would deliberately "approve" of maiming another person for life. And yet this is exactly what doctors and surgeons are doing in every case of amputation; and, if they do it successfully, we applaud them. And the same thing applies to war.

This loose and unqualified use of the word "approve," as it appears in the phrase I have quoted, is not only unjust, but it brings into relief what is, for most people, the weakest point in the Conscientious Objector's case—namely, its inability to appreciate philosophic distinctions, and, particularly, the distinction between absolute and relative ethics. Put into simple language, this means "taking no account of the circumstances." My purpose, in this brief article, is to try and make some of these distinctions more clear; also, to try and do away with certain distinctions which the Conscientious Objector thinks to exist, but which really do not.

To take the latter first:

(1) The Conscientious Objector believes that there exists a difference of opinion between himself and (let us say) the majority of Star members and Theosophists on the abstract desirability of war. I can assure him, with the utmost confidence, that there does not. I think I am speaking for the vast majority of both—nay, for all—when I say that we hold strongly that war, considered on general grounds, is an anachronism and a stupid and unsatisfactory way of settling human differences.

(2) It is the belief of the Conscientious Objector that he holds a higher view than those who differ from him on the ideal of personal harmlessness; or, in its widest and most general form, on the ideal of love and compassion. Here, again, he is under a misapprehension. This is probably to be found in its loftiest form among many who are actually fighting to-day. But, putting that aside, one can at least say that, so far as the intellectual recognition of the ideal goes, it is one that is universally accepted both by Star members and members of the Theosophical Society.

(3) I think also that it may with safety be said that no Star member or Theosophist would be a conscious party to any course of action likely to provoke war, or to encourage any kind of spirit which could find its natural expression only in war. To suggest anything else would, unless backed by the clearest proof, be an injustice both to the persons concerned and to the organisation to which they belong; and not even the most convinced Conscientious Objector has the right to do this.

Having stated three very important points where there is really no distinction between the general position of the average Star member (or Theosophist) and the Conscientious Objector, we have to ask where the distinction lies.

Carefully examined, it reduces itself to a single point. When war is all about us—quite irrespective of our own choosing—and when, by general consent, our national existence—nay, the very future of civilisation—is felt to depend upon the issue of that war, the vast majority of Star members and Theosophists agree that they should help in its successful prosecution. The Conscientious Objector refuses to help.

Until a war actually arises there is no distinction at all, in thought, between the average idealist of our time and the Conscientious Objector. *The distinction is simply one of action under special circumstances and conditions.* The fighter may disapprove of war, in the abstract, just as much as the Conscientious Objector. He may cherish just as high an ideal of human brotherhood; may feel just as great a horror of the shedding of blood. The only difference is that he believes that, for the sake of the very ideals which he holds, it may become necessary for him, under these special circumstances, to use means which, on the surface, conflict with them; whereas the Conscientious Objector declares this to be impossible in the nature of things.

But is it? The whole of life shows that this is just how most things are done. In a town we demolish in order that we may build. In medicine we inflict pain or disturbance in order that we may abolish pain or disturbance. In education we discipline in order that the pupil may grow up self-controlled and, in the measure of his self-control, free. In social life we use force and restraint in order to prevent illegitimate and selfish force and restraint being imposed by the stronger individual upon the weaker. We are continually achieving ends by means which, on the surface, are the negation of those ends; and the formula is ever the same—that is to say, we em-

ploy means which are apparently negative, but which, by reason of their ultimate motive, become positive on a higher plane.

Thus, when we demolish an old and tumble-down building, our motive is not mere destruction. Our motive is the building of something better. Thus the very demolition becomes constructive, because its ultimate purpose is construction. It is a necessary "condition precedent" of the construction which we are planning. Again, when our police system employs force in order to protect society against the criminal, it does not employ force simply for the sake of using force, but with exactly the opposite aim—namely, to prevent the exercise of force by those who would use it against the community for immoral ends.

It is precisely the same with war. The idealist of to-day, on the Allied side, is, in nearly every case, fighting in this war in order that, through its successful termination, war may henceforth become impossible. It is *because* he hates war, and wishes to see it disappear from international life, that he is taking part in the present conflict. What he dreads more than anything—and that is at the root of the recent refusal of the Allies to consider Germany's offer of peace—is a condition of things, at the end of the war, which will render its recurrence inevitable, or even possible.

That, in a word, is the position of the lover of peace who yet fights. And it constitutes the difference between him and the lover of peace who refuses to fight. It is the ultimate issue in the whole controversy which rages round the figure of the Conscientious Objector. It is clear that we have a disagreement on a certain hypothesis. The position of the fighter, who is at the same time a sincere lover of peace, depends upon an "if." "If," he says, "war is the only means of furthering my ideals, then obviously I must fight." It is precisely at this point that the Conscientious Objector takes issue with him. He holds to the view that war can never be ended by war; that to pursue this

course is merely to prolong, and to provoke, the evil which we wish to abolish; that to stand stoutly for non-combative-ness, when the impulse to fight is simply overwhelming, is the swiftest method of bringing that ideal home to the world.

The controversy here enters upon a somewhat stale and familiar phase, since we have all been made familiar with it by the Tribunals. The stock question, on the lines of: "Supposing you saw your mother and five sisters being boiled alive by Germans, would you use force in order to save them?" is familiar to us all through our daily newspapers. But, crude though the question be, its very crudeness serves to throw into higher relief what seems to many to be the fundamental fallacy of the Conscientious Objector's position. In order to be consistent he must needs answer "No," and I do not believe that any Conscientious Objector, no matter how earnest and convinced he may be, can answer "No" without a qualm. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of his philosophy. Nor do I believe that any Conscientious Objector in answering "No" is telling the truth. He is perfectly aware, even as he replies, that he *would* use force, because (being human) he simply could not prevent himself from using force under the circumstances. He is merely, in vulgar phraseology, talking "hot air"; merely saying certain words in order to bolster up an argument. And it is this very strong suspicion of his insincerity, when thus pressed into a corner, which has caused much of the strong feeling against him.

But even supposing him to be sufficiently devoid of all human feeling to refuse, on principle, to use force in the case in question, what people cannot understand is that he is unable to see that not to use force here is to encourage and palliate force on the part of others; also that the particular force which he would employ in such a case would be, when judged from the point of motive, so superior to that of the hypothetical boiling party as to be utterly and completely different in kind. The Conscientious Objector speaks of "force" as though it were everywhere

and always the same in kind. The force which is employed to boil six helpless women is, for him, the same in kind as the force which is employed to save them from being boiled. Here we have an instance of that apparent obtuseness to distinctions of thought to which I referred some pages back, and it is not unreasonable that there should be a strong prejudice, on the part of thinking people, against such slipshod methods of reasoning; or, if the man be really consistent, that there should be a genuine horror at his lack of certain fundamental impulses of compassion and protection, which would be overwhelming in their force in an ordinary human being. The intellectual crime of the Conscientious Objector is that (let us hope) he has not really followed out his philosophy to its logical issues. If he has, then his case is worse; for his crime, judged in the light of those extreme issues, is one against human nature.

It is perhaps just as well that we should realise why extreme and apparently ridiculous questions of this kind are put. The reason is this: The question whether there are circumstances under which it may become necessary to fight in order to secure peace resolves itself really into two questions: (1) Can circumstances *ever* justify the employment of means which are in conflict with our ideal of peace? (2) If so, are the existing circumstances (e.g., those of the present war) of a kind to justify us in so doing? The first question is the logical introduction to the second; and that is why our imaginative Tribunal-member racks his brains to invent the most blood-curdling and melodramatic of situations. For, if he is able to show that even one set of circumstances may justify the employment of force, he has proved his case. He has undermined the whole philosophy of the individual who takes his stand upon the *absolute* ideal of non-combativeness.

Once this has been done, the remaining question: "Are existing circumstances of this kind?" is merely one for each person's intellectual judgment to decide. Possibly individuals may differ as to whether they are or not; but the

Conscientious Objector has henceforth no right to blame any man who, genuinely believing that they are, takes his share in the war. The moment the possibility of "circumstances altering cases" is conceded, he can no longer accuse the latter of having a lower philosophy than his own. The philosophy may be precisely the same in both cases. All that has happened is that there now exists a difference of opinion as to its application, which may be expressed as follows:

A says: "Under certain special conditions force may be employed; but those conditions do not seem to me to exist in the present case. Therefore I will not fight."

B says: "Under certain special conditions force may be employed. Those conditions seem to me to exist in the present case; therefore I feel it my duty to fight."

The whole thing is simply a matter of judgment—of deciding intellectually about a special case; and it is entirely unjust to import into it any element of moral approbation or condemnation, such as my correspondent introduces into her letter. The only excuse for the introduction of moral judgments at all would be if she maintained the view that "force, under *all* circumstances, is wrong"; in which case she would find herself "up against" a whole series of hypothetical questions, such as that about our mother-boiling Germans, which (for her sake, I trust) she would find it very difficult to answer.

That is the dilemma of the Conscientious Objector. He has either to be inhuman or to destroy the foundations of his case. Or, if he admit the slightest element of the conditional into his Idealism, he no longer retains the right to pass moral judgments on those who, accepting (like him) this element of the conditional, honestly decide to employ force because, *under existing conditions*, it seems to them to be necessary. At the most he but differs from them intellectually, not morally.

That is the position of the Conscientious Objector, as I understand it; and

it may serve as a defence of those Star members and Theosophists who, in the words of my correspondent, "approve of war." They do not "approve" of war. They hate it as much as any Conscientious Objector. But, thinking honestly that certain high ends are only to be attained by the prosecution of this war to a successful finish, they conceive it to be their duty to play their part in it—or, if they cannot actually fight, at least to approve of this particular war, relative to the particular ends which it may be hoped to achieve, and which (in their opinion) could not be achieved without it.

If my correspondent wishes to know *why* they hold this view about the present war, let her either look back over the history of the war for herself, or let her read such documents as Mrs. Besant's "Watch Tower" Notes for (I think) November, 1914; or such recent statements as the Allies' reply to the German Peace Proposals, or Mr. Balfour's Note to the United States. There is no need for me to enter into this aspect of the question here.

There is one point, finally, to which I must refer. I have said nothing about an aspect of the case which the Conscientious Objector usually considers of high importance—i.e., the relation of the act of fighting to the moral character. He generally takes the view that to fight is to put oneself on the side of Hate; that to shed blood means to be bloodthirsty. The complete answer to this view is contained in that chapter of the *Bhagavad-Gita* which has been so often quoted in our literature in connection with the present war. It is summed up in the maxim: "Fight with non-attachment." As one who has seen something, if not much, of the great conflict which is now raging, I can say that, in the actual fighting line, from all that I have seen, the feeling of hate is entirely absent—so far, at least, as the British soldier is concerned.

As it is important that both sides should be heard on a question like the above, we hope to publish a further article in our next issue

THE CASE FOR NATIONAL GUILDS

By S. G. HOBSON

(Continued from page 80.)

II.—GUILD ORGANISATION

This subject will be quite new to the bulk of our readers, and many of them may wish to enquire more fully into it. Mr. Hobson has very kindly undertaken to answer any letters on the articles that may be addressed to him at this office.

IT is conceivable that the possessing classes, touched by a spirit of compunction, might voluntarily forswear the wage-system and call Labour into partnership. Conceivable, for it has historic sanction; but extremely unlikely, because new epochs do not come without birth-pangs. Whilst we look eagerly for the co-operation of men of good-will, of every class and condition, it would be foolish to rely upon any forces in society other than those who most directly and intimately and urgently benefit by the change. The abolition of wavery is primarily a great movement of emancipation, and they who would be free must strike the blow. Tolstoy, great pacifist though he was, always recognised that the exploiters were on Labour's back and would have to be forcibly shaken off. It is well that it should be so, for freedom that comes without a stern struggle may be no freedom but a mirage. It is in the nature of things that those who hold should strive to keep; that they should endeavour to accumulate more. It is the simple truth that to him that hath more shall be given. Endow any class of men with power—the Bureaucracy, for example—and we may be sure that before long they will, as they say in Parliament, "seek further powers." Nor must we forget that the present possessors can offer a reasoned *apologia*. There is the

practical man, honest and considerate in all his dealings, who may contend that he has done his best despite all the theorists. He inherited the wage-system; he has made the best of it, humanising it as opportunity served. Not a bad fellow, this practical man, fearing God and honouring his neighbour. Personally, I like him. Then there is the aristocrat, classical in his literary tastes, accepting the canons of the classical economy, deeply concerned to maintain our traditions and pass them on unsullied and even purified. Listen to him:

"The system must remain because it is the true inheritor of the great traditions, of the learning laboriously gathered through innumerable generations. The faith handed down by our fathers must be conserved. This great edifice, broadly speaking, has been built up by the privileged classes of ample leisure and large resources. We are sentinels sternly bidden to guard the sacred catena of civilisation, to see that there shall be no break in the continuity of history, tradition, and culture. What prouder mission was ever entrusted to a privileged class than to maintain civilisation? If, therefore, we painfully realise the continuance of the wage-system and the horrible things implied by it, it is not because we do not sympathise, but because larger and more enduring considerations must prevail.

We cannot risk the loss of another Alexandrine Library; the Louvre was saved by a miracle; Cromwell's bullets are still embedded in our churches. These are symbols. Democracy will triumphantly write 'Ichabod' on our sacred temples."

It is the age-long defence of the established order. Always, when we hear it, our hearts are moved, and we instinctively respond to it. Yet, in my experience—a long one now, unfortunately—of revolutionists, I have never yet met an iconoclast. It is the love of the great traditions and culture that urges them to strengthen and beautify.

I looked. Aside the dust-cloud rolled,
The waster seemed the builder too;
Uprising from the ruined old,
I saw the new

But can we not turn the classicist's guns upon himself? Is it not true that our greatest culture and art developed before the wage-system began? Has not industrialism vulgarised everything it has touched—craftsmanship, architecture, art, literature, music? Did not Ruskin love the ancient culture and our great traditions? We remember—indeed, we cannot forget—his criticism of our modern architecture. Did not Matthew Arnold love culture and beauty? We remember his fulminations against the Philistinism of his period.

We too now say
That she, scarce comprehending
The greatest of her golden-voiced sons any more,
Stupidly travels her dull round of mechanic toil,
And lets slow die out of her life
Beauty and genius and joy.

I do not think we need be deeply moved by the plea that a privileged class should be maintained to guard the sacred catena of civilisation. Our literature, our pictures, our furniture, our houses point to a very different conclusion.

Our answer to the practical man is equally decisive. "Yes; you have done your best, but look! . . . Charles Booth has just died and Seebohm Rowntree still lives."

It was natural and inevitable that the wage-earners should combine to protect themselves, in some degree, against the

brutalising effects of wavery. They, like their employers, had never analysed it; they knew nothing of the actual economic process by which they were despoiled and kept in bondage. But they knew where the shoe pinched and sought what easement they could. They accepted the wage-system as a natural law and only wished to mitigate its harshness. So they formed trade unions and friendly societies and fraternities, gaining some measure of inspiration from the fraternal relations that ensued. Their history is not without turbulence; nor were their decisions always wise and prescient. The same can be said of our statesmen, so why blame unduly the trade unions? They engendered riots and were as often jockeyed into rioting by premeditated provocation. All our industrial centres have a story to tell in this regard. Not once nor twice have the military waited for the provocation that preceded the reading of the Riots Act. We must remember, however, that strikes and riots are but incidents in the history of Trade Unionism. Not because of strikes, but despite them, has Trade Unionism become a necessary factor in our economy. Mr. Binney Dibblee, a conservative and cautious economist, in his book, *The Laws of Supply and Demand*, has this to say:

They are usually considered to be associations founded to control the supply of Labour and therewith to bargain for its price with the employer, and, as they have energetically performed this duty for their members, it is undeniably true that their work in this respect is of the very highest importance. But this is not logically, even if it was historically, their primary cause of origin. If these associations had been tumultuous combinations arising out of strikes, or, as Adam Smith implies that they are, "conspiracies against the public," they could never have had the principles of cohesion and permanence which have raised them to the mighty power they now prove to be. Philosophically speaking, their final and necessary cause was the maintenance of the reserves of labour, which are required by the system of modern production.

I have already pointed out that, in equity, the industries themselves should have maintained their own reserves of labour. But the employers argued that they need only buy the labour commodity

as and when they wanted it, leaving the care of the unemployed to the Unions or the community. Mr. Dibblee agrees with me :

What shall we say of the pretentious body of doctrine, calling itself scientific, which rose up at that time to stamp the hall-mark on intellectual superiority of greed and crown ruthlessness with a halo? Of all the crimes committed in the name of Knowledge this was, perhaps, the worst. It has done more harm over a century than all the wars of the period. Intellectually, it was more impious than the condemnation of Abelard, the muzzling of Galileo, or the hounding of Semmelweis to madness. It is no wonder that men who kept their senses called political economy the cruel science; but how is it that people were so slow to see that its theories were stupid?

What was this body of doctrine which "has done more harm over a century than all the wars of the period"? Nothing more nor less than the commodity theory of labour, the wage-system. And the only mitigating factor, so far as I know, was Trade Unionism. It is, therefore, hardly surprising if we must look to it as the nucleus of the new coming economic formation to produce wealth without wavery.

Assuming, then, as we must, that the employers will not voluntarily forego their power to buy labour in the market on exactly the same principle as they buy cotton or wool or leather or any other commodity, the practical question arises: How can Labour circumvent the Employer and exact a social value for its labour? The only answer I know is that it must secure a monopoly of its labour, by an organising campaign transcending in brains, imagination, and magnitude anything it has ever before attempted. It is here that we disclose the root and cause of the class-struggle. Both Capital and Labour are agreed that the production of wealth is essential to our national life. Capital affirms that production is only possible, on commercial principles, on its freedom to buy labour-power according to the laws of supply and demand. Labour replies that, whereas formerly, that system seemed preferable to feudalism, its result has been to keep the labourer always on the verge of starvation and to defraud him of the social

value of his labour. Therefore, the time has come to make a fundamental change. Production can be almost indefinitely increased, but it must be by a partnership between Labour and Capital or between Labour and the State, the latter for preference. The class struggle, therefore, has a negative and positive aspect: a refusal any longer to sell labour as a commodity; a proposal that Labour shall have a definite "share and interest in the thing produced." The struggle obviously centres round the decision who is to control labour. Capital can only control labour through the medium of a free market; Labour can only control labour through a monopoly market. The issue is definitely joined.

It is important that we should clearly understand what is meant by supply and demand. When an employer engages labour, he speaks as though there is a law of supply and demand in regard to labour. This view is too narrow to be tenable. The true position is that there is a fluctuating demand for the products of labour. Now, it is evident that, even if Labour, by organisation or by a legal enactment compelling every worker to join his appropriate Union, were to secure a monopoly of labour-power, the demand for manufactured products would still fluctuate; but the supply of labour-power would be permanent and stable. The result of the monopoly control of labour by Labour would therefore be that all the workers concerned would have rights of maintenance, and unemployment would be recognised for what it really is—namely, a reserve.

I think the ground is now cleared for the consideration of the constructive side of our programme. Rejecting both the theory and practice of the commodity valuation of labour, realising that such rejection can only be attained in practice by organising labour until it is "blackleg-proof," further, realising that such a development means the downfall of the existing industrial system, by what economic organisation shall production be continued and increased? No student of the problem will doubt that the trade unions

must be the nucleus of the new formation; every student will agree that they are only the nucleus; that the other economic elements in society must be co-ordinated and brought into harmonious relations with the labour monopoly. When this unification has been achieved National Guilds will become an accomplished fact.

At the first blush it would seem as though the obstacles in the way to labour monopoly were insuperable. It would be foolish to underestimate the difficulties, but they are not so formidable as surface appearances suggest. Two lines of policy must be pursued: (i.) The craft unions must be changed into industrial unions; (ii.) There must be a continuous process of amalgamation or federation of all unions in the same industry. In regard to the craft unions, we must remember that many of them were originally formed for the protection of their "craft and mystery"; in their wildest dreams they never imagined that they would become the representative labour organisations of the whole industry. Their rules and regulations were therefore based on the idea of exclusion; they were as deeply concerned to limit their membership as to argue-bargle with their employers. Two unforeseen developments have materially modified their first purpose: automatic machinery has created a semi-skilled class of workman who has become a standing menace; the organisation of unskilled workers has taught them that their wages are ultimately governed by the cost of sustenance. Apart, then, from any commodity theory of labour, or any grandiose scheme of National Guilds, economic developments are forcing the craft unions to widen their borders, to relinquish the craft basis of membership, and to become industrial unions. The process of amalgamation, often by federation, also proceeds apace. The miners are much more closely integrated than they were; the railwaymen have now practically one union; the cotton operatives, working federally, draw closer. Nevertheless, there is a long row to hoe. The following table shows the situation, from this point of view, prior to the war:

Trade Group.	Persons Employed.	Wage-earners.	Trade Unionists.
Building and Contracting	513,961 ..	476,359 ..	155,923 (68 unions)
Mines and Quarries	958,090 ..	939,515 ..	729,573 (84 unions)
Metals, Engineering, and Shipbuilding	1,426,048 ..	1,330,902 ..	369,329 (211 unions)
Textile Trades	1,229,719 ..	1,189,789 ..	379,182 (273 unions)
Paper, Printing, and Bookbinding	317,550 ..	279,626 ..	73,939 (38 unions)
Clothing Trades	645,233 ..	552,165 ..	67,026 (40 unions)
Woodwork and Furnishing Trades	224,098 ..	210,407 ..	38,836 (91 unions)

This table is perhaps misleading without an expert knowledge of trade union organisation. In most of the trades enumerated the excessive number of the unions only represents a degree of local autonomy. But the figures given are significant as they stand. They tell certainly of the need for further amalgamation and centralised direction; but they show that trade unionism has flourished despite the adverse conditions of former times. Extension of membership in the future will be largely automatic. It is also worth noting that a powerful movement is afoot to make membership in the unions compulsory by legal enactment.

It is evident, however, that when we have secured the labour monopoly we have only begun the construction of National Guilds, for we must bring in also the managerial and administrative elements. Just as the mediæval Guilds were composed of masters, journeymen, and apprentices, the National Guilds here indicated are equally inclusive—administration, managerial, scientific, inventive, as well as every worker in the industry—nothing less than a regimented fellowship. Whilst I believe that as time goes on the standard of living of all Guildsmen will tend to approximate, I recognise that a hierarchy is necessary to the effective working of the Guilds. The appointments to the administrative and executive offices can no longer come from above; they must be democratic in principle. But it is wise to avoid any political analogy in this connection. When we

speak of democratic election we generally mean the political system of counting noses. An industrial democracy means the choice of the men who know—a choice not obtained by any financial pull, or family influence, but solely based upon fitness. It follows that only those who have the means of knowing can, or ought, to vote. Now, the British artisan is an uncommonly shrewd judge of workmanship. He knows the best men in his own shop. On the principle stated, it is the actual manual workers who should choose their own foremen and sub-managers. In every industry, in every locality of every industry, men work in groups. There are workshop groups, office groups, managerial groups, all these groups linked together in various ways. When I write of democratic election, the principle in mind is really group selection. But the system of choosing the hierarchy is only incidental to the argument; the point now to be emphasised is that a hierarchy is essential. It is rather important to stress this point because I find it assumed that, with the trade unions as the existing nucleus of the future Guilds, their rough - and - ready democratic methods must necessarily be adopted and regarded as sacred. There is absolute unity amongst thinkers of every school that industry must be democratically administered; but that broad fact by no means binds us to any inappropriate method of democratic election or selection.

And now let us suppose that we have finally discarded the wage-system and co-ordinated into National Guilds every industrial factor. What are the dimensions of these Guilds, and if the wage-system is abolished how are the Guildsmen to be paid?

Please observe that the use of the word "National" is deliberate. In former times the Guilds were local; in the county of Norfolk alone there were six hundred. Industrially considered now, locality has ceased to count. The railway, motor-car, telegraph wire, telephone have annihilated space, whilst the tendency of every

industry is to concentrate and unify. A textile Guild for Lancashire only would be a futile undertaking; much more futile any local engineering Guild. The Guilds must be organised on the national basis or not at all. There is another convincing reason for the National Guild: We have already postulated that it must maintain its own unemployed; it logically follows that the care of the sick and the pensioning of the aged should be undertaken by the same bodies. If we are to have the Guilds on a national basis, it is clear that they must be numerically very strong. My own analysis of the industrial population leads me to conclude that not more than twenty Guilds are required. Here, for example, is a list of thirteen main industries, each employing over 100,000 persons:

Trade Group.	Net Output.	Persons Employed.	Net Output per Person.	Average Annual Wage.
	£		£	£
Building and Construction	42,954,000	513,961	84	59
Coal Mines	106,364,000	840,280	129	—
Iron and Steel	30,948,000	262,225	118	82
Shipbuilding	17,678,000	184,557	96	72
Engineering	49,425,000	455,561	108	67
Clothing and Millinery	27,237,000	440,664	62	36
Railway Construction	17,103,000	241,526	71	67
Boot and Shoe	8,965,000	126,564	71	46
Cotton	46,941,000	572,869	82	50
Woolens	19,452,000	257,017	76	40
Printing	15,288,000	172,677	89	—
Bread and Biscuits	11,590,000	110,168	105	—
Laundry	7,161,000	130,653	55	32

I particularly draw attention to the tribute that Labour pays Capital. Note also that in Railway Construction, where the engines are largely built for use and not for profit, the net output is only £4 in excess of the average wage—an extremely significant fact. These may be considered the main industries, the others being largely ancillary or subsidiary. If any reader imagines that the National Guilds here proposed are not much more than large co-operative societies, I hope these figures will disabuse his mind of any such misconception. The reorganisation of industry on Guild principles is a mighty affair, greater even than our present war organisation. And should I succeed in convincing you of the substantial justice of my argument, pray

do not advocate it amongst your friends as a little, inconsiderable thing. The abolition of wavery, with all its implications, spiritual, intellectual, and material, is a greater event than the abolition of slavery; the building up and bringing to efficiency and maturity demands the diplomacy, the skill, and piety that go into the building of cathedrals.

We may very shortly dismiss the question as to the substitute for wages. We now understand, I hope, that as wages is the price paid for labour as a commodity, when labour ceases to be a commodity it ceases to receive wages. What, then, does it receive? The answer can be most easily made by an analogy. We do not go into the labour market to buy soldiers' labour, for the simple reason that the work done by the soldier is in no sense a commodity. It is a duty, perhaps a privilege. The consequence is that the soldier is on "pay"; whether he be general, colonel, major, lieutenant, or private, he draws his "pay." And he receives pay whether he is fighting or "in reserve" (the military equivalent for industrial unemployment),—or—if he be a professional soldier—during peace. Now, this distinction is not merely verbal. It expresses a conception of work and duty poles asunder from wage-servitude. Oddly enough, when wage-earners go on strike, they say they are on "strike pay." Whilst words do not change facts or conditions, I think the new conditions would almost certainly change the word, and Guild-pay would become the natural and usual custom. But from whence would the pay derive? From the products of the Guild, probably measured by time. I have not the space to argue this question. Those interested will find it discussed in *National Guilds*, pp. 81, 82, 136, 137, 181, 182, 183, 184.

There are many aspects of this new idea; but I must now finally only briefly refer to the relation between the State and the Guilds. For sound reasons, notably the necessity that as citizens we must control our national destinies, it is supremely important that all the Guild assets should be vested in the State. The

fundamental idea of the Guilds is that they shall exercise full control over labour and enjoy complete autonomy in all industrial transactions. Possessing such enormous economic power, the State must look to the Guilds to feed its budget. How is it to be done? If all the industrial assets are vested in the State, then let the State rent them to the Guilds by a charter in which the terms are inscribed. Here we hit upon another economic doctrine. Rent originally was a tax in return for a charter or licence. This gradually grew into the economic rent as we know it to-day. But the abolition of wavery *ipso facto* destroys economic rent. The State would impose, not precisely the equivalent of economic rent, but a charge measured only by State requirements and not the full economic burden which the Guild could bear. As a consequence, all personal taxation would disappear.

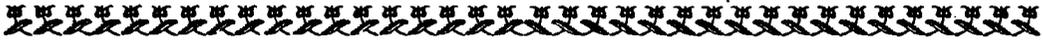
Those who follow philosophic thought cannot fail to observe the growing importance of "function." Señor Ramiro de Maeztu has just published a book, *Authority, Liberty, and Function*, in which he is clearly and admittedly influenced by the new conception of function, which has arisen out of the discussion on National Guilds. When the Guilds are formed, and when they in their turn proceed to constitute a Guild Congress, it is easy to visualise a large national organisation responsible for practically all our economic activities. I welcome such a consummation for at least two reasons: Because I am sure that such an organisation would carry on the business of production and distribution far more humanely and efficiently than under divided authority; and, secondly, because I believe the State should be relieved of all economic functions that it may the more freely devote itself to those spiritual problems the solution of which is the distinguishing mark of a great people. I assert, without arguing, that the political life of Western Europe has sunk to so degraded a level that politics is no longer an occupation fit for gentlemen. Every great issue that emerges is now never dealt with on its

merits; the "interests" confuse and choke it from its birth to its ineffective culmination. Education, foreign policy, public health, local government—every discussion upon these subjects, pregnant as they are with vital consequences, is vitiated by finance and selfishness. Either we must purge our Parliamentary procedure of these diseased elements or sink into spiritual inertia and shame. I am old-

fashioned enough to wish for a return to the old "grand manner" in politics. It will come back only when the subjects discussed and the temper in which they are approached are worthy of it.

In my third and final article I will deal with the practical and immediate application of Guild principles to existing conditions both in war and the period that follows peace.

(To be concluded.)



FROM A LONDON WINDOW

THESE dark, wet streets; this blanket of grey sky;
 These huddled houses, rang'd in dreadful rows,
 Too maim'd to stand alone; the stark, bald prose
 Of all this life; this starving of the eye;—
 What think these joyless forms that hurry by?
 O, dream you that yon shivering woman knows
 The joy she lacks? or that yon urchin trows
 Aught of Youth's glorious immortality?
 Alas! the very thickness of the shell
 Hath dull'd the sense of dark imprisonment.
 So the dumb ox forgetteth he is driven,
 Being never free; the soul too straitly pent
 Feels not its bars. It needs some touch of heaven
 Fully to taste the deep despair of hell.

E. A. WODEHOUSE

MATERNITY AND CHILD WELFARE

By E. J. SMITH

Voluntary and Municipal Schemes

The Bradford Corporation is taking the lead in fulfilling the Nation's responsibilities to the Mother and Child. All who have read in our pages its Chairman's sketch of what has been done and still remains to do, will welcome this continuation of his awakening articles.

IV.

VOLUNTARY workers enjoy the proud distinction of being the pioneers in the great cause of maternity and child welfare, and are justly entitled to all the credit that belongs to those who have broken the difficult ground out of which has sprung the steadily ripening public opinion favourable to conceding to motherhood some of the consideration and care which have so long and unwarrantably been denied. But it must be obvious to all who put the work before the machinery by which it is done that, in towns and cities at any rate, the tasks involved in so stupendous and urgent a problem must either outgrow the very best of which voluntarism is capable, or fail. The finer spirits in every great forward movement, however, rejoice when the more generous outlook so far grips the community that it becomes willing to bear the standard of reform and reconstruction to higher altitudes than voluntary effort is able to reach, and alternatively regret when the loftier vision fails to fire public imagination sufficiently to induce it to shoulder the sacred cause.

There are, however, other aspects of voluntary and municipal methods of grappling with the tremendous issues involved in the grave problem of maternity and child welfare that call for careful consideration. The Nation and its activities depend for their very existence upon the quality and quantity of the child life avail-

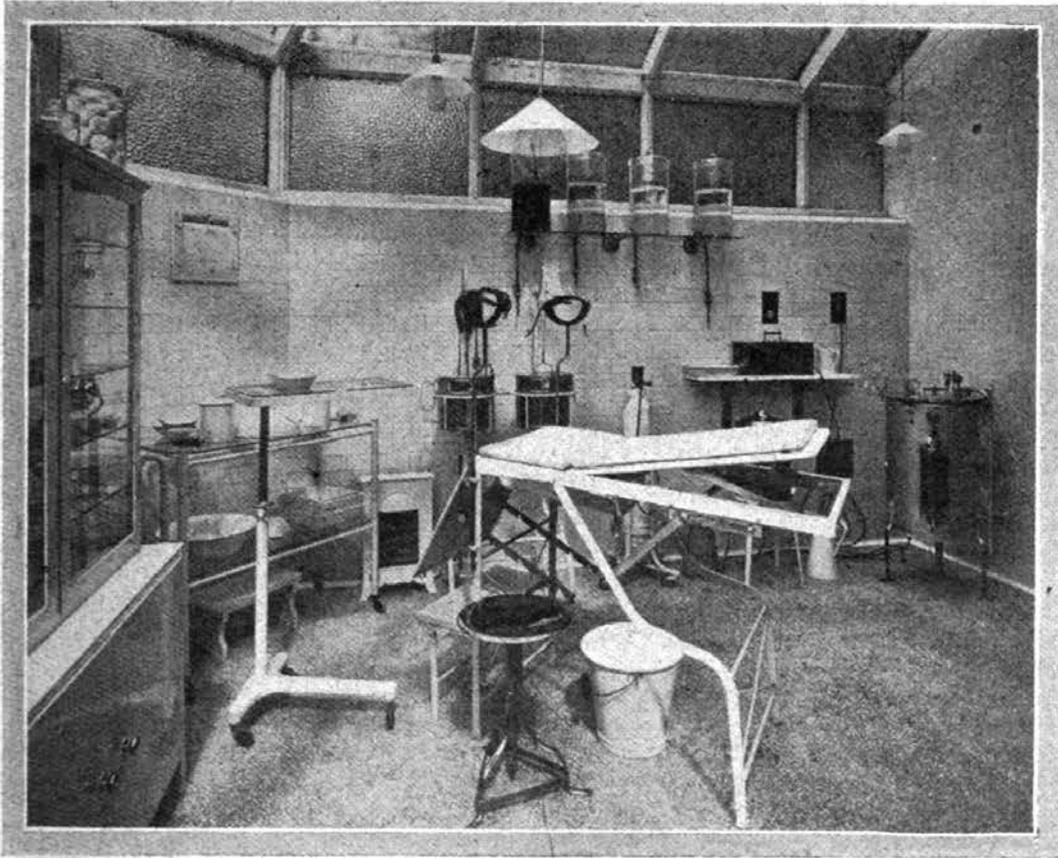
able, and consequently it is the nation's first and highest duty to see that the sources from which it draws its strength are such as to justify its past, maintain its present, and ensure its future—that truly national responsibility cannot be discharged by, and ought not to be left to, the benevolent alone. We have become so obsessed with money-making that we have never stopped seriously to ask the price of our gains, and if voluntary effort will relieve us from doing so, we are never likely to, so long as an adequate supply of labour is forthcoming to meet our needs. Under a purely voluntary system the greater proportion of the well-to-do contribute nothing, whereas if these burdens were borne through the rates and taxes all would help to carry a load for which collective responsibility cannot be denied so long as we permit evils it is in our power to prevent. Indeed if the voluntary policy had been adopted to perpetuate instead of to remove the gross injustices involved in neglect, it could not have been better devised, while to leave such vital issues to precarious—however well-meaning—voluntary effort, when nations with which we have to compete in the world's markets are adopting drastic and far-reaching measures for their solution, is to raise barriers against ourselves that are equivalent to digging our own graves. Money-making and the recognition of human needs do not usually run in harness, and those immersed in business

prefer that our skeletons should be kept in their cupboards—that being out of sight they may be also out of mind—and until men are compelled to pay for the sin and folly of our present methods the greatest offenders will never stop to think, much less to realise, that virtue is ultimately cheaper, as well as better, than vice, and

human touch” which voluntary effort claims.

“ Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

But, thank God, these priceless virtues are not the monopoly of well-intentioned people, whose circumstances and disposi-



MATERNITY HOSPITAL. OPERATING THEATRE.

that the proper care of the mother and her child is far less costly, and much more beneficial to the State, than the maintenance of prisons, workhouses, hospitals, and asylums, which constitute the alternative.

Before leaving this subject the writer is constrained to utter a long overdue protest against the unwarrantable assumption that in some way or another, never explained, municipal service lacks “the

tion enable them to give valuable assistance in ameliorating the condition of those less favoured, though not always less worthy than themselves. The writer is a voluntary worker who for some years has devoted *the whole* of his time to promoting the public health of Bradford, but he would be ashamed to claim that for that reason his work is of a higher order than that done by the respective staffs at the Municipal Maternity and

Child Welfare Centres, the Sanatoria, the Fever Hospital, the Convalescent Home, and the like public institutions for which the Health Committee of the Corporation is responsible. On the contrary, his experience compels him to record the fact that he has never seen, in any form of service, public or private, or, indeed, in any home, a finer standard of enthusiasm, devotion, patience, and love than characterise the daily round and the common task of those who, in ministering to the poor and heavy-laden—through these channels that some would fain have us believe lack "the human touch"—substitute hope for despair, and resolution where failure has destroyed effort. And this is confirmed over and over again by the unsolicited testimony of those who, as patients, have been the recipients of the practical sympathy, generous service, and untiring loyalty to need, which salaries can neither buy nor pay for. Indeed, these jewels are the glory and pride of all that is best in the medical and nursing professions, and they render an ill-service to the sacred cause of healing who seek to magnify their own work by belittling that of others, and meanly inferring the absence of "the human touch" in institutions they have never seen and whose redeeming work will be found more easy to envy than to surpass. Not what we have, but what we are; not how much we possess, but how much we give in proportion to our means and opportunity, be it money, ability or service, is the true standard of measurement for voluntary and paid workers alike. In Bradford it was the failure of high-minded and altogether excellent voluntary effort that compelled the municipality either to take over the four "Babies Welcomes," out of which our present scheme grew, or see their doors closed. The efficiency of our equipment is not challenged, but whatever claim the city may have to distinction in maternity and child welfare work, is neither to be found in its buildings nor their machinery, indispensable as both undoubtedly are, but in the magnificent personnel, the elevating atmosphere, and the fine spirit which per-

vades them all. If the nation is to have a future, the tasks confronting us are too momentous and sacred to be prejudiced and impaired by internal dissensions; the cause is ever greater than the human instruments by which it is to be won, and in the meantime there is urgent need and ample room for voluntary and paid workers alike. Said Nelson to two officers not wholly congenial, on the eve of Trafalgar: "Yonder is the foe, shake hands."

THE BRADFORD SCHEME.*

The writer has been asked to give a general idea of the scope and character of the Bradford Scheme, a task that must necessarily be briefly and inadequately discharged, but one which within those limits has been rendered easy by the series of illustrations which have accompanied the articles.

The Ante-Natal Clinic consists of a suitable waiting-room and a well-equipped consulting-room, where skilled medical advice and assistance are available on all matters relating to expectant motherhood. In cases where operative treatment is necessary, beds are provided for the purpose at one of the Municipal Hospitals.

Municipal Midwives.—A beginning has been made with this singularly important branch of maternity work by putting on the staff of the Health Committee some of the best qualified midwives in the City, and it is hoped to extend the service as opportunity affords till it embraces the whole area.

The Maternity Home, the first municipal institution of its kind in the kingdom, has ten beds, a labour room, and an excellent operating theatre. It is intended primarily for cases where (1) difficulties are anticipated at birth, (2) where these arise after birth, and (3) where the home is unsuitable for the married mother to be confined in. Those familiar with the character of many working-class homes will realise how large class 3 is, and they will not be surprised to learn that it has

* A complete description and full explanation of the working will be found in "Maternity and Child Welfare," published by P. S. King and Son, Ltd., at 1s.

already been found necessary to double the accommodation, which is now being made into twenty beds.

The Infants' Department, a new three-storey building, is at present unique in this country. *Its Clinic*, on the first floor, consists of waiting, dressing, recording, and weighing rooms, doctors'

Having thus provided for complicated cases at the Centre, the simpler ones are now to be taken in hand through the medium of District Consultations. The work is followed up by kindly supervision in the home itself, a duty which devolves upon a staff of twenty women health visitors. The purpose of all this is not to



INFANTS' DEPARTMENT. UNDRRESSING ROOM.

consulting rooms, a treatment room, an isolation room, and a dispensary. The staff of 40 includes three whole-time lady doctors, a qualified dispenser, and an adequate number of nurses and assistants. Over six hundred babies attend weekly on the average, and in view of the fact that about half the infants are found on registration to be suffering from some disease or defect—frequently unrecognised by the mother—the need for the supervision is obvious.

destroy home life nor attempt to find a substitute for parental care, but by well-directed and timely helpfulness to elevate and strengthen these mighty influences.

The Infants' Hospital, situated over the Clinic—with an open-air balcony—contains twenty beds devoted to the treatment of babies suffering from malnutrition of that severe kind which is frequently complicated by other troubles. The curative results of this method of

treatment are wonderful, alike in their completeness and their rapidity, and the hospital is growingly appreciated by those who know from actual experience the magnificent service it is rendering to the City.

The *Milk Dépôt* (on the ground floor of the Infants' Department) supplies a number of public institutions, including hospitals, sanatoria, school feeding centres, and the cooking kitchen in which meals for expectant and nursing mothers are prepared. These necessarily create a fluctuating demand, and the surplus is converted on the premises into cream, butter, and cheese for Health Committee's institutions, in which an average of 500 persons—patients and staff—are boarded daily.

The *Infants' Milk Laboratory* (adjoining the Dépôt) is attached to the work of the Clinic and Infants' Hospital. The breast feeding of all infants cannot—at present—unfortunately, be ensured in cities where child-bearing women have to work in factories. Consequently, if the inevitable bottle-fed babies are not to be abandoned to the perils of inexperienced hand-feeding, it is necessary to provide for them a food as suitable as medical science can suggest. For each such infant, therefore, the medical staff prescribe the food best adapted for its individual needs, and the prescription is modified from time to time in accordance with the child's requirements.

The *Educational Aspect* of the enterprise cannot be overlooked in view of the growing recognition of the fact that the care of infancy forms an important field for specialised work and is rightly demanding special equipment on the part of those engaged in it. Consequently, at the Infants' Department there is a scheme for the training and certification not only of probationer nurses in the hospital, but of student nurses in the institution, and to these it is hoped shortly to add the training of doctors. Speaking of this Infants' Department, Mr. Herbert Samuel—when President of the Local Government Board—said:

"I do not think I have ever seen any institution in any town or any country

which struck me in a greater degree as being well-devised, admirably organised, and urgently needed by the population whom it serves."

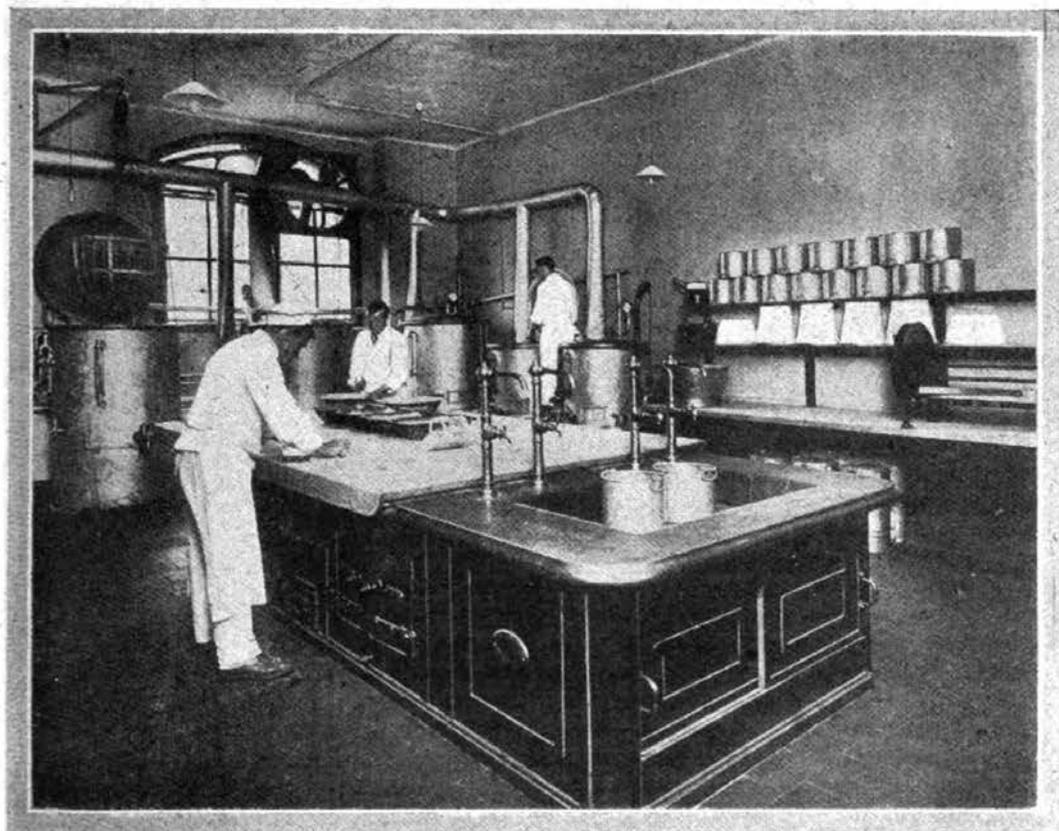
Feeding of Expectant and Nursing Mothers.—While everything possible is done where artificial food is inevitable, the goal ever kept in view is breast-feeding. Advice, therefore, has been supplemented by meals, for in many of the poorer homes malnutrition in the mother is the unmistakable cause of failure of breast-milk for the child. A well-equipped cooking dépôt has been established, where wholesome and suitable food is prepared on the first five days of each working week and then sent in heat-proof vessels by motor-vans to eight feeding centres, where some 500 expectant and nursing mothers are fed, the meals being served by ladies, who constitute the only voluntary workers associated with the scheme. These meals must not be associated with relief, for they are essentially medical treatment given primarily in the interests of the baby to be born or the child that has already arrived, and it is therefore essential that the mother should be under continuous supervision. Consequently, the meals can only be had on condition that the expectant mother attends the Ante-Natal Clinic, and the nursing mother the Infants' Department, and that not less than four dinners a week are taken out of the five which are provided.

Pre-School Clinic.—Hitherto there has been a serious gap between infancy and school age, in which the good results secured during the earlier period have often been undermined, if not actually lost. In Bradford, this important gulf is being bridged by the Pre-School Clinic, where the medical inspection and treatment previously carried out by the Infants' Department is continued till the child passes into the care of the Education Committee. The staff consists of two doctors, aided by such expert advice as may be required, and four fully-trained nurses. By the work of this department it is hoped to raise the general standard of health of the school children in the City.

Post-School Clinic.—This is designed

to link up school age and insurance age. The period of 14 to 16 years is one of transition from childhood to youth, from school life to working days, when the severe tax of continuous manual labour and comparatively long hours is first encountered, and therefore calls for helpful oversight. By means of the Post-School Clinic it is hoped to form a junction with

wards with twenty beds. This institution, believed to be a model of its kind, is under the care of a consulting surgeon, a resident doctor, and an efficient staff. In one of the wards cases of *ophthalmia neonatorum*, a disease attacking the eyes of the newly-born and said to be responsible for 75 per cent. of the cases of congenital blindness, are treated.



FEEDING OF EXPECTANT AND NURSING MOTHERS. COOKING KITCHEN.

the medical work connected with factory employment, street trading, and the like, and generally to continue careful supervision and treatment, which will then have been carried on from the antenatal period without a break.

Special Department for treating eye, ear, nose, and throat troubles. To meet this problem a separate building has been set apart at the City Hospital. It consists of waiting and consulting-rooms, dispensary, operating theatre, and three

Where indoor treatment is necessary, the mother, as well as her child, is admitted, in order that the breast-feeding of the little patient—which is regarded as supremely important—may not be interfered with. In the other wards deafness, adenoids, enlarged tonsils, &c., are dealt with, and the treatment often makes all the difference between a dull child and a bright one, a happy life and a miserable existence.

Women Health Visitors.—The connec-

tion between the institutions and the public they are intended to serve is made by a staff of twenty women Health Visitors. Their duty is to carry out the system of home visitation, and their work consolidates the complete scheme by bringing the homes of the poorer section of the working classes into direct contact with every agency indicated in this limited review.

The municipal scheme began by taking over from the Voluntary Committee the whole of their stock-in-trade, consisting of four Babies Welcomes, in May, 1912, and was confined to that work, carried on in unsuitable premises and under bad conditions for over two years. The Maternity Home, Infants' Department, Children's Clinic, and Special Hospital were opened in 1915.

Apart from the cost of food—which, in view of the fact that Parliament has long since legalised the feeding of school children, cannot be much longer excluded—and the expenditure on the Milk Depot, the Local Government Board contributes in the form of grant one-half the amount involved in administering the scheme, the whole of which is controlled by the Health Committee of the Corporation, and imposes a net outlay of some £14,000 a year, or 2d. in the pound on the rates of the City.

From the dates given above it will be obvious that the complete scheme has from the beginning had to contend with ever-increasing war time difficulties, in which a steadily increasing number of mothers have been induced to neglect their little ones in order to work in textile and munition factories, while many who have been unable to meet the enhanced cost of living by such means—including some soldiers' dependents—have been compelled to reduce the family budget. At the same time the benevolent sections of the community have been doing war work at high pressure; doctors have been going to the front in larger numbers, and those remaining behind have been compelled to neglect the children in order to

attend to the adult population. The anguish of bereavement, the strain of anxiety, and the increasing recourse to drink amongst women have all prejudiced materially the vital work of maternity and child welfare. These considerations, however, have not prevented many well-meaning, but thoughtless, upgrown children from digging up the seed in order to ascertain how far the plant was justifying the money spent upon it. These people have acted as though the disastrous results accruing from neglect should be rectified in as many years as they have taken generations to accumulate, and that the only test of efficiency in a City whose normal conditions are a menace to child life is to be found in the infant mortality tables. Yet, judged from that manifestly inadequate standard, something has been done even in these times of unprecedented stress and peril.

In 1914 the infant mortality of England and Wales only fell 4 per 1,000; in Bradford it dropped 6; while in 1915 the infant mortality of England and Wales rose 5 per 1,000, though in Bradford it increased only 1. Taking the five years 1911-15, the infant mortality of England and Wales declined 7 per 1,000, but in Bradford it fell 10 (at the time of writing the figures for 1916 are not available), and the death rate is a pretty reliable index of the damage rate. Yet the conditions in a strictly industrial city like Bradford are manifestly less favourable to child life and welfare than throughout England and Wales, which include not only large industrial centres but immense country districts, residential areas, and health and pleasure resorts. Unless, however, healthy birth-rate can be increased the fall in infant mortality and the growing longevity of the people, coupled to the steady trend of the population from the agricultural villages to the towns, will not prevent the death-rate gradually overleaping the births. What will then become of the City and its activities? The child is the only key that can unlock the future.

(To be continued.)

THE BRITISH LABOUR PARTY CONGRESS

By JOHN SCURR

The list of urgent State work placed before us by this Conference will touch the national conscience. Can we be content while double the amount of the "Victory War Loan" is required to give decent homes to workers? There need be no unemployment after the war if ways and means are carefully planned beforehand.

THE recent Labour Party Conference loomed largely in the public eye because of the discussions concerning the inclusion of Labour Members of Parliament in the Cabinet and the issues of peace and war, and but little attention was paid to the really important work, from a working-class standpoint, which the Conference achieved—viz., the drafting of a programme of reconstruction after the war.

A superficial observer attending the Conference might suppose that nearly all the seven hundred odd delegates were indifferent to the resolutions. Discussion did not exist at all. The mover spoke a few words, a formal seconder was found in most cases, and the resolutions were carried by a shout of "Agreed!" The superficial observer would have been wrong. The reason why no discussion took place was because all the proposals had been debated in branches, in executives, and in committees of the trade unions and other societies. Although the resolutions were mostly in the name of the Executive Committee of the Labour Party, this body cannot really claim much credit for initiation. The resolutions were formed by dovetailing, under certain definite heads, the proposals of the four hundred odd societies affiliated to the Congress. The programme thus drafted may be considered as being the attempt of two and a quarter million organised workers to draft a constitution for Labour.

The proposals may be placed under two headings—temporary and permanent. Temporary in so far as they deal with

positions that will arise when the European conflict is over; and permanent in so far as they outline methods which will change the basis upon which our present social system rests.

The war has in the economic sphere produced a condition of things previously undreamt of. In Great Britain at the present time some eight million people are, either directly or indirectly, employed by the Government as soldiers or munition-makers. When peace comes a terrible position will arise if all these workers are discharged without any organised attempt being made to place them in peace industries. It is comparatively easy for many industries to cease in order to supply the need of one supreme industry, although the unemployed rate mounted violently during August, 1914; but it is by no means easy for one great industry to cease and supply the needs of numbers of small industries which have been suspended since the war.

To discharge all the workers in the war industry would be a calamity, and would, in the words of the Labour resolution, "bring to the whole wage-earning class grave perils of unemployment, reduction of wages, and a lasting degradation of the standard of life. Labour is of the opinion that this evil state of things can only be stopped by 'deliberate national organisation.'"

In effect this means that the Government should only discharge the soldiers and the munition workers as the trade to which they formerly belonged re-establishes itself, and the demand for labour

arises; and that no soldier or munition worker should be discharged without suitable provision.

This proposal is supplemented by the plan suggested for the prevention of unemployment. It is stated rather dogmatically that "the Government can, if it chooses, arrange the public works and the orders of National Departments and Local Authorities in such a way as to maintain the aggregate demand for labour in the whole kingdom (including that of capitalist employers) approximately at a uniform level from year to year." This means that Government work should fluctuate with that of ordinary trade, Government work increasing as ordinary trade declines, and vice versa.

The Conference next supplies a list of urgent State work as follows:

(a) The rehousing of the population alike in rural districts, mining villages, and town slums to the extent, possibly, of 200 millions sterling.

(b) The immediate making good of the shortage of schools, training colleges, technical colleges, &c.

(c) New roads.

(d) Light railways.

(e) The reorganisation of the canal system.

(f) Afforestation.

(g) The reclamation of land.

(h) The development and better equipment of our ports and harbours.

(i) The opening up of access to land by small holdings and other practicable ways.

In addition, the Conference also asked for:

(a) The raising of the school age to sixteen.

(b) The increasing of the number of bursaries for secondary and higher education.

(c) The shortening of the hours of labour of all young persons to enable them to attend technical and other classes in the daytime.

(d) That wherever practicable the hours of labour should be reduced to not more than forty-eight per week, without reduction of the standard rate of wages.

In formulating these proposals the Conference placed its finger upon the most obvious defects of our modern industrial system.

On the permanent side the Conference declared for the extension of the principles of the Coal Mines Minimum Wage Act to other industries, and demanded a minimum wage of not less than 30s. per week for all trades.

It next demanded the nationalisation of railways and mines. These two resolutions laid down no new principles, except in so far as they said that due arrangements should be made for the participation in the management, both local and central, of the employees of all grades. This would indicate a growing desire on the part of the representatives of Labour towards the adoption of the Guild system in industry, but as yet it is very tentative. So far as the declarations of leaders are concerned, the phrase may mean anything, and in the minds of some it undoubtedly means co-partnership and profit-sharing—two ideas to which the rank and file of Labour are absolutely opposed.

Proposals were also made for a reorganisation of our agricultural system as follows:

(1) That the present arrangements for the production and distribution of food in this country amount to nothing short of a national disgrace and must be radically altered without delay;

(2) That it is imperative that the Government should promptly resume control of the nation's agricultural land, and organise its utilisation not for rent, not for game, not for the social amenity of a small social class, not even for obtaining the largest percentage on the capital employed, but solely with a view to the production of the largest possible proportion of the foodstuffs required by the population of these islands at a price not exceeding that for which they can be brought from other lands;

(3) That this can probably best be obtained by a combination of (a) Government farms, administered on a large scale, with the utmost use of machinery;

(b) small holdings made accessible to practical agriculturists; (c) municipal enterprises in agriculture, in conjunction with municipal institutions of various kinds, milk depots, sewage works, &c.; (d) farms let to Co-operative Societies and other tenants, under covenants requiring the kind of cultivation desired;

(4) That under all systems the agricultural labourer must be secured a decent cottage, an allotment, and a living wage;

(5) That the distribution of foodstuffs in the towns—from milk and meat to bread and vegetables—should be taken out of the hands of the present multiplicity of dealers and shopkeepers and organised by Democratic Consumers, Co-operative Societies and the Local Authorities working in conjunction.

This resolution was enthusiastically supported by the members of the Agricultural Labour Union who were attending the Conference for the first time; and they made considerable use of the recent report issued by the Board of Agriculture concerning the German methods of dealing with this problem. It is rather significant to find that a class composed solely of industrial workers is paying attention at last to the agricultural problem. Trade union strength is much vitiated by reason of the fact that the labour which exists in the country districts is attracted by the comparatively higher wages of the towns, and that consequently the poorer class of unskilled labour finds itself actively competed against by the countrymen. This in turn reacts right throughout the whole of industry, as, by reason of the extra pressure, the semi-skilled man becomes a competitor of the skilled, and so the whole standard of labour is lowered.

Suggestions have been made and are

being made that Labour, as a whole, will have to take over the question of the complete trade union organisation of agricultural labour, as despite many gallant efforts, from the time of Joseph Arch onwards, it is found impossible for the agricultural labourer to organise himself effectively.

Other resolutions dealt with taxation and the franchise, in which a full adult system was demanded.

Altogether the Conference laid down the principles along which Labour will advance in the future, but before most of the proposals become practical politics the Labour Party itself will have to consider seriously its own organisation. Its defect at the moment is that it is composed in the mass of representatives of trades unions, and therefore represents the industrial side and not the political side of the movement. The consequence is that decisions may be made at the Congress, but, owing to the lack of organisation in the country in a political sense, the members of the trades unions simply record their votes in most cases for candidates of the old parties. At least, this is what prevailed before the war, and there seems to be no sign of an alteration. On the contrary, it would seem as if an attempt will be made to exclude the purely political elements, such as the local Labour Parties, the I.L.P., and the B.S.P., to make the whole Labour Party an Industrial Party. If this plan does succeed it will matter very little as to the programmes which the Labour Party Conference may draft, as a purely industrial Conference to carry out any political work is bound to be a failure, and we should see the Labour Party, as at present constituted, going into the limbo of experiments which have been found useless.



THE UNSTATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND

By L. ORCHARD

If the dwellers in the "stately homes" once awakened to the mischief wrought to health and morals by unstately habitations, our citizens would not long suffer in this way. Such descriptive articles as this are valuable as a help in getting rid of insanitary cottages and houses. Strict inspection and condemnation must be accompanied by the construction of up-to-date cottages.

WHILE looking through a paper recently, my attention was arrested by the heading of an article: "Hatfield, One of the Stately Homes of England," and memory carried me back over the years of poverty and trials, during which we had dwelt in, not one, but several *unstately* homes of England.

There have been and probably are now many houses exactly like them, inhabited by a class of people whom I call the respectable poor; that is, people who do not proclaim their poverty from the housetop, do not attend any place of worship for the "loaves and fishes," and are utterly incapable of servility under any circumstances of life. Their greatest desire is to have the work to do which will enable them to earn the wherewithal to live in independence and freedom.

Our first "unstately home" consisted of a cottage of three rooms, one over the other, and connected by two staircases; the back door, leading to the garden and out-places, being on the top storey, quite close to the bedroom door. Every bit of refuse, dust, cleaning water, etc., had to be carried to the top floor, to get out of the back door. That cottage was so unique in its arrangements that we are never likely to forget it!

The next was a decided improvement. It had two tiny downstairs rooms and a scullery, two bedrooms, box room, and landing. One had to go some distance to the pump for water, and after a short sojourn in the cottage the ceilings began

to behave in a remarkable way, large portions often falling down without any warning. Our little girl of two years had a really remarkable escape from the first fall. A second and third occurred just as our little home was in apple-pie order, awaiting the arrival of a little stranger.

After a long interval of many ups and downs—considerably more of the latter than the former—we took up our abode in yet another of the unstately homes. This was originally two small cottages turned into one; we lived here seven years, and as far as our means permitted did our best to transform that sometime evil-smelling, damp, unwholesome place into some semblance of order and cleanliness. If I had then picked up a paper and read, or anyone had approached me and said these words, which I read lately in a Theosophical paper, "It is our duty to make even our back doors beautiful," I should probably have thought, or replied: "Beautiful, indeed, the back doors! But most of us have our work cut out to make sweet and clean, and fit for human beings to breathe in, the inside of our homes."

We really made that old tumble-down place look extremely nice, inside and out, but the circumstances under which we had to leave were such that they have hardened my husband's heart for all time against ever spending even a little bit of his hard-earned money upon another man's property.

The house was sold over our heads

while I lay ill in bed, the only one of several lots of very old property which the landlord succeeded in disposing of at a sale. As soon as I was fit, we had to turn-out, and, there being simply no other house to be obtained, we had to take rooms, and eventually left the town. This place was notorious for its lack of housing accommodation for working men, yet the scenery and country around were the most beautiful I have ever seen. The town was situated at the foot of one of the famous Cotswold Hills, and to climb

up and go round that hill simply helped one to forget all material troubles and anxieties; it seemed as if Nature poured out lavishly of her treasures, just to help some of her children to bear the unequal burden of their lives.

In that little town I ascended the Hill in more ways than one, for there dwells upon it, and in its wooded vales and valleys, the inexpressible Divine Spirit of Beauty and Serenity which helps us to live with hope in our hearts.



IMMORTALITY

WEEP not!—my heart is scalded by thy tears . . .
 Is *this* the fruit of all my trust in thee?
 And is the faith we gathered through the years
 So frail a thing that thou must weep for me?

As thou and I have oft been friend and foe
 (Growing by thoughts and deeds both gross and fine),
 Who is this dark Immortal, cloaked with woe,
 But an ancient servitor of mine and thine?

Then peace! and dream no more that I have gone,
 That the dark Angel, with a single stroke,
 Could end a life grown old ere Babylon
 Did free herself from the Assyrian yoke!

And when the business of thy day is done,
 Then fill thy mind once more with joy and peace:
 Remember our company (of whom thou, too, art one),
 And our high purposes, which cannot cease.

From Thebes to New Troy Town, we've walked this earth
 (Nay; from Avilion to Hy Brésil),
 Learning again slow truths of ancient worth . . .
 Friend of my heart, *am I not with thee still?*

JASPER SMITH

INDIAN HOME RULE

By A. J. WILLSON

Notes on the Presidential Address of the Hon. Amvika Charan Mazumdar, at the thirty-first Indian National Congress, held in Lucknow on December 26-29, 1916.

THE President's opening speech is a dignified and firm, yet unmistakably loyal, declaration of the will of the Indian people to be a self-governing unit of the Empire, and its force is largely increased by the fact that a few days before it was pronounced the All-India Congress Committee and the representatives of the All-India Moslem League conferred together in Calcutta, and on November 17, with one voice, resolved to make a joint demand for a Representative Government in India; while for the first time since Surat in 1907, the right and left wings of the Congress have sunk all differences and unite to forward Home Rule. Everything shows that the country is rapidly awakening to a sense of its responsibility and capacity, and those who speak hopelessly of India as too heterogeneous in composition ever to be able to unite as a Nation forget that history shows her largely under one rule in the past at different periods, and they either ignore, or do not know, that the warp and woof of Hinduism and Islam weave the north and south, east and west of that vast country into one loose-textured fabric upon which is embroidered the ideals and aspirations of almost every religion existing on earth. Because of this, in spite of the striking differences in local customs and modes of expression and many surface quarrels, the right man can touch a chord that will reverberate all over India.

The President of the National Congress concentrated upon the one absorbing thought of the day—Self-Government within the Empire—as “the problem to the solution of which all subsidiary questions are mere corollaries.” In his epitome of the events leading up to the present

demand, he gave Britain ample credit for the efforts she had made to help India, at the same time that he plainly touched upon her mistakes; and by a careful study of his remarks we may “see ourselves as others see us” in a very instructive way, and, incidentally, obtain valuable clues to the workings of the Indian mind. Throughout it all sounds the appeal to the British love of fair play:

The descendants of Howard and Wilberforce, of Burke and Bright, of Macaulay and Maine, and of Canning and Ripon are not yet extinct. It is a nation of giants who refuse to tolerate injustice and perpetuate serfdom wherever they may exist, if only they are satisfied of their existence, and who possess a responsive heart to the call of freedom. It has been truly said that it is not Britain's heart, but Britain's ear, that has been so long deaf to the wail that has been raised in this country.

The very first words of the address strike the note of honest revolt against repression:

“It was Lord Curzon who on occasions said that it was not given to an Indian corporal to carry the Field-Marshal's baton in his knapsack.”

The non-admission of Indians to the commissioned ranks of His Imperial Majesty's Army is an ever-open wound to loyalty and self-respect. Lord Curzon, however brilliant and well-intentioned as a Viceroy, by his tactlessness certainly contrived to alienate Indian popular feeling from the Empire in a way which it is acknowledged might have proved dangerous to us all in 1914 had not Lord Hardinge's personal sympathy and statesmanlike rule intervened and restored confidence.

The Hon. A. C. Mazumdar pointed out how the selfish despotism of the East India Company had been succeeded by the

more benevolent despotism of the Crown rule, which, while it widened the views and, by its desire for their welfare, deepened the loyalty of the people, often forced progress along lines alien to their natural genius, until, having exhausted all the resources which a personal benevolence could supply, it slowly and imperceptibly yielded to the infirmities inherent in its nature, "and by a process of natural evolution resolved itself into a system of barren and sterilising bureaucracy." "It sincerely wishes to see the people happy and contented, but it cannot allow them to grow," as he pithily put it. At the same time the spirit of the Indian people, stimulated by contact with their Aryan cousins from the West, makes them ever more and more conscious that self-expression along their own lines must be their goal if they would take their place as free men in the new world that is evolving before our eyes.

The lack of popular education is therefore most earnestly deplored :

In a country which, with the exception of Russia, is larger than the continent of Europe, there are now no more than 150 colleges of all sorts and little over 1,300 high schools and 127,000 primary schools,

while the population is over 255 millions; a percentage of barely seven literate men.

This is the sum total of educational progress made under a benevolent despotism during a period of 160 years. . . . The people demand a general diffusion of elementary education for the mass as preferable to no education, while the Government insists upon better education for a few rather than widespread light for the many. . . . Political considerations have been largely introduced in the Department of Education,

and patriotic youths are frowned down as "disloyal."

In regard to administration, the speech declared :

The greatest defect in the administration of criminal justice in this country lies in the fusion and combination of the judicial and the executive functions—a system in which the prosecutor and the judge, the man who works up a charge and the man who sits in judgment over that charge, are rolled into one.

The Press Act of 1910, conceived in a spirit of repression, has reduced the Indian Press from its position as an independent critic of the Government to that of an institution entirely dependent upon sufferance.

Up to February last year 220 newspapers, both English and vernacular, had ceased publication since the outbreak of war. Even one so far above suspicion as Mrs. Besant is

Charged by the Madras Government with matter seditious printed at her press. The Madras High Court has distinctly found that there was nothing seditious in her writing. Two High Courts have concurrently held that there may be illegal forfeitures under the Act, and yet they were powerless to grant relief. . . . I hope the matter will not rest here, but will be carried beyond the seas and heard in a free country by a free people. . . .

The Defence of India Act, like the Defence of the Realm Act in England, was no doubt necessitated by the exigencies of the situation, but the purposes for which it is being used appear to be entirely foreign to the spirit and outside the scope of this extraordinary enactment. . . . In one province alone nearly 600 young men have up to this time been arrested. . . . Anarchism is the common enemy of mankind throughout the world. . . . But a general crusade against a community in the name of anarchism is justified neither by reason nor logic nor considerations of expediency.

An almost insurmountable colour bar has been drawn up that runs through almost every department of the State, which the children of the soil are forbidden to cross.

Under the Arms Act, "a man like Maharaja Jabbar Jung Bahadur may not carry a single revolver, though his driver Jones may have any number of them." English people over here fail to realise that the mere possession of arms, quite apart from the use of them, is enough to bring insult and fine or imprisonment upon the most respected Indian gentlemen, with the result, amongst many others, that dacoits who scorn laws, and so are armed with guns, can only be driven off with sticks by law-abiding citizens. Where, as in Hyderabad, Deccan, Hindustan and Moslems are firm friends under Indian rule, the men habitually "bristle with arms" in all the streets, as the poetess Sarojini Naidu reminded the Congress during the course of its proceedings, and no evil results accrue.

The President, deploring that "India is regarded to-day throughout the civilised world as the recruiting ground for coolies necessary for manual labour . . . the last relic of slavery within the British Em-

pire." The possibility of the colonists, accustomed to deal with Kaffirs and Negroes and regarding all coloured races as inferior, having a voice in the future rule of India, with her heritage of philosophy, religion, and valour, has much to do with the present stir in that land.

In regard to the Swadeshi movement, he remarked :

The War has disclosed that in 1905 the Indian Nationalists declared hostilities not against Great Britain but against Germany and Austria, and that if the authorities in India had taken a more dispassionate and far-sighted view of the situation German and Austrian trade in India would have died ten years ago and without a naval blockade. . . . The railways are one of the most important State concerns. . . . To transfer them to any private individual, or individuals, or to allow them to manage them, may be an act amounting to a serious infringement of public rights and an abdication of a State function. . . .

India, self-contained and contented, with its natural defences and internal resources, presents a bulwark against all foreign aggression.

Indian States, entirely administered by Indians, are pointed to in answer to the statement that only Western races can rule there. Some of the States with an administration composed of Indians are even marching ahead of British India, particularly in education, judicial reforms, and industrial progress.

As loyal subjects of His Majesty, we of the Congress deem it our duty to tell all whom it may concern not to treat the Indian problem after the War as lightly as some irresponsible and mischievous critics are evidently disposed to do. Already a subdued note of the "scrap of paper" has been raised in certain quarters. The Charter Act of 1833, the Queen's Proclamation of 1858, and the two gracious messages of King Edward VII. and King George V. still remain unredeemed. . . .

Here are our demands, which, God willing, are bound to be fulfilled at no distant date.

1. India must cease to be a dependency and be raised to the status of a self-governing State as an equal partner with equal rights and responsibilities as an independent unit of the Empire.

2. In any scheme of readjustment after the War, India shall have a fair representation in the Federal Council like the Colonies of the Empire.

3. India must be governed from Delhi and Simla, and not from Whitehall or Downing Street. The Council of the Secretary of State should be either abolished or its constitution so modified as to admit of substantial Indian representation on it. Of the two Under-Secretaries of State for India one should be an Indian, and the salaries

of the Secretary of State should be placed on the British Estimates as in the case of the Secretary for the Colonies. The Secretary of State for India should, however, have no more powers over the Government of India than those exercised by the Secretary for the Colonies in the case of the Dominions. India must have complete autonomy, financial, legislative, as well as administrative.

4. The Government of India is the most vital point in the proposed reforms. It is the fountain head of all the local administrations, and unless we can ensure its progressive character any effective reform of the local Governments would be impossible. For this the Services must be completely separated from the State and no member of any Service should be a member of the Government. The knowledge and experience of competent members of a Service may be utilised in the departments, but they should not be allowed to be members of the Executive Council or the Cabinet of the Government itself.

5. The Executive Government of India should vest in the Governor-General, with a number of Ministers not less than one-half of whom should be Indians elected by the elected non-official Indian members of the Supreme Legislative Council. These members should hold office for five years. Thus this Ministry of the Viceroy will possess the composite character of a Parliamentary and non-Parliamentary Cabinet.

6. The Upper House of Representatives in Canada is composed of 90 members. The Supreme Legislative Council in India should consist of at least 150 members. These members should be all elected. But for the transitory period one-fifth may be appointed by the Cabinet, not more than one-fourth of whom may be officials.

7. The annual Budget should be introduced into the Legislative Council like Money Bills, and except the military Estimates the entire Budget should be subject to the vote of the Council.

8. The Provincial Governments should be perfectly autonomous, each Province developing and enjoying its own resources, subject only to a contribution towards the maintenance of the Supreme Government.

9. A Provincial administration should be vested, as in the case of the Supreme Government, in a Governor with a Cabinet not less than one-half of whom should be Indians elected by the non-official elected Indian members of its Legislative Council.

10. The Provincial Legislative Council should in the case of a major province consist of 100 members and in the case of a minor province 75 members, all of whom should be elected by the people, and each district must have at least one representative of its own. For the transitory period there should, of course, be the same conditions and restrictions as in the cases of the Supreme Legislative Council.

11. As the executive and the legislative functions are to be separated, so there must be complete separation of the judicial from the executive

functions of the State. The judicial administration, whether civil or criminal, should be wholly vested in the High Courts, both as regards control as well as the pay, prospect, and promotion of its officers. The High Courts should be subordinate only to the Supreme Government.

12. The Arms Act should be repealed or so modified as to place the Indians exactly on the same footing with the Europeans and Eurasians. The Press Act should be removed from the Statute Book, and all the repressive measures withdrawn.

13. India should have a National Militia to which all the races should be eligible under proper safeguards, and they should be allowed to volunteer themselves under such conditions as may be found necessary for the maintenance of efficiency and discipline. The Commissioned ranks in the Army should be thrown open to His Majesty's Indian subjects.

14. A full measure of local Self-Government should be immediately granted throughout the country.

15. Mass education should be made free and compulsory. Suitable provisions should also be made for the development and encouragement of indigenous industries.

The above is a summary of our demands. We do not fix any time-limit, for the duration of the War is uncertain, and there must be a transitory period through which the process must pass. But if we fix no time-limit, we agree to no indefinite postponement either.

In England is the real seat of power, and the battle of India must be fought on British soil. Though it is we who must fight it out, we must have the British public as our ally. That public must be informed and influenced so as to enable it to come to a correct judgment of our case. There is an erroneous impression in certain quarters that as our grievances are so numerous and so palpable they must be known to the British people also. But who is there to carry your message to England? You certainly cannot expect Reuters to do it. You certainly do not believe that retired Anglo-Indians will proclaim their own defects and shortcomings. On the contrary, there are the standing official reports always to present a rosy view of the Administration, taking credit for whatever is good, throwing the entire blame for all that is bad on your shoulders, and justifying all sorts of repressive measures. The British public in their ignorance easily swallow all these *ex parte* cock and bull stories, and consider the Indian Administration to be a perfect Utopia. So you must have a counsel of your own to represent your case before the great tribunal of public opinion in Great Britain if you

do not wish judgment to go against you by default. Sir William Wedderburn is performing this function at no small sacrifice to himself.

The British Committee and its sole organ, *India*, must be maintained at all costs if we are to carry on our operations at the vital front. It has always seemed to me of the utmost importance to associate with the British Committee at least one competent Indian, permanently located in England.

The last words were to the youth of India :

Remember of what great nation you are born, It was for you that in the early morning of the world the *Vedas* were revealed, and in a later period democratic Islam came with the *Koran* and the practical Parsi with the *Zend Avesta*. Yours is the heritage of three of the most ancient civilisations of the world which have formed, as it were, a glorious confluence of three streams in this sacred land of yours; while to these in the dispensation of an inscrutable Providence a fourth has recently been added to constitute a *Sagara-Sangama* for the deliverance of your race. It was for you that Vyasa wrote and Valmiki sung, and it was for you that Patanjali evolves the loftiest of philosophies and the *Gita* expounded the sublime mysteries of life. It was here that more than two thousand years ago Buddha Gautama, the truest and greatest benefactor of mankind, first taught the doctrine of universal brotherhood of men, which now sways the minds of one-fifth of the population of the habitable globe; and it was here that five hundred years ago Shri Chaitanya preached the gospel of love, fraternity, and equality from the banks of the Ganges to the banks of the Narbudda; and now modern civilisation is prostituting science, filling the air, land, and water with deadly engines for the destruction of God's creation. But let us not be great only in the worship of a great past. A mighty wave of changes is surging throughout this world, and India is passing through a momentous transition. Her future is in your hands. You can either make or mar that future. . . . Unite and stand solidly shoulder to shoulder, resolved either to conquer or to die. What is life worth if we cannot live like men? Firm and resolute in your purpose, be always manly and dignified in your attitude and sober and cautious in your steps. Be loyal to your King and devoted to your country. Difficult as your task is, constitutional must be your method: There is no royal road to freedom. Reverses there must be but reverses should only stiffen your backs. Do not despair, for despair is the keynote of failure.



INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

AUSTRALIA

THE old civilisations expect from the new original methods of work! Have the members in the new lands realised the possibilities which lie before them? We can but give some outline of what is done and leave it for others to judge whether there is ought of newness in our ways.

There are, of course, the isolated members, those who live almost in the never, never part of this sparsely populated land, who would be so grateful if they could attend those meetings which near members sometimes neglect. But they work on bravely and often manage to gather together a few to whom the news of the coming is in truth "glad tidings." Far from the centres which lecturers visit, these earnest workers yet play an important part, each making a little nucleus where the light of the Star may shine, and from which it may ray forth to link itself to other centres, and thus help to make a network of silver light, whereby the Fishers of Men may draw human hearts nearer to themselves.

Members who live in the large country towns should, and surely often do, establish regular meetings, first drawing together a few whose thought is akin to their own; then gradually, as knowledge grows, venturing to lecture to any who can be induced to come. Similar, too, is the work carried on in the suburbs, though the members of these latter groups have the opportunity of attending city lectures, and, we hope, gaining inspiration from them for their own work. That inspiration is, indeed, sure when Mr. Leadbeater is the speaker, but not all have the privilege of journeying to where he is.

Training classes have been established in various centres, wherein members, especially the younger ones, learn how to express their ideas clearly and accurately, so that none may appeal to them in vain for information about the Order

and their expectation. Some have undertaken to systematically distribute leaflets, going from house to house, or from one part of the country to another. One group has issued a useful pamphlet entitled "Meat Substitutes." And everywhere members are concerning themselves with organisations connected with the welfare of children, recognising the enormous importance of these in a country where a new sub-race is a-forming. Several members are devoting all or almost all their time to the Kindergartens, Babies' Aid Society, and School for Mothers.

Naturally much energy is at the present time devoted to war work of various kinds, and in that connection the peace and confidence which come from an understanding of the Order give added courage and wider powers of usefulness alike to those who serve at home and to the dauntless ones who don the khaki.

There is one very important form of activity, established by a devoted member of the Order, who came as a visitor to these shores, and to whom we ever owe a deep debt of gratitude. We hope that that good work may be continued through the years, at least until He comes; but, if that is not possible, the one who founded the depot will have the satisfaction of knowing that already thousands of people have, through her effort, become familiar with the name of the Order and its symbol, if not with its objects.

"The Little House on the Hill" one non-member has called it, and it seems as if the name is likely to cling. A quaint lamp hangs without, and on one night in each week sheds its soft light on the artistic and daintily arranged objects in the window, that window which attracts so much attention. Many are those who pass, pause, and then turn back to look more closely, and perhaps come in to ask for the leaflets which they see are freely given. Sitting quietly

within, the comments of passers-by are often audible. They exclaim about the beauty of some picture, or vase, or motto, and "wonder what the place really is." Sometimes one reads aloud to another the Declaration of Principles, and always the remarks which follow indicate appreciation. Nuns come in to ask for rosaries, and people of all shades of belief and disbelief bring perplexities to be disentangled; no section of the community seems to oppose, and most are interested. Men enquire whether it is anything to do with masonry. Soldiers come for books small enough to accompany them on the long voyage which leads to the field of action; one tucked a little flower into his pocket-book, a link with that place of peace, to help perhaps through times of stress, recalling the fairy-like daintiness of pictures, books, statuettes, brass-ware and hand-painted china, and the wealth of flowers, brought by loving hands, that the depot may be more beautiful and attractive. It is little wonder, perhaps, that a stranger remarked: "What a sweet little place this . . . what is it about it . . . as soon as I came in the door I felt as if I was in church."

Of course, there is a strenuous side, but for that there are willing helpers, mostly people who give part of their dinner-hour, or come when the long work of the office is over, and it might be expected that they would go home to rest.

When the window has to be cleared and re-arranged, that is called "spring-cleaning." When a large case, containing valuables hidden amongst much straw, needs to be unpacked, a responsible official likens it to birds' nesting or a big surprise packet with no blanks. So the many, many things are accomplished; and the tall quiet man who covers the library books calls it our "play"; and if we so think of it, that takes away the strain. It is part of the great Game. They are playing for the helping of the world; we are learning to co-operate, to play too, and so help to prepare the way for One for Whom the Order of the Star in the East exists.

FRANCE

SINCE my last report in September there is more life in the Star movement in France. The Order has taken a room, a "salon-bureau," nicely furnished all in blue and white, in the building of the Theosophical Society. We had some good meetings. The *Bulletin de l'Ordre de l'Etoile* has returned to life, and Mlle. Isabelle Mallet has been appointed by me as its editor.

It is necessary to have our own paper, as so few people read English. For this reason the *Herald of the Star* cannot have a large sale in France, but as many are now learning English, especially the young people, we hope to have in the future a closer intercourse with our dear friends and Allies.

In the provinces, six centres only out of twenty-four are fairly active. The others are for the time being lifeless. France has still ten of her departments invaded by the enemy. We have members at the front and many who are scattered over the country. All our life is taken by the war. One cannot work as in other countries where there is peace and quiet living. In this time one can only do one's best.

ZELMA BLECH

NORWAY

THE Star work in Norway has in the last couple of years been progressing well. We are glad to report that our Danish and Swedish Star brothers have done their best to co-operate with us in keeping our national organ, *Stjernebladet*, going, as have also our Icelandic and Finnish brothers, wherefore we send our best thanks to them all. From Denmark we have received interesting Star articles from the Danish national representative.

Two thousand copies of the Christmas number of *Stjernebladet* for 1914 was published, nicely illustrated, which were sent to most of the clergy, teachers, &c., and the remaining copies were sold. In this number the readers obtained a good view of the aim of our Order and its leaders.

In the *Stjernebladet* for 1915 we tried to make our Star members interested in the evolution of the religions and the great religious Teachers that they no longer might look upon the coming of the new World Teacher as a phenomenon, but as a natural link in evolution.

The Christmas Number of 1915 was also fully illustrated, and was intended especially to give information for outsiders.

In 1916 we have made a great step forward in that Mr. Erick Unset has become editor of *Stjernebladet*, and now intends to have it published monthly. This means more work and more financial help.

Our plan is now to bring the work into line with the *Herald* and publish articles about all the new ideas of value, as we believe the coming Master will accept any person who works for the well-being of his fellow-men. Our new editor especially wants to get young people interested.

Our hope is that our Star members will more and more learn to know the happiness and joy that follows work for the "Order of the Star in the East."

HELEN EGELSRUD

SWITZERLAND

IT is difficult at the beginning of a year's work to have a clear idea of what our activity shall be. Nevertheless, the splendid programme of social activities drawn up by our Elders has aroused many. Our members have understood that now we must follow the Path of Service, that something definite has to be done to prepare for His coming.

Some of our workers are teachers and professors, but they find it difficult to bring new ideals into the old forms. The best thing would be if, in time, we could have such an Educational Trust as you have in England. We have devoted different meetings to the study of the question, and hope to form a committee whose sole duty will be to study methods of education and new psychology.

We have also, as you asked, formed a *Herald* National Committee, and shall do

our best either to send articles or accounts of important books published.

The programme of social training issued by C. Jinarajadasa has been printed in our monthly *Message de l'Etoile*. We hope thus to reach many people and to initiate them to service.

Our meetings are very well attended, full of harmony and strength; we have had beautiful music, specially on the 28th of December.

At the beginning of January I made a tour in Switzerland with our General Secretary, and for the first time a meeting of the Star was held in East Switzerland.

Although we feel the war has attained its acutest point, and though Switzerland suffers a good deal on the economic side, we are full of bright hope, and send to our English brothers all good wishes and brotherly feelings for this New Year 1917.

MARIE-LOUISE BRANDT

THE following message, sent to the Indian Sectional Organ, *Brothers of the Star*, will be read with interest by Mr. Arundale's many friends in all lands:

A MESSAGE FOR 1917. By G. S. ARUNDALE.

DEAR BROTHERS,

The Organising Secretary has asked me to write a little message to you on the occasion of that, which is to Western peoples, the New Year. It is well that India should have responded so eagerly to the call for men and women, boys and girls, eager to enter the army which is everywhere preparing the way for the Coming of the Great World Teacher. Every year that passes brings with it increasing evidence as to the truth of the statement made by our beloved Protector, more than six years ago, that in the near future we might expect the Coming of one of the World's mightiest Brethren. No fact indicates His Coming more clearly than the present world-wide war, for not only has every Nation been brought startlingly face to face with its own imperfections, its own superstitions,

its own weaknesses, but the East has in a wonderful way been drawn more closely to the West than we should ever have thought possible. The war has been the means of breaking up old forms and old orthodoxies, and all kinds of barriers which otherwise might have been impassable obstacles between the World Teacher and His message, and ourselves. The Nations of the world are growing free to learn, for, in the strain of the conflict, with its attending sorrow, anxiety, and agony, men and women come face to face with the God within them, and the contrast between the lower and the higher determines them to make another effort to free themselves from much of the darkness of the unreal which has hidden from them the Sun of the Real. When the Great World Teacher comes the Sun of the Real will be shining in all His glory, it will be as the midday radiance after the darkness of the night, and it is well that we should suffer now and grow in humility that then there may be less of selfishness to stand between us and the love of our Elder Brother.

Then as regards the drawing closer of East to West. We see clearly how imperative it is that the peoples of the world should begin to cast aside the prejudices of colour, race, and faith, in view of the Coming of the One Who is the Father of us all. While the Christian, or the Mohammedan or the Hindu thinks himself superior to all others, deems his faith the only true road to salvation, he will selfishly analyse the teachings of the Master to see if, perchance, they extol his faith above all others. If they do, then, indeed, is the Master the greatest of all. If they do not, He is an impostor. So with regard to race. There is but one family in the world whatever the colour, and it is not well that there should be among us any arrogance of race when to Him all races are alike and win His equal love. As some of us know, it is in order that a deeper welcome may be given to Him that India is now struggling to be free. She, too, must break asunder the forms in which she has been constrained to dwell. She, too, must learn that her

traditions and her faiths are no less mighty than those of the West, and she must realise that she has an equal place with all other Nations on the surface of the globe. Every Nation has its own contribution to make to the service of the world. Each has its own note to sound, and India must learn to sound hers. Thus, and thus alone, will a perfect harmony of joyous greeting reach the Lord Maitreya in His Himalayan home, and proclaim to Him that the world is ready for His Coming.

We are all servants of the Star, whether we belong to the Order of the Star in the East or to its younger brother, and we must never forget that, in truth, we are but simple soldiers in the great army of preparation. As the soldier who is fighting in the battle-fields of France and elsewhere, must above all be distinguished for his complete and willing obedience to the orders of his superior, for without such obedience no triumph can ever be possible, so is it with us in the spiritual army. In such critical times as the present it is not so much for us to reason as to carry out the orders of those who *know* in what way the world must be prepared. Enough time will be given to us in the future to work on our own lines, to follow our own desires, to act according to our own reason. This is the time of intuition and of obedience. Intuition we have shown, for it was intuition and not reasoning that made every one of us a soldier of the army. Obedience is our next task, for when so mighty a work has to be done as the preparation of the world for the Coming of its Greatest Teacher, the direction is not left to the feebleness of ordinary mankind. It is the greatest of our world-family who, for the time, assume to Themselves the guidance of mankind, and expect us to follow them as soldiers are enjoined to follow their officers, to the death. When this present world-wide war is over, those who have fought, and who are now specially exercising the faculty of obedience, will be able once again to act according to their will or fancy. But they will be all the better for

the training through which they have gone. Similarly with us. In future lives we, too, shall, once again, be able to act almost exclusively according to our own intelligence, but we shall act all the more wisely if, during these few short years, we willingly and faithfully subordinate ourselves to the greater Will which calls upon us to be channels for its manifestation to the world.

I ask you, above all, to be unswerving in your loyalty, first to our Protector, second, to our Head. These two are, for us, the appointed channels between the Elder Brethren and the world as a whole. So completely consecrated are Their lives to the service of the Masters, especially

in such a life as this, that we may safely trust ourselves to them. And unless we learn to give to these two great elders a whole-hearted devotion and willing service, it will be long before the opportunity will come to us to receive directions from the great Rulers of the world Themselves.

So my word to you, my brothers, is, loyalty in thought, in feeling, in action. Give yourself wholly to your leaders for the next few years, so that in the future you may, some day, be to others the inspiration our great leaders are to us to-day.

Affectionately yours,

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE



AN EXPERIMENT IN FELLOWSHIP

IN Edinburgh a group of women have, for the last two and a half years, been trying "an experiment in fellowship." In the first instance they were called together by one who was distressed over the present conditions of Church life to see what could be done to better them. The members belong to different denominations, different social circles, are engaged in different kinds of work, and are "very unlike one another," but all are united by the desire to carry out Christ's command to love as He loved, by the cultivation of a spirit of fellowship to help to heal dissensions in the Church, and through the diffusion of the spirit of love hasten the coming of the Kingdom of God upon earth. This they strive to do in daily life by beginning each day with a quiet

waiting on God, by meditation on the life of the Lord of Love, by carrying the practice of love into every act of life, and by "a daily act of fellowship with the Church Catholic, militant and triumphant, with desire after the unity which is the Lord's will." Weekly gatherings are held for worship, intercession, and fellowship of silence, and occasionally longer periods are set apart for conference and prayer. The movement has grown and prospered exceedingly; the inner unity and fellowship beneath the diverse forms of the Churches being profoundly felt. The members have now acquired a chapel for their own use, which they are willing to lend free of charge to any Christian organisation for the purpose of meeting there.

BOOKS WE SHOULD READ

JANUS AND VESTA: A Study of the World Crisis and After. By Beuchara Branford. Chatto and Windus: London. 6s.

Education is united power and stability; ignorance begets weakness and rebellion. The long future is to those . . . races . . . that recognise and apply betimes these great . . . facts.—*Janus and Vesta*, p. 211.

The Poet sees Man. . . The Novelist sees men eating biscuits.—*The Times Weekly Supplement* in January.

THE ideal educationist sees both. The work of reconstruction consists in building for to-morrow, with yesterday's materials, the fabric of to-day.

To each and all Mr. Branford's book must appeal. His catholicity of mind, its height and depth, range and adaptability, places *Janus and Vesta* in the forefront of books to be read by the thoughtful.

In the author's words, "Read backwards and forwards." In fact, it can be opened anywhere and read for a few moments, with advantage, by those who have to read thus or not at all, in a day of national and necessary table service. Mr. Branford is a seer, prophet, practical idealist, and "divisional inspector in the service of the London County Council." Truly, "each man, in his time, plays many parts." It is given to few to-day thus to blend spiritual illumination with constructive intellectual capacity.

Teachers should be torch-bearers, seekers after genius, not only cultivators of talent. The author of *Janus and Vesta* believes that every man possesses genius—i.e., direct inspirational power to perform some one thing in a manner productive of ceaseless joy to himself combined with pleasure and profit to others. Mr. Branford is free from the heresy that would divorce substance and spirit: he knows that matter without spirit is dead, and that spirit without vesture cannot function in a world of phenomena. The world's greatest discoveries, in all departments of human life, owe

their very being to this union of Janus and Vesta, learning and love, knowledge and inspiration. What are the Universe and all contained therein but living witnesses to the spirit of the unmanifest, working through manifestation, and organic forces working through the facts of generation? "The facts of science," says the seer, "melt under time . . . the myths of Truth abide its pressure. . . . Fact and Myth are indissoluble: that the one can be many and the many one is the unique and supreme paradox of truth. . . . But of his fate man grows increasing master; the more loyal his service to fact, the more faithful his reverence for myth. . . . We can conceive no fact that contains not some mingling of myth, and no myth that contains not some ferment of fact."* In this conscious, deliberate suffusion and intermingling of spirit and substance lie all promise and potency of creative reconstruction, as of each educational activity and social experiment whose definite aim is preparation for the Coming.

The astrological symbol of Aquarius, The Man (this is the Aquarian Age), shows him as Water-Bearer, his feet on the Mountain, standing "between heaven and earth" pouring from his vessel the waters of immortality, for the service of men. Thus Man the Thinker is also Man the Giver, with his immemorial sacrifices, bread of thought, wine of inspiration, water of life.

To one who reads with poet consciousness—i.e., a contemplative rather than ethical or scientific outlook—it seems that many valuable pages of *Janus and Vesta* are but a necessary and practical exposition and elaboration of those priceless lines from *In Memoriam*, which "come home" with poignant significance to-day:

* Pp. 159—215.

Life is not as idle ore

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use.

With its corresponding contrast :

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands ;
They melt like mists, the solid lands
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream and hold it true.

So to-day we watch the joyful emergence of life from the sorrowful waters of death, knowing that the germ of renewal hides within tireless response to the highest within us. "Though he slay me yet will I trust in Him." Seldom is it given to the pilgrim of life to watch the dual processes of destruction and re-creation. To-day, above all, must the man of destiny* stand erect and fearless, facing all the present terror and welter, strong in faith, invulnerable in hope, inviolable in love. Not in wringing of hands comes our salvation, but in gradual harmonisation of life's three creative forces, thought, emotion, action. Life in thought alone is represented by the hermit; few are at this stage to-day, yet let us not dare to judge, much less condemn, one solitary spirit. Life in emotion alone means the sentimentalist rampant, he who allows himself the pernicious luxury of clouding the clear light of reason with sickly or muddy hues of personal colouring. Life in action alone means that life becomes a series of hasty manoeuvres, executed against a background of "the world as barracks." This leaves the actor no time to think, for he is mobilised and scheduled out of life into mechanical existence.

The life of Preparation is a life of balance, of golden means to an Age of Gold, a new Renaissance of spiritual, mental, emotional, physical worlds,

*As distinct from creature of fate.

wherein revitalisation of all circumstances literally inspires the new central spiral! This may seem a fanciful metaphor; it is nevertheless an actual description of the forces and processes at work to-day. Life must be lived more, not less intensely; it is a change of values that is necessary.

True to type, Mr. Branford takes the threefold division of Man the Thinker :

1. *Artist* (Super-mechanical being) in a world of beauty and ugliness. *Art-craft*.
2. *Teacher*. Philosopher or super-organic being. In a world of truth and error. *Culture-craft*.
3. *Priest*. Superhuman being. In a world of good and evil. *Priest-craft*.*

The author's further classifications seem to the writer open to discussion, though full of interest; yet the primary division "leaps to the eye" as intuitively true and scientifically sound. There is work to-day for all labourers in the vineyard, more especially those whose life purpose is to "make straight in the desert a highway for our God."

To the reiterant query, "Watchman, what of the night? . . . Will the night soon pass?" the author of *Janus and Vesta* replies with a lyric outburst of direct illumination that may well inspire and gladden the spirits and hearts of all watchers, messengers, and servers whose life it is thus to herald the New Day, the Day of His Coming.

"Some great Myth . . . is even now dawning, destined to mould the new world as its forerunners have the old."

Its inspiration will be the living spirit of these grand myths of the past, founded on the rock of the eternal needs of man's nature and spirit. World-wide will it be, compassing flashing East and sombre West. . . . Above all, with sublime prophetic foresight of the spiritual yearnings of the centuries to come, bestowing on all the noble freedom that spiritual law, accepted with willing reverence, alone can bestow; yet with a great sanity that realises that the birth of an ideal comes only with travail and labour matching its majesty and truth.**

L. F.

* P. 11. ** Pp. 217-218.

THE CARE OF THE SCHOOL CHILD. Edited by James Kerr, M.A., M.D.
2s. net. National League for Physical Education and Improvement, 4, Tavistock
Square.

A COLLECTION of papers, each by an expert on his own subject, yet so simply arranged as to be comprehensible to the person of quite average intelligence. They are brought out under the auspices of the National League for Physical Education, with an able introduction by Bishop Boyd Carpenter. It is difficult to specialise in such a collection, but the paper on "Physical Development" seems to me to stand out as marking an epoch, especially in the elementary education.

It is the more or less prevalent practice to give the physical education department into the hands of a teacher of general subjects who has taken at the most ten and often only five or six three-quarter-hour classes once a week on this subject.

The futility and harm done to the child's body by this superficial smattering

is disastrous; and Mr. Cobb brings this point out strongly and illustrates it by some excellent and withal simple diagrams. The suggestion of co-ordination between the ordinary teacher's diploma and a special physical education diploma is certainly a step in the right direction, but I might remark that there are already existing several colleges providing fully trained experts on this subject, which could surely be drawn upon. The paper on the "Mental Hygiene of the Child" is also a complicated subject dealt with in a masterly fashion. However, it is impossible to select for special praise where all are so good. It is undoubtedly a book for all who are concerned with the child; and one would like to see it in the hands of every teacher, though mothers and nurses would also be greatly helped by its perusal.

D. C. B.

THE SCHOOLS AND THE NATION. By Dr. Georg Kerschensteiner.
Translated by C. K. Ogden, Editor of *The Cambridge Magazine*. With an
Introduction by Viscount Haldane. Macmillan and Co., London, 1914. 6s. net.

THE essays and addresses which compose this valuable book are the result of a life devoted to educational pursuits by a man of broad and practical mind. Director of Education in Munich and with twelve years' experience of teaching in classical and trade schools, Dr. Kerschensteiner is himself well equipped with experience and has also carefully studied the works of great writers and educationists who have faced these problems in the past.

He tells us that at twelve years of age he chose the teacher's profession, because it entailed only five years' study, as against six or eight to become a merchant

and twelve to prepare for the priesthood. The cramming that he underwent during those five years in more than *thirty* subjects left him mentally "quite at a standstill." After a time, however, a hunger for knowledge seized upon him, and he fastened on one subject, Mathematics, that "most exact of all sciences," if we except the Science of Life itself. In order to study to his own satisfaction, he resigned from the elementary school, determined to excel as a teacher. Gradually, in following his one aim, other things opened out; the smaller world of books and men expanded into the larger; he grew to know more of the world out-

side; and his writings are widely appreciated and are translated into various languages.

In March, 1914, he wrote in the preface to Mr. Ogden's English translation which is before us:

"The rivalry of two countries in the matter of education is far more welcome, far more profitable, and far more glorious than any competition in armaments. When two neighbours are each truly educated both may dare to live in peace and to devote all their strength to the improvement of their own homes and their own families. . . . I have been in England often enough to have learnt, like all Germans who know it well, to love the people and the country. I have often held up certain educational institutions as models to my fellow-countrymen." . . .

Within six months from the time he penned these words Britain and Germany were at grips over the body of Belgium, and the "Hymn of Hate" was chanted in the schools he had cherished.

Dr. Kerchensteiner states the problem of popular education thus: "It is the systematic training and organisation of the people to take pleasure in active constructive work for the common good." The Intellect must be trained, the Will developed, and Opportunity to Act must be placed in the way of every youth and maiden. Practical and organised work is recognised as a necessary part of the school curriculum, and "every boy and every girl before ending the eighteenth year of life shall have learned some vocation unless they are engaged in higher studies." "Our book schools must be changed into schools of practical work," and individual talent must determine the form of that work. A radical change has to be made in the state of things in which "only the young man who is versed in everything, and whose memory answers to every question as the electric bell to the touch of its button," "can obtain the

'certificate of maturity' while yet, for the practical purposes of life, he is an empty vessel."

These words are of universal application, but because of language difficulties they especially remind us of the results of the present system of examinations in India; the methods advocated by Dr. Kerschensteiner are largely on the same lines as those sketched in the *Central Hindu College Magazine* in reform articles on Education by Mrs. Besant.¹¹

From the elementary school, common to all, the way is to be open by "continuation schools" for boys and girls until they are fairly launched on the sea of life, well equipped to face sunshine and storm.

The passages on the physical care of school children tempt to quotation, as does the description of the Munich school system itself, but we resist, for the book is one that will aid in establishing schools on a better basis, and we hope it will be widely read and carefully studied by everyone interested in education. In these days who is not interested in a question so vital for our future?

Viscount Haldane, in his introduction, welcomes the book, for "democracy is becoming a reality" and the people cannot be driven, so they must be supplied with right knowledge and trained to seek for themselves a way to a better state and to higher ideals. He warns us that the movement of which Dr. Kerschensteiner is a pioneer is of far-reaching scope, whose significance has not been appreciated here except by a few; if we do not keep up with it, in a few years our workmen may be heavily handicapped when competing with fellow-workmen, trained from their youth under skilled masters of their crafts. Public opinion here must be aroused, and the ideas this book stands for should be widely spread.

A. J. W.

The Herald of the Star

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As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East, may stand.

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THE HIGHER STOICISM

By J. H. COUSINS

HOW shall I sing of others' woe
Who mine own griefs have left
unsung?
Through sorrowing strings
ungainly go
My hands, and hold in leash my tongue.
I with such joy have lived so long
It stills the harp of mournful song.

Yet think not grief has passed me by :
I, too, have tasted Life's unease ;
Have known Death's blank and Pain's
low cry ;
But, deeper than the depth of these,
Some glance of Vision still has caught
Love's purpose through Disaster wrought.

Not Faith alone has edged the glance
That looks beyond Life's growing pile,
And in destroying Shiva's Dance
Has glimpsed preserving Vishnu's smile :
Powers men deny, or darkly pray,
Have touched me in the full of day.

And though the Why and Whence be
dark,
Or guesses Whitherward avail
No jot, I feel behind my Barque
A homing Wind is in the sail ;
What fellow-voyagers crowd the air
I know, and cast away Despair.

I cannot hold it grievous doom
That Source and End are out of sight :
Rather give thanks that these have
room
To pull us past our Ring of Night ;
Twain-faced, but single-purposed both
To tease the Soul from sensual sloth.

Wherefore it is not mine to raise
The chant of Passing and Revolt
With singers of chill coming days
In which their Birds of Passion moult.
I give, for glooms in which they live,
The young-eyed Soul's affirmative.

They miss the forest-secret quite
Whose eyes are fixed on branch or
bole,

They only read Fate's Book aright
Who not in fragments seek the Whole,
But feel the sap from Life's deep Root
Flow on towards sky-hidden Fruit.

Thought-free from every burning hour
They sure may find cool space to fill
The heart's deep Urn from Wells of
Power

Whose draught has grace to heal, and
thrill

With gentleness their Stoic hand
Who stand, because they understand.



IN THE STARLIGHT

By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.

MANY of our members have, quite naturally, expressed their regret at the absence of the silver star on the cover of our magazine. I should like to take this opportunity of explaining that its absence is due, like so many other restrictions at the present time, to war conditions. It has been explained to us that silver embossing is a very special and restricted branch of the printing business and has almost disappeared at the present time, so we wait till the war is over for the silver star to shine once more upon the cover of our magazine, and in the meanwhile let us resolve that the spirit of the Star shall shine through all its contents. Symbols are of value only in so far as they lead us to the truth they symbolise, but cease to be necessary when the Truth itself has been built into our lives. The silver star which is the badge of our Order is a reminder to us of our high service, of the ideals which we have vowed to serve. But when we can ourselves become Stars of hope and inspiration in the midst of the world's darkness, the need for the outer symbol drops away. And we have to aim at nothing less than this, the gaining of that inner light which

shall prevail over the darkness of our own hearts first, and then shine forth purified into the darkness of the outer world. It is on the blackest night that the brightness of the stars is most apparent, and our Order should surely by now be a Centre of radiance in a darkened world. The battle of the nations continues "with confused noise and garments rolled in blood," but we who are the children of earth's to-morrow must look beyond the present and dream and plan for the future which has yet to be.

I think the greatest task which lies before the Pacifist in the future is to devise some means by which men may live "dangerously" in peace as well as war. I fully believe that the reason why war still has so firm a hold on men is that it makes appeal to that "hero in man" which is always longing for the opportunity to express itself. So few men in the ordinary course of a humdrum existence get any chance of being heroic, and yet the dream of heroism is inborn, I am sure, in the vast majority of children, though crushed eventually by the customs and conventionalities of our social life. War, in its first stage particularly, is a trumpet-call to this hero to come forth. I

do not believe that politicians and financiers could drive men into war unless they first succeeded in hypnotising them with the glamour of noble ideals. It is "up to" the Pacifist to throw the same glamour round his ideals of peace and to combat that deeply-rooted prejudice that peace implies a condition of selfish ease. To attain to true peace must surely be the most strenuous of all endeavours. Each man knows and recognises this in his individual life. There is a stage when we are at war with ourselves, but we all realise that a higher stage of evolution is attained when we have learnt to be at peace with ourselves.

Inertia must not be confused with peace. Inertia is the condition of chaotic matter (unvitalised by the life of the Spirit). Inertia, when it exists in the human soul, is the result of slavery, the bondage of the higher to the lower. "The peace of God which passeth understanding" is the very opposite of inertia, for it is the achievement of the soul which has found itself, and in this finding has become free. Freedom and Peace must ever thus go hand-in-hand, and the task of the Pacifist must be to liberate the world from oppression, for oppression, more than anything else, makes for fear, and fear, more than anything else, makes for war. The frightened animal is the dangerous animal, and the frightened man is the enemy of society.

The service of God is "perfect freedom," because God accepts no service but love, and "perfect love casteth out fear." The sons of God who have attained to that service need no weapon for self-defence, for they are armed with the might of their Divine Humanity. The true Pacifist, or so it seems to me, must be above all things a fighter, for he must fight the battle of the oppressed in every portion of the earth; but his weapons must not be the weapons of fear but the weapons of the strong and the free. In this connection I should like to quote from a pamphlet which seems to me to express very beautifully this constructive side of the Peace Movement.

"It is a great—to some it may seem an

impossible—adventure to see life in all its parts and to correlate them so that the whole appears simplified; to put the pieces of the puzzle together so that the design may be seen.

"It is the task of Pacifism to help humanity to this outlook point; to indicate to men the path, to help their steps and to help their vision. There are some who can leap there without help or hesitation. Others must arrive step by step, with great effort. But to none is the adventure impossible. ALL THAT IS NECESSARY IS TO LEARN THE LESSON OF EVOLUTION. The Pacifist is the intelligent evolutionist. Any one who can clearly look backward can surely leap forward, and become the real super-man—the man of Peace. . . . The mass will never progress, as a mass, of its own accord. The pioneers must call to it; hold out helping, loving hands to it. All the pioneers must always be on ahead; they must never step back into the mass and become themselves 'herdsmen.' The pioneer who does that is a traitor to humanity. The Pacifist is a pioneer. That is why the Pacifist must never shout for war; must never even whisper for war; why he must ALWAYS shout confidently for peace. In the midst of the war-cries of the multitude he must have but one cry, 'Peace'; in the midst of the calculations of the captains he must have but one thought, 'Peace. . . . For the Pacifist is really one who believes in the moral force and believes that it is stronger than physical force, as the higher is always stronger than the lower, and cannot fail as the instrument of righteousness. . . .

"That is the message of Pacifism—'Be thyself'—thy highest self; and by understanding and sympathy help others to be their highest selves. The task of Pacifism—the task of driving war from the world—will be a long one. It is nothing less than the task of producing the perfect man. It is the task of changing the spirit and character of humanity—the banishing from the world domination and repression and denial. The denial of freedom; the denial of happiness; the

denial of beauty. And in war are all these denials. For the war spirit is found not only in the battlefield. It is found in every act of government; in every act of the crowd; in the majority of the acts of the individual. It is an expression of the war spirit to deny women citizenship; to deny men and women the growth of their personality by crushing them in an industrial machine; to deny to nations their development by inflicting on them the tyranny of the State; to deny to the sub-human creatures the help of our sympathy by driving them, loading them, devouring them, and torturing them.

"He who tries to work in a water-tight compartment of inter-state contracts will never do the work of Pacifism. He must see the design, from the largest star to the tiniest moth, which includes not only our human brothers and sisters, but our

brothers and sisters in fur and feather, in leaf and petal, and they must each and all have a place in his conscious effort.

"He must know that all the movements working for freedom and development are parts of the movement working for Peace. That one part cannot exist fully without all the others in their fullness; that they are one and indivisible."*

These noble ideals must find an echo in the hearts of many Brothers of the Star, no matter how they may label themselves outwardly — for, the message of the Supreme Teacher in all ages has been a message of freedom—a call to the higher self to free itself from the shackles of ignorance and separateness.

* *Peace for the Strong.* By Edward G. Smith. League of Peace and Freedom, 130, St. Stephen's House, Westminster.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is treading out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword;
His Truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His Day is marching on.

He has sounded forth His trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies CHRIST was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!
While GOD is marching on.

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave;
He is wisdom to the mighty, He is succour to the brave;
So the world shall be His footstool and the soul of time His slave;
Our God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE

(Written during the American Civil War, 1861—65.)

THE CHILDREN'S HOUSE

By Mrs. JESSIE WHITE

This article is of special interest, coming at a time when there is a great demand from educationalists that something should be done for the child under school age. Mrs. Jessie White, D.Sc. (Lond.), B.A. (Birmingham), Moral Science Tripos (Cambridge), author of "Educational Ideas of Froebel," spent three months in Italy in 1913 studying the Montessori Schools, and the account of her observations was published under the title "Montessori Schools as Seen in the Early Summer of 1913." Since September, 1914, she has been Hon. Treasurer of the Montessori Society and also Assistant Hon. Secretary, and has organised the Observation School of the Society known as "The Children's House of St. Bartholomew" in a poor part of London. For some time she directed a Montessori class in connection with Whitefield's Crèche.

THE Italian equivalent for "The Children's House" is "Casa dei Bambini," a name which came into being to designate the little school which Dr. Maria Montessori started in Via dei Marsi, in the San Lorenzo quarter of Rome, in January, 1907. This little school was unique of its kind and arose to meet a need the overlooking of which is at the bottom of many of our housing difficulties. Dr. Montessori has described in vivid fashion in her "Montessori Method" the events which led up to this: first a wave of speculative building which overreached itself and erected in this quarter of Rome a mass of bricks and mortar which never became the homes of the well-to-do, but was left to the derelicts of society, who made it an overcrowded rabbit-warren in which lives were lived in a manner beside which the ways of rabbits and hares would appear the height of virtue; then the transformation effected by the "Beni Stabili" Society; of which Signor Talamo was President—and hopes for the future; next the discovery that little children under five left to their own devices while mothers were at work had no instinct to preserve the freshness and beauty of the new stair-cases and doors; then the planning of a room on the ground-floor of the tenements where the children might spend their time happily under supervision and learn ways which would aid in the preservation of the building; and, lastly, the placing of the

direction of these children under Dr. Maria Montessori, whose greatest wish at the time was to find out what the little child is really like when freed from the repressions to which as a rule he is subject, and the best way of educating him.

The Casa dei Bambini thus arose as a means of fitting these children to live up to the responsibilities of renovated hygienic tenements. The problem was how to make them value civilised ways so that they might no longer do harm to their new homes. The expense of carrying on the school was incurred by the landlord. The school was a business proposition; the saving to the property due to the more refined habit of life of the children and the carefulness of the parents was to meet the expenditure. The Building Society would have considered the experiment a failure had the children only learnt, for instance, how to sing or recite or to play kindergarten games, without acquiring that love of cleanliness and order, that respect for the home that sheltered them, for the clothes they wore, for the food they ate, which alone is compatible with a true sense of the blessings for which the small child is taught to thank God.

From the first the Casa dei Bambini was a success. The exercises of practical life which included the washing and dressing of himself, the sweeping and dusting of the room, and the tidying of the things it contained were found to make a strong

appeal to the small child, and although they were first instituted in a poor quarter for the children of unlettered daily workers, yet their value as a means of developing the growing muscular and intellectual powers of the child have convinced Dr. Montessori, and through her probably will before long convince all sensible parents and teachers, of their indispensable value for the children of the rich as well as of the poor.

The room in the Via dei Marsi used for the children was made by throwing two rooms into one. A row of pillars showed where the partition wall had been. There are windows on both sides, and some of these look out on to a small courtyard with very green grass, across which one could see in 1913 into the windows of another Casa dei Bambini for children living in another set of tenements. Whether this also belonged to the Beni Stabili Society I do not know. The Beni Stabili Society had several Casa dei Bambini in its different blocks, but some of the property belongs to other people, and these also had established already in 1913 when I visited this quarter schools for the young children living in their tenements. The number of children attending one school was from thirty to fifty. None of the rooms were really large, and it would be quite possible in tenement blocks in London to make rooms of equal size by throwing two or more rooms into one in a similar way, though I have seen blocks of flats in which the most practical way of securing such a room for the children would be to build one above the wash-house, which is in some cases a large oblong hall detached from the main building, but abutting on the courtyard.

For there is no objection to stairs if made with the right slope for children. When allowed as much exercise as they desire they go up and down steps easily. One of the Children's Houses which I saw in San Lorenzo, and the one where the explosion into writing described in Dr. Montessori's book first took place, is on the first floor and has to be reached by a staircase. It has on the roof a playground and garden, which, again, is reached by

another staircase. From this elevated playground the children could look out over the neighbourhood, and the plants which they grew there seemed to thrive. In the Via dei Marsi the children have the strip of ground once covered with rubbish which Dr. Montessori herself converted into a garden for them, and which was well used and cared for during the time she directed the work there, but which, in 1913, for want of fertilisers and seeds, showed that it was suffering under the law of diminishing returns. This garden, though very nice in itself, had the disadvantage of being at some distance from the rooms given up to the Children's House, and the children could not run in and out in the ideal way advocated by Dr. Montessori and practised in the Casa dei Bambini in Milan, where short flights of steps lead down from the rooms to the garden. There was a garden in the middle of the courtyard on to which the Children's House in Via dei Marsi opened, but it was railed round, and whether any human beings trod on its green grass or enjoyed the shade of its stately palms I do not know. At any rate, the children did not. But the greenness and the palms, calculated, of course, to produce a great impression on a Britisher, much as the magnificent fuchsia hedges of Glengariff do, were worth having, and, knowing that, after all, they belonged to their tenements I think that both grown-ups and children must have appreciated them.

In the case of the Casa dei Bambini in the Via Famagosta and Via Giordano Bruno, on the other side of Rome, and those in Milan, the courtyards were spacious, reminiscent of Oxford quads, and there was room for a children's garden within the courtyard and close to the school. In all of these the rooms were considerably larger than those in the San Lorenzo district, and both the Beni Stabili Society and the Humanitarian Society in Milan were very proud of the provision they had made for the under-school aged children. In the one school in Milan, in Via Solari, the gardening carried on by the children was a serious and much-enjoyed pursuit. If it is to be successful,

the adults in charge must know something about it and care for it. The time will come, if, indeed, it has not come already, when it will be considered as necessary for those who take charge of infants to care for gardening as to care for music. In both there should be proficiency.

In none of the Beni Stabili Society's

Milan were at the time of my visit in 1913 meals provided for the children. In Milan the children brought food for a meal which they partook of about four o'clock in the afternoon, but there was no such practice in Rome, and in all cases they went home to dinner at twelve. As Dr. Montessori says in her book, they were



[By kind permission of Mr. C. A. Bang.]

FROM THE FILM : " A DAY IN A MONTESSORI SCHOOL IN LONDON. "

schools, however, were there pianos, though these had been provided in Milan, where, unfortunately, the directresses in charge when I visited there could not play. They made up for this lack by being able to sing, and the children learnt to sing without accompaniment, a very natural and pleasing accomplishment.

Further, in none of the Case dei Bambini of either the Beni Stabili Society in Rome or of the Humanitarian Society in

supposed to rest at home after dinner before returning to school. No provision of hammock-beds such as is made in our crèches was instituted, and when in the hot weather the doctor who examined the children in one of the Case dei Bambini in Milan ordered an afternoon rest, they had perforce to lie on the tables. The ages of the children in attendance, it must be remembered, were three, four, five, and six, and until the weather grew very hot it was

only a few of the youngest children who had appeared to need an afternoon sleep. Some Montessori teachers contend that working on the Montessori plan tires the children so little that they do not need a compulsory rest, at any rate when they approach the age of five years. Dr. Montessori, who has seen the kind of hammock-beds that we use in England, thinks that it would be an advantage to have them. The simplest pattern consists of canvas with poles passed through a broad hem on each side of the canvas, supported top and bottom by two vertical boards which have each two holes through which the ends of the poles pass. The children readily learn to put up the beds and to take them down, collect the poles and boards and fold up the canvases. This daily exercise is good for their manual dexterity and has the advantage of providing work for all, unlike the preparation of the table, the waiting and washing-up, when a midday meal is part of the day's programme. These duties have to be taken turn and turn about, and the children regard it as a privilege to don the waiter's apron in those schools in which the practice of the Casa dei Bambini carried on in the Franciscan Convent in the Via Guisti, in Rome, has been adopted. The steady way in which the children there carried the tureen of hot soup and helped one another with a ladle without upsetting the tureen or dripping soup on the cloth was the admiration of the visitors.

The meal provides an opportunity for social co-operation, and it has the great advantage, when properly carried through, of accustoming the children to sitting down at suitably prepared tables and to civilised modes of taking food. Flowers usually deck the table, and when in summer the vases are gay with blossoms of varied hues, Montessori children can often be heard quietly and cheerily discussing the colours and asking the names of the flowers. The directress at meal-times watches the preparation and waiting done by the children themselves; with regard to manners, she sometimes points out how things should be done, but

where there are children who have become real Montessori children they will look after and train the unversed themselves. Were such meals to become general,



Photo by J. Weston and Sons, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

MRS. JESSIE WHITE.

and had people with gardens ever seen the children sitting quietly and happily round the flower-decked tables, there would be no difficulty, I feel sure, in getting enough flowers for the vases.

When we reflect on the value of acquiring restrained and graceful manners in early childhood, so that they become an inseparable part of the personality and have a firm footing in that unconscious level of the mind which is free from scruples about what is the "right" and the "wrong" thing to do, we ought to recognise that in a country where theoretically the lowliest may rise to the highest offices, it is incumbent on society to provide such training for all children and at an age at which it is most beneficial. I once had opposite to me at a British Association luncheon on the occasion of an excursion to Stonehenge thirty years ago a man whose embarrassment over getting his wants supplied was so pitiable that I still remember it vividly. He may have

been a good scientist, but he had apparently never learnt the phrases which folks in general use glibly when they want the salt or the mustard, and which they utter without suffering more than a momentary disturbance of their attention from higher topics. Even for those who are destined to remain in the rank of society into which they have been born, the value of ability to enjoy amenities of life which spring from social intercourse is undoubted. The whole future of co-operative living, with the vast economy of human drudgery and material resources which such living means, depends on freeing human beings from a kind of distrust of any social intercourse which extends beyond the narrowest family circle. In tenement-house after tenement-house in our long drab London streets solitary women eke out a parsimonious existence and multiply the consumption of the world's coal supply simply because they shrink, to an extent which deters them from any pooling of resources, from contact with those to whom no ties of blood bind them. It is as a rule less worthy persons who display gregariousness, those of whom the term

"gadding" is used. What the Children's House, with its free life and its ceremonious meal, may produce is that *savoir faire* which will make possible both a refined social life based on a community of spiritual interests and a co-operative housekeeping.

Although, therefore, as has been shown, Case dei Bambini exist without this midday meal, yet it is worth an effort to secure one. The refreshment partaken either at ten or eleven, or, as in Milan, at four, is no real substitute from the social point of view. The hot midday meal gives the children also a chance of a diet suited to their needs and of learning to like wholesome food. It ought, of course, to be paid for by the parents. In some cases there may be difficulty in collecting the pence, for there are people who like to get things for nothing, chiefly those who are proficient in the art of wastefulness; but in time the fashion of paying establishes itself.

One of the most striking features of the Case dei Bambini in Rome was that the children themselves seemed really grateful for their school and grateful for what they learnt. Their expression of it was graceful and unmistakable.

Yet, as I have shown, in most cases the rooms in which they worked were by no means magnificent, although they were clean and orderly and with a beauty arising from simplicity and good taste. The last thing that a Montessori teacher would think of having would be tawdry paper chains such as I have seen in some of our schools and in many poor homes at Christmas time. We can no more imagine them in a real Montessori school than in a drawing-room at Windsor Castle or in Westminster Abbey. It is well to remember in times like these that the ideal accommodation outlined by Dr. Montessori in her handbook is an ideal, and that we need not wait before getting the benefit of a Children's House until we are able to secure all described by her there. Nor is it to material gifts such as food or clothing that the gratitude of the children in the Case dei Bambini is due. There there are no rocking-horses or



[By kind permission of Mr. C. A. Bang.]
MADAME MONTESSORI.

dolls' houses or cupboards filled with expensive toys such as we find in many of our crèches and baby-rooms where the real psychic needs of the children are unsatisfied and the floor-space is encroached upon. Beyond the Montessori material, neatly arranged in its accessible cupboard, open all day long, some picture books, dolls, and building bricks, there was little else. Why, then, were the children so content and grateful?

The reason undoubtedly lies in the way they are treated. Psychic conditions are as important in securing the welfare of a child as physical conditions. Here in the Montessori room the child meets what, perhaps, he has never met before—understanding and a love which is always to be relied on, not alternating between kisses and blows, or kisses and frowns, according to the class to which he belongs, like much of the love which has come his way before. Here he is helped in carrying out the sensible things that he wants to do, and there are lots of things to do which even he can see make him more skilful and less like a baby for whom everything has to be done. Here he is not scolded, but when he does things that are undesirable it is explained to him why they are undesirable and he is encouraged to remember what he is told. The other children help him to remember. He is taught how to do many things properly and politely at times when he has just failed to say or do what a situation required. How frequently parents choose for such lessons times when a stranger is present, and the child is mortified by consciousness of having acted amiss, although he knows that he has acted in the absence of a stranger in the same way many times unproved. The Montessori child, therefore, gains the comfortable conviction that his teacher does not want to cause him mortification, but to save him from it. Consequently, he comes to think of her as one worthy of his entire confidence, one whose guidance he gladly accepts. Out of this mutual trust and understanding gratitude is begotten.

The same relation is potent in the intel-

lectual field. With the early parts of the material the child needs no intervention on the part of the teacher. He readily grasps what there is to do with the solid cylinders and goes on doing it alone. He may be able to work at the frames without much teaching, but in the improvement of his articulation, in learning the sounds for the sand-paper letters, and in composing words he requires and accepts the guidance of his teacher. The fact that no teaching is forced on him when he does not wish for it makes a very great difference to his attitude towards learning. Is it too much to say that he comes to realise that in learning he is gaining a good for himself, not doing something to oblige his teacher?

Everything that he masters he finds a use for. The lacing frame enables him to lace his own and the little ones' boots, the colours help him to see the tints in the flowers of the garden, the geometrical insets teach him to recognise the shape of the table or of his piece of bread-and-butter, the number rods and cards make him able to count how many children there are for dinner and how many plates and glasses he will require to take out of the cupboard for them, or to read the date which his teacher writes on each of the drawings which he puts away in his own little drawer.

In learning, he goes at his own pace. He is not kept back for the sake of those whose unretentive memories make it necessary to go over the same lesson many times. Frequently he will himself teach the slow ones, for he comes to take an interest in their progress and to like the idea of helping the teacher, who has so many individual lessons to give. Although, therefore, collective teaching is abandoned, there is a great deal of collective interest in learning. There are games, too, that a number of children can play when they have made sufficient mental advance; the first exercises in reading, after writing has been acquired, carried out by means of slips on which commands are written, are a case in point.

Among the innovations which mean much to the children there are first of all

those very simple pieces of gymnastic apparatus which are designed to strengthen the legs and arms of children in a way that makes a strong appeal. First there is the swing with a seat broad enough from front to back to support the child's legs to beyond the knees and so placed that the child can swing himself by pushing with his feet against a wall. Then there is the fence consisting of a horizontal bar at a suitable height above a board or bar on which the child can stand, so that by clinging to the upper bar he can support his weight and move himself along. This arrangement was suggested to Dr. Montessori by the children themselves. No one who has watched children dispassionately can doubt its efficacy in resting the body of the child tired with sitting or walking. The mats on which the children sprawl on the floor are also provided on account of the restfulness of a procumbent attitude to a child of this age.

And then there is the Silence game, in which the children learn to maintain complete silence for a few minutes and then come quietly up to the directress in response to her whispered call. They become conscious in this of the power of inhibition necessary to maintain immobility and acquire an ability which they can use at will and which tends to quieten their behaviour in a school-room in which movement and conversation are only checked for occasional collective purposes.

To music, Dr. Montessori has given, with the help of her chief assistant, much attention; but in 1913, in Italy, it was only the school in the Via Giusti which attempted to carry out her method, and in England no attempt has been made, though it is hoped that in a short time this statement will cease to be true. Not that music has been neglected in Montessori schools in England—it has not. Its value and appeal to the children have only been confirmed. But without the Montessori material there can be in regard to music less auto-education.

It is the provision for auto-education in a community life in which the social in-

stincts are fostered and the anti-social tendencies are suppressed which constitutes the chief characteristic of the Montessori method.

This method has now been extended to provide for children up to ten, but so far there are no children's houses with children so old as this in England. In writing this account and in emphasising the advantages of the Children's House in the tenement block close to the children's homes, it is of the youngest children that I am thinking, children for whom attendance at the Casa dei Bambini means the first plunge into an extra-family life. In the first Casa dei Bambini the directress herself lived in one of the tenements so that she was in daily contact with the parents and became intimately acquainted with them as their counsellor and friend. In this way, simply by living in their midst a refined life full of simplicity and devotion to humanity, she was able to raise the æsthetic and moral standard of their lives. Another civilising agent was the school doctor, who worked in closest co-operation with the directress, to whom he entrusted the task of seeing that the mothers carried out the treatment which he prescribed. The directress herself had a medicine chest, and knew how to apply simple remedies. There was nothing that concerned the children that was too unimportant for her personal supervision, too trivial for her interest.

For in this Children's House was she not in the midst of the unfolding of human individualities, each unique, each with potentialities which the environment of which she was an important part could make or mar? Did she not feel that could she but look into those childish minds as into a pellucid pool and see all that was moving there, she would know how to act and speak more wisely? But this she could not do. In humility, therefore, she could but watch for the trifles which should reveal the hidden currents and exercise that trust and patience which watches for the growing goodness, beauty and intelligence, and does not watch in vain.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

(A Reply to Mr. E. A. Wodehouse)

By The Hon. BERTRAND RUSSELL

The writer of this article, who belongs to a distinguished family, is one of the most brilliant philosophers and scholars this country has produced in recent years. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society and was until lately Lecturer on Mathematical Logic at Trinity College, Cambridge. A few months ago he was invited to lecture on philosophy at Harvard University, but on account of the position of opposition to militarism which he has taken up on the subject of the present War, the Government would not permit him to leave the country for the United States. Of the numerous books he has published, the most recent, on "Principles of Social Reconstruction," shows in a most remarkable manner the variety and sensitiveness of his interests in life. The strong call of duty has drawn Mr. Russell from his academic pursuits to take up the cause of the pacifist, and no one can write with more understanding of the position and motives of the Conscientious Objector.

MR. WODEHOUSE'S article on the Conscientious Objector is a welcome change from the attacks to which one is accustomed in these days, since it is entirely free from all attempts to rouse prejudice, and relies throughout upon serious argument. I shall endeavour to reply to it in the same spirit.

"The weakest point in the Conscientious Objector's case," he tells us, "is its inability to appreciate philosophic distinctions, and particularly the distinction between absolute and relative ethics." If this is stated concerning some *individual* Conscientious Objectors, it is, of course, often true. I understand that even at the Front there are men who are not able to explain in lucid language the "difference between absolute and relative ethics." The Government itself contains only one man who has the "ability to appreciate philosophic distinctions," and he is not allowed a seat in the Cabinet.

But if Mr. Wodehouse means that the position of the Conscientious Objector is essentially incapable of being defended by a person who believes in relative ethics and has some acquaintance with

philosophic distinctions, then I propose to do my best towards demonstrating the opposite.

Presumably Mr. Wodehouse holds that all hard and fast rules of conduct, such as "Thou shalt not kill," are incompatible with relative ethics. This point was carefully discussed by my friend Mr. G. E. Moore in his book "Principia Ethica" (1903), with a conclusion which was on some points more in favour of absolute rules of conduct than I should venture to be.* By "relative" ethics, Mr. Wodehouse presumably means ethics which judge the rightness or wrongness of conduct by reference to its consequences. But I doubt if such ways of judging give the whole truth, and certainly they are at once involved in difficulties. Should we judge by the consequences which will actually follow? Or

* Cf., e.g., p. 162: "It seems, then, that with regard to any rule which is *generally* useful, we may assert that it ought *always* to be observed, not on the ground that in *every* particular case it will be useful, but on the ground that in *any* particular case the probability of its being so is greater than that of our being likely to decide rightly that we have before us an instance of its disutility."

by those which the man in question expects? Or by those which he would expect if he were an educated and reasonable person who had devoted long consideration to the matter in hand? And what ought a man to do where lack of consideration is essential, as in saving another who is drowning?

It must be admitted that, in the case of any rule of conduct, hypothetical cases can be invented where, if we had complete foreknowledge of the future, we should see that good would result from not following the rule.* It is arguable that if Napoleon or Bismarck had been put to death in infancy, the human race would have benefited; but since there was no means of knowing this at the time, it does not constitute an argument for infanticide. An exactly similar attitude may be taken about war: that, though it might by accident sometimes have good results, there is never adequate reason in advance to believe that it will.

In order to prove, on the view which judges by consequences, that a certain general rule of conduct is desirable, we do not have to prove that there are, in fact, no exceptions, nor even that there are no cases which a wise man could know to be exceptions. All that we have to prove is that probably men will more often act rightly if they accept the rule as a universal one than if they consider each case on its merits. Where very strong temptation or impulse is apt to urge men to some kind of conduct which is generally harmful, they are very likely to form a mistaken estimate of consequences. If they allow themselves to form a fresh judgment on each case, without being influenced by belief in the general rule, they are likely, in such cases, to go wrong oftener than if they accept the rule unquestioningly. Mr. Wodehouse presumably believes that it is important that the Allies should be victorious in the war. He would no doubt also admit that the great majority of the

* Mr. Wodehouse assumes that it is *always* wrong to boil alive a mother and five sisters. I quite agree; but on his principles he ought to say that it depends upon circumstances.

Germans sincerely believe it important that Germany should win. He must, therefore, admit that the great majority of Germans have formed a sincere judgment which is mistaken. This shows that a large and intelligent population may be led astray by bias, and should suggest to any reflective mind that there is at least a possibility of bias on our side as well. Let us take his illustration of the house on fire. Suppose you saw a rival fire brigade deluging the house with a liquid which they believed to be water, but which, in fact, increased the flames and caused them to spread to neighbouring houses, it would probably occur to you that there was some mistake. If you found that the liquid which you were pouring on to the flames had the same result, and if some one came to you and said, "What you are pouring on the flames is oil, not water," what would you do? Would you stop for a moment to see whether what he said was true? Certainly not. The suspicion that it might be true would be too painful. You would vilify him for distracting you from the all-important work of saving the house, and you would imprison or shoot him according to your temperament. The house is European civilisation; the liquid you are pouring on to the flames is armies and munitions; the man who begs you to examine for one moment whether you are, in fact, saving the house, is the Conscientious Objector.

Of course, the Conscientious Objector differs from the idealistic fighter described by Mr. Wodehouse on matters of fact as well as, perhaps even more than, on matters of ethics, and the two disagreements are closely connected. "The position of the fighter, who is at the same time a sincere lover of peace," says Mr. Wodehouse, "depends upon an 'if.' 'If,' he says, 'war is the only means of furthering my ideals, then obviously I must fight.'" The Conscientious Objector does not believe that war is the only means of furthering the ideals of peace, nor even, in the present case, that it is at all likely to do anything to further those ideals. As to the probable effects of the

war, he is in close agreement with Bernhardt and Lord Northcliffe. Conscription, vast armaments, intense international hatred, exhaustion of the civilised stock in Europe, widespread and terrible poverty, are among the results which he foresees. Those results seem to him equally probable whichever side wins. He does not believe that by our victory "war may henceforth become impossible." He thinks that war will become impossible when hatred and fear no longer prevail between nations, and he does not believe that hatred and fear can be stamped out by showing ourselves hateful and fearful. The idealistic fighter makes the mistake of assuming that the Allied Governments share his ideals or will share them after the war. He may test this matter by considering such a question as "the freedom of the seas."

The Conscientious Objector is not concerned to "pass moral judgments on those who honestly decide to employ force because, *under existing conditions*, it seems to them to be necessary." The genuine Conscientious Objector, who understands what is implied in his position, is the last man to pass moral judgments on others. For my part, I have the very highest moral respect for men who go to the Front in the spirit of Mr. Wodehouse. Our disagreement with them is rather intellectual than moral. We believe that men's dealings with each other ought to be inspired by love, and we recognise that love of mankind has led some men to take part in the war. Such men seem to us *morally* at the highest level. But we think (rightly or wrongly) that if their love were more informed by wisdom and thought they would have acted differently. If violent resistance to violence is to be justified, there must be reason to think that the resistance diminishes the total amount of violence in the world. In the case of war, the very opposite is the case. By fighting the enemy we cause him to commit more of the deeds that we abhor, and we are in danger of acquiring the spirit which would lead to our committing such deeds ourselves.

Mr. Wodehouse is hardly correct in say-

ing that no man can be a Conscientious Objector to the present war unless he holds any and every use of force to be wrong. It might just as well be argued that no man can be a conscientious participator in the present war unless he holds any and every use of force to be right.

"The basis of the Conscientious Objector's attitude," says Mr. Woodhouse, "lies in a certain philosophy. . . I do not feel it to be a sound and clearly reasoned philosophy, and I have endeavoured to show why." I have tried to show, not that every Conscientious Objector has a clearly reasoned philosophy, but that it is possible to have a clearly reasoned philosophy which justifies the position of the Conscientious Objector. I should sum it up, as it appears to me, in the following propositions:

(1) The use of force is always in itself a grave evil, only to be justified by some very great resulting good.

(2) Deliberate abstention from the use of force by those who have power to use it is a great good, and is calculated to persuade those who have believed in force that there are better ways of settling human relations, thus producing a moral reformation and diminishing the evil at its source.

(3) Men's judgments as to the right or wrong of disputes to which they are parties are notoriously fallible, and therefore, if force is recognised as legitimate, it will be admitted by the disputants as the proper remedy in very many cases where it would not be admitted by the impartial opinion even of those who hold that force is sometimes legitimate. This is shown in the present war, in which both sides are equally convinced of the importance of victory, and one side at least must be mistaken in this conviction.

(4) War, apart from its destructiveness, generates an evil spirit in nations which embark upon it, however idealistic may have been their original purposes. This seems to us the inevitable dynamic of force, and we see no remedy except a radical abandonment of the maxims from which wars arise.

MATERNITY AND CHILD WELFARE

By E. J. SMITH

The Duty of the State

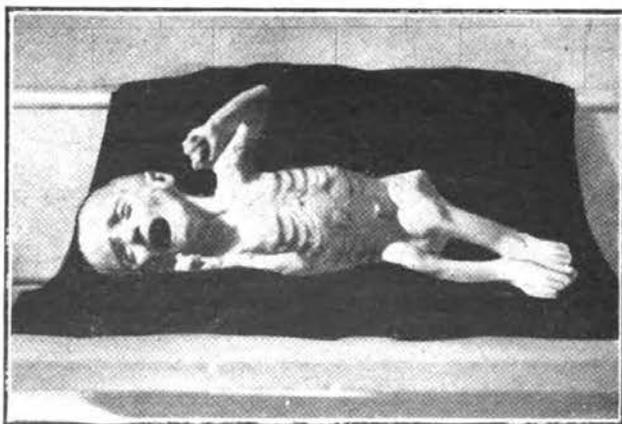
v.

The Chairman of the Bradford Corporation Health Committee points out the advantages of moral restraint, as against artificially produced sterility, with its attendant curses. Every child is at this time an asset, and it is to the Nation's interest to make first-class conditions for its children rather than encourage an increased production of weaklings who, if they do not merely swell the infant death-rate, are a constant care and drain upon our resources.

IT is probably safe to say that if Malthus could return, he would be the first to admit that his doctrine had operated at the wrong end of the social scale, been the victim of incredible perversions, and met with disastrous success. This singularly high minded man was afraid that the population would increase faster than the means of subsistence-- a fear which subsequent experience has proved to be unfounded, and one that the stress of war is likely to still further remove, by compelling us to demonstrate the fact that our own land is capable of producing an infinitely greater supply of food than anything that has yet been got from it. Malthus's remedy, be it noted, was "moral restraint" which, by promoting self-control, would have proved as

mighty a blessing as the all-too-common adoption of malpractices which undermine it have been an unqualified curse. Although his book was first published in 1798, and he died in 1834, before his doctrine had had time to percolate far through society, he lived long enough to say: "It is probable that, having found the bow bent too much one way, I was induced to bend it too much the other in order to make it straight." Indeed, like the grocer's licence, which has degraded many of those it was designed to protect, Malthusianism has proved how much

easier it is for a man of lofty purpose to institute great social changes than to direct or control them once they have passed out of his hands. This truth is emphasised by the fact that some of Malthus's most influential successors actually opposed all social betterment on



"THE RAW MATERIAL."
MALE. 7 months.

the ground " that an increase of comfort will lead to an increase of numbers, and so the last state of things will be worse than the first." That fear, like its predecessor, has been laid by experience, for it is notorious that the births have long been lowest where the standard of comfort has been highest, with the result that the nation has not only been deprived

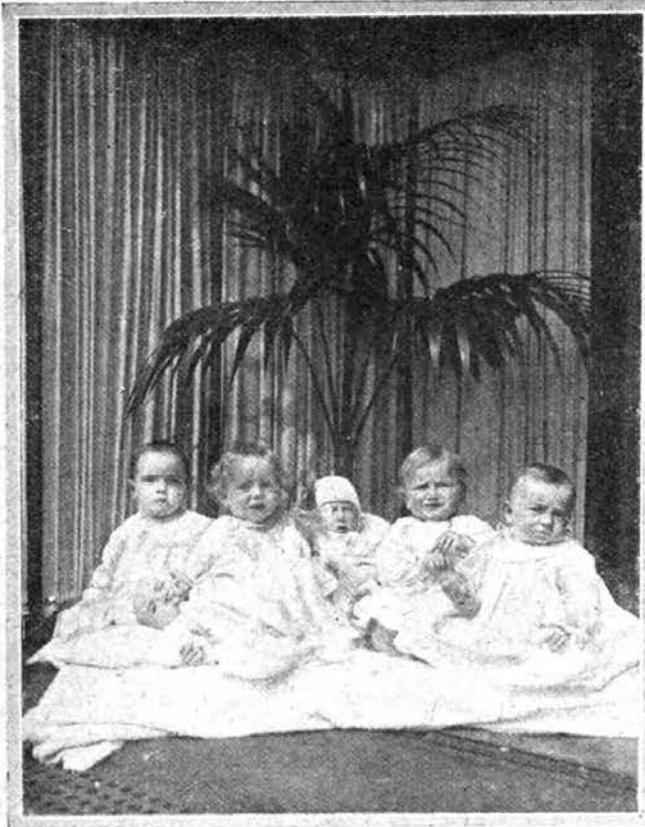
of numbers but also of the very fitness Malthusianism claims to supply; and unless means can be devised to counteract the perverted doctrine, an ever-increasing proportion of the steadily declining births will continue to come from the worst stock, and be reared in dehumanising conditions. Could the "moral restraint" which Malthus urged as the remedy have been developed in the slums, where the unfit keep on multiplying their offspring, much

of what we now deplore would have ceased and the dawn of a better day been in sight; but, instead, it is in these very places where a high birth-rate remains and forms the most distressing feature of the child-welfare problem.

It is true that, in consequence of the ultra-commercial instinct being gradually overborne by communal concern, infant

mortality has been very materially reduced, but that is to be accounted for neither by the rising quality of the births nor the smaller size of the families, for unfortunately the latter phase has taken place not in the poor homes but in the better-class ones, where the more constant and improved mothering that would otherwise have accrued was already forthcoming.

The extra care and attention that outside agencies have extended to the children after they were born, together with the slowly improving social, industrial and economic conditions, and the sanitary, hygienic and educational advance that has accompanied them, are the responsible factors. If, however, the same means had been available forty years ago, when the birth-rate was at its highest, similar results would have accrued and the solution of



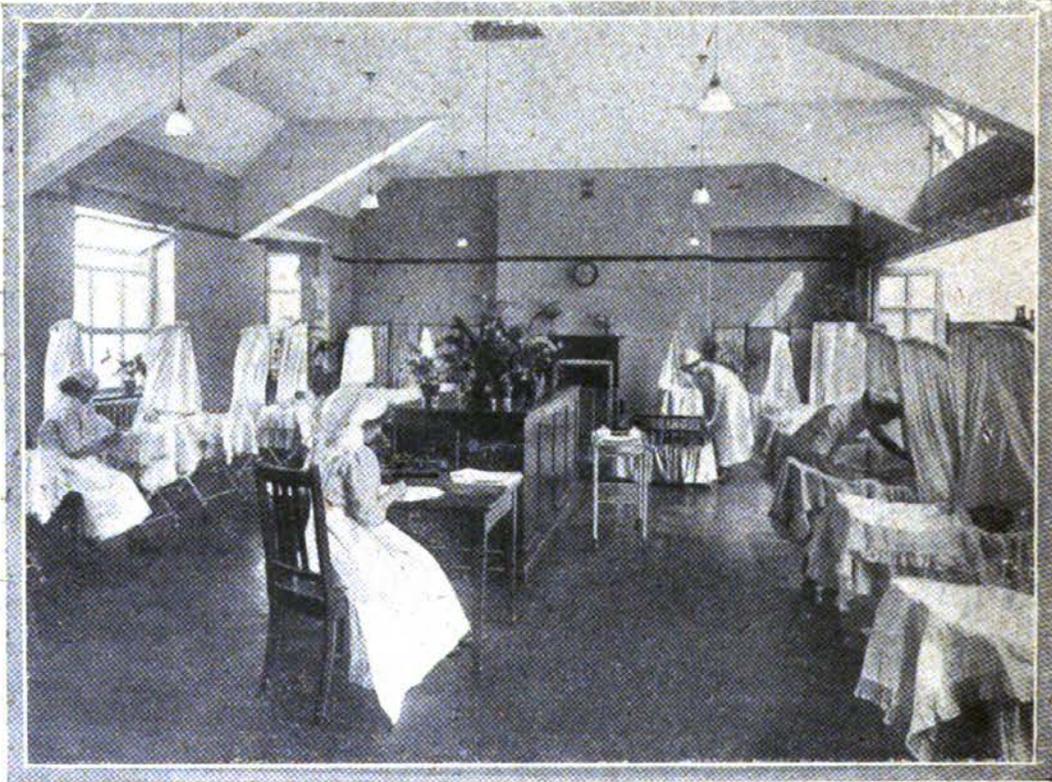
" THE FINISHED ARTICLE."

The emaciated child is a member of this group.

the terrible problem been correspondingly nearer. But it is surely unnecessary to point out that such facts constitute no answer to deliberate and artificially produced sterility among those whose physical conditions and economic circumstances make parcentage not only desirable but a supreme duty; for nothing that child-welfare agencies and improving social outlook

can even hope to accomplish will ever compensate the nation for the absence of births amongst the fittest sections of the community. Consequently, it is by turning their attention to that aspect of the problem that Malthusians should seek to reduce infantile mortality, for until pride of parentage can be developed in such individuals, and the nation is prepared to make the exercise of that priceless gift reasonably possible by endowing mother-

delicate human weeds; but that is neither race nor empire building, and the fact that in the twentieth century such duties remain to be done proves how far the nation is removed from practising the Christianity it professes. Until, however, our retributory standard of values—which in war and peace alike makes the conscription of life as easy as the conscription of wealth is hard—has been completely revolutionised, and the Master's answer to



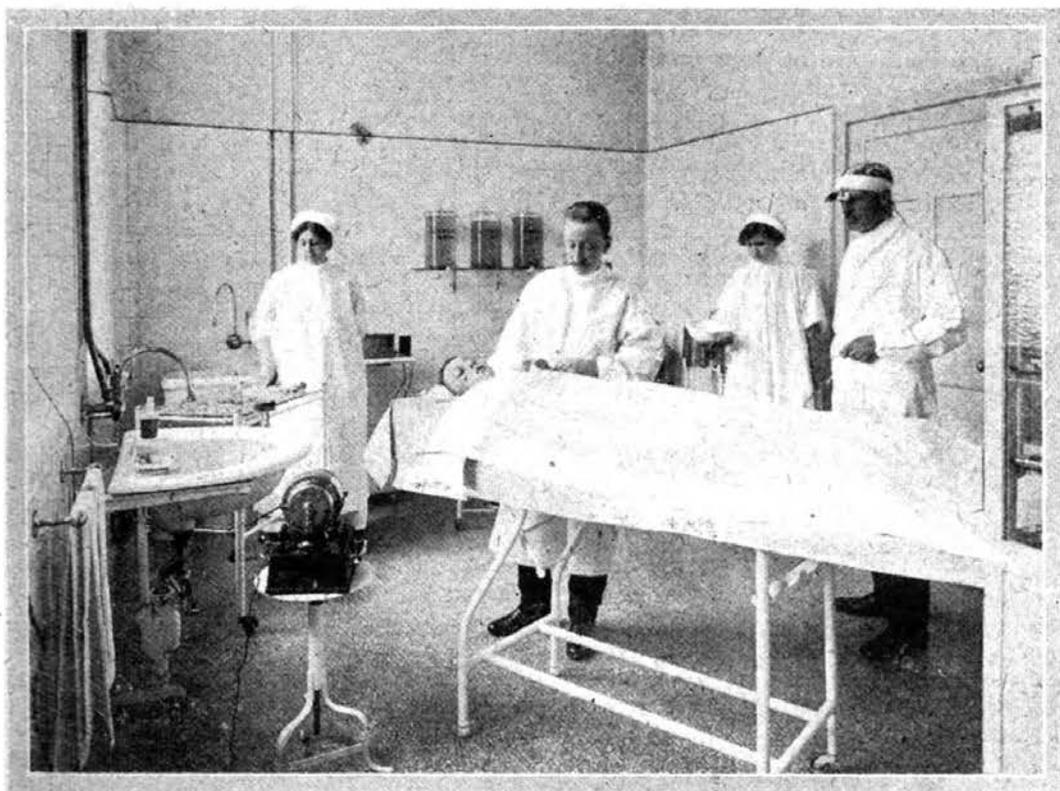
INFANTS' HOSPITAL. WARD.

hood, it will have to rely upon child-life which comes from indifferent stock and is confronted by the destroying tangle of adverse circumstances, in forging its way through which the helpless little one usually either succumbs or is permanently damaged. It is true that much can now be done to save and prolong the lives of such children—many of whom had better never have been born—and to rear, in spite of a soul-destroying environment,

that supremely suggestive but studiously ignored, question, "Who is my neighbour?" has been accepted and acted upon, the conditions that kill, maim and impair will be permitted to continue their incredible work of man-marring, while the conscience-searing obsession of money-making goes on apace. In the same way the all-too-common practice of restricting families by artificial means, instead of by "moral restraint," will

inevitably keep on lowering the standard of character of those responsible for it, and multiplying that deliberate sterility in the upper working and middle classes which destroys the redeeming love that child-life calls forth, develops and sustains. How can a nation prosper and become truly great and free if its best stock persists in solving the problem of infant deaths by stopping infant births, and not

giving sunshine, the inimitable gladness and infectious joy of happy grandchildren, who never grow weary of those who love them, the advancing years close in more pathetically lonely and sad than words can depict. How often have the selfish, short-sighted and unsatisfying pleasures of youth been bought by sacrificing the mellowing sweetness and fascinating peace of honourable age, and



CHILDREN'S SPECIAL HOSPITAL. OPERATING THEATRE.

only depriving the future of those upon whom alone it can in reality depend, but becoming responsible for a species of race-decadence which, if persisted in, ultimately leads to that goal from which history proves there is no return? What number of married people who are responsible for their childlessness have overlooked the fact that the circle of friendships dwindles with the years, and unless the vacancies can be filled with the life-

how seldom do men with "muck-rakes" realize that while they grovel for the gold of time, the crown of eternity hovers above them waiting to be won; nay, the occupation is fatal to their vision.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

Better a thousand times live in England under German rule than in Britain without children; better this life should end all than that we should face the next with those awful words ringing in our ears as guilty men, "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Oh, how much we owe them, and how little we realise it, *until they are gone*. But to descend to the most sordid, and therefore the most unreliable, estimate of their worth, the present methods are as suicidal as they are selfish. A nation possessing inordinate wealth may for a time carry a progressively growing load of human derelicts, but the war is driving us to a point when we shall be compelled to recognise the fact that the unfit not only make no contribution to the country, but have actually to be maintained by it, and instead of being an asset enriching the State, they are a liability impoverishing it; consequently, the difference is twofold, for 20s. transferred from the credit to the debit side of the balance-sheet makes a difference of 40s. no more in money than in men, and demonstrates from a strictly £ s. d. point of view that "it does not pay."

In the preceding articles four suggestions have been made which the writer believes would bring the vital problem of maternity and child welfare very much nearer solution than all the voluntary and municipal schemes in the kingdom, however thoroughly equipped and administered; for if, as appears to be the case, those who are able to rear the best type of citizen are becoming increasingly unwilling, it is clear that those who are willing, but unable for economic reasons, must have that disability removed. First, the endowment of motherhood by the nation it maintains, including free antenatal supervision, free attendance on confinement and free after-care for both mother and child, subject to the protective conditions already outlined; second, the exclusion of mothers and young children from factory occupations, alike in their own interests and in those of industry,

which must otherwise lose both the quality and quantity of labour without which its future must be fatally prejudiced; third, the remodelling of education till it is equal to the accomplishment of its supreme purpose, which should be to promote not only the material but also the moral and spiritual needs of the race whose emancipation ultimately depends upon character and conduct; and fourth, by organised religion consecrating its life to the all-round redemption of the poor by actually living in, and proving itself to be, the good Samaritan of the slums.

1. In urging the endowment of motherhood the writer is not seeking to encourage large families—which, in working-class homes in particular, involve the slavery of mothers—but an indefinite multiplication of moderate ones throughout every section of the community, in the highest interests of married life and national well-being. While it is true that parents are primarily and rightly responsible for the care and upbringing of their own little ones, it is no less certain that the State is enriched or impoverished by the way in which that duty is discharged or neglected. Under these circumstances self-preservation alone would seem to impose upon the nation the twofold obligation of seeing, first, that all parents have reasonable opportunities for fulfilling that duty; and, second, where these exist, and are not wisely used, those responsible for the neglect should be punished; but until the endowment of motherhood or its equivalent—which, since making the proposal, the writer has learned is already an accomplished fact in America—has been established, the nation is not justified in assuming that indispensable supervision of the home without which the payment would not be warranted. In the overwhelming proportion of cases the oversight would be merely nominal for the three conditions—abolition of overcrowding, reasonable cleanliness in the home and the proper care of the child, which no number of maternity and child-welfare schemes can ever insure—would, under the new circumstances, become feasible and be gladly

complied with; but where culpable neglect and all the terrible evils that flow from it, are most rife, the fact that the grant would not be paid unless and until it were actually earned would constitute a wonderful stimulus to better things, and until some such reforming power is possessed by the State, innocent and helpless children will continue to be legally done to death on their pitiless way from an unwelcome cradle to an untimely grave. The purpose, therefore, of the endowment is not to destroy but to repair and strengthen the homes of the people by removing the economic strain which families impose upon the overwhelming proportion of those who now provide the nation with new life. For the State to decline that duty is to weaken the bulwarks of Britain much more effectively than by ceasing to build "Dreadnoughts"—first, by multiplying the number of its childless homes; and, second, by increasing well-meaning but mistaken relief agencies to assume outside of the home duties that ought always to be done in it. The descents from the rugged slopes of duty and self-reliance are already steep and dangerous enough in all conscience, and if the nation, by refusing the help it can and ought to give, permits those upon whom its future increasingly depends to get on to either of these fatal gradients, its guilt will impose upon posterity an even more impossible task than Sisyphus set himself to accomplish. To those who give a moment's consideration to the exacting duties of housekeeping under the most favourable conditions, it will be apparent that in an immense number of the poorer homes of the country, where the most prolific portions of our imperial race live, women are not only called upon to make bricks without straw, but also without domestic facilities and knowledge. Imagine the tremendous array of drab, uniform, inconvenient houses built in long, dull, monotonous rows, devoid of outlook and robbed of a fair share of such a modicum of sunshine as can penetrate to the centre of great cities, where the poor are sub-

merged in a smoke-laden atmosphere. The income is often irregular and inadequate, food poor in quality and high in price, the houses contain neither bath, hot water, nor w.c., two or three—usually more—little children to care for, everything except sleeping, and often that in addition, to be done in one room, sickness obviously more liable to occur, and comfort well-nigh out of the question; what chance is there for women who as girls have been working in the factory when they ought to have been domesticated and trained for maternity, to keep such a home and its occupants clean, healthy, and attractive? Let those who condemn them answer. How is it possible for maternity and child welfare schemes to cancel the evil results that grow out of such distressing conditions? Indeed, it must be obvious that the best they can ever hope to accomplish is to modify some of the mischief, whereas the national need is to prevent it. And when one rises a little higher in the social scale and speaks of those upper working and middle classes into whose homes children come, there is a corresponding struggle arising from the altogether excellent desire—which is equally in the nation's interest—to give the little ones a better education, live respectably, and make both ends meet. Talk about an eight-hours day and a forty-eight hours week, such mothers put eight days' work into every week, for their tasks are never done. Indeed, alongside them the bulk of men's occupations are child's play. Yet they neither ca' canny, restrict output, nor strike; try to imagine what would happen if they did. Wives who in spite of these ever present difficulties manage to bring up families of healthy, intelligent, and happy children have never had elementary justice done them, for they are truly wonderful women, heroines who lay the country under a lasting, though deplorably unrecognised, debt of obligation; yet they are manifestly exceptional, and cannot reasonably be regarded as representative of the rule. Why should the nation's mothers be subjected to incessant toil and perpetual anxiety in the

richest country in the world? Indeed, it may be taken for granted that endowment is inevitable; the only question that remains to be answered is: Will it come in time or be withheld till it is too late? If, instead of being gifted with mental, moral, and spiritual attributes women were merely animals maintained by the State for the purpose of supplying it with children, neither they nor their offspring would be permitted to live a single day in the slums, simply because as stock breeders we should know that "it would not pay." If it would not pay the nation under those conditions, will it pay it under these, to have "the noblest work of God" reared with infinitely less concern than is normally bestowed upon a gentleman's park, conservatories and stables? If Britain does not pull its slums down, those who come out of them will ultimately pull Britain down, and history will say: Serve it right. Why in this so-called but grossly miscalled Christian country do we think so much of our own mothers and so little of those belonging to people less favoured

than ourselves? Has the commercial spirit so far degraded us that we only concede justice when it is demanded by those who, were it refused, could enforce it? The moment we have, not Christianity enough, but worldly wisdom enough, to put first things first—life before money—we shall realise that worthy parentage is one of the very highest forms of patriotism, and whatever modifies the needless strain of ante-natal conditions, confinement and after-care, and substitutes practical consideration and trained kindness for indifference and neglect during the great epoch of child-bearing, and the anxious and exacting years during which the citizens that are to be are being fitted for their future tasks, will be gladly given; for the nation will regard itself as privileged to exalt motherhood and render her the homage which is her due, and the heroines who maintain the State and all its activities will no longer be permitted to go down to their graves unhonoured and unsung.

(To be continued)

P.S.—The writer would like to elucidate two points which should have been made clear in that part of the last article dealing with the Bradford Scheme. First, the net cost of £14,000 per annum includes £9,000 for food which, though not relief but treatment, the Local Government Board so far declines to recognise. This is true even in the case of meals that must be given to women in the Maternity Home and to infants who are patients in the Hospital. How these are

expected to live without food is not very obvious, but grant for it is denied. Second, at the Feeding Centres, where expectant and nursing mothers are fed, suitable meals are also supplied on the same condition to children attending the Pre-School Clinic, so that that part of the treatment is, where necessary, continuous from infancy to school age, after which the feeding is authorised by Act of Parliament.



THE TEMPLE OF SORROW

TO ENGLAND, MOURNING

By *E. A. WODEHOUSE*

WHAT change, sad Autumn, doth infect thy sleep?
What spirit stirs in thy quick breath, this year?
Whence is that wilder melancholy I hear
Wailing in thy moist winds?—O, ne'er did creep
Thine hours, methinks, into a grave so deep
As now; and never seem'd thy leaves, all serc,
To drop so dead; never so true a tear
Fell with that rain we always feign to weep!
If ever leaves in hopelessness were shed,
If ever rains did weep a season's woe,
If ever winds did moan for summer fled,
O, never, never, did those mourners know
A grief so deep as this.—For *he* is dead,
And lo! a whole land weeps.—It must be so!

Aye, he is dead;—and out of England's earth
Hath pass'd a virtue with him. He is gone,
And the great Heart, that knew him, mourns alone,
Finding each object stale and nothing worth.
O, therefore doth it seem, lean Winter's dearth
Threatens so grim; that winds do keep that tone!
For once, when all the year's rich pomp was done,
She knew he would be here to greet her birth
With warm-reviving Spring. She knew her close
Was not for ever: still she found in death
The pledge of resurrection: still the rose,
Whose fading now but mars a funeral wreath,
Died on the brows of Hope.—But now she knows
No comfort; for it vanish'd with that breath.

The eye that should have been her glass, is dark;
The tongue, that should have been her praise, lies mute.
O, wherefore should the wakeful snowdrop shoot
A valiant head, if there be none to mark?
And wherefore should the heaven-greeting lark
Leap to the sun and trill his elfin flute
Unto no ear? or sap in sleeping root
Stir to new life,—when he lies cold and stark?
What pleasure have the fields, that they should dress
Their hair with flowers? What youth is left to May,
That she should walk abroad in joyousness,
Touching each shivering hedge and budless spray?
And O, what heart hath Spring, that she should bless
A world renew'd—when he is far away?

THE HERALD OF THE STAR

He?—Who is he?—O, mourning mother-heart!
 Wherever in this land thou be, thou know'st.
 Whose is the shape which haunts thee like a ghost?
 Who standeth at thy side where'er thou art?
 Thou widow'd wife! thy bosom's aching smart
 Tells me thou knowest him, too. Whoe'er hath lost
 A dear one, knows!—For lo! he is an Host;
 And every several loss is but a part
 Of that wide woe-to-day which mourneth him.
 Wherever, in this England, tears are shed;
 Wherever English eyes are sore and dim;
 Wherever droops the bow'd and stricken head;
 Wherever unborn hours loom cold and grim;
 Lo! he is there! For he is England's Dead.

He is a whole land's treasury of woe;
 And every sigh, thro' which that grief hath vent,
 Is but an adding to the increment
 On that vast capital. All tears that flow,
 All lamentation that each heart doth owe
 Unto the loss that robb'd it, are but lent
 To make that richer;—all no sooner spent,
 But, in the very lavish act, they go
 To swell that great exchequer. He it is,
 Whose never sleeping memory doth drain
 A nation's fount of sorrow;—yet, I wis,
 Even as it empties, fills it up again!
 Whose wakeful, universal obsequies
 Live e'er renew'd—and live, now, in this strain.

This strain?—Alas!—For what poor strain may bring
 Unto such heavy load of woe relief?
 What voice can soothe that multitudinous grief,
 What song suffice for so much sorrowing?
 Behold, my harp hath but a single string,
 And *they* so many! Shall I pluck one leaf
 In that vast forest? Shall I bind one sheaf
 Out of that teeming corn-field? Shall I sing,
 That haply, at my voice, may find release
 In all that House of Pain one heart alone?
 Sad Mother-Heart of England! O, increase
 Unto a million, million-fold this tone!
 Yet soft! What voice was that?—It murmur'd: *Peace!*
Sing thou one song; for lo! that grief is one.

O, many-sorrow'd Mother, it was Thine !
 And, at Thy word, the light hath come to me !
 No more a myriad mourners do I see
 Thronging the portals of that shadowy shrine,
 But One alone; a Figure made divine
 Even with that hallowing grief's immensity.
 For see, Her eyes are like a starry sky,
 And on Her Head a crown of woe doth shine !
 England! this Thou!—And there, within those gates,
 Which Thou dost press with cold and anguished brow,
 As one too frail for entrance, He too waits
 Even in His multitude made One, as Thou.
 Mother, have peace ! Behold, the guardian Fates
 Have oped that Temple. Thou may'st enter now.

It is the Temple of a Brotherhood
 Deep as the seas and ancient as the sky ;
 Of one sad, ultimate Fraternity,
 High witness to like fates and common blood,
 Which in its pledge uniteth all earth's brood ;
 That Mystic Craft, whose password is a sigh—
The Guild of them that mourn for those that die.
 O, lonely Mourner, never hadst Thou stood
 So near to that dark Temple's inmost shrine,
 Never hadst breath'd its heavy-scented air
 Thus deeply, nor its mysteries divine
 So sweetly sorrowful, so darkly fair—
 Thus thoughly learn'd,—had not His hand touch'd Thine,
 Had not his hand clasp'd Thine, and led Thee there.

There was a sound of sorrow in Thy land ;
 Yet fell it dully on Thine half-clos'd ear :
 All indistinguishably didst Thou hear
 That voice,—till, at the touch of that dead hand,
 Something was born which made Thee understand ;
 And, straight, in Thine own heart that cry rang clear !
 Pain hadst Thou known, but never known from near ;
 Sorrow was still a dangerous exile bann'd
 From Thy close presence. Haply Thou hadst laugh'd
 In fond content, nor reck'd how many wept,
 Not cruel in thought, but heedless ; till that shaft,
 That sudden shaft, that barb in venom dipt,
 Smote at Thy life—Then could'st Thou join the Craft,
 But not till then. For lo ! Thy soul had slept !

THE HERALD OF THE STAR

That Temple door was barr'd; all use denied
 Of that large knowledge, which should make Thee great
 Through darkest Self unveil'd and master'd Fate;
 Tyled was that Temple door—until He died.
 But now, behold; those Portals open wide!
 Swift thro' the Outer and the Inner Gate
 Thou passest,—till, an humble Candidate,
 Thou stand'st within, Thy Sponsor by Thy side,
 All trembling. For Thy hooded eyes are blind;
 Naught canst Thou see, but fearfully dost guess—
 On either hand, before Thee and behind—
 The presence of the Brethren. Thy strange dress
 Hangs coldly on Thee, and Thine awe-struck mind
 Shivers in spiritual nakedness.

For only dost Thou wear, for covering,
 In this dread hour, the livery of Thy Soul,
 The Woe that gives Thee entrance. Its dark stole
 Falls to Thy naked feet and close doth cling
 About Thy shadowy limbs,—with broidering
 Of pearléd tears enrich'd and many a scroll
 By wakeful Memory wrought. And one fray'd hole,
 Baring thy breast, still shows the festering sting
 Of Death's dark arrow. On Thy crownéd head
 Death's ashes are new-sprinkled; and Death's wand,
 With sad acacia wreath'd and tipp'd with lead
 Instead of cone, is heavy in Thy hand;
 And in Thy heart a well of tears unshed
 Seems frozen to a death, as Thou dost stand.

Silent Thou stand'st: and, for a while, is heard
 No sound or stir of life in that dim throng,
 As though that shadowy Brotherhood among
 Death also reign'd. But soft! a whisper'd word
 Seems passing thro' its ranks! A distant sword
 Rasps in its sheath:—then, once more, silence long!
 Till, sudden, o'er Thine ear there steals a song
 Made of such gentle sorrow, it scarce hath stirr'd
 That quietness to music. Faint and low
 First it begins, all woven of sounds that sleep:
 But soon with ampler volume doth it flow,
 Till with majestic resonance, loud and deep,
 It fills that Hall. It is the Song of Woe,
 The Mystic Burden of all hearts that weep!

They sing of Pain—of arrowy Pain, whose quiver
 Holdeth for all Earth's hearts a shaft; of Pain
 Still plotting with dim Fate to steal again
 The joys which she hath given; whose sigh, *Forever*,
 Lives in the quick-drawn breaths of all who shiver
 At Death's cold kiss; whose signet-word, *In vain*,
 Seals the deep grave of Hope. Then, as that strain
 Flows high, of Pain they sing, whose knife doth sever

Pure from impure and false from true; whose blast
 Scorcheth from out all writhing souls, that toss
 Upon its living coals in anguish cast—
 Even as they writhe—their Spirit's mortal dross,
 And blesses while it tortures: till, at last,
 All heaven it gives for one brief moment's loss.

They cease: and then comes One, with veiled face,
 Who takes Thine other hand; and by those Twain
 Slowly art Thou led around that Hall of Pain,
 Treading with grave and ceremonious pace
 The whole wide circuit of its vasty space—
 Once, and yet once, and even once again,
 Until three times that Journey hath been ta'en;
 And, at each close, Thou standest in Thy place.
 And, the first time, Thou movest to the sound
 Of grief new-voic'd and lamentations shrill;
 The second time that Thou dost tread that round,
 'Tis to soft sighs of grief grown old and chill;
 But, the third time, all noise of woe is drown'd
 To silence of dead sorrow—deathly still.

And now, within that Temple's secret heart,
 Begins for Thee a Rite, to them alone
 Unveil'd, who themselves have Sorrow known
 And from their own deep breasts have pluck'd the dart
 Of desolating Death. None else hath art
 To witness or record the Mysteries shown
 In that dark, strange Initiation.
 Nor could initiate tongue itself impart
 Unto an ear unchasten'd and profane
 The secrets of the symbol'd Pilgrimage
 Unfolded in that Ritual of Pain;
 Nor tell us how is shown Thee, stage by stage,
 That Ancient Path of Sorrow, which hath lain
 Behind a whole world's woe from age to age.

Only soft Pity, gentle thief, who steals
 Into all fanes with her own master-key,
 Is, as by right derivative, made free
 Of that high Mystery. For the pain she feels,
 Even like a cwan, creepeth at the heels
 Of all who enter, giving her to see
 Things to all else forbidden. Yet ev'n she—
 Compassion's self, all-powerful—but kneels
 Without that door to-day! Thy sorrow's weight,
 The very burden of Thy heap'd woe,
 Hath clos'd it fast. Alas! it is too great!
 So vast, that even Pity may not go
 Beyond the first sad threshold of Thy fate,
 Nor of Thy deep Initiation know.

THE HERALD OF THE STAR

She can but listen at the gate—no more—
 Trembling, with ear close-press'd, as though to win
 From muffled sound or silence, there within,
 What they may tell. And oft a clanging door
 She hears;—anon, quick footsteps on the floor;
 With sudden clash of arms or dreadful din,
 Such as may come when Thou dost meet some Sin
 That battens on deep grief; or baffled roar,
 As from the dying throat of some dark Foe
 Slain in close combat. Then a spell of calm
 Yielding relief—till, sudden, some fresh throe
 Awake new pangs,—unsoothéd till, like balm,
 Faint, from within, sweet strains of music flow,
 Deep voices lifted in triumphal psalm.

So listeneth she, all breathless and wide-eyed
 With wondering: and, full oft, a gentle tear
 Will start at some sad fancy, chill and drear,
 Of dark defeat. And sometime to her side,
 Weary and pale for entrance long denied,
 Comes Hope, with clasped hands. And sometime Fear,
 Looking all ways, on tip-toe draweth near
 To listen.—And afar, aloof, stands Pride,
 Stern-eyed, erect, unlistening: for that gate
 Hideth for her no perils, and she knows—
 Or, thinketh that she knows—no timeless fate,
 No dark ordeal nor onslaught of fierce foes,
 Shall quell the Heart she loves.—Yet all await
 What that reopening Portal shall disclose!

O, shall it be a form made eloquent
 By fear disdain'd and trampled woe? a mien
 Triumphant, and a carriage like a queen
 Descending from her throne? with beauty lent
 Only to victory and accomplishment?
 Or, with that opening door, shall there be seen
 Sad other signs,—dark tokens which shall mean
 Bitter defeat and strength all vainly spent?
 Or, by some neutral fate, a face all null
 And vacant? footsteps tottering, vague and slow?
 A hand all trembling? and an eye made dull
 By sorrow?—that, beholding, all shall know
 One whose sad chalice hath been fill'd too full—
 One stupefied and drunk with too much woe.

O, Mother of all pain! we cannot tell.
 For we, Thine other children, can but wait,
 With that hush'd band which listeneth at the gate,
 The opening of that door. For Thy dark hell,
 In this, its mystic, purgatorial spell,
 Doth hide Thee from us; and Thy towering fate,
 Like some lone monarch's solitary state,
 Sets Thee aloof and inaccessible.
 Only with listening Hope may we take side,
 Tuning our thought to her high-echoing strain;
 Or, standing with unconquerable Pride,
 Mingling our noble trust with hers, disdain
 The melancholy thought that He hath died—
 He, the great Son Thou mournest—all in vain!

So brave He was! Then be Thou valiant, too,
 And in Thy darkest hell's ordeal take
 Thy light from Him! So much did He forsake—
 And all, how willingly! What, shalt Thou rue
 The holy penance He would have Thee do?
 Wilt grudge the sacrifice He bids Thee make,
 Or tremble, when He chargeth Thee to stake
 A hazard great as His? *It is not true!*
 Pride's voice rings out, and Hope hath blush'd to hear
 Such question. Nay, by all the Gods that be!
 'Tis false: such timorous Mother could not bear
 A Son like Him! Thy Spirit's victory
 Hath Him for pledge.—But soft! the hour is near:
 Soon shall that door be oped; and we shall see!

O! then, we dream, we hope—nay, but we know!—
 Cloth'd in Initiation's mystic power,
 Even at the striking of that fateful hour,
 Shall step from forth that threshold of dim woe
 A nobler England!—Stately shall She go
 And queenlike, bearing in Her hand the dower
 Of mightier days to come; Her heart a-flower
 With hopes new-blossom'd, and Her eyes a-glow
 With revelation. Musing shall She stand
 A moment; then, with wondering eyes that chide
 The Fear that doubted, she shall give Her hand
 With a glad smile to Pity, Hope and Pride,
 And lead them forth into a new-born land,
 Soft murmuring: *'Tis well—for this He died,*

THE CASE FOR NATIONAL GUILDS

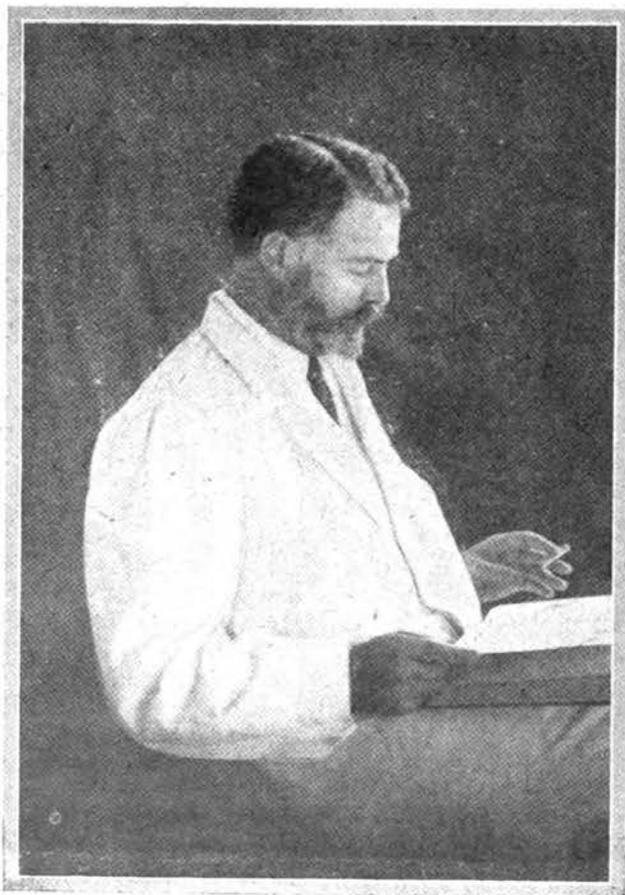
By S. G. HOBSON

(Concluded from page 143)

III.—GUILD PRINCIPLES IN RECONSTRUCTION

This subject will be quite new to the bulk of our readers, and many of them may wish to enquire more fully into it. Mr. Hobson has very kindly undertaken to answer any letters on the articles that may be addressed to him at this office.

TH E principles underlying the call for National Guilds would indeed be barren if they had no application to, or shed no light upon, immediate problems. That is the conclusive test which differentiates the purely Utopian from the practical. It is easy enough to construct Arcadian systems; every civilized country produces them by the score. Sometimes they appear in religious forms, sometimes in social. Often they are



MR. HOBSON

valuable critiques of existing life, such as Howell's *Traveller from Altruria*, a book in considerable vogue in my younger days. The real test is whether any great social change proposed is rooted in the past and present. It is true that here and there a nation can adopt some exotic change—Japan, for example. Signs are not wanting, however, that even Japan, wonderfully imitative though she be, is harking back to her own older ways. Under

her Occidental externals, her Oriental heart remains unaffected. I suppose there is no country in the world, China possibly excepted, that is so tenacious of old beliefs and social customs as Great Britain. Every Englishman is at heart conservative and reverent of the past. Take the word I have so often used—"Guilds." It is centuries now since the Guilds died, yet there is no word which to this day radiates such a rich tradition of liberty and craftsmanship. It is, indeed, notable and significant that no word has preserved its dignity, its sharp severance from the mean and sordid, to the same degree as "Guild." When men and women meet together for some unselfish purpose, calling for craftsmanship or some effort involving work with the hands, they are likely to call themselves a "Guild." Professor Lipson, in his *Economic History of England*, writing of the Craft Guilds, says: "In the effort to provide a fair remuneration for the worker and to reconcile the conflicting claims of producer and consumer, were developed principles of industrial control and conceptions of wages and prices to which we may perhaps one day again return." In summing up, he is again conscious of historic continuity: "The society in which we live is so deeply rooted in our every day thoughts and habits that the sequence of historical events which has brought it into being appears to us unavoidable and inevitable. From this standpoint it has been possible to bestow praise upon the craft Guild, in spite of the fact that its fundamental principles are in many respects so completely at variance with modern ways of thinking. It is contended that the pressure of the Guild system in a primitive age, accustomed to the rudest forms of deceit, fashioned a public opinion in favour of those social and economic virtues that have now become a commonplace, and schooled men to recognise elementary maxims of honesty in trade and industry."

Where I should quarrel with Professor Lipson is in his assumption that the industrial system has retained "those social and economic virtues that have now

become a commonplace." It is true that in qualitative production we lead the world, even if France treads closely on our heels; but we have taken out of labour, by an economic fraud, what the craft Guilds would have saved labour, and by a too great devotion to mechanical production we are robbing labour of its pleasure in quality and the reputation it has gained from quality. Quality springs from craftsmanship; craftsmanship is the child of liberty and leisured artistry. It droops or dies in servitude. So, in the providence of God, it may happen that National Guilds may yet again "fashion a public opinion in favour of those economic and social virtues" now fast disappearing in a community accustomed, not to "the rudest forms of deceit," but to a subtle and dishonest industrialism that makes labour its slave when it ought to make it at least its coadjutor. In tone, temper, and purpose, National Guilds, as outlined by their sponsors, revivify and carry on the old British tradition.

The war came at a critical moment in our industrial history. Industrial discontent was rife; strikes and lock-outs were in full swing. The Labour forces were drawing together and concerting common action. Investors were anxious, looking beyond the seas for opportunities to exploit unorganised labour. As political Labour lapsed into the dreamy pleasaunce of Westminster, industrial Labour grew exigent and rebellious. Already the wiser heads amongst the Capitalist leaders were pondering whether to fight or to conciliate the exasperated workers, who, at a time of unbounded prosperity, when the revenue from profits in five years had increased by 22½ per cent., found that real wages had fallen 10 per cent. The outbreak of hostilities effectually dissipated the plan both of masters and men; in the face of the enemy, there was a degree of unity, gratifying even if it was reasonably expected. A great necessity confronted us: our industrial resources had, at a moment's notice, to be concentrated on war production. We must have big guns, and yet bigger shells and high explosives, uniforms and boots, foodstuffs.

The Government had to make a quick decision: Should all this work be done under bureaucratic control or could we leave it to the several industries to shoulder the responsibility?

Before I answer that question from the Guild's standpoint, it will be valuable to see how the situation was regarded by others. I think we may all agree that the most representative document issued on the industrial situation is the Garton Memorandum. This is a report drawn up, considered, and amended by "employers, representatives of Labour, and public men of all parties," and finally published by the Garton Foundation, with the full approval of its trustees, Mr. Balfour, Viscount Esher, and Sir Richard Garton. Unless I am greatly mistaken, we shall hear a great deal in the near future about the proposals for conciliating Labour here adumbrated. The writers frankly admit that the war has in no way terminated industrial discontent. "The seeming prosperity of the country during the war has obscured the realities of the situation." The problem of industrial unrest has in no way been solved. "The problems presented by a temporary crisis, in which economic considerations sink into a secondary place and the strongest possible appeal is made to the spirit of self-sacrifice in all classes, afford no real parallel to those presented by a return to normal conditions after a long period of dislocation." These are the considerations that have dictated this report. Naturally, inquiry must be made into the actual causes of unrest and discontent. At the risk of being tedious, I shall make several quotations on this point, not only because they bear upon the problem of Reconstruction, but because they go to show that my own analysis of the wage-system is recognised as sound and is not the conception of a crank. I quote the numbered paragraphs:

12. Failure to cope with the economic situation must necessarily involve widespread loss and misery. But the industrial problem is inextricably entangled with social and political developments. It is not merely that a certain minimum

standard of material well-being is a necessary condition of moral and intellectual advance, or that commercial prosperity is an important factor in the strength and prestige of the State. Industry itself has a human side. The discontent of Labour is not exclusively a matter of wages and hours of work. It is becoming increasingly evident that it is based to a very large extent upon question of *status* and social conditions.

43. The attitude of unskilled and unorganised labour after the war will be influenced by the fact that in military service many of them will have made acquaintance with a hitherto unknown standard of maintenance. They have been better fed and better clothed than ever before.

62. There is a real danger that this section may adopt to some extent the German view of Labour as a force which needs to be controlled and disciplined *from above*, and may regard war as an opportunity to accomplish this end.

101. The chief economic objection of the worker to the introduction of labour-saving machinery arises from his belief, unhappily founded on experience, that its immediate effect is to lower his wages or deprive him of his job. With some qualifications, this objection is well founded.

105. Underlying all economic suspicion is the worker's instinctive aversion to becoming a mindless automaton, performing without variation a cycle of mechanical movements which do not lead to increased general proficiency, which open the way to no higher grade of employment, and which are prescribed not by himself or by the traditions of master-craftsmen of his class, but by an outside and unsympathetic authority in the shape of the scientific expert.

134. The questions which centre round wages and profits, important as they are, are not so vital as the questions of industrial relations and social conditions with which they are connected.

139. The limitation of output by Labour arises partly from the legitimate desire to restrict the hours of work in the

interest of health, education, family life, and enjoyment.

143. Good work cannot be expected from men who are ill-fed and insufficiently clothed, or who feel that they derive no advantage from increased production.

145. The great question to co-operation is the question of *status*. The ill-will of Labour towards Capital and Management is not wholly a question of their respective share of earnings. . . . The fundamental grievance of Labour is that while all three are necessary parties to production, the actual conditions of industry have given to Capital and Management control not only over the mechanism of production but also over Labour itself.

147. The attitude of a certain section of employers, who look on their employees as "hands," as cog-wheels in the industrial machine, *having a market value but no recognised rights as human beings*, is bitterly resented.

My first object in quoting these excerpts is to show that my own rather academic analysis of the wage-system tallies exactly with its description by responsible business men. I have thought it important to state the case with verbal precision; it is, however, equally important that it should be endorsed by writers well versed in practical affairs. We shall never get a true vision of the next great emancipating movement unless we thoroughly appreciate the foundation of existing industrialism. But we need be under no delusions: *wagery* will not disappear in a day; the conscience of mankind has yet to be shocked, and after that must come the gradual adaptation of the old industry to the new thought.

My second object is more germane to my text, which is Reconstruction. Two practical issues emerge from these excerpts, just as they emerge from an abstract statement of Guild principles. These are (i.) the question of *status*; and (ii.) of partnership. They are, of course, obviously related to each other. Nevertheless, it is conceivable that a change of *status* might lead to something other than partnership—to profit-sharing, for example. It is clear, I hope, that if we

could place Labour upon some basis other than the commodity valuation, we *ipso facto* change its *status*. The Guildsman, rejecting as he does the whole theory of modern industrialism, frankly faces the consequences; but the Garton writers, believing in the continuance of industrialism, and therefore of *wagery*, seek a half-way house. The point to be noted is that they necessarily travel in the direction of the Guilds. And like the Guildsman, they realise that partnership is the only alternative. They accordingly propose a certain form of organisation, to which I shall refer in a moment. They then declare:

"This inter-relation of functions constitutes a real partnership between the persons concerned in any business, whether as investors, managers, or workmen, or in any two or all of these capacities. At present the relation between them is unrecognised or only partly understood, and the result is to produce hostility instead of co-operation between the partners."

This admission of Partnership is hopeful, but is it implicit in the proposed organisation? I wish it were; but let us see. In its simplest form, the new machinery is to consist of Joint Committees, representing both Management and Workers. They are to be composed of representatives in equal numbers from both departments. Either side may bring up for discussion questions affecting working methods and conditions. Explanations of innovations or the introduction of new machinery would be called for and must be given. Modifications and safeguards may then be proposed and differences, as far as possible, adjusted. *But the wage-system would persist*. These Joint Committees are designed for isolated and independent concerns. And now, bearing in mind the general outlines of Guild organisation sketched in my last article, it is extremely interesting to follow the proposals in the staple trades. The Employers' Associations and Trade Unions are to join hands and constitute a "Supreme Board of Control," divided for practical purposes into a "Manage-

ment Board" and a "Labour Board." Representatives of these boards would meet on the Supreme Board and deal with all questions affecting both parties. *But the wage-system would persist.* And now please remember that I predicated in the Guilds democratic election or selection of the hierarchy. Did you deem me to be an incorrigible optimist? Then listen to this, written by practical business men:

"In its most ambitious form, the Supreme Board of Control would resolve itself into a National Industrial Council [Rather like a National Guild, don't you think?] for each of the staple industries or groups of allied industries. [It makes me suspect that the idea came from National Guilds.] The members would be elected by ballot, each electoral unit or pair of parallel units returning one representative of Management and one of Labour. In many industries it would be desirable to find a place on the Council for representatives of the Applied Arts, both with a view to raising the standard of design and workmanship, and with the object of encouraging the human and creative interest in production. [A Guild idea!] A Speaker of broad sympathies and experience, capable of directing and focussing the discussions upon the practical problems to be dealt with, would be chosen by mutual consent."

Here, then, all unsought, we have the externals of a National Guild and even something of its spirit. *But the wage-system would persist.* Nevertheless, I welcome these proposals and believe, if adopted, they might grow in time into genuine National Guilds. Do they not prove up to the hilt the Guildsman's contention that some such form of industrial organisation has become necessary, not only on economic but also on human grounds? Are they not a tardy admission of the dignity of human labour?

In all this discussion there is an omission which may seem curious: nothing has been said about the intervention of the State. The business of the Employers' Associations we are, however, told must be, *inter alia*, the purchase of raw mate-

rial "in conjunction with the State." But, broadly stated, the Garton writers agree with us Guildsmen that industrial autonomy is the true line of development. Elsewhere I have argued that it is preferable for the State to buy the raw material. This function, however, would be fought for by the Capitalists, and, of course, the National Guilds would insist upon obtaining raw materials through their own machinery when constituted.

With this *conspectus* of modern industry before us, the answer to my original question, whether the State or the several industries should have shouldered the responsibility of supplying war requirements, is easily answered. Undoubtedly the industries, had they been organised in such a way that Labour had been brought into partnership, even as vaguely as the Garton writers suggest, would have made a more efficient showing. I go further: Had there been no such organisation in existence, it should have been constituted *ad hoc*. We should then have had larger production, no bureaucratic muddling, and all the Labour difficulties would have been obviated. There is another point to be remembered. When in war, prepare for peace. These councils would have become the *cadres* for a peace footing. What I most desire to emphasise is that, in war or in peace, thoughtful business men agree that Guild organisation is best. Indeed, I think they recognise that it is inevitable.

Having got so far, I think I can hear some of my readers say to me: "We have read what you have written, only occasionally yawning, and it seems very technical; what we want to know is: Has it such a broad application to human life that we can concern ourselves with it? What in it is there to appeal to our emotions? Is our higher life in any way affected?"

I answer generally that our emotional life is not hermetically sealed against the ordinary facts of daily life. When I think in terms of human suffering and loss what is involved in the unending grinding of the faces of the poor, of their merciless exploitation, of the inhuman relegation

to a market valuation of the one thing they possess—their labour—I frankly confess that my emotions are touched to pity, to anger, to hope, and to a resolute determination to discover the cause of such a horrible condition of affairs and to remove it. But I would add that hard thinking as well as fine feeling must usher in the new epoch. Let us first understand the facts, with their thousand implications, and our emotions will not long lie quiescent. Personally, I can do but little beyond pointing the way. Mine is but a little torch carried in the spirit in *bonam partem*. But I have already affirmed that it is the workers themselves who must work out their own economic emancipation. That is true; but we who are more happily circumstanced can prepare the way. I suggest two lines of thought and action: by an inquiry into the true meaning of function; by a movement to purify education.

Definition of function is imperative; its scope must be envisaged. We do not realise that in these later days life grows more and more complex, and continue to pour all these complexities into the old moulds. Formerly everything was done through the agency of the Churches or of Parliament. Business we accepted with fatalistic indifference, it was merely our means of livelihood; for the rest, Church organisation sufficed for charitable and philanthropic activities, whilst politics was an affair of Parliament. But we have moved into a vastly complicated order of society, and we find it necessary to call up other agencies to express ourselves. Take, *en passant*, the Press. A newspaper lie affects us as dangerously as an adulterated food, perhaps as fatally as a poison. We accept our papers as we do the weather. Believe me, some serious thinking and speaking on the true function of the Press might save many a soul from damnation. Before we can reform the Press we must first be clear in our minds what its function ought to be. But, on larger lines, we must discover the true function of the State before we render to Cæsar something that belongs to Pompey. Our little

inquiry into the meaning and scope of National Guilds has taught us, I hope, that there is work to be done by corporate action outside ordinary political action. The overwhelming majority of our people seem to think that the State can quite properly do anything it pleases. It is an assumption that ignores the greater force inherent in function. I deliberately write "clarification" and not "definition," which comes later. The time has come to state the true proportions and relations of our national activities as a condition precedent to great organic change.

In no sphere of activity is function more confused than in education. We confuse "education" (really a spiritual process) with instruction; we equally confuse the teaching of the humanities with technical training. Let me quote these words, written by an ex-teacher and present editor:

"More clearly in our educational system, perhaps, than anywhere else are the fruits of this evil relation visible; [the association of economic with political ends, of civic with industrial functions] for even while we write the controversy, first begun in the persons of Herbert Spencer, on the one side, and Matthew Arnold, on the other, still rages with varying fortunes in the direction, at one period and for a little while, of a humane and civic ideal, and at another in the direction of the technical and scientific. What, we are asked for six months of the year, can the end of education be but to produce the well-balanced mind, the all-round citizen, the man of the world? And what, for the other six months we are asked, is the value to himself or the State of a citizen untrained in any craft and unable therefore to employ the complex instrument which modern society puts into his hands?" Confusion of function again! Yet it is certain that we want good citizens and good craftsmen combined. May it not be that here we can learn a lesson from the mediæval Guilds? They trained apprentices in a way they were never trained before or since. And so, by parity of reasoning, may we not affirm

that the technical and scientific training might and ought to be transferred to the National Guilds, whilst the humane and civic education remain a function of the State? That is our solution of that particular problem, clearly reached by an analysis of function. I suggest that extremely fruitful work can be done along these lines.

At the back of these economic and scientific problems we shall find a new

spirit, presaging a new epoch, in which liberty asserts itself in the economic medium. A few more years of the wage-system will bring us perilously near to the servile state. Those of us who realise its true bearing on human life must bestir ourselves, each in his own way and by the methods best known to him. It is the one thing we must do if we have felt "the inexorable desire, which whoso knoweth shall neither faint nor sleep."

"WHEN NONE WERE FOR THE PARTY, AND ALL WERE FOR THE STATE."

By F. HALLETT

AMONGST the particular factors which compose our Government, it has always appeared curious to the writer that an "Opposition" should be considered a necessary part of the "make up" of Parliament. The argument used in answer to this is that an "Opposition" compels discussion on Bills which are under consideration. This appears to be rather a poor answer, neither is it a true one. Discussion can well take place without an "Opposition," the function of which *really* appears to be an opposing of everything, good or bad, which the Party in Power brings forward. Surely the time has come for such a childish perversion of responsibility to be done away with.

That there should be certain "Parties" in the State holding different views as to policy, &c., is quite understandable, but that at all times it should be considered the proper thing to oppose everything another Party proposes, regardless of proper discussion as to its utility and bearing upon the Nation at large, or whether such opposing is against the private opinion or even the conscience of individuals, is a misuse of the trust reposed in the Members of Parliament by those who put them in power.

In the past the entire cry of Parliamentarians has been "Our Party! Our Party! Our Party!"

Down with Party Governments, and

compel the law-makers to devote all their energies and service to the well-being of the State. Where Party Governments exist abuses creep in, and the ideal of power overbears that of service.

Righteousness and justness must prevail, and the motto of every Government should be *What is Best for All*, for they exist solely for the sake of the people governed, for the whole of that people, and not for a fraction of them, or a particular class, or a certain Party. This fact has been forgotten for many years past, and half our troubles have arisen from it; because, in a way, the sentiment of a Government is likely to influence the sentiment of other activities, such as commerce and the industrial world, which are rent in twain through partisanship; and where greed, whether it be for power or for anything else, dominates the leaders, a whole nation is in danger of becoming corrupt. This kind of thing has influenced Europe for many years past; hence the present War.

To-day, "Parties" are being forced to join hands and co-operate, and we are said to have a "National" Government. This is what should be at all times, in Peace as well as in War, for a Government is *really* a collective national servant (or should be), and any combination calling itself a Government which pursues any other path, is acting the part of traitor to the Nation it is supposed to serve.

THE MUSIC OF POETRY*

By CYRIL SCOTT

I.

It is said that a Bull of the Pope is only authentic when written in a certain rhythm. The subtle vibrations thus set up by its pronouncement facilitate its action. True poetry might come under the same law as the power of sound.

IF we come to analyse what constitutes the poeticalness of a phrase, one thing stands out in all clearness, namely, its music: for the latter is the essence of true poetry. We might even say that there is hardly such a thing as a poetical idea *in itself*, however loosely that epithet may be used, since poetry only comes into being through melodiousness of expression and through no other means. In a word, poetry is a form of music, a combination of melodious sounds, as music itself is, but with the addition of content; either pictorial, intellectual, abstract, or dramatic. There are, in fact, two species of poets; those gifted with melodiousness of expression, and those devoid of it; and the former we may call, in paradoxical yet expressive language, *poetical* poets, and the latter *unpoetical*. It is true these latter may possess various

elements to compensate for their lack of musicality, such as deeply philosophical ideas, as Browning did for instance, or great dramatic powers, as other poets have done, but unless musicality is inherent in their versification we cannot

call them *quintessentially poetical* poets, because, as already said, music is the requisite of poeticalness in the truest sense of the word.

And why should this be so? To those who penetrate into the hidden side of things the answer is not far to seek, for music has aptly been called a *soul-speech*; a language which speaks to something above the senses, above the mind, to the very soul itself. It is evident, therefore, that

true poetry possesses a completeness which prose, ordinarily speaking, must perforce be devoid of; for the former appeals to more factors in the make-up of

* All technical terms in this article have been carefully avoided.

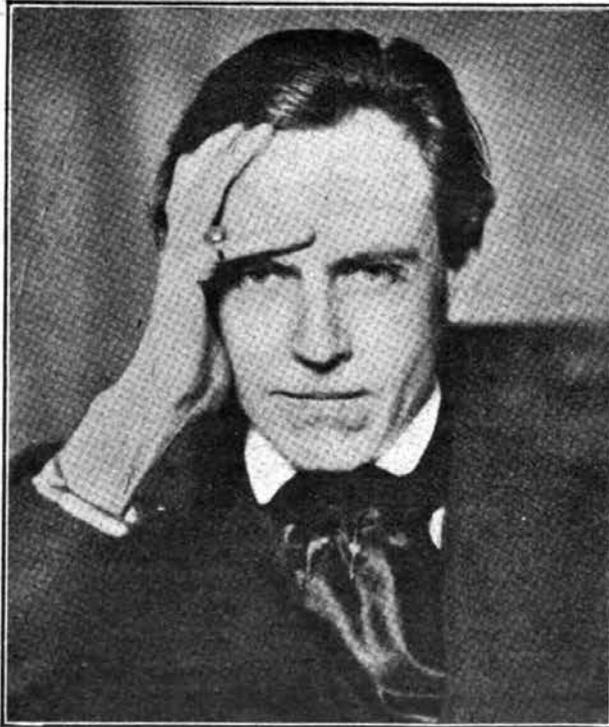


Photo by]

[A. F. Coburn, 1916.

CYRIL SCOTT.

a human being (if it be the highest of its kind) than does any other form of literary creativeness. Prose may appeal to the senses, emotions, mind, and intellect, according to its nature, but only when music is added, as in poetry, do we achieve an appeal to the soul, and thus add the completing factor.

And yet, what do we mean by music, since all rhythm and rhyme is music of a limited species; and to write in rhythm and rhyme at all is to make a concession to the sense of sound? We mean, then, something more subtle; a melodious juxtaposition of words, a novelty of musical expression and musical rhythm. Just as the pre-requisite to the creating of elevated and profound music is an eschewing of banality of melody, so in poetry must the same rule apply—the sound as well as the sense must be utterly free from all triviality; for if this be not so, the appeal is frustrated and the profoundest content obliterated. Indeed, deep import without music is more barren in its effect than music without deep import; for the music will appeal of itself, but to set a profound “meaning” to banal word-music is to be guilty, as it were, of sacrilege; the meaning being obliterated by the banality of its accompaniment. Nor can we blind ourselves to the fact that great creative talents were guilty of this failing, one poet, at any rate, serving us as an illustration. Indeed, Edgar Allan Poë was a genius of almost unequalled imaginativeness and dramatic power, as his prose works especially show, but as soon as he turned to verse, in spite of his great technical faculties and more than ordinary knowledge of the subject, many of his creations were considerably tarnished by an entire lack of metrical appropriateness to the subject with which he was dealing. Poë often invented a new music in one sense, but a music too unmysterious for the content. The poem “Ulalume,” for instance, seems to us utterly ruined by this characteristic:

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere;
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year.

Indeed, this would-be atmosphere of weirdness and mystery is all but obliterated by a choice of rhythm nothing short of waltz-rhythm; and thus any composer setting those words to music and keeping faith with the metre, would be compelled to compose a waltz; an inappropriateness too obvious to need comment.

The exact antithesis to ~~the~~ in this direction is Ernest Dowson, who can best be described as a most delicate and exquisite tone-poet—indeed one of the most poetic lyricists in the English language. He had no great message to impart to the world; no inspiring philosophy of life, nay, rather the reverse; yet he left the world a melody in words, the echoes of which will long remain vibrant for lovers of true poetry. The secret of his art lay, apart from the most euphonious juxtaposition of words, in his avoidance of the obvious in metrical sound—he avoided (to use homely but expressive terminology) the hurdy-gurdy element, so often to be found in verse. It may be that this element is more conspicuous to the musician than to the layman, but in that it plays such a part in mediocre poetry, it is undoubtedly more than a negligible factor, and its absence is always a matter for admiration. Certainly Dowson had many devices to ensure this absence, and one was the lengthening of the third line when composing in four-line verses:

A gift of silence, sweet,
Who may not ever hear,
To lay down at your unobservant feet
Is all the gift I bear.

Or again:

I watch you pass and pass,
Serene and cold I lay,
My lips upon your trodden, daisied, grass,
And turn my life away.

It will be seen that the simple dignity and unobviousness of the music of these verses is what adds to its poeticness—nay, to make all the lines equal is at once to trivialise it, and so altering its essential music rob it of the greater part of its poetic appeal. How impoverished and sadly transformed does the following become:

A gift of silence, sweet,
Who may not ever hear,
To lay down at your feet,
Is all the gift I bear.

Another instance of irregular lines is to be found in his "Breton Cemetery":

They sleep well here,
These fisher folk who spent their anxious days
In fierce Atlantic ways,
And found not there
Beneath the long-curved wave
So quiet a grave.

We are not deluded, of course, into supposing that Dowson invented this medium; it was merely that he was a master in its most perfect adaptation, using it not to produce rugged effects, as Browning, for instance, at times used it, but rather to gain a sweeter melody.

There is another feature which strikes the mind when contemplating poetry from this musical point of view, and that is the way certain poets change their musical type—that is to say radically change the inner rhythm of the line. In "Love Among the Ruins" of Robert Browning, we find one of the most musical lines he ever composed, but the impression it gives is nevertheless that it arose merely from accident and not from design—for its music in the subsequent verses is entirely discarded for sound of far less beauty:

Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles
Miles and miles

is a piece of melody in itself, with its so well-chosen alliteration, but this melody never reappears during the entire poem, the poet relapsing into that rather staccato metre which is so marked a characteristic of his work, namely:

When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand
Either hand
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
Of my face.

Again, in the shorter poem, entitled "Asolando," we get the same tendency, for the smooth melodiousness of the first line:

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep time
is followed in the second verse by an entirely different species of music:

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!

and that being the case, the musical ear experiences a form of shock which inclines it to lament that Browning was not more of a musician during his creativeness. For melody, in order to impress itself on the listener, must be sustained, and not banished from hearing the moment it is given forth. Indeed, in the highest poetry there must undoubtedly be a musical form as well as a literary one—and it is only with the blending of the two that an all-satisfying work of art is engendered. Now, in music a melody is never given forth unless at some period of the composition it is repeated; for to swerve from this rule were to commit a grave fault against the laws of structural design. That certain poets in the past have ignored the laws obtaining in their sister art is evident, but as the spiritual evolution of the race evolves, we hazard the prophecy that either consciously or unconsciously poets of the future will utilise them, and so Art will become ever more unified and hence ever richer as time goes on. It is with a view to emphasising this—however tentatively—that we write this article, endeavouring to exhibit certain musical possibilities in the domain of poetry. In fact, we repeat, let the music of verse become more subtle, more varied, and poetry will enhance its power of speaking direct to the soul, and so fulfil the growing spiritual needs of the evolving human race.

But in what directions may this increased melodiousness be looked for? For it is to this question we propose to devote the remainder of our essay. And, to begin with, we may give an instance of musical enrichment through the medium of double rhyme:

By the waters that make *faint moan*,
Yonder where the poplar-*tree sways*,
Sits a songful bird whose *quaint tone*
Towards us softly o'er the *lea strays*.

Lift thy tired head that *fain bends*
Should a visage from the *night rise*,
And so wait until my *strain ends*,
And thus tarry till the *light dies*.*

It will be noted that the rhythm of these

* "Stefan George." Translated from the German by Cyril Scott. London: Elkin Mathews.

stanzas is also unusual owing to the two strong accents at the end of each line. An instance where a double rhyme exists but with a syllable in between, may now be quoted, although we are apologetically compelled to furnish it from amongst our own verses, as well as one or two others, in that we are unable to find examples from any other source.

Let us then now entwine with lilies, sadly the
shrine of sorrow,

Close with flaccid fingers, flower-laden, *youth's*
sacred *scroll :*

Out of some faded paradise, still to be yours and
mine to-morrow,

We have come to wander slowly unto *Truth's*
golden *goal.*

In the second and fourth line the double rhymes are separated, as will be seen, by a word of two syllables, thus giving a variety to the entire stanza—also the rhythm of these lines is slightly at variance with that of the first and third. This, of course, being adhered to in the other verses (which, however, it is unnecessary to quote).

If we turn to old Irish poetry, we find instances of rhymes in the middle of the line, giving very beautiful effects, and showing how deep a sense of word-music these ancients had! It is, in fact, evident how painstaking were a meagre few of our forerunners in the elaboration of their creations—indeed, as with modern painting, in contradistinction to the old Italians, how unfavourably does the slapdash method of some present-day poetasters (abolishing rhyme and rhythm instead of elaborating it) compare with those old Irish bards. However hackneyed the adage is that genius consists in the capacity to take pains, yet its truth remains withal, for if *ideas* come easily to the genius, their transformation into a true work of art involves a labour and application which no amount of inspiration can aid him to dispense with. Such stanzas as the following, in all their simplicity, were assuredly not written in a moment :

Ever *raining,*
Fall the *plaining* waves above ;
I have hope of joy no *more,*
Since 'tis *o'er,* our bond of love.

And again :

Great woods gird me now *around,*
With sweet *sound* merle sings to me ;
My much-lined pages *over*
Sings its *lover* minstrelsie.

Soft it sings its measured *song,*
Hid *among* the tree-tops green :
May God on high thus *love* me,
Thus *approve* me, all unseen.*

A word should be said respecting the melodious richness attained through the judicious use of feminine two-syllabled rhymes, for undoubtedly these give a dignity to the line which is worthy of note. For this reason we find that German poetry is so rich in sonority, in that the language is replete with two-syllabled words and therefore their use as line-terminations comes easier to the German poet than to the English. It is, indeed, rare to find a poem in the English language entirely consisting of two-syllable rhymes, for the tax on the poet's ingenuity is very considerable. Nevertheless, although a poet once remarked to me, "I find it almost impossible to work with two-syllabled rhymes," the difficulty is over estimated and the unusual word-music which results from their use fully repays the trouble expended.

He was not one of you—ye comprehended
Perchance his songs, but nothing of his spirit,
And many amongst you, now his hour hath ended,
Know not the fullness that their hearts inherit.

He was not of your world—his spirit wedded
Unto the planes of some far fairer planet,
Was alien always until death embedded
His frame within its final goal of granite.†

As to three-syllabled rhymes, these are certainly difficult to deal with on account of their rarity, and it would hardly be possible to write a poem consisting of them entirely, nor even effective. A moderate use of them, however, in conjunction with lines of fair length, must of necessity produce a certain musical splendour :

Here the far plainland stretches to the deep
sanguinity
Of the red slow-expiring sunset, staining the
darkening sky.

* Taken from Dr. Sigerson's "Bards of the Gael and Gale." The italics are mine.—C. S.

† "A Dead Poet," from "The Vales of Unity." Cyril Scott. London: David Nutt.

And one clear star, a-shine within its lone virginity.
 Looks o'er the peacefulness; a crystal shining eye
 Of some deific loveliness, or angel-figure from
 on high.*

That something of the same effect may be obtained by employing two or three words for the one, we can see from Swinburne—although, as sheer *musical dignity*, much is lost:

From his foes that kept watch with his wings had
 he hidden us,
 Covered us close from the eyes that would smite,
 From the feet that had tracked and the tongues
 that had chidden us,
 Sheltering in shade of the myrtles forbidden us,
 Spirit and flesh growing one with delight for a
 day and a night.

Swinburne in this example, however, used this form of rhyme in its most obvious setting, and in that specific metre, namely, which musicians would call waltz-rhythm, a metre of which Swinburne was particularly fond. A less obvious melody is attained by introducing this species of rhyme into a less "frolicsome" measure (if so we may express ourselves), thus avoiding the tendency of verging upon that element we have termed the "hurdy-gurdy." Indeed, we might, in passing, draw attention to a poet endowed with the same incommensurable vocabulary and flow of words, and yet whose music is for the most part the very antithesis to Swinburne in its ruggedness. We allude to that master

* "Snowscape," from "The Celestial Aftermath and Far-away Songs." Cyril Scott. London: Chatto and Windus.

of the grandiose, Francis Thompson, whose music, even when reaching the very apex of dulcitude, was ever distinctive—though the dulcet was an element in which Thompson only rarely indulged:

The fairest things have fleetest end.
 Their scent survives their close,
 But the rose's scent is bitterness
 To him that loved the rose.

What could be more exquisite than the melody (produced by such well-chosen alliteration) of these four lines?—the reason, in part, at any rate, for their complete lack of banality of sound being that the rhymes are not permitted to come too close together. And, on the other hand, what could be grander in its ruggedness of music than the other extreme of Thompson's inspiration—ever melodious, yet the very acme of the unobvious?

Peace! too impetuously have I been winging
 Towards vaporous heights which beckon and
 beguile.

I sink back, saddened to my inmost mind,
 Even as I list a-dream that mother singing
 The poesy of sweet tone, and sadden while
 Her voice is cast in troubled wake behind
 The keel of her keen spirit.

Or again:

Ah me!
 How shall my mouth content it with mortality?
 To secret music, sweetest music,
 From distances of distance drifting its lone flight,
 Down the arcane where Night would perish into
 night.

Like a god's loosened locks slipt undulously!

(To be concluded.)



THE BISHOP'S CRUSADE

By GEORGE WHITEHEAD

If this article makes us read "Damaged Goods" it will not have been written in vain.

THE Bishop of London has drawn the attention of the public to what is undoubtedly a serious evil; and although sensationalism is to be discountenanced in connection with a crusade of this character, all thoughtful men and women cannot fail to desire that the subject should be ventilated.

The "Final Report on Venereal Diseases" was recently published. His Majesty's Commissioners had been engaged in considering these diseases since November, 1913, but owing to the war and its preoccupations the report did not receive from the Press the attention warranted by its importance.

There is an intimate connection between the traffic in vice and venereal diseases, but whether the drastic measure the Bishop is prepared to advocate would do more than attack the fringe of the ultimate problem is a matter for debate. In any case, the demand by a leader of the Christian faith for the summary execution of the "male hawks," whom he seems to regard as almost the chief factor in the evil of prostitution, is hardly consistent with the spirit in which the Founder of that faith dealt with sex problems.

The contemptible trade in which these men are engaged must be wholly condemned, but in our zeal for public morality let us not heap all the blame upon *persons*, however despicable they may appear, and impute none to the pernicious *customs* which even those who pride themselves upon their virtue are too prone to tolerate, for it is indeed the *customs*, rather than the men who pander to them, which are responsible for the evils denounced by the Bishop.

Now what, from the man's point of view, are the forces at work in modern

society which help to maintain the custom of prostitution, a custom of which the "male hawk" and his victims are equally the outcome?

There is first the fundamental sex instinct common to all healthy men in every age and in every country. Of itself it is obviously natural and necessary to the continuance of the human race. Its normal scope of operations is within the institution of monogamous marriage, and within that scope, and exercised with discretion, there can be no doubt as to its morality or utility. Of recent years, however, the age at which men are willing to assume the responsibility of marriage has gradually become more and more advanced; and it is customary for men in the position occupied by the Bishop to denounce the selfishness of the times for this phenomenon. But another, and possibly more correct, interpretation of the facts could be found in the greater sense of collective responsibility, consequent largely upon the spread of education during the last generation. This sense of responsibility disposes a man before marrying fully to consider the step he is taking, together with its probable consequences. Thus, if he is thoughtfully prudent, he is desirous of having an income which will adequately ensure the nourishment and education of his children, and also freedom from worry on the part of his wife as far as household affairs are concerned. If he has merely sufficient to pay for his bachelor needs, he knows full well that the expense of a wife and several children will mean a relative poverty, such as will probably wreck his own chances of comfort as well as burdening his wife with the harassing cares of a household where petty meanness must inevitably be practised if debt is to be escaped. But little observation

is needed to provide him with ample data upon which to build the conclusion that, where poverty is, usually love, self-respect, health and happiness are not. Increased education has opened men's eyes to the responsibility of marriage, which now presents itself not simply as the union of two loving hearts, but as an undertaking in which the expenses of the home and the general health, education, and upbringing of children are concerned. The welfare of possible, unborn children a man is in honour bound, if he is not supremely selfish, to take into consideration.

The above-mentioned considerations are rendered yet more formidable by the fact of the higher cost of living, which is the bogey of the thoughtful member both of the middle class and of his lower-paid brother in the manual trades. And I would remind the reader that long before the war the rising prices of almost all the necessaries of life were seriously perturbing the heads of families.

For eighteen years previous to the outbreak of war, prices had been steadily rising without anything like a similar increase in the earnings of those least able to bear the burden. From 1900 to 1913 the retail prices of London had increased over 15 per cent., while wages for the same period had risen less than 5 per cent. While the purchasing power of a man's income declines at this alarming rate, no one can rationally blame men who refuse to increase liabilities which even when single they can hardly discharge. Whether, however, we blame them or not, this is the position which brings the alternative of prostitution to the point of acceptance, since a man, faced with increasing economic stress on the one hand and increasing ability to recognise it on the other, finds no diminution of his normal instincts inherited from Nature herself.

Normal expression by marriage he cannot or dare not seek. He may be regarded as too selfish to assume marital responsibilities, but, on the other hand, he may be too *unselfish* to burden future children with the restrictions of poverty.

In the meantime a thousand devices of the devil are always at work, some consciously designed to pander to his lower passions, others quite innocent as far as those responsible for their production are concerned.

The pictorial advertisements on the walls or in periodicals are often sufficient to inflame the easily excited passions; vulgar and pornographic picture-postcards, which even respectable stationers do not hesitate to display in their windows, are, in their way, as dangerous to certain minds as are the highly spiced erotic novels which have such a tremendous sale among both sexes, young and old.

But it is in the theatrical world that we meet with influences of sexual excitation in their most dangerous, because most attractive, aspect. To say nothing of the more than debatable posters which advertise the theatrical farces, a visit to any one of the revues which have been so popular during the last five years will provide the discerning mind with food for thought in this connection. They convey an impression that the success of a revue is largely ensured by providing the greatest possible number of good-looking, well-made young women the stage will hold, arrayed in the least possible amount of dainty garments the police will permit without an open protest. The *double entendre*, though much less in evidence than used to be the case and certainly less blatantly vulgar than in previous years, is tolerated in its more subtle sense more than is good for the credit of the stage, quite apart from its possible effects upon the audience.

The erotic dances which have been associated with many highly successful productions, together with the intoxicating music with which they are accompanied, are by no means so innocent as the management would imply, as any member of the audience who is at all observant during the performance will agree. And vice is painted in the most attractive colours with the assistance of pretty women and the gallantries of the revue hero or comedian, as the case may be.

One of the most successful musical productions crowded the theatres hundreds of nights quite as much by the indirect appeal it made to the sexual appetite as by the admittedly fascinating music with which it was associated. The chief scene romanticised a notorious house of vice in Paris, and managed to present immorality in guise so attractive as to call for the will of a St. Anthony upon the part of the young man who, leaving the theatre with instincts aflame, might presently be accosted by a less resplendent member of the profession which had just been so successfully advertised. The danger is so much the greater when the women are promenading inside the theatre on the look-out for patrons, who are being, one might almost say, manufactured for them on the premises.

It is impossible in a short article like this to propose adequate remedies for this state of affairs, nor even cursorily to examine the conditions which provide the apparently willing victims which the lust of man seems to demand. But an emphatic protest must be made against the assumption that any number of "male hawks" could terrorise girls into taking up their sorry profession if economic and social forces were not crushing out their powers of resistance before the "hawk" himself comes upon the scene. To shoot

the latter, as the Bishop suggests, while we leave intact the more potent if less patent factors of poverty, ignorance of sex hygiene, and the display and sale of artistic excitations to vice is merely to substitute self-righteousness, blood-lust, and intellectual and social sloth for justice, mental alertness, and real reform of the evils which confront us.

In conclusion, it must be hinted that the popularising of a work like Brioux's censored play* *Damaged Goods*, which has been performed in both America and Germany under the auspices of doctors and clergymen many hundreds of times with splendid educational results, would more profitably exercise the Bishop's eloquence than does a direct violation of his Master's teaching, however much that violation may fit the times.

A play which masterfully portrays the consequences of sexual vice, written by a celebrated member of the French Academy, is worth the attention of the clergy in general, who might, with credit to themselves and gain to the nation, follow the example of their Swiss brother by offering their pulpits for the reading aloud of this artistic exposure of an evil which a Royal Commission has shown is destroying rapidly the physique of the men and women of all nations.

* This play is now being performed at the St. Martin's Theatre in London.

VITA NUOVA

By G. MACKIE

IN vain all the winter I studied
The proofs that no proving can prove;
Now, again in the fields I am flooded
By the new resurrection of Love.

We are slaves to the world and its wages,
We are wise and eat dust like the snake!
Then arise, O thou Star of the Ages,
Awake in the West, Awake!

INDIA'S NEED OF THE COMING WORLD- TEACHER

By *D. N. BANNERJEA*

THE India of to-day is in a state of transition. She is endeavouring to set her house in order, realising that more favoured nations have been stealing a march on her and that her worst enemies have been those of her own household. In New India we see the old and the new at death-grips, while her face is set steadfastly towards the coming dawn. Hoary customs, immemorial usages, ancient prejudices seem to be passing away, having served their useful functions. A richer and fuller destiny is in sight: will she press towards it, or will she let the beatific vision elude her from the Pisgah heights of ecstasy and excitement instead of letting it transform her life and release the vital energies of her soul?

India's social programme is very ambitious. Its audacity is enough to call forth admiration and respect. For that very reason the progressives of the world, whatever their creed or watchword, are at one with her. And young India is jubilant—realising that justice, Nature, truth are with her, and that the laws of God, which are higher than human law, justify her action.

But great hopes and high purposes, if these are to be translated into great and noble actions, need the dynamic force of a sublime and pervasive ideal. Whence is that to come? Who will supply the propulsive power of the new affection?

The India of to-day is sick at heart of the little jealousies, the petty bickerings, the endless feuds which seemed to set up

what appeared as perpetual divisions and antagonisms in her body politic. The most dominant impulse with her to-day is the desire to evolve a unified life, to embrace in one comprehensive whole the constituent elements of nationhood, to give nationality a fuller meaning, a more spiritual basis, a wider scope; to bring within its sweep the fruit and flower of all traditions, whether Hindu, Moslem, or Christian, heedless of religious distinction or racial diversity.

Nor is this all. 'New India must learn to walk worthy of her vocation. Not the pessimism which breeds despair and encourages a morbid other-worldliness, but an invincible optimism which changes life's wilderness into a blossoming rose—this is to be the keynote of India's future. Then, again, India of the future must give as well as receive, teach as well as learn. In order that her missionary contribution to the thought and life of the world may be effective, she must develop to the fullest her moral and spiritual resources. By engaging in this world-service alone will she find her truest and deepest self realised. Only thus will her future glory be commensurate with her past greatness as she brings out old treasures and new to enrich the world, to ally herself with the forces that replenish life and shape human destiny.

India of the future is not prepared to accept the West as master or over-lord in any sphere of human activity. But she is willing to come in as a partner in a

spiritual federation of races that reck not of colour nor of creed. She cannot forget that from her have emanated in the past those thought-forces and thought-impulses which will be her permanent legacy to the world—the systems of Hindu philosophy, the Vedas and the Upanishads, Sankara's bold metaphysics and Ramanuja's devout theism. In the recesses of the snow-capped mountains and by the sands of the seashore the battle of the soul has ever been fought in India with a fierce intensity. There the temporal has always been in the vassalage of the spiritual; men and women have lost the world—and the lust thereof—and have thus found their souls.

But we must advance with the times and re-state our beliefs in terms of progressive thought—remould our social fabric in terms of an expansive social creed and re-shape our destiny in consonance with modern requirements of a free, democratic and fully enfranchised life. How is all this to be done? We reply: *India needs the influence of a great personality, the force of an overmastering message, the victorious assertion of a vital principle in a living evangel.*

India has ever been rich in great personalities. Buddha arose in India and gave us the gospel of social service and of the ineffable bliss of Nirvana. Keshub Chunder Sen cleaned the Augean stables of a decadent society and gave us in attractive form the message of Jesus Christ. Swami Dayananda Saraswati came and revived Hinduism by stripping it of excrescences and giving us the pure gold of Vedic culture. Rajah Rammohan Roy, with true prophetic instinct, pleaded

for a spiritual fusion of the deeper elements of Western culture with the purified form of Hinduism, and felt that this relationship could be best fostered through education and social reform. Sir Sayed Ahmed endeavoured to soften the antagonisms between the creed of the holy prophet of Arabia and the gentle creed of Christ. Is it at all to be wondered at that the eyes of young India are straining for the appearance of someone who will fan into flame the glowing embers of national enthusiasm, whose message will thrill the hearts of those that are aspiring after freedom and self-determination, someone whose message and personality would dynamite the already tottering edifice of caste and blow to bits the dungeon-walls of purdah—those hideous recesses wherein Indian women are confined while Indian men are justly asking for freedom?

Finally, the coming message must be sufficiently powerful to sway the West as well as the East. For the destinies of India and Britain seem to be interlaced, and Imperial and Colonial difficulties and problems, acute before the war, must be faced when peace sets in—when the race whose heroes have died for Britain will demand that their countrymen may be allowed to live in any part of the Empire unmolested and as free men, as British citizens.

We know that the master-key to the situation is love and a sense of brotherhood—which alone can enable us to clear the last ditch of group and race-morality. We feel that the message will be sufficiently inclusive and powerful even for the breaking down of strongholds.



BOOKS WE SHOULD READ

YOUR PART IN POVERTY. By George Lansbury. Allen and Unwin, 40
Museum Street, W.C. 1s. net.

THIS book should be carefully read and studied by every Brother of the Star, not only because it is written by one who is himself a member of our Order, but still more because it is permeated with the spirit of the Star. Those who are privileged to know George Lansbury personally will agree with me, I know, when I say that he brings the Christ spirit into all he does, that he brings Christ's presence with him wherever he goes, because from him there radiates such a deep and passionate love for his fellow-men. And this spirit of love runs throughout his book. It is all the more remarkable that it should be so, because Mr. Lansbury is chiefly concerned in bringing before us those evil social conditions which are in themselves a sin against love, and in such an endeavour it is easy to lose one's balance and allow something of bitterness and even hatred to creep in towards those who might do so much and who yet do so little. But in Mr. Lansbury is no bitterness, but only a vast pity for those, first, who have no opportunity; and, further, for those who, having the opportunity, neglect to make a proper use of it.

The book should be read, further, because it rouses thought, and thought, if persistent, will, in the end, drive the thinker to action. Brothers of the Star who are dreaming and planning for the world that is to be after the war, need first of all to think, and to think hard, about the world as it is to-day and to see where social conditions at the present time are subversive to the great law of Brotherhood. Mr. Lansbury takes a comprehensive survey of the field of social problems.

The preface, written by the Bishop of Winchester, leaves one with a sense of profound pity for another lost opportu-

nity, for the Bishop states at the outset that he has read only one chapter of the book, and from his further remarks I imagine he had no intention of reading any more. Well, the loss is his; but there is a tone of pharisaical righteousness about the whole preface which makes one rather wonder how the Bishop would receive the judgment of the Carpenter's Son on the problems of our Christian civilisation!

The Introduction is an appeal to all, "rich and poor, old and young," to "enlist in one great army under Christ's banner, . . . determined in very deed to fight against the devil and all his works, and by God's good grace to establish the Kingdom of Heaven on earth."

As Mr. Lansbury truly says: "We may disagree on methods, we may fall out about theology, but we cannot disagree on the one thing that matters—to believe in a God of Love, to accept Love as the greatest factor in life, and to translate into deeds of every day that belief and that acceptance. In that spirit I write this book and send it out, mainly as an appeal to men and women of the comfortable classes, in order to put before them some of the difficulties which dog the footsteps of the common people throughout life, and also some ideas for establishing better relationship and a more lasting friendship amongst all the people."

Mr. Lansbury is a great believer in the good that there is in all men and women of every class, if only you can find the way to bring out that good. Class distinctions need not and should not spell antagonism if men of all classes could be brought to realise their brotherhood. "There is so much good in men and women: there could be so much better. It is only because we are so divided one from another, only because we are so

ignorant of each other's lives, that we submit to these unchristian conditions. When we know, we shall all unite in a supreme and practical effort to destroy the man-made conditions which produce the evils we have so genuinely but vaguely deplored. Then we shall, by united efforts, build a new State based on the foundation, not of hatred, not of competition, but of brotherhood, co-operation, and love."

In the succeeding chapters on "Workmen" and "Women and Children" Mr. Lansbury deals with the tragedy of the poor—children who are denied their birthright of freedom and leisure to develop according to their needs, the iniquity of the half-timer, the lack of opportunities for recreation and enjoyment, which play so large a part in the lives of the children of the wealthier classes. "Once having attained the age of manhood, the average workman reaches the highest point in material wealth that he will ever reach." And this income, which averages 30s. or £2 a week, has to be constantly stretched to cover the additional cost of every new little life and all that it entails. And over this the constant shadow of possible sickness and unemployment. Holidays—so necessary a part of the life of the well-to-do—are feared by the poor because they mean less money coming into the home. "All that Bank holidays mean for the working-class mother is more worry, more anxiety, more difficulty in making ends meet."

If life presses hardly on the working man, how much more hardly must it press on the working woman, who has to bear and rear her children under conditions which might well daunt the most courageous. We complain because the homes of the poor are not always clean and tidy, forgetting, as Mr. Lansbury points out, that "we all need space for cleanliness"—and the poor have not within their reach supplies of hot water such as can be obtained by the well-to-do.

"I wonder how many rich women could endure living, for a single day, packed away in one room with a husband

and children, while giving birth to another child."

Is it any wonder that the death-rate among infants is so appalling? "We murder by our foul social arrangements 100,000 babies in the first year of birth, and another 120,000 are killed before birth, because we neglect the mothers."

I suppose we should all be agreed that this condition of affairs is intolerable; the difficulties arise when we begin to consider how to change them. We shall be told that this is a matter for the students of political economy; but no experts are going to alter conditions until in the ordinary men and women there comes a change of heart. Legislation seldom moves ahead of public opinion, but when public opinion is roused sufficiently, legislation is bound to follow.

It is one of the duties laid upon the members of this Order to be as a "voice crying in the wilderness," crying out against the cruelties and iniquities of our present social order, proclaiming the need for a new gospel.

George Lansbury is one of the fore-runners of the Master, seeking to make in the desert of this world a highway for Him to tread, and he calls to us all, Brothers of the Star, to join him in the formation of a "vanguard of the great army of men and women who are going out to war against poverty, crime, and sorrow. Comfortable, well-to-do people may stand aloof, may refuse to assist or take part, but the truly religious men and women, those men and women who believe in the unity of life and the oneness of the great human family, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, will step into the ranks and will take their place as soldiers in the great army, and will be content to work and organise and to give all they have to give, in order that the end may be reached. To some this will mean sacrifice of material things, to others it will mean sacrifice of place; of privilege and power; but to the true man and woman that will not count as of any importance if by their sacrifices the great movement of human solidarity may be helped forward."

E. L.

ACROSS THE BRIDGES; OR, LIFE BY THE SOUTH LONDON RIVER SIDE.
By Alexander Paterson. Edward Arnold. Price 2s.

IT is the sixth impression of this book which is now in circulation. Seeing this stated on the title-page, one wonders by whom the copies issued in the previous impressions have been read? and with how many impressions—using the word in a sense other than that employed by the publisher—the thoughts, the knowledge, the understanding of the author have been connected? For it is a book to impress, with its record of facts, its presentation of problems, its appeal to that most vital and sincere form of patriotism—the desire and the will to conserve and utilise the lives, talents, and capacities which belong to the heart of the Empire. Of that heart, England, Mr. Paterson takes a narrow region, a district of London, and gives of its inhabitants a comprehensive and comprehending description. The life that is lived in South London by the side of the river is a life of sordid circumstances and unattractive environment. All that there is in it of beauty, of variety, of enjoyment, comes forth from the hearts and hopes and buoyancy of youth. To the middle-aged, to the working man who has “settled down,” it is just dull work, monotonous days, a crusting over more thickly year by year of knowledge learnt at school, of interests roused in youth, of any mental vitality that once may have quickened and exercised the brain. Mr. Paterson shows us the child in babyhood and at school, the boy, leaving school, thrown into the wage-earning stream to sink or swim; the young man meeting romance and sliding—chiefly between the ages of twenty and twenty-five—into marriage; and beyond the first years of husbandhood and fatherhood, the drab sameness of a life lived not far from the borderland which divides poverty from destitution. The men who at forty have adopted and adapted themselves to a life devoid alike of crime and of interest are the successes of South London. They live in tenements or in small houses,

constructed without any thought of beauty and with little idea of convenience; amidst smells of factories and warehouses, of the making of jam, and of that indescribable smell peculiar to poverty itself; in the shadow of dirt “which falls, and creeps, and covers, and chokes.” No man, says Mr. Paterson, can cope with it. “Here and there a gifted woman keeps pace with the tide, cleaning and cleaning with the same uncomplaining consistency that some men show in drinking beer.” For there are gifted people in the slums of South London, gifted in divers directions, endowed with a variety of talents. A few of these rise above circumstance and surrounding, and, borne on the wings of special capacity, find a larger life and fuller opportunities than are to be gained “across the Bridges.” But the majority of those who as children show ability in childhood and youth, show less and less as the years go by: it is all obscured—talent, quickness, enterprise, by the soulless work which begins when school ends, or the struggle to secure that work. So that the successes are men of reflected ideas and parrot phrases, their mental machinery rusted, their hopes smothered, their homes ugly, dirty, cramped. The failures live in the doss-house, those who escape prison, and their work is that of the casual labourer. In youth very little suffices to awaken interest, to give amusement and cause happiness in the slums. The streets are the theatre of the boys and girls, and its shifting scenes a drama full of incident; they are club-land to the youth, and Arcadia to the lover. But it is only youth and the inherent joy of living which gilds the sordid surroundings and veils the poverty: the middle-aged men and women see life drab. Mr. Paterson has much to say about school life, secondary schools, boys’ clubs, recreation and unemployment, and many suggestions as to what improvements in various directions might be made by the State. Yet, as he himself says, what is

needed if the wastage of life, talent, character is to be arrested is not a change of government, but a change of spirit. And the wastage, the loss to the Empire is immense; for in spite of many faults, and many weaknesses of physique, of outlook, of morals, the dwellers beyond the Bridges are possessed of strength and backbone, of a great generosity, a wonderful charity. The charity of the West-End of London is a poor mean thing by the side of that charity which, on the south side of the river is so truly "kind." "Generosity," says Mr. Paterson, "reaches a point reached nowhere else, and does so as the prompting of instinct, rather than as the result of exhortation and conscious

virtue. . . . It is almost as unquestioningly a duty to support neighbours, though they may have moved to the street but a week before and their name is barely known." The appeal of the book is to the country, an appeal to stop the waste. "It is by economy in this wealth of our inheritance that England will survive competition and stamp all history more deeply still with the impress of her worth." The patriotism of the book is a patriotism of clear vision, founded on the principles of brotherhood, with a spiritual background and a spiritual aim. "Patriotism has no meaning unless it implies fraternity; there can be no motherhood without brotherhood."

G. C.

THE NATION OF THE FUTURE: A Survey of Hygienic Conditions and Possibilities in School and Home Life. By L. Haden Guest, M.R.C.S. London: G. Bell and Sons, Ltd. 1916. 2s.

THERE are many books and articles on the subject of the care and education of children that require determination to read through; but Dr. Guest's little booklet is not one of them. Bright and crisp in style and full of information on children's things we all want to know about, it can be read at a sitting, and the reader will at once determine to pass it on to a friend. He will realise how much has to be done amongst school children to ensure the well-being of the men and women of the future, and many will look around for openings to help in this direction, either on a Children's Care Committee or as a supporter of a clinic, or of the National Institute of Mothercraft, or any other of the valuable openings that require our aid, until the municipalities awaken to their duties and take on these institutions as part of their normal work. The present system of medical inspection in the London schools brings each child under examination three times during its ten years' course of study—when it enters

and at the ages of eight and twelve. Dr. Guest takes us through the examination and its results, and illustrates it all with pictures that show that he and his staff put in practice his theory that a laughing and smiling child should be the rule, a solemn and a weeping child the exception, under examination. It is pitiful to learn that malnutrition plays such a heavy rôle in all childish diseases, and the establishment of free meals is one to be encouraged wherever the child is not properly fed. The eyes, nose, throat, ears, teeth, spine, and skin are all noted where defective, and every effort is made to help the parents to remedy whatever is amiss.

The articles which make up the book were welcomed by our readers and those of the *Commonweal* when they first appeared just before the war. Since then Captain Guest has done valuable work with the wounded at the front, and his Preface is written this year from somewhere in France.

A. J. W.

INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

THE CATHOLICITY OF THE ORDER

By *E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.*

General Secretary of the Order

THE Order of the Star in the East takes as its central belief the conviction that, before very long, a great Spiritual Teacher will appear in the world; as its central purpose, the determination to do all that it can, as an organised body, to prepare the world beforehand for the reception of that Teacher, and to provide Him with an army of willing and (so far as is possible) trained workers when He comes.

The first thing which should be emphasised is the catholic spirit of the Order. In the *Declaration of Principles* of the Order—acceptance of which is all that is necessary for membership—both this belief and this purpose are expressed in the most general terms. No attempt is made to specify who this Teacher will be, nor in what manner He will appear. Nothing, moreover, is laid down as to what He may be expected to teach, nor as to the way in which He may be expected to deal with the thousand and one problems which confront our modern civilisation. About these matters individual members of the Order, or groups of members, may have their own opinions; possibly, as to certain broad ideas, there may be a very general consensus of opinion—as, for example, that any such Teacher is likely to repeat, as all true spiritual Teachers have done in the past, the age-old lessons of love and compassion, and that He will envisage the whole world-problem in terms of these. But the Order, as such—that is to say, in its official capacity—purposely demands no specified belief on these points. It leaves its central principles clear and unencumbered. So far as its membership is concerned, all that it requires is the bare

belief in the likelihood of the near coming of such a Teacher.

Similarly, with regard to methods of preparation. The individual member is here left entirely free. He is trusted to use his own judgment and intuition as to the ways of working which he feels to be best suited to himself and to his own environment. It is recognised that different temperaments express themselves naturally in different kinds of activity and that there are, furthermore, differences in capacity, in circumstances, and in the amount of leisure for work of this kind which each one enjoys. This does not mean that there is no organised work within the Order. Members are perfectly free to organise themselves, if they wish to do so, for any kind of mutual co-operation, and a great deal of work is, in this way, being carried on. But it is work freely undertaken. What it does mean is that membership in the Order involves no compulsion to work in any particular way. A member who might happen to join, with ideas on methods of preparation quite different from those of all his fellow-members, would be at complete liberty to work in his own way without let or hindrance. He would, in fact, be welcomed, because it is the purpose of the Order to make itself as widely inclusive as possible.

Thus, as regards both its central belief and its central purpose, the Order of the Star in the East aims at extreme catholicity. Why does it do so? There is a definite reason for its action, which should now be explained.

The reason is quite simply the feeling of the Order that the Teacher, whom it expects, will be a World Teacher; that is to

say, that He will have a message for the whole world, and that this message will be of such a nature that it will sink, with healing and refreshment, into the hearts of men and women everywhere, no matter by what external differences they may happen to be divided. The message will be for the world *in its manifold variety*; and it is therefore in that manifold variety that the world should, even now, await the Bringer of the message and prepare for His coming. We do not need to abolish the differences between man and man, or between the recognised groupings of men in our world, in order to share in the expectation of such a Teacher or even to prepare the way for His advent. Indeed, even if we wished to, how could we? The great divisions into races and religions, with their corresponding and deeply marked differences of tradition, of outlook, of temperament, and of social organisation, cannot be either abolished or disregarded. They are facts in our world *as it is*; and it will be to the world as it is, and not to any artificially reconstructed world, that the great Teacher will come.

Nor again, to the eye of the student of psychology, are the differences between individual men and women any less marked or real. Every individual is, in a very true sense, a little world in himself; and, however much the outer surface of his life may have been pressed into conformity with the conventions of his environment, nevertheless, in the deepest and most intimate part of himself, in all that concerns his soul-life, he is truly an individual. So that here, too, wisdom consists in being tender with differences and in treating them with the profoundest respect. It is not merely that we cannot do away with them, even if we wished to. It is something deeper than that. The attitude of the Order of the Star in the East is based upon a fact in Nature. The keynote of Nature, so infinitely creative that she makes every leaf of a tree slightly different from every other, is variety; and it is this infinitely complex variety that the Order takes into account.

And so, when the Order thinks of the near coming of a great spiritual World-

Teacher, it thinks of Him as coming to the world as it is—to the whole world, with all its wonderful colour and variety, with its bewildering richness and multiplicity—and, with the magic of His message, being able to synthesise all this in a higher spiritual unity, giving to each section of it, and to every individual in each section, exactly what they need and touching in each the chord to which they will respond.

That is why the Order is catholic. It recognises that every one of its members must have his own way of envisaging not only the belief in the coming of the Teacher but the work of preparing both himself and the world for that coming. That way will be determined largely by the religion to which he belongs, by his race, and by his more immediate conditions—for example, by his education and profession. But it will be almost as much determined by his own individuality—his cast of mind, his temperament, his tastes and his interests. And, whatever be the proportion between these two determining influences, his own way will be the best. It will be the best because it will be the easiest and most natural for him and also, undoubtedly, because it will be the most fruitful of results. In fact, the more sincere any person is about spiritual things, the more he demands to be himself. For the spiritual life is, for every human being, a *unique* experience, something incommunicable, something of his very own.

The result of this catholicity of the Order is that it has enrolled, and is continuing to enrol, members in every part of the world and belonging to all the different races and religions. All share the central belief of the Order. But each of them has his own special ideas about the coming of the Teacher. In his own mind he thinks of it, and pictures it to himself in a particular way. Most probably he will interpret it to himself in the terms made familiar to him in his own religion. But this does not prevent him from being ready to unite himself, in an organised body, with those to whom, while sharing the same belief, other ways of interpretation are more appropriate and natural.

For, over and above all these differences of terms, every member of the Order fully recognises that the Teacher whom he awaits will be a World-Teacher, and that, consequently, both the expectation of His coming and the privilege of preparing His way and of serving Him, when He is here, belong to all alike and in equal measure. The differences are on our side, not on His. They are accidental, not essential. In Him they all find unification. In the words of an ancient Hindu Scripture: *By whatever path a man cometh to Me, along that path do I meet him.*

The Order of the Star in the East is thus not merely a body holding a particular belief. It is a real Brotherhood. It unites, in a remarkable way, the spiritual aspirations of men and women belonging

to many different Faiths. It is also a bond between the races, and the stronger and more vital because it is a spiritual bond. Who can say but that something of the work of the coming Teacher may not be foreshadowed in the mere existence of a body of this kind? May it not be that this very transcending of the barriers of race and creed, yet without the impairing of all that wealth and variety which difference of race and creed gives to the world's life, will be one of the far-reaching results which His life and teaching will have for mankind? Thus the Order of the Star in the East may be not simply a body of people holding a certain belief. It may, be, in itself and as a corporate body, the type and presage of a new Age.

INDIA

WE have just received the reports of the Star meetings held at Lucknow during the Theosophical Convention. Mr. Jinarajadasa spoke at the meeting on December 28th on the triple work of the Order, an idea which has become familiar to readers of the *Herald* through the articles by Mr. Jinarajadasa which have lately been published.

We quote from the *Brothers of the Star*:

Mrs. Besant addressed the Star meeting held on January 11th at Adyar, and spoke to us about our revered Head.

The Servants of the Star meeting, addressed mainly by young people, was a delightful occasion presided over by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa.

The Star Business meeting was hardly a success, as coinciding with the Congress Home Rule day, the Star officers were mostly absent, but the short closing address by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa was a recompense. It will be given in our next number. The Organising Secretary stated that of our 12,000 members half are under the age of 21 years, and only 2% of the 12,000 are women or girls. The large increase during this year was due to the

admirable vernacular work of members made possible by the devotion of the Star Vernacular-Translation Secretaries in 1915. The work in English was only a tiny part of the work throughout India which must be carried on among the millions of this country by the members themselves in the various vernaculars and dialects.

During the year 30 new Groups had been formed, bringing the total to 119 Groups. Of these 107 were known to be active, having filled in and returned the detailed Report-Form sent out from Headquarters half-yearly. A Group might have only one officer, who in such case would be the Local Secretary. The two chief officers of a Group were the Local Representative and the Local Secretary. Other Secretaries, which each Group were asked to add when feasible, were a Servants of the Star Secretary (under the age of 21), a Women's Secretary (must be a woman), and a Village and Vernacular Secretary to organise visits to the villages round. To these five officers some Groups still added (6) a Literature Secretary and (7) Treasurer.

Of the 107 Groups who had made full returns there were 17 with one officer only; 17 with two; 19 with three; 15 with four; 23 with five; 8 with six; and 8 with seven officers. Altogether there were about 400 officers.

SERVANTS OF THE STAR

The following paper will be, I think, of interest to all. D. Rajagopalacharya is only fifteen years

of age, and I am sure all our readers will agree that this first attempt of his at literary production is full of promise. The paper was read at the Servants of the Star Meeting, Lucknow, December 29, 1916. D. Rajagopalacharya is the National Secretary, Servants of the Star, India.

BROTHERS,

We, Servants of the Star, are indeed very glad that we have been able to gather together this afternoon, despite the numerous meetings that have been crowded into this National week. This is an encouraging and sure sign of the enthusiasm that we young people have for preparing the road which the Great World-Teacher is to tread.

I know that we all feel much more about our Ideal than we are able to live up to; for our energy is absorbed in overcoming the many difficulties that come into our daily life. Moreover, being young, we find it hard to do all that we would like to do. We may be ridiculed for our belief in the World-Teacher by our class-mates, and then perhaps we feel a bit discouraged; but if every one of us tries to realise that our Ideal is so noble that it cannot be understood by all, then we will care very little for the criticisms that may be hurled at us by the unbelievers.

We have much work to do and the time at our disposal is short. The sooner we are ready to welcome Him, the better for us; for the world will become brighter by His light, purer by His inspiration, happier by His kindness, and more united by His love. Religions will be infused with new life, much of the materialism of the world will disappear and people will realise that there is more happiness and joy in living a life of purity and brotherhood than in all the temporary pleasures they derive from riches and power. Such great changes in the life of nations can be brought about only by the Lord Himself. His power is illimitable, His love for us all is immeasurable, and He is continually watching and guiding us so that we may become fit to receive Him.

Our duty then is to train ourselves so well that He may make of us useful instruments for His work. He wants per-

fect servants who will help Him in all ways to carry out His plans. For this purpose we must have wisdom, strength of mind, and good physical bodies. Before we strive to help the world, we must cultivate our own higher nature, our soul. This should be done by regular meditation. Let us never fail to think of the Lord at least once a day, and when we think of Him let us free our hearts of all the sins of the day and surrender ourselves into His hands that He may use us in any way He thinks best. This will give us an inner peace that will, in spite of all stress, spur us to active usefulness and inspire in us that confidence necessary for all service. We must study well and learn as much as we can always in His Name and with the aspiration that all our knowledge may be useful to Him. We must also never lose opportunities when we can take advantage of them to make those around us a little happier. Many a time we do not feel disposed to serve another, and we leave our duty to be done by others. That is not the way to gain will-power. Will-power is absolutely necessary for us if we want to be useful to Him, and we can get it only by perseverance and determination. We must train our physical bodies by regularity and exercise, to do all that we want them to perform, and teach them endurance to bear any strain that may come to us in doing His work. Thus by our wisdom we can direct the world's activities, by our strength of mind establish righteousness under all conditions, and by our lives set a pure and noble example to the many who desire to follow our Lord.

We can do all these more effectively if we become pupils of a Master. He will then, if we are pure, make channels of us, and His love and inspiration will flow through us to the world at large. It is, indeed, the only Ideal that is worth living for, and those of us who realise this ought from this moment to set ourselves to attain it. The path is very difficult to tread, being surrounded on all sides by threatening dangers, but when once our eyes have caught a glimpse of the glorious light of the Master, there is then nothing

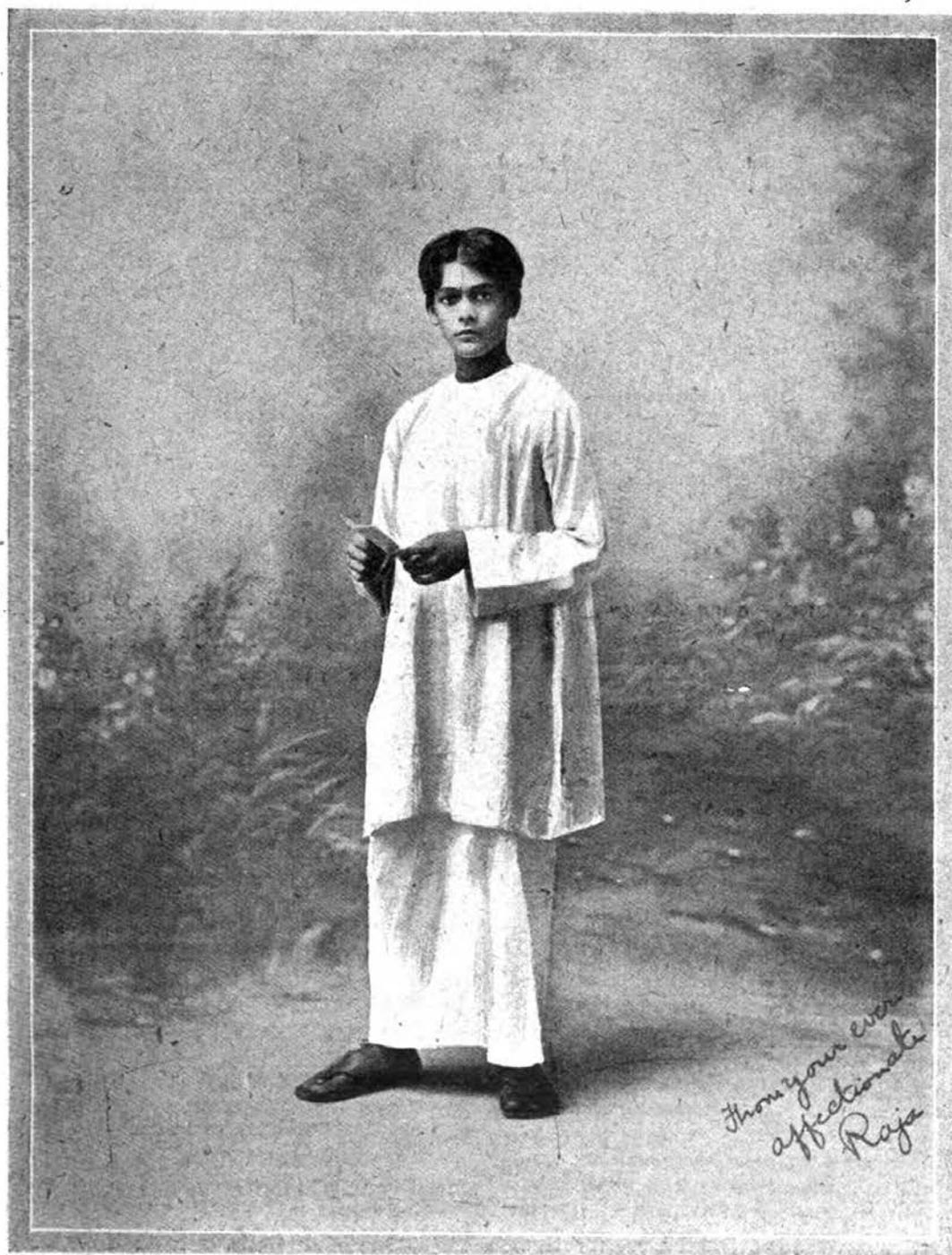


Photo by]

D. RAJAGOPALACHARYA

[Games & Laurie, Bombay.

that can ever dismay our soul in its journey forward.

How then can we start, and how will our Master know the struggles through which we are passing to reach Him? We need not be afraid that He will overlook us and our efforts. He is ever watching over the dark world from a spiritual height and wherever a soul's light shines and illumines it, His attention will inevitably be attracted there to it and He will at once know that some one who is worthy of discipleship lives there. Presently He will accept him as His pupil and train him directly or indirectly, thus making him fit for the greater service of the world.

We who are Servants of the Star must be ourselves tiny and beautiful stars, shining and twinkling and making all around us cheerful. Our light, if we are unselfish, will naturally be bright and beautiful, and those whose eyes are open will look on us and feel uplifted. Such a bright life we must lead if we are to be real and guiding stars, and if we want to serve the Master by becoming his pupils. Let us then never allow any unkind thought to cloud our minds, thus preventing our light from shining on others. Let us not be selfish lest we should drive away from us those who are longing for love and knowledge. You know that when the Lord Maitreya appeared as Christ, there arose a beautiful Star in the East which led the Wise Men to His feet. Now we want not one but many stars to lead hundreds and thousands of people to Him.

How shall we recognise Him when He comes in our midst? It should not be difficult for us to do this if we have been always making our hearts pure. Unless we are in our little way like Him, tender, gentle, loving, we can never see Him nor recognise him. Therefore, Brothers, let us eliminate from our inner selves all the weeds and sow seeds whose plants will give forth flowers of beauty and fragrance. He is attracted by everything

that is beautiful, He loves everything that is lovable, and therefore if we want to know Him, we must make ourselves worthy of His attention by being continually kind and serviceable to all our brethren.

We are *Servants of the Star* and our motto is *Service*. If there is true and selfless love in us then it must manifest itself in service; for what is love in man if not the desire to serve his beloved? And we who love our Lord ought never to hesitate to serve all His children for His sake. I do not know how many of you have felt the inmost joy that is experienced when you help a person in any way. If ever you have, then you know at once that your soul is trying to dissipate the clouds in order that its light may shine forth. Brothers, then, do all that you can for your friends, make their burden less troublesome and cheer their hearts. Do not leave small things undone, because you think them insignificant or useless. Unless we learn to do little things now, we can never fulfil a great task in future. Pies make rupees, drops make oceans, and little acts of service make a worthy man. Unless we serve our Star, the Lord of Love, we shall not be true to our Ideal. Make up your minds now, and say to yourself that you will eat and sleep, play and read and serve and love all for His sake and in His Name.

So may fine opportunities of service be given to us. May the light of the Lord of Love dawn on us and may His power inspire us to do His work without ever being daunted by failures or depression. Our task is noble and unique and such good chances do not offer themselves very often to mankind. Now that we have the good fortune to live at such a time, let us not allow ourselves to be clouded by ignorance or darkened by misery. Let us go into the world as His noble warriors carrying His banner with the device of the Star, and proclaim to the world His coming.

The Herald of the Star

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As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East, may stand.

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THE INCARNATE

NO boundary hath the sun for me
Since I, the Infinite, can see;
And feel above the glistening snow
A moving Spirit come and go.

I know not whence there comes this pain;
No thought to strive or shrink again;
On my white dress the sun shines red,
Pressed closer is Thy shadowy head.

God leads me in the blinding dawn
Of love, when consciousness is born;
While bathed in glory, there doth press
About my soul His tenderness.

Dim music fills the boundless sphere
Where love, found perfect, knows no fear,
But breathes its mystery divine
About the life that rests in mine.

MARY PACKER HARRIS



By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.

THE stupendous events happening in the world to-day leave us with the feeling of how inadequate is speech to express the deepest thoughts of the heart. As Mr. Lloyd George truly expressed it the other day in his fine speech to the American Luncheon Club :

There are times in history when this world spins so leisurely along its distant course that it seems for centuries to be at a standstill, there are also times when it rushes along at a giddy pace, covering the track of centuries in a year.

In such a time are we living now.

When our Order was first founded I think there were many who felt dazzled at the possibility of so stupendous an event as the coming of the Supreme Teacher being realised in our commonplace and humdrum world. To-day we have become so accustomed to great happenings, that such an advent as we expect seems to be the natural and logical sequence to all the rest.

We have grown hardened, in a manner, to pain and suffering, not because we are more callous, but because imagination refuses to extend to the limits of the ocean of pain brought about by this war.

When every nation is pouring out its millions like water, money seems to have

changed its value—and we have ceased to re-act in wonder to statements of national expenditure which read like a fairy tale.

The savage cruelty of the brute is set over against the matchless courage of the hero, till we may wonder whether human nature is bestial or divine.

Nations who boasted of their freedom have bound themselves in chains, nations who were in bondage have become free. Old tyrannies have been swept away, new tyrannies have arisen.

We wake to ask what new wonder has become possible since we slept, we sleep to feel that no dream can be as marvellous as waking life.

Of all these stupendous happenings, none, surely, touches us in the same way as the Russian Revolution. The dawn has broken in the East, may it soon be followed by the perfect day, when the Sun of Righteousness shall shine upon our world. This wonderful description given by an eye-witness in Russia, has a message the world over for those who "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

Life is flowing in a healing, purifying torrent. Never was any country in the world so interesting

as Russia is now. Old men are saying "Nunc dimittis," young men singing in the dawn, and I have met many men and women who seemed walking in a hushed sense of benediction.

Like the first breath of spring which foretells the glory of the summer, the dawn of Russian freedom is the first prelude of that resurrected world which shall spring from the ruins of the past. And we, who believe in the existence of a mighty Hierarchy which rules and guides the world, listen also with "the hushed sense of benediction" to the sounds which to us are as the first footsteps of the World Teacher. If it be, indeed, the needs of men that draw Him to the helping of the world He loves, what more natural than that He should come to-day to a war-stricken world and speak the word of Peace; to a world saddened with hatred, and call men back again to Love and Brotherhood; to a world weary of tyranny and cruelty, and teach of Freedom. The wonderful is becoming the normal to-day, and when the earth has gone down to hell, may we not rightly expect that Heaven will come down to earth.

The old warning is ringing in our ears to-day: "Watch, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

* * * *

Even in newspapers not overmuch concerned with progressive thought we find the echo of our belief to-day. The following quotation is from an article in the *Times* of March 17, entitled "Before Caiaphas. The Closed Mind."

Caiaphas in the name of his Church had to try a reformer, whose claims involved great changes in the established order which was second nature to the High Priest. The dread of change; the shrinking from disturbance; the creed, "let well alone!" are always dangers in religious societies; they prevailed in that court. The sin which condemned our Lord may be perpetuated in those who bear His Name. How often the trial before Caiaphas has been repeated with the parts changed—with the representatives of the One condemned in Jerusalem now in the part of persecutor! It is the sin of the closed mind that has often betrayed the Church and it may still lead the Church to miss its hour.

It will not be denied that new truth may come to the Church for judgment. It will come, as truth always comes, in some living person. It may be an ancient truth, conveniently forgotten, and now restored in some burning experience. It

may be some brave attempt of faith to express itself in the new language of a new age. What is the danger of such an hour? It is not that the Church should decide, after weighing the claim honestly, that it cannot be received. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good" is still the wisest counsel for our age, as it was for the Apostolic Age. The Church with the closed mind may always plead that it is moved by jealousy for the Truth; but there is need to guard against the bias which may be given to the intellectual judgment by the love of ease or self-interest, or mere expediency. It is unlikely that Caiaphas knew why he was condemning our Lord. And the Church to-day may silence the new voice without knowing why.

THE CHURCH AND NEW CLAIMANTS

The age that is beginning will make new demands upon the Church. There will be many before its bar, some impostors, others prophets of the Truth. In the face of all such claimants the Church can never forget that it holds its deposit as a sacred trust; but it cannot be too scrupulous to keep the mind open; it cannot watch its motives too jealously; when it is acting "for the glory of God," it may be moved by love of ease and the desire to evade the Cross: *ne crux evacuetur*.

Deep fissures in the Church have often been made through the failure of its leaders to face simply and honestly some fearless apostle with his demand for reform. The closed mind of the Church has created bitterness and exaggeration on the other side; the truth, which the reformer has seen, becomes separated from other truths and distorted; it is lost to the Church for the time and there is unrest and division, which might have been avoided. Few religious societies can boast themselves free from this sin.

Now since Truth in all its appearances has hitherto proved disturbing, it is unlikely that its coming will be otherwise to us. The war has come, we are told, to break up one order and to bring in a new and better order. Is the Church prepared to listen in such an hour? To refuse a hearing to new claims is not a proof of faith; it means that the spirit of adventure is lacking, and faith has become timid and dreads the cold. To listen may bring dangers; it must imply that the Church holds lightly to many of its advantages in the world; and that it is ready, if needs be, to suffer the loss of much that once seemed good. But to refuse to listen may mean to fall out of the life of the coming age.

The Church must be free to listen; it cannot play its part if, like Caiaphas, it will not receive any new truth because it will not allow the existing order to be modified. In some hours the supreme demand made upon the Church is for courage of intellect, allied with that courage of the will without which there can be no faith. This is one of those hours. The Church once more will have to hear new voices and new claims; will it be moved by no love of glory and state, by no sloth and no love of ease, but by a

pure and burning passion for the Truth of God? Then the Church may suffer loss, but it will save its soul and the soul of the nations.

The purpose of this Order is primarily to proclaim a great message, and in the very proclamation to warn men against the "closed mind"—the mind closed to new ideals, to new possibilities, to new adventures. The war has forcibly thrust open many minds previously closed, but it has also very effectively "battered down the hatches" on others. It is true to-day as of old: "The time is at hand. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still." And we would add, he also that is conventional and narrow-minded, shut up in his own conceit, will retain those qualities in the face of the most enlightening revelation. To each his reward. Truth enters by the open door.

* * * *

The problem of the Conscientious Objector, which has been dealt with in three successive numbers of our magazine, is one involving a great principle, one also which rouses very strong feelings on both sides; but it should be for that very reason of special interest to our members. The subject was opened by Mr. Wodehouse in the March number in an article putting forward the point of view of the idealistic fighter, and was answered in April by Mr. Bertrand Russell, who may be described as the idealistic pacifist. In this month's issue Mr. Wodehouse claims the right of final reply.

The subject is one of immense importance just because it involves a principle, the right, namely, of the individual to separate himself from the State at a given moment; the right of the individual conscience as against the national conscience. No one would, I imagine, dispute this right in principle; the division of opinion arises over the circumstances which may justify the principle being put into practice. It is difficult in such matters to keep the argument to the question of principle alone, and not to be swayed by

personal or national bias, or to become entangled in the catchwords coined for political purposes.

The idealistic fighter, and there have been hundreds in this war, believes that he is giving his life to free his particular country from a tyranny which threatens to crush it, and whether such a belief be intellectually justified or not or whether the end for which he dies be accomplished or not, seems to me to matter comparatively little. What matters is to have seen a vision and to have dreamed a dream, and for that vision to have been willing to make the supreme sacrifice. The world is redeemed by the sacrifice—not by the fighting.

But this spirit is equally to be found in the idealistic pacifist, who is no less a lover of his country than the fighter, no less a hater of tyranny. But his vision is of a freedom to be won by love, not hate, by peace not war, by the giving of one's own life not by the taking of the lives of other men, brothers in the great human family. His vision is of One who taught in Galilee a doctrine of love and the power of love to conquer hate, of One who was Himself overcome by the militarism of His own day, but who nevertheless has conquered through the ages. The idealistic pacifist has given his life as ungrudgingly as the soldier, and faced the fires of scorn and obloquy as serenely as his brother, and his courage is beyond dispute. Who shall say that his sacrifice will not be added to that of the fighter and help to free the world from the tyranny which would kill the soul. The argument is between the idealists on both sides, for neither the brutal fighter nor the cowardly shirker stand for any principle, and so may be left out of the question.

The Great Ones who rule and guide our world can truly bring good out of all ill, but our business as individuals is to find the way by which we can best help the world without hindering our brother in his way of helping. The teaching given by Shri Krishna to Arjuna on the field of Kurukshetra is true for all time, but it is equally applicable to the pacifist as to

the warrior, for both are called to follow the voice of Duty at no matter what cost. We should feel equally proud of the brother who has gone forth to fight with the weapons of physical force, and the brother who has stayed at home to fight with the weapons of moral force, for both have made the great Renunciation.



HE that can well suffer shall find most peace ; he is an overcomer of himself, lord of the world, the friend of Christ and the heir of heaven.

For after winter cometh summer, and after even cometh day and after tempest cometh clearness.

Jesu hath many lovers of the kingdom of heaven but few bearers of the cross ; He hath many who desire consolations, a few desiring tribulations ; He findeth many fellows of the table and few of abstinence.

All desire to joy with Him ; but few will suffer any pain for Him.

Many follow Jesu unto the breaking of the bread, but few unto the drinking of the cup of the Passion.

Many worship His miracles, but few follow the reproof of the Cross.

Many love Jesu when no adversity happeneth.

* * * * *

There is nothing sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing more jocund, nothing fuller, nothing better in heaven nor in earth ; for love is born of God, nor it may not rest but in God above all creatures.

Love feeleth no burden, it accounteth no labour, it desireth more than it may attain, it complaineth never of impossibility, for it deemeth itself mighty to all things, and all things be lawful to it. It is valiant, therefore, to all things, it filleth many things and bringeth them to effect where he that loveth not faileth and lieth still.

IMITATION OF CHRIST

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF THE CHILD

By L. M. RENDEL

Miss L. M. Rendel is one of the Hon. Directors of the Caldecott Community in Cartwright Gardens, W.C.

THE modern cry for "free" expression and "free" development of individuality is to be heard in every department of life. Churches echo it in their "modernist" movements, so deeply distrustful by their older and more established sections; art is expressing itself in countless, and to some of us incomprehensible, new forms, and amongst those responsible for the education of the rising generation the demand for individual freedom and treatment for the young is becoming an ever more insistent cry.

Five years ago an experimental school was started for the small children of the working-class population of St. Pancras. It had no very definite aims or theories, but the avowed purpose of giving every child who came under its care individual nurture, freedom to express its own individuality, and such mental and spiritual food through the medium of individual teaching as its nature seemed to demand. Those responsible for the Caldecott Community had, however, then but little conception of the task they had set themselves. They little knew of the devious paths into which they would be led in their breathless pursuit of fifty young growing minds, and it is in the hope that a few of their experiences may be of use to those who are out on the same path that this paper is written. It is dangerously easy to react so far from the old educational methods of repression and mechanical obedience, as to work entirely on the assumption that by his innate goodness of nature the child himself is his best guide through all the pitfalls of a com-

plex and often decadent civilisation. Thus, one fails to see that by allowing children always to express any temporary impulse or phase without criticism, or occasionally if needs be critical repression, one is hampering the evolution of the true ego which is struggling to pierce the clouds of conflicting elements, to rise serene and mature above them all.

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.

True, the clouds of glory have not lost all their beauty, and they are the gorgeous attributes of every child who faces life on this plane, but "not in entire forgetfulness and not in utter nakedness" has each individual to face the world; every child enters this life with his heritage of evil as well as good, and it is only by facing that fact, and by schooling and training one's own individual powers of observation, deduction and intuition, that we, who have already gathered yet more experience to add to our inherited store can hope to speed on its way another young life.

At the Caldecott Community we have never faltered in our endeavour to give every child the treatment, and teaching, that his stage of evolution appears to demand, but it is only after some years' careful consideration and countless mistakes that it has fully dawned upon us that we must be prepared to sacrifice every theory, every prejudice, nay, may I even say, every principle, that we hold most dear in the interest of the child with whom we are confronted. Consistency on the part of the teacher may prove a stumbling-

block on the path of the varying temperaments with whom she comes in contact; she must, therefore, be willing to adopt any method of treatment, however remote from her own conception of life, which seems best fitted to help the growth of the inconsequent young mind, unconsciously overwhelmed with the influences of countless generations.

The actual difficulties of organising a

strength of their individuality they may be enabled to act co-operatively.

The external organisation of such a school has to be sufficiently fluid to allow for much individual freedom, and for inconsistencies and frequent change of form should the need arise, and at the same time it must be bound by elemental laws of humanity and justice which govern all civilised communities.



A HAPPY CLASS.

school of young children where each may grow undisturbed and yet where the good of the Community is not sacrificed to one individual, are very great. The greatest good of the greatest number still remains the great unchangeable ideal to be held before the men and women of the future, and even quite young minds can grasp the idea that they must only live individually, that ultimately through the

At the Caldecott we also have a few laws, both for ourselves and the children, which appear to be sufficiently fundamental on which to build. If at any future time they should prove irksome to the Community as a whole we shall have to alter our standpoint.

We admit no children over seven years of age, and if the parents can be persuaded to spare them so young, we prefer

having them from three years old. By this arrangement boys and girls grow up together from infancy in intimate companionship, knowing each other's strength and weakness, strangely tolerant and understanding of one another's faults. Complete freedom is given to the babies, and they flit undisturbed from occupation to occupation. They are, however, subject to the law of the schoolroom, that you

work and play with great concentration and fixity of purpose; others, again, rejoice merely in the pleasure of being alive and are fretted and bored if asked to persist in any game or occupation for more than a very few minutes. This is, of course, quite normal with some restless, adventurous temperaments; but the teacher, exercising her judgment and intuition, is ready to give the necessary



CHILDREN MAKING PICTURES.

must not make undue noise or disturb other people who wish to work. If you wish to build a tower and knock it down twenty times in succession you are at liberty to do so, but you must go to a room (or the passage outside) where no one will be disturbed; failure to comply with the law automatically leads to a temporary deprivation of the rights of freedom! Some of the children, even at so young an age,

stimulus when the joy of mere existence has begun to pall and he can no longer gain unaided any further experience from his material. For these children, who are outgrowing the stage of quite irresponsible babyhood (and with some highly intelligent children that stage is prolonged long beyond the usually accepted age), there comes a time when the teacher demands from them short periods of intel-

lectual or manual work. By means of such compulsory periods responsibility for one's own actions is (temporarily) to some extent removed, and unconsciously the highly-strung restless child of this generation welcomes this as a rest-producing factor. One very excitable Caldecott child of seven, after a period of compulsory manual work in a quiet room, was overheard saying to one of her companions: "I hate being made to do a thing when I am first told, but while I am doing it I find out that I like it!"

At the Caldecott all such periods are non-collective, and the teacher is expected to see where such compulsory work is welcomed and where it is still a mental "fret."

Still later in the children's development comes the time at which they themselves are aware that knowledge can only be acquired at the cost of the personal sacrifice of passing inclinations. Dimly and gropingly does this wisdom dawn at first, with many lapses into the irresponsibility of the previous stage and many moments of pressure from the teacher. Slowly, however, it dawns upon their consciousness; and, although none of the Caldecott children are yet ten years old, many of them have reached that stage of loving learning for its own sake and of welcoming external aids which will put knowledge within their reach. Let it not be supposed that these children are immune from faults of carelessness and idleness; they are very average in this respect, but their attitude towards their work as a whole is that of any good student of maturer years and very different from that of children taught collectively in large classes, without any respect for their idiosyncrasies or desires. Caldecott children at this stage of development prepare and work out individual time-tables for a week in advance, "booking" lessons with the teacher, comparing notes with one another on their schemes of work, using easy reference books with intelligence, and filling in all the extra hours at their disposal with special subjects according to their individual tastes.

Although (with the exception of two small Dalcroze Eurythmic classes) there is no class teaching, the community's children are expected to submerge individual idiosyncrasies during certain periods of the day, where it is a social convenience that they should act collectively. At morning assembly and at meals, etc., they are all expected to conform to the same standards of behaviour; failure in this respect leads to isolation or the deprivation of some much-coveted rights. On the whole, however, little difficulty is experienced, and the rare but inevitable conflicts of will between teacher and child which occasionally occur are not usually the outcome of misbehaviour during these periods. Public opinion is strong even at so young an age, and it requires courage to assert your dislike of law and order before an orderly assembly of your peers.

To illustrate more forcibly the necessity for the individual education of each different temperament, let us take as examples some of those children who have come under observation at the Caldecott Community. It will then be readily seen how difficult it would be to find the common denominator for them all.

I.—*R. C.* is a quick-witted, shrewd, impetuous young imp of six, with a great command of a large vocabulary of very doubtful language. On first appearance, however, it would seem as if she were the helpless victim of her own temperament and as if the passionate gusts of periodical screaming were entirely beyond her control. For some time she was tactfully managed, coerced, sheltered, and the other children were enjoined to be kind and gentle with her. After some months of careful watching, however, it was noticed that the moment she found her own ends were best gained by self-control, she could summon to her aid such control as would be the envy of many maturer minds. She found the attitude of the Community towards her had altered strangely. She was no longer the interesting young neurotic who commanded the gentle consideration of adults and children alike, but the naughty little girl who, when she flew into a passion because she was asked

to obey some obviously simple and reasonable request, was gently and firmly undressed without comment or warning and put to bed in a room by herself every time she did not exercise that self-control which she possesses to such a remarkable degree. The success of this method in stopping the gusts of passion, generally enacted before an interested audience, leads us to believe that the desire for attention lies at the root of the whole evil. This belief was strengthened the other day by the following episode. At morning assembly the children were talking of the birthday of a small child who died two years ago. The child's mother had sent us flowers, and the birthday celebrations were more than usually vivid. *R. C.* who was sitting on the floor in the circle with others, whispered to both her neighbours and then informed the whole assembly that it was *her* birthday also. The teacher gently pointed out that she knew this was not a fact, but the child, quite unabashed, reiterated the statement with a persistency that was almost convincing, and finally hoped to clinch the whole matter by saying, "Truly, truly it is; mother told me so this morning!" So intense was her egoism that she could not bear attention should be focussed even on a memory. In a younger, simpler child the mere suggestion of a birthday is sufficient for her to claim a share in the honours; but previous knowledge led one to believe that motives of which she was fully conscious lay at the root of the assertion. It must not be supposed that she is entirely devoid of charm or good qualities. Her maternal instinct is strong, and every encouragement is given her to express this quality, which we hope may eventually prove her salvation. For such a child, however, untrammelled freedom and licence to express each fleeting emotional whim can at best be but a dissipation of vital energy, and would in all probability be a dangerous stimulus to the achievement of her own egotistical ends, which even now have many points in common with Miss Sidgewick's "Tante."

II.—*F. R.* has totally different characteristics, and her nature will only

thrive if allowed to develop on her own lines in unmolested peace. She is a sensitive, mature child of nine, methodical, responsible, but strangely remote, both from her own companions and also from adults. She is universally respected and liked, but she appears hardly conscious of this fact, and never seeks either leadership, attention, or approbation. She is above the average in common-sense intelligence, and would, to the uninitiated, appear of considerable intellectual ability; but this is one of her many baffling points. During a period of individual tuition (for it will be remembered that there is no class work at the Caldecott) she is attentive, interested, and apparently comprehending, but often a stray remark will reveal the chaos and confusion of her mind on points in the lesson which her tutor believed her to have assimilated. Her grasp of circumstances, directly outside her range of concrete experience, is strangely small, and apparently at present she has few desires or interests beyond the daily routine of home and school. The dangers of collective class-teaching for this child are obvious, for her gentle acquiescence and painstaking concentration, combined with a superficial memory capacity, would tend to make it possible for her to pass right through the standards of the average elementary school without having obtained any real grasp of any subject. Intimate personal contact from teacher to taught seems the most hopeful way of giving her a true insight into the joys of intellectual life. Conscientious efforts to trace the source of her dignified and remote personality only result in fruitless journeyings. Then only she becomes self-conscious, recoils further into herself, and gives no further clue to the mainspring of her character. Complete freedom from all inquisitive inquiry, the opportunity for simple intellectual stimulus, which can be absorbed and not merely used as a mechanical process, may, we hope, be the means of giving her the power of self-expression which she lacks.

III.—*C. J.* is a youth of seven who was "born tired." He has a fine healthy physique, and by reason of his

indolent nature and engaging appearance he is very popular, both with staff and children. Even at this early age he is an onlooker at life, and is supremely happy leaning up against his mother's doorpost with his hands in his pockets listening to the neighbour's gossip, or giving sound advice to his companions on the tactics of their game of hopscotch. In the schoolroom he spends most of his time

of us can number among our acquaintances at least one of this charmingly indolent type, but notwithstanding their ingratiating ways they are the despair of their friends and relatives, and useless members of society. It is difficult to find a method of arousing them to action, and we do not pretend to have found the best line of approach, but would even the most ardent disciple of freedom allow such a



WORK AND PLAY.

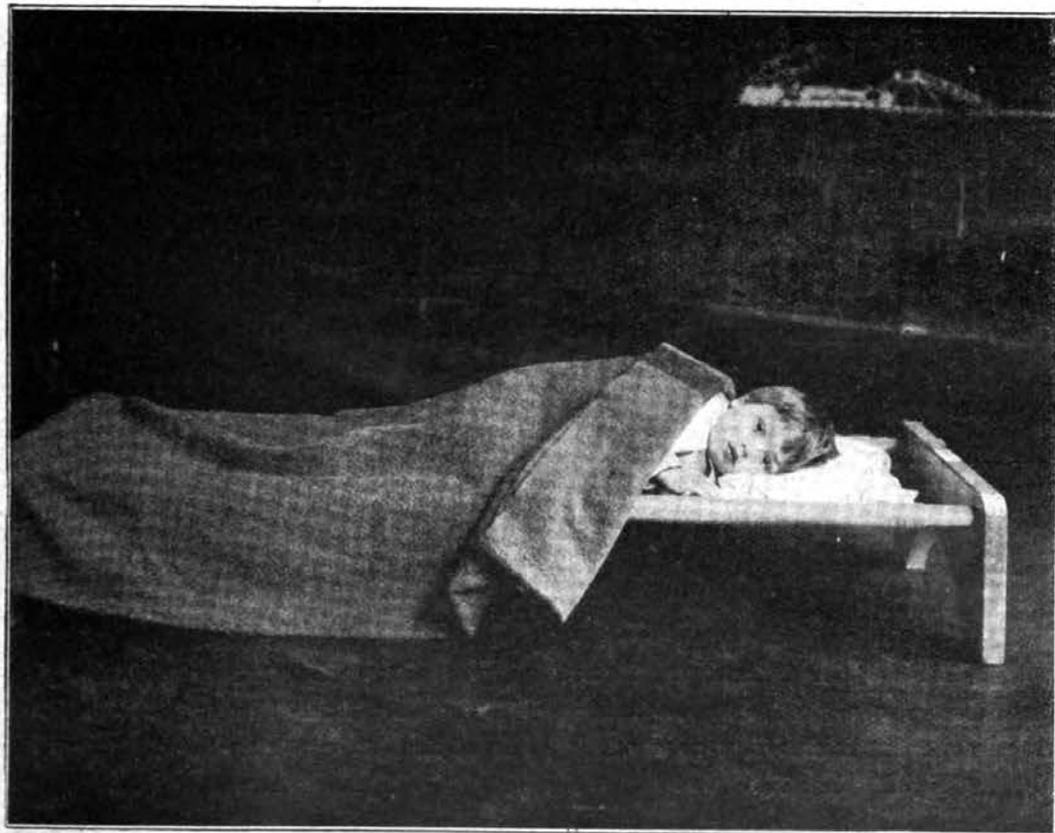
biting the end of his pencil or wandering round the room offering suggestions to those busier than himself. By means of "forced" labour he has at least learnt to read, but being possessed of more than usual intelligence it has cost him but little effort. Although a happy and sunny person he shows no keen interest in any aspect of life, and appears, so far, to be quite impervious to any stimulus. Most

child to drift through the years at his own sweet will?

IV.—*J. D.* is a silent, undemonstrative boy of great physical beauty. From the time he entered the school, at four years old, he has been practically self-taught, and at nine years old his reasoning power, outlook on life, and actual stock of knowledge are far beyond his years. Life for him is not in watertight compartments,

and learning and literature, alternating with games and manual work, all combine to make life for him a glorious road of discovery. Reading is an essential part of his existence, and the knowledge which he gains through this medium is absorbed and digested and applied to enlarge his sphere of experience. Amongst his favourite literature may be found Scott's novels, Southey's "Life of Nelson,"

the intellectual or moral standpoint. He is a born leader, and determined on his own way, which is for the most part a wise and sound one. If it should not be, you have only to appeal to his reason or refer to the experiences of others, and he is quick to understand and to come into line. If, however, you overlook this fact, and demand prompt obedience to an unexpected command, there is apt to be



AT REST.

Arnold Foster's "History of England," The Old Testament, and many of Tennyson's poems (particularly his "Ode to the Duke of Wellington"). Travel and autobiography form a staple part of his reading, but second-rate boy's fiction does not appeal to him and instinctively he rejects it for better stuff. It will be easily understood that a child of this calibre does not need to be coerced or pressed either from

trouble, and his nervous organism is such that having definitely committed himself to a line of action he finds it difficult to alter his course. He is usually cautious and collected, and it is probably the fault of his seniors if they force him to hasty conclusions. Those who are responsible for his education have now fully realised that they can but stand aside to give advice, help, and teaching when it is asked

for, but that they are powerless to mould or educate him in any way which is contrary to his own vision.

And so one might indefinitely analyse and speculate on the subtleties and idiosyncrasies, on the simplicities and complexities of every Caldecott child—or, indeed, of any child—but wisdom born of experience, and acting as a restraining factor to intuitive power, alone can guide us through the pitfalls that beset everyone who is out to find the soul of a child and to secure a free pathway for that soul. It is only in the last decade that the need for such freedom has been realised in all its force, but let us not in an impatient and unwise haste arrive at untested conclusions as to the best means of obtaining ultimate freedom of spirit and self-development. We can but hope that all those who devote their lives to education shall gain the power of discernment which enables them to see what mental

and spiritual food each temperament needs. This discernment is surely not gathered through the application of any prescribed "method" of presenting either knowledge or moral standards, be such a method orthodox or unorthodox. Discernment is learnt from no book, taught at no training college. Experience gained through such mediums are indeed valuable, but only inasmuch as they give a large variety of good tools which, in the hands of a wise master, may be used by him as occasions demand in a hundred different ways. To be truly successful as a teacher or parent one must be equally willing to use and discard the theories and experiences of others, bold enough to launch into the unknown in quest of the child's ego, and sufficiently wise and sane to summon to one's aid all the wisdom of past generations of educators, as well as those of the most modern of masters.



SPIRIT DIVINE

<p>SPIRIT Divine, O hear us, Thou! As in Thy silence deep we bow, Into communion draw us now, Spirit Eternal!</p>	<p>Thy healing presence may we feel, Thy touch divine to us reveal, Grant us Thy peace as here we kneel, Spirit Eternal!</p>
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Enfolded in Thy mystic night,
Keep us till Faith be lost in sight,
Show us Thy inner, hidden light,
Spirit Eternal!

E. PRESTON



THE MUSIC OF POETRY*

By CYRIL SCOTT

II.

(Continued from page 209)

WITH regard to cadence in the musical sense of the word (and that is to say the indication of a close or finish of phrase), as far as we know, no attempts have been made to carry this into poetry. Nevertheless, it offers such possibilities that an early experiment in this direction ought, perhaps, to be quoted:

WILLOWS †

These mournful trees—caressed in the ancient poet's dreams,
That weep their green, unending tears along the silent streams,
Christened by the waste waters, sighing in the breeze;
Willows, weeping, wailing, when the world lulls at ease,
Willows, weeping, wailing; Nature's sorrow-stricken trees,
Maidens stray along the daisied banks and sigh and sing,
Plucking from the daisied grass the dainty buds of spring,
Where the lovers clasp hands and wend their flowery way;
Willows weeping, wailing at the words they say,
Willows weeping wantonly because the world is gay.

And they—
Are sad and grey.

The device is a very simple one, and may at first seem an unnecessary addition—at least, to those who are academically minded—and yet, on reading the poem repeatedly, the two short lines constituting this cadence become essential to the sense of completeness. Why the close proximity of rhyme should give the same effect as a cadence in music is hard to divine, but, at any rate to many, this is the case. That it allows of considerable elaboration in lyric poetry goes without

* All technical terms in this article have been carefully avoided.

saying, and we think that technique is likely to develop along these lines, the foregoing example being the merest indication of melodious cadence. That proximity of rhyme carried throughout a poem produces a very different and banalising effect to its use for the sake of cadence is a matter worthy of note, however, for unless it be combined with irregularity of line or metre its tendency is to produce the effect of doggerel; and doggerel of the worst kind:

Then my thought came back to me.
Little thought what did you see
In the regions whence you come?
And when I spoke my thought was dumb. ‡

But a great poet like Francis Thompson saves himself by an irregular stanza and sometimes with use of words that impel him somewhat towards the grotesque rather than to the banal:

I will not perturbate
Thy paradisaal state
With praise
Of thy dead days.

That it is the unobviousness of the melody which saves the situation, and not the meaning, may readily be seen by interposing words (as we did with Dowson) to regularise the stanza. For how utterly ruinous to the verse does the following regularisation become:

I will not perturbate
Thy paradisaal state
With [loud-resounding] praise
Of thy [departed] days.

We may now pass on to the question of irregular metre and see what possibilities present themselves in this direction, finally coming to one or two subtleties of

† *The Shadows of Silence and the Songs of Yesterday*. C. S.
‡ William Brighty Randa. *Lilliput Lectures*.

word-music, so suggestive in their subtlety that to omit them were to do a gross injustice to our present point of view. We are, however, reluctantly compelled to present our own experiments in this direction as examples, there being, so far as we yet know, no others to replace them.

Now, poetry-lovers are aware that common metres are either *rising* or *falling*, rising if the first syllable is unaccented, falling if accented. It is possible, however, though very seldom done, to diverge from this rule and invent a new rhythm, not by altered *stress* but by taking out the unaccented syllable at certain portions of the line altogether. The following verses exhibit this possibility :

SWANS

On the grey forsaken waters of the long dead park
Pale slanting rays of late summer sunlight smile.
All around the overhanging trees (that ere a little
while
Sacrifice their green sweetness to autumnal-
shadowed cark).
Sway with tuneful melodies of pleasant strain ;
Lulling to the silent wavelets of the swans' listless
train.

We print the second verse to show it coincides entirely with the original, since the first impression on reading verse No. 1 is that we are unable to scan. This time we add the accents to further emphasize our meaning :

In the long unbroken stillness, here the sad nuns
trod,
Chaste brides of Christ that loved, longing, grasp-
ing, home,
And amid the never-ceasing prayers that floated
unto God
One by one they sank calmly, as the Saviour
murmured "Come,"
And with slowly falling alms the convent closed,
Leaving the deserted gardens where the grey hall
reposed.

It is hardly necessary to point out that such variations of rhythm on these lines might lead to the unlimited, and it will

be for the poets of the future to judge how expedient it is to make use of them instead of merely shifting the accent, as some poets hitherto have done, or else allowed a line of very unusual metre to lie among their regular lines here and there, as if it had found its way among them by accident. G. Meredith, for example, has the following line in his *Love in the Valley*.

Under yon beech-tree single on the green-sward.

A line of only eleven syllables, but obviously, though probably accidentally, constructed on the principle we have just quoted. For no attempt whatever is made to systematise it, and the first line of the following verse, as well as containing the extra syllable, relapses into conventional metre, thus :

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,
giving, from the melodic point of view, a distinct anti-climax, in which the unusualness of the music is entirely lost. We may give another example of an experiment made on the same method as Meredith's first line quoted, but again varied :

Eve—warm and sad—as the last shine glimmers.
And the pallid flowers sigh in the soft air ;
Love—found at last—in her calm soul shimmers :
Perfumes wafting, breezes wakening scents
strange and fair.

As to the effects of shifted accent, they are at times of exquisite melodic beauty, although liable to give the effect of device in helping the poet out of a difficulty rather than one of premeditation and design. Certainly Dowson produced a powerful effect in the last line of the following verse, taken from his poem *The Carthusians* :

From many lands they came, in divers fiery ways,
Each knew at last the vanity of earthly joys,
And one was crowned with thorns, and one was
crowned with bays,
And each was tired at last of *the world's foolish*
noise.

An instance of shifted accent in every line (save the third) is found in the following, and systematically carried out in the subsequent verses :

On the sloping banks of the great silent river,
 Near its falling edges, in the dolorous Rhine-lands,
 A lonely grave-yard lies, round which the poplars
 shiver,
 Where nuns go plucking lilies with their passion-
 less pale hands.
 And the leaflets sigh in the soft-perfumed sadness,
 While the darkling mosses glisten over the
 grave-stones :
 As if a faded emblem of the earth-forsaken glad-
 ness
 That lingers faintly fragrant from the skeleton
 dried bones.*

And now, in conclusion, we come to those subtleties of melody, which, unless pointed out, would, we think, entirely escape the notice, especially of those who are solely cognisant of English poetry and not with that of other languages — and we allude to that form of nuance produced by the juxtaposition of words containing the same number of syllables, or else diminishing in number. For example :

And within our languid hearts a mild sorrow
 sighs ;
Morning's summer sorrow sighs.

or again :

Lingering passionate sad tears flows
 Within these sounds of melancholy strain,

for although this nuance is to be found in German poetry, it is more unusual in that of England, where evidently very little attention has been paid to producing effects through its means. A scrutiny of English verse, in fact, brings to our notice that a large percentage of lines consist almost entirely of one-syllabled words. Such as

So shall we not part at the end of day—
 and again :

Ah, mine eyes close not, and tho' he knows not,
 My lips on his be tender while you may :

for it will be noticed that out of the last nineteen words, there is only one consisting of two syllables. The effect of a judicious admixture of variously syllabled words produces at once a more dignified melody; but it is questionable whether many (or any) poets have purposely placed such variously syllabled words to-

* *The Grave Yard*, from *The Shadows of Silence and the Songs of Yesterday*. C. S.

gether, or apart, at certain junctures of the line in order to obtain a musical design. The charming melody of the first line of Gray's *Elegy* we attribute to the placement of the two two-syllabled words in so propitious a manner. For :

The *curfew* tolls the knell of *parting* day
 presents a melodious peacefulness of surpassing beauty; though the three vowel sounds of *ur*, *ell*, and *ar* have much to do with it. At any rate we may safely pre-
 sage that if design were used in this matter, effects of increased poetical and musical beauty would be the result, and many undreamt of possibilities brought before our notice in the future.

In conclusion, for space permits of no further elaboration of a vast subject, we can but express the hope that something may be achieved with the few hints set forth in this article. That there are masters of art on higher planes always endeavouring that every phase and possibility of beauty should become manifest when the time is ripe, we do not doubt—and it may just be possible that the musician's ear may be used by them to indicate certain nuances which the poet, pure and simple, has overlooked. Certain it is that music and poetry are inter-blended, as we gather from the ancient bards, whose vocation it was to improvise both music and verse in conjunction. Why in more modern times this conjunction no longer exists is hard to say, and still more difficult of solution when account is taken of the fact that many poets of the nearer past have had no taste whatever for music—though the immortal Shakespeare was not one of them. Nor can we conjecture whether a variation of the ancient bard will re-appear in the future, and we shall find more instances of the poet-musician—as Richard Wagner was—to enrich the world of art. At any rate one thing is assured—namely, that all spiritual evolution is tending towards unity, and not separateness, and therefore where there is unity of life there must also be unity of art; each art helping to beautify the other until the goal of perfection is attained.

MATERNITY AND CHILD WELFARE

By E. J. SMITH

The Factory System

VI.

This serious indictment shows plainly the struggle of the mother to do the double work of maternity and the factory. In regard to the father we seem to condone licentiousness and only object to its results.

FAMILIARITY and profit are wonderfully potent forces for promoting blindness to what would otherwise be obvious, and it may be taken for granted that nobody is so unconscious of the evils emanating from the factory system as those most intimately associated with it. But these articles would be false to facts and experience if they did not make it unmistakably clear that so long as mill life is permitted to absorb mothers and young children, it must continue to be a gravely disintegrating factor in the homes of the people concerned, and even more costly to an indifferent nation than in the meantime it is profitable to the industries it would ultimately ruin.

Girls who have left school for half-time employment at twelve years of age, or for full-time labour at fourteen, and have continued in the factory till they were married, cannot in the natural order of things be either reasonably domesticated or otherwise qualified for their new and infinitely more important duties of wife and mother; but as their work has been helpful both to employers and parents, the fact that it has prevented their equipment for the supreme purpose of life is entirely overlooked, as are many of the human experiences in which the greater is subordinated to the less. If, however, they possessed every qualification, it would be a physical impossibility for them to work ten

hours a day in the factory—which, including going, returning, and meals, means twelve hours—and do their duty to themselves, their homes, and their husbands, while when in addition to being wives they are also mothers, the task is not only beyond the bounds of possibility, but to the extent to which the family increases in number, the work means slavery for them, cruelty for their little ones—who, winter and summer alike, must be dragged out of bed not later than six o'clock in the morning and taken to "nurse" by those who, as a rule, have only a pecuniary interest in them—and a menaced race for the nation.

Under such circumstances, it must be apparent that so long as mothers are obliged to work in the mill in order to "make both ends meet" in the home, or wives have to choose between factory labour, with its limited hours, social conditions, and momentary advantages, and motherhood, with its exacting duties, added needs, and stationary income, so long will the birth-rate continue to fall and the country drift to the not far distant future when wealth must cease to be accumulated owing to the absence of new life.

It is only culpable thoughtlessness that leads us to believe that such mothercraft as is indispensable to modern conditions always comes by instinct, and that anyone in skirts can

manage a home and do justice to its children; for the most capable wife and mother, blessed by a good education, adequate means, a house conveniently adapted to domestic needs, and devoting the whole of her time to the hundred and one duties of her office, knows how far her best efforts fall short of the ideal she would fain realise. These are facts that people who would willingly convert every woman into a wage-earning machine would do well to ponder, for the time is coming when the nation will have to choose between mothers and money. It must be equally clear that so long as it is either necessary, or selfish employers and parents are allowed, to convert children with frail bodies and only very partially trained minds into fortune-making or family-supporting institutions, we are permitting influences to gather round them which are fatal to that development of body, mind, and heart in adolescence without which wholesome and elevating maturity can never be reached.

The wealth-producing possibilities found to be inherent in the factory system transferred men's minds from the mutual helpfulness of service to the selfish occupation of money-making, and the shorter hours, better conditions, and higher wages to which a reasonable proportion of the large profits ought most certainly to have been applied were entirely neglected, if not ignored, except in so far as trades unions—for which such indifference is responsible—were strong enough to extract them. It is here surely where commercialism breaks down, and if the moral and spiritual atmosphere has been rarefied, and altruism and brotherhood have eked out a precarious existence, no one can wonder, for until we recognise and reward service instead of wealth, we shall continue to enslave both ourselves and our children, however successfully we may delude each other into believing we are free men. It is, of course, true that the older captains of industry would say these were the very conditions in which they were reared, and point to their own success as the best possible proof of the

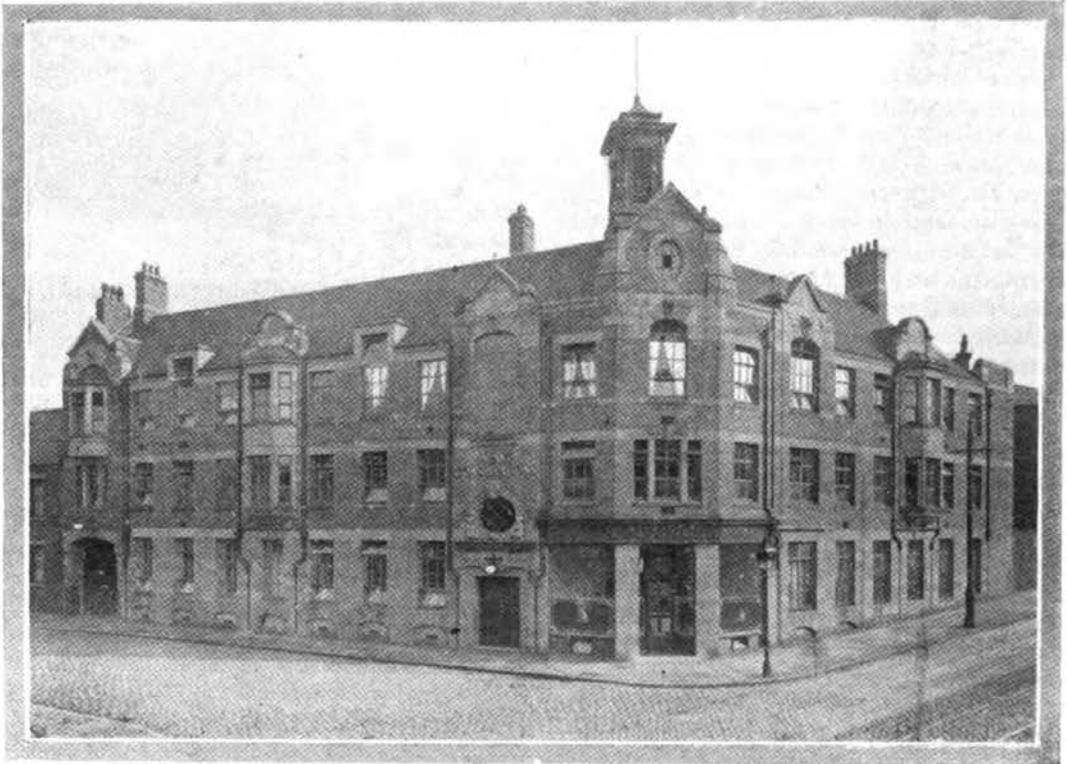
soundness of the system; but though they were the type of supermen of their generation and in no sense a fair sample of the bulk, their actions constitute the best possible answer to their words, for, to their credit be it said, they kept their own wives at home and their children at school, and thus deprived them both of the environment and experience they are so anxious other people should enjoy.

We forget that in the old days the textile industries were carried on in the home, where comb pots, spinning jennies, and handlooms were part of the furniture of the house, and that consequently the children were always more or less subject to parental supervision and control. The introduction of steam power rendered domestic workshops obsolete, revolutionised the clothing trade, and helped to win for Britain the sobriquet of "The Workshop of the World," but it not only eliminated the home influences of the earlier period, it actually introduced child slavery, and though, not because of, but in spite of, the people who were amassing fortunes out of the untimely labour of the little ones, philanthropists ultimately succeeded in humanising the system somewhat, it still lowers, in far too many instances, the standards of purity and clean living by substituting promiscuous social intercourse among young people who are neither fitted for nor able to protect themselves against the pitfalls of premature freedom.

EDUCATION.—Coupled to the singularly undesirable influence which the factory exerts on the receptive and responsive minds of children is a system of teaching which, if judged by results, appears to overlook the fact that "Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life," and by imparting knowledge which includes something of everything and not much of aught, and cramming instruction in instead of drawing native ability out, promotes superficiality and weakness to supply the need for thoroughness and strength, as though an attractive but flimsy superstructure could do duty for, or in some way dispense with, the solid foundations of character and conduct

upon which alone the great purposes of our being can be built. In the same way it seems to be understood that such fundamentally supreme and vital questions as "self-knowledge, self-reverence and self-control" are more or less outside its province, and so it fails to cultivate and develop those thoughtful, earnest, and elevating qualities in children which not only fortify them against evil, but enable

tainted amusements, producing in later years a harvest that lowers the moral tone of whole communities and expresses itself in rampant suggestiveness, low morality, and wicked living, which increases in intensity as the centres of great cities are reached. These in their turn form basic parts of the well-nigh inextricable tangle of problems involved in the falling birth-rate, infant mortality, and the damage



INFANTS' DEPARTMENT. FRONT OF BUILDING

them to become stalwarts for truth and honour and God. This unfortunate concatenation of circumstances puts a premium on precocity and boldness at the expense, and to the detriment, of natural and healthy growth, and results in an incredible number of children knowing far more about pernicious practices than their parents. The seeds of evil once sown in prepared soil, throw out roots like the tentacles of an octopus, and feed on unseemly conversation, street parades, and

rate, and help to constitute that vicious circle of menaces to child life which can never be destroyed by our playing with effects instead of taking our courage in both hands and abolishing causes. Indeed, our namby-pamby ways of approaching reform not infrequently give a new lease of life to the very evils we set out to suppress, because in modifying them we appease the public opinion that would otherwise destroy them.

VENEREAL DISEASE.—It is impossible

to leave the educational aspect of the problem of maternity and child welfare without referring to the terrible indictment embodied in the recent Report of the Royal Commission on Venereal Disease, which has not been taken seriously by the public because our habit of turning a blind eye to such unsavoury subjects has persuaded us that they are scourges which belong to the wicked Continent, and as they are never likely to infest these shores, we think the findings must have been grossly exaggerated.

How fallacious such conclusions are is unfortunately well known to those most intimately associated with the awful and depressing experiences that are multiplying at child welfare centres as the war goes on, and which it is gravely to be feared will become epidemic when it is over unless the most drastic steps are taken to prevent it. Indeed, the sooner we give up deluding ourselves and throw off that culpable indifference and superiority out of which our perils grow, the better it will be both for ourselves and our children, because the fact that such a report is possible proves how miserably the moral and spiritual education of the schools and churches has failed us.

How is the problem to be faced? The Government has undertaken to spend a very large amount of public money in trying to cure, not illicit sexual intercourse, but the terrible results accruing from it, and in order to induce guilty men and women to submit themselves for treatment, we are invited to give vice a semi-respectable appearance and look leniently upon crimes that threaten the race, impose martyrdom upon innocent women and condemn helpless little ones to torture and an early grave, a process that looks very much like out-Germaning the Germans, who take no exception to licentiousness but object to the disorders associated with it. Let us do all we can by using every available means to modify and, where possible, stamp out these atrocious maladies, but do not let us put a premium on immorality by first dressing the wolf in sheep's cloth-

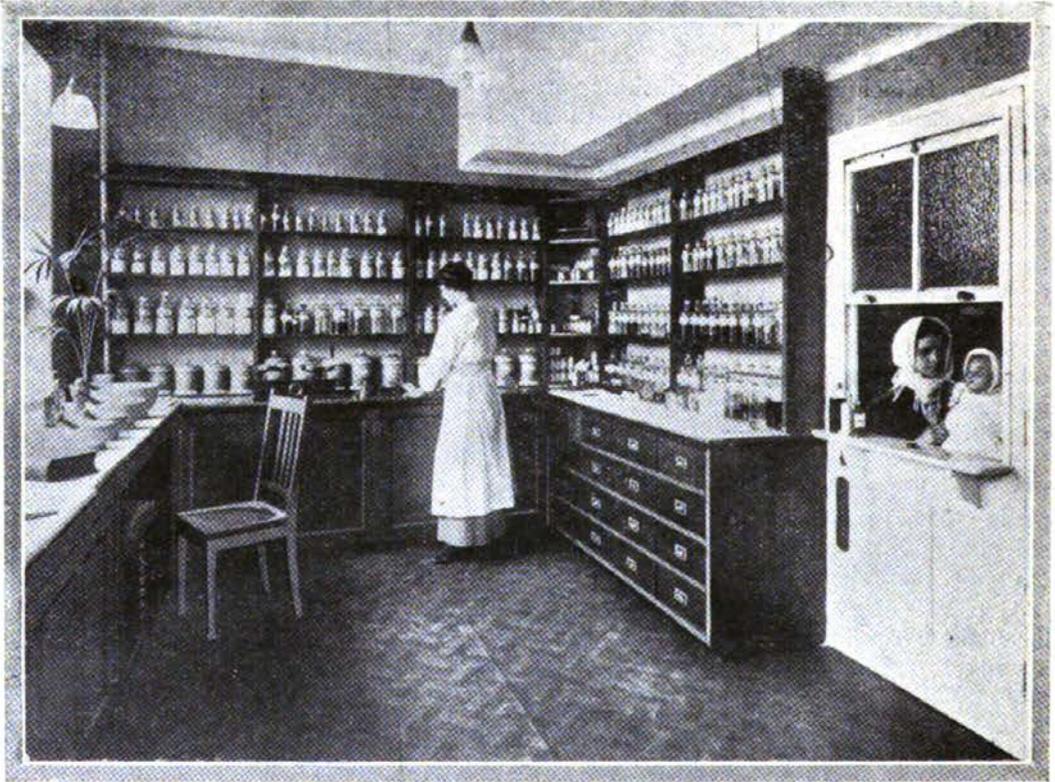
ing and then making the vicious habit easy and safe by offering to treat criminals as though they were respectable citizens suffering from a justifiable disease. Who is to protect the nation against these outrages on society? Has it no rights except to provide free treatment for those who commit them, and to take and maintain in prisons, workhouses, hospitals, and asylums, the wreckage which their diabolical traffic throws on to human scrap-heaps? Why do we permit the pernicious seed to be sown in one place and the harvest to be stored in another, with the result that the sources of our horrors are not associated with their effects, and fresh creatures of God are continually being brought to the slaughter? It is evident we have toyed with the monster as we have pandered to its inseparable and indispensable ally, drink, till we are afraid of them both, and must needs try to speak them fair, though they threaten the very existence of the State. But we are playing with fire that can easily become a consuming conflagration, for the alarming prevalence of the disease is the best possible proof that an inordinate number of people are already involved in the accursed habit, and the manner in which it is dealt with will go far to determine whether its devotees are to be enormously multiplied and our peril proportionately increased, or the coming generations are to be freed from what must otherwise prove their undoing. Clearly, if lewdness is to be whitewashed till it assumes the appearance of a plausible indulgence, and the medical aspect of the unsavoury problem is to submerge the ethical, the reflex action upon the weak and vicious members of the community will be such as to open the very floodgates of immorality. What will then become of maternity and child welfare? Have we stopped to think? Are we asking ourselves pertinent questions and trying to find answers to them before it is too late?

HOW DOES THE TROUBLE COME ABOUT?—If one were to ask, What is the cause of venereal disease, the answer would probably be that in the overwhelm-

ing number of cases it arises from sexual intercourse with infected persons, and in a very minor degree from contagion, and many well-meaning people have so far lost all sense of proportion that they would not hesitate to protect the innocent few by methods that would make it well-nigh impossible to reduce the number of the guilty many, and thus join hands with those who seek to bolster up and

moral to venereal disease would be to incur the censure of worldly wisdom, which always regards such teaching as the work of cranks, for in their judgment it is soon enough to tackle evil when it has asserted itself sufficiently to become a public nuisance and danger.

Yet it cannot be disputed that it originates in such mistakes as lack of parental control, liberty that is allowed to run



INFANTS' DEPARTMENT. DISPENSARY

fortify the infernal traffic by any and every plausible excuse that human ingenuity can devise or money buy.

In ascertaining causes, however, it would be prudent to go very much further back and have regard to infinitely smaller beginnings. To say that an acorn when put into the ground is insignificant in size and appearance, but grows through storm and tempest until it becomes the monarch of the forest, would be to express the obvious; but to apply the

to licence, indecent stories—often told by people who claim to be eminently respectable—suggestive posters and unwholesome plays that pander to and stimulate the animal passions which need exactly the opposite treatment; and though the influence emanating from these destructive forces—which are strangely ignored—may in the first instance be like a snowflake that would melt on your hand in a moment, we must not forget that a multiplicity of snow-

flakes both can and do create avalanches that sweep away villages and bring ruin and devastation in their train. In the same way drink, which is almost invariably the decoy upon which the profligate depends, does not undermine will-power and self-respect all at once, but, like the spring that trickles out of the mountain's breast, it gathers as it goes until it becomes the roaring torrent. If immorality is to be held in check we shall have to go back to child training and education, to better homes, moral teaching, and a factory system that has regard to the well-being of the children employed under it. "Our sin is not low achievement, but the absence of high aim." The man who loves his wife cannot be responsible for venereal disease, neither can the woman who honours her husband, and it must be equally certain that celibates who revere the noble attributes with which God has endowed His children can never be guilty of dragging them in the mire.

*This above all : to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.*

Venereal clinics may do something to limit the spread of infection, and it is sincerely to be hoped that when the war is over the military authorities will decline to discharge a single man who is suffering from disease until he is free. Legal barriers—which cannot be defended so long as they discriminate between men and women—may, if made equitable, help to suppress the more blatant forms of corruption, but neither can ever eradicate the cause, for morality is not the product of either drugs or statutes, but the atmosphere of purity and strength in which uncleanness of thought, word, or deed slink into the recesses of oblivion. Thoughtful men and earnest women can render no higher service to the State than by promoting with ceaseless vigilance the chastity of its people, for such national foundations are as indestructible as those of licentiousness are destined to crumble and decay.

TILL THEN.—In the meantime it will be apparent: (1) That however admirably

maternity and child welfare schemes may be carried out, they cannot destroy the causes from which their problems spring, and that those engaged in them must suffer the discouragement involved in grappling with, and mitigating as far as may be, the terrible results they cannot control. (2) That though no limit can be imposed upon a declining birth-rate until it has been actually wiped out, there is a point below which infant mortality cannot go until the problems responsible for it have been solved. (3) That consequently such compensation for diminishing births as can be extracted from the falling death-rate is rapidly running its course as the latter approaches the limit imposed upon it by the bad stock and worse conditions from which a steadily rising proportion of children are coming. (4) That it will be much easier to allow the maternal instinct and love of infants that converts the inevitable sacrifice their helplessness calls forth, into a pleasure, to die a natural death through sheer inanition than to resuscitate it when the need for new life becomes imperious.

Before leaving the subject of education the writer would like to make two suggestions—first, that it cannot be less necessary to train older girls for domestic and maternal duties under a system of apprenticeship than it is to render a similar service to boys for the callings they are likely to follow, and that nothing short of such tuition, under something equivalent to half-time service divided between school houses, properly equipped with every domestic convenience, a carefully elected staff, and infants and young children, and the girls' ordinary occupation, can possibly meet the need. Second, that sex teaching to adolescent children has become imperative, but if it is to do good and not harm it needs more than knowledge and the faculty to impart it to others; it needs reverence that will create and maintain the atmosphere of purity. Many teachers possess the one who lack the other, and no greater misfortune could befall scholars than to come under the influence of strictly materialistic minds rather than

the spell of those whose lives evolve the love they give.

BACK TO ENDOWMENT.—But the factory and educational aspects of the problem are obviously dependent upon the endowment of motherhood, for until the obligation to work in the mill has been removed by such a grant neither are feasible; and when it is remembered that less money would be required to lift child life out of the conditions in which it must continue to perish than is spent on drink (the appalling incubus of which every country in the world seems more anxious to be rid of than ourselves), one of its greatest and most callous enemies, the way we neglect the one and respect the other is a pretty reliable index of the relative importance we attach to life and money. Yet until the State adopts an entirely new standard of values it will keep on driving the mother from home and the child from school to supplement the father's earnings by wages earned in the factory.

When shall we be wise enough to

throw off this economic subjection and learn that the type of wife and mother who alone can save Britain must not be sacrificed to money-making, but be consecrated to the highest duty in the land in order that she may give her life, under the most favourable conditions, to the God-ordained and supremely patriotic duty of so caring for those whose little feet have still to come along the world's highway that they may grow into brave men and pure women? Whatever interferes with that divine purpose, be it unjust laws, industrial systems, ignorance, or sin, is not only a flagrant enemy of the State, but, what is still more terrible, a violator of the birthright of the unborn.

Could the epoch of reconstruction that must follow the war be used for a more urgent, humane, or remunerative purpose than that of turning our minds to the great and abiding realities of love and service, that we, and those who come after us, may cease to mar, and begin truly to enjoy, the rich and glorious inheritance our Maker has bequeathed to us?



THE GREAT CITY

WHERE the city of the faithfullest friends stands;
 Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands;
 Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands;
 Where the city of the best bodied mothers stands—
 There the Great City stands.

WALT WHITMAN



AN OCCULT VIEW OF EDUCATION

A Talk to Students

By ANNIE BESANT

This is part of a paper appearing in the May "Theosophist." It will reach in the "Herald" a different circle of readers.

YOU know how much stress has been laid, especially by my brother, Mr. Leadbeater, on the result of the influences which surround a young child, even from before birth onwards. Now that has puzzled some of our students, because, while they accept what they call karma, they do not understand the laws under which new bodies are formed. The ego brings with him certain possibilities for moods of consciousness, which we call faculties. He brings with him, also, the mental, astral, and etheric matter roughly formed during the antenatal period, but only roughly formed; what you might almost call aggregations which had not yet been properly linked up.

As to the way in which this process proceeds, you can get a very good analogy in those peculiar cells in the brain which have been examined very closely of late years. There are somewhat larger cells in the brain cortex which do not subdivide as normal cells subdivide. You know how the growth of the body consists in a subdivision of cells already existing, a subdivision continually repeated so that each of a group of similar cells subdivides; and that process goes on and on until you have a great mass of similar cells. That differentiation of cells begins by the action of cells within themselves and on each other; some change from the inside and some from the outside, according to differences of pressure, chemical change, and so on, in the antenatal period, until gradually you get the various tissues

started out of these cells by external and internal causes, and the various organs built up, out of the tissues which ultimately form the human body.

But there is a certain small set of cells which do not go through this process, but which work their way up to the upper part of the embryo; those do not sub-divide, and when the child is born they are still separate, and remain separate for a considerable period in the postnatal life. But changes go on within the cells, and they send out branches. These branches, after a time, meet. They come into contact, and the intervening dividing walls of the two branches are absorbed so that they are completely intercommunicating and you have, so to speak, a channel—an intercommunicating channel. This process goes on and on for some seven years, until a fair network is formed, becoming more and more complicated later on.

That is where you get the physical reason for the seven years that are so much emphasised in connection with the coming down of the ego to take possession. Physiologists and psychologists (the two sciences run together very much during the early years) point out that until this complex network is made by the interlacing and intercommunicating of all these miniature roots, the child cannot reason to any great extent, and he ought not to be made to reason to any great extent; not that he should not see simple causes and their consequences, but he should not be given any mental process of complicated reasoning which might put

upon him too great a strain. They therefore tell you, what the Occultist has always said, that the earlier years of life should be given to observation, rather than to reasoning. Get the child to observe as much as he can, and to acquire the power of observation. The senses are then very, very keen, keener than they are later in life. Utilise their early days for observation of facts, and let them be collected in the child's brain; but do not try to force them into any complicated process of reasoning. Let the life in the child, or, as we should say, the ego overbrooding the child, not receive impulses to anything that may not help this developing of the soul.

When this complex network has been made out of the union of these separated cells, you have the part of the brain in which the reasoning process takes place; and these intercommunicating groups become finer, more numerous, more perfectly communicating as the child grows into the youth, the youth into the man, and the man grows mature. And the power of reasoning is growing all that time, scientists would tell us. What we say is that the power of reasoning in the ego is becoming more manifest as time goes on, and it has a physical mechanism through which it can show itself in this outer physical world. Now, while that is the case with the brain, there is a constant process of co-ordination going on also in the physical body, especially in the nervous system. In the lower mind the ray of the ego (which is playing upon the mental body, as it were, from above and around), which develops the whole, is exercising on the individual child a pressure something like that which in the earlier part of the Race was exercised on the animal-man before the connection with the ego was made.

The individual and the Race run along parallel lines. When the brain is ready the ego comes more closely into touch and permeates it; that is, the causal body becomes linked up very much more with the mental body through the astral and the physical, and the whole becomes a single mechanism intercommunicating

in all its parts. During the whole of this process the external impacts are enormously important in their play upon the consciousness. That consciousness, bringing with it the past skandhas—mental and emotional tendencies—gathers these round him again. It becomes, then, enormously important to help this growing life to choose the best possible materials to build into itself, and the influences which should be brought to bear upon it through the consciousness are those which ought to repel the less useful particles which would otherwise aid the lower types of consciousness in the ego to show themselves. Those should be starved out by not giving them the material—mental, astral, and physical—which would enable them to manifest and to develop.

On the other hand, one should try to stimulate all those faculties which are on the upward arc, by supplying any amount of good thought, good feeling, good physical conditions, so that everything that the young child comes into touch with on all these lower planes may be of the best. That ought to be the effort of the parent and also of the teacher.

It is obvious that, with the ignorance nowadays prevalent, both in teachers and parents, all of this works out in a very haphazard fashion. It might all be co-ordinated to the best good of the child by proper knowledge, and that will be the case more and more as the races evolve. It was done to a great extent by the Rishis themselves in the past when they were living among the people who were in what you might call the baby stage. They helped very much in all this arrangement of the influences around the children and so quickened their evolution.

Later, the people were left to themselves to learn, and evolution for a time almost looks as if it were going back; it is not really doing so, but outward evolution for the time is not great. Then comes the period when, having developed large numbers of people to a higher stage, evolution becomes more rapid. So during the Sixth and Seventh Races the rate of evolution will be greater com-

pared with what it has been in the earlier stages of the co-operation of human beings, highly evolved, who quickened the evolution of the lower racial types.

All that, as we have so often pointed out, will come back to us on a higher spiral. Meanwhile, those who understand this can help very much in the evolution of the child, even though it is perfectly true that the nature of the ego is stronger than any outward circumstances you can bring to bear upon him in the way of education, and so on. The old phrase that "nature is stronger than nurture," which was temporarily reversed in the earlier stage of scientific progress, should be borne in mind. Nurture is of enormous importance, because it can starve out the bad germs and quicken the good ones. Artificial cultivation in that way quickens evolution to an extraordinary extent.

If you will remember that all through, you will be able to solve the questions that are often asked in connection with education. The child is a life that reacts; it is not a mere thing that, as Robert Owen and others thought, could be created by its surroundings. That was the mistake upon which all the old Socialist colonies broke up; they still had human beings in them, and their idealistic schemes did not work. Now, with an understanding of the two factors, very much can be done if people live together who realise these things more fully. And we shall have that in the colonies which will surround the beginnings of the Sixth Root Race; all these outside influences will be brought to bear, and the best possible conditions provided to evolve swiftly the beginnings of the Race. That is always done when a Race is beginning, and it is done, to a very more limited extent, when a sub-race is beginning. Special care is taken to start it along the new line.

That is the reason why Theosophy should take the lead in education at the present time, at a time of transition like this. There is a certain amount of knowledge among Theosophists which enables them to judge of the value of the condi-

tions with which the young should be surrounded, which enables them to see whether they are faulty, and enables them to suggest better methods.

It is because of that knowledge that Theosophists should take the lead in the great educational reforms which are now showing themselves as coming in, over the entire civilised world. You may notice that, even in the stress of the struggle in England, there is a decided educational movement to prepare along better lines for that which will come after the War. The War itself has acted as a stimulus to a better line of education. In England there is much more opportunity for testing improved educational methods than there is here, for reasons which are well known to you. But even here in India we are doing the best we can, in the face of tremendous difficulties, to improve the educational system. I have no doubt in my own mind that it will be done, if we co-operate. Such is our duty as regards educational matters. How to do it will tax our very best qualities of intelligence and judgment. To go headlong into a scheme without careful consideration would be a failure. Where you have to deal with physical matter, and people encased in physical matter, you cannot change things as quickly as you can change them on the astral or the mental planes. Physical matter is not as plastic; it will break if overstrained. So we must use our best thought, our best powers of judgment, and exercise patience.

But we must seize every opportunity, and it is the seizing of opportunity which is the greatest deficiency in the character of everybody. More and more, dealing, as I am dealing now, with occult knowledge in physical things, I find this difficulty in connection with some of the people with whom I am working. It is not a want of earnestness in them; it is not a want of goodwill; it is not a want of ordinary intelligence at all—there is plenty of all that. But it is a want of that particular alert faculty of the mind which, when an opportunity presents itself, seizes it at once and takes advantage of it.

There is very little of that faculty amongst us. You have to persuade people who are going along a particular path that they should change their way of going. To change the way in which they are accustomed to go means a very large amount of strength and courage, which few people possess. Therefore, I do want all of you to try to develop that peculiar faculty which means the seizing of an opportunity and the holding it. You know it is the faculty which is developed among boys by the playing of their games. The difference between a good player and a bad player is that the former sees the moment when there is an opportunity, and he rushes forward and grasps it and wins. That is the kind of faculty you want in the important matters of life.

You want to grasp an opportunity when it is just passing through the air, as it were, and catch it and hold it; and that means success. All round us opportunities float, and the great difference between people is not the difference of opportunity (as many of our Radical friends say), but the power to grasp an opportunity when it is in your way. There are a few people of enormously strong will who create opportunities, to whom the opportunity does not come, but who, meaning to be something or other, make an opportunity for themselves and succeed. Charles Bradlaugh was one of those men. But there are others round whom opportunities, so to speak, are always floating—even knocking up against them. But they do not see them, or catch hold of them, or do anything.

Now, try to make all of your minds a little bit more alert in the sense that a good player of a game is always on the look-out, alert and always watching. That is what is meant in the phrase "seeing His slightest signal." It is the attitude toward the Master in which one is always trying to feel as He is feeling, and acting the moment you catch His thought. It means a great mental alertness and vigour. It is the strained

attitude of attention, exactly as you might be if you were intently listening for a carriage coming from a distance. You are listening; something is approaching, and your ear is strained to catch the very first sound. You are in the very reverse of the condition of being indifferent and careless, so that if the sound came you would not notice it. The very first vibration of that sound would reach the ear that was turned to hear it. It is that same idea that you want in the mental attitude. If you would only do that habitually, you would all be grasping opportunities and we should soon have things within our reach.

Another point in connection with the early development of the child is that of the conditions deliberately brought to bear on him. Some of the religions have tried to meet that. The Hindus had various ceremonies by which they surrounded with pure influences both the mother and the child before birth and after birth. The whole object of those was to create the special conditions which warded off the lower influences and which, by that external help, also brought in the higher influences. That was devised by wise men who understood these methods. They were accepted in the earlier stages by people who did what they were told, and so, by obeying, they gained the advantage of a knowledge of occult laws which they did not themselves possess. Now we are again working up to that by gaining knowledge of the laws in a different way. These ceremonies were very valuable; they had a certain effect on the developing infant and they helped the child to have a better body—physically, astrally, and mentally—than it would otherwise have had. It seems unfortunate that a large number of people, who ought to know better, have dropped these methods because they do not understand them. They are in a state of evolution, an intermediate stage, when they have neither the teachableness of the child nor the knowledge of the grown-up man.

THE CHRIST THAT IS TO BE

By CHARLOTTE DESPARD

Notes of an Address given at the Queen's Hall, London, January 31, 1917.

I TAKE as the basis of that of which I desire to speak to you this evening the words :

"Ring out the darkness of the land.
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

I feel them to be peculiarly appropriate to the present time. We are suffering in many ways—some physically, some mentally; but that which is worst, that which affects us all, is our sore perplexity. How has all this horror come about? When is it to end? What is to come after? we ask, and there is no answer. Everything is wrapped up in a great darkness. We know how paralysing physical darkness is. A child shut up alone in a dark room sees phantoms. They come near: they touch it. Wildly it cries out for help, striking blindly in every direction. The door opens, the light floods in, and it is ashamed of its fears.

The night of the soul, through which so many are passing now, is still more difficult to bear; and it is little wonder that men and women, like imprisoned children, are striking at shadows and crying out piteously for light.

"Ring out the darkness of the land."

Let me recall to you the circumstances under which these words were written. They form a part of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," the poem in which he paid noble tribute to the friend of his youth who had been taken away by death. The year of sorrow dies, and he hears the bells, coming and going, as if a door had shut between him and the sound, as they ring in the young year. And he hails them.

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty night,
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let it die."

There rises before him a vision of the

world as it is and the world as it might be, and his soul goes out in aspiration that the evil things—"old shapes of foul disease, the civic slander and the spite"—may, on those flying bells, be rung out—that there may be rung in the valiant man and free: "The Christ that is to be."

We shall see that for the coming of the Christ there must be preparation. Until the darkness passes, until light has shone upon the people, their spiritual sense is dead, they cannot perceive "the King in his Beauty." It is written of the Word of the Father, when, clothed in the garment of flesh, He dwelt upon earth, "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." Yet, even then, there were some who did perceive Him, and these became the channels through which the memory of that Life, divine in its beauty, the magic of those words of love and wisdom have come down to us along the ages.

The words "Christ that is to be" may be taken in two senses; and on both I desire to speak this evening. Darkness symbolises ignorance and error, sometimes wilful perversity. While the Soul of the Peoples is clouded by the spiritual darkness which these create, the Divine light is unperceived: the still small voice of the Christ is unheard. Let knowledge speak: let the light of Divine wisdom shine through the mists of illusion and the Peoples will see the network with which they are subtly surrounded: they will rend them asunder and stand forth valiant and free.

This is one point of view: the coming of the very Word of the Master into our midst, not in the form only of beautiful maxims heard piously in cathedrals and churches and forgotten almost before our feet have crossed their threshold; but as laws to be obeyed, as rules of action to be

observed, as regulations of our communal life.

"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." Love not the world—meaning the little self and its interests. Rather: "Love as brethren. Be pitiful, be courteous, forgiving one another."

Can we imagine a world built up on *that*? If we can, we shall understand how all the complexities which now so sorely distress us will pass away. How everything will be easy and simple in the reconstruction of which we hear so much.

The other point of view, that with which I wish specially to deal, is the actual coming—the return, according to His own promise, of the great World-Teacher.

With this double thought before us, let us look back to the old story, so familiar to us all, of the coming to earth of the last Avatar, or World messenger: "The people that sat in darkness," it was said, "have seen a great light." It came from the Forerunner. In our familiarity with these ancient records we sometimes lose the strangeness, the dramatic power, of the incidents they narrate. To me there is something peculiarly striking in the figure of the wild prophet from the wilderness appearing suddenly amongst a people sunk in luxury on the one hand, in misery and apathy on the other, and, with his burning words awakening in them, so stinging a sense of evil committed that they throng to him in their multitudes to confess, to promise atonement, and to receive the purification of baptismal waters. Yet John was selfless: "I am a voice," he cried. "There cometh one after me."

We lose, also, in looking at ancient stories as a mere record of events. They are that; but they are more. To me the wild prophet from the wilderness is a symbol and representation of a great spiritual happening. We shall remember, as we look back, that others besides John had been looking for the salvation of God. Simeon and Anna in the temple—the old religious life reviving; the Wise Men, seeking the star. Hebrew woman-

hood represented in Mary the mother, pouring out their glorious *magnificat*: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat: he hath exalted the humble and meek."

On the other hand—and there are many analogies between those days and our own—there was the apparent triumph of worldly magnificence and glory. The Roman Empire dominated the world. Province after province of the peoples whom she proudly called Barbarians had been subjugated. From Britain and Gaul and Germania slaves had been brought by her warriors. There was then as now insane luxury, domination by the strong of the weak, arrogant assumption of superiority by physical force and contempt of humble labour. I sometimes imagine a real Prophet appearing at the Court of the Cæsars and telling the Emperor: "There has been born a child in one of the obscurest provinces of your Empire whose banners will wave where your eagles wave to-day, whose altars will be set up in your temples, whose name will be adored when you and your legions are forgotten."

Short shrift would such a Prophet have had. Yet it was precisely this that happened, explain the miracle as we may! Glancing back at the work of the Forerunner, and bearing in mind the ministry of the Lord Christ, I think we shall see that one of the contributing causes to these mysterious events was the awakening of a social conscience.

History tells us how, through the degeneracy of her children, Rome fell. She became effete: she could not hold her own: the provinces she had conquered fell away from her rule; and at last the Barbarians she had despised came knocking at the gates of the Imperial city.

Meanwhile, through the hope she held out and the appeal she made to the enslaved and the oppressed, the small, long-persecuted Christian Church gained power, finally the impossible happened. Over the young European world the new religion ruled: where the Roman eagles had waved was seen the Banner of the Cross.

Then came the ages of Faith, when men and women brought their love and devotion and skill, their sense of Beauty and their genius, to the service of the Lord whom they loved. We may think of the Middle Ages as barbarous, as primitive, as lacking in breadth of vision and initiative: we may be glad we did not live in those days. Judge that wonderful age by the relics it has left behind—by its architecture, its painting, its wood-carving, its sculpture. Remember that all this was given to the House of God, which was in truth the House of the People; and then ask: Shall we, when our age has passed away, leave such priceless treasures behind us? I think not.

Think, further, of the great truth that lies at the base of all religion—the Brotherhood of Man. The most cursory glance at the ecclesiastical and economic history of that time will be sufficient to show us that the mediæval conception of Brotherhood was far in advance of that generally received now. Monasteries and abbeys, as we gather from such writers as Sir Thomas More, were in England the homes and hostels of the poor. Vagrancy and its penalties arose when the Religious Brotherhoods were dispersed and their lands and dwellings given to private owners. According to ecclesiastical law, the exaction of usury which, in those days, meant taking interest for money, was a mortal sin. The tithe which the Church exacted was divided into three parts: one went to the support of the clergy, another to the festivals of the church, the third (of which the People were robbed at the Reformation) was actually the property of the poor, who could claim help in time of distress.

To the Middle Ages also belong those Industrial Brotherhoods, the Art and Craft Guilds. Into the history of these, which is extraordinarily fascinating, I cannot enter. It is sufficient to say that we find in them a real and true Democracy of Labour. No man could be a master until he learned the craft, and each craft-brother, with those who might be dependent upon him, was cared for and protected by the Guild.

To relate how the Feudal system passed away and how Capitalism took its place would be too long a story. In the last decades of the 18th century and the beginning of the 19th century there came about the Industrial Revolution, through which machines took the place of hands. Then the master became the employer. There grew up companies, syndicates, federations of capital, things as soulless as the materials with which they dealt, and the man, once Guild-brother and Craftsman, became a hand, as a cog in the mighty machine that was grinding out his life. With this the building up of great fortunes. And now—what rules? What made, what supports, the War that is tearing the nations to pieces? We all know. It is money. The War has to be financed. If it had not been for the big money-men who have built ships and made guns, and prepared munitions; if it had not been for the huge sums they have been able to lend, on terms profitable to themselves, to the respective States, the War could not have begun, and it could not go on.

Come back to our prayer, "Ring out the darkness of the land!" Ah! Is there any hope of the darkness rising? If so, in what direction are we to look?

I look where they looked, the men of old time—Isaiah, John, the Christ. I find my hope in the awakening of a Social conscience. We are beginning to be ashamed of the things we see around us. The man and the woman exploited; the woman robbed of her honour and her joy; the child deprived of the gladness of youth; the toil-worn, the weary, the oppressed: these are crying out to us, and we cannot be deaf to their voice. It has been said well: "The physical misery of the world's disinherited is becoming the spiritual misery of the world's heritors."

Again, I find hope in the spirit not only of our fighters, but of those who refuse to fight. From the prison-cell and the Labour-camp as from the battle-field there comes no word of bitterness or hatred.

There is hope to be found in the falling down of barriers, in the breaking-up of conventions, prejudices, boasted superiorities—those that have made the dark-

ness in which we have lived and moved. Gradually there is coming to the birth a new Humanity that will not know fraud or force or fear; but will let love—the common bond—draw and hold its component parts together.

“Ring in the Christ that is to be.” In the depth of our perplexity, in the heart of our darkness, we, like those of old time, to whom the Forerunner came, are looking for a great light: we are expecting the very Lord of light and love, who, in words that could not be mistaken, told His children that He would come again.

Why should it seem so strange? It is no new thing. Over and over again in the world's history, when the need of Humanity was great, the World-Teacher has come. Thoth, in Egypt, Zoroaster in Persia, Pythagoras in Greece, Vyasa, Buddha, Krishna in India, our own Christ in Palestine. One truth, with many aspects, They have brought. Light, Purity, Beauty, Law, Wisdom, Brotherhood, Unity. These are the different facets of the Light: even as within the pure white sun-ray are enclosed the colours of the rainbow—colours we see now, and colours our sense eyes are not able yet to perceive. So with the truth these have brought. May it not be that one of the causes of our sorrow is that we want another facet of the Light?

To those who are able to look behind the veil there are signs which herald His coming. We who live in the rough and tumble of the world have only our love, our intuition, our feeling of the world's supreme necessity.

I speak to those who love the Master—to those to whom the story of that pure and perfect Life, the words of beauty and wisdom which he spoke, are dear; and I ask them to remember His own words.

“I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you.” “I will come again and receive you unto Myself. Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world”—or dispensation.

The early Church believed He would soon come. Over and over again, by precept and by parable, He told them that the times were in the Father's hands,

that what they had to do was to watch—to be as those who are waiting for their Lord.

But whether we look for the Christ in the New Order, or as the Great Teacher, if we would be true to ourselves and to Humanity, we must prepare for His coming.

Do we ask how? In our Order of the Star the way is made plain. Devotion first: that is more than ordinary love, or rather, it is love lifted up into so high a region that all the self in it is purged away. In the *Imitation* by Thomas à Kempis this love-passion is exquisitely summed up.

“It” (love) “feeleth no burdens, thinketh nothing of dangers, would willingly do more than it can do, believeth not in impossibilities, because it knoweth that it can and may do all things.”

And Steadfastness. That is specially wanted now. Not only by indifference, not only by opposition, but by scorn—which is much harder to bear—those who cling tenaciously to the present order would wreck our faith and kill our joy. Steadfastness, poise, balance—will enable us to resist; and there is no tonic like work. Let us each do a little more than we thought yesterday we could do. So will the muscles of the will grow strong.

Finally, whether to-morrow or a few years hence, or to a generation far away along the tides of time, He will come. And to us it should be the same. Our duty is to prepare: our joy and our privilege to be always ready.

“It may be in the evening, when the work of the day is done,

And we have time to sit in the gloaming and watch the setting sun,
While the long, bright day dies slowly over the sea,
And the air grows quiet and holy with thought of Me.

When you hear the village children running along the street,

Amid their thronging footsteps you may catch the sound of My feet.

Therefore I tell you, watch by the light of the evening star.

While the room is growing dusky, as the clouds afar.

Let the door be on the latch in your home.

For it may be through the gloaming I will come.”

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF INDIA

By JAMES H. COUSINS

Mr. Cousins went to India in October, 1915, as an assistant editor of "New India." From then until July, 1916, he worked under Mrs. Besant in the office of the paper in Madras. He then went to the Theosophical College at Madanapalle, a hundred and fifty miles inland from Madras, the birthplace of the Head of the Order of the Star in the East. Here he became Professor of English, and subsequently took charge of the treasury of the College and High School. During his stay in India, Mr. Cousins has had much opportunity for coming in contact with many phases of Indian life, and he will tell some of his experiences and impressions in articles to "The Herald of the Star." It is expected that the series will give some glimpses of the life of the Protector of the Order of the Star in the East.

STRICTLY speaking, there is no religious life in India; that is to say, no department that one can put one's finger on and call specifically religious in contrast with some other department that is undeniably secular. Life in India is religion: it begins with the first certainties of a new being, goes ceremonially through pre-natal stages, and does not cease until long after the vital spark has returned towards its source. I write these opening sentences in the shade of a grove of majestic tamarind trees, within sight of a growing pile of granite buildings that will become a place of pilgrimage in years to come as a centre of spiritual and mental power. From the typically South Indian town of Madanapalle, half a mile away, the sound of drums comes, mixed with wafts of the nasal music of the oboe and the queer cry of a temple horn, whose single note speaks the sacred Word.

A herdsman is sitting on the top of a group of rocks a hundred yards away singing lustily a song which I recognise as one in praise of Sri Krishna, while his long-necked goats, with dangling ears, rummage with amazing unconcern among the sharp spines of the prickly cactus. A little later, if I wait, I shall hear faintly the moving cry of the Mouzan (muezzin) from the platform of the Muhammadan

mosque in the town, as he throws back his white-turbaned head, puts his spread hands on each side of his mouth and long grey beard, and calls the faithful to prayer.

Thus, and in many other ways, the all-pervading sense of the Invisible shows itself externally to the observer who is sufficiently in touch with the spirit of universal religion to be able to overstep his prejudices, and yet sufficiently removed from the outward manifestations to be able to enjoy the diversity and beauty of all more freely than if he was bound to any.

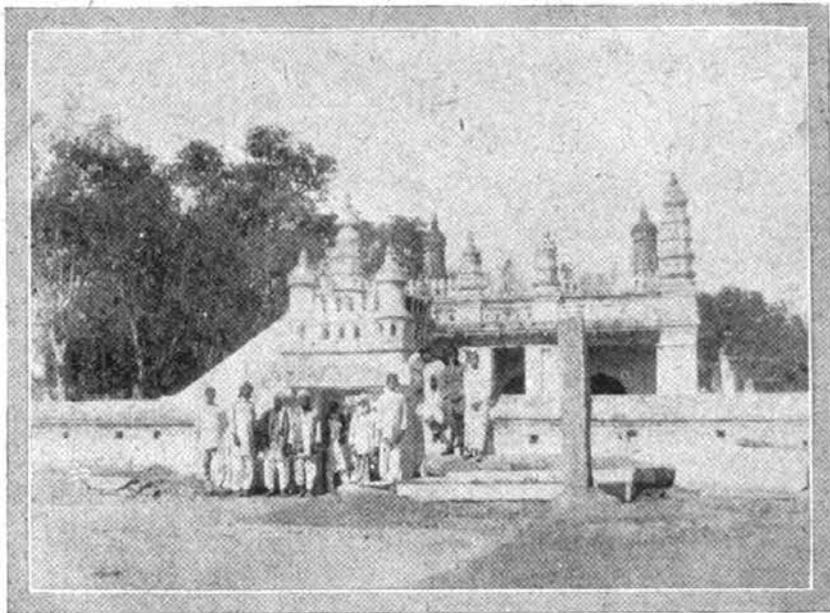
THE DANCE OF SHIVA

I fancy it is some such attitude, and an unconscious adjustment, accordingly, of my conduct towards my Indian brethren and sisters, that have enabled me to come into contact with the ceremonial expressions of India's religious life with almost native intimacy. I cannot fully tell how it is done: I only know in a general kind of way that an aggressive search will result in nothing or in misapprehension; and that the best way to see the tank festival of Vishnu is not to look closely, but to buy oranges from a hawker on the steps of the tank, and give one section to a naked brown baby for every one you eat, as you sit unobtrusively among the

crowd in the moonlight. The division becomes an international act of assimilation through the children to the parents, and you feel your white skin toning down until the colour bar disappears, and you slide into the heart of India's mystery.

It was in this oblique way that I saw my first Hindu festival, and not only saw it, but became part of it. A couple of miles from Adyar there is the village of Tiruvanmur, where, it is said, the sage Valmiki, the recoverer of the *Ramayana*, lived. An old temple of special sanctity

the obscurity of a mound of earth in order to see if the indication beyond the big stone wall would warrant our staying. A voice from the foot of the wall called "Sar." We felt guilty of intrusion, but the caller did not appear resentful when we descended. He was a tall, thin, white-robed young man with clear-cut features and frank eyes, a Brahmana in every movement. He at once addressed us in excellent English enquiring if he could be of service. I do not remember how we replied, but I do remember that before ten



MUHAMMADAN MOSQUE, MADANAPALLE

has been succeeded by a new one, and pilgrimages to the place are frequent and popular. Not long after my arrival in Adyar I learned through drums and trumpets the fact that full moon was a time of special religious activity; and on a night of silver and fireflies my wife and I, piloted by a friend who knew the way, cycled among the square mirrors of the irrigated rice fields to the village, in the hope of catching a glimpse of whatever might be going on. Nothing, however, was observable save a vague light within the temple enclosure, and we climbed into

minutes had passed we were deep in the Vedas and the *Gita*, and I was figuring out the sculpture on the posts of the temple gate, and speculating on the relationship between Karttikeya, the son of Shiva, on his peacock vahan, and Michael, the leader of the hosts of Heaven.

"Perhaps you are Theosophists," he hazarded, unconsciously sensing object two in a state of activity. We all confessed.

"Then you are our friends," he added.

A stream of men and women and babies had begun to pour into the temple en-

closure. The vague light had grown; music had begun. A number of enquiring faces gathered around us as we discussed the differences between the Hindu sects. The identity of our pilot had been discovered by a short young man of wistful countenance, and his success emboldened him to ask me point-blank what my name was. I told him.

"Then perhaps you are the Irish poet?" I admitted that I had been born in Ireland, and owned up to having written poetry; but as for *the*—that was another matter. At the same time I allowed the romance of being unmasked at the gate of a Hindu temple to sink well into my consciousness before allowing some simple explanation of what one might grandiloquently refer to as "a more than European reputation" to blow the romance to pieces. The explanation came, but only concerns my subject to the extent that it showed that Theosophical magazines are not safe to write in if you wish to remain unknown in India.

By this time a chair for the lady of our party had been passed from some unknown quarter from hand to hand over the heads of the crowd that now hemmed us in with kindly scrutiny. It had evidently been whispered abroad in the vernacular that we were all right, and we made a nucleus of pleasant chat under high-held wavering torches beyond whose yellow glare the moon stood full and high just where the leaves of the tall cocoanut palms along the square edge of the tank waved to and fro as though fanning the face of the Queen of Night.

Our first friend informed us that we might see the Dance of Shiva from the temple gate. He said that, so far as he was personally concerned, he knew no reason why we should not be admitted inside, but there were restrictions which the orthodox observed—to which naturally we paid respect. A large gathering filled the enclosure. Torches, drums, and oboes made a strange ensemble of light and sound, with a basis of eager dusky faces and costumes of all colours and quantities. In the centre of the enclosure a number of men held a large stretcher

shoulder high bearing the image of Shiva seated among flowers and brightly coloured embroideries and covered by a large coloured umbrella. The action of dancing was simulated by the bearers taking several steps briskly forward accompanied by music, while punkamen fanned the image. When a certain space had been thus covered by steps and stops and the alternate raising and lowering of each side of the stretcher, the image was taken back to its starting-place and the dance began again—a simple, somewhat tawdry, but deeply moving dramatisation of the active Power in the universe whose perpetual dance keeps up the flux of evolution, and through the shattering of forms preserves an open way for the progress of the Spirit.

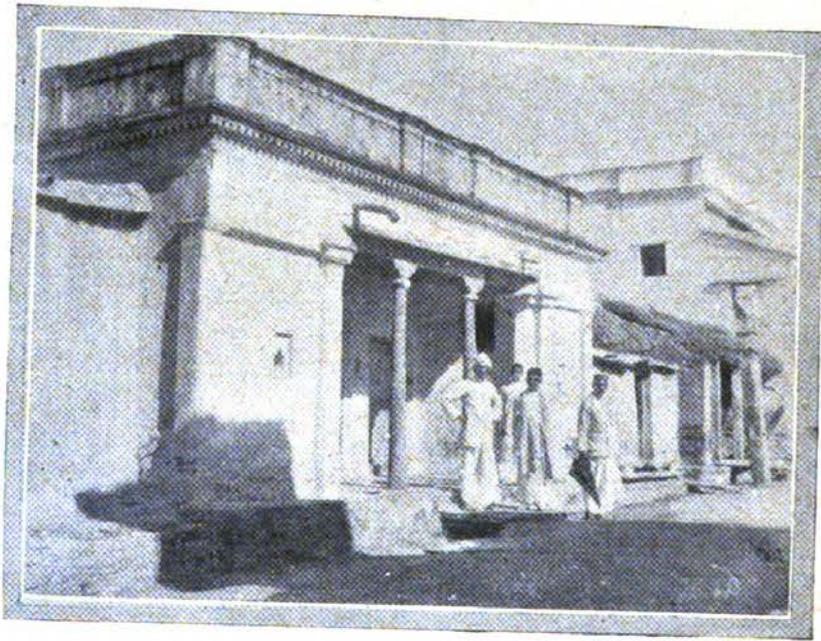
When the dance was over, the image was carried in procession around the tank, preceded by the vahan of the God, a small humped bull, and accompanied by torches, musicians, and a crowd of devotees. Our circle was cut across by the procession, which left us with a human semicircle at our backs, and gave us almost physical contact with the bearers of the image. When it passed away, the human stream again flowed round us, and carried a beautiful garland of flowers to each of us which our first friend gracefully put over our bent heads. The garlands, he informed us, had come from off the God: we were indeed in honour. Then he took my wife's cycle and announced that we were awaited at his house, where his wife had prepared tea for us. Our guide and I followed, and the three of us, laden with long and thick garlands of flowers, must have made a curious picture as we went in procession along the edge of the tank, followed by practically the whole multitude of devotees, to the verandah of our new and kindly friend, where the village Munsiff (civil magistrate) welcomed us. There we discussed philosophy, psychology, and the possibilities of village industries in India; and when we left it was as warm friends whose return would be eagerly awaited—so responsive is the Indian heart to any sign of

sympathetic understanding, particularly of her religious life.

A MUHAMMADAN FESTIVAL

It was in much the same unintentional way that I slid into the heart of Moslem religious life a year later at Madanapalle. I noticed one Sunday a crowd of followers of Islam passing along the road towards a praying-ground a quarter of a mile away and visible from our upper verandah. The ground has been artificially formed on a base of rock. Its

found myself in the glaring and throbbing centre of the occasion, it is more truly a tragedy. The week marks the deaths of the grandsons of Muhammad at Karvalla in Arabia, when Hussan and Hussain, with their little army, were overwhelmed by the hosts of the King of Yazidh. But their death proved the birth of the Faith: a dove flew to the grave of Muhammad, and told the sad news: his dust replied, prophesying that great good would arise out of apparent evil: the miraculous dialogue was heard by the victorious



A STREET IN MADANAPALLE

western boundary is a screen wall with little minarets, and towards this, when the assemblage had gathered, I noticed the worshippers bend and bend, for all the world, in their costumes and turbans of bright hues, like a bank of flowers swaying to the wind. Later in the week it occurred to me to ask one of my Muhammadan pupils what the assemblage meant. He told me it was the beginning of Moharam, the most important week in the calendar of Islam. It is called a festival, but, as an old follower of God and his Prophet said to me when later I

king, who immediately embraced Islamism.

It happened that this very pupil was a moving spirit in the young Islam community, especially among an active modernist section who decline to wear beards simply because the prophet wore one. In order to demonstrate their devotion to the Faith in spite of their refusal to bow to custom, the anti-beard party had organised a play showing how an infidel had been converted to Islam, and to this play they had invited everyone in the district, including, with a touch of

innocent irony, the Christian missionaries. My pupil had undertaken to write a poem as a prologue, and he came to me on the Saturday evening of Moharam, November 4, to look over a new version of his poem which I had subjected on the previous day to considerable correction. When the revision was finished, the pupil, a youth with deep brown complexion, teeth like polished delf, eager dark eyes, and astrakan turban, suggested that if we would like to see the procession, which was about to go round the town, he would conduct us. A strain of distant music added a seductiveness to the invitation that drew us out with no thought for Western amenities in the way of clothing. My wife, with the instinct of her sex, was, I dare say, suitably dressed. I, enjoying the masculine privilege of disregard for these matters outside professional and State occasions, had discarded my collar at 85 in the shade, likewise my stud, and had essayed the doctoring of Muhammadan English—a fearful and wonderful language in its early stages—in low neck, and old unlaced canvas slippers that are sufficiently holey to be cool on tropical floors and sufficiently solely to bear sudden excursions into an odorous Indian night in chase of washermen's asses that conceive our garden plot to be a donkey's dining-room.

Thus we sallied forth to see the Moharam procession. As it turned out, it was really the procession that saw us, and not one procession only, but two. It came about in this way. The public street in front of the mosque was crammed with sightseers—children of Islam of all ages; ancient fathers with long beards under newly-washed turbans; younger fathers in the typical Muhammadan baggy-kneed pink or green trousers, with gaily-brocaded youngsters held shoulder high; all as distinctive in feature amongst Hindus as Jews amongst Christians; and not a woman was to be seen, unlike Hindu festivals. The centre of attraction was lit by torches of tarred fibre held aloft on poles. Such light as there was came fitfully through clouds of pungent smoke. The white minarets on the mouzan's plat-

form in front of the mosque looked palely on the crowd, whose animated faces went out and in as the torches flared up when a new ring was set ablaze and died down as it followed its predecessors to black ashes on the roadway. A space in the centre of the crowd was cleared by a man who danced from one end to the other of the desired area, whirling around him a long pole with a flaming torch at each end. The speed of the gyrating pole was such that a maze of brilliant ellipses, circles, and ovals in every possible plane remained in the eye long after the man, a splendidly built fellow clad in a loin cloth, had sprung to the far end.

The programme, I was informed, was to be an exhibition of "feats." It formed no integral part of Moharam, but had been sanctioned by a Muhammadan king of an Indian State, probably under the local influence of Hindu festivals, and the indulgence was carried on in a degenerate tradition by the poorer classes; the educated members of the community remained at home reading Al Koran, or took a merely spectacular interest in the procession and feats. However that may be, I found the occasion a stirring one with its glimpse into the mythological background of one of the world's great religions, and its pageant of effort to honour the Invisible through the diversified materials that tropical life affords.

The chief item consisted of an exhibition of swordsmanship. Several men lay out on the ground: a peeled plantain was placed on an exposed part of the body, and the gentleman of the whirling torch-ended pole cut each plantain in two with a long sword. The cutting process appeared to me to be far less skilful than the preliminary whirling of the sword round his head, shoulders, and body with such speed that the eye could not follow the movements, and only carried away the impression that the artist constructed a cage of sword around him that vanished when the *coup de grace* was given to the plantain. A peal of laughter gave a hearty and homely touch to the proceedings when the man on whose lips the plantain had been cut captured half of it in his mouth

and ate it with much satisfaction. Wrestlers of splendid physique put their heads together, clasped hands on the back of each other's neck, and pushed like butting-rams until one swiftly grasped the other and brought him to the ground.

But the feature of the performance to me was the tiger-dance, which seemed to be somewhat resentfully treated by the audience. Two men, chosen apparently for their liveness, were dressed in tights, painted in stripes, and covered with head-gear simulating the staring eyes and gaping mouth of a tiger. They sprang towards the audience with a sinuous motion and drew back for another spring. At intervals they brought their hands concavely down on their biceps with a great whack. The purposelessness of the item and the evident care bestowed on the make-up of the tigers struck me as indicating some significance deeper than the sword-play and wrestling, which gave an immediate and conclusive satisfaction, and I awaited an explanation, which duly came.

Room had been made for us by the crowd with delightful friendliness, and several of our Muhammadan pupils, including the poet, gave us their company at the feats. One of them informed us that the procession would shortly start out on a march through the town, and he invited us to see it from the verandah of his father's house. In anticipation of our acceptance of the invitation two chairs had been placed on the verandah, about four feet above the ground, and as we took our seats several of our student friends took up positions on each side of us like a guard of honour.

A strain of music and an agitation among the torches that we had left some distance off told us that the procession was on its way, and we congratulated ourselves on our excellent position for seeing it pass. Pass!!

The father of our student host came out and welcomed us with hearty courtesy. We learned only afterwards of the honour done to us, for he was one of the heads of the Faithful, and the receiving of outsiders as friends was an act of much

grace. Something of the secret of our acceptance came out in a reference which he made with evident gratification to his having heard Mrs. Besant speak with deep sympathy and understanding of Al Koran; and I knew that here, as elsewhere, the Wisdom Religion was the key and the reconciler. The old gentleman with the long grey hair, pointed beard, thin brown cheeks, and enthusiastic eyes seemed greatly pleased when I hazarded the opinion that the crudities of the tiger-dance, for which he was apologising, covered some meaning; and he explained that they represented an incident in the fight at Karvalla. When the followers of the Prophet's grandsons found themselves hopelessly outnumbered some of them declared it was useless to fight and desired to return to their homes. The leaders gave them permission; but escape by normal means was impossible, and they had to turn themselves into the forms of wild animals in order to pass through the encircling host. Hence the resentment which I had noted in the attitude of the crowd to the pantomimic personifications of the weak-hearted Islamites.

The procession was headed by a troupe of men-dancers from a tribe of Sughalis, who live in a neighbouring village; a lonely people with a migratory and insanitary tradition, who dwell at the circumference of India's religious life and eke out a slender livelihood by gathering firewood from anyone's ditches and crying to *amma* (mother) for rice from door to door at the fall of night. I was just cogitating the broad spirit of Islam that permitted such a prelude to its most important festival when the leading torches stopped in front of us. I thought something had gone wrong with the machinery and that they would move on in a moment carrying their thick and pungent fumes along with them. But my thought was negatived by the stopping of the music and a movement to clear a space on the road. Then I knew that, if we had been born in private, we were going to have a lurid publicity thrust upon us. I appreciated the courtesy and friendly spirit of the celebrants, but my

pleasure was cut across by the horrible realisation that a collarless and studless shirt and ancient unlaced and ventilated shoes were no fitting costume for a man occupying, so to speak, the saluting-point in a march-past.

A pair of eyes laughing out of a dark face, and a row of shining white teeth, appeared at my feet, and a tiger placed a lime in my hand and a few flowers in my wife's. I knew that my ceremonial discourtesy was forgiven, or, rather, swallowed up in the delightful variegation that is the predominant surface characteristic of India, where fashion and uniformity are broken by light and heat and race into a maze of shape and colour.

The drums and reeds began again, and the front of the procession moved on to make room for another section. The feats were all gone through as before, but variety was added to our view by a band of youths in gorgeous caps and costumes, and of men, who sang what appeared to me to be a sorrowful song. I learned that they were chanting the story of the death of Hassan; they and the threatening tigers were the links of solemnity between the substantial basis of the occasion and the commendable desire of unsophisticated humanity to gather joy where it may—like the woman in County Down whom I heard at the burial of Lord Kilmorey say, "Here, take this noisy child home, or I'll not get a bit of pleasure out of the funeral." Tall banners, with devices of the Prophet glimmering through the torch-fumes, gave a chivalric touch to the ceremonial as they moved stately behind the singers.

The procession passed, and I thought we could get away to open-air to clear our eyes and throats of the dust set floating by the naked or sandalled or slippers feet of the never-resting multitude, and the smoke of the illuminants; but a new outburst of music and light and a new marching crowd held us in our exalted place, and we had to go through the whole ceremony over again, whether at the hands of the beards or anti-beards I cannot say. A new feat appeared: a big man allowed two ropes to be passed round his arms, and stood and smiled as a crowd pulled on each rope and failed to tear him asunder.

By the time this second procession had gone by my hands had become so full of fragrant yellow limes, and my wife's lap of stalkless heads of jessamine and chrysanthemum flowers, that I had to stuff my pockets, and she had to secure help to carry home her gifts.

Here, as in other Muhammadan and Hindu festivals in which I have participated, I saw the orderliness that is characteristic of all Indian crowds. No matter what apparent confusion may be among the vast numbers that gather on such occasions, there is never anything in the nature of rowdiness, and never does one see any sign of alcoholic intoxication.

[In another article Mr. Cousins will tell how the animal kingdom is included in the religious life of India, not as victims, but as participants; and give an account of some "coincidences" connected with the festival of Sarasvati, the Devi of learning, in which he took a prominent part.]



THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

By E. A. WODEHOUSE

In reference to the Hon. Bertrand Russell's article in the April number

JUST a few words as to Mr. Bertrand Russell's reply to my article on the "Conscientious Objector."

The main purpose of that article, it may be remembered, was to show that the distinction between the Conscientious Objector and the idealistic fighter is not a moral distinction, but an intellectual one. Each, I pointed out, has the same ideal of peace; the only difference being that, while the idealistic fighter considers that there are occasions when that ideal can only be attained by fighting for it, the Conscientious Objector thinks that it can only be brought within reach of realisation by a policy of non-resistance. The only case, I added, in which a Conscientious Objector could lay claim to any moral distinction, would be where he held the doctrine that the use of force is, always and everywhere, absolutely wrong. But this, I tried to show, is a doctrine which can never be applied fully in practice, and which, taken literally, would sometimes lead to conduct well deserving the epithet of "inhuman." There are occasions on which no individual can refuse to employ force for the helping of others, without becoming something less than man.

Mr. Russell, in his moderate and reasoned reply, concedes the point as to the intellectual character of the distinction. He denies that the Conscientious Objector has any idea of assuming a moral superiority over the fighter. "The genuine Conscientious Objector," he writes, "who understands what is implied in his position, is the last man to pass moral judgments on others. . . . Our disagreement with them is rather intellectual than moral."

Part, therefore, of what I set out to show in my article has been conceded. But the concession itself suggests a very important query.

If, as Mr. Russell claims, the distinction is an intellectual one, then the serious question arises as to whether any individual is justified in dissociating himself from a great concerted national effort, in times of urgent peril, on the grounds of a simple intellectual disagreement. One can, perhaps, understand such a dissociation on the grounds of profound moral conviction, particularly if fortified by strong religious feeling. But is it not more than questionable whether a difference of opinion, of intellectual judgment, can be reckoned as constituting an adequate excuse? In times of danger all political parties in a State, however antagonistic their views may be in ordinary times, are expected to make common cause. There is a strong human sentiment that these should sink into abeyance before the common peril. Does this not also apply to the Conscientious Objector, if his case, as Mr. Russell says, is one of intellectual dissent?

I pass on now to one or two further points in Mr. Russell's article.

(1) Mr. Russell's opinion is that "the use of force is always in itself a grave evil, only to be justified by some very great resulting good." The idealistic fighter, even if he accepted the first part of the statement, might well claim that his action is justified by the second part of it. For he fights precisely because he hopes that the resulting good for mankind, in the case of victory, will be very great. But Mr. Russell steps in here and checks him. "Be careful," he

says in effect, "you may think that the resulting good will be very great and will therefore justify you in fighting. But are you *quite* sure? Can you be quite certain

that, if everybody were to do as you advise, and refrain from fighting, the resulting good would be very great? Mr. Russell has no right to tie down the



Photo by]

E. A. WODEHOUSE

[Holloway, Cheltenham.

in advance that things will be as you expect?"

To this it might be replied that the same question could legitimately be put to Mr. Russell: "Are you *quite* sure

idealistic fighter to a prophetic certainty, while he himself is permitted to rely simply on a generalisation. As a matter of fact his generalisation: "The use of force is always in itself a grave evil" has

no higher standing than the counter-generalisation "the immoral use of force should always be checked by whatever means are best capable of rendering it impotent." Nor is it any answer to this last generalisation to state categorically that non-resistance is the means best capable of producing this result. One is at least at liberty to remark here that non-resistance has yet to be tried and found efficacious, before it can claim to be the surest means to this end. Human experience, so far as it has gone, seems to show that the only way to quell a bully is to put the fear of the Lord into him. I fancy every boy's school would confirm this view: and there is a good deal to be said for the same simple theory with regard to the bully on a larger scale. It is, at all events, too strongly established a theory to be dismissed by a mere statement to the contrary.

The plea, therefore, that the idealistic fighter must *positively know* in advance whether the resultant good, for which he hopes, will be up to his expectations, is not a fair one. All that one can ask of him is a profound conviction that it will be so. Nor, as I have suggested, can the Conscientious Objector take refuge behind the inherent superiority of his general maxim "the use of force is always in itself a grave evil." "The immoral use of force should always be checked" is just as respectable a maxim; while as to the most efficient method of checking such force, I should say that the conscientious fighter, provided that he divest his fighting of all selfish elements, is more on the line of proven experience—at least with regard to the treatment of bullies.

(2) "But," rejoins Mr. Russell, "*can he divest his fighting of all selfish elements?*" The man who fights runs great moral dangers. "By fighting the enemy we cause him to commit more of the deeds which we abhor, and we are in danger of acquiring the spirit which would lead to our committing such deeds ourselves." Furthermore, however high the ideal for which we think ourselves to be fighting, a great deal of mere selfishness is bound to be mixed up with it. "The idealistic

fighter makes the mistake," says Mr. Russell, "of assuming that the Allied Governments share his ideals, or will share them after the war." If Mr. Russell means that the Allied Governments have no share in the idealism which is felt by many of the individuals who are fighting for them, then I consider his remark grossly unfair. If, however, he means that, in the case of nations as of individuals, the idealism, which is the true motive force, is not wholly pure, but has its inevitable intermixture of selfish elements, then I think that this is a charge which might, with equal fairness, be laid at the door of many Conscientious Objectors. *Is their idealism, in every case, absolutely pure?* Is there no thought of the avoidance of the perils and hardships of military life? Mr. Russell may claim, and I am prepared to admit, that there are a number of cases of such unalloyed idealism. But he has no right, *a priori*, to make a wider claim. Here again, then, I feel that Mr. Russell demands more of his opponents than he is prepared to demand of those who share his views. He has already demanded of them an absolutely infallible prevision; he now demands of them an absolute purity of idealism. Each of these demands, as I have said, could with equal justice be made of the Conscientious Objector.

(3) The next statement of Mr. Russell's, to which I shall refer, seems to me to require a slightly different answer. "Mr. Wodehouse," he writes, "presumably believes that it is important that the Allies should be victorious in the war. He would, no doubt, also admit that the great majority of the Germans sincerely believe it important that Germany should win. He must, therefore, admit that the great majority of Germans have formed a sincere judgment which is mistaken. This shows that a large and intelligent population may be led astray by bias, and should suggest to any reflective mind that there is at least a possibility of bias on our side as well."

With reference to these remarks, I am prepared to admit that, considered in the

abstract as purely psychological processes, the opinions of an Englishman and a German as to the importance of their respective victories stand on exactly the same level. Both are, in theory, equally liable to bias. Both, considered psychologically, are merely opinions. To Mr. Russell, the logician, therefore, I am ready to concede this point. But to Mr. Russell, the man and the pioneer moralist, I would fain put the question: "Does the war, then, mean to you no more than this? Do the Allied and the German causes, in this conflict, really seem to you to be on precisely the same level? Can you detect no factor, in the great struggle which is going on, which might make an Allied victory ethically more important to the world than a German victory? If you cannot, I will not seek to argue with you, because the mere fact that you cannot shows that it would be of no use. But, in that case, I do challenge your position as the interpreter of our ethical obligations; for you seem to have, ethically, a blank facet to your nature. The great underlying moral factor in this war, which means everything to so many on the Allied side, you do not perceive. For you, the claim on the part of the Allies, that the factor exists, is merely an evidence of national bias, a product of tribal egoism. That being so, I find myself unable to respect your judgment on national ethics, or to submit my conduct to your jurisdiction. At the same time, I understand what it is which enables you to take up the position of the Conscientious Objector; the fact being that it is just this sense of a profound moral issue, which you do not perceive, which is compelling the honest lover of peace to take up arms in this war."

That is what I should say to Mr. Russell, if I believed that his opinion, relative to the Allied and German causes, were really as aloof and impartial as certain passages in his article would make it seem to be. I do not know whether it is so; but what I do know is that, when all is said and done, it is the perception or non-perception of the moral issue, at

stake in the present great war, which is really at the root of the whole controversy about the Conscientious Objector. If you perceive it, you cannot be a Conscientious Objector; for the enormous gravity of the issue makes your objections appear trivial and unworthy. If you do not perceive it, then you may be a Conscientious Objector if you like; but you no longer retain the right, or the ability, to act as an ethical guide to those who, in the measure of their light, do perceive it.

That is really the upshot of the whole matter. To one who feels in the depths of his nature that the future of civilisation depends upon the rendering impotent of the German menace to humanity, Mr. Russell's arguments must needs appear jejune and academic. All his talk about non-resistance, of the necessity of complete certainty before we commit ourselves to the use of force, of the dangerous spirit apt to be evoked by war, of the tendency to bias to which every nation is liable when thinking of its own part in such a war, of the difficulty of even the most idealistic of the fighters in keeping their ideals absolutely pure under the stress of conflict—all these must appear (with apologies to Mr. Russell) trivial and beside the point. The man who sees, or thinks that he sees, the true profundity of the issue, is willing to run all the risks which Mr. Russell mentions. It is not so much that he feels his participation in the war to be *right*, in the sense of something to be weighed dispassionately against some complementary wrong; it is that he feels it to be *necessary*, with all the invincible compulsion of a force which he cannot deny without denying his human nature.

If Mr. Russell replies: "Ah! but he may be mistaken," he will answer that in this, too, he is prepared to take the risk, but that in the meanwhile he prefers to trust his own intuition. There is an old saying, *securus judicat orbis terrarum*. To-day we are witnessing the rallying of practically the whole civilised world against the German menace. May we not take this well-nigh universal movement as some indication, perhaps, that this intuition is one to be trusted?

TRADES THAT TRANSGRESS

By G. COLMORE

Our generation owes much to G. Colmore's (Mrs. Baillie Weaver's) thoughtful and fascinating advocacy of right in the face of might. Her novels, "Priests of Progress," "Whisperers," "The Angel and the Outcast," "The Ladder of Tears," "A Daughter of Music," bear the impress of that delicate sense for beauty in all its aspects which has rendered the author all the more keenly alive to suffering, and we cannot wonder as we read that her life is dedicated to the helping of the helpless, and especially to the abolition of cruelty to animals in all its forms. To quote her literary critics: Her "clever and powerful" books "throw a lurid light on many matters of vital public concern." They are especially valuable at this turning point of history, and should be widely read.

THE Law of Love is as wide in its scope as the universe; and, indeed, the term "law" implies the quality of universality, since that alone is law which acts without breach, inevitably. It is important to recognise and, after recognising, to realise that love is in very truth a law, and not only a sentiment. For sentiment and emotion may be vague; but law is definite. Sentiment and emotion may be limited or falsified by temperament or taste of perspective or ignorance; but law knows no limits, admits of no evasions and, if broken, exacts the penalty of the breach, whether that breach be made in ignorance and carelessness or deliberately. Sentiment and emotion may express themselves in theory or phrase or aspiration; but the only expression accepted by law is that of practical observance. The Law of Love is stern as well as gentle, inviolable as well as tender, limitless as well as definite; but it is unyielding because it is true, inviolable because it is perfect, limitless because it is divine.

It is necessary to emphasise the fact that love is a law and more than a law, the fundamental law of manifested Being, because there is a tendency to look upon love as a decorative adjunct to the religious life, as a sort of *hors d'œuvre* to the main business of the soul's development; to let it become an emotion on which to be uplifted in ecstatic moments, rather than a sense of obligations to be discharged in daily life; above all, to

narrow the field of its operations according to personal predilection; to practise it within the confines of that field, and to imagine that the observance of the law in some one particular compensates for breaches of it in the others.

But the idea that to observe the law in certain directions only is sufficient, is erroneous: it is the converse that is true: for while the keeping of a law in one particular does not imply the keeping of it as a whole, a breach of it in any particular means that the law as a whole is broken. The aim, therefore, of everyone who truly recognises the Law of Love and sincerely desires to observe it must be to practise it in every direction.

An all-round observance is not an easy task and we fail in it lamentably; we fail collectively and as individuals; and we fail chiefly from two causes. One cause is selfishness, the other is ignorance; but the first is the root-cause, for part of our ignorance is, though sometimes inadmittedly, and possibly unconsciously, wilful. We should make it our business to know in how many directions we, as a community and as individuals, break daily the Law of Love; through what customs, conventions and practices we habitually deny its spirit and defy its decrees. For behind the law is the spirit, and it is the spirit which expresses itself in the law.

Truly love is spiritual, and the Law of Love is a spiritual law; and it is just because it emanates from spirit that it is more forceful than any law that can be framed on any plane lower than the

spiritual. Yet so careless, so muddled is much human thought that there is a tendency to assume that, just because love is of the spirit, its behests may be dispensed with on the physical plane; that just because it is so high its law needs no complete observance on the lower levels. And so expediency, custom, immediate and apparent material advantage combine to relegate to the region of fads and crankiness the whole-hearted, close and definite observance demanded by the Law of Love.

First, then, we must find out the ways in which we transgress Love's Law, and when we have found, we must discard them; and in the seeking we must be undeterred by fears of the responsibilities that knowledge may reveal to us; as in the discarding we must not shrink from the discomfort, the inconvenience, the ridicule and disapproval, the imputation of sentimentalism, crankiness and exaggeration which such discarding will draw down upon us.

Amongst the divers ways in which, socially and collectively, we live in contravention of the Law of Love, are certain customs linked with certain trades: the customs support the trades and the trades support the customs: and the series of articles which will follow this introduction will be devoted to giving information in regard to these trades.

They are trades which cannot exist, save in association with animal suffering and animal destruction; without that suffering and destruction they could not be carried on. Ignorance hides the methods of these trades, carelessness ignores them, and cowardice turns its back upon them. Love enjoins knowledge, carefulness and courage.

In concluding this introduction let it be reiterated that love, inherent in the spark of divinity which is man's true self, has been enunciated in the form of a law by every World Teacher, as a rule of life, a practical policy, a guide to the attainment of the best material conditions for humanity, as well as an agent in the development of man's spiritual nature. As yet the bulk of mankind are, whatever their professions and theories, blind to the *usefulness* of the Law of Love: they look upon it as being in conflict with material advantage, as opposed to physical plane happiness. It is not so. The Teacher has always come to tell men how to live joyfully, not miserably, how to find the road to health, peace, happiness. It is because we have looked upon His facts as mere theories, His advice as unpractical, His behests as unsuited to daily life, that still, in the human kingdom and the animal, "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth."

HE prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

S. T. COLERIDGE

TOWARD THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY

By JOHN SCURR

Our readers will remember that in the March number of the "Herald" reference was made to the splendid programme of Educational reconstruction which had been brought forward by the Workers' Educational Association, and this further account of its work will be read with interest.

AMONG the many problems which the war has forced most intensively upon our consideration is that of education. The philosophy, if it may so be called, which underlies the elementary educational system of England is not at all satisfactory; it in no way enables a child to have any conception of controlling its own life, and in every class in the elementary schools makes it impossible for a teacher, no matter how enthusiastic, to give individual attention to the pupils. Discipline has to be the first consideration, and the child is told when to stand up, when to sit down, when to talk, when to be silent, and so on, with the consequence that all its school life, from five years to twelve or fourteen, it is simply trained to obey without any reason being given for the orders. Even the more brilliant children are spoiled by the examinations system under which they get to feel that it is only by competing with one another on surface knowledge on particular subjects that they can get on in the world. This system produces two types, a servile docile class or else social rebels, most of whom find their way into our industrial schools and prisons.

Some few years ago a body of men more or less conscious of this fundamental defect in the English system, set out to consider whether it would not be possible to develop working-class education on a basis of freedom of choice, not only of subject, but of method. The result was the formation of the Workers'

Educational Association, of which Mr. J. M. Mactavish is the secretary.

The writer had the pleasure of having a chat with him lately, and found that he had that quality of idealism tempered by practicability which is so typical of many Scotsmen. His first aim is to induce people to have a capacity to think, and he feels that, if only this faculty is developed, three parts of the battle of social reconstruction is won. He insists very keenly on the difference between education and instruction, and while in no way deprecating any particular body of people banding themselves together to obtain specialised knowledge and training to make themselves experienced in any particular subject, he, of course, points out that this is not the same thing as education, which induces people to think and draws out from them the latent talent. A doctor, for example, may be a highly trained specialist, and yet be a singularly uneducated man.

The Association is built up of a federation of trade unions, co-operative societies through their educational committees, universities, local educational authorities, workmen's clubs, and so on. It is definitely unsectarian, non-political and democratic; that is to say, each class is self-governing, and the students may choose their own subjects, and, within the limits of being able to comply with their request, their own teacher. The self-governing body is a general council, which is composed of representatives of the universities and of the national trade unions,

and representatives from the districts of the W. E. A. committees. Among the trade unions, taken at random from the list, affiliated, are the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, National Association of Blast Furnacemen, London Society of Compositors, National Amalgamated Union of Labour, National Union of Clerks, General Union of Textile Workers, and Railway Clerks' Association. Of other societies interested in education, I find the Assistant Masters in Secondary Schools and also the Assistant Mistresses, the Association of Directors of Education, the London Teachers' Association, the National Union of Teachers, the Women's Labour League, the Theosophical Trust (Limited), and others. This Central Council's business is particularly to obtain the tutors for the carrying on of the work of the society. The country is divided into districts, each of which is under the control of a permanent secretary. In these districts branches of trade unions, co-operative educational committees, trades councils, and similar bodies, together with individual members, may affiliate to the Association, and the district, of course, is responsible for organising the work of the society in its area. Within each district are the local branches, and each branch is an autonomous federation of individuals and local bodies, such as trade union branches, etc. These organise classes in their own areas.

At the date of the last annual report there were affiliated to this society 737 trade unions, trades councils and branches, 381 co-operative committees, 302 adult schools and brotherhoods, 12 university bodies, 9 local educational authorities, 170 workmen's clubs and institutes, etc., 138 teachers associations, 91 educational and literary societies, and 46 classes of study circles, and 264 other societies, mainly composed of working-class members. The one great feature of the society is the system of the university tutorial classes. Under this method a subject, previously selected by the members of the proposed class, is studied for three years, and the standard in every way is that of the universities. A con-

siderable amount of essay work is included. No examinations are held. The lectures generally last for one hour, and then an hour's discussion takes place. It is found very often that association with men who have already put in 8, 9, or 10 hours' work at the lathe, or down the mine, or at the dock side, is as educational for the tutor as for the scholars. An Oxford man, who is a tutor, has said: "I have learned by experience what a tremendous effort of will and energy must be required by the average W. E. A. student who gets up at six and does monotonous 'standing about' jobs for ten hours or so, and then comes in for two short hours' hard study in class! It's a sort of thing that University people don't always realise."

Some idea of the subjects taught may be gathered from a list of classes for 1915-6 delivered under the auspices of the Universities of Birmingham, Bristol, Cambridge, Durham, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Wales, and Edinburgh. I find philosophy, sociology, psychology, European history, literature, economics, modern social problems, growth of the English people, economic history, public finance, political philosophy, biology, industrial history, social science, political theory, &c., in the list.

Further, out of 100 classes no less than 29 were devoted to the study of economics. It must be remembered that the great feature of these classes is the absolute freedom and autonomy the pupils have; they can choose their own subject, their tutor, and may have their tutor removed if they do not find themselves in sympathy with him.

Despite the war 121 tutorial classes were carried on last year, which were attended by 2,444 students.

In addition to this, for those who have not the time to attend to the full the three years' course of lectures, a class of one year is held; here the standard is not quite so high, nor is so much attention given to essay work. In addition a large number of single lectures and short courses are organised.

A noteworthy development has occurred in one district, notably in North Staffordshire, where the students who have passed their three years' course have become missionaries, and throughout the district are delivering single lectures and short courses. This is a remarkable incident: a pure desire to pass on a knowledge already gained, inasmuch as the work is entirely voluntary, and the men who undertake it very often have to walk seven or eight miles to the place at which they are to deliver the lecture, and this is after a long day's work.

Mr. Mactavish claims that we have in the Workers' Educational Association the right lines of development of the working-class university. A few workers are not selected at a late age and sent to a university, where they often find themselves out of sympathy with their surroundings, and when they return home they are again out of sympathy with their old associations. The men are able to get education in the subjects which they themselves are interested in, which is a first principle of true education, and they do not feel like fish out of water as a result.

The Association in fourteen years has accomplished a considerable amount of work, and has taken an active interest in the whole educational problem. It has presented some excellent recommendations to the Governing Committee on reconstruction. Among their recommendations they suggest that there should be free education through all stages, that

there should be full time education for all children from six to sixteen years of age, and many other recommendations regarding secondary and higher education generally. They also insist on the teaching of corporate life in schools, and on physical education. It is impossible for me to give all these recommendations in detail owing to reasons of space, but it can certainly be claimed that if the Government of the country would only adopt these proposals we should have sweeping reforms in our educational system, and those who are fearful for the future of the nation would not be so anxious as they are at the present time.

I came away from seeing Mr. Mactavish, feeling a little more optimistic than I have felt before concerning the educational future of the people of this country. Certainly, if the Association is animated by the idealism which is a part of Mr. Mactavish's "make-up," we shall have no fear of the result. Of course, he must be adequately backed up by all who believe in education. The offices of the Association are 14, Red Lion Square, Holborn, W.C. (London), and I would strongly recommend those who have something to contribute to the work of the Society to call at the Head Office. Of course, I am not issuing a general invitation to curiosity hunters, but only to real workers who want to help forward a solid practical undertaking.



BOOKS WE SHOULD READ

THE WORLD AS IMAGINATION (Series I). By Edward Douglas Fawcett. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London. 15s. 6d.

"FROM the afterglow of Christianity we must pass to the dawn of a larger and fuller hope." ("The World as Imagination," p. 15.)

"Physics is simply psychics inverted." (Beyson. Quoted in "The World as Imagination.")

These two phrases epitomise the law and the prophets, philosophy and religion, of the new era.

All enduring (i.e., creative) sociological principles are based upon the proven truths of the past, immediate truths of the present, beckoning truths of the future. Mr. Fawcett's book is a masterly contribution to "constructive cosmics"—a science of the future, now in its birth-throe, wherein logic and light, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul"

"in their unlikeness blend,
confederate to one golden end."¹

Constructive Meliorism, in the author's opinion, in the widest, most spiritual and practical application of the term, is, and must be, the rational attitude of the twentieth-century reformer, in all worlds alike—religious, philosophic, ethical, practical.

"The World as Imagination" deals with bed-rock fundamentals and with ethereal transcendentals. It examines the foundations and pinnacles of a rational spiritual view of the universe as a sketch, a world-in-becoming, tentative, progressive study of a future world-in-being.

Yet not alone in ordered trains of thought and admirably consecutive links in a chain does Mr. Fawcett's mind perceive and reveal the logical sequences in manifestation, that order which is Heaven's first, and may be its last, law. Many a brilliant apothegm and epigram leaps to the eye, with radiance born of illumined reason. "Time, big with the

¹ William Watson,

possibility of space."¹ "Time-succes-
sion and space . . . connective tissue in
the body of God."² "A divinity of
measure overruling the turmoil of the
nature-habits themselves."³ "Motion
expresses outwardly in space the inward
unrest of the primitive natural agents."⁴
Or this diplomatic canon: "The supreme
way of using folk is to let them follow
their bent, while at the same time they are
subservient yours!"

The dominant note of creative philosophic thought of this century—i.e., the definite inclusion of intellectual illuminism as a *principle*—is shown on pp. 12 and 13, in the treatment of its progressive episodes—from "the flesh" to "a system of philosophy."

Yet, when all is said (how much and how admirably readers must discover for themselves) on the necessity and value of the organic structural side of this new and live recasting of the moulds of thought, perhaps the most significant section of the book is that wherein the author insists upon the gradual obliteration, not so much a deliberate *striking* as a *fading-out* of all artificial boundaries between humanity and that larger universe included in the term "Cosmic Consciousness"—

"A Motion and a Spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,
And rolls through all things."

To Mr. Fawcett and those who are in sympathy with cosmic life "high mountains are" not only "a feeling" but veritable altars, whereon are consummated those sacrificial rites whose primal mystery is shadowed forth through creation, preservation, and destruction. The wonderful unificatory trend of the entire

¹ p. 461. ² p. 474. ³ p. 480. ⁴ p. 481.

volume (over 600 pages) through cumulative consolidated philosophical foundations of belief to the vision of One in All and All in One, shows us that Mr. Fawcett holds that "end of a golden string" whose finding and winding leads through the maze of fate to the new heavens and new earth.

Thus, though the world is in the melting-pot, the vision shines more brightly, its radiance gleams with rays more scintillating, as we approach through deepest darkness toward "the light that never was on land or sea," yet is the very sun of that consecration and poet's dream which inspire and uphold humanity, making even destruction an agent and server of reconstruction. Ours to learn, through torture, what lies on the other side of torture—triumph of life. Ours, of the older generation, too, to offer our outworn bodies of thought and feeling, to be broken up and remade, as our children are being maimed and slain to-day, that so the new world may arise, while yet the old ruins surround us. Ours to offer outworn conventions, forms of thought once live and "true" for their day, now, some stiff with age, others crystallised into the fossils of untimely survival, prejudices, *habits* of thinking that were once thoughts, but are so no longer, for they have served their time, given of the life that was in them for the world's

thought, but must now join in the universal dedication of "death, that new life may be."

When a new world is in the making, there is work for all creative artists, also for each faithful craftsman and server: many a "bright design" stands waiting birth in form in that vast pre-natal Atelier "behind the scenes" of the world of physical form, the veritable parent of each. These forms stand ready to obey that mysterious protoplasmic urge that "sends forth the idea of the rose to burgeon forth and enchant a world with its miracles of beauty, fragrance, and mystery."

This is a day of dedication. "New forms for old," the cry of the life force. We are its emissaries. It matters not if in us life find a cradle or a tomb. All that matters is the offering. "Sacrifice" the word of the moment. Faith the fighter, Hope the bugler, the divine music-maker, Love, the heaven of the happy warrior, whether on earth or heaven, for these are *words*, and faith, hope, love, begin where words end.

And so we would urge all students of world-reconstruction, sociology, every form of world-building, to read, study, and re-read, for knowledge and inspiration (the "Janus and Vesta" of wisdom!), "The World as Imagination."

LEO FRENCH

THE COMING OF THE WORLD-TEACHER AND DEATH, WAR AND EVOLUTION: A Book of Extracts from Lectures and Writings. By C. W. Leadbeater, and in parts by Annie Besant and others. Selected and Arranged by M. E. Rocke, M.D. London: George Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d.

AMIDST the noise and confusion of our time, when great captains are shouting against each other on battlefields, in parliaments, in the Press; when great masses of the peoples are spending themselves for an ideal; when great nations are consuming in the flames of war, most of us are swept blindly along. By day we are full of enthusiasm for the cause we dumbly feel to be right, but often during the dark hours of the night our heart is like a cold

stone within our breast, and we are overpowered by the sorrow and the suffering that ever beats upon us from those whose joy and hope has been extinguished, as they believe, for ever. During such moments all, in agony, demand: "Why?" Priceless, indeed, are those teachers who can lift us from the darkness of despair and open our eyes to something of the great plan that is bigger than all our battlefields and yet cares for the fall of one sparrow.

Because in Dr. Rocke's book we find a comprehensible outline of such a plan, we are grateful, with a gratitude that will ripen as the years pass on and we learn to con that plan with deeper insight, as it unfolds before us in the world around.

Full of the "message of stupendous significance" which has been announced to the world at large, Dr. Rocke takes advantage of contact with those who have given that message, and presents us with first-hand extracts, systematically arranged from lectures and writings, so as to enable us to obtain within 240 pages something of that bird's-eye view of what is going on which is the reward of those who can rise, like our splendid airmen on the material plane, above the mists and hindrances that obscure our everyday view of things down here. They tell us enough to convince the open-minded that a knowledge of the perfect co-operation of the whole world plan awaits us as we advance and better comprehend what is "God" and what is "Man," and that interplay between them which we call "evolution."

We, who are servants of the White Brotherhood, who regard Love as the supreme virtue, and who seek to enter into the Coming Age of Brotherhood and Co-operation, we can but follow the Guardians of Humanity, and work for the triumph of the Allied Powers, who represent Right as against Might, and Humanity as against Savagery. . . . (A. B., p. 174.)

To realise that Death is no grim, relentless skeleton, but an omniscient benefactor and bestower of freedom, is to go far to solve the riddle of the universe, and to deliver us, once for all, from that

slavery to the body, that blind horror of death and separation, that darkens us now, and keeps from us the glorious truth of the immortality of the real man, the thinker, the soul.

It is not only at what you call death that you doff that overcoat of dense matter; every night when you go to sleep you slip it off for a while, and roam about the world in your spiritual body—invisible as far as this dense world is concerned, but clearly visible to those friends who happen to be using their spiritual bodies at the same time. . . . So during sleep you are happy with him whom you love. (C. W. L., pp. 134-6.)

The coming of the great World-Teacher must be to men who will receive Him; and war is seen from the pages of this book to be but a clearing away of outgrown conditions, of bodies we have outgrown; so that, reborn into free surroundings, in bodies unfettered by the diseases of ignorance, we may recognise the great Lord and help to spread that light of love and wisdom on all the affairs of men before which sorrow and darkness shall flee away.

"What shall be the sign of Thy coming?"

"Ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars: . . . nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom."—MATTHEW, xxiv.

"It is necessary that the forces of disintegration should be scattered before the great incoming force of integration can find its appointed work. Hence for us this terrible War is only part of the preparation. We do not look at it from the standpoint of slaughter. We look at it from the standpoint of the birth on the other side, and we see in these tens of thousands who are being slain those who are to come back again and serve Him when He comes, and help, in the first beauty of their youth, when He is again amongst us. . . ." (A. B., p. 123).

A. J. W.



INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

REPORTS

CUBA

We take the following from the official magazine of the Cuban Section.

OUR annual festival in Havana was celebrated on December 28 with natural enthusiasm and splendour, when the Brothers of the Star commemorated the great event known to all, when the Order received the blessing of the Lord.

For two and a half years the world has been darkened by the shadow of horror and suffering caused by the war. It seems as though our country especially, bound by personal ambition, by the egotistic hypocrisy called politics, had no time to raise its thoughts to higher planes. In spite of this, a great many of the Brothers of the Star, rising above these influences, and mindful of their obligations, have united in endeavouring to carry on the work they have undertaken in seeking to alleviate the karma of the world's suffering. For this reason it was natural that at our Festival so many Brethren should reunite, full of enthusiasm, to ratify once more the Six Principles of the Order and strengthen each other mutually for future work.

The proceedings opened with an address by the National Representative, who spoke on the Six Principles of the Order and on the article by Mr. Leadbeater relating the event which we were commemorating. Then followed original papers by Brothers Sibecas and Miralles, and Brother Gomez Rul read a paper by a friend who wished to remain anonymous.

The Organising Secretary then spoke and the meeting ended with a few words by the National Representative.

Equally splendid and enthusiastic were the celebrations of the Festival at Sancti Spiritus and Santiago de Cuba.

Extract from a paper by M. L. B. in the same magazine, *The Message of The Star*:

"Awake, Arise, and Seek the Great Teacher, and Watch." Such is the cry which we hear to-day, as thousands of centuries ago it was heard in India. It is, in fact, a call from the same Great Hierarchy. In this time of bloodshed in which Europe is living, a special duty is laid on the members of the Order of the Star in the East. Rising from the dreamy lethargy in which too often our conscience sleeps, let us live a new life, the life of action, of service. In the great human symphony which is added to the music of the spheres we have our especial note, our chord which has to be sounded, a chord which is sounded by our joys and sorrows, our successes and failures, our struggles and sacrifices. If that note or chord is not resounding, we have not understood what we are, what we ought to be, nor the service which is our immediate duty.

As of old, in the time of Moses, the Israelites were guided through the desert by the pillar of fire which preceded them, symbol of the God of Light, so now, on whatever path we may be, can we not discern the radiant form of an Elder Brother, holding out His hands to us. Therefore we ought to awake from the sleep of death, arise, and follow the Great Teacher and His work.

DENMARK

THE work of the Danish Section has been regularly carried on along the same lines as before as to our members and meetings. After having issued several pamphlets about the Order and its work, mentioned in my report of July 19, we thought it due time to go a step further and try public work. Public lectures have

now been given, first in Copenhagen, by Mrs. H. Borch-Hansen and by Mr. Frants Lexow; afterwards in eight towns in different parts of Denmark, two in each town, all by Mr. Lexow. These lectures were all very well attended, and in the towns, where the Press published reports, they were astonishingly favourable. Pamphlets, translations of lectures given in Australia by Mr. Leadbeater, have been sent gratuitously to all members of our Section and also widely spread by Mr. Lexow in all the towns visited by him.

Compared to other years our membership roll has notably increased, as since September 35 members have joined the Order; but 6 have resigned and we have lost 7, either by death or removal; our membership is 267.

AMERICA

IN the early days of our Order, somewhat dazzled by the splendour of the Order's inspiration, we eagerly campaigned to make it easy for members to join our ranks, requiring little from them except a wave of emotion. Many who were only slightly interested in our work were urged to join, even argued into joining, and led to feel that nothing more would ever be expected of them. Now, although I agree that joining our movement should be made easy for all who desire membership, and that no one should ever be denied or dissuaded from joining, it does seem that we misrepresent our Order if we urge people to join on merely a slight pretext, to please a friend, or because there are no dues involved, etc. Such members merely clog our machinery or presently turn against our Order and try to tear it down. So, instead of benefiting these people, we have made it easier for them to commit an action of bitter hostility which they will sometime regret. In short, I think we must be careful not to aim at a large membership at the expense of earnest membership. To seek quantity rather than quality tends to defeat our ends, for the best way of attracting hundreds to join us is by showing our work to be so

helpful that they will be eager to share it.

Each National Representative is confronted by the task of seeking the members who are really in earnest out of the mass of those who are not. In America, this is not difficult, because practically all our earnest members have now subscribed for or arranged to receive *The Server*, so they may now be reached through its columns. It is to these members, then, that the National Representative must give the major share of attention, because it is only such a band of united workers, closely bound by a common ideal, that can hope to accomplish the tremendous task of removing the obstacles that bar the way to the great One.

To the Servers, then, I speak: Go ahead with the Star regardless of obstacles, cease trying to appease the unappeasable, stand aside from bickerings and accusations but forge ahead irresistibly with the work that is really worth while. Do not waste energy trying to follow up a stream of meetings which have no part in your work. No one person can do all, and a meeting that may be valuable to a scientist may be useless to a musician, and *vice versa*. Out of the mass of meetings, activities, lectures, tea-parties, ceremonies, etc., choose those which tend most to immediate practical improvement in your community. Make the monthly or weekly Star meeting a veritable council for the improvement of your locality, a medium for the interchange of helpful ideas. The Star meeting might even establish a bulletin board for which all members would join in contributing notifications of any lecture, drama, civic discussion, etc., which some of the Star members might find it useful to attend during the coming week. Members might arrange to go singly or in pairs to important lectures and tell others what was there discussed. Let us experiment with new methods of work or study at our meetings so that we may get out of old ruts. Beware of going the same humdrum way, doing the same thing over and over again, unless that

thing has proven really valuable. We have to blaze new trails of thought and action over this whole country. Let us be fearless of criticism. Some of our experiments may fail. No matter. A dozen failures are not valueless if they lead to one success. In the crisis that is approaching in this country we must find the way to accomplish better conditions. Better a few of our members working strenuously than a large mass not working at all. With a nucleus of the best Star workers in this country marching ahead along the lines suggested by our leaders, the rest will either fall into line or drop out entirely, and thus our ship will find herself.

MARJORIE TUTTLE

(From *The Server*, the official organ of the American section.)

ITALY

HAVING officially assumed the office of National Representative only some months ago and, moreover, in a very critical and difficult time, I must first apologise for having been rather late in sending news of the Italian section, as also for their briefness and scarcity.

I began by putting myself into relation with the members of our Italian section through a circular letter (see below) inviting them all to co-operate in the different lines of reform and reorganisation which might be undertaken by outer workers, and asking those who cannot take an active part to contribute in some other way with writing brief reviews on books and articles, making me thus acquainted with every exterior activity.

I think it necessary here to draw out a brief statement of our Italian section members from the beginning of the movement until April 1 of this year :

Year.	No.
1911, new enlistments	103
1912 " "	67
1913 " "	15
1914 " "	14
1915 " "	7
1916 " "	10

1917, till April	20
From other sections	3

Total 239

From these we must subtract :

Deceased members	7
Resigned members	6
Transferred to other sections...	14
Members who cannot be found, or from whom we have no news	16
Members living abroad	5

To subtract 48

Remaining active members ... 191

These are distributed all over Italy as follows :

	No.
Turin and Piedmont	80
Palermo and Sicily	31
Genoa and Liguria	20
Florence and Tuscany	17
Bologna and Emilia.....	15
Rome and Latium	6
Venice and Venitia	6
Milan and Lombardy	5
Naples and Campania	2
Various others	9

Total 191

Of these 21 are engaged in military service.

Of the 7 deceased members, 2 gave their lives gallantly on the battlefield, Lieutenant Prof. G. G. Porro and Major R. Neva, and thus also our small section paid its contribution to this horrible war.

As may be seen, the members of our section (already so reduced in numbers) are already scattered all over Italy, and it is only in the centres of Turin, Florence, and Palermo that, owing to the number of their members, regular meetings can be held. This scattering of members, the ever-increasing difficulties of travelling, the onerous conditions of actual life, the absence of many members—some are soldiers, some hospital nurses—makes it very difficult to organise any collective work, study, or activity. And, as if they were not enough to hinder the Star activity of our section, the quite

un-Christian attitude of the Catholic clergy must be added. After the publication and wide diffusion of a pamphlet containing the translation of Mr. Jinarajadasa's lecture, "The Message of the World Teacher to a World at War," with some notes on our Order and its principles, two churches, here in Turin, vehemently preached against those who spread the news of the Coming of the Lord, for, as they said, He came once for all! And the threat of excommunication was even made against the followers of this movement which is likely to confuse them as to the grandeur and value of the Christ. But we Star members remain calm and serene and say with our Greatest Poet: "Non ti curar di lor, ma guarda e passa," or with Jesus the Christ: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Such are, nevertheless, the surroundings in which we have to work; a very difficult task indeed, but we are comforted by Mr. Jinarajadasa's true words, "The Lord knows our difficulties better than we do ourselves . . . and we are privileged in that He will accept us with our limitations, if we offer whatever services we can."

The question for us is to train our capacity to serve Him in His work, leaving the result in His hands.

Here, in Italy, there is a section of "The International Union between the Christian Liberal Ladies," with the well known and distinguished Signora Luisa Giulio Benso as its hon. secretary. She took up the idea suggested by a sister of our Order, that is, to think also of the moral education of children, and founded at once "The Juvenile League for Good," with aims especially educative and moral, to co-operate with the school teachers to mould the characters of the children, training them to respect the opinions and goods of others, to self-sacrifice and to have a higher conception of spiritual values.

Well; but what welcome has been given to it? While in some cities the League had an encouraging success, here in Turin certain priests thought it well to

put their veto on it, and condemn such a movement under the pretext that moral education of children is not fit for women!

On the other hand, amongst school teachers there arose other hindrances from fear of competition.

I have therefore made an appeal to all our Star members to avail themselves of this opportunity for service and give their adhesion to this movement for the education of children, organised by Signora Benso, who recently joined our Order.

This will be a beginning of activity, and let us hope that other opportunities for service will gradually come, so that we, too, may co-operate in the preparation for the glorious future which lies before us. Board.

E. TURIN

ROUGH TRANSLATION OF LETTER FROM
M. EMILIO TURIN

DEAR ASSOCIATE,

Having been called to take upon myself the office of National Representative for Italy, which post was vacant owing to the resignation of Donna Margherita Ruspoli, I feel called upon to notify this change to you, and to express, in the name of all the members of the Italian section of the Order of the Star in the East, our profound regret at the retirement of one who so wisely and devotedly filled the office. This change is being made at a tragic moment, for all nations are at present torn by conflict—good finds itself opposed to evil, altruism to egotism, and love to hatred, and in such a moment necessity compels us not to think of ourselves but to give ourselves eagerly to help humanity; to try to prevent the good that remains from actually disappearing from our civilisation.

This change of National Representative takes place seven years after the foundation of our Order and we have entered upon a new period. If it was necessary and indispensable at first to receive instruction, counsel, and learning to prepare ourselves for the great end for which our Order was constituted, now is the time

to put our learning into practice for others and no one can do that for us. We must act for ourselves. We are left to our own strength and own means. Our Order is international and universal because, once given the principles and general lines of work indicated, each member can apply them to the solutions of his own problems. We have belief in the near coming of the World-Teacher, and, as a general line of work, we have to make this coming known to the world. In years gone by, before the outbreak of this Great War, it was difficult to carry this out in our country, and the small number of members in Italy is a proof of this. But now, on the contrary, public scepticism is decreasing. But for all that we must not let this opportunity pass without proclaiming the Truth so that other persons may be enlightened and kept from feeling depression in such critical times.

The first phase—that of teaching of theory—is passed; now is the time to practise so as to be in a condition to receive Him Whom we expect and spread the knowledge of His coming throughout the world. If, instead of that, we keep it jealously for ourselves we shall be found to be in the condition of the servants in the Parable of the Talents.

The members of the Order of the Star in the East are very few in Italy, and if we do not set ourselves at once to work, we run the risk of remaining but a few at the great moment. If we have not known how to take our place in this great opportunity of service for our country it will be difficult to act in the future. Some of our members are able to carry out their duty at the Front, either as combatants or as nurses and guardians of the wounded, but there are still many opportunities of service for those who remain. This Great War has brought to light all the evil into which our poor humanity was plunged, and there are still many problems which demand political, social, religious, and moral reorganisation. Everywhere in the world people are talking about radical changes which will take

place after the war and people meet together to study the best means to solve these problems. In this difficult movement it is our duty to bring our light to bear upon them. We, who know the extraordinary power of Him Whom we expect, must try to fight against the changes which have been inspired by the feeling of hatred and competition instead of love, union, and co-operation. We must take our part in this intellectual and practical side of these discussions. It would be good for each one to take some part in the new reorganisation, and we should first study and measure the problems under question.

As our section is small and spread all over Italy, it is difficult to organise groups for questions, etc., so I propose :

1. That each member who is willing to take an active part in the coming reorganisation should inform me to which branch or branches he feels himself attracted.

2. That each member who has specialised in one study should communicate his ideas on that subject to me.

3. That all members who know about any books, pamphlets, or articles containing social problems should inform me of them and send me a resumé whenever possible.

4. That each member who hears of some group of persons who gather together for reconstruction and reform should inform me.

By this means it would be easy to utilise individual capacity and organise activity outside our own country.

In the meantime, we must not forget the reasons for which our Order was founded—to make known to the outside world the near coming of a Great Teacher, and for this there should be conferences in public, and writers should compile articles and pamphlets for propaganda which appeal to Italian mentality. Every member is free to act as he believes in anything which does not commit the Order to his way of thinking.

The Herald of the Star

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June, 1917.

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As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East, may stand.

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DEDICATION

WING'D Horus strikes th' electric bolts of Life
That open, to release another Day.
A young Day stands before me fresh from Thee,
Thou Star-Maker!—From the blue depths he comes,
Flushed with the wonder of Eternal Hope,
Drunk with the sweetness of Eternal Spring;
And I can crown the promise in those eyes,
Or blur their depths with ruin. Much is mine.
The Ownership of TIME, that long, blue rift,
That opens to let slip the years that fall.

This is the wonder of mine Ownership:
That I can train this Child, this living Day,
To race with the young Heroes, or can twine
His brows with dull Forgetfulness, and Grapes
Fresh grown from Lethe. Mine the OWNERSHIP,—
The Ownership of Time,—for I am MAN.

The while One gazes where His children play
At hide and seek with Wonder down the years
Until what time all Earth shall learn to hold
The echo of His laughter and His Love.

Lord of the Flame, *take Thou this living Day!*

N. P.



IN THE STARLIGHT

By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.

OUR special educational number of last month appeared appropriately at the moment when the important Conference of the Workers' Educational Association was being held in London. Copies of our magazine were sent to all the 700 delegates present. One of the important resolutions passed at this Conference was as follows: "The abolition of all forms of exemption under the age of fourteen, the raising of the leaving age to fifteen (without exemption) within a period of five years, and to sixteen within a further period of three years; the provision of maintenance allowances to children over the age of fourteen, and the abolition of child labour for profit or wages during the period of compulsory full-time attendance at school."

As Mr. John Scurr, writing of this Conference in the weekly *Herald*, truly remarks: "If this resolution becomes law a death-blow will be struck at the half-time system. I know of no greater economic fallacy than that which prevails among a section of the workers who believe that their incomes are increased by the employment of their children. As a matter of fact, wages are decreased by the competition of child labour."

That the education in such schools should be directed solely towards the full development of the bodies, minds, and characters of the pupils; that it should therefore be intimately related to the environment and interests of the pupils, and should contain ample provision for physical well-being, including organised games and school meals.

That no drills of a military character should be permitted.

Other resolutions dealt with the size of the classes and the machinery for "speeding up" reactionary authorities.

The W.E.A. is to be heartily congratulated on a successful gathering. If these proposals become law it will mean the beginning of an educational reform."

It is hopeful for the future when we find such an influential body as the W.E.A. putting forward the claims of the children of the nation and demanding for them those educational opportunities which should be the birthright of every child.

* * * *

In the April number of the *Adyar Bulletin* Mrs. Besant describes the formation of a new Community recently established at Adyar. Her account will be read with great interest by all members of the Order, as I hope the day is not far distant when a branch of this

Community may be established in England.

The Full Moon of Chaitra—this year falling on the 7th of April—is a date dear to Occultists, and it was therefore chosen for the establishing of a Community that may be the seed of a spreading tree. The Easter Convention of South Indian Theosophists began this year on April 6th and ends on April 9th. The gathering of so many of the "faithful" made a favourable opportunity for starting the infant organism, and out of the four days the "Full Moon Day" was chosen.

* * * *

The Community takes the name of "The Order of the Brothers of Service," and, as it grows in size, the Brothers will be grouped according to their special capacities for usefulness, a teaching group being the first formed, because we have such a group as a nucleus already gathered round Mr. Arundale, old C. H. C. boys, who have taken their degree at the Universities of Allahabad or of Cambridge, and the latter of whom who have returned to India, ready to serve in any place in which they can be most useful. Anyone who becomes a Brother of the Order puts his personal property into the Brotherhood and takes from it a subsistence allowance only. Entrance to it hereafter in all but exceptional cases of persons of long-trying devotion and capacity will be preceded by three years of study and training, and at the end of these, if the candidate proves to be suitable and capable of good work, he will be admitted to the Brotherhood.

* * * *

There is also a circle of Lay Brothers, whose circumstances—such as family obligations, business engagements, worldly duties, etc.—preclude them from becoming full members of the Community, but who wish to help it, to be connected with it, and to spread its ideals and thus share in its life. They will give to the support of the Brotherhood a fixed proportion of their income, and will hold themselves ready to do at any time any service that may be required of them.

I think that wide possibilities of usefulness will open up before the Brothers if they can rise to the opportunities that will come in their way. To consecrate the life wholly to service is no easy task, but it is one which strong men and women are capable of achieving. In its main idea of willing service, organised under the direction of an accepted head, it resembles Mr. Gokhale's Servants of India Society, but it differs from it in having the strong tie of having a common religious ideal—the recognition of the One Life in which all inhere and the resultant beauty of being a conscious organ of that Life in the service of all that lives. It looks up to the Elder Brothers, the Rshis and Prophets of the race, with loving reverence and obedience, as it looks around on its human brothers who claim helpful comradeship, and looked down with tender compassion on its younger brothers in the lower kingdoms of

Nature, who should be aided in their evolution by the human race—"our little brother the ass," as said that pattern of the loving Lord, the blessed Francis of Assisi.

* * * *

The Order may in time spread through many lands but it must first root itself strongly in the land of its birth, the Sacred Land, trodden by the feet of so many Holy Ones, of the Lord Buddha, of Shri Krishna, the land of the R-hi Maitreya, of whom it was prophesied that he should become one of the Saviours of the World, and who is now the Bodhisattva, the Buddha-to-be.

* * * *

I have myself been dreaming lately of the possible establishment of a Star Settlement in one of the poorer parts of London, and I give my dream here that others may dream with me, and so help to bring nearer the day when that dream can be realised down here on the physical plane.

I like to picture a House which is not labelled with the hall mark of any society but which is called *Christ's House*, in which His presence may become a living reality even now, and which in the future will be a centre from which He can work when He is amongst us in the physical body. It should be a place where all who work for Him can find room no matter by what name they call themselves, whether members of the Star, Theosophists, Christians, or Agnostics. All who come to live there will be endeavouring to show forth the spirit of love and brotherhood, and that will be the only qualification required.

Those of my readers who know Victor Hugo's wonderful book, *Les Misérables*, will remember how Bishop Myriel, the most Christ-like figure, perhaps, in all fiction, describes his own house to Jean Valjean, the convict :

Ce n'est pas ici ma maison, c'est la maison de Jésus Christ. Cette porte ne demande pas à celui qui entre s'il a un nom, mais s'il a une douleur. Vous souffrez ; vous avez faim et soif ; soyez le bien-venu.

It is in this spirit that I should like to build our Star Settlement, and in His House there should be no bolts or bars because none may be shut out from His Presence ; no objects which would tempt to steal, for our wealth would be of that

kind which is increased as it is distributed. The doors of His House should stand open night and day as a refuge for all who suffer and for all who are in need. I would have one special room kept always ready for the day when He shall come and occupy it, and at our table there should be one place always laid for Him. In this way I believe that we should begin to realise His living Presence amongst us even now, and it would also be a method of presenting in somewhat dramatic form the hope of our Order to the general public.

On the practical side, I hope that we should have rooms in which to organise clubs, for old and young, games, concerts, lectures, and in addition to any help which we could hope to bring to the neighbourhood in which the Settlement is established, it would offer an admirable opportunity for training in social service, for those of our members to whom such work appealed.

I know that many difficulties lie in the way which must be overcome before this dream is realised, but I also know that if our dreams are needed by the Great Lord, He will dream through us and show us how to realise them on the physical plane.

* * * *

If love is indeed to be the keynote of the coming civilisation it must be brought about by men and women who passionately believe that it is in truth "the greatest thing in the world," and who are ready to put that belief to the test by the sacrifice of themselves. We all profess a gospel of love with our lips, but our lives of selfish indifference to the needs of others are a denial of that belief. Money is the real god of the world to-day and that god will only be dethroned when men and women in increasing numbers believe and act upon Christ's teaching, that to find your life you must first lose it. That is why communities such as Mrs. Besant's "Brothers of Service" and Mr. Gokhale's "Servants of India" are to be welcomed. A small number even of such communities

established in every country would soon change the face of the world. We may even begin to hope that a day will come when the chief offices of Church and State will be filled by such Brothers of Service, who serve their fellow-men for love and not for gain. In this way alone can our public life be purified from dishonesty and self-seeking. The Christ said to His disciples, "He that would be greatest among you let him be servant of all," and how fine a thing it would be if the offices of Prime Minister and Archbishop carried with them no emoluments and that the men who occupied them were indeed to be the Chief servants of their country. That this is the true spirit of Christianity is very beautifully expressed by a recent writer in the *Times*:

... The mass of men have certainly lost faith, and how are they to regain it? What is the most essential part of faith which they can accept to begin with, and which, if accepted and acted upon, will grow in their minds and lead them on to essential Christianity? It is, we suggest, this—that man, if he forgets himself in the love of that which is not himself, whether it be other men or some great cause or some noble art or science, does gain a power from a source outside himself which is not human at all, which is not even of nature, as we know it. That is the Christian doctrine of love extended and applied to all high disinterested passion, and it is a doctrine which any man may test for himself. But those who believe it, even in its vaguest form, will be led on to test it; and, if it be true, they will be more and more confirmed in it by their testing of it, more and more aware of this power, and that it comes to them from a source altogether beyond their knowledge. . . . We are apt to think of Christianity now as merely concerned with morals; but the love demanded by it of men is far greater than a moral thing. It is all high, disinterested passion; and the Christian doctrine now should be that every disinterested passion is love that leads to the knowledge of God; and, further, that men must refuse no disinterested passion, that they must not content themselves with morals or with the idea of pleasing God by obeying His rules. God, no more than the sun, makes rules; but by love and love alone man can be led into the sunlight of God.

As we learn to live in this Divine spirit of love we shall become channels through which God can pour more of His Sunlight upon the world.

MATERNITY AND CHILD WELFARE

By E. J. SMITH

VII.

The previous articles of the Chairman of the Bradford Municipal Board have revealed to us the terrible truth that the death-rate of our infants is even higher than that of our soldiers in the trenches. In this article he shows that of six million children who survive to school age, no fewer than a million are below the standard that can profit by school work, while some two hundred and fifty thousand are so crippled, invalided, or disabled as to be a heavy drain upon the nation's resources. It would cost us less to make good conditions for mother and child from the very beginning. "To care for the child is to save the nation."

THOUGH history has consistently demonstrated the significant fact that the well-being (in contra-distinction to the material success, of empires, nations and men) is ultimately determined by the unseen forces that fashion character and shape conduct, human judgment, or, more accurately speaking, human will, still declines to accept and profit by the teaching sufficiently to create conditions which invite those subtle, gracious and elevating attributes of God, that only go where they are welcomed, to make their home and wield their beneficent influence amongst us. On the contrary, worldly wisdom continues to act as though the temporal things, which can be seen and handled, were, for that very reason, the eternal; and the eternal spirit of truth and love, because evading its materialistic comprehension, were the temporal. This so-called, but sadly mis-called, practical world not only ignores the ever-accumulating experience that never fails to prove to men and women far on in the journey of life, that "man does not live by bread alone," but rather prides itself in exalting the concrete, which appears to it to yield tangible results, and correspondingly discounts the abstract, which it regards as abstruse, speculative and troublesome. This "practical" type of mind has always presented a defiant front to new

ideas, and drawn the blinds on the possible approach of new light; indeed, it only "entertains angels unawares" for fear such suspected visitants should disturb some preconceived notion or threaten the established complacency of its stronghold. As it disdains serious reflection it does not realise that such conduct—however well-intentioned—unconsciously converts its supposed impregnable bulwarks into beleaguered plains, that depend for their very existence upon the goodwill of the "enemy," and so it continues to call truth, error, and error, truth, as steadfastly as it ignores the wonderfully illuminating fact that though the great and fundamental verities are independent of flesh and blood, they have from the beginning been slowly but surely operating through them in moulding the lives of men.

INDISPENSABLE SLUMS.—In this country, therefore, slums have been permitted to become as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, because we approach collective redemption from exactly the opposite point of view to private advancement. If these rookeries of evil were part and parcel of some great business trust, the commercial mind would immediately sweep them out of existence because it estimates profits, not only by the money made in its trading transactions, but also by the economies effected

in the upkeep of its establishments. Unfortunately, in public work, the same men approach equivalent problems differently, for there they believe the best way both to make money and to save it, is not to spend it—hence the abominable disfigurement which our great cities are permitted to make on the landscape—and so their short-sighted policy compels them both to regard slums as inevitable

ness acumen to bear on slums that is every day exhibited in industrial concerns, they would find it a wonderfully profitable investment of public money to raze them all to the ground, prohibit the erection of houses in the centres of great cities, and build on the outskirts amid the fresh air and sunshine of green fields, spreading trees, singing birds and meandering brooks—amenities which are mis-



Photo 17]

[Pickard

THE PLAYING FIELDS OF ENGLAND

and to waste ratepayers' money in the upkeep of costly institutions, in which to maintain the steady output of human derelicts which their folly ensures.

It must be obvious that the present inequitable distribution of wealth in this country makes decent living for the masses impossible, and if the powers that be would frankly recognise that fact, and in the light of it bring the same busi-

takenly confined to the favoured few—well spread out and carefully planned modern colonies with spacious recreation grounds, well-ordered social clubs, up-to-date educational institutions, wisely conducted entertainment halls, and live progressive churches; putting the whole areas under the control of thoroughly capable, strong and sympathetic agencies, whose duty it would

be to prevent evil by keeping the people's minds occupied with good. Such a wise departure, undertaken with patience, optimism, and courage, would promote far-reaching, if indirect, economies in workhouses, hospitals, asylums, and prisons—in this "practical" world even human betterment cannot be seriously considered unless evidence is forthcoming that "there is money in it"

be demolished, and those dispossessed should push back an equivalent number of other people into better houses than they at present live in, so that from the centre to the circumference the citizens are transplanted to places where growth and development are possible, and the process should be repeated as often as the folks concerned are capable of profiting by it.

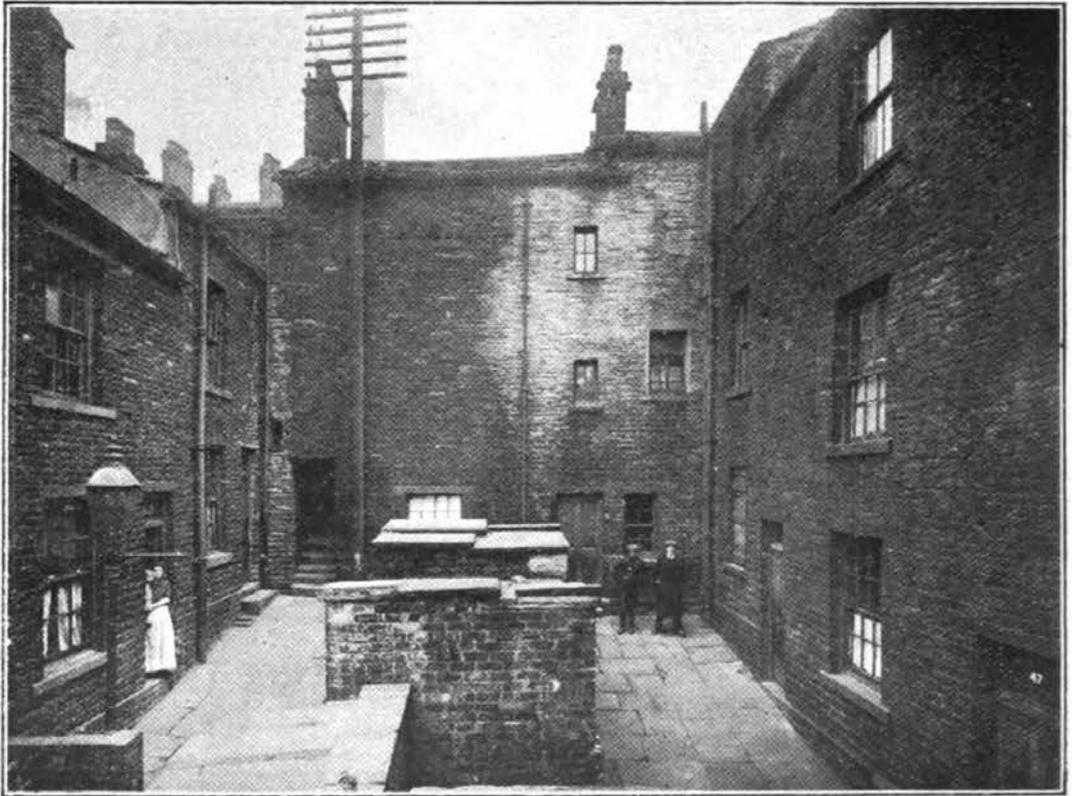


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[Pickard

WHERE WEALTH ACCUMULATES AND MEN DECAY

—apart altogether from the moral and spiritual emancipation which life under such soul-awakening influences would promote. It is true the slum dwellers would not occupy the new colonies, but that is neither necessary nor desirable, for in all walks of life men must grow to better things before they are capable of appreciating them. What really does matter, however, is that the hovels should

The rapid extension of industrial activities in cities, and the natural decay of dwellings near the centre, make this process a real necessity, if regard is to be had to the advancement of the people, while the cheap and convenient methods of transit now available render the herding together of human beings a national crime. Material stagnation is as fatal to communities as mental and moral inertia

is to man ; and if instead of always looking selfishly above us and envying those " better off," we cultivated the habit of more frequently peering down at those less favoured, the added knowledge would make us more grateful and everybody happier, because instead of ignoring the helpless condition of the weak as we do at present, we should begin to minister to their uplift, and in doing so feel something of the joy and gladness that never fail to come to those who seek the welfare of others rather than their own, and even " practical " men would begin to realise that " virtue is its own reward." Indeed it is only by such constant struggle and helpful service from the apex of Society to its base that the Promised Land can ever be reached, and the length of our sojourn in the wilderness of limitations will be determined by the courage or timidity with which we face the man-made difficulties of the journey, and the time it takes us to go in, possess, and enjoy the inheritance which is at present above and beyond us.

A very superficial glance at the present slum problem will produce sufficient evidence to prevent thoughtful people dismissing the proposal without further consideration. Land in the centre of cities is far too costly for workmen's dwellings, whereas in the country it is cheaper than linoleum, while the assessable value of slum property is negligible in comparison to that which would be derived from business premises erected on the same sites. These ramshackle and abandoned areas are the notorious breeding grounds of poverty, disease, and crime, which not only make them a source of perpetual peril to the miserably denizens on the spot, but a constant menace to the well-being of everybody around them. Their forsaken victims impose on the community the necessity to maintain costly workhouses, hospitals, asylums and prisons, throw on public health authorities enormous and ever-increasing burdens, and compel the upkeep of abnormal and expensive police establishments. They claim by far the largest amount of poor law relief, provide

the greatest number of offenders brought before judicial tribunals and prey upon every charitable and well disposed organisation. But the story is by no means one-sided, for every money-making agency seems willing to fatten on their necessity ; they constitute the happy hunting-ground of the rack-renter—often an eminently respectable person hiding behind a callous nominee—the hire-purchase extortioner, and the doubtful food purveyor. Even licensing magistrates conspire against their redemption, for though these authorities decline to have suburbs ruined by drinking facilities, they permit—in spite of the sad and terrible every day reminders that alcohol is the indispensable forerunner of crime, immorality, and neglect — public-houses and grocers' licences to be as thick on the ground as the power to resist their temptations is notoriously lacking, and so this atrocious traffic continues to provide those " means to do ill deeds that make ill deeds done." The damning records of police court proceedings make it unmistakably clear that magistrates should either act in slums as they do in suburbs, or give up passing sentence on the victims of their own folly. The fact that Parliament has deliberately excluded clubs, in many respects more seductive and dangerous than public houses, from supervision, proves that even in a democratic assembly this mighty vested interest, this accursed enemy of innocent and helpless children, which if not throttled would have lost the war, and all the stupendous and world-wide issues involved in it, takes precedence over public welfare and advancement.

When slums are involved politicians appear to be as human as the rest of folk, for they give their de-humanised occupiers a wide berth, except when votes are wanted, and then impose upon their weakness and credulity for party purposes ; while as these off-scourings of Society neither need nor deserve to be saved, and the superior residents of suburbs do, the churches go where the call is most urgent and congenial, leaving the Salvation Army to fight the good fight

against overwhelming odds and with ridiculously inadequate means.

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

This description gives but a faint idea of the antagonistic forces at work in these hot-beds of misery, wretchedness and despair, where physical degeneracy, moral deterioration and spiritual decay are constantly undermining the most prolific sections of the community. It is because we allow these sinks of iniquity, cradles of disease and coffins of death, to constitute the environment into which an ever-increasing proportion of our vaunted imperial race is being born, that it is possible and necessary for Sir George Newman, Medical Officer of the Board of Education, to report that out of, approximately, six million children of school age, no fewer than two hundred and fifty thousand are seriously crippled, invalidated or disabled; while a further million are so physically or mentally defective or diseased as to be unable to derive reasonable benefit from their State education. And this is after one child in every four under one year of age has died either before or after birth. If that statement is true of the country as a whole, what must be the slums' contribution to the terrible indictment? Talk about the burden involved in the provision of decent housing accommodation, what is the cost, direct and indirect, which these dens of ignorance, indifference and shame impose upon the community every day in the week, all the year round? Is the man born who can estimate the handicap to this and succeeding generations which these stains on civilisation impose upon the activities and progress of the richest country in the world? Is anything cheap that destroys and maims the physical, mental and moral lives of men, women and children; nay, can anything be ultimately beneficial, even financially, that fails to make us into nobler creatures of God? Parliament, municipalities, and churches ought to hide their heads in shame till these pestilential hovels have been swept out of existence and it has become pos-

sible for human beings to have better accommodation than would be refused for animals. What can maternity and child welfare schemes do to abolish infantile mortality and the damage rate arising from such diabolic conditions? Let those misanthropes who never grow weary of grumbling at the money expended on other people's children, and who are for ever clamouring for impossible results, either answer or hold their peace, for "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," and the effect of passive indifference all too frequently makes it but another form of active cruelty; indeed, it is such visionless selfishness that is responsible for the disastrous fact that the things that really matter and abide are left to eke out a precarious existence.

AFTER THE WAR.—In all human probability, therefore, every form of helpful voluntary work in the kingdom is rapidly approaching a period of unparalleled stress and peril, in which maternity and child-welfare agencies that attach more importance to the deliverance and elevation of the race than to the means by which these are to be achieved, will be well advised to persuade—the process ought not to be necessary—their respective local authorities to assume full responsibility for the supremely urgent task, because if coming generations are to grapple successfully with the stern, though gloriously pregnant, inheritance that awaits them, they are not only entitled to, but must receive, everything that prudent foresight and trained care can bestow upon them; and experience leaves no room for doubt that these absolutely essential conditions cannot be insured by Government grant and voluntary subscriptions alone. After the war abroad Titanic issues will have to be decided at home, and that under singularly disadvantageous circumstances, for food will be scarce and dear, taxes and rates high, industry disorganised, labour problems acute, the claim for drastic and far-reaching reforms irresistible, and the ability and willingness to give correspondingly curtailed. A very serious

attempt will, no doubt, be made to revert to the old social, economic and industrial order, which, if left unchecked, would have ensured a German victory and a ruined State; but something approaching a semi-communal system that, in spite of its hurried improvisation and inevitable blunders, has enabled our gallant heroes to keep the flag flying and insure a victorious ending to the greatest mili-

face of the stupendous crisis which the war has imposed upon every belligerent land, vested interests have proved to be the greatest internal menace to each nation's best by extracting huge fortunes out of the people's necessities, while their loved ones were dying in the trenches or being maimed for life. These are sad and painful facts that even time cannot easily obliterate, and they will certainly not be

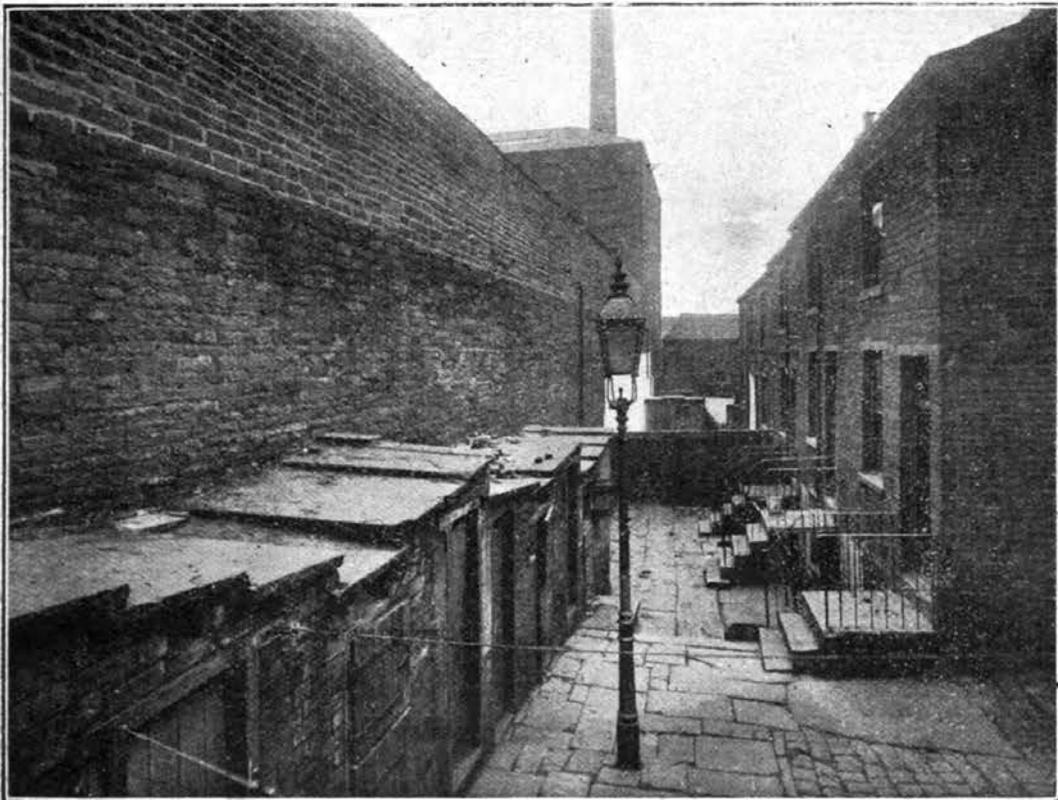


Photo by]

[Pickard

“SERMONS IN STONES”

tary and naval cataclysm in history, and our statesmen—party intrigues notwithstanding—to steer the nation through experiences such as have never before confronted it, is not likely to be scrapped without the most formidable opposition being encountered. There are an enormous number of thoughtful men and earnest women, who have been gravely impressed by the terrible fact that, in the

lost sight of on that great day “when the boys come home,” and as our gallant defenders will be the final arbiters in most things, it will be necessary to satisfy them that a system which, notwithstanding its notorious defects, has proved to be indispensable to civilisation when confronted by callous, cruel and scientific barbarism, is not going to be discarded unceremoniously, strictly and alone to enable a

heartless commercialism to resume its selfish supremacy. A nation that has passed through experiences that have covered Europe with blood and the world with tears ought not to be asked, and in any case will never consent, to return to the limitations and injustices of pre-war days, for if anyone is entitled to share the larger freedom and more spacious life which have been won for others, it is

questions are upon us, and the writer cannot imagine any more effective means for paving the way to better things, in the more controversial issues, than to make it unmistakably clear to the fathers who have fought so bravely, and the mothers who have worked so heroically, that the needs of their innocent and helpless little ones have not been ignored during the dark days of anxiety and bereavement;



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THE REARING OF AN IMPERIAL RACE

surely the people of Britain, who have so nobly borne the heat and burden of the day.

“A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.”
—The slightest consideration will convince those who put national well-being before everything else that the problem of child-life is so pressing, and its importance so paramount, that it ought to be taken seriously in hand before these grave

but that the quickened conscience of the nation has at last begun to so far recognise its duty to itself and its future citizens that the life of to-morrow shall be an ampler and fuller inheritance than the existence of to-day. Indeed, if the State has any regard at all for its own progress and development, it will gladly concede the *right* of every mother to an endowment for every child, so long as she

does her duty to it, just as it has long since acknowledged the justice and the wisdom—in this instance without restriction—of giving all its children a free education, nay, if first things are to come first, it is obvious that in this case, as in far too many others, we have adopted the usual English method of attacking the effect when we want to defeat the cause, for it is only the healthy child, blessed by good mothering, who is capable of reaping the full reward which wise education offers. Under these circumstances, it is most sincerely to be hoped that the discredited theory of poverty will not be imported into the consideration of the endowment of motherhood, as though, forsooth, maternity only laid the nation under obligation when it occurred in the ranks of those who exist below the subsistence level. The war and conscription have made it unmistakably clear that men of all classes belong to the State as well as to their parents, consequently it is both just and right that the State, as well as their parents, should help to maintain them till they are able to support themselves. The shortage of men is notorious, while the number of unfit recruits who have been passed into the Army, and the more than one million men who have been rejected, and upon whom the nation is compelled to rely for the carrying on of essential industries in this hour of crisis and peril, bears unanswerable testimony to the insufficiency of child-life on the one hand, and the discreditable superfluity of neglected "children of an older growth" on the other. In the light of these facts, none but an enemy would either deny the State's responsibility to motherhood, or the folly of confining the inducement to the least fit, which could only still further emphasise the ominous tendency of this section of the community to continue to supply an ever-increasing proportion of our future citizens. Such a short-sighted, unjust and niggardly policy of carrying out a great duty by suspecting, with true Poor Law instinct, everybody to whom it should be rendered of having too high an income is unworthy of a free

people, and not only defeats its own ends—but robs the recognition of every element of virtue and grace. If maternity is indispensable to the State, and deserves encouragement, let the help—subject to reasonable safeguards—be given, so as to induce all married people to fulfil their obligation to themselves, the nation, and the future by contributing a steadily rising stream of strong, healthy and happy children capable of ensuring that

These things shall be! a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

The finest antidote to war and all its unspeakable horrors is the coming as God's messengers of the mother and the child; to exalt them to that glorious office, to which they most assuredly belong, and by the very process you begin to create that purifying and ennobling atmosphere of love, forethought and self-surrender, out of which must come, as certainly as night follows day, that gracious spirit of universal brotherhood and good will, by means of which, "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks." It is, indeed, significant that the declining birth-rate of Europe, and the lowering category into which maternity has fallen during the last forty years has synchronised with the increasing selfishness and pleasure-loving characteristics of its peoples, and it may be taken for granted that neither men, nations, nor continents can play fast and loose with the sacred office of motherhood without, sooner or later, paying the penalty. To care for the child is to save the nation, to rub off the asperities that the absence of their appealing innocence and helplessness breeds, and to promote an environment of mutual consideration and service, which makes hard work easy and the otherwise impossible capable of attainment. Indeed, it is only by such prudent statesmanship that the homes of the truly valiant men and self-denying women, who have laid the world under a lasting obligation by enlarging its free-

dom and broadening its outlook, can be made in any true sense worthy of the endearing name they bear, and life itself can be endowed with that nobler outlook and purer vision which leads upward and onward to its wondrous goal.

Such a thoughtful spirit would have a rare influence on that great army of women who are at last to enjoy their long deferred rights of citizenship, and it could not fail to lighten the unwarrantable burden of those harassed and overworked mothers upon whose incessant struggles the empire's future depends, while it would encourage the chivalrous guardians who have so worthily defended our all, to bring back to the factory, the mine, the workshop and the store, the

unconquerable comradeship of the battlefield and the sea. It is in such a victorious atmosphere of consideration and goodwill that a mighty leap forward becomes possible on the great highways of reconstruction, and that we can begin to realise through actual experience the redemptive power of mutual respect and service so convincingly portrayed in Macaulay's magnificent lay:

Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the state ;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.
Then lands were fairly portioned ;
Then spoils were fairly sold ;
The Romans were like brothers
In the great days of old.

FORE-SHADOWS

I.

I WOULD not have the things of earth
To clog me, in the Second Birth.
'Twere witless, in the Gates of God,
To show my kinship with the sod.
If on my track such things should come
I, to their greeting, should be dumb.

II.

And yet—'twere sad with life to yield
The scythe's song in the noonday field :
To miss, in Heaven's unshadowed bowers,
The gloaming when the hawthorn flowers ;
To forfeit, in the Eternal Light,
Dawn, after thunder's raked the night.

III.

For still these things are signs to me
Of toil made one with melody,
And day's end, e'en as dayspring, blest,
And morning, hand in hand with rest ;
And Power Divine, that will renew
Man's life, where these three dreams are true !

G. M. HORT

THE FESTIVAL OF THE CATTLE

By JAMES H. COUSINS

In a previous article, which appeared in our May number, Mr. Cousins told how he came to participate in the Hindu religious ceremonial of the Dance of Shiva and in the Muhammadan festival of Moharam. In the present article he shows the wide scope of Hinduism in its inclusion of the animal creation as well as the mechanical and intellectual activities of humanity.

EVEN the animal kingdom shares in the religious life of India, not merely as accessory to human devotion in the form of a victim, like the turkey at Christmas, or as a beast of burden, like a horse at a marriage; but as a participant, dressed in his and her best, fed gloriously for a holy day on aristocratic rice and ground cocoanut, and treated with the reverence due to super-human beings. As usual, I stumbled across this phase of Indian religious life by accident. I had already noted the closeness of interest between man and beast in the affairs of life in a country where mechanical transit has hardly begun to exist. One of my first Indian smiles was at the recollection of the question which I so often had put to me on vegetarian platforms at home: "What would we do with the cattle if we did not eat them?" The broad, banyan-edged road from Madras to Adyar gave me answers beyond number in great bullocks and buffaloes assisting mankind in his game of shifting things along the surface of the earth with the energy and brightness that tell of satisfied appetites and minds void of fear; while horns entwined with silver paper and dangling a jaunty tassel at each tip and jingling bells about the necks, told of a relationship that had not withdrawn ambassadors preparatory to a struggle to the death in a slaughter-house. All India moves at the tail of a bullock and a buffalo. The "females of the species" re-

main at home giving progeny and milk; and the inroads of "civilisation," with its habit of flesh-eating—which some missionaries impose as a token of conversion—have not yet banished the "heathen" practice of providing a quiet old age and a natural death for the creatures that cooperate with mankind in the business of life. I had heard of the cruelty to animals that was alleged to exist in India. My residence, divided between a great city and a country town, have given me fewer examples of it than one night's voyage of horror from Dublin to Liverpool in a steamer carrying cattle and sheep; and I have yet to see a Pariah dog showing more signs of starvation than hundreds of children on the streets of Manchester or Belfast. True, I turned away with loathing from the big temple of Kali in Calcutta when a priest announced as a special inducement to me to enter it that goat sacrifices were about to begin; and I avoided the funeral ceremony of the Toda tribe on the Nilgiri hills—written of by Madame Blavatsky—in which they sacrifice buffaloes. But these exceptions, which are supposed to indicate the depravity of Indian religion, are a mere fraction of the animal sacrifices that take place daily in Great Britain for no religious motive, but simply to gratify an artificial appetite. The general attitude of Hindu India to the animal creation is one of partnership not only in the daily activities that are called secular, but in the religious.

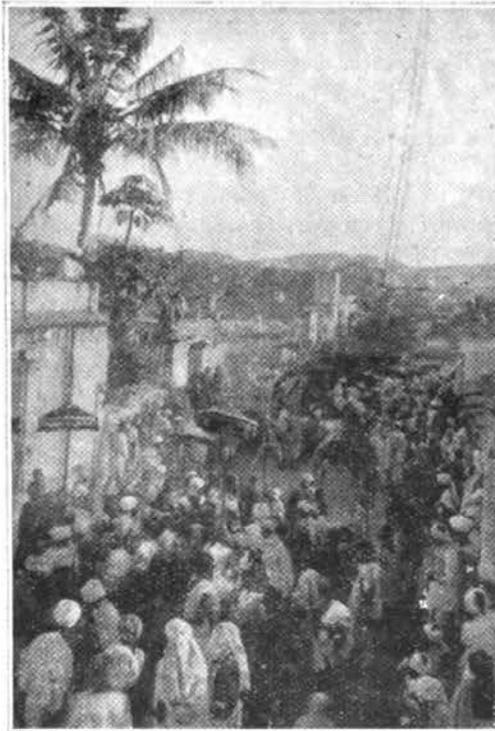
On January the 18th I noticed sundry items of decoration beyond the usual on the cattle that make the roads about Madanapalle a source of constant pleasure with their grace and strength, their ever-changing loads, their variety and beauty of colouring. A fine horse, a somewhat rare creature in rural India, with a brilliant cover, had crossed my path, but the preoccupations of education had held my curiosity in check until in an hour of leisure at sunset I came upon a magnificent bullock clad like a mediæval charger, in a gorgeous cloth that hung almost to the ground from neck to tail, save for a space on his shoulders where his hump stood up, naked and seemingly proud of it. His horns were painted and tasselled, his dignified neck was garlanded, and, to crown the whole (if I may be allowed to turn a figure of speech upside down), his four slender ankles (I am sure this is not their agricultural name) were encircled with rings of flowers. Then I had to ask questions, and the answer, from two Brahmana students, brought not merely an explanation of the occasion, but the occasion itself, Chitlaguppa, the Festival of the Cattle.

A short distance away all the cattle of the district had been collected and so arranged that they faced a central point, where a priest of the caste of the cattle-owners, Shudra, threw flowers and rice over them and invoked the Divine blessing on them against disease and accident

during the ensuing year. A large fire was then kindled by the priest, and every owner saw to it that his beasts looked into the fire. Then, at a given signal, the herd was set free and scattered by shouting and gesticulations to find their way home how and when they chose.

It was at this point that the occasion sprang upon us. The fitful glare of the fire through the trees was obscured by a cloud of dust that came rapidly toward us.

Out of the dust came a galloping, bellowing mass of cattle and buffaloes of all sizes, careering like European boys let out of school on an unexpected half-holiday. Handsome young animals engaged in sideways mimic combats but lost no speed; fat buffaloes, with horns that went straight back almost to their middles, put up their noses and swam past with a sound that seemed to be a mixture of bark and grunt. We had to mount a high ditch at the first onset, for it is a matter of principle with a buffalo never to swerve from its predestined path—even for a European! A dusty twilight settled upon us, and through it phantom creatures sped with a pattering like gigantic rain. After a while the nondescript, undecorated section had rushed secularly and indecorously homeward, as though glad to be rid of religion, and a respectable and orthodox section succeeded at the tail-end of the dust cloud; noble bullocks and sedate cows that moved quietly along with heads up, bells tinkling, garlands swaying,



SHIVA FESTIVAL IN MADANAPALLE

tassels dangling—a vision of human and animal comradeship free of all fear of cruelty and death and free of the fleshly overloading of beasts destined for future dinner tables.

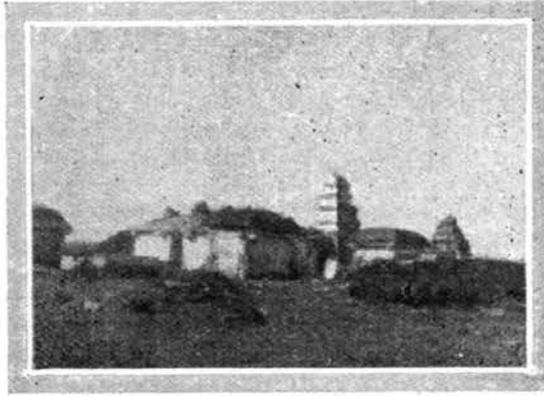
I have spoken freely of the good health and beauty of these creatures at the safe distance of a whole language and one-third the girth of the globe. To do so in the hearing of the cattle would be to tempt Providence by drawing the attention of the Dark Powers to the innocent animals and bringing pestilence upon them. To hope that a buffalo is enjoying good health is to take a step towards shattering your hope. Hence it comes about that among the decorations of the festival, which may be read by the Evil Eye as indicating health and prosperity, there are numerous rude smears of cancellation, and in one case a bullock is covered with the black prints of an outstretched hand in a defensive pose. To me they but added to the picturesqueness of the occasion; but they also indicated an acknowledgment of the

duality of circumstance: As the Apostle said, "Where sin aboundeth, grace doth much more abound"; so, where health existeth there also is disease, for "in the midst of life we are in death."

After the great procession of cattle, came several drummers beating march-time on single drumheads like enlarged tambourines. Men, women, children, and a few specially clothed animals followed. Then came a band of drums, cymbals, and bagpipes playing in the curious Indian way that at first hearing sounds a medley of rival tunes, but with usage resolves itself into a haunting piece of music. With these came jolly youngsters, some of whose costumes did not run into

more than silver anklets, whirling burning sticks about their heads. These they had lighted at the ceremonial fire, and were now keeping them alive to spread the flame about the countryside. As we passed homeward we saw several rows of cattle outside their own homes awaiting an extra blessing. Dried twigs were spread in their way and set afire with the flame from the holy place; and men and cattle marched gaily through the blaze.

And through the haze that still hung about the roads, the throbbing gold and delicate pink of a dry tropical sunset made a magic circle of benediction and understanding along and above the hills that guard this home of the God of Love.



OLD TEMPLE TO SHIVA, MADANAPALLE

THE FESTIVAL OF SARASVATI

But the festival that so far has taken the deepest hold on me, less as an event remembered than as an experience lived, is one that was accompanied by a series of those strangely related circumstances that are dismissed as co-

incidences, but that exercise a curiously intimate power over the thought and imagination despite their label.

It was in July, 1916, that I took up my duties in the Theosophical College at Madanapalle. The inspiration of my work among a population of six hundred students, and the quiet beauty and pellucid atmosphere of the place, with its exquisite sunset colours reflected among the granite hills, called out my desire to express in poetry something of the beauty of things, and I found considerable facility in leisure hours in a tamarind grove near a little disused temple to Shiva in composing a "Hymn to Brigit," the Irish Goddess of Song. While thus

engaged I developed an increasingly vivid feeling of contact with Powers that concern themselves with the various operations of nature and humanity. I had already become aware of such Powers, but my rational faculty recognised the possibility of the feeling on this occasion being only a subconscious reflection of the imaginative process that was composing the poem, and it watched for some circumstance that might confirm or explode the notion.

October brought the *dasara*, or ten days' holiday, which, in my ignorance of the Indian calendar, I took to be an educational vacation halfway through the long term. To the finishing of my poem I added the indulgence of a little reading outside college texts, and fell upon *Letters from a Living Dead Man*. The book interested me afresh in old researches of my own into psychic matters, but just then its chief influence was in repeating and strengthening my feeling of the objective reality of great spiritual Beings such as in India are Devas and in Ireland the Shee. So strong did my conviction become that the stress of it struck from me a cry for a sign from Brigid or from some Indian Deva or Devi who fulfilled the same function as Mother of the Arts. I had sung of her in the Hymn as being essentially one with the Graces of Greece and Sarasvati of India.

On the morning following my request for a sign I received a letter asking me to attend a Sarasvati *puja* (worship). The sequel to my request was startling enough, but hardly so startling as the further request that I should deliver a short address on the efficacy of national festivals such as that in honour of Sarasvati, the goddess of learning. I, an alien in race and religion, though united in sympathy and spiritual understanding with the organisers of the *puja*, who fulfilled the duties of their ancient faith while at the same time seeking for the synthesis behind the faiths. I had had a vague idea that there was some special activity amongst the Hindus, but I knew nothing as to its character. I could not

refuse a request which seemed to come so directly from the inner realms and in a manner that I would have thought beyond possibility with a non-Hindu if it had been suggested to me beforehand.

The *puja* itself turned out to be not one but four. During the day of October 4 devotion was directed, although I knew nothing of it, to Sarasvati herself as a living Power in the universe. On the fifth, *puja* was made to her manifestations in the world of humanity, that is, to books, which are the receptacles of learning and the treasure-houses of poetry, and to implements which are the craft or activity side of knowledge—household implements, industrial implements, art implements: even the modern bicycle was taken into the holy circle of the Devi's powers. The particular *puja* to which I was invited was timed for six o'clock in the evening, but at 5.30 the boy who is "general factotum" for the small domestic establishment that my wife and I maintain on the College Compound, invited us to *puja* in his kitchen, a separate room away from the bungalow in which we occupy the top flat. We had observed a very special and wholesale scrubbing of his utensils during the day, but had not connected it with an ancient ceremonial. His kitchen was a picture: everything was smiling in aggressive cleanliness. Utensils of all kinds were displayed on and around his table, in the centre of which food was laid out—rice and dal, pieces of cocoanut and plantain. Scented sticks were burning in various corners. The innumerable "hands" of the Goddess were indeed having a holy day. I noticed a small sprig of foliage stuck up beside the food, and was told it was "the image of the Goddess"—not the Goddess herself, for she is immortal and divine, but a fragment of the miracle of growth that may well stand as a focal point for devotion towards a Power that is in, yet beyond, creation. The benign and beautiful counterpart of the creating Brahma. Camphor was burned in front of the display, and prayers in the boy's vernacular were to be recited; but we did not

hear these, as an outburst of music called us outside to find that a band had come to escort us, not to the intended *puja* but to another by the workmen of the College estate : a devotional progression from the domestic to the mechanical and the mental, with an individual epilogue.

The band consisted of three performers, one playing the familiar reed instrument like the oboe, the second keeping up a drone bass on another reed instrument that seemed to have been a bagpipes in a former incarnation, the third beating the *talam* (time) with thumb and fingers in the syncopated and gapped manner that has an extraordinary fascination and suggestiveness compared with the mechanical regularity and finality of the Western drum-beat. The band led the way ; my wife and I fell in quite naturally after the band as if we had been accustomed to it all our lives (doubtless my fife-and-drum and Twelfth of July training in my youth in my native Belfast came to my help), and the deputation that had conveyed the unexpected invitation brought up the rear. Thus we made a procession across the wide playground with the encircling hills smiling on a quaint mixture of complexions and costumes.

The workers' *puja* was held in a shed that serves as store, workshop, and smithy. It was already crowded with builders, carpenters, blacksmiths, and their humble accessories, some teachers, and a few specially-favoured students. All the tools of the establishment were assembled at one end of the room, together with the account books of the treasurer, and a bicycle. They were decorated with garlands and bouquets of jasmine, marigold, everlastings, and the sacred *tulsi*. An anvil and forge occupied a place of honour on the floor. Most of the audience sat on the floor, but a few seats were provided for the stiff-jointed Europeans. A Brahmana burned camphor before a picture of Sarasvati, and carried his smoking censer around the implements and audience. Sugar in large crystals, and shredded cocoanut were handed round, and when these were disposed of, the visitors were sprayed with

rosewater and garlanded with the sweetly pungent jasmine. Betel nut was then distributed, and we asked permission to withdraw to the "knowledge *puja*," at which we were expected, in the College library.

A table in the reading-room was tastefully piled with books, and decorated with flowers, and if I had forgotten my call to Brigid and her answer in the newness and picturesqueness of what I had witnessed, I was brought up against it again suddenly by the first book that caught my eye—Squire's *Celtic Mythology*, which I at once recognised as containing the story of Brigid. It seemed as if the Goddess had planned an elaborate jest, and was smiling behind the mask of things. A simple ceremonial of invocation and benediction was conducted by a pandit who recited prayers in Samskrit and spoke of the Devi in the vernacular. My address followed. I do not think it was a success. The matter was good enough, I see by my notes ; but the pre-occupation of my mind with the curious sense of a supermundane plot around me must have broken the singleness of thought requisite for convincing speech. I spoke of such festivals as serving the double purpose of helping finite minds to grasp in parts the qualities of the Divine in operation that cannot be grasped in their totality, and of providing periods of concentration to call some special Divine quality into daily life. In the *puja* we acknowledged the Divinity of Learning, and called for illumination to spread to the living representatives of the Goddess, Indian womanhood.

The *puja* had a postscript and another "coincidence." A student invited us to his dormitory. His study table was covered with his books and writing materials, a simple but impressive example of the religious spirit that is the fundamental influence in Indian life. Camphor was burned, prayers offered to Sarasvati for Her blessing on his studies, and refreshments partaken of in the shape of oranges.

On returning home I found awaiting me a letter from a relative in Ireland in

which he enclosed a newspaper cutting that indicated that my poetry had been for the first time considered with fulness and insight in a new volume of literary criticism. That was the last scene in the subliminal play that Brigid, Goddess of Poetry, Learning, and Crafts, otherwise Sarasvati, chose to stage in answer to the call of her devoted—at least so I may be permitted to fancy. . . .

. . . I have written above of the pageant of "the outward and visible sign" of India's religious life as it passed before my eyes and drew me into friendly relationship, for thus I think I may best convey some impression of its variety and charm to the inner eye of those who cannot see it in the flesh. Through the masks, which are also the clues, one glimpses by sympathetic detachment the natural attitude of the East toward religion; or, rather (since "attitude" implies a sense of separateness), the permeation of all the details of life by a religious spirit that breaks into special manifestations on suitable occasions. In the course of time, too, one finds growing in the mind a deepening understanding of ceremonial externals that may previously have been regarded as outside real religion: a "hideous idol" can become a means of concentration inwardly; and a grip on the psychological fact that everything exists within the mind, enables one to see the fallacy of the statement that

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

The implied ingratitude to God for His

gifts is falsified every hour of the day—and sometimes of the night, as I have good reason to know just now when the drums and horns of Mahashivaratry ("Shiva's Night," which extends over several), never cease their tribute to the Invisible. True, the "heathen" prostrates before an image whose material body may be a polished stone *lingam*, or a silver human shape, but he does not prostrate to the image as such, but to certain powers and qualities for which the image stands, like x in an algebraical calculation, Powers which, assuredly, as I have myself experienced, become to some degree embodied through the

focussed thought of ages and hosts of worshippers. When such a Power deserts a temple the worshippers will soon follow. Kali may deal destruction. Krishna may grant blessing, and both will hold their place, but India has no need for an unresponsive Deity. "Wood and stone" are valueless unless



THE VAHAN OF SHIVA. THE BULL
Both Bull and Temple are cut out of a single piece of rock

they are *mantric*, *yantric*, or *tantric*, that is: words, signs, or the science of Power. In the aspect of barter with the Invisible, Indian religion is no more selfish and material than the Jewish religion of Zangwill's *Ghetto*, or the sudden conversion through fear of Hell which I myself narrowly escaped in my Nonconformist boyhood. But deeper than this there is in the East, as in the West, a spirit of search after the essential unity of the religions, a spirit of expectancy of some new exposition that will uplift and purify both religion and life in every detail; and, deeper still, there is a region of attainment and open vision—but of this one does not speak in many words.

DESTINY

O! MANY a mighty gift to Man is given
Whereof he dreams not; and of all most great,
That which, in ignorance, he ascribes to heaven,
—The power of Fate.

Dwells he in joy or sorrow?—lo! of old
By his own act that destiny was plann'd!
Yea, all he hath contriv'd he doth hold
By his own hand.

He is his own Fate!—By none else controll'd,
He walketh. Then, O Pilgrim, think on this!—
Free lies thy future to thy hand, to mould
To woe or bliss!

E. A. W.



THOUGHT AND WILL

HOW often, when the enlighten'd Will
Some true and worthy deed hath plann'd,—
Ere she her purpose can fulfil
The feverish mind unnerves her hand,
With many a drowsy argument
Blunting the edge of high intent.

O! thou, that from that lawless sway
Would'st free thy soul, reverse those links!
Feeble and faint his strength alway,
Who, ere he act, first wills, then thinks.
Think first, then will,—and swift proceed,
With no more thought, from Will to Deed!

E. A. W.



WHAT IS CO-EDUCATION?

By ALICE WOODS

Miss Woods has been interested in Co-education ever since she first began to teach in 1876. From 1884 to 1892 she was head-mistress of the Chiswick, Bedford Park, Co-educational School, and afterwards Principal of the Maria Grey Training College for Women. Miss Woods retired in 1913 and has since written and lectured on the joint education of boys and girls and also edited "Co-education," which, besides containing articles by many supporters of Co-education, has a preface by Professor Michael Sadler.

THE term "co-education," as used in this article, must be carefully distinguished from "co-instruction," or dual education.

Co-instruction means the instruction of children of both sexes in the same class and by the same teacher, but the boys sit separately from the girls, and are not allowed to speak to them. In "dual schools" there is a single principal of the two departments, one for boys and one for girls, class-rooms, playgrounds, and entrances being carefully separated, though in some schools members of the staff teach both sexes. In co-education, however, boys and girls are taught together in the same class-rooms, and as far as is practicable play together, talk, walk, and generally enjoy social life in company.

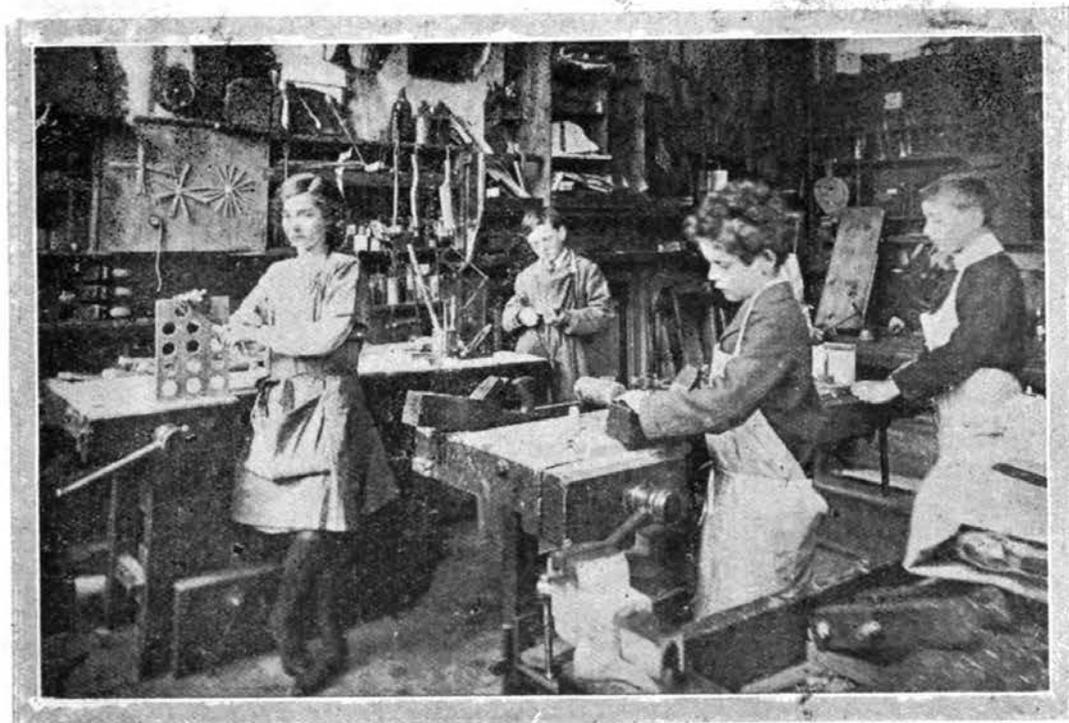
Such genuine co-education is no new thing. Plato, in the Fifth Book of *The Republic*, dealing with the education of guardians, suggests that it will be "proper for our guardians and their wives to engage in the same pursuit." "There are many women, no doubt, who are better in many ways than many men." "As far as the guardianship of a State is concerned, there is no difference between the natures of the man and of the woman, but only various degrees of weakness and strength." "We shall have to select duly qualified women to share in the life and official labours of the duly qualified men; since we find they are competent to the work, and of kindred nature with the men." "To render a woman fit for the office of guardian, we shall not have one education for men and another for women.

especially as the nature to be wrought upon is the same in both cases." It is said that a tombstone found at Capua represents a schoolmaster with a boy on one side and a girl on the other, seeming to imply that Romans as well as Greeks had some measure of co-education.

Men and women, as well as brothers and sisters, seem to have been taught together in the Palace School of Charles the Great by Alcuin in the eighth century, and in the Court schools of the fifteenth century, such as that started by Vittorino da Feltre in Mantua. Opinion differs widely as to the effect of the Reformation on co-educational schools. Mr. Sadler, noting Luther's desire that girls as well as boys should learn to read the Bible, thinks that we can trace the growth of co-education in the Eastern States of America to the Puritan tradition, but admits that "throughout the West co-education was strongly preferred," because "it was believed to be more in accordance with the democratic principle of equal educational opportunity for the two sexes." Mr. Grant thinks that whilst the Reformation in its immediate effects threw back the cause of women's education by the reaction against asceticism, which tended to confine women very closely to the domestic sphere, yet the equality of all mankind in the religious life helped to produce a saner view of the equality of men and women. Miss Lumsden, in her interesting review of *Women in History*, is strongly convinced of the harm that the Reformation did to the Women's Movement. In her article in an illuminating

little book, *The Position of Women, Actual and Ideal*, she says: "The character of the leaders (Luther and Henry VIII.) had much to do with the lowering of the status of women." "Value was set on temporary or Oriental elements in both Old and New Testaments," and "the systematic education, which women had obtained only in convents, perished with the suppression of the religious houses." In England,

we begin to hear of schools for boys and girls above the age of six. A boys' school started by Mr. Case in 1865 at Hampstead, in which his daughters were also taught, became later on a co-educational school. In 1869 Miss Lushington founded a school for both sexes at Alton in Hants, and in 1873 Mr. Herford opened his school for boys and girls which is still in existence at Fallowfield, Manchester. During the last fifty years



BOTH BOYS AND GIRLS ARE TAUGHT CARPENTRY AT THE KING ALFRED SCHOOL, HAMPSTEAD

at any rate, co-education had few advocates until we find it recommended by Mary Wollstonecraft towards the end of the eighteenth century, and it was carried out to some extent by Pestalozzi in Switzerland in the early eighties. Froebel's views certainly might have led to the education of boys and girls together throughout their school career, but his influence was confined to very young children, and it is not till the middle of the nineteenth century that

the progress of co-education has been most rapid. There are a number of schools up and down the country for children of both sexes up to the age of twelve or fourteen—e.g., the Froebel Institute and Miss Dale's school at Hampstead; whilst boys and girls up to college age can be educated together at Bedale's, Petersfield, at St. George's, Harpenden, at the King Alfred School, Hampstead, at Highgate, Hunstanton, Letchworth, King's Langley, and at

several of the Friends' schools, such as Sidcot and Ackworth. There exist also many mixed County Council schools, in which boys and girls work side by side until the age of sixteen or seventeen, and the Little Commonwealth in Dorset, a colony of so-called criminal boys and girls from fourteen years upwards, is one of the most thorough-going and successful

of how to separate the sexes as much as he possibly can. It is this economical motive which has spoiled so much of the co-educational work in the U.S.A. In the Eastern States the writer met again and again with a feeble form of co-education. In 1907 the only schools in which she saw boys and girls at play together as well as at work were the School for



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experiments in co-education that has ever been tried.

It is in regard to the thoroughness of the work that the co-educational schools differ so widely. The County Council schools are often very half-hearted. The boys and girls are only brought together in fear and trembling by people whose sole object in promoting the union is economy. Little trouble is taken in the selection of the staff, and the headmaster too often devotes himself to the problem

Ethical Culture in New York and several schools in Baltimore, in one of which boys and girls of various ages were engaged in making a snow man. In 1913 the schools of Springfield, Mass., were genuinely co-educational, but the superintendent of these schools was the same man who was at Baltimore in 1907. He was a firm believer in co-education, and took the view that America was far behind England in her adoption of its principles.

The present movement in favour of co-

education has, it is true, the dark side of a materialistic desire to save the pockets of the ratepayers, but amongst the more thoughtful members of the community it is recognised that co-education is likely to be a powerful factor in the educational changes which we are hoping to see after the war. The great change which many of us hope for is the substitution of *co-operation* for *competition* throughout our social and economical life, and hence *service* instead of *personal success* will be our educational aim, a service based on the realisation of the special powers of each child. What are the elements of co-operation? (1) A strong feeling of comradeship, which includes wide minds and deep wide sympathies. (2) A sense of humour, with its readiness to give and take. (3) The utilisation and right guidance of our instincts. (4) The equality of opportunity of progress for every human being born into the world. (5) A knowledge both by each individual and by those most interested in him of his special bent. (6) The determination to use, and the opportunity of using, that bent for the good of the community. And, lastly, the aim of all education is to be life, not death. "Each for all and all for each" is the motto of co-operation. "Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost" is the motto of competition. In Lewis Campbell's words in his sketch of a new Utopia,* "Education had been so far developed that each individual had been fitted for an occupation suitable to his nature, and conducing to the public good. This absorbed his lifelong energies, and to this he was devoted heart and soul. . . . The community had become united in one strong and harmonious whole, and even the head-workers and the hand-workers had come to understand each other and to recognise the interdependence of their several labours."

An ever-growing number among us believe that co-education will help forward these dreams of a world "wherein dwelleth righteousness." As matters are at present, comradeship between the

sexes is sadly lacking. Boys and girls brought up in separate schools are awkward and shy when they meet, and if they dare venture to be friendly, their foolish elders at once declare them to be "in love" with one another even when they are quite little children. But the boys and girls who have striven together over difficult lessons, who have been in scrapes together, who have comforted one another in school troubles, who have had a good quarrel and made friends again, who have walked, talked, and played together in a natural way, are frank and sensible when they meet other members of the opposite sex. One half of the world is no longer a mysterious enigma to them, and when love comes it is founded on a firm basis of genuine human friendship, instead of being built on fairy fancies. A greater and deeper sympathy is bound to be another result of a childhood in common to both sexes, for sympathy is based on experience, and the experience of human nature must be greater when one half is not rigidly excluded from the other half.

It is held by those who have had firsthand experience of co-education that the sense of humour is quickened in a boys' and girls' school. In the writer's own school it seemed as though the children appreciated fun and laughter more than in a school for girls alone, and Mr. Grant writes†: "Boys and girls may see the funny side of life from different standpoints, and glimpse different facets of the comic, but they appreciate each other's view more easily . . . the camaraderie of the sexes is not a little helped by the spirit of laughter. . . . We are not afraid to assert that the co-education of the Comic Muse would be a far-reaching social reform."

Co-education will help in the utilisation and right guidance of our instincts. The instinct of pugnacity may be taken as an example. As society is at present constituted it is undeniable that there is war between the sexes. No one recognised this more clearly than George Meredith,

* *Plato's Republic*, by Lewis Campbell. (John Murray and Co.)

† *The Case for Co-Education* by Cecil Grant and Norman Hodgson. (Grant Richards.)

and in *Lord Ormond and His Aminta* he writes: "The task of education is to separate boys and girls as little as possible. All the devilry between the sexes begins at their separation. They're foreigners when they meet; and their alliances are not always binding. The chief object in life, if happiness be an aim and the growing better than we are, is to teach men and women how to be one; for, if they're not, then each is a morsel for the other to prey upon." Had men and women been brought up together as boys and girls, women would have had their votes long ago, and we should not have seen the lack of sanity displayed in some quarters over the women's movement. With a greater understanding and wider sympathy between them, the fighting instincts of men and women are likely to be utilised in a united struggle against the many evils of modern life in an effort to bring about co-operation amongst the whole human race.

Another element in this desirable co-operation is the giving of equal opportunity for true progress and development to every human being born into the world. This is the essence of democracy, and in a co-education school the girl has a far greater chance of sharing the advantages so often offered only to the other sex, advantages in subjects taught, in equipment, and in a wider, freer life than is usual in the majority of girls' schools. This equality of opportunity should, in our opinion, be given also for the important reason that every boy and girl in the world should have some chance of discovering his or her special bent, the wealthiest as well as the poorest, and should be able to break through convention and do whatever work he or she is best fitted for. It should be as possible for a nobleman's heir to work as a field labourer as for a labourer's son to become a bishop, if in each case that is what will bring out and suit best the powers possessed. The conventions in regard to sex profession are more likely to break down in a school where boys and girls work together than in separate schools, provided that a careful watch be kept on the

interests and pursuits of each pupil, and each be perfectly free to carry out the course desired. The needs of the individual must be considered before the conventions of sex.

The discovery of the bent of each individual leads naturally to the service that can be rendered thereby to his fellow-creatures. The free ready giving of service to others is the very essence of co-operation. Mr. Grant, of Harpenden, holds that it is in the sixth form that boys and girls find the greatest opportunities of helpfulness to one another, and whilst he follows what he believes to be the natural tendency to separation in boys and girls from fifteen or so to eighteen, and gives each sex its own common-room, the sixth form shares the same room. Mr. Badley, of Bedale's, after many years' experience, thinks that after fifteen or sixteen the great value of a joint education lies in being together, not in taking the same subjects. It would be interesting to discover what percentage of pupils leave our separate schools with that strong desire for service that we wish to find in them, and how it would compare with the percentage leaving our mixed schools. Much would depend on the personality of the heads, but where boys and girls have been brought up in an atmosphere of mutual helpfulness there is likely to be a keener desire to serve in a wider world, and time will not be lost, as it generally is, in an attempt to understand the opposite sex.

There is not one element in the desired co-operation of the future which is not helped forward by the education of boys and girls together, and in addition to these advantages there is the most important fact that it is only by having boys and girls in constant close contact from their earliest to their latest days that we shall ever be able to solve the problem of genuine sex differences. Experience in this time of war has taught us that many of the ordinary supposed differences are products only of an artificial environment and our imagination. Some of us believe that owing to physical differences there must be other differences based on these

which will hold during our earthly existence; others maintain that the differences are so deep-seated as to last beyond this life; whilst a few hold that they are entirely a matter of convention, and that there is no real sex diversity. It is only by bringing up boys and girls together that these questions can be decided. It is interesting to note that when girls were admitted to the "Little Commonwealth,"

pursuits in the Technical College were open to both sexes, and one girl insisted on going into the blacksmith's department, in spite of the efforts of the professors to dissuade her. It turned out very well, for the girl was strong and vigorous, and set on assisting her father, who had longed in vain for a son to help him at his forge.

The last important advantage of the



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they at first eagerly took up boys' employments, such as road-making and building, when they found that they had free choice; but when they discovered that housework, laundry-work and the care of children were regarded as of equal importance, and deserved equal remuneration, they all chose these occupations, and when I last visited the colony the only other employment which girls undertook was gardening. In Philadelphia, in 1907, all

system that need be mentioned is the greater ease in discipline. Mr. Badley says in his article* "Problems of Government in a Mixed School": "Boys feel that their old tradition of physical force as the one means of enforcing order breaks down in the presence of girls, and they begin to realise that moral force is of a higher order than physical. They learn

* *Co-education*, edited by Alice Woods. (Longman and Co.).

from the girls to rely more on public opinion. It is the almost universal opinion of all leaders in schools for boys and girls that there is far less trouble in maintaining order. From Mr. Burness's book, in French, on co-education, the following remarks are taken, from his summary of an inquiry into the working of sixty-one secondary co-educational schools in different parts of England: "Fewer

higher tone exists." "Clandestine meetings cease. These are not infrequent when boys and girls go to separate schools."

It has been said recently that "Liberation of Creativeness" ought to be the principle of reform in the future, and that "the desirable kind of discipline is the kind that comes from within, which consists in the power of pursuing a distant



TEACHERS AND PUPILS

serious faults take place." "Discipline is easier." "Each sex dislikes reproof in the presence of the other." There is "Less timidity, less roughness and self-assertion, less foolish talk on both sides." "A healthier tone exists." "Severity of treatment is not so much needed." "Both boys and girls are more ready for self-discipline." "Friendly discipline becomes possible." "Boys dislike to be corrected in the presence of girls." "A

object steadily, foregoing and suffering many things on the way. This involves the subordination of minor impulses to will, and the power of directing action by large creative desires, even at moments when they are not vividly alive." It is this kind of discipline which seems to spring up most readily in mixed schools. The older boys get from the girls a stronger sense of duty, of service, and the girls gain from the boys stronger pur-

posefulness, and a greater love of work for work's sake, independently of the personality of the teacher. We need as a nation greater power of initiative, more foresight, a better imagination. The two sexes working together help each other in all these respects.

But whilst strongly advocating the increase of co-education after the war, we must not close our eyes to the objections that are sure to be raised against it. The old objection of forty years ago that boys would become effeminate and girls mere hoydens has died a natural death. At Newnham girls from joint schools are said to be better mannered than girls from schools of their own sex. Objections of a very different type are now in vogue. It is held that in some of the best established co-education schools boys are more favoured than girls, whose differences from the opposite sex are emphasized, instead of being left to discover themselves. For instance, in one school in New York the writer heard a teacher tell the girls that Tennyson's "Revenge" was not the kind of poem for girls to learn, and that only the boys were to learn it. In one of our English schools a parent complained that her little boy seemed to be taught to look upon the girls as apart and separate, and that even quite little boys were sent to play alone. This is certainly a misfortune, if true, but it is a very interesting objection, as it shows that at least some parents desire thorough-going experiments.

Some of the warmest advocates of the Women's Movement are opposed to co-education on the ground that the schools for both sexes almost always have a man as Head, and that girls miss the invaluable influence of a woman as the chief authority, and lose something of their respect for womanhood. This difficulty is almost certain to be greatly lessened after the war, for many women are now teaching in boys' schools, and are even in charge of houses, their success being so great that they are not likely to give up the work after the war, especially as there will be many masters who will never return to the profession. Men are begin-

ning to believe in the power of women teachers, and by working side by side with them they have lost the distrust and lack of respect that made them so unwilling to work under them. The drawback is, as the writer has said elsewhere, only a temporary one.

The general tendency of co-education is towards a distinct increase in originality and self-reliance for both sexes, and this will make it far easier for either a man or woman to be chosen as leader. . . . If it should prove true, as many among us think it will, that the hope of the future lies in the recognition of one moral law for men and women—in the adoption of the Kantian maxims: "Act so that whatsoever thou doest thou mayest will to be law universal," and "Act so that every fellow-creature shall be to thee not a means only, but an end in himself"—then everything should give way to the importance of bringing up boys and girls in close companionship. Women must be prepared to sacrifice their own interests for the time being in the advance of the common good, and should the temporary sacrifice of head posts be required of them, it is not likely to be seriously grudged.*

An old argument against co-education was that there would be premature sexual attachments between boys and girls, but this has been so completely proved not to be the case that the modern objector now declares that there is danger lest there should be too little rather than too much love-making. Stanley Hall writes:

In place of the mystic attraction of the other sex that has inspired so much that is best in the world, familiar camaraderie brings a little disenchantment. . . . This disillusioning weakens the motivation to marriage sometimes on both sides. . . . I believe that this is one of the factors of a decreasing percentage of marriage among educated young men and women.†

To this objection it may be replied that to be tricked into marriage by a mistaken view of the future partner leads to the greatest misery, and the result is often a small or no family. The more binding unions, based on an intimate knowledge of one another's strength and weakness, is likely to produce a larger family and children of a better type. "For both men and women," writes Mr. Badley, "mutual understanding and sympathy are worth more than

* *Co-Education*, edited by Alice Woods. (Longman and Co.)

† *Adolescence*, by Stanley Hall, Vol. II. (Appleton and Co.)

the sexuality we seem to have been afraid we should lose if we didn't exaggerate it."*

Another modern complaint against co-education is that though the young people do not fall in love with one another, sexual attachments spring up between master or mistress and pupil. It lies in the power of the teacher to prevent such a disaster. The danger may exist, though in no case has it come under the observation of the writer. It is a possibility that can best be guarded against by the greatest care in the selection of master and mistress in joint schools, care that unfortunately is not always taken by those local governing bodies who have not grasped the principles of co-education, and adopt it only from economical motives.

It will be found that the large majority of girls educated with boys accepts far more readily than in the ordinary girls' school the minor differentiations of treatment that are bound to exist. There is so much better understanding of the opposite sex that a willingness springs up to leave to it the rougher games and treatment, and if here and there a remarkably vigorous, boy-like girl comes to the school who ardently desires a boy's sports or occupations, we should be inclined to let her join in them.

Another complaint sometimes made is that girls never get the same chance of governing others as in a girls' school. This depends entirely on the management of the school. "At Bedale's," Mr Badley writes:

The outcome tends towards government by a joint committee in the school as upon the staff. . . . Offenders are dealt with by their own captains in girls' or boys' houses. Girls when old enough to be school prefects hold the same position of general authority in the school as that held by elder boys. . . . Authority is to be a matter solely of character and position, not of sex.

At St. George's, Harpenden, a girl has on more than one occasion been the head of the school. The opportunities thus

* *Co-Education in Practice*, by J. H. Badley, (Simpkin and Marshall.)

afforded in joint schools of dealing with the other sex as well as their own must give a far wider experience to all the pupils than is possible in separate schools.

Forty years ago the chief objections raised to co-education were that it was in many ways most undesirable for boys. There has been a swing of the pendulum, and now we hear more frequently objections on behalf of the girls, and the fear is expressed that the girls are being exploited on behalf of the boys. Again, the best answer to this objection is the opinion of girls who have been brought up in a good and thoroughly co-educational school. All seem to hold that they would not be without the experience for anything that could be offered to them.

Many of us hope that after this war steps will be taken to promote a "League of Nations," so that never again can such a devastating warfare happen on our globe. To accomplish this there must arise mutual understanding such as the world has never yet known, an understanding between the dominions of our Empire, between the nations of the world, both great and small. But nations and dominions are made up of individuals, and it is, after all, on the spirit of each individual that progress is based. Unless members of the human race learn to understand each other, we shall strive in vain for the wider international understanding. One great step towards a perfect service in which alone lies perfect freedom is a truer and more earnest and comprehensive system of co-education than has yet been known, for it is in a great measure through the constant association of boys and girls together in both childhood and youth that a clear understanding of their points of strength and weakness springs up, that they come to respect each other, to lose their mutual distrust, and to let sex take its proper place in the human endeavour to make the brighter and better world of tomorrow.

JUDGE HENRY NEIL : CHILD SAVIOUR

By JOHN SCURR

ONE is constantly finding two classes of people who delight in discussing the problem as to whether an intelligent self-interest and altruism are not one and the same thing. One side maintains that the love for one's fellows is really quite nonsensical, and is founded on purely selfish motives, as the professed altruist is only seeking to make for himself a comfortable world in which to live. On the other hand, the altruists maintain that no self-interest can equal the intensity of passion for social service which animates the altruists. I am inclined to the opinion that the controversy is a barren one, like many others of the type, and this point of view was brought home to me in an interview that I had recently with Judge Henry Neil of Chicago.

The Judge is of Scots descent, coming from a Glasgow family, and is typically American in his outlook. When I say "typically American," I mean that he accords with the type which many of us in Britain set up as being that of all Americans. He is alert, brisk and business-like. He wishes to do things, and he professes to have no concern with abstract questions of morality or ethics. He bases his philosophy purely on the principles of whether a certain course of action pays or does not.

Here we can say that we have the selfish person in *excelsis*, but the self-interest of Judge Neil in his public life is really of a very altruistic character, for he is the pioneer of the world-famous Mothers' Pensions Movement.

America is not guilty of staining its Statute Book with a Poor Law like the English Poor Law of 1834, but the country has not been able to escape from having poor people, and various agencies have had to be brought into existence to

attempt to deal with the problem of poverty. As a result, charity has become in America a considerable business. In New York City, for example, it is the sixth largest business of this great commercial State. A great army of experts live by running the charities by the raising of money by appeals to the public, and spending most of it, not in relieving the necessities of poor folk, but upon salaries, office rent, and other expenses. In effect, with the exception of it being provided by public charity, the principle is the same as the English Poor Law, only this charity, cold as ice, in the name of a cautious statistical Christ is very expensive, and has led to a considerable amount of hardship being inflicted upon the poor. This has been particularly exemplified in the question of children, and the experience of Judge Neil may be related to show the stupidity of the laws which existed before he undertook his campaign.

In the spring of 1911 he went into the Juvenile Court of Chicago and sat on the Bench beside the Judge, who was one of his friends. A poor mother was brought in with five children. She was given a chair because she was too ill to stand. Her husband had died three years before, since when she had endeavoured to look after her children during the daytime and had earned her living by scrubbing the marble floors, etc., of public buildings at night. When she appeared before the Judge she was too ill to work, and her landlord had given her notice to quit. She was applying to the Court for help. The Court gave the help permitted under the law of the land; i.e., her children were taken away from her and placed in various institutions, including even the baby, and the mother was unable to see them again under any circumstances or conditions. Further, it was a criminal

offence to reveal to the mother the whereabouts of the children, once they had been sent to the particular institutions provided for them by the Court.

As Judge Neil watched the proceedings he was convinced of the senseless folly

some method which would show even the most hardened and callous person that the institutional system and the separation of the child from the mother did not pay in dollars and cents. He turned to his friend the Judge and said: "Does it not



Photo by]

JUDGE HENRY NEIL

[Hartsook

of such an inhuman system, but he felt in his mind that it was useless to go out on a campaign and appeal to the humane interests of people, or to ask them to do justice in the name of morality and ethics. He felt that if anything could be done, it could only be accomplished by instituting

strike you that it would be far better to hire the mother to look after her own children than to hire other women to look after them?" His friend agreed, but confessed his inability to do anything more than he had done owing to the law.

Prompt to action, the Judge, in March of 1911, went before the State Legislature of Illinois and asked them to amend the Juvenile Court Law by authorising the Court to pay ten dollars a month to mothers and permit them to keep their own children. He was successful in persuading them of the sound financial basis of this suggestion, and the law was passed in the following terms :

If the parent or parents of such neglected or dependent children are poor and are unable to care for such children, who are otherwise proper guardians, and it is for the welfare of such children to remain at home, the Court may enter an Order finding such facts and fixing the amount of money necessary to enable the parent or parents to care properly for such children, and thereupon it shall be the duty of the County Board through its County Agent, or otherwise, to pay to such parent or parents, at such times as the said Order may designate, the amount so specified for the care of such dependent neglected children until further Order of the Court.

Only six short years have gone by since this Act of Parliament was passed, three of which have been devoted to a world-wide war, which has brought its effect to America as well as to other countries. Yet, thanks to the pushfulness of Judge Neil, to the idealism which will not acknowledge itself as being idealistic, which makes up his nature, and thanks to that American grimness which pretends not to be kind-hearted and only selfish, thirty States out of the forty-eight of the United States have adopted the Mothers' Pensions Scheme, and now at least one hundred thousand children, who would have been taken away from their mothers and put into institutions never to see their mothers again, have lived in their own houses under the fostering care of their own mothers. For, as Judge Neil so succinctly expresses it, "the more you help the mother the more she helps."

To show how the plan pays for itself, the following facts may be mentioned: New York City paid in 1915 3½ million dollars to institutions for the care of 22,000 children. These institutions collect each year the same sum by begging. In the thirty Mothers' Pension States 10,000,000 dollars were paid for the care

of 100,000 children. In the large cities it costs 5 per cent. for administration and supervision charges under the Mothers' Pensions Scheme. In the same cities it costs 76 per cent. to administer charity. It costs 100 dollars a year to support a child under the Mothers' Pensions system, and it costs 300 dollars a year to support a child in an institution. In Chicago the Juvenile Court officials show 100 per cent. efficiency with Mothers' Pensions as a preventive of juvenile depravity and delinquency.

Such is the work of this American, who is at the present moment visiting Great Britain in order to induce the people of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland to adopt a similar method.

The recent report of the Board of Education concerning infantile mortality shows us the startling necessity of doing something for the children of Britain, and the articles which have appeared in the *Herald of the Star* by Mr. E. J. Smith show what can be done in one direction.

But it is of importance that the tie of mother and child should not be severed. No officialdom can be a substitute. In the City of Glasgow and in one East-End London borough also, a scheme of what may be termed "Mothers' Pensions" is in vogue. The results have been beneficial, but the actions of the Guardians of the Poor, who are responsible for the scheme, are circumscribed by the narrow limitations of the Poor Law. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that the visit of Judge Henry Neil to England may lead to us recognising what the thirty States of America recognise, that it will be better for the mothers to look after their own children, and that it is cheaper even from the financial standpoint to hire the mother to keep and care for her children than it is to pay professional men and women to look after children who have been driven, from circumstances of poverty, into work-houses, reformatories, industrial schools, and so on. It is a sound business instinct which recognises that to save the children and their mothers is to conserve the real assets of the nation.

THE NEW GOSPEL IN SOCIAL AFFAIRS

By GEORGE LANSBURY

An Address given at the Queen's Hall, London, March 1, 1917

THE subject about which I am to speak to you is one to which I expect most people have given some consideration. When the war came it broke up the whole social life of our people and of those on the Continent; much that has hitherto been considered of great importance is now insignificant—while the great realities of life stand out in their true values.

It has often been suggested that people will do anything for their lives; but the war has proved that people will give their lives for great, impersonal things. Those who watch closely the events on the Continent, and have been brought into touch with the men who fight there, know that the great majority of them do not fight because they like it, but many of them do so because they feel it an imperative duty to fight and struggle, and, if needs be, die in defence of their respective countries. This contradicts the pre-war theory that the best human endeavours must always be made in self-interest, in the getting of something for one's *self*. It is self-interest, but a greater self than that of the individual; it is his collective, or root self. That fact is coupled with a fresh one, that in every nation there are multitudes of people whose whole lives have been changed as a result of the war. People are enduring suffering and hardships, some voluntarily and some because they can do no other; their whole mode of life has been changed. This being so, those of us who are considering our relationships towards one another are asking: "How much of this kind of spirit is going to persist when the war is over?" "How much of it is so deeply rooted in our lives as

to have some effect on the men, women, and children who will follow us into the world?" This is the most important of all questions for us, because those of us who believe that evil cannot overcome good, but that, in the long run, good must triumph, must also have some kind of an idea of how, and by what means, that triumph will be accomplished; and just now, with all the suffering that we see around us, we are especially entitled to ask whether this splendid energy, this spirit that inspires men and women to give all that they have, both of life and material things, is going to persist in that other fight against social evils, which will be the last great war; because, in my judgment, the horrors of war are only eclipsed by those of Peace; horrors so much the worse, in that they are *preventable*, whereas those of war are not. The starvation going on in Germany just now is a necessary part of the war; so is the shortening of luxuries, even of necessities, going on in our midst; but the poverty, the social misery, the degradation of Peace time, these things are preventable, they need not be. If we are filled with enthusiasm, if we are ready to spend, and be spent, for the purpose of defeating Germany, then we ought, I think, to be even more determined to give everything we possess towards combating the social evil we see around us.

My wish to-night is to point out the nature of these evils, and to show you how, in my opinion, they may be dealt with. But, first, I beg everyone to remember that at every period in the history of the world like that through which we are passing, there have been teachers—great men and women who have brought some

message to the world of suffering mankind; suffering as the result of its failure to put the teachings given it into operation. It is because we have paid no heed to the prophets and teachers of the past and present, have spurned their teachings, closed our ears to their appeals, that the present crisis has come upon us.

Now, the root of evil in this and all times is poverty. Poverty of mind, of body, of spiritual and material things. Those who tell us that "material things do not matter" make a very great mistake. It is the anxiety about them, the terrible struggle to obtain them that is, in my judgment, the beginning and almost the end of all evil. You cannot have the interminable search and worry for bread, and all that bread means, without this worry and strife having the most deadly effect upon your life and character. Here and there a man or woman rises above it; the rest of us succumb.

An outstanding possibility of the times in which we are living is that nobody ought to be hungry for any material things at all; our power to get all that men and women need in the way of material things is so tremendous that, if wisely used, it would most certainly put an end to material poverty. Henry George, writing in 1885, imagines how the picture of our civilisation would appear to the gulls perched on the deck and rails of a great liner (great even at that date) with all its magnificent machinery and mechanism. If these gulls had brains they would wonder how the inventors of such perfect machinery should have so wrecked their own social mechanism as to be the producers of slums, dirt and disease. It is so astounding that we hardly ever realise it ourselves. And yet, to-day, to a very large extent, you have facts that teach you the lesson. With all the tremendous strain of the war, from the point of view of material resources, the fact remains that people of this country are at least able to live. During the last two and a half years eight to nine million people *in this country alone* have been taken out of their ordinary industrial life

and put into the business of war. Many people have wondered how and from whence the maintenance of these people comes; yet they have been maintained. All that has happened is, that instead of the product of the world being spent in one direction, it has been spent in another; it has been spent in the interests of all these men and women, and even children, who are engaged in the Great Fight. They are being fed, they are being clothed; and, because we have the will to do so, we are finding the way. Is it not incredible, and yet true, that in many instances the soldier's wife, for the first time in her life, finds herself with sufficient money to feed and clothe herself and her children thoroughly well? Many wives of agricultural labourers now receive double the money each formerly received when their husbands were at home working from sunrise to sunset, and the husbands are also sure of three square meals a day, and warm, good clothes. These conditions could not prevail before—not because they were unrealisable, but because of our unwillingness to realise that we are part and parcel one of another, and that all these were entitled to a much fuller life than was allowed them.

Another thing has happened. Only the other day in Parliament they were discussing how to get more value out of the land. A member said that 200 motor tractors had been ordered, and would shortly be at work. They are very wonderful machines, as any of you who have seen them will know. And they are going to increase the productivity of the land without any extra work, except that of providing the machines. And yet, if this machinery is still needed after the war, by strange contradiction, in the great industrial centres and the villages we shall again be faced with appalling poverty and squalor; poverty not merely of material things, but of mind and outlook—a poverty that kills. Few people seem to understand that the true use of machinery and invention should be to bring a fuller life. In war time it is used to help to carry on the war; in peace time

to make profits and dividends. We must in peace time insist that the true use of machinery must be to bring about a fuller and more wholesome life for all.

I think, if you will analyse it, you will find that we are nearly all afraid of something, and that is, *of being poor*. A man is often a cheat or a thief because he thinks that, by this means, his wife and children will have a better time than he has had. I know of a story where a man, at a Moody and Sankey meeting, when asked if he would not become a Christian, refused to do so, on the ground that he would have to give up his business, which was that of selling a certain kind of soap. "The wrappers say that this soap is pure, and that it won't destroy your clothes," he said. "What is the good of that, when I know very well that it will ruin them completely? No boss, I have my wife and children to keep; I can't do it!" This may be an extreme case, but it is an illustration of that fear which runs through the roots of life, and is responsible for nearly all its greediness and sins. If you do not believe me, a little self-examination will prove to you that I am right. We are afraid of this poverty; partly because very few people will respect you if you are poor. I do not mean that they will have anything to say against your personal character, but they will stand aloof; you will lose "caste."

Now, if we are to have any new Gospel at all in the world—or, rather, any resetting—in modern life, of those Old Truths which are so eternally true, it is this, that you cannot get true happiness out of a nation when the best of its brain power is devoted to getting what is called material riches. What benefit is it that we can prove that British shipping tonnage is so much greater than that of other nations, or that we are possessed of so much gold and so many of the things that are counted as riches? Of what value are all these, when our dearest and best are torn from us by the grim hand of war? Prevailing social and industrial conditions demonstrate that competition for material wealth between individuals and between na-

tions has altogether failed to bring happiness to mankind. People who say that co-operation will bring us all to a dead-level of incompetence make a very great mistake. They act on the assumption that man will only do his best when spurred on by the goad of self-interest; but the reverse is the case. When we have no longer this whip of possible poverty to drive us, in any sort of society where to-morrow is sure for a man and his children, there will be a tremendous public spirit, in which each will do his very best for the community, and it is to find a way of bringing this about that is the task of all the churches and all the religions.

The sufferings that we see around us are not made by God or Nature; they are the creation of a disordered state of society—I think an unnatural state of society. I do not think that it is a natural state of things that men and women should scramble to get their daily bread. That is proved, I think, by the fact that some of us are able to see that there is enough for everybody, and that none of us need scramble. Children at a party (I do not mean a West-End party) are often seen to scramble for the food. They struggle over each other, and sometimes against each other, to reach the coveted morsels; but if you take a party from the West End of London the young people will sit down decently enough. They have been *accustomed* every day of their lives to plenty; they know that there will be enough for all; but the poor have all been brought up on the tradition that there is not enough to go round, and so we scramble over each other, like the poorer children. It is this lie—this assumption that there is not enough for all—that has to be killed, and its death will be the beginning of wisdom. There is a beautiful story by Olive Schreiner (in *Dreams*) in which she pictures a room of revellers feasting at their wine. Ever and again a hand comes through the folds of the tent and seizes something, and those inside are afraid of that happening, not because they are naturally mean or selfish, *but because there*

would not be enough to go round. That is a real picture of our life at present. Selfishness arises because we do not want to be poor. We are afraid that if those who are submerged come up there will not be enough for us all. But the war has taught us that the masses of the people need not work at productive tasks, and that their brains, when put to it, can invent all kinds of things for purposes of destruction. Why not for purposes of reconstruction? The brain power that has been used to invent gas shells could be used to build a great system of distribution, which would give to each member of this great human family that of which he or she has need. No Gospel is going to help us that does not start right down at the root of things, that does not reach to fundamentals; because you are not going to get men and women to work at the great ideals of life unless they are sure of the fundamentals for their loved ones. That man does not live by bread alone is a truism; it is equally a truism that mankind cannot exist without food and material things. No Gospel is going to help us that does not start "right here."

People say they "do not see what an individual can do" in the matter. Personally, I do not think that any of us can save the world, though I am quite sure that many people would be willing to make the sacrifice. But, however much we may think this, in the end we are driven to see that mankind must be saved by men and women, not apart from, but with others. The failure of small groups (so numerous in America) who separate themselves from society and endeavour to form settlements apart from their fellows is proof of what I mean. The world cannot be saved that way. I think it will be changed by men and women who live in society, to whom has come a complete change of outlook towards one another, an outlook which will compel us to think of our neighbour, wishing that he may rise with us (in a material way and in all ways)—that is what is going to redeem the world; seeking our own salvation and our neighbours' betterment

as well as our own. Our first task, then, is to try and understand the economic conditions under which most of us are living—to try and realise that we are dominated by this Fear of Poverty (because of all that it means), to realise also that this Poverty would be non-existent if we did not live apart from each other, and imagine that economic conditions demand that each should live for himself, and not for the Race. Now, you do not carry on the war in that spirit! If you had done so, the Germans might probably have been grateful. No, you go on an entirely different line. You say that no sacrifice is too great, that nothing can be too much to ask, in order that the nation may win through. But there are other wars—great, burning wars of the soul—and these will have to be settled in the same spirit of co-operation and sacrifice that binds the nation together at this time.

In the midst of all this horrible slaughter, when all the effort of the nation is being used for purposes of destruction, we who remain at home ought to be so organising our lives that we may be ready to take part in the great up-building—dedicating to the full all the good that is in us to the service of the nation, and finally rooting out Poverty from our midst. But men and women must go to work impersonally, without any regard to whether, if certain things are done, certain of their own privileges will be swept away. This war has seen the ruin of thousands of small men of business, in many cases cheerfully borne. They have realised that the sacrifice of their own interests was necessary in order to win the war. The workman who goes out gives his body (which is literally all he has) for this great body of England that he serves. Why should we stand aside?

The State is now demanding that the Imperial Resources of the Nation shall be organised for the service of all. If they are to be so utilised in war time, ought they not also to be utilised for the purpose of rooting out all social evils—those grim monsters that make war upon us in times of "Peace"? But, in order that this may be brought about, the relations of

Capital and Labour must undergo a complete change. Does anybody here think that people should be making individual profits as the result of a great war? The majority of us hold that the making of such profits is nothing less than a crime against society, *but why should it be any more wrong to make profits out of this kind of war than to make them out of the Social war that goes on in times of "Peace"?* What I have been trying to aim at is this—that Poverty and all that it entails is *preventable*, and that the New Gospel will put this doctrine into practice; it will teach men and women that poverty and dirt, disease and squalor, sordid meanness and social wrong are the result of man's ignorance and selfishness. What, after all, is this but the Old Teaching, that we should look upon one another as brothers and sisters? It may sound difficult and far away, but at the present moment there is a great deal of organisation going on which can only be done because we have in some dim way realised this great truth, that, notwithstanding our divisions, we *are* part and parcel one of another. Orders are given, and no one enquires whether they can be enforced or not. The rich go without their luxuries, and people adapt themselves to the new life. It is that same adaptability that we want in times of peace, and the loss to the unhealthily-rich members of the community will be less real than apparent. You have only to stand in the City, near the Mansion House, and watch the faces of the millionaires who pass, to notice a look of worry and anxiety that will haunt you all the day. They are searching for a happiness that never comes to them, and all of us are learning the lesson that whatever is necessary to be done we can somehow do. We are also learning the utter futility of excessive wealth in a society where wealth is held to consist of great material possessions.

Many people are pondering over the problem of the ultimate fate of the thousands of people now filling temporary posts, when the men return who had previously filled them. *But do you not see that we could carry out every hitherto un-*

attained reform, that every slum could be rebuilt if only we will properly organise the immense volume of Labour that will be available?

People ask how we shall be able to *pay* for this? In the same way, surely, as we are paying for the war. Nobody, I think, expects profits and dividends, in the ordinary sense of the term, out of the war, though many people receive them in a shamefaced sort of way. *But I say that you ought not to expect them either out of the labour of the community in times of peace—that in the days of peace, as in the days of war, this giant force of Labour should be organised for the service of the whole nation. Then we should strike at poverty from the very root—because it is right down here that the canker lies. But mankind is still under the impression that nothing can be done unless the nation provides private profit to some favoured individuals, except in the case of certain big social services, in which we are forced to realise the falseness of this idea. In education and sanitation we have abolished competition in the ordinary sense and replaced it by something much better—social co-operation. I hesitate to call the war a social service—to me it seems, rather, a social dis-service; but it is an example of what I mean. The idea of private interest has been replaced by that of co-operation. In the same way the lighting of our streets is carried on without any private profit to anyone. They are lighted and swept for the convenience of all. But do you not think that the organisation and distribution of food is just as necessary as the lighting of streets, and—if there is anything in the idea of development, the happiness of people should grow more and more as they learn to do things collectively—by and for one another, rather than under the influence of the competitive spirit? Competition itself is capable of development, like everything else when it becomes transformed into the collective or co-operative spirit. But I do not believe any change is possible without an entire change in our attitude towards one another until we*

realise in very truth the saying "All ye are brethren."

I wonder, when we read about all that happens in such places as Waterloo Road and the Strand, how many of us realise our own responsibility for it all? The drink traffic and the traffic in human souls—how much does it touch *you*? How much do *you* individually really revolt against that kind of vested interest that grows rich on the degradation of men and women? We want the Angel of Revolt in our midst, standing with drawn sword against those conditions that are not really human, conditions in which thousands of women and children and men are suffering. How many of us have the spirit of the Salvation Army girl who keeps at her post amidst the jeers, and sometimes the stones, of the crowd; keeps there, not for herself, but because she believes that men and women will be lost unless she can save them? It is her faith which has given her this strength. There is a tremendous power in people who have an absolute faith in something that is impersonal.

The Salvation Army girl believes that Hell is a reality. There are some of us who have realised something of the reality of hell upon earth; but we have not the conviction of these Salvation Army girls. If we had we should have made a far greater mark in the world. We should have brought the power of an absolute conviction to bear on all obstacles and have been more than willing to face any sacrifice that their removal might bring to us as individuals.

The Message we want is the one that came down 2,000 years ago with the Angels' Song, the Message that tells us that Christ has come that we might have Peace and Goodwill towards one another.

And that Message will come again when we have learnt the meaning of love, not the love that patronises or that gives in order, as it were, to insure its way to Heaven, but the Love that makes us bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ; the love that will not allow us to be content until *others* share the life that we ourselves desire to live. And *who are* the men and the women who, all down the ages, we really love? Are they not, now and always, the great Heroes, those who have shown that they have loved their kind? What is it that makes Christ the great, outstanding Figure of Life? He was not a great conqueror, He did not come to make people captive. But little children gathered round Him, and women whom other people scorned and rejected found in Him a Refuge; the poor and the unfriended found a Friend. Is not this true also of everyone you have truly loved? They are not people who trample their way through life, but those who strive, with all the strength and force that is in them, to give themselves to the service of their fellows. Do not believe that heroism has passed away. Our hope lies in the fact that *here and now* some men and women are living in that same spirit of Love and Comradeship. . . . All the machinery and administration of life is useless unless charged by the dynamic force of Love; Love that has not died with the Master, nor with St. Francis of Assisi, Elizabeth Fry, Father Damien, nor with any other of the saints or martyrs of the past, but which is as strong to-day as ever. We who believe this must do our best to spread the truth abroad, and mankind will one day realise that the greatest thing in the world is the giving of *one's self* to the service of humanity.



CONSCIENCE AND SERVICE

A Personal View

By F. S. SNELL

Mr. F. Saxon Snell was one of the many to whom the Theosophical teachings have opened a vista of inspiration and promise which he was quick to follow up. His keen interest in the "Secret Doctrine" led him to form the Isis Lodge for the especial study of Madame Blavatsky's writings, and he studied and taught until the outbreak of war called him away. On July 11, 1916, as a lieutenant in a Battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, he fell in action, and we may be sure that his capacity and devotion will quickly bring him back to re-birth and service amongst us.

PERSONALLY, I do not agree with the point of view of the conscientious objector: but I am much nearer to it than to any other

point of view which leads men to take part in this war—except that which led me to do so.

His idea is this. "Thou shalt not kill" is an absolute law which it is wrong to transgress under any circumstances. If those nearest and dearest to you are attacked by brutal ruffians, you must not attack the ruffians yourself in order to defend your nearest and dearest. For we are all God's children, and are all under God's care. Therefore the ruffians are your brothers as much as those whom they attack, and for the same reason that you must leave

all vengeance and retribution to God and not presume to administer it yourself, so you should not break God's laws even to protect those whom you love from

violence: you must just pray and trust that God Himself will protect them, the same as though you were not there.

And, of course, you must not kill in order to defend yourself. All fighting is wrong, under any circumstances. All you have to do is to be gentle and kind, to love God all the time and always be sweet and tender and never be angry. And, of course, what applies to your personal friends when they are attacked applies also to your nation. So you do not fight for your country either.



Photo by]

[Eastbourne Photographic Co.

FRANK SAXON SNELL

“Hatred ceases by love at all times.”
 “Render good for evil.” Let the tyrants of the earth wreak their worst upon their helpless victims, let the victims return nothing but love and offer no resistance: then the hearts of the tyrants will be melted and love and peace reign the world over.

Now, all this, so far as it goes, I confess I feel it very difficult to deny. Certainly if everyone adopted that creed, and lived it perfectly, the hearts of tyrants *would* be melted and their power would be at an end. But then, very few people *can* carry out such an ideal perfectly—or perfectly enough to make it worth while their even attempting such a thing.

Most people who attempted to live up to an ideal like that would never come within sight of it at all: they would, at the most, deceive themselves, and be acting from baser motives really. Nevertheless, many do worship this ideal with their whole heart and have the courage to put it into practice as they see it.

But there are one or two things that they do not see, or, if they do, do not admit to be true. On the other hand, to me they are conclusive. For example, if you believe in not killing, you must accept the *spirit* of the law as well, and that means not resisting *anything* by force—so that if you commit yourself to non-resistance, you will find yourself obliged to choose between *active* resistance (joining the forces and fighting) and *passive* resistance (being put in gaol for not doing so). Being a non-combatant on principle is really fighting against the whole idea that war is a duty or can ever be justifiable, and thus putting yourself into conflict with your own countrymen as well as the enemy, in a spiritual sense,

by refusing to recognise their point of view. So that the conscientious objector is really a man who has scruples, not against resistance *as such*, but against the active resistance that leads to bloodshed. Passive resistance is indeed their main idea.

My own point of view is that it is better to choose the people you are most fitted to help, and make helping them your one aim and object; and that in order to help them you must make them like you—and in order to do that you must, to some extent, do *not* what *you* feel right for yourself but what *they* think you ought to do. The people I have to help think I ought to go to the war: therefore I must do so, or else I could not help them—but could only go in a corner by myself and live up to ideals that practically no one else understands; and that would be selfish and unsociable from my point of view—though others may think that it hastens the time when *all* will be able to follow those lofty ideals. I do not know: that may be so in individual cases. And the individual cases must necessarily decide for themselves.

For instance, the business man has to eat meat, smoke cigars, and wear a top-hat; he must not sit on the floor, nor must he camp out in the open; for if he did any of these things, the people he has to help would not respect him, and his help would be of no use to them. I do not have to trouble about these restrictions because the particular people by whom I am surrounded will not mind; but, on the other hand, I must respect *their* prejudices.

The conscientious objector, on the other hand, follows an ideal all by himself. For the moment he is doing the best he knows, and no one can claim to be doing more than that.



TRADES THAT TRANSGRESS

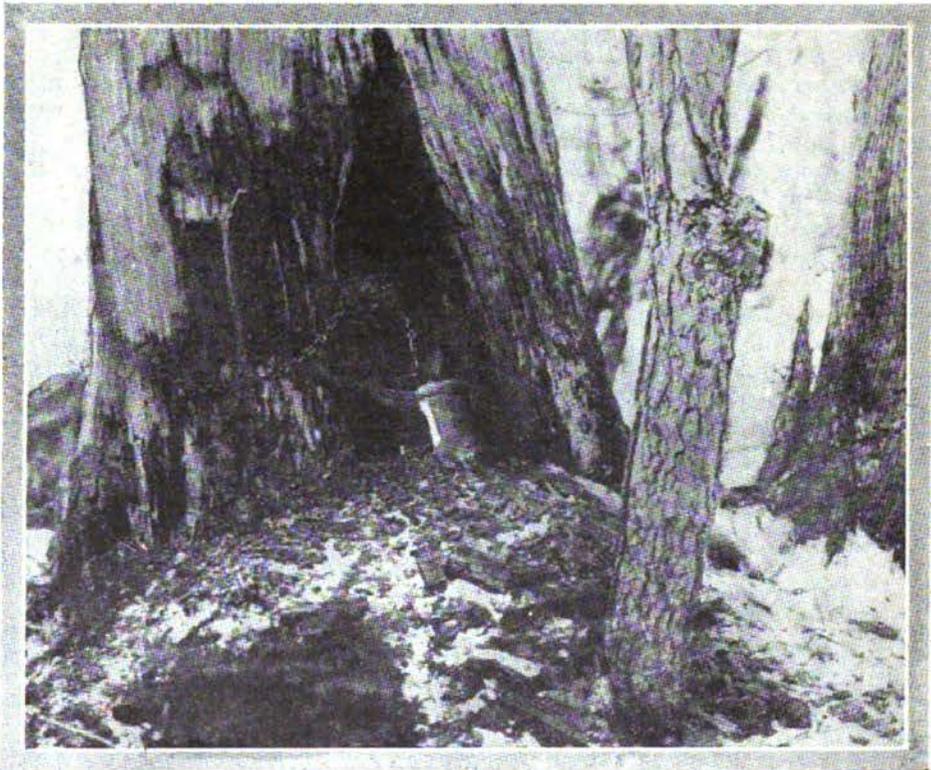
The Fur Trade

By G. COLMORE

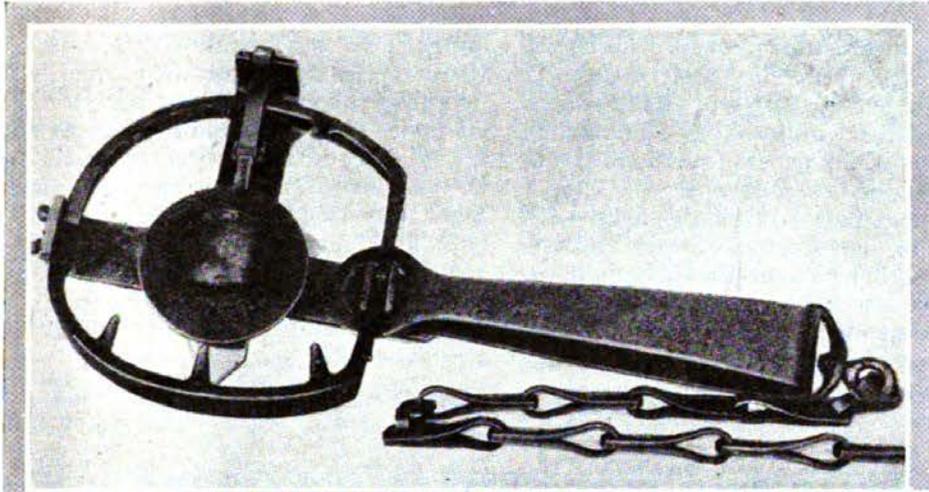
IN fashionable novels the heroines are always, in the winter season, attired in furs. Their faces look out bewitchingly from beneath fur toques; they throw off or put on—always with careless ease—fur wraps or coats or what the shops call "neckwear"; fur is a background for glowing cheeks, sparkling eyes, dazzling complexions. The fashionable novels reflect the ideals of the fashionable and unfashionable worlds. In real life the faces are not so constantly bewitching; eyes do not always sparkle, cheeks fail to glow, and complexions are not invariably brilliant. But the furs are

there. The rich are decked in the skins of the seal, the silver fox, the ermine; the poor in the skins of rabbits dyed to some semblance of the coats of far-off Northern beasts.

The furs are there; and the carelessness. Ask any owner of furs, woman or man, the cost of cloak or coat or cap, and the answer will give you the price in pounds sterling. Ask any dealer or shopman, and again the cost is estimated in terms of money. The coat, to buyers and sellers, is the market price; they look no further than the counter, the mirror and the wintry weather. But the real cost is



THOUSANDS OF SMALL ANIMALS CAUGHT WHOSE SKIN IS NOT WANTED



A STEEL
TRAP—
MAN'S
CRUEL-
LEST
DEVICE.

FOX
CAUGHT
AT LAST
BY THE
PITILESS
TRAP



FOR
MINK,
SKUNK,
COON,
ETC.,
SAID
TO
KILL
ANIMAL
INSTANTLY

something other than money. Money is made by the trade in furs, money is spent in it; but the actual price of the furs that are bought and sold is summed up in practices which necessitate direct transgression of the law of love.

Pages and pages might be filled with accounts of these practices and still the full tale of them would remain untold, so many they are and so lengthy; but some idea of them may be given, a suggestion of what the fur trade means. It is for those who would follow love's law to make knowledge more complete, to face

animal must not be allowed to escape, so there is the device of the "pan," the action of which results in the steel jaws snapping on the leg too high up to admit of its being torn or bitten off; and there is the spring pole, by means of which, when the animal is caught, animal and trap are hoisted into the air and there remain suspended. How long the agony of the animal lasts depends upon how soon the trapper passes that way. Professor Howard Moore says:

Here the unhappy captive, must hang until it starves to death, or freezes, or perishes from thirst



THE WAIL OF A TORTURED FOX

it, to assimilate it, and to use it in love's service.

The greater number of animals slain for the sake of their skins are caught in traps—steel traps, which are made in all sizes, the largest being known as the bear tamer. Young trappers are advised to buy good traps, since in the cheaper ones the edges of the jaws are thin and "often sever the leg of their would-be captive in a single stroke"; or "the leg is so deeply cut as to enable the animal to gnaw or twist it off. This is the common mode of escape with many animals." But the

or pain, or until the particular "paragon" who carries on this accursed business comes along and confers on it the favour of knocking out its brains. The poor creature may have to hang in this distressing condition for a day or two, or over a week, suffering agonies no pen can describe, including the pains of inflammation rendered many times more excruciating by the thousand fruitless struggles of the distracted sufferer to escape.

The mink, the marten, the musk-rat and the bear are all caught by means of traps. In the case of aquatic animals, the traps are placed in the water, just below the surface, and the weight of the

trap and chain is sufficient to drown the smaller ones; but with the larger animals, the beaver and the otter, for instance, the sliding pole is used, the trap and chain not being heavy enough to sink them. It acts much in the same way as the spring pole used on land, except that instead of lifting the animal into the air, it drags it down to the bed of the water.

Poison is another means of killing the bear, and the poison used is strychnine.

causes the tongue instantly to freeze to the iron. There it remains till the hunter comes along, since there is no method of release save by dragging the tongue out by the roots.

Sealskin is obtained by means of butchery on an enormous scale. When the butchery takes place on land it is preceded by driving. In the Alaska fishery thousands of seals, with heavy coats, overheated, foaming at the mouth, are



HANGING BY LEG FROM TRAP



MINK HAD ESCAPED BY GNAWING
OFF LEG—CAUGHT AGAIN

Those animals who eat the poisoned meat live from twenty minutes to an hour after eating it—in what degree of anguish only those who have seen the effects of this poison can realise.

The ermine is caught in a different way. Iron plates or bars are smeared with grease; when the animal, who is tiny—the largest skin being not more than ten inches long by two inches wide—attempts to lick off the grease, the intense frost

driven along, being allowed to rest only sufficiently to avoid spoiling the fur. They are also allowed to "cool down" before they are forced to pass, in a long column of from three to five abreast, between men who crash in their skulls with heavy clubs.

Of the ice regions, Dr. Gordon Stables, in his *Story of the Arctic Ocean*, says:

I write of what I have seen over and over

again without being able to prevent it, for the excitement and the sight of blood seems to turn our fellows into fiends incarnate for the time being. . . . The ice was strewn thickly with baby seals. . . . They never attempt to move off—they can't. One blow from the sharp end of the club, and the baby is weltering in its gore. The skinning takes place immediately, the blubber and skin being removed together. . . . Oftentimes the baby is only partially stunned, and when flayed may be seen to roll in agony on the snow. But beasts in shape of human beings at times skin them alive! And I have seen these fellows pitch a living flayed seal into the water to see whether it would move off or not. . . . On this particular day I frequently saw the gunners trample on a baby seal to bring up the poor mother who heard it cry. She was then ruthlessly killed.

Professor Gambier Bolton writes

of pregnant seals ripped open (although out of coat themselves and therefore useless), but the fœtus torn away to make the extra soft and delicate fœtal sealskin prized more highly than the fœtal Llama and Astrachan skin (all, by the way, obtained in the same manner).

It may be added that Persian lamb or caracul is also a product of fœtal skins.

The apologists for the fur seal trade attempt to palliate its practices by maintaining that some of these practices belong not to the fur seal trade but to the trade of the hair seals, which are slaughtered for the sake of the leather in the hides and the oil in the blubbers; but the apology is a condemnation of both trades rather than the exculpation of one. Horrors are not minimised nor cruelties excused because they are paralleled. Of these twin trades, the fur seal and the hair seal, Frank T. Bullen, celebrated for his books about the sea, writes :

I do not propose to harrow my readers' souls by describing the methods of slaying seals for market, not only for the valuable sealskins which adorn our ladies in winter, but for the oil and leather. It is a sordid, horrible business which cannot be written about nicely.

Sordid as well as horrible, for the pitiless slaughter is linked with a mean commercialism. To quote again from Mr. Bullen :

Lady with the hundred guinea sealskin coat, know for a certainty that the men who looked death between the eyes and brutalised themselves lower than the shark, to wrench that coat of furs from its rightful owner, got less than a hundred

pence for so doing. The bulk of the money went to the city magnates and full-fed speculators, who never gave its origin a second thought.

So the price of furs is this : the brutalising of fellow-men, from the trapper to the seal hunter; the destruction and agony of thousands upon thousands of animals year by year, from the great grizzly bear to the tiny ermine. It takes four hundred ermine skins to make a single coronation robe : how many it takes to supply the market only the trappers and the dealers know; but there are whole cloaks, ermine lined, and garments of many kinds, ermine trimmed.

Ermine is but one of the many furs on the market, and very many of these furs, sealskin for instance, are widely worn; few indeed are the animals furnished by nature with fur, whose doom it has not been that their skins should become the fashion. They pass in a long line across fashion's stage : the bear, the badger, the beaver, the marten, the mink, the musk-rat, the lynx, the otter, the fox, the ermine, the seal, the sable, and many others. There is no pause in their passing and no pause in their pain. How can there be, while fashion decrees their slaughter, and love of money allows it, and men and women wrap themselves round with ignorance and carelessness, and take no count of the cost of what they wear, save in the matter of pounds shillings and pence?

So many men and women clad in or adorned by the skins of slain animals repudiate cruelty, shrink from the sight of blood, "cannot bear to hear" of suffering. In their shrinking and their sensitiveness they are prone to thank God that they are not as others are, brutal, unfeeling, active in the infliction of pain : yet, if a sin it be to transgress the law of a brotherhood which embraces all that is, of a love not limited but universal, there is not one who, could truth pierce ignorance, self-complacency, callousness, but would straightway bow head and knee; not one who would dare to stand save far away from the shrine of love; not one who would not be constrained to cry : "God be merciful to me a sinner !"

OUR OPPORTUNITY

By the Rev. ROBERT ROBERTS

Mr. Roberts sees in the devastation of War the element of good that sweeps away debasing and confining conditions, and gives us all a chance to construct a better State for the future.

WE live to-day amid the ruins of an old order. The world in which we once moved so securely is now a shattered wreck, and no resurrection trump can be blown with power to put it together again as it once was. Nor is there any wish to return to the state of "as you were." We look back upon that state with mingled aversion and horror, and we are determined that whatever form the new may take, it shall be different from the old. We look back upon its religion, its education, its politics, its sociology with amazement, and find ourselves wondering how it was we existed so complacently among its multitudinous horrors. It is, of course, true that our emotional attitude towards the vast unknown in front of us varies. Constitutionally, many of us are timid and apprehensive. We peer dimly forward, and as we stand shuddering on the brink of change the words of Tennyson come to our lips:

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,

Others of us are built on different lines. There has come to us a mighty, though disturbing, faith. Undismayed by portents and doubts, there come to us those other words from the same poem:

It may be we shall touch the happy isles,
And see the great Achilles whom we know.

I have mentioned the sociology of that old ruined world. But I can understand anyone reading these lines asking with a note of derision in the voice: "Was there any such thing then to be seen?" The word implies communities of peoples wisely ordered for common service, each contributing of his personal store something to enrich the common stock. It reminds one of the saying of Aristotle that "Government was founded that we might

live, but continued that we might live well." It suggests the noble thought of George Eliot of that "beauteous order that controls with growing sway the growing life of man." Apocalyptic vision dreamed of a holy city "coming down from God out of heaven." But the process of "coming down" has been tediously long. The world has grown grey and hard, while the vision has failed to materialise, and it would appear as if the great war had come to smash up an old order that had become merely obstructive. Society, however, if Aristotle is to be trusted, precedes the individual, and certain it is that without it neither man nor woman can be anything but an aborted, truncated being. And it is curious to reflect that throughout the troublous story of this ageing world, the two processes of destruction and reconstruction have been going on simultaneously, and the builders have been armed at once with sword and with trowel. We cannot live in ruins. The foundations of the new order must even now be taken in hand, and we must begin to consider whether we cannot organise human society for purposes of peace and mutual helpfulness more effectually than the old was organised for competition and war.

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?

demanding the old Corn Law rhymer. Upon us is laid the duty of arresting that demoniac sequence, and erecting amid the smoking ruins around us a city of God wherein the "grace of Freedom" shall girdle the "majesty of Law."

If the war should kindle this passion for social justice in the nation's soul, it will at least have helped us to some wisdom of life. But to be effectual in shaping

the conduct of individuals or nations this wisdom of life must be something more than an academic phrase. In the best sense of the term, it must become political. Few words in our language have been so vulgarised as this word "political," and its kindred terms. But if we pitch this vulgarity out of the window we need not throw the baby out along with the bath. What valuable social meaning is there at the heart of this battered word? Broadly put, it may be rendered as "the art of living well together in society." Was the old order "political" in this more vital and enriched form? Think of its preventable infanticide. Call to mind its debased sisterhood compelled to sell itself into shame to eke out its starvation wage. Remember its manufactured poverty, its torturing slums, its sordid industrial quarters, its flaming gin palaces, its unfranchised womanhood. Was there much chance, in its "City of Dreadful Night," that man, woman, or child should reach a high measure of attainment in that art of living well together in society which should be the goal of all sane politics? I do not suggest that the material environment is the sole determining force in the shaping of life or morals. But it still remains a fact that if we would grow flowers we must not sow the seed in sawdust. Among the imperious after-war problems this one of putting a soul of sense into our erstwhile mad politics claims a conspicuous place. Our political institutions have to be humanised. And humanism is a spiritual quality.

Education is now in the air, and we are all educationists to-day. Nearly half a century has gone since our last great effort. It is just possible that the system so laboriously built up may have to be scrapped in many of its parts. The Cain brand of sectarianism is on what it is pleased to call its religious instruction. Its curriculum aims too definitely at making the child a little walking encyclopædia. Cramming has almost disappeared. But the making of artisans and foremen is still a cherished ideal. This is especially so in some of our evening

schools, from the scope of which almost every vestige of what our Scottish friends call the "humanities" has been eliminated. For the most part the higher evening school's administration has been handed over to technical committees. These aim avowedly at technical efficiency, utterly oblivious of the fact that the human being is a rational and emotional soul, and will have to take up parental and civic responsibilities. The army of "half-timers" is still scandalously high. The spectacle of mites of tender years trudging to work at five o'clock on a winter morning through snow and sludge still disgraces our industrial towns. Our school buildings have class-rooms designed for sixty or more scholars, and cases of this number in a class may still be seen. The training of teachers leaves still much to be desired, and facilities to enable poor girls and boys to enter the profession ought to be improved; and the remuneration of the "class teacher" is just beggarly, while the retiring pension, at sixty-five years of age, is below that of a policeman. I do not forget that, on the physical side, the years have brought desirable improvements. Nor must I omit to mention that, in our more advanced communities, the health committees of the corporation have supplemented and enriched the ideals and work of the education authority. These are some of the directions in which the "nobler order yet to be" will assuredly work. But dominating all improvements of this kind is the supreme fact that the boy and girl are moral, rational, human beings. Their character is of more importance than their deftness. Citizenship is more than craftsmanship. The worth of an education system to a nation is to be finally measured by the quality of the manhood and womanhood with which it enriches the land.

Most important of all the reconstruction problems which await us in the after-war time are those which cluster around the word religion. But at the close of an article already sufficiently long I cannot attempt to deal with so great a theme. Yet there are few, if any, journals in the

land where the things that need to be said can be said with so spacious a tolerance as in the HERALD. Here the recognition of religion as an indispensable element in the life of the individual and the community is frankly made. But with equal frankness is it recognised that while religion is, so to speak, one language, its dialects are many. It appreciates generously the vital fact that no one form has a

monopoly. The forms are not viewed as antagonistic religions to be destroyed in favour of the one ewe lamb supposed to be spotless. That is at once the rational and the religious view of religion. And, perhaps, in another article I may have the opportunity of dealing with that immense reconstruction in religion this enormous turmoil of the nations has made imperiously necessary.



THE GREAT OUTCAST

I AM the Great Outcast.
 Your palaces of pearls and gold cannot entice Me,—through the
 windows of Whose house the sun laughs as through a mirror,
 While the Ocean wallows knee-deep about my walls.
 I had many palaces, but I left them long ago.
 Why, then, should you tempt and mock me with yours?

For Me nothing can be too low who have outreached all Heights,
 And I wish to be among the pariahs and lost creatures of the world,
 Where they sit at twilight outside the gates, with the crumbs from rich
 men's feasts around them,—
 Those who are roughly treated, and have their drink of Night,
 And their lairs passed by the Righteous, with shuddering and with
 smiles. . . .

I am the Great Outcast, the Lord of stony places. . .
 I will light Fires for these children, and warm their hands against my own,
 And fold them in swift wings of Wonder and of Love.
 The Proud and Righteous shall not know them again,—
 In those moments when I wrap them in my wings
 In those moments when I seal them with my kiss. . . .

They shall lie down on proud beds, uncontented,
 And I shall pass them by
 Your Palaces of Birth and Death cannot hold me,—
 For, though I am the Great Outcast,—
I built the Morning Stars.

ANTHONY MAITLAND

BOOKS WE SHOULD READ

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By Henry Noel Brailsford. Headley Brothers, Kingsway House, Kingsway. 5s. net.

MR. BRAILSFORD is one of those rare men to be found in the sphere of international politics who knows what he is talking about. In his book, *The War of Steel and Gold*, published before the war, he drew our attention to the underlying forces which were at work in the Chancellories of Europe making for conflict. It was obvious from a perusal of that publication that the clashing of economic interests was the foundation cause of diplomatic trouble, which in turn led to the arbitrament of the sword.

In this volume, *A League of Nations*, he has gone a step further and has attempted an analysis of all the forces which exist which may be used in order to bring about a League of Nations.

It was written before the entry of America into the war, and Mr. Brailsford had great hopes of the influence which that country would have upon the future settlement. It would have been interesting if the volume had been postponed for a week or two in its publication in order that we might have the writer's opinion as to the value of American participation in the war as a factor towards making a "permanent peace."

Mr. Brailsford discusses the problems of Nationality with considerable knowledge and foresight, but as one reads through the chapters on "The Roads of the East," "The Future of Alliances and Sea Power, Empire and Trade," one is driven more and more to the conclusion that war is not so much decided upon in the Chancellories and in the studies of Ambassadors and their assistants, or even in the Cabinets of monarchs, and rules as in the parlours of bankers and the counting-houses of merchants. The Great Industry determines the Great Diplomacy, and Foreign Secretaries have to play the tune, the

leit motif of which is framed by the great Princes of Industry.

If the Allies, for example, adhere to the proposals of the Paris Conference, can we really think of a League of Nations for the promotion of peace? For the programme of the Paris Conference is, in the words of Mr. Brailsford, "a frank declaration of a war of tariffs and exclusions after the war of flesh and blood, and in its refusal to admit the enemy peoples at the return of peace to the Society of Nations is indeed a flat negation of that 'partnership' to which Mr. Asquith has bidden us to look forward."

Mr. Brailsford pleads, as an alternative, for a constructive economic policy with a charter of commercial freedom, dealing with tariffs in home markets, in Colonial markets; the regulation of the export of capital and guarantees for the access, on equal terms, of all industrial people to raw materials.

The book is a real contribution to the study of international affairs in relation to secret diplomacy, but we must not forget the fact that the mass of the people in each nation have not troubled themselves much concerning foreign negotiations, whether secret or not, consequently we have drifted into war and have had to face its horrors totally unprepared; whereas if we had given but a small portion of our time to the study of international relationships we might have averted the catastrophe. Even now we are so eager to accept any suggestion which savours of being a remedy to prevent future wars that we rush to the support of a League of Nations without any consideration of what problems are brought into existence by the adoption of such a suggestion.

A perusal of Mr. Brailsford's book will clarify our minds, and although we

should all find points of difference, we can agree with him in his conclusion that :

We have to choose between two conceptions of security. One is a world in which victorious force, always prepared, always united, imposes its will on an enemy whose numbers and talents and spirit cannot be destroyed, a world which would pass from exhaustion to a renewal of strife, and from strife to war. The other is a world which has used the shock and disturbance of war to purge itself of its worst mischiefs, and on that foundation of contentment has built a society of co-operative work and international conference. This better world is within our reach. Our statesmen desire it. America will help us to create it. The enemy, himself, through his chief spokesman, has declared his assent. We set out to destroy

Prussian militarism. It will be destroyed at the moment when a German Government pledges itself to enter a League based on arbitration and conciliation. Short of that we may slaughter Prussians but we cannot destroy militarism.

A League of Nations to be effective must include the Central Powers and the Allies, otherwise the world will only resume the pre-war position of being divided into two armed camps. We must understand the dangers to be avoided, the pitfalls that are in the pathway, and the necessary give and take which must distinguish all the belligerents if a League of Nations is to be realised.

J. S.

THE SONG OF THE SEASONS

WHEN Spring flowers wake I'll early rise
Ere Dawn's sweet breath first fans the skies,
To pass o'er mountain and through glen
Into the cities built by men—

To sing my songs of Life and Birth,
Of great ideas conceived in mirth,
For men should dream for Joy's own sake
When Spring flowers wake.

And all the Summer long I'll sing
Of Love preserving everything,
Sustaining, guarding, keeping whole
All forms where dwells a shining soul,
That Life may richer, fuller, be—
An image of Divinity.
Of Vishnu's Power shall be my song
The Summer long.

'Mid Autumn winds and leaves that fall,
I'll teach that Order ruleth all;
Old forms must break and pass away
That in a newer, fairer day,
A Christ be born on earth, and so—
With words that Death's true meaning show,
I'll soothe men's stricken hearts and minds,
'Mid Autumn winds.

And just as 'neath white Winter snow
The seeds of life are sleeping low,
I'll teach that during Death's still hours
Efforts are changed to mighty powers,
That build in a succeeding birth
A New Jerusalem on earth.
For God Himself sleeps there, I know—
'Neath Winter snow.

D. S. O.

INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

ENGLAND

THE National Representative for England has decided to somewhat modify the form of the Monthly Leaflet which has been issued for some time, so as to bring it more into line with the sectional organs of other countries such as India, America, and New Zealand, and it will in future be issued as a four-page leaflet under the old name of *The Dayspring*. It is issued free to all members, but those who can afford to do so are invited to contribute to the cost of its production.

We quote from the Editorial of the May number as follows :

MEMBERSHIP

Our membership roll now stands at 3,320, showing an increase of 202 during the past six months. Although this is good we want to do better in the year that lies before us. It is, however, not so much the number of members that is of importance as the earnestness and devotion of those we already have. We are constantly being reminded of how much work there is to be done and of how short a time we have in which to accomplish it. In the words of our Protector, Mrs. Besant, in this month's *Theosophist*, "Therefore I ask you at the present time not to think so much of your own personal progress but rather to throw all your force into the helping of the world. . . . We have plenty of lives more to learn in ; at the present time we have not time to learn, except the lessons which come by experience which, after all, are a good deal more useful than those which come by teaching."

DIVISION OF WORK

I have been thinking very much how to arrange for the better organisation of the Order so as to enable members to work along the lines of their individual temperaments. I think we are all somewhat tired of meetings and lectures, and yet unless we occasionally come together the life of the Order is in danger of being atrophied. At the same time I realise that people always work best along the line of least resistance, and in our Order we have naturally people of many different types who all desire to give expression to their belief in the Coming of the Great Teacher in their own way. I have therefore decided to form the following groups, not in any way to interfere with what is already being done, but to give added opportunity for work along these special lines. I shall welcome any suggestions from

members as to the practical working of these groups.

UNION LODGE

Many of our members think that the greatest work of preparation is to spread the knowledge of Theosophy in the world. The Union Lodge of the Theosophical Society offers a special opportunity for Star Propaganda along these lines, as all the members of this Lodge are also members of the Order and I would therefore urge Star members who are Theosophists to join the Union Lodge and so co-operate with those who are seeking to prepare the world for the Coming of the Great Teacher from the Theosophical point of view.

The subscription for members paying their dues through another Lodge is 10s. a year, for country members 5s.

The Lodge meets on the first Thursday in the month at 6 p.m., at the Star Shop, 314, Regent Street. It is hoped that the Lodge may also be able to undertake some kind of social work in the future. Particulars can be had from the Hon. Sec., Miss K. Beswick, 6, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

DEVOTIONAL

Mrs. Betts has kindly undertaken to be in charge of what I shall call the Devotional Group.

She holds a class for the study of Gnostic Christianity on the second and fourth Tuesdays in the month at 6 p.m. at the Star Shop, 314, Regent Street. Up to the present only a few invited students have been able to attend this class, but now anyone who would like to do so and will promise to attend regularly will be cordially welcomed.

Mrs. Betts will also take charge of a *League of Meditation*. There are many of our members who for various reasons are not able to take any active part in the work of the Order, and there are times when they are inclined to feel that they are rather useless members, but in this League of Meditation I hope they will find an opportunity for great usefulness. We have been told that the work of some members of the Great Hierarchy is to form deep wells of spiritual strength from which the workers for humanity may draw their inspiration. In a very humble way I want this League of Meditation to be a faint reflection of that strong silent work for the helping of the Order as a whole.

We are told that at the present moment we must work actively for social reconstruction ; but if we are to accomplish this we shall need great spiritual strength and wisdom from which to draw our inspiration, and I hope that those who join this League will help in this way to add strength to those more actively engaged.

I would ask all members who desire to join to communicate with Mrs. Betts, 6, Tavistock Square, W.C. 1.

OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH

It has been decided to have a Service at the Star Shop every Monday morning at 11.30, commencing Monday, May 7th. The Service will be conducted by the Rev. Reginald Farrer, who will say Mass according to the old Catholic Ritual.

Many of our members feel that this Service is the best form that we can provide for the Great Ones to fill with Their Force, and that it makes a very strong link between the invisible worlds and the visible, because Force from the highest Planes is brought down into the physical, and in that way a channel is made for the World Teacher to pour out His blessing on the world through the Order of the Star in the East and through ourselves.

We in this way have a link between the Christian Church and the Star in the East which it is hoped will prove helpful to many of our members who are not in the habit of going to church but feel the need of the divine help and comfort which the act of taking part in this Service provides.

Those who feel the need of the Church Sacraments will appreciate this Service especially. Very many of us believe in the Mystical Presence of the Christ in the Eucharist which is embodied in the Ceremony of the Holy Mass.

WRITERS' GROUP

Good writers are as much needed as good speakers, and I therefore urge those members who feel that they would like to help the work of preparation in this way to join this Group. A definite subject will be set each month and members are invited to write a short paper (156-200 words) and send it to Miss A. J. Willson, 6, Tavistock Square. The question for this month is "**How do I interpret the first principle of the Order.**"

SPEAKERS' GROUP

I am hoping to enlarge this into a debating circle on current topics of the day, and will give full particulars in the next number of the *Day-spring*. I feel that it is most important that members should study current topics and try to relate them to the work of the Order, as after all it is in the outer world that the great preparation is being made, and we have to train our intuition to grasp the significance of the events which are taking place around us.

NEW WAYS IN MEDICINE

A Group for the study of new ways in Medicine has also been formed under the leadership of Mr. H. Baillie-Weaver. This will include all methods of healing which are carried on without the aid of vivisection or inoculation. A very successful conference took place in London in April of this year, which was called together by Miss E. Caspersz, Hon. Secretary of the Kensington Star Centre, which was attended by delegates from various therapeutic bodies.

ASTROLOGICAL GROUP

Those who are students of Astrology will realise how close is the relation between that study and the work of the Order, and I feel that we have not yet made enough use of this knowledge in our work. I am therefore going to form an Astrological Group of the Star, and have asked Mrs. Sharpe to take charge of this, and I would suggest that all members of the Order who are students of Astrology should communicate with her at 6, Tavistock Square, as to how best to connect their study with the work of the Order.

Not being an Astrologer myself, I offer the following suggestions in all humility, and the expert will know how to deal with them. We have been told that Education is one of the most important ways of preparing for the Coming of the Supreme Teacher, as the young of to-day will be the men and women of the days when He will be amongst us, and I have always thought that Astrology would be of the greatest use to parents and teachers in the problem of education; but for the ignorant like myself the technical terms of Astrology make it practically useless; and the suggestion I would therefore make is that astrologers might devise some means of presenting the results of their science in relation to the study of character in simple language for the ignorant.

Another branch of the science which seems to me to bear more particularly on the work of this Order is the exposition of the great cyclic law, showing how the same great events are reproduced at stated intervals of time. I am sure that astrologers will be able to explain this much better than I can do, but I am merely putting these two points forward as suggestions as to how the study of Astrology can be related to the work of our Order.

GROUP FOR SOCIAL WORK

Mr. John Scurr will be in charge of this Group.

To those members who wish to work along the line of active social work this Order offers itself as a Bureau of information and any member who applies can be put into touch with the particular Society whose special work is along the line which is of most interest to the enquirer.

Apart from this, certain active work has been undertaken by individual members of the Star who would be very glad indeed of the co-operation of other members.

Most members will remember the articles which appeared in the *Herald of the Star*, February, 1914, written by Dr. Guest on the subject of the School Clinic. When Dr. Guest was called away on active service he asked me to take over his dispensary for him and carry on till his return. I must say that at first my heart sank at the responsibility which was thus thrown upon me in addition to my other work, but with the kind assistance of other members we have not only been able to carry on, but have been able to move into much better premises. This is due to the indefatigable

work of Mrs. Ussher, our Secretary, and to Mrs. Merton for her kind help financially. It is also good to record that Dr. A. Ker, one of our Star and Theosophical Society members, is the doctor in charge. I should like here to make it quite clear that this is in no sense a piece of Star propaganda but only a movement for the bettering of material conditions of the children in the district. We are strictly forbidden to carry on any kind of propaganda even if we wished to do so, but at the same time I am fully convinced that where one or two Star members are working together for the benefit of humanity He is in the midst of them. Members who are desirous of co-operating can give help in the following ways:

1. By serving on Care Committees in the neighbourhood.
2. By gifts of toys, flowers, picture books.
3. By making children's garments to be sold at cost price to the mothers. Patterns can be had from 6, Tavistock Square.
4. By donations large or small.

PIONEER MOVEMENT

Miss Edna Rubenstein, the founder of this Movement, writes:

"The Pioneer Movement was founded primarily with the purpose of spreading the ideal of Universal Brotherhood. We have therefore taken as our three objects: Brotherhood; Service; Training for Service—the last two objects being the natural outcome of the first—for the right understanding and recognition of the Brotherhood of humanity will bring inevitably a desire to serve, and a realisation of the need to train for service.

The promoters of the Pioneer Movement are members of the Order and must need no greater inspiration than to know that they are working and striving to prepare the world for the Coming of the Great World Teacher and although it is a high ideal they have set before them, it is an ideal that with Will and Devotion can be realised.

The objects of our Movement as you will doubtless have noted, are also those of the Order and the Theosophical Society, but we felt the special work of the Movement would be to come in contact with the working classes and with those people who, whilst doing splendid work along their own lines, are not for various reasons prepared to join organisations which they feel would hinder their work and which do not directly appeal to them. We shall, however, endeavour to bring people together who are working for a common ideal, although for the present they are merely looking at problems from the point of view of their own special work, in other words they have not yet become true Sociologists. We shall try to give them a glimpse, even if a distorted one, of God's plan for men.

While no belief in the doctrine of Reincarnation, Karma, or the Power of Thought is essential for membership, the promoters feel that humanity will be better served when these truths become familiar to the social reformer, or to those working in any way for the benefit of Society in

general. We therefore hope when opportunity arises to give expression to these and similar ideas.

It is difficult to define at this early stage on what lines the Pioneer Movement will develop, or in what direction our activities will extend.

However we know that our aim will always be to awaken in people a social consciousness and to this end our energies will largely be devoted.

Up to the present our work for the most part has been concentrated on the young people, and it is they who have acted, although perhaps unconsciously, as instruments for laying the foundation stone, and we have many schemes in preparation by which to give them better opportunities to live and express the ideals we have put before them, our aim being to train young people to become good and healthy citizens. Whitechapel being the district in which we commenced our work, most of the girls and people living in the neighbourhood are of the Jewish faith.

To spiritualise Judaism therefore is one of the ideals we aim at, and for this purpose we are forming a special section composed chiefly of Jews, but any interested in Judaism are welcome to join.

One point, we shall always try to make clear to those with whom we come into contact, is, that it is deeds and not words that count in the long run, and that the kind of life we lead is of far more importance than the religion we adopt, and that men should follow only that religion which helps them to lead a better life—a life devoted to the service of mankind.

For the present we shall appear to many rather vague and obscure. Ideas and schemes for the future we certainly have, but the 'Movement' must feel its way gradually, and wait until the time is ripe before blossoming forth into the daylight.

The following quotation that we have taken as our motto, will perhaps clarify more than anything else, the true spirit of our Movement.

'I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green and pleasant land.'

* * *

The following circular has been issued by M. Jean Delville, the National Representative for Belgium:

Depuis plusieurs années s'est fondée dans le monde une association internationale ayant un caractère entièrement nouveau, et connue sous la désignation de *l'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient*. Elle est composée de milliers de membres appartenant à des religions, à des races, à des croyances, à des nations diverses, mais qui partagent, tous, en la même attente, la croyance et la certitude en la Venue prochaine d'un Grand Instructeur Spirituel.

tuel. Et l'on peut dire qu'il n'existe peut-être pas, à l'heure actuelle, dans le monde une association d'hommes et de femmes dont le but soit aussi noble et dont le rôle soit aussi grand. Cette croyance en l'Avènement d'un Grand Instructeur est d'ailleurs fondée sur des faits de la plus haute signification. A toutes les grandes périodes de l'histoire humaine, aux époques de crises politiques, religieuses et sociales, quand l'aurore d'une civilisation nouvelle illumine l'horizon du monde, l'on voit apparaître un Instructeur Spirituel, transformant, par ses enseignements religieux et sociaux, l'ordre des choses. Il en fut ainsi lorsque, dans la Grèce antique, apparut Orphée, aux Indes, le Bouddha, et, il y a deux mille ans, en Judée, le Christ. . . . Indépendamment des preuves que possède l'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient de la Venue très-prochaine d'un nouvel Instructeur Spirituel, analogue à Ceux qui l'ont précédé, nous pouvons emprunter aux événements actuels qui bouleversent l'Europe un certain nombre de preuves de nature à montrer que les *temps sont venus* et que l'heure a sonné pour préparer de mieux en mieux l'opinion publique au grand Evénement qui marquera les commencements du XXe siècle.

La chose essentielle, en effet, est de savoir être prêt, non seulement à reconnaître *Celui qui l'on attend*, mais aussi à être prêt à Le Servir. C'est là le but et

la mission poursuivis par l'*Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient*.

Et il ne s'agit pas ici, croyez-le bien, d'une utopie mystique, de la création fantaisiste de quelques illuminés ou de quelques sectaires. Il s'agit d'une Vérité basée sur des faits.

C'est afin d'éclairer d'avantage tous ceux qui aspirent à des conditions de vie meilleures, qui ont un idéal moral élevé, et qui, dans l'intimité de leur conscience, sentent la nécessité d'un Enseignement nouveau et attendent un nouvel Instructeur mondial capable de renouveler la face du monde, que la Représentant National de l'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient en Angleterre, Lady Emily Lutyens, a eu la pensée généreuse d'inviter les réfugiés belges aux "At Homes" qu'elle organise ici, à Londres. Ces réunions, où seront admises toutes les personnes parlant le français, auront lieu à l'un des centres de l'Ordre, 314, Regent Street (entre Oxford Circus et Queen's Hall), tous les Vendredi, à 4 h. 30.

Dans l'espoir que vous voudrez bien vous rendre à l'invitation de Lady Emily Lutyens, Représentant National de l'Ordre de l'Etoile d'Orient pour l'Angleterre, je vous prie de bien vouloir agréer l'expression de mes sentiments dévoués.

JEAN DELVILLE,

Représentant National
de l'Ordre pour la Belgique.



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IMPORTANT NOTICE

JUST as we are going to press we learn with surprise and indignation of the order which has been served upon our beloved Protector, Mrs. Annie Besant, by the Government of Madras. We quote from the *Times* of June 19:

Mrs. Besant was recently ordered to Ootacamund, but the order was cancelled. The Governor, Lord Pentland, to-day came to Madras, and in the course of the day the following order was issued:

"In the exercise of the powers conferred upon him by Rule 3 of the Defence of India (Consolidation) Rules, 1915, the Governor in Council has directed the service of orders on Mrs. Besant, Mr. G. S. Arundale, Mr. B. P. Wadia, prohibiting them from attending or taking any part in any meeting, from delivering any lecture, from making any speech, and from publishing or securing the publication of any writings or speech composed by them, placing their correspondence under censorship, and directing further that, after the expiry of a brief prescribed period, they shall cease to reside in the city of Madras or district of Chingleput (a large town near Madras), and shall take up their residence and remain within any of the following six areas:

"Nilgiri district, Coimbatore district, Bellary district, the Palni Hills, the Shevaroy Hills, and the municipal town of Vizagapatam."

An emergency meeting of the London members of this Order was at once called, and in spite of very short notice our new Star House at 6, Tavistock Square was filled to overflowing, members sitting on the floor and standing, as enough seats were not available. The following resolution, which was moved by Lady Emily Lutyens (the National Representative), seconded by Mr. Irving Cooper (Orga-

nising Secretary for the United States of America), and supported by Professor Jean Delville (National Representative for Belgium), was unanimously passed:

That this meeting protests against the action of the Government of Madras in prohibiting its Protector, Mrs. Besant, from carrying on her religious and educational work, particularly as it applies to the Order of the Star in the East, and calls upon His Excellency the Viceroy to over-rule this arbitrary and unnecessary act of injustice.

Copies of this resolution were sent by cable to H.E. The Viceroy of India, H.E. the Governor of Madras, and by letter to the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for India. M. Delville's remarks are given here in full as they represent so completely the position which we should adopt as members of this Order:

Having received from my distinguished colleague, Lady Emily Lutyens, an invitation to join with the English members of the Star in the East in holding this meeting, I must admit to just a little hesitation on account of my being a Belgian refugee. At the same time, I think that it is possible for me, as the National Representative of Belgium, to do my duty in that capacity without infringing the laws of the British Empire, for which, as a refugee, I must declare my admiration and express my gratitude. . . . I therefore abstain, formally, from expressing any opinion on the action of the Government of British India in connection with Mrs. Besant's political propaganda for Home Rule in India. It is a definite political action taken against a definite political propaganda, and neither as a stranger nor as a member of the Star have I the right to voice any protest against it. Having thus made my attitude clear, I will now say a few words on the great principles at stake.

[Continued overleaf.]

When, however, I examine the Governmental "Order," I find, to my great surprise, that it is not confined to the political activities of Mrs. Besant. It also strikes at the Philosophical, Ethical, and Religious Movement of which she is the leader in her capacity as Protector of the Star in the East. It interferes with her freedom to teach, write and speak on these subjects, none of which have any connection with Home Rule or any other political question. All this teaching soars high above mere national questions, and can, in no way, interfere with the Governmental prerogatives of any country.

The Star in the East is exclusively ethical, and religious, its activities are international, and its principles cannot be attacked from the point of view of any law of any country. They belong to the domain of Religion and Conscience; they belong to the Soul, and not to the political arena.

Now in forbidding Mrs. Besant to speak or

write, in forbidding Mrs. Besant to travel where she wishes, in depriving our Protector of liberty of action, they strike at the Order of the Star in the East as a whole, and hinder it in all of its many beneficent activities. . . . That is why I, taking my place on this strictly spiritual and international standpoint, do not hesitate to join you in protesting. In the name of liberty of thought, in the name of religious tolerance, in the name of those principles for which noble England has made herself the champion, I, the Representative of the Order of the Star in the East in Belgium, raise myself above the limitations of nationality and utter my protest. The times for religious and philosophical persecution are past, and it is sad and disconcerting to see them again showing signs of life just at the moment when the civilised nations are engaged in a death struggle for liberty and human right.



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Braun and Co

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

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IN THE STARLIGHT

By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.

WE are devoting a considerable portion of our Magazine this month to the question of mothers and children, because in England the first week in July is to be a "Baby Week." Meetings are being organised all over the country to bring this all-important subject before the public, and we want the HERALD to be one of the agents to rouse a sense of responsibility in the community.

The subject is a very vital one for England, for not only is the flower of her manhood being killed on the battlefield, but her infant population is dying even more rapidly. A recent report issued by the British Government states that in the four years from 1911 to 1914, 575,078 children under five years of age died, and that of this appalling number 287,000 of the deaths were preventible. Truly a massacre of the innocents! And if these terrible figures represent the death-rate it does not require much stretch of imagination to calculate the damaged rate. Our hearts are everywhere saddened today by the sight of our maimed and crippled soldiers, but what of the children maimed and crippled by our neglect? For we are none of us free from this burden

of responsibility for the evil social conditions which are made possible by our selfishness and indifference.

This question of Infant Welfare, however, is not only vital for England, but for all the countries of Europe. It has been calculated that the total number of deaths through this war equals the population of the British Isles. This means, in plain words, that almost an entire generation has been wiped out, and the world of the future will be, indeed, the world of the young.

* * * *

How great a responsibility, therefore, rests upon us to make such conditions for the children that they may grow beautifully, unwarped in body or mind or soul. The blood of their fathers has purged the old world of its sins; let the children have their chance in the glory of the new world that is dawning. As Miss Maude Royden beautifully expressed it in a sermon preached at the City Temple recently:

There are enough children in the world, lonely and ill-treated, unwanted and uncared for, and the world itself is in travail to be born. If the young have taken death which belongs to the old, so sometimes it seems to me that men have taken

the part of women, and it is they who are in travail for the world to come. They go through suffering, they die, they are tortured, they are maimed and wounded, that the new world may be born. Do you not sometimes wonder that those who do not die, but come back to us maimed or blind, or shattered—do you wonder if they in the long years to come will be able always to feel that it was worth while? To die—that is one thing. To come back the wreck of a man, and live through all the long years after the war—will they be able, do you think, always to feel that it was worth while?

Only if they see of the travail of their souls and are satisfied. Only if the new world is so fair that no one can doubt that it was worth that sacrifice.

And we can make it fair if we devote ourselves first to the children. All the beauty of the world is in the eyes of a happy child; all the unutterable pain in the eyes of a suffering child.

But to make the children's world beautiful we must first make the mothers' world beautiful, for the two are inseparable, and doomed is the civilisation which from stress of economic need drives the mother from the home. We glorify motherhood by words as the most splendid of all professions, but when it comes to deeds we expect the mother to carry on that profession without training, without money, and without assistance. Under the law of England a mother is not even recognised as a parent unless she be unmarried.

The numerous institutions now started in every country for helping the mother and child are all admirable in their way, and are undoubtedly becoming an important factor in arresting the terrible amount of infant mortality. But is there not possibly a danger in providing everything *outside* the home. The home is the centre of family life, and it is the *home* that primarily needs our thought and care. It has been found cheaper in America to pay a destitute mother to look after her own children than to place those children in a State institution. Perhaps it will some day dawn upon our legislators that it would pay us as a nation to endow motherhood, and so enable every mother to make a decent home for her children, and to remain in that home as its true

centre. "What! endow motherhood," say the sentimentalists, "and so put a mercenary value upon the beautiful relation between the mother and the child!" Is this tie of maternity likely really to be less beautiful when it has been placed beyond the sordid grind for daily bread? Is the mother likely to be a worse mother when she sees that the State recognises the real value of the supreme gift she has to give to it? Is a mother's love more likely to fail her child when she has the means to clothe and feed it properly? I think we may show more trust in the great power of motherhood, and not let sentimentality blind our eyes to facts.

* * * *

We are often bewildered at the vastness of the problem which will confront humanity when the war is over. How and where are we to begin our rebuilding? Obviously we should be wise to start with the foundations, and the foundation of all national life is the mother and the child. How wise have the Jews always shown themselves in their care of maternity, so that they stand to-day unrivalled as a people in this respect! Even in the slums of our great cities mortality is far lower among the Jews than among the Christians, because they have always held to the great tradition of the supreme importance of motherhood and child welfare as the pivot of national existence.

And to those of us who believe in reincarnation, in the power of the ego to choose for himself the vehicle which is to enfold him for a given life, the conditions with which we surround childhood become of even greater importance. When we can sweep away slums, and give to every child born into our midst the surroundings in which it can grow and develop like a flower in beauty, we shall inevitably call down into being those souls who rightly have become the first-born of the race—the flowers of a perfected humanity.

* * * *

As a nation we in England are waking up to the value of education. Lord

Haldane, who has been speaking on this subject all over the country, states that whereas before the war it was difficult to secure an audience to listen to the subject of education, to-day wherever he has gone the halls have been packed and hundreds are eager to hear.

But we need to go further back in our interest and think first of the material which teachers will have to work upon.

A starved and diseased body is not capable of profiting by education.

So we are driven back once more to the foundation. It has been beautifully said, "The world moves forward on the feet of little children."

It is the children who will lead us out of the pain, the misery and chaos of the present, into that future which they will build, and the Lover of children will come to guide them in their building.



A PRAYER FOR PEACE

By a MEMBER OF THE CHURCH MILITANT

HOW long, O Lord, how long
Must men their brothers maim?
Redeem us from world-wrong,
Deliver us from shame.

Lord, give us eyes to see,
Give ears to hear, O give
An end to misery,
Though men must die to live.

Hear, as we pray for them,
Through blasphemy and fears;
Give, for world-diadem,
The dew of pity's tears,
The rainbow-light of hope
Shed o'er death-darkened earth,
Rose of redemption, ope
Blossom of man's new birth.

Look on us who look up,
The hills of heaven our might.
Wrath's wine now fills earth's cup,
O fill with nectar bright,
God-juice of fruits sublime,
From Trees of Life and Love.
Stay the fell stroke of Time
That man may look above.

Touch with Thy wand of life
The rivers of red Death,
Now stagnant, foul and rife
With bitter charnel-breath;
Give men this truth to know
That all in Thee are one,
Then shall Love's fountain flow,
Thy will of Life be done.

REFORM IN EDUCATION IN AMERICA

By FRITZ KUNZ

Mr. Fritz Kunz has travelled practically all over the world; he has spent the last three years in Ceylon as Principal of Ananda College. He was born in Freeport, Illinois, and went through his college course in the University of Wisconsin, Madison, U.S.A.

THE crucial circumstance in which the world now finds itself has led each great nation to question of itself whether there is not something wrong in the fundamentals of education that poor humanity should find itself in this ghastly plight. Great Britain is, just now, as I write, engaged in the alteration of her system of child-training; the latest convert to the policy of educational introspection is, British-like, a little late, but she will be, British-like, thorough.

It used to be the fashion in America to hold that our educational system is close upon perfection; and that defects in our civilisation—when defects were admitted—are due to the influx of immigrants, or the youth of the nation, or the existence of frontier and camp life, and like causes. The fashion has been passing away in recent years, and the Reports of the Commissioner of Education have lately shown that in various parts of the country surveys of education have been made to find out just where our weak elements lie. We still hold, and I think rightly, that, taken in the total, our American system is greatly superior to that of most other countries. But we have come to see that this, however radically true, is not synonymous with an approximation to perfection. In short, America has been coming to the position that European nations have been forced into, and the United States will also now take the opportunity that is at hand to scrutinise and improve her methods.

This being so, it is manifestly a priceless opportunity for the Theosophical Society in America, such an opportunity as comes very, very rarely, and such as is to be seized at almost any cost in labour and time and money.

The difficulties that beset us, generally speaking, can be classified with as much ease as they can with labour be overcome. They are: the mere hugeness of the subject; our lack of technical knowledge; the constantly changing theory and practice; the hostility offered by people who still think the system perfect; and, finally, the manifold advantages of the educational practice in the United States—for this last, paradoxical as it may seem, may well prove to be most troublesome, since the finest excuse for the continuation of any scheme without alteration is that it already works well.

But we must, with due regard for the dangers mentioned, attack this problem. If there be anything of special value in Theosophy, it is that which makes it useful to the educator. Wisdom is to be used in schools above all; and Theosophy is the essence of the Wisdom. We believe that children come into the world with a long history behind them; then we must support and adapt those systems of child-training that draw out and cause to flower the best in that experience—say a modified form of the Montessori system. We believe that children and all humanity are to be grouped into certain great types. Our teachers in the United States already classify the physical bodies of the chil-

dren; we must carry them on to the classification of the inner bodies, the Egos, into Lovers, Doers, Thinkers, or into Administrators, Teachers, Inventors. We believe that the emotional phase of the child and the man needs careful training;

let us bring to the educator the light that has been given to us for him.

The most effective approach to the subject must necessarily, implicitly, if not explicitly, be that which challenges our civilisation as in some ways defective.



FRITZ KUNZ

then let us insist upon the enlargement in the school of those factors which will serve to do this training, so that our humanity be not overgrown in mental and physical bodies and warped in the feelings. And in these and other ways

This is, in the nature of the case, a way to certain and temporary unpopularity—certain, because no people likes to have its faults exposed; but temporary because a sane, constructive programme, based upon the verities of life, must finally appeal

to the minds of a great, progressive people. We should, then, with the help of our technically informed members, in whose hands this work must largely lie, courageously and vigorously construct this programme and open this attack. We must first of all survey the educational field through the reports of the Commissioner of Education*, and find out the departments in which we are, even in his eyes, admittedly weak. We must then, and with the utmost care, consider the other phases in the light of Theosophical knowledge, and formulate a scheme to substitute in part, or amplify in other parts, that which now holds. And we must then create a body or bodies which can carry the results of this research to the educators themselves.

Fortunately, in a number of the more important respects education in the United States is in the forefront of the progressive movements in civilisation, either positively (as in the case of physical training) or negatively (as in abstinence from corporal punishment). We attend, generally speaking, to physical wants; we inculcate nationalism (if of a somewhat screaming-eagle kind); we offer a certain amount of social training; our education, save in a few States, is free and compulsory; we understand the value of, though we may not derive the full benefit from, co-education. I have before me memoranda made by a trained and experienced and most successful American teacher, showing a long list of valuable departures made in various schools—folk dancing, school gardens, vocational guidance, visual methods in teaching, correlation of subjects, and innumerable other lines. These are good, but under the resolving force of Theosophy they can be made more effective; they can turn our children toward the highest ideals of brotherhood and away from the pursuit of the triumphant dollar as the ultimate in life.

Theosophy, as a technical system, cannot supply the great lack of religious foundation in the building of character

just now. But it is of the utmost importance that a system based upon the Theosophical outlook should be brought into being, so that, with foundations laid, a Supreme Teacher may build in His own way. We must bear in mind that there is a vast difference between mere theology (which is what so many people would have established in schools) and true spirituality. I conceive that the Faith the World-Teacher will grant us will include quite understandable, if not common, elements that are essential in the constitution of ladies and gentlemen: that high sense of honour which obliges a man to give his best to his community and country; a restraint and a continence in actions and words that create reserves of force; refinement in conversation and deference to others which lead us not to override the opinions of others, nor to assert dogmatically, nor to argue polemically, nor to choke the social exchange with endless "funny" stories and swapping of yarns; the cultivated sense which appreciates beauty as the Presence of God, and does not mistake mere ostentation for taste; a fine independence of mind which will stand out against the over-standardisation in our civilisation, and prefer, if need be, in the face of public opinion, good taste to mere fashion, pure and flexible English to the vulgarity and slang which prevent the production of great works of literature; the intuition which is alert to arrange for the comfort and well-being of others, not by following formal dicta of books on etiquette, but through instinctive feeling; and a readiness, where good works are at stake, to lay aside aloofness and independence and to co-operate. We can help to bring into the school a discipline that is based upon Love as an active factor; and thus to reinforce the admirable, though negative, instinct for human rights that results in the abstinence from corporal punishment that we see in most schools; and to bring about a greater gratitude and respect and affection for teachers as such, so that their influence can be extended. We can help to bring to the public mind realisation of the need to pay more to our educators—a crying

* The Report is in two volumes and is obtainable from the Government Printing Office, Washington. The 1913 Report is Document No. 937 of the 2nd Session of the 63rd Congress.

need. And, finally, along many lines that involve technical knowledge we can press our influence—for example, in encouraging the introduction of Junior High Schools, where the ages of children in the adolescent stage shall be better adjusted in classes; in guiding the country toward the new and true forms of art and away from mere imitation of European traditions.*

How and in what order all this is to be done must depend upon the judgment of those teachers and friends of education who understand the Theosophical point of view. As a practical measure we might have, at our Conventions, or specially called during the summer vacations, meetings of our teachers to formulate lines upon which we can work; for these are our members who know just where improvement can be made in the classroom and playground and literary society. A permanent Commission might be formed to get out schemes, raise funds, and materialise ideas.

* Cf. the forecast in the work of Mr. Claude Bragdon.

We are fortunate in America in not having to actually build and equip and run schools; the nation does that for us. We might, as a practical measure, maintain a primary and an elementary school as a ground for experiment; these are matters for the Theosophical Educational Commission to decide.†

But whatever the details of the programme it is certain that, under the guidance of the abiding spirit of the Greatest of Teachers, we can, if we will but set about it, bring to America a new and finer spirit in the training of children. The work lies ready at hand; His eyes are upon us. Whatever the difficulties may be, they cannot be beyond solution if they be faced with the knowledge that behind us is the immeasurable Wisdom of the World-Teacher. Into the bustle and noise of our somewhat truculent nationalism we must import, through the proper medium of the school, such gleams of the Light that He radiates as it is given to us to convey.

† There is already an excellent school directed by Madame de Leeuw in Santa Monica, California.

RULES AT THE T.S. SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH

- | | |
|---|---|
| (1) Don't raise your voice in the house or class-rooms. | (4) Say nothing unkind about anybody, whether true or untrue. |
| (2) Obey without comment or discussion. | (5) Don't contradict. |
| (3) Don't interrupt. | (6) Don't exaggerate; be accurate in all your statements. |
| (7) Play the game; neither grumble nor make excuses. | |
| (8) We must be scrupulously clean and tidy, and so help to make the world more beautiful. | |
| (9) Our thoughts must be as scrupulously clean as our bodies. | |

TRADES THAT TRANSGRESS

III.—The Feather Trade

By G. COLMORE

The illustrations to this timely article are from Mr. Buckland's pamphlet, which all should read.

“FINE feathers make fine birds.” So runs the proverb. There are masses of people who seem to think that fine feathers also make fine women.

To be decked with feathers is the complement, in conventional attire, of being arrayed in furs. Feathers, moreover, are supposed to be becoming. “They soften the face, Madam,” says the milliner. But the procuring of them hardens the heart, and the wearing of them, however becoming they may be considered to the face, is uncompromisingly unbecoming to the soul. For the beautiful and delicate tints, the softness of texture, the grace of outline, mean the slaughter of beautiful, delicate, tender and graceful things; a slaughter that, as regards numbers, must be counted in millions; that as regards fear and pain and ruthlessness cannot be computed at all; and that, as regards folly, shortsightedness, and economic waste is altogether beyond estimation, since the wholesale slaughter of birds means not only the destruction of innocent life, but the destruction of much that contributes to the life of man.

Birds are essential to the success of agriculture all over the world—in England, in America, in Africa, everywhere—

since they devour pests, which, uncombated by birds, make havoc of the crops. “Scientific examination has been made by the experts of the United States Biological Survey and others of over 35,000 stomachs of all classes of birds,” says James Buckland, in his pamphlet entitled *The Plumage Bill: What It Means*—a pamphlet which all who are

concerned with agriculture or millinery should read—“collected from every State and Territory in the Union and Canada, and it is difficult to find a single species that is wholly useless to man.”

In Utah, when the Mormons first settled there, their crops were wholly destroyed by black crickets, till Franklin's gull came in hundreds of thou-

sands and conquered the pest. In Australia the ibises, spoonbills, and cranes make agriculture possible by keeping down the grasshoppers. In South Africa it is the birds alone which can cope with the locusts. In 1895 there was a famine in Russian Siberia, caused by the ravages of two species of cut-worms and some ten species of locusts, the plague of insect pests being due, according to the investigations of the local Society of Natural Sciences, to the almost complete destruction of birds. Most of the birds thus destroyed were sent abroad by waggon



AN EASY TARGET. NEAR HER NEST



MOTHER LOVE OVERCOMES FEAR OF MAN

loads to supply the demand of the millinery trade.

Besides the pests which destroy crops, there are, in hot climates, parasitic insects which attack both man and beast. There are many parts of the world in which neither one nor the other could continue to exist if they were not protected by birds. In Jamaica, for instance, the enormous increase of the grass-tick, due to the wholesale destruction of birds, has done away with the possibility of keeping most breeds of cattle. Yet it is just in the countries in which bird life is most useful to man, essential to his well-being, that the greatest destruction of birds is carried on. In India, where immense sums of money are expended in vain attempts to avoid the equally immense losses due to ravages wrought on the crops by insects, the birds, which would protect the crops

free of cost, are being slaughtered to provide material for the plumage trade. The Indian roller eats locusts and grasshoppers and keeps down the white ant, but it is sacrificed in its thousands year by year and the skins are sold at the London feather sales. At a single sale 1,000 skins were sold for one penny each, and 2,575 for one halfpenny each.

In one year at the London sales the skins of 272,000 kingfishers were sold. "Every one of these birds," says Mr. Buckland, "is worth its weight in gold to the human race"; but the skins were sold for threepence-halfpenny each. Those who wish to know the extensive and wonderful part which birds play in keeping the balance of Nature and the imperious necessity for conserving the various species should study Mr. Buckland's pamphlet and the other considerable literature on the subject; for the variety and importance of bird action in the scheme of Nature is too great to be set down in a short article designed only to draw attention to the feather trade, and not to expose to the full its iniquities and futilities.

The ineptitude and unrighteousness of this trade are as great the one as the other. Combined they combat science, common sense, economics, humaneness, mercy, pity. In all countries from which the feather market is supplied, greed, struggling for narrow advantage, pillages the world at large; and because fashion asks for brilliancy of tint, it is in tropical countries, where birds are at the same time most needed and most richly coloured, that the



THE AIGRETTE TORN AWAY

slaughter is most reckless, most blind, most stupid, and most pitiless. The tropical forests depend for their very life on the brightly coloured birds which inhabit them, for most of the tropical forest birds have brilliantly tinted plumage.

For reasons connected with protective colouring, which I need not dilate upon here, most forest birds are brightly coloured. Consequently they are mercilessly slaughtered for their plumage—so mercilessly that if prohibition of importation of plumage does not become a law, the day is not distant when these natural enemies of the forest insects will be annihilated. This possibility has become a source of grave apprehension, for if we permit this disaster to come to pass we lose our forests; and every student of the subject knows that if we lose our forests we will lose also our rivers, and the irrigation and moisture necessary for the production of crops on which man is dependent for his living. (From *The Plumage Bill*. By James Buckland.)

Stupid, indeed, this trade is, but worse than stupid, because it is inherently and necessarily cruel. For every bright plume which gives colour to a fashionable hat, every aigrette which lends style, "chic," "cachet"

to the milliner's productions, is the outcome of a brutal deed; and if the true origin and history could be discerned of the feathers that figure as ornaments, for style would be substituted slaughter; for chic, pitilessness; for cachet, cruelty. For think how the aigrettes are obtained! These plumes, sometimes called ospreys, are taken from the egret, a kind of heron. Beautiful these birds are, and with strong social instincts; they do not pair apart in the breeding season, but three or four hundred of them will build their nests

close together. The instinct of parenthood is strong in them, too, and it is this instinct, which human beings profess to think so sacred, that is taken advantage of by the inhuman beings who supply the feather market. For it is when the young birds are fledged, but not yet able to fly, that the plume hunters come, knowing that the parent birds refuse to desert their young, and knowing that because of this refusal, they are easily shot down.

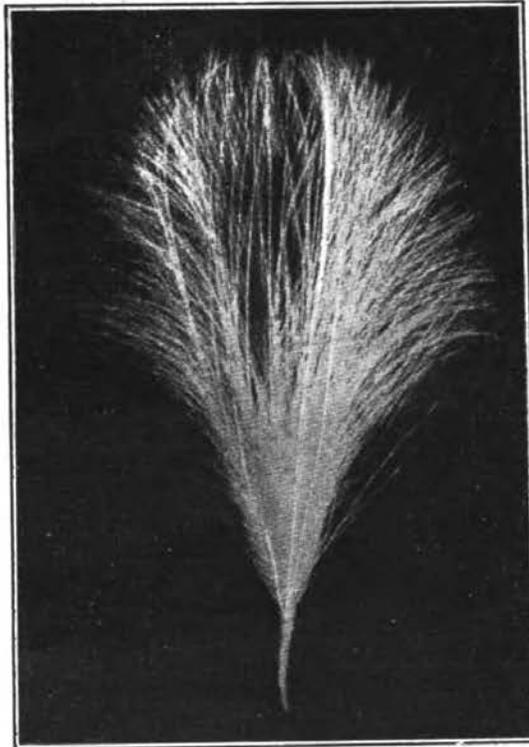
Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, in a paper read at Chicago, at the World's Congress on Ornithology, in 1897, gives an account of a heronry before and after the plume hunters had invaded it.

I visited a large colony of herons on Horse Hummock (Central Florida) in 1888. Several hundred pairs were nesting there at the time. Three years later I again visited the heronry, but the scene had changed; not a heron was visible. The plume-hunter had discovered the colony, and a few shattered nests were all that were left to tell of the once populous colony. A few miles north of Waldo, in the flat pine region, our party came one day upon a little swamp, where we had been

told herons lived in numbers. Upon approaching the place the screams of young birds reached our ears. The cause of this soon became apparent by the buzzing of green-flies and the heaps of dead herons festering in the sun, with the back of each bird raw and bleeding. Young herons had been left by the scores in the nests to perish from exposure and starvation. (*Ibid.*)

In many parts of the world herons have been altogether extirpated owing to the feather trade.

But are the hunters wholly and solely to blame? Some of them lose their lives



A MOTHER'S LIFE-BLOOD

as well as their humanity in following their calling, and the loss of human lives and the loss of human feeling must be added to the vast sacrifice of bird life which the trade exacts. Vast indeed. The auctions take place about every two months; in 1900 3,519 ounces of osprey feathers were sold in London at the April auctions; 4,026 ounces at the June sales. And these feathers weigh so light; as lightly as they are worn. Under an Order issued on the 23rd of last February, ornamental feathers and down were amongst the articles of which the importation was forbidden. Nevertheless the importation goes on. In March and April of this year 48,346 pounds weight of other sorts of feathers than ostrich feathers were imported into the country, and they are still coming in. Fashion and commercialism are stronger than the law.

Mr. Buckland tells us that methods as brutal as those adopted in regard to the egret are employed in connection with almost every wild bird whose feathers are used in millinery; but it is useless to give an account of the slaughter and suffering of these countless numbers of various species. Repetition does not quicken the



BEFORE THE HUNT. ALIVE WITH BIRDS

imagination, nor does multiplication touch hearts impervious to pity. The grebe, the brown pelican, the albatross; of the hunting of these and many more there are accounts by eye-witnesses, recording the havoc in bird life, the pitiless deeds, the numbers of young birds left to starve which that hunting involves. Most of the killing is done in countries other than England, in countries where the plumage is brightest; but England is not exempt. English birds, too, pay their toll to mil-



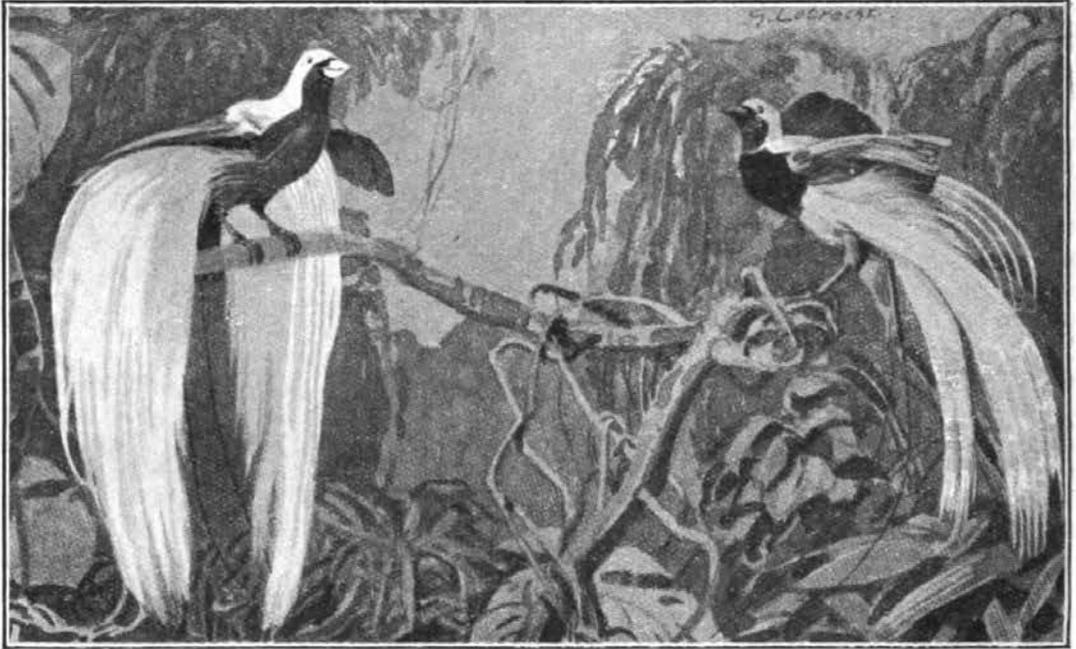
AFTER THE HUNT. PAVED WITH BONES

linery, amongst these being the owl, a bird so useful to agriculture that Lord Lilford stated that the destroyers of owls were fit only for lunatic asylums.

So cruelty and stupidity go hand in hand, and with them, linking them to fashion, walks ignorance, of two kinds—

the pockets of the traders, and style, colour, chic, into the hats of the conventional. But every hat is the tombstone of a slain, defenceless thing, or of more than one, a dumb witness to man's blundering and selfishness.

Many and many a woman will senti-



SHALL THEY PERISH FROM THE EARTH?

the kind that does not, and the kind that will not, know. But it is those who wear the borrowed plumes who make the market. Borrowed? No; for the plumes torn from the bleeding bodies of birds can never be returned: the tender, joyous children of the air have no more part nor lot in the feathers which put money into

mentalise over a dead bird fallen from a nest; many will express horror at the fate of bird victims to a cat; yet these same women will wear carelessly, will wear unshrinkingly, will wear with pleasure and with pride, hats garnished with

... some dead dove-like thing as dear
Beauty made blank and harmlessness destroyed.



WAR WORK FOR MOTHER AND CHILD IN PARIS

"Save the Child for the Family and Nation" is the motto of "L'Œuvre Nouvelle des Crèches Parisiennes" (M. A. Ribot's speech to the Academie Française), of which Mr. Philip Tillard has made us the following digest.

EVEN before the war one of the most serious problems that France had to face was a steadily declining birth-rate. Only such a short while back as 1850 she exceeded all other European nations in the yearly number of births per 1,000 inhabitants, but now she has fallen to the sixth or seventh place on the list. In 1899 Germany had 1,980,304 births; France, 847,627. On the eve of this war, the two nations which, in 1870, were equal in number, had 65 and 39 million inhabitants respectively. In 44 years Germany had gained 25 million new citizens; France only 3 millions.

In population, as in many other matters, to stand still is to fall back, so that if this decrease in the birth-rate is not stopped France will soon no longer be able to hold her own among the great nations of the world.

Many remedies have been proposed. They are of two kinds—quantitative and qualitative—with the object of both encouraging large families and of improving the health of those that exist by combating, as far as possible, the thousand and one causes which shorten the life of man and more especially of the child.

History teaches us that already in certain civilisations, and at certain epochs of antiquity, this problem has presented itself. The first Roman Emperors, alarmed at the diminution of the number of children, tried to stem the evil by legislation. In modern times various measures have been proposed, all of which have the common characteristic of

tending to lessen the expenses of the fathers of families, and to procure them certain pecuniary advantages in the way of taxation.

M. Paul Leroy - Beaulieu, who has devoted his striking qualities of observation and analysis to the solution of this problem, has demanded that the Government should give preference as State employees to men with large families, and already during the course of the war the fathers of more than five children have received certain privileges.

But until legislative measures dealing with the subject can be carefully worked out and have borne fruit, France has wisely devoted her attention to the most pressing side of the question, and, facing the realities of to-day, is concerning herself with those children already born or who will be born in the near future.

It is sufficient to quote a single figure in order to show the immensity of the task. According to statistics communicated to the Senate, 88,000 children under one year old die each year in France, and of these 30,000 in their first month.

In spite of the difficulties caused by the war, the matter is being taken in hand, one of the leading organisations in the capital being "L'Œuvre Nouvelle des Crèches Parisiennes."

Faithful to its motto of "Save the Child for the Family and Nation," this society opened on August 9, 1914, its first refuge for expectant mothers, and, since this time, adapting its efforts to the increasing needs of the refugee population from Northern France and of the soldiers' children, has multiplied its centres to such

an extent that, in the words of the Report issued on March 23, 1917:

the accommodation for mothers and children has always been and will be sufficient to face all demands for help.

The activities of the O.N.C.P. may be classified under the following heads:

(1) HELP GIVEN TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS.

On the outbreak of war six homes, containing in all 267 beds, were opened, and up to January 1, 1917, 3,445 maternity cases were dealt with.

These homes fall under two categories, pre-natal and maternity, the former admitting women from four to two months before childbirth, the latter, for which there is a State grant, being available only for the actual accouchement.

(2) HELP GIVEN TO YOUNG CHILDREN.

Children from one to three and a half years are taken in groups, usually of 10 to 15, and cared for during the temporary absence of the mother. These institutions—"Les Petits Foyers Maternels" they are called—are five in all and contain 97 cots, the entire expenses of this branch of the work being borne by the Society.

(3) CONVALESCENT HOMES FOR MOTHERS.

On leaving the maternity wards the women are sent to recuperate at one of the two convalescent homes provided for the purpose. Two resident certificated midwives are attached to each building, and the supervision of the whole scheme is in the hands of Professor Bonnaire. The upkeep of the 32 beds is partially met by the State.

(4) HOMES FOR WORKING MOTHERS.

In the future all motherhood will probably be recognised by the State as a profession, and as such be adequately endowed; but for the want of some such system the women of the working classes, especially in war time, have to return as soon as possible to work.

To meet this need the O.N.C.P. has instituted eight "Homes for Working

Mothers," containing in all 197 beds and 233 cots, and up to the end of 1916 1,382 mothers had availed themselves of this opportunity. At the end of eight months' nursing the mother returns to work. The child remains at the home, which the mother also makes her headquarters. She takes a meal there in the morning and another in the evening, and continues to rear her child except during the hours of work. While she is away the child is cared for, partly by other mothers who live there permanently and partly by voluntary workers. The mother who is earning a good wage contributes a small sum towards the child's support, and there is also a State grant for this purpose.

The French law already insists on a mother having a month's rest after childbirth, but the existence of these homes makes it possible for her to nurse her child over the full period and still carry on her usual occupation. It is interesting to note that several directors of the Courneuve factories, which employ many women, are interesting themselves both financially and otherwise in this and other activities of the Society.

(5) HELP FOR MOTHERS UNABLE TO NURSE THEIR BABIES.

To meet the case of mothers who, for any reason, are unable to nurse their children, the O.N.C.P. has inaugurated what are called "Les Gouttes de Lait." As the name implies, these institutions rear the babies, but there is also a weekly consultation with their mothers, who are given talks on health and child management, and in many cases take a lively interest in the progress marked on baby's chart.

(6) CARE OF YOUNG CHILDREN WHOSE MOTHERS ARE WORKING AT A DISTANCE.

The exigencies of war often necessitate the removal of women to areas outside Paris. The chief obstacle to the mother's departure is her anxiety about the child, so the O.N.C.P. is trying to solve the difficulty by taking charge of any such children.

FROM A STUDENT'S NOTEBOOK

By E. A. WODEHOUSE

The Life of Service

THERE is a life of service to which all aspire — however feebly or half-consciously—the moment the first ray of the true light has penetrated their hearts. For, with the vision of the light this ideal dawns on them as the only way in which that light can be expressed in daily life; and for the soul such expression becomes, by a compelling law of Nature, a necessity. It may shrink from, or defer, the effort. The celestial ray may become so dim that at times it is hardly seen. All that is base and slothful in human nature may rally itself in resistance. But the vision has been seen. Deep in the heart the light is there; and nothing can quench it. Henceforth there remains for the soul but two alternatives—either to harmonise the outer and the inner, and so to win happiness, or to leave the two unharmonised and to drag out fretful, discontented days of unhappiness and remorse. That is the penalty of vision. It gives, but it also demands. Its first act is to cleave the nature in twain, and from that time onwards happiness is to be found only in reunion.

The life of service is the complete expression of this reunion. In it all the faculties are gathered up together for one end—and that end the only one which the light can recognise as its own. And that is why with the life of service comes peace: for the essence of peace is unification. To be wholeheartedly in any work is always a joy; for it reduces human nature, for the time being, to simplicity. In the life of service alone can this concentration become permanent; for the end is one which need never change. It in-

cludes all worthy activities, it transforms the unworthy, and it defines itself the more fully and the more radiantly as it is followed. It is thus not merely an end; it is a vista, constantly opening out into new beauties as we advance. It is less an end than a direction. The path winds on for ever, but the end is never reached. Hourly and daily one may draw nearer to it, but still it recedes. And in this eternal elusiveness lies all the joy and hope of life.

Those who have loved anyone or anything in life consumedly, even for a moment, know that love, and love alone, is happiness. To be more happy is to love more; to be less happy is to love less. The life of service is the indefinite extension of this possibility of loving. It places us in a relation to Nature, which reduces the whole of existence to a state of love. Nature is infinitely various, that she may provide food for an infinite capacity for loving. Her marvellous wealth is but a claim and an appeal. Until we learn to love it, it lies outside us; and is, in that measure and for us, a dead thing. Only when we turn the eye of love upon it does it awaken into life. Thus is each man surrounded by a dead world which it is his task to vivify. And each man is consecrated, from the beginning, a World-Saviour through this indwelling power of vivification. His divine destiny, to be fulfilled through endless ages, is to bring Nature to life through love. And the secret here is that, whether he realise it or not, he is for ever dwelling in his own world and will dwell in it to the endless end. Out of the material which God has provided he is building for himself the world in

which one day he will be a god. And he will attain to that divinity by his capacity for appropriation through love. Only that belongs to his eternal world which his love has brought there. That world is rich or poor, living or dead, according to the amount of material which his love has enabled him to lay hands upon and make his own.

The life of service is, in this sense, only the natural mode of living in a world

appropriated by love. It is not a thing of rules and self-denials. It is easy and inevitable, once love is awakened. Given the primal emotion, instinct infallibly reveals the rest. Without that primal emotion it is strange and difficult to understand. It follows, therefore, that the way to find it is rather to awaken the emotion than to study the rules and laws into which it can intellectually, in a certain fashion, be resolved.

Will and Life

THE simplest way to awaken the will is by enthusiasm; but the difficulty here is that enthusiasm itself is not an easy thing to awaken. The lever, which should prove so powerful, is in itself hard to set in motion.

Fortunate are they who, through some ideal or through their devotion to some person or end, have by them the means for arousing the will. Without this, the whole effort must be mechanical. But, because it is mechanical, it does not mean that it is inferior. Indeed, for that very reason, it is, perhaps, the safer and the more efficacious. For devotion may cool and ideals may become dim, and with their languishing the motive energy which springs from them will become weak. But, once a man has mastered his mechanism, he can control it as he will, and is thenceforth independent of all indirect incentives, no matter how inherently noble, to right action.

What, then, is the mechanism which he must master? The answer is that, in a world of spirit and matter, all that is material is, of its own nature, but mechanism. Every energy of life implies a material medium through which it must work; the aim of life is to subdue this medium completely to the energy which it is devised to express. To do this is to make it more and more mechanical; and, as the medium becomes more mechanical, the life, which works through it, becomes more free. Perfect freedom comes when the machinery of self-expression in any

human being has been so thoroughly divested of all independent and warring impulses that the life can work through it without friction. To produce this result is the task of the will.

The will is the assertion of pure life against the impure elemental energies resident in the organs, or mechanism, of life. These energies have to be crushed out until there is left only the pure motive force of the life itself, using its instruments as it lists. This is what is meant by dying in order that we may live. The elemental impure life dies; the true life remains. The second birth, the resurrection of the spirit, takes place when the true life flows in and completely takes the place of the other. When that happens, will ceases to be a striving against obstruction—that is only a temporary stage—and becomes the spontaneous outflow of the higher and diviner part of man. This the true "life according to Nature" of which philosophers have reasoned and poets dreamt.

If such life be imagined as vague and purposeless, it should be remembered that it is, in reality, exactly the reverse. The life knows of itself. It has its own clear aim and definite direction. It is, properly understood, a movement; its goal is contained within itself, is a part of its own nature; and the whole history of this life consists in the gradual and inevitable movement, through the material world, towards a realisation of that goal, grown into self-consciousness through the friction with matter, and retaining that self-consciousness even when, at last, the friction has been overcome and subdued.

The growth of the will is thus the growing assertion of life as against the material instruments of life; from another point of view it is the gradual liberation of the former, as the latter grow more and more automatic. In practice, it is the self-initiation of all movements from within. Ordinarily our vehicles act upon us; in the man of fully-developed will the man acts upon his vehicles. When we remember that each energy of life, even the highest, has its vehicle, we can see how all-embracing and how painful this auto-matisation of the instruments must be.

To let no thoughts flow in from without and control us; to let no feelings creep in unbidden; to be stirred to no action by external stimulus; but to originate all activity from within, out of the depths of the seeing Spirit—that is the "self-mortification" imposed by will. And it is seen and felt as self-mortification, until, at a later stage, it is known as self-vivification. What has happened has been but the substitution of a higher for a lower life, as the central motive energy. The elemental life of the vehicles has been crushed out; the truer and diviner life has taken its place.

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF HOPE

WAR-HURT and prostrate Earth, Arise!
 Hark what the Star-lit shimmering heaven saith,—
 See in the East the rising Star of Faith,
 Herald of Coming Manhood, Spirit-full,
 Incarnate for a peaceful, righteous rule.
 Chaste is the Star, and radiant of Love,
 Lit by the glory in the Heart above.
 Symbol it is of heaven's divinest grace,
 Promise of light in Manhood's holy face.
 Prophet of peace, warrant of human weal,
 Potent with every power to raise and heal.
 Arise, O Earth, and follow forth the star!

ALEXANDER WEBSTER



CHILD LIFE IN INDIA

By C. JINARAJADASA

INDIA to-day is a land of contrasts; high civilisation and culture are found side by side with primitive customs and superstitions. A land with 300 millions of people necessarily lacks many elements of unity; yet throughout all the Indian peoples there is the binding force of a common spiritual tradition. This

Indian peoples are fond of children, but there is no proper method applied towards them. No attempt, as yet, has been made to develop a science of child welfare, though, curiously enough, there is in ancient Indian culture a science of almost everything else, with a text-book of its own. In early infancy the mother and



JAYAVATI—"THE VICTORIOUS." A LITTLE FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR

tradition has behind it a tremendous force, but hitherto it has not been specially exercised in the direction of child welfare. Children are both petted and neglected; they are treated both as little animal bodies and as souls. It is these violent contrasts that are difficult of reasoned explanation.

grandmother and all the womenfolk of the Indian home take supreme command of the child; they carry out all the traditions concerning the rearing of children, not always to the benefit of the children, if we judge from the many ailments from which they suffer.

Indian parents take a great pride in

their children; they dress them lavishly, and deck them with jewels, especially when they are small. But proper medical attention is not given to them, and sufficient care is not taken of them. Children often suffer, quite unnecessarily, from skin diseases, ulcers, etc. The discipline of children is either absent or too harsh; children are allowed at times to do exactly what they like, and at other times forcibly and unreasonably prevented from living their natural life. In fact, conditions in India are exactly the same as conditions everywhere where there is no recognised science of child welfare. While Indian children are greatly petted, especially when little, there is unfortunately often a good deal of brutality towards them when growing up. So greatly has this become an evil that a League of Parents and Teachers has lately been started to bring about the total abolition of corporal punishment both in schools and in the home.

The Indian boy, when he comes to school-going age, is most keen to go to school; there is, in fact, an over-emphasis of the study side of child life at the expense of other parts of the child's nature. The career of boys depends altogether on the passing of examinations, and examinations have become a permanent nightmare to the children of this land. So much is this the case that, not so very infrequently, one hears of the suicide of boys before or after examinations, and three such suicides—one of a schoolboy and two of lads in college courses—took place this year in Bombay. Undoubtedly one difficulty in the way of reform movements for the training and education of children is the antiquated curricula of studies insisted upon by the Government of India's education department, which controls all education; the Government's official universities set the standard for schools and colleges, and this standard reacts in the home.

Boys are more favoured than girls, and in those communities in which child marriage prevails a girl's life is scarcely to be envied. The marriage as a child is only a betrothal, and the girl lives with her

parents till the period of puberty; but if during this time the boy husband dies the little girl is a widow for life. A few social reformers are trying to grapple with the terrible evils of child-marriage, but the greatest opposition is found among the women themselves, especially those of the older generation.

Indian boys and girls have a strong religious tendency in them, and religious exercises are most natural to them. Reverence is a marked characteristic of Indian children: reverence to parent or elder by tradition or habit, but reverence to a really great man—a religious teacher or a secular leader—with real spontaneity.

There is one element in child life in India that will not be found elsewhere, and it is the subconscious recognition that in the little bodies there are dwelling spiritual intelligences. Children are present at all public meetings—not only at religious meetings, but also at other meetings. Of course, the children do not understand, but, so to say, they bathe in the magnetism of the place, and it is recognised as good for them. A few weeks ago I conducted a memorial meeting on "White Lotus Day" for Madame Blavatsky. The meeting was in English, but there were two dozen children present varying from five to ten years of age. In these meetings, that children should talk is not considered reprehensible behaviour. In an Indian meeting there is always an outer ring to the audience of people who come and go, and there is therefore not the stillness one is accustomed to in meetings in the West; so, by habit largely, Indian audiences are accustomed to little disturbances, and the little chatter of children in a public meeting goes unnoticed. Of course, if the chatter becomes loud, they are suppressed, by going to the opposite extreme—after giving them the liberty of being present—of slapping them.

India ought to be a land where children are specially idealised. I say "ought to be" because the thought of *God as Child* is quite familiar to the people. Shri Krishna, worshipped by millions in India,



Courtesy of] [P. S. Joshi, Publisher.
THE VISION OF THE UNIVERSE IN THE
MOUTH OF THE DIVINE CHILD, KRISHNA

is especially loved in this aspect as a child. He is not depicted as a serious and solemn child Jesus, but a very human child. In the illustration of Krishna as a child we have humanity and divinity mixed in the characteristically Indian fashion. The following is the legend of the artist about the picture :

Krishna was once suspected of eating loose clods of earth. His mother tied his hands and gave him a good thrashing and ordered him to open his mouth in order that she should be convinced of his offence. Krishna opened his jaws, and, to her astonishment, Yashoda saw the sight of the whole universe in it and not any trace of earth.

In the next illustration the Creator is imaged in the form of a boy, truly an Eternal Prince, a Lord of the Flame.

That children may be wiser than their elders is quite recognised, though unfortunately chiefly as a tradition, and not sufficiently as a possible fact in our daily life. In the ancient Laws of Manu we have the following incident :

Young Kavi, the son of Angiras, taught his

relatives, who were old enough to be his fathers; and, as he excelled them in sacred knowledge he called them "Little Sons." They, moved with resentment, asked the gods concerning that matter, and the gods, having assembled, answered, "The child has addressed you properly. For a man destitute of sacred knowledge is, indeed, a child, and he who teaches him the Veda is his father; for the sages have always said 'child' to an ignorant man, and 'father' to a teacher of the sacred science."

Another famous boy is Nachiketas, who went to the Lord of Death and challenged him, and by persistence won the great secret of existence. The truths Nachiketas won are given to us in the *Katha Upanishad*.

In Burma children have perhaps a happier time than in India; there is not quite so much forcing of the children in education. There is no child marriage, and a servile obedience is not expected of children. Our illustration shows some boys at a monastery school in Burma. Among Buddhist children there are seven-



Courtesy of] [Ravi Udaya Press, Bombay.
THE CREATOR IN THE ASPECT OF
SURYANARAYANA, THE SUN GOD



Courtesy of Johannes & Co., Mandalay.

BURMESE BOYS AT A MONASTIC SCHOOL IN BURMA READING FROM PALM-LEAF
MANUSCRIPTS

ral children of tradition well known, especially Chatta, for whom the Lord Buddha composed three verses, which Buddhist children still sing.

If the proper spirit about child welfare could be roused in India this land could soon become the paradise of children. Living all the time in the open air, with the need of few clothes (or none at all, as often), children are close to Nature. With a little knowledge of sanitation and hygiene child life can become almost ideal. Readers of the *Herald of the Star* are aware of the articles in it by Mr. E. J. Smith on "Child Welfare in Bradford." By Mr. Smith's generosity I brought out with me as lantern slides all the pictures used by him in the articles, and delivered three lectures on child welfare. A great deal of interest has been aroused, and many requests have come from different towns for the use of the slides. Mr. G. S. Arundale has just begun a series of articles in Mrs. Besant's Madras daily

New India on the medical examination of children, and it is his hope shortly to get sufficient help to start a model children's clinic in the city of Madras.

The elements exist in India of a deep devotion to children and their welfare, but they need to be developed and systematised. In all lands—England, America, Italy, Russia, and elsewhere—where there exist two problems, the social problem and the national problem, the latter must be well on its way to solution before there is enough energy free to take up the former problem. This is very much the case with India just now. But as soon as the problem of national aspirations is solved there will be energy of every kind—money, workers, supporters—for all the social problems that beset the lives of the peoples of India to-day; and as among all these problems that of the children is pre-eminent, there is little doubt that presently a great science of child welfare will arise in India.

MATERNITY AND CHILD WELFARE

By E. J. SMITH

VIII.

This article concludes the present series. They have been largely quoted and cannot fail to do good work in stimulating action in the right direction. We hope to present to our readers other articles from the Chairman of the Bradford Board of Health.

“Watchman, What of the Night”

NO one who has been privileged to visit our vast but sparsely populated dominions, can fail to have been seriously impressed by the tremendous need for a continuous increase in the number of emigrants from the Mother Country, if our colonies are to retain their predominant British character and make that mighty contribution to the world's progress which, under favourable circumstances, is so well within their power. In contemplating the inevitable territorial expansion that has grown out of the war, however, our well-meaning Empire-builders are in danger of overlooking three fundamental facts which bear directly upon the fulfilment of their purposes: (1) The unprecedented sacrifice on land and sea of the very heroes they stand most in need of; (2) the continuance of the steady fall that has characterised the birth-rate during the last forty years, and which must now be gravely emphasised unless immediate steps are taken to grapple with it; and (3) the ever-increasing proportion of children coming from the poorest parentage and being born into the worst conditions. If these truly ominous factors had reference to stock-breeding or crops they would “give us furiously to think”; but as they only refer to children, and our concern is for

men and women, it will be soon enough to consider them twenty years hence. The same fatal shortsightedness is typical of our commercial leaders, whose business acumen is more apparent when dealing with material circumstances than when confronted by human affairs. For years prior to the war the nation enjoyed unparalleled industrial prosperity, and could have had a still greater share of the world's business if the labour by which alone it could be done had been forthcoming, but that significant shortage, and the reasons for it, together with the subsequent events already referred to, leave our trade experts as unmoved as our empire builders, though each is sorely in need of the man-power that neither can get. In the face of these facts our captains of industry and commerce insist that Great Britain shall (1) become self-contained and independent, by capturing the key industries—whatever that may ultimately mean; (2) enter into preferential arrangements with our colonies and our Allies to the detriment of our enemies; and (3) erect notice boards over the best markets abroad intimating that “trespassers will be prosecuted,” mutually destructive projects which must be accompanied, as soon as the psychological moment arrives, by the demand

for a larger and more efficient army and navy with which to police—at the nation's expense—these unjust claims. Why one privileged section of the community should thus call the tune and leave the people to pay the piper does not appear on the surface, though it probably arises from the fact that they have taken good care to be adequately represented in Parliament; but it is not our purpose for the

for unless some such ingenious device is forthcoming, it is not easy to indicate the sources from which the necessary labour is to be drawn with which to supply these ever-expanding ideas of plausible greatness in a country where both the quality and quantity of new life is so gravely jeopardised. Much is to be hoped from a mutual arrangement between employers and employed that will abolish the de-



“WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?”

moment to inquire into that, or to try to ascertain how we are to flood the world with exports, and at the same time close our doors to the imports that pay for them, any more than it is our intention to consider the code of ethics involved in this singularly hazardous plan of campaign. But it is pertinent to ask if we are approaching an era in which it will be possible to “make bricks without straw,”

grading practice of limiting output, and the war-time expedient of employing women to do what has hitherto been regarded as men's work is not likely to be abolished, but whatever success may attend these and similar innovations will be needed to meet the very reasonable and necessary demand for shorter hours and more considerate conditions of service. Under these circumstances and in

view of the fact that further serious reduction in infantile mortality depends rather upon revolutionary social and industrial changes, than upon any means within the power of maternity and child welfare agencies, there is no immediate prospect of compensation being found to counteract the falling birth-rate, and it is clear we must turn in other directions for a solution of this great human problem.

“HOME LIFE, THE BULWARK OF THE STATE”

If the writer's profound conviction that Britain's future depends primarily neither upon her industries nor her men, but upon her homes and her women, has not already been made unmistakably clear, he desires to avoid the failure of his purpose by again emphasising that fact in this, the closing article of the series. Next to winning the war, he is convinced that the highest and most urgent duty of statesmanship is to emancipate and reward the women who make our homes, maintain our industries and perpetuate the race, but whose unassuming devotion to this noblest and most imperious duty has been so long and unwarrantably overlooked, that its importance is neither understood nor appreciated. Indeed, it is only by giving some tangible and concrete recognition of the tremendous indebtedness of the State to motherhood, through its endowment, that we can hope to arrest the disastrous deterioration that is undoubtedly taking place in the home life of the nation, and for which our thoughtlessness and indifference are undoubtedly to blame. In the reconstruction that must follow the war, and which is even now looming large in the minds of men, some really potent influence calculated to redeem and strengthen parental capacity and pride is indispensable to the greatness of that new day which alone can compensate for the black night that is slowly drawing to its close, for nothing short of the infection of the moral and spiritual forces of the land by the insidious and deadly disease of selfishness, pleasure, luxury, and ease, could have led us to ignore so persistently the perilous tendency of homes to become boarding

houses, the number of their occupants to grow less, and good mothering to wane.

THE PENALTY OF NEGLECT

We have not only to fulfil the supremely momentous task of stopping the fatal drift in families whose lineage has contributed so worthily to our national well-being, but we have to rescue those who are so effectively undermining the best of which we should otherwise be capable; for our refusal to safeguard marriage, the most important and sacred human relationship in life, and our willingness to still permit an indefinite multiplication of the physically, mentally, and morally unfit, have created problems alongside which all others pale into insignificance. Because we have ignored these perils and left the gravest of all questions to chance, there are mothers who are only such because every inhuman device has failed them; mothers who violate every moral code; mothers who drink, swear, and fight; mothers who deliberately neglect, ill-treat, and assault their little ones within the four corners of the law, till disease, maiming, and death result; mothers who are disappointed when their children live; mothers who are verminous, slatternly, and unkempt; mothers who are ignorant, indolent, and shameless; mothers who gossip with arms folded or akimbo from morning till night, and understand everybody's business but their own; and all these women and their prototypes—a rapidly increasing number—are *actually providing a growing proportion of the next generation of mothers*. To point to the damaging fact that in the overwhelming proportion of these cases the fathers are as bad or worse, and treat their wives more as a convenience than as human beings, is but to damn more effectively the social order or, to speak more truthfully, chaos, that permits the dehumanising conditions which produce these race destroyers, such as drink, gambling, and lust, overcrowded and insanitary hovels and neighbourhoods, where rents are as high as the accommodation is miserable and inadequate, low and intermittent wages paid for degradingly monotonous toil, and poor food, as lacking in variety

as it is exorbitant in price. Amidst such surroundings and environment the dead hand of gloom, wretchedness, and despair is inevitable, and it must be as apparent, as it undoubtedly is disgraceful, to every self-respecting citizen, that such infamous hotbeds of degeneracy, disease, and crime could only exist in a nation that has not sufficient intelligence and public spirit, not to mention conscience, to destroy the

him out regardless of cost, as we should a military invader, we not only permit him to exact an infinitely greater, because constant, toll of life, but actually uphold immense police forces and erect and maintain, at unrealised outlay to ourselves, expensive prisons, workhouses, hospitals, institutions for mental defectives, asylums for the insane, etc., in which to relieve him of the human wreckage he has



“ OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.”

fungus that is rotting its vitality and power.

HOW WE FACE THE FOE

These social, industrial, and moral monstrosities constitute an enemy within the gate who never sleeps, but every day, every week, every month, and every year for generations has pursued his deadly “frightfulness” amongst us; yet instead of resisting his onslaughts and driving

wrought. Indeed, when his victims can no longer support themselves, but need both keeping and ministering to by costly medical, surgical, and nursing staffs, we take them off his hands that he may be free to continue his death-dealing campaign against both our fellow-citizens and the State. Nay, we go further and put the frailest members of society into well-defined areas, in order that he may

train his heavy artillery more effectively upon them, and if anybody complains we say, in effect, it is the fault of the weak that they are unable to resist the attacks of the strong, and that just as the enemy has the right to disable them, we have the duty to take care of them *after* the crime has been committed, for if these victims were left on the battlefield instead of being put out of sight and out of mind we should be compelled to choose between his defeat and our own extermination. That is how our conception of fair play all round works out: it gives the enemy a chance to multiply, and then destroy, our weakest members, them a chance of being destroyed, and us a chance of providing for them as soon as he has converted them into casualties, so that justice is satisfied, and none but croakers and cranks complain. Talk about the declining birth-rate, infant mortality, and the damage rate, it would be as easy for the Local Government Board and the authorities through which it works, to empty the Thames with a pail as to solve these stupendous problems by any means that have yet been attempted. But our culpable apathy has become part of our lives, and we resolutely decline to grapple with vested interests, and the curses they inflict upon us until stern necessity compels us to act. Then, when our blind eye fails us, we (1) begin to talk about the peril that idealists and dreamers have been calling our attention to all along, as though it had only just been discovered; (2) eventually we appoint a Royal Commission to consider it; (3) after they have deliberated till the alarm has died down, though the rampant evil remains, a report is issued. (4) As such important documents would suffer if subjected to indecent haste, becoming time is extended to it. (5) Eventually an innocuous Bill is drafted. (6) When all the vested interests concerned have had ample opportunity to marshal their forces against it, (7) the measure is apologetically presented to the House, whose love of compromise—dignified by the bewitching term, sweet reasonableness—(8) allows it to emerge from St. Stephen's a mass of ambiguous and

mutually destructive clauses. (9) Having thus (a) "done something," (b) appeased the public conscience, (c) satisfied the opposition, and (d) imposed a few harmless barriers in the way of a virulent and deep-seated menace to public morality and national well-being, (e) our legislators retire, conscious that hereafter "all's well, and the lights are burning brightly."

THE CHURCHES

In times fraught with such stupendous possibilities for weal or for woe, the supreme duty of the whole community is to get back to God in order that the nation may go forward to consecrate its life to worthier objects and nobler living. Under such circumstances it would be well for religious organisations engaged in the production of neutral tints, or hiding behind diplomatic ambiguities—and their name is legion—to clear the ground they cumber, for a world that has been thrown into the melting-pot and can never be the same again has no use for moral and spiritual sophistry; it must rely upon those who intend to play a man's full part in determining the character it is to assume when it comes out again. Indeed, those Churches which have to depend upon the support of men and women who are resolved to vindicate the appalling sacrifice of that great army of noble heroes who have died for their country's honour and freedom and future, will not be slow to recognise that only such of their number are likely to survive as have ceased to believe that the nation can be saved by their talking pleasant platitudes about Christian unity and "overlapping"; for earnest men and women are sick of those who obviously attach more importance to organisations than to the purposes for which they were called into being. If the representatives of the Churches had been sincere they would long since have inaugurated the one and abolished the other, and the fact that they lack the spirit and willingness is the best possible proof that they can never accomplish the infinitely greater task of translating abstract faith into concrete practice. Under such circumstances it is very much open to doubt

if the Churches, as at present constituted, will not die a natural death through the absence of adherents and funds, and be superseded by a new witness more in keeping with the great epoch of reconstruction that confronts us, and the necessity for its stupendous enterprises being carried out in the spirit which alone can extract from the world-wide disaster, that

for the specific purpose of wiping out these plague-spots of the State and saving those who, under normal conditions, die in them in greater numbers than our heroes on the battlefield. It is no exaggeration to say that many of the wealthy and influential attendants of such Churches know infinitely more about foreign countries than about the poorer portions of



“THE BULWARKS OF THE STATE.”

is drenching continents with blood and tears, a new and glorious birth. Christianity is too universal in its appeal, and too democratic in its application, to leave the slums on a siding, or to be entrusted to those who “fiddle while Rome burns” by allowing its most urgent duties and uncongenial tasks to go by default. Yet, whoever heard of a great organisation of the suburban Churches called into being

their own, and are alarmed when anyone breathes the word revolution; but those in closest contact with the misery, wretchedness and despair of the disinherited, can only wonder that it has been kept at arm's length so long, for organised religion has done little indeed to remove the causes from which anarchy springs, although its highest duty is to transform the grossly selfish and con-

tented materialism of which slums are the most obvious expression, into a Christian commonwealth.

In the tremendously realistic life of to-morrow, however, the Church's success or failure will depend, not upon the degree of comfort and contentment within its walls, but upon the manner in which it "sticks its claws into reality" by promoting these conditions outside, and exhibits that consecrated enterprise among the poor which constitutes the visible manifestation of the kingdom of God on earth. A sceptical world will want to know what is happening to the man going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and if the investigation shows that history is repeating itself, by revealing the potent fact that the despised Samaritan is ministering to the victim's social and industrial needs now, as he was to his physical wounds then, while the official representatives of organised religion and respectable society are "passing by on the other side," it will neither be slow to judge their faith by their works nor to transfer its allegiance to those, however unorthodox, who are actually doing the spade-work of redemption. The truth of this statement has never been more strikingly borne out than by the universal appreciation expressed by our fighting forces—composed of all sorts and conditions of men—for the truly magnificent services rendered by the Y.M.C.A., both in the camps at home and on the battlefields abroad. A more worthy and inspiring example of the wonderful power of real, solid, all-round Christian brotherhood, extended indiscriminately to good, bad, and indifferent alike—often in the very jaws of death—it is impossible for men to conceive or the Churches to copy, and to the rough-and-tumble Englishman's credit be it said that, whatever may have been the position of the Y.M.C.A. in this country before the war, it will occupy an honoured and impregnable one after it is over. A dead faith has no meaning for living men, amongst whom actions are the interpreters of words, but if organised religion would take off its coat and roll up its shirt

sleeves in the slums of Britain, as the Y.M.C.A. has done on the threshold of hell in France, both this country and the Churches would be saved. The outstanding need is less talk and more work, through the definite application of Christian principles to the circumstances of the times in which we live, but unfortunately the heart-breaking calls of poverty, ignorance, and sin have found the Churches much more willing to preach than to practise, for after their sermons have been delivered they have followed the Biblical injunction (?) and "in honour preferred one another" to apply to them. That is how General Booth and his heroically devoted but deplorably equipped soldiers came to volunteer for this—humanly speaking—thankless task, in unknown and uncared-for hinterlands, while the Churches continued the much more congenial work that could be done in safety and comfort at home. But if organised religion is to play its part in the gigantic undertakings of reconstruction that are immediately in front of us it will have to win a reputation, which at present it certainly does not merit, for what the Americans call a "square deal," and the relative disproportion between the number of places of worship in the slums—where the birth-rate and the death-rate are highest—and in the suburbs—where the duty of maintaining the one is ignored and the causes of the other are reduced to a minimum—is a fairly reliable index of the distance it will have to travel before it convinces disinterested observers that it sets as much store on the bodies and souls of the submerged as upon those of the well-to-do. An allegory may be forgiven. A man of considerable means, influence, and power went to Heaven and was met at the gates by Peter, whose duty it was to show him to his new quarters. As they passed through very beautiful country, the new-comer's attention was arrested by a charming villa on the slopes of a pretty hill-side. "That's a bonny spot," said the stranger, "Who lives there?" "Oh!" said Peter, "that is the railway porter you used to see at the station every morning on your

way to business." "Indeed," said the surprised arrival, and the journey was continued. One truly fascinating piece of scenery succeeded another till the delighted new resident's eyes fell upon a delightful home nestling away in a gloriously wooded valley. "What a picture," said the wealthy man, "Whoever lives there?" "That," said Peter, "is the house of that hard-working man whose

wouldn't like to live here." "But," said Peter, "these are your new quarters." "What!" said the amazed citizen, "I can't stay here; besides, there's nothing but a number of old planks to be seen." "Well," said Peter, "*I'm sorry, but we can only use such material as you send up.*"

It is no answer to say that the Churches are so much concerned about the degrad-



"WHERE THE CHURCHES OVERLAP."

wife and children were always so clean and tidy when they passed you on your way to church each Sunday." "Really," said the bewildered stranger, and they passed on. Eventually they arrived at the edge of a bleak, desolate, and forbidding expanse of moorland with nothing but a few unshapely pieces of timber lying about. "My word," said the new-comer, "I don't care for the look of this place. I

ing influence of poverty and its attendant evils that they have established a mission centre here and there—for it is common knowledge that these are infinitesimal to the need, while in the better districts of cities overlapping is disgracefully prevalent; that they occasionally refer to the soul-destroying conditions of these human scrap-heaps when preaching; and now and again speak at public meetings to

people who, whilst listening, get an uncomfortable sort of feeling that perhaps, after all, there may be something wrong, and then go home and sleep it off, for unless the terribly significant parable of the Last Judgment is to find an even more appropriate setting in the twentieth century than in the first, the Churches will have to march into the front line trenches of these under-worlds of iniquity, injustice, and want; and, when the moment comes to advance against the systems and interests responsible for them, "go over the top" like men, to death or victory. The stay-at-homes are suffering from the creeping paralysis of unconscious indifference, and nothing can stop the progressive character of their disease but following the example of the Salvation Army, and actually *living* among the outcasts of humanity, that the legal crimes which society perpetuates upon its defenceless members may be burned into their very souls, till righteous indignation can no longer refrain from sending to Heaven Ebenezer Elliott's mighty democratic appeal:

When wilt Thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 The people, Lord, the people,
 Not thrones and crowns, but men:
 God save the people; Thine they are,
 Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
 From vice, oppression and despair,
 God save the people.

That wondrously human and poignant petition, which should find a responsive chord in every Christian breast, imposes upon those who either utter or sing it the obligation to become the instruments by means of which God can answer it. Are the Churches willing to go and learn, through actual contact and painful experience, how those for whom Christ died exist—for they cannot be said to live, even in the richest country in the world—and then make the land ring with an irresistible demand that these sinks of civilisation, these skeletons in the cupboard of every right-thinking man and woman's conscience, these handwritings on the wall of "Christian" Britain, shall be swept out of existence and never again be permitted to become the

habitation of those—amongst others—who have stood between us and disaster? Indeed, it would be a national crime to permit the men who have fought our battles and won our victories to go back into such hovels after risking their all for us and ours. It needs men of character, backbone, stamina, and grit to lead us out of this quagmire of concentrated abuses. Dare the Churches add lustre to this epoch-making period of heroism and sacrifice by undertaking in God's name the Herculean task? Are they the fitting medium through which the omnipotent dynamic can be applied to the ever-increasingly complex, and otherwise indissoluble, problems that threaten the very existence of the race; for, if Shylock had spoken of faith instead of ducats he would have expressed a still profounder truth, and one of even more universal application, when he said:

You take my house, when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
 When you do take the means whereby I live.

Churches and slums are manifestly an impossible combination—either may flourish, but both cannot, for the one is the antithesis and negation of the other—and a nation passing through the throes of a new birth will have to decide which. In the writer's opinion a religious revival in this country can only come through the salvation of the mother and the child, and the abolition of slums and the causes that produce and maintain them. If the Churches can do that they will be saved; but, if not, they neither will, nor deserve to be, for they will prove themselves the betrayers of Him whose name they bear and whose redeeming purposes they either do, or should, exist to serve. One of the most hopeful ways of beginning the supremely urgent and exacting duty would be, as suggested in the first article of this series: for as many Churches as realise the call sufficiently to respond to it, to secure a house composed of two or more dwellings in the very heart of every slum, and staff it with relays of say half a dozen Christian men and women, blessed with every-day common-sense, who would be willing to

go and live there for say a month or so at a time for the intensely practical purpose of exhibiting, not ostentatious and patronising, but tactful, sympathetic and intelligent, neighbourliness. They would be getting to know at first hand *who the poor are, and how they live*, for it is this first-hand knowledge that is the indispensable forerunner of their uplift. Reading books, listening to sermons, and hearing addresses make but a very superficial and easily removed impression, but actual experience on the spot would be cumulative and indelible, and put an end to that flip-pant and uninformed condemnation of the poor which only recoils on those who utter it. Such residence would be as amazingly fruitful in educational results to the new-comers as redemptive to the old inhabitants, for until those blessed by adequate means and favourable circumstances, and those cursed by the want of them, can be brought together and learn to understand and respect each other, the great restoration can never come.

THE NEW DUTY

Where physical, mental, and moral fitness exists, marriage and parenthood constitute a sacred duty which is in the highest interests of the individual and the State, apart altogether from numbers, and one of the gravest penalties the war must impose upon the nation is to deprive many pure and high-minded women, who would have made sterling wives and ideal mothers, of the opportunity of rendering that magnificent service to the race. But the absence of that duty creates the possibility of undertaking one scarcely less sacred, and everything possible should be done to win for the poor and needy the sweetness and love these noble women can give, for if the nation is to weather the storms of reconstruction through which it must pass, and if the inevitable retributions are to purify and not degrade, none can render more helpful, inspiring, and redeeming service in these forlorn and

beleaguered camps, where civilisation hides the results of its folly, than the brave victims who, but for the horrors of war, would have taken enviable pride in rearing such families of their own as the nation will stand sorely in need of. It is, therefore, most sincerely to be hoped that their uplifting influence will be enlisted in this truly Christian work, for as the years roll by the fulfilment of such high duties by those who have converted misfortune into stepping stones to the things that matter and abide, will bring that reward of contentment and happiness which the world can neither give nor take away. To staff such homes in slums as have been suggested, with women consecrated to that noble task, would be to build lighthouses on the storm-tossed seas, and to surround the angry billows with Grace Darlings devoting their lives to bringing shipwrecked men, women and children safely on shore. That would be *applied* Christianity, the beginning of a new and worthier witness, and nothing else can bring salvation and deliverance to the race.

To exalt the mother and the child is to herald the dawn of that new day when life will have become so sacred that these harbingers of the new kingdom will have left the factory for the home and the school, when overcrowded and insanitary hovels, and all they represent, will have drifted into memories we would fain forget, and the Sodoms and Gomorrahs of vicious practices and immoral living will have passed away in the pure atmosphere of virtue and truth, for the land we seek is beyond and our motto is "Excelsior."

'Tis coming up the steeps of time,
 For this old world is growing brighter;
 We may not see its dawn sublime,
 But high hopes make the heart throb lighter;
 We may be slumbering in the ground
 When it awakes the world in wonder;
 But we have seen it gathering round,
 We've heard its voice of living thunder;
 'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming,
 For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

WOMAN'S TASK IN THE COMING CIVILISATION

By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

A Lecture delivered to the United Suffragists on March 9, 1917

EVERYWHERE to-day there is talk of reconstruction, and many different views are put forward as to what should and should not be done to make a better world when the war is over. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that women will have to take their full share in this work of reconstruction if it is to be of any value.

In the past a woman has been thought of as a woman before she has been considered as a human being. I mean by this that a woman's function in the State has been considered always in relation to other people, and not on her individual merits, as is the case with a man. A man develops his individuality as a *human being*; a woman develops hers as a *woman*. A woman's value to the community has been in her sex rather than in her humanity. That is no longer going to be true of the woman of the future.

Let me illustrate my meaning by two instances which came to me the other day, and which show very forcibly the difference between the old type of woman and the new. I was taken by a friend to one of the fashionable dress-maker's in the West-End of London, and there I saw the unfortunate women who are made to strut about the shop showing off gowns to other women—with one exception, perhaps, the most degrading life that any woman can lead, because her employers are exploiting her sex, and she has no value at all as a human being. From there I went to King's College, and saw the girls who are studying for the course of domestic science and economy. What a contrast! Here are women who are realising themselves

first as human beings, and by this means are realising that they have a place in the community as human beings, and have a gift to offer which is not dependent on sex.

Let me take a further instance to illustrate my meaning.

Men to-day in vast numbers are giving their lives for an ideal; they are leaving their homes and families, and facing death, wounds and imprisonment for big impersonal ends, and everyone is agreed that this is a splendid and heroic thing to do. But a year or two back women were also going out to fight—to suffer, and, if need be, die for an ideal, and everyone said how mad and wicked they were. Judged as human beings, the motive and the sacrifice were equally heroic in both cases, but the women were judged as *women*, and therefore condemned. It is right for a woman to sacrifice herself, but only along certain recognised lines. She is expected to sacrifice herself continuously for husband and children, or for the sick; and, indeed, is severely blamed if she does not do so. That is her function as a *woman*. But she has no right to sacrifice herself for women in the abstract, or for a big ideal; that is the privilege of a man, because he is a human being.

In the future, that is going to be changed, and women are going to express themselves as human beings *first*. To what changes will this lead? We shall all recognise that some women will only realise their humanity fully through marriage and motherhood. But some will need for that realisation a bigger scope, in art or science, or in that larger aspect of maternity which would

embrace all the neglected children of humanity.

But even the motherhood of to-morrow is not going to be the same as the motherhood of yesterday. We talk a lot of cant about the beautiful conception of the mother and the child, but when it comes to practice we penalise both; and motherhood and childhood for the great mass of the people are surrounded by conditions which could not exist for one moment if we really meant what we said. There is a great outcry to-day about the falling birth-rate, and men are calling out for more and more babies to be born. Would it not be wiser first to care more for those we already have? When we realise that in England alone the mortality of deaths among infants under a year old is heavier than the mortality among the soldiers fighting, it may well be asked, have we, as a nation, deserved to have more of these precious lives given into our care when we value them so little?

We have got to surround motherhood with different conditions. In the first place, if we really believe that motherhood is the finest profession that any woman can adopt, we must prove it by the endowment of motherhood, and so make it possible for the mother to remain at home and care for her children.

Then we have to realise that if the mother is to be a human being as well as a woman, she must have leisure for thought and education and recreation. The woman of the future is not going to be content to be merely a household drudge. The exigencies of war are bringing us to the establishment of communal kitchens; let us hope that the exigencies of peace will mean their continuance. This would at once relieve the poor mother of a great part of her daily burden.

Perhaps, also, a day will come when

we shall realise that cleanliness is a necessity of public health and that cleanliness is dependent upon a plentiful supply of hot water, and every house will automatically be supplied with hot water, as it is now with cold.

Clubs and reading-rooms will then be able to play a larger part in the life of the mother, and as she develops her humanity she will also develop the capacity to help her children not only in babyhood but also in maturity.

The task of women in the coming civilisation will, I feel sure, be largely a practical one. The training of ages has developed this side of their nature, and any woman knows that a household run upon the same lines as those upon which men run Governments would be bankrupt in a week.

Men are in reality the sentimental and emotional sex, and my fear sometimes is that women in authority are inclined to harshness.

Women will bring *strength* also as their contribution to the State, for strength is developed by suffering, and undoubtedly women suffer more than men.

Another great gift they will bring is intuition, the power to sense and grasp the future. This is an essential quality in any scheme of reconstruction, especially for those who believe in the spiritual guidance of the world. If God has a plan for men, we need to try and understand it and to grasp what is wanted as a next step.

I believe most surely in the dawn of a new age, but I also believe that before that new age is realised we have many a fight yet to wage against the forces of reaction even when this war is over. Prussianism does not exist in Germany alone. But I have absolute faith that the fight will be won, because men and women are fighting it together, shoulder to shoulder.



THE GREATEST ECONOMY OF ALL

By J. HALFORD

OF the many pre-war social welfare activities that depend so largely on voluntary aid, there are hardly any that have not been severely hit by the great demand for workers of all sorts in close connection with the war itself. This is neither surprising, avoidable, nor regrettable. There is, however, one form of social welfare work that has come to be considered as on a par with that for soldiers and sailors, and is recognised as being vitally necessary for the future of the nation, and that is, any effort that conduces to the saving of infant life and the promotion of maternal well-being. It has needed a great war to bring this fact home to us, to make us realise, as Napoleon once put it, that "good mothers are a nation's best asset," and that we have started twenty-five years too late to repair the terrible wastage of human life which is now going on so continuously among the flower of our race.

It is estimated that during 1915 nine of our soldiers died every hour—it is known for a positive fact that during the same period twelve British babies died every hour. So it is more dangerous to be an infant in Great Britain than an infantryman at the Front! Moreover, when one adds to this the heavy toll of ante-natal deaths, the majority of which, like those of infants, are due to preventable causes, and remembers the unduly high damage rate among the survivors, and the declining birth-rate, one cannot but regret that we did not wake up sooner and take steps to stop the greater part of the loss of some hundred thousand

baby lives each year which we now deplore.

But the nation's conscience has at last been quickened, as the rapid increase since the war in the number both of Infant Welfare Centres and of Health Visitors goes to prove. There are now nearly 1,000 of the former, as compared with 400 in 1914, and at least double as many of the latter as before. This does not mean that we are even within an appreciable distance of an adequate supply of either, if skilled advice on the upbringing of her baby is to be brought within the reach of every mother requiring it. It is, at least, a step in the right direction, as well as being a more attainable and cheaper means of reducing the infant mortality rate, than the improvement of housing and sanitation, the abolition of poverty, intemperance, and other racial poisons, which some people think a better panacea. It is surely no mere coincidence that last year, when Infant Welfare Centres and Health Visitors were more numerous than ever before and when the housing conditions had nowhere been improved, the infant mortality rate should have been lower than any previous records. Even so, we can ill-afford to lose, before they are a year old, 91 out of every 1,000 babies born.

Infant Welfare Centres are places to which working-class mothers, young or old, married or unmarried, are invited to bring their children under school age regularly, to be inspected by a doctor, who detects incipient ill-health and advises how to prevent it or how to set right the many minor ailments, mostly due to digestive troubles, to which babies are

liable. Each child is undressed for inspection and weighed, thus affording the Superintendent of the Centre, who is usually a nurse, or midwife, and health visitor, an opportunity of seeing if the child is properly clothed. One does not so often hear now of unfortunate mites burdened with twenty-three layers of clothes, instead of the orthodox four,

tary school girls enjoying a weekly practical demonstration in mothercraft at the local Centre more than any of their other lessons. The work at the Centre is always supplemented by visits to the home, paid by the Superintendent or other well-qualified worker, to see that the instructions are being carried out. Class instruction in simple hygiene for



AN INFANT CONSULTATION

though feeding errors are still exceedingly common. But the thirst for knowledge evinced by mothers of all classes is a very encouraging sign of the times. The Centres are always very popular—one hears of one mother bringing her seventeenth baby, of another walking miles every week to bring a healthy little one to be inspected and kept well, and of elemen-

the mother and child, and in sewing, knitting, cookery, etc., supplements the medical object-lesson which each mother gets on her own baby. It is the educational feature, more than any other, which distinguishes infant welfare work in the United Kingdom from that of other countries. A pleasant social spirit is engendered by the cup of tea

usually provided, and for which the mothers pay a trifle. A healthy feeling of emulation is aroused by the organisation of competitions, in which the skill of the mother is accounted of more value than the mere size or weight of her baby.

But all this is a mere drop in the ocean

dental clinics for mothers are an urgent necessity; more adequate provision for childbirth, especially for abnormal cases, is wanted everywhere. Much spade-work remains to be done before the claims of the mother and child on the nation are fully recognised, and before



A SEWING CLASS

when one considers that only about 70,000 babies come under the fostering care of Maternity Centres, out of the nation's annual gift of some 800,000, most of whom would probably be all the better for such friendly help and guidance as is provided in this way. Again, to assist the many mothers who now have to go out to work many more day nurseries are needed than exist at present, and nursery schools are wanted to supplement the nurseries. Ante-natal care and instruction has not long been started;

the nation as a whole realises that it is better to spend a halfpenny in the pound on the prevention of ill-health than many pence in its cure or in the care of the thousands who are annually incapacitated by mental and physical sequelæ.

To create this public opinion; to arouse in every citizen a sense of responsibility for the children of the nation; to bring home to every man and woman the facts that he and she are responsible if a baby dies or another suffers through lack of care; to make every individual member of

the State realise that it is their duty to see that adequate provision is made for the care of every mother and child—these, in brief, are the aims of the National Baby Week, to be held throughout the kingdom from July 1 to 7. It will be a powerful united effort on the part of

prevent their suffering and provide for their needs. The dignity of parenthood and the rights of the child must be acknowledged. It is to hasten the day of acknowledgment that the National Baby Week Council has been formed, with the Prime Minister as President



A COOKING CLASS

nearly 100 national social welfare and educational organisations, such as has never been made before, to make the nation understand that if the British race is to survive and keep its place amongst nations it must not wait or hesitate, it must give mothers their rights, it must

and Lord Rhondda as Chairman. There is work to be done in connection with this great effort for all who can spare even a little time. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary to the Baby Week Council, at 6, Holles Street, London, W.C. 1.

** We are indebted to the Birmingham Infants' Health Society and School of Mothercraft for the illustrations to this article.*

MOTHERHOOD UNDER THE LAW

By L. A. M. PRIESTLEY (*Mrs. George McCracken*)

Author of "The Love Stories of Some Eminent Women," etc.

IT is remarkable with what tolerance the human mind will entertain quite conflicting opinions, and how we can hold theories and sentiments at utter variance with our practice and actions.

The position of the mother in England is a striking case in point. As a nation and as individuals we are always ready to extol the office of motherhood: poets, preachers, and the Press have paid high, and in some instances memorable, tributes to the tender love, the ungrudging self-sacrifice, the unwearied care, the boundless and far-reaching influence of the mother. Our literature is steeped in such eulogy, our philanthropists and social reformers lay much stress upon the immense responsibilities in shaping and determining character wielded by the mother-hand, while it is an accepted standard of good taste and good feeling to render homage in the abstract to her in whose arms is cradled the new generation.

However abandoned and depraved and tyrannical a man may be, he usually retains a sense of tenderness and regard for his mother, a fact George Eliot represents for us in Dempster, the coarse and drunken lawyer, the hard and cruel husband, who, with all his faults and failings, was a kind son to the little old lady he called "Mamsey." Yet what does all our flattery and profession amount to in actual and everyday life? Is it not mere lip-service and hypocrisy to praise the attributes and qualities of true motherhood while we debase and degrade the office by our laws and institutions? There is surely no more curious anomaly existing than this discrepancy between

our conventional expressions of esteem and our indifference to the social and legal humiliations which the laws and customs of the land impose upon motherhood.

A new interest has been awakened of late in mother—and child—welfare; many noble-hearted efforts, for the most part voluntary, have been set a-going to help this helpless section of the community; public opinion being stirred to activity in this direction by reason of the alarming wastage of life in the war, and consequently the tremendous importance of adequately safeguarding the health and well-being of both mothers and infants. While such efforts are worthy of all praise, and Mr. E. J. Smith's articles set forth in a most interesting way the truly admirable work accomplished on these lines in Bradford, I venture to assert my firm belief that motherhood, *per se*, can never attain its true status and dignity and power for good until we strike at the root of the legal injustices and inequalities which deprive it of due authority and self-respect; which render it futile in cases of difficulty and disagreement, and which insensibly, yet none the less harmfully, weaken and jeopardise filial duty and obedience. The instincts and perceptions of youth are very quick and alert, and children—growing boys particularly—soon learn to distinguish the inferior and subordinate place assigned in the world to that dear being whom at the same time they are taught they must honour and obey.

Let me give proof of my contention by showing the legal position of the mother in England and Ireland to-day.

The woman who renders to the State

the indispensable service of bearing and rearing citizens is not herself considered worthy to be a citizen. Though she is earnestly exhorted to train our future citizens in an exemplary manner, she herself is classed in the same category (as far as political or voting power is concerned) with idiots, aliens, criminals, lunatics, paupers, bankrupts, and infants. The mother is not the legal guardian and parent of her own child born in wedlock. All authority in respect to the child's upbringing, education, religion, and choice of a career is vested in the father. In case of divergent views and principles the mother must suffer severely in having her wishes for her own offspring set at naught.

So little weight is attached to the rights of maternity by the makers of our laws that even a widowed mother can be deprived of her children's guardianship if her husband so elect. For the law permits the father to appoint by will a guardian (or guardians) for his children to act after his death in a manner that may override the mother's wishes. But no such power is conferred in the matter of guardianship upon the mother, who cannot appoint a guardian (or guardians) to act after her death to the exclusion of the father. In the matter of the child's faith the father's will is paramount, and is upheld by the Courts to the length of rendering invalid any agreement made by the father either before or after marriage to permit his children to be brought up in their mother's religion if different from his own. Even should the father die his people can legally insist, as against the mother's wishes, upon the children being brought up in the tenets of his sect. The mother is regarded as a mere cypher, and her most sacred convictions ignored, in this vital matter. Further, in the case of matrimonial infelicity and separation the custody of the children belongs to the legal parent, and he can remove them from the care and control of the mother if he so please.

One notable exception is made through the "Guardianship of Infants

Act," which allows the mother the custody of her young children under and up to the age of seven years, the State recognising her as the best nurse for its infantile population. The father, if so minded, can claim the children at seven and upwards, a law which always seems to me the very refinement of cruelty, parting mother and child, who have grown in those years of loving tendance and devotion so inexpressibly dear and necessary to one another.

When the law, with social acquiescence if not approval, treats in this contemptuous fashion the married mother, it is not surprising to find the deplorable plight to which it has reduced the unmarried mother. Lady Constance Lytton in her book *Prisons and Prisoners* remarks that George Moore's novel *Esther Waters* "ought to be in every woman's prison library because of the heroic and triumphant struggle depicted in it of the mother of an illegitimate child." In actual life the struggle of the unmarried mother against the difficulties of her position, accentuated by our harsh laws and social ostracism, is indeed seldom triumphant but always heroic, strenuous, and heart-breaking. In this case the law again decides that there is but one legal parent, and that is the mother, who must accept the undivided responsibility for the child's care and upbringing. In England, but not in Ireland, it is possible for the mother to sue the reputed father, and if successful the Court can order him to pay a sum not exceeding 5s. a week for the child's maintenance. But these affiliation orders are difficult to obtain and often impossible to enforce, as the man can decamp and evade the collection of this meagre pittance for his child's support. Moreover, many girl-mothers prefer to forfeit this pecuniary aid rather than face the ordeal and publicity of a law court administered solely by men.

Upon the unwedded mother, therefore, is laid all the blame, all the shame, and practically all the pecuniary obligation—which she must discharge through unremitting bodily toil—for an offence against morality which

some man hares, who, in the vast majority of cases, has been her tempter, leading her from the safe and innocent path of virtue, to abandon her, when he tires of her, to face the pitiless conditions of the world with a ruined character; her hapless babe dependent upon her innate strength and capacity to fight them for its sake.

If half our platitudes upon the intrinsic value and beauty of motherhood were believed and acted upon, there would be found some better solution of this sad problem of the unwedded mother.

The law also punishes the illegitimate child, and through it its mother, by debarring it from any rights of inheritance; it has no rights in family life, and should either father or mother make a will in its favour the duty payable is 10 per cent., just as if the child were a stranger to the testator.

The law of seduction in both England and Ireland takes no cognisance of the injury and obloquy which ensues to the

girl-victim. If an action is brought against the seducer it can only be for damages for "loss of service" taken by the father or mother or employer of the girl; she herself has no power to seek any redress personally, the law not regarding the loss of honour—which women are presumed to hold dearer than life itself—as comparable with the temporary inconvenience which, owing to the girl's condition, her parents or her master may sustain by her inability to work.

Thus, briefly indicated, is the status and place which the laws of England decree for the mothers of the nation.* To neglect to remedy the grievous disabilities and ignoble position of that section of the community without whom there would be no people, no law-givers, and no nation, is to ignore one of the very first essentials in our efforts to promote racial well-being and further the causes of social progress and reform.

* See Halsbury's *Laws of England*.



Listen, my children, to what the State should be to a good citizen. It is more than father or mother, it is more than husband or wife, it is more than child or friend. The State is the father and mother of all, is the wife of the husband and the husband of the wife. The family is good, and good is the joy of the man in wife and in son. But greater is the State, which is the protector of all, without which the home would be ravaged and destroyed. Dear to the good man is the honour of the wife whose children cling to his knees; but dearer should be the honour of the State that keeps safe the wife and the child. It is the State from which comes all that makes your life prosperous and gives you beauty and safety. . . . If the brave man dies gladly for the hearthstone, far more gladly should he die for the State.—PYTHAGORAS.

HINDU WOMEN

By HARENDRANATH MAITRA

We are glad to present this view of Indian women by one of their own countrymen, the author of "Hinduism: The World-Ideal."

IN English books and during my sojourn in the West I have come across some of the most curious ideas about Indian women. If we Indian men do not always answer these strange statements it may be because we are too amused at their absurdity or too indignant at their falsity. Just as you are told in your books of accurate information on India that we have no flowers of true fragrance like your English roses, that we have birds of gaudy plumage but no sweet song like your lark and nightingale, in the same way you are told that Indian women have no freedom, no education, no reverence from men; that they are "subjugated"! Might not one gather from living in England that a good many of your cultured and educated women here seem to think that they themselves are subjugated? However that may be, I can assure you that in India woman rules. They have ruled on the battlefield and on the throne, in our halls of learning and our shrines of saintship, as our stories can attest; they rule to-day in many a province of India; really rule not as mere figure-heads; and they rule, as they have always ruled, in the home, which is to the Hindu his temple as it is to the Englishman his castle. In all that is most sacred in the ideals of our race, woman is supreme.

Let me quote to you what our *Shastras* say about women:

The Acharya (or spiritual teacher) is ten times more to be revered than the Upadhaya (or teacher); the Father a hundred times more than the teacher, but the Mother a thousand times more than the Father. . . .

Women must be honoured and adored by their fathers, brothers, husbands, and brothers-in-law who desire their own welfare. . . .

Where women are honoured there the gods are pleased; but where they are not honoured, no sacred rite yields reward. . . .

Where female relations live in grief, the family soon wholly perishes; but that family where they are happy ever prospers.

Do not imagine that these are merely laws. They are the themes of hundreds of stories in our great epics, which form the ideals of every Indian child, and they are exemplified in every really Hindu home.

Different nations have different ideals of perfection. To you the rose is the queen of flowers; to us the lotus in beauty, in fragrance, in sacred associations, reigns supreme. The lotus is our symbol of womanhood, the flower of Lakshmi; it is also our symbol of all that is most sacred. You do not know the lotus here. You have seen a few, perhaps, in some botanical garden, but you do not know what the flower stands for. Neither do you know our women.

To understand them and their ideals you must understand the ideals of our race, and that is difficult for you. There is a beautiful, but brief, Indian story which may help to express what I mean.

It so happened that in a dharmashala, or rest-house for travellers*, three persons were sleeping on the verandah. As the dawn was breaking they heard someone at a distance exclaim, "Ah! the night is gone." Each of these three people took the exclamation in different ways. One was a Saint who thought, "Ah, there is another man who like myself is repenting that he has slept and lost the precious hours for mediation." The second man was a lover, and he thought, "Ah, there is another tortured soul who, like myself, has suffered severance from his love." The third was a thief, and he thought,

* Rest-houses are built and supported by the Rajahs in all our Indian provinces.

"There is another thief who, like myself, is lamenting that he has lost another chance to steal." So each man thought that which was in his own heart.

In the same way most people have thought of India and Indian questions, their ideas taking the colour of their own experience and mental attitude. This is true not only of their views of Indian women but of all Indian questions. In politics you have a particular ideal of government; so you think, looking through your own glasses, that all good government must be established in the same way. You do not care to take the trouble to study the ideals of self-government that we Indians evolved thousands of years ago; ideals embodied in the *Ramâyana* and *Mahâbhârata*, and exemplified in the great reigns of the Emperors Asoka and Vikramaditya—truly a golden age not only in the history of India but in the history of the world.

You have your own social conditions, your own customs of marriage and other ceremonies, and you look upon all other social customs through the particular coloured glasses that your birth and environment have imposed upon you. You say, in fact, that the lotus is not sweet because it is not the rose.

We Indians evolved a great civilisation when you were in the bloom of youth—nay, long before that—a civilisation that has survived all storms. It has survived because it was a bed-rock civilisation. Our Rishis built on spiritual truths. They did not build their house upon the sand.

We have our own astronomy, astrology, mathematics, chemistry, medicine, social and political science, laws, logic and metaphysic, literature and art, which are just beginning to be appreciated.

You still send your missionaries to us "heathen," and what do they do? They would have our women change their artistic and hygienic dress (suitable in every respect to our climate) for the European costume, suitable to your own climate but not to ours; they would have them change their religion of spiritual cul-

ture, which enters into every atom of their daily life, for an alien creed. Believe me, nothing has done such harm to the religion of Christ in India as these movements. In the name of the Christ, the greatest of mankind, they have tried to denationalise the country—to make everything European—to destroy its art—to destroy its whole civilisation. Christ was the great Teacher of the East. I wish all would realise and respect his Eastern nature.

The clash comes from the different ideal of civilisation in India and in the West. And the curious fact is that the Indian ideal is Christian; the European is not. I think if Christ should come to earth to-day, India is the only place where He would feel at home. Christ said: "The Kingdom of God is within you." The Indian ideal is dharma; that is, one must develop what he has within; the Self within the self. It does not matter whether it be man or woman. Man is man. Woman is woman. Woman is not lesser man. She is the noblest conception of God's love. In her we find the embodiment of Divine Love incarnated. She is the fulfilment of creation. To torture her, to take her away from her rightful position is not only injustice, but sacrilege.

There is nothing that a woman cannot do if it is her dharma to do it; nothing that can take away her womanly qualities. From the Vedic times we see many instances where men and women both, after completing the first three stages of life and discharging their duties to society, have left their children to continue, and have themselves entered upon the life of meditation and Sannyasa: of service to all the world. That is, they have taken the wandering life, moving from place to place, ever seeking deeper communion with God, and giving of their wisdom and experience to all.

When Yajnavalkya, the great sage, was about to enter upon this stage, he said to his wife:

"Verily, Maitrevi, I am going away from this, my home. Forsooth, let me make a settlement of my property."

Maitreyi said : " My Lord, if this whole earth full of wealth belonged to me, tell me, should I become immortal by it?"

" No," replied Yajnavalkya, " like the life of rich people will be thy life. But there is no hope of immortality by wealth."

Then Maitreyi said : " What should I do with that by which I do not become immortal? What my Lord knoweth of immortality, tell that to me."

Yajnavalkya replied : " Thou, who art truly dear to me, thou speakest dear words. Come, sit down and I will explain it to thee. Mark well what I say."

Then he explained the principle that is so often and so impressively taught in the *Upanishads*, that the Universal Self dwells in the husband, in the wife, in the child, and in wealth, in the Brahmanas and Kshatriyas, and in all the world—in the Devas, in all living creatures. All this is Brahman (the Universal Spirit). Let a man meditate on this visible world as beginning, ending and breathing in Brahman.

Then Maitreyi said : " My Lord, I also would meditate upon Brahman. Let me go with thee, I care not for this wealth."

And Maitreyi went with her husband.

This spirit of devotion is the keynote of the Hindu woman. It is the dharma of the race. And it is developed by our collective family life. Those who criticise our joint family system do not understand the ideal of human civilisation that is to come. You know in India we sometimes live in a family of about one hundred people. Not simply a man and his wife, and a servant to watch the dogs; but father, grandfather, uncles of all descriptions, sisters, and aunts, even remote relations and friends, servants and guests; besides many pets—peacocks, deer, swans, cranes. Of course the houses are proportionately large, with different apartments for the different members of the family and guests, and they are always built round a court so that we have plenty of air and light. Here the elder Mother is head. All the children are brought up together. Our cousins are the same as our brothers. We have no different word. One child does not say, " My father earns money, I must have my things better than the one whose father earns very

little." It is all common property, which is administered by the wisdom of the Mother. Consideration for others is essential to harmony. Thus through mutual service and thoughtfulness we develop a high ideal of brotherhood. Through renunciation of our personal petty self we develop our dharma, the Self within the self. We learn to fit ourselves to the life around us, to feel others' joys and sorrows as ours, and thus to prepare ourselves for the larger brotherhood of the world.

For men and women equally the scheme of social and ethical evolution is : duty for the sake of duty, service for the sake of service. And in all our duties it is the spirit of detachment that is the controlling idea.

" Man has a right to work, not to the fruit of works," says Shri Krishna in the *Gita*. The joy is in the service itself. It is a service of love.

This idea of dharma as duty has given birth to the true spirit of renunciation: that losing one's life to save it which Christ taught. This spirit is diametrically opposed to the spirit of rights. Dharma is the law of renunciation and service, right the law of resistance and force. Dharma demands self-abnegation, right self-assertion.

It is the Hindu woman who has kept this ideal of service intact in all the social evolution of our race. The ideal is the same for man and woman, but we revere woman because we know that she it is who has kept the torch alight, who has given us the most perfect example of selflessness and devotion. This spirit of devotion has impressed itself upon our womanhood.

We have had many learned women. Once a great assembly of learned men and women were gathered together in the Court of the King Janaka. A great king he was in every way. There was a great debate. The great Rishi Yajnavalkya had answered all the questions which were put to him and was being awarded the prize when there rose in the assembly a woman, full of dignity and honour, and said : " Yajnavalkya, I am quite satisfied

with all that you have spoken. But I wish you to answer one question of mine. If you can do that to our satisfaction we shall then admit that we are defeated. She put the question, it was in regard to the soul's incarnation. The great Rishi answered it, and the woman sage, Gargi, was satisfied.

Learning is held more sacred in India, I think, than anywhere else in the world; but neither for men nor women is it the goal.

In our two great epics, the *Ramāyana* and the *Mahābhārata* you will find living examples of womanhood which have from prehistoric times controlled the destinies of woman in India and filled the imagination of manhood. Sita, the wife of Ramachandra, the greatest of monarchs, made with him the mutual sacrifice of separation for the sake of the people. Before that Rama had given over his throne to his brother for the sake of harmony and banished himself to the forest. Sita wished to go with him. Rama said: "How can you, a princess, face such hardships and accompany me into the jungle full of unknown dangers?" But Sita replied: "Wherever Rama goes, there goes Sita. How can you talk of "princess" and "royal birth" to me? Where thou art there is my throne."

So they went together to the forest and lived there as hermits many happy days, in spite of their exile. But the great trial came later, with the return of Rama to the throne and the subsequent banishment of Sita. Sita accepted her sacrifice for the people with heroic devotion. And Rama all those long years was never heard to speak the name of Sita. Only once, when for some great ceremony where the presence of the queen was essential, his ministers urged him to take another wife. Then the wrath of Rama burst forth in thunder. Never, never, said he, should any woman but Sita occupy the throne by his side. And a golden statue was made of Sita for the great ceremonial. (So unimportant is woman in India!)

This was in far-off days, you say; but let me tell you that Sita and Rama are to-day the living ideals of every child in

India. Every little girl prays: "Give me a husband like Rama. Make me a wife like Sita." And every little boy dreams of the great king Ramachandra.

Now let us come to the period of another great epic, and you will find Draupadi, the Queen of the Pandavas, sharing all troubles with the king and his brothers, in the palace, in the forest, on the battlefield.

Not only that, but to Draupadi was given the management of the entire internal affairs of the court, somewhat as if you should divide the function of the Home Secretary between a man and a woman. She had the greatest influence over the Pandavas. At every place, in banishment and on the throne, Draupadi is the great centre of the whole scene of the *Mahābhārata*. Not only as the expression of queenly power but as one of the greatest saints.

There are thousands of nameless Sitas and Draupadis whom you will find as living examples in the womanhood of India. The whole psychology of Indian womanhood we understand in the word devotion—selflessness. That is the ideal. It is the ideal of the race, and it is women who have kept it so.

You know when we are very young we are especially liked by our grandmothers. I remember while I was very young I used often to go into her room early in the morning, and the first thing that she did was to repeat the names of the five greatest women of India. Draupadi and Sita were two of these.

Indian women have not read many modern books, but they often know the *Ramāyana* and the *Mahābhārata* from beginning to end, and that comprises the whole civilisation of the Hindu race, and the bed-rock principle of human life. If English people knew their Bible and Shakespeare as we Indians know our epics it would be a great thing for England. Our grandmothers knew the laws of hygiene. They were versed in all the medicinal value of herbs and roots. When we children were ill—any ordinary illness—our mother or grandmother cured us. We did not need a doctor. But now

we are told : "You must have such and such Western things." Why is all this? Because in food, in our treatment of disease, we are getting away from nature. Our grandmothers knew; but the present age is losing the knowledge.

Yet woman's life was by no means confined to the home. In no nation in the world's history have women fought on the battlefield for their country as have the women of the Hindu race. They have gone out on horseback, sword in hand, leading armies, either by themselves or by their husband's side; fighting the Moguls and the Pathans as the enemies of their country's cause. But never was it a war of aggression; it was a war of defence. Never have the Hindus gone out on any pretext to take another people's country. Home is our inspiration. Home is our temple. Home is our school. Let me quote what an Englishwoman, Miss Margaret Noble, one of the few who have known Indian life intimately, has said :

Anything more beautiful than the life of the Indian home, as created and directed by Indian women, it would be difficult to conceive. . . . There is a half-magical element in this attitude of Hindus toward women. As performers of ritual-worship they are regarded as second only to the professional Brahmana himself. I have seen a temple served by a woman, during the temporary illness of her son, who was the priest. [This often happens.—H.M.] A prejudice in favour of the exclusive sacramental efficacy of man is probably due to Semitic origin. In the non-Brahmanical community of Coorg the whole ceremony of marriage is performed by women, and even amongst Brahmanas themselves, the country over, an important part of the wedding rites is in their hands. A woman's blessing is everywhere considered more efficacious than a man's in preparing for a journey. . . . A little boy is taught that whatever he may do to his brothers, to strike his sister would be a sacrilege.

One of our *Shastras* says : "Thou shalt not strike a woman even with a flower." The happiness of women is supposed to bring fortune in its train. The woman-ruler finds a sentiment of awe and admiration awaiting her which gives her an im-

mense advantage over a man in the competition for enduring fame.

What is the type of woman you most admire? Is she strong, resourceful, inspired, fit for moments of crisis? Have we not Padmini of Chittore, Chand Bibi, Jhansi Rani? Is she saintly, a poet and a mystic? Is there not Mira Bai? Is she the queen, great in administration? Where is Rani Bhawani, where Ahalya Bai? Where Sanhabi of Pipperah? Is it wifehood in which we deem that woman shines brightest? What of Sati, of Savitri, or the ever-glorious Sita? Is it in maidenhood? There is Uma. And where in all the womanhood of the world shall we find another as grand as Gandhari?

Our women have no liberty? Hundreds of our women you will find travelling from Kedarnath to Cape Comorin, inspiring the people, giving messages of God and Narayana that humanity is one. They have no veils. They have passed that stage. They are the Sanniyasini, revered by all.

Motherhood in our country is the very life and breath of the nation. We think of woman as Mother. It is the ideal of Motherhood that has saved the nation. It is the ideal of Motherhood that will save the world. Motherhood is our dream of perfection.

The nation that in the twilight of civilisation got hold of the truth that woman is not a temptress, but the perfection of man, can never torture and imprison women. To us Hindus, woman is the principle and ideal of creation. The woman-principle is God's eternal partner. We worship God as the Mother.

The future of our women must have its foundation in their past. Our social and political ideal for men and women in India will be solved by the people themselves, because "nations by themselves are made." Let the women of England and of India clasp hands for the realisation of that great ideal for which mankind is longing!

BOOKS WE SHOULD READ

GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING. By H. G. Wells. Cassell and Company, Ltd., London, New York, Toronto, and Melbourne. 1917. 6s.

Out of the most mixed and impure solutions a growing crystal is infallibly able to select its substance. The diamond arises bright, definite, and pure out of a dark matrix of structureless confusion. . . . It becomes . . . Koh-inor. . . . a Mountain of Light, growing and increasing . . . an all-pervading lucidity . . . ; no head to smite . . . no body . . . it overlaps all barriers; it breaks out in despite of every enclosure. It will compel all things to orient themselves to it.—(Pp. 205-206).

WE may be sure that when Saul took to prophesying he did it well. *God, The Invisible King* is an admirable, if somewhat limited, contribution to the heraldic movement: all the more valuable because entirely independent of any conscious impetus, save that of a conviction of God so fresh and vital that the new knowledge must be proclaimed. If we differ from the author on many points, perhaps most of all with his light-hearted setting aside of all "mystery and magic" as so many baubles and fetishes, we find ourselves in equally strong agreement with many statements, such as: "The true God, as those of the new religion know him, is no . . . God of luck and intervention. . . . He does not lose his temper with our follies and weaknesses. It is for us to serve him. He captains us, he does not coddle us. He has his own ends, for which he needs us."*

Elsewhere in this remarkable book its author declares that he is the scribe of his generation; we are convinced that Mr. Wells is indeed the formulator for a vast and ever-increasing multitude to-day: those who know, desire, and feel the aspect of Immanence: those whose experience proves that God is in and with them, and are satisfied with that aspect, desirous of that knowledge alone. These minds are, naturally, impatient with doctrines of transcendentalism in every form.

* P. 42.

They desire a clear, crystalline, yet highly articulate form of belief. Lucidity and logic they delight to honour. Long have these people desired a representative; in Mr. Wells they have found him. An impassioned sincerity, an enlightened rationality, distinguishes this facet of *God, The Invisible King*; both selection and inclusion are at work within His kingdom, through such able ministers as the author. Sincerity, sanity, and a certain intelligent simplicity characterise the inhabitants thereof. Only on one point have we discovered the faintest suspicion of sophisticated reasoning, and this in connection with "the barrister's problem" (pp. 141-147). Even here it may be that we have misunderstood, and therefore misjudged; yet the inference appeared as though honour to a client, to "see the business through according to the confidence . . . put in him" should be a secondary consideration, where Mr. Wells suggests that sorrow for ensuing injustice may take a subsequent rather than primary place in the "morale" of the man of law! This is not in the nature of hair-splitting, though it may appear so.

As to the unanimity of splendour of this uprising there can be no doubt. Men would both understand and seek after God to-day; it is equally certain that their search does not go unrewarded. The changing attitude, the inculcation of mutual responsibilities among all classes is one of the chief signs of the times, equivalent, indeed, to a proclamation of the coming, not only of the kingdom, but the King, to those who have ears to hear and hearts to receive the radiant summons; for it is summons and message both. God comes to us and we must go to meet God.

Such as Mr. Wells are appointed messengers, interpreters, scribes—more, oracles—of some ways of that coming. That there are as many ways as roads prepared

for His Feet we need not doubt. It were treason to acknowledge power and love, and to doubt inclusion or perfection of wisdom.

There are those who grow untended, alone, in silence, solitude, and darkness; those to whom no elder brother stretches out a hand, to whom no voice calls, on whom even no sense of an overshadowing presence may fall. Yet these also wait and watch for the coming. Because they

have not seen they have believed. These are the few, the exceptions.

But there is also a joyous uprising, a renewal of confidence in the comradeship and captaincy of some great yet almost human spirit who urges the world on, through blood and tears, through struggle and failure, to an ideal, divine, yet realisable realm of light and law, to the law beyond all laws. Such is God, The Invisible King of Mr. Wells.

SOCIETY AND PRISONS. By Thomas Mott Osborne. Oxford Univeristy Press. 6s.

The dangerous and desperate criminal is often only the hero gone wrong (p. 220).

It was not perhaps a mere matter of chance that the great Teacher, to whom we owe our ideal of Christian citizenship, was himself crucified between two thieves; and to one of them who repented of his sins He made the promise: "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise" (p. 235).

THE science of correspondences is the science of illumination. What is true of the world is true of the prison. For what are all institutions but worlds in the making. The continent of the criminal is a hemisphere in embryo. By the light of the new penology, we translate anew the blurred or feeble writing of those scripts of men whose palimpsest is man.

It is the work of such men as the author of *Society and Prisons* that gives the pledge of "God with us" to humanity: free from the sentimentalism of condescension, clear from the mental and moral vivisection of the mere materialistic scientist, the motto of his Welfare League expresses the life-work of him and his kind, "Do good, make good." To read the history of this league, its formation and working, is to breathe the air of freedom within the precincts of the prison yard. The aim of the new penology is the aim of every reformer and philanthropist who sees further than the nose-end of Bumble-don, and whose mental fibres are strands

of living tissue, not the blue and red tape of sectarian patronage and the official pigeon-hole.

The case of the young thief is typical of its kind. "Repeated confinement in children's institutions, reformatory, State prison. . . . The Mutual Welfare League . . . reawakened . . . intellectual interest in things outside himself, and cleared his mind of its warped and crooked conceptions of life. . . . He sees how much more interesting is the straight game; . . . the very difficulties in the path . . . fascinate his eager and penetrating mind" (p. 228). Throughout this joyful record of scene transformations, outer and inner, are revealed those secrets of the prison-house whose counterparts are the dungeons of the "warder" group-soul. Not the souls of warders, be it noted, but those criminal and weak temptations which are the bane of all officialdom; "punitive" measures of surveying criminal-land horizons whose highest vault is the chapel ceiling.

Mr. Osborne traces the intimate connection between prison crime and those prison codes of procedure and internal administration now gradually passing away; shows how self-discipline and the awakening of the sense of responsibility, the joy of progressive and hardy-won privi-

leges whose sanction is the sacrament of mutual trust between governors and governed, works in the prison-microcosm as in the world-macrocosm. Where honour, courage, effort, progress, adventure live and move there is the breath of life, the fire of creation, the ocean for discovery of new worlds. Where suspicion, fear, listlessness, inertia, and the hoary twins of precedent and punishment rule any realm, that country is *Prison*, whatever its geographical name. The words of the prisoners provide more expressive comment on the system than those of any lay reader or writer :

Do you realise what it is that the League has done here? It has started the men discussing the right and wrong of things, every day, from one end of the yard to the other.

So, in the wider world, come devastation, catastrophe, and unleashing of the murderous hounds of war, that all may see "how men their brothers maim," and how, when competition and self-interest reign, "the spirit of murder works in the very means of life," from the sweating of the sempstress to the Belgian hero, butchered to make a Prussian holiday. Here peace and war meet, in the paradox of life, the attraction of opposites. The Mutual Welfare League and the madness

of unleashed nations. "The right and wrong of things" are brought into the open by those uncompromising minds who see things in relation to principles, neither as sentimentalists nor materialists, but with that spiritual vision which looks beyond all shadows to the sun. These are the eagles of life, in whom daring and divine sight meet and mingle; of this union are born the children of to-morrow, that minority whose insignia of future rightness is the thorn-crown of to-day's persecution and misunderstanding.

The description of the criminal's sensation under the old régime of "beat a bad dog and he becomes good" is expressed in the following phrase :

A helpless unit in a gigantic scheme of corruption, alongside of which his own crime seems like a mere petty piece of boy's play (p. 231).

This realisation of the might of inertia and materialism comes to every daring and imaginative child, pressing with cold leaden weight on ardent spirit, mind, and heart.

It is not a book to sum up or dismiss in a brief review. It must be read, re-read, and the principles of the Welfare League applied to the world. Thereby it may win liberation from the prison of war.

L. N.

THE PROPHET OF NAZARETH; or, The Story of the New Testament from Fresh Points of View, with Chapters on the Future of Man and the Return of the Christ. By Elizabetha. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd. 1917. 6s. net.

THE Gospels are regarded by the author as a drama of initiation, of the progress of the soul through matter, and of the passage of the neophyte through the trials that lead him to perfect victory over the lower self. The new points of view are largely those of a student of evolution and the ancient wisdom through theosophical literature. The result is an eminently readable book for those people who do not shrink from the re-telling of the New Testament in ordinary prose. It is es-

pecially acceptable at this time, when the world at large is awakening to an eager expectation of the coming of the one Supreme Teacher of gods and men, by whatsoever name men call Him in varied lands.

The "Verdicts of the Hour," as contrasted with the "Eternal Verdicts" (pp. xiii-xv.), are a lesson to us all to-day; for who can be sure of the garb He will wear amongst us? The little story of Medore, introduced on page 83, touches the great controversy regarding man's

responsibility for the evolution of the creatures he domesticates for his use or pleasure. Some people will be glad to gain an idea of the contents of the Epistles of Paul and the other Apostles in the consecutive narrative form of this book; and the chapter on man's future which follows gives point to the Epistles. Throughout the 473 pages we are presented with a living Christ, whether as Jesus sojourning with and teaching the deeper mysteries

to the Disciples during three months after His crucifixion, or whether as the Christ for Whose return the whole earth is now travelling in the pain and anguish of this war.

When the hour arrives for that "coming," look not for outward signs, nor pause to consider whether He who speaks bears a pale, or an olive brow; but listen to the Voice. That voice will be the utterance of Love, detached from all the old leaning to this or that religion, to this or that race.

HINDUISM: THE WORLD-IDEAL. By Harendranath Maitra, with an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. London: Cecil Palmer and Hayward. First edition, 1916. 2s. 6d. net.

"INDIA, the contemned of the world but the beloved of the gods." How vast are the sadnesses and beauties behind these pregnant words of the author none may guess who have not passed her magic bounds. Even amongst those who have spent long years of "banishment" within her borders, the majority leave her shores without a suspicion of what they have missed. They see her poverty; they see her sun-baked bazaars; but the richness of her thought and the daily beauty of the holy time at morn and eve escapes them altogether.

Because it is necessary that we should gather what we can of the magic of that distant land and trace it to its true source, it is well to read such a book as this. We cannot finish it without finding some of our preconceptions crumbling, and if at least we have grasped the meaning of the four Ashramas and have learnt to respect Hindu womanhood we have not spent our time in vain.

The chapter on caste will make some

Westerners open their eyes; they do not realise that for true Hindus each child, even of a Brahmana, is born into the lowest caste and only rises from caste to caste as it increases in wisdom and stature. The idea of the superiority of caste over caste is only to be found amongst the thoughtless. To the wise, the lowliest sweeper performs the same office that the mother's love makes her happy in doing for her babe. Truly caste, as it exists to-day, is often more a clog on progress than a help to growth; but may not the same be said of caste (class) prejudices in the West? Both caste and class are aids to steady progress when rightly used, without the idea of superiority creeping in.

"To know Hinduism," says the author, "is to know India." This booklet only touches the fringe of the subject, but because of that, it will find a hearing and a welcome where larger tomes would not be opened. May it receive the welcome it deserves.

A. J. W.

INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

THIS admirable and deeply interesting report from our German brothers will be read with appreciation by members all over the world. It is good to know that underneath the storm and stress of battle in every country the work of preparation goes quietly forward, and that when the war is over Brothers of the Star in all lands will spring forward to clasp each other's hands.—E. L.

GERMANY

Last time when I reported about the state of affairs here I forgot to mention the newly-entered members, so I had better begin with it this time. The figures are not overwhelming, but the circumstances rather beautiful, so I shall tell about these—at least, as regards one case well worth mentioning.

Among the seven new members who joined the Order of the Star in the East, the first was a boy of ten in Munich. The Local Secretary, Fraulein Renner, wrote me the following lovely incident about him: "Little Karl went to see two lady friends of his mother, who lately had become members of the Star. They had hanging on the wall the framed picture of our Head—a black and white reproduction of a photograph handed to each new member. When the child saw this picture, he exclaimed, 'O, I know this man; I have seen him often at night; he comes to me at night; he has quite black hair and a dark complexion, and he is always very kind and good to me.' Then the boy was told about this kind young man and his position in the Order of the Star. And after some time he decided, quite of his own free will, to enter the Order." And after some time his mother and his grandmother also joined the Order. He is the first German child to enter our ranks.

Although few, if any, enter the Order, I feel by what I learn from subscribers to the quarterly *Orden des Sterns im Osten*

(who also cannot be counted by scores), that their very opposition to the thought of a personal appearance of a Great World Teacher reveals the fact that there is a fervent longing everywhere among the people of all classes and conditions; only every day common sense, of the educated especially, does not allow them to own it, nor even to understand it. But there is music in the air, heavenly sounds which foretell His coming, a spiritual knowledge of His advent beyond and in spite of common sense. And He will be welcomed far and wide with unspeakable joy and gratitude, a Saviour indeed whose blessing is beginning to be felt more and more clearly, though unconsciously.

Yet another instance of His work among us here. A young man, member of the Order of the Star, entered the Army at the beginning of the world strife; some time ago he fell seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs. After some time he wrote to his brother and his sister-in-law the following letter: "When I came to the hospital I thought my last hour had struck. I was simply done. In the first night I had a vision. The Star in the East appeared before my eyes, just like the one in your picture. It smiled and beckoned me to follow it. I do not know exactly what followed, I only remember how light and happy I felt, and finally I was on the way to India. I knew then for certain that my life would be saved."

In addition to this letter, his sister-in-law, who informed me of the above, wrote: "It must be remarked that my brother-in-law wore the Star during the whole campaign, and had been saved quite miraculously from certain death in three battles. It is a star John Cordes had brought over from India; but our brother does not know this."

Another young man, having lost his star in the midst of the roar and fury of a battle, asked me to send him another one, and, in thanking me for it, he informed me that he had found his lost star.

Worthy to be mentioned as belonging to "the signs of the times," yet an event of a somewhat different kind, is the case of a lovely, gifted, young girl. She re-entered the Order of the Star in the East as soon as she became of age after having, together with her mother, been forced by her father to leave it. Even now she has to leave home and country and her loving and sympathising mother in consequence of her devotion to the Star; and in order to continue her university studies has to go to a foreign country, where generous help and hospitality has been offered to her by a very active and devoted Star member.

Our work on the physical plane (if thus it can be called), our harmonious weekly Sunday morning meetings, continue; translating and revising translations from the *Herald* and *Theosophist* for our German readers; preparing the quarterly *Orden des Sterns im Osten*, which seems to be more and more appreciated and acknowledged. Mr. Cordes is now preparing a separate edition of articles and summaries given in the *Theosophist* and *Herald* concerning "the wider outlook" of our work as to Theosophy and the message of the Star in the future, to be again an outcome of our joint work with the *Theosophisches Streben*, thus following and continuing the lines laid down in the programme of Mr. Lauweriks. I am glad to state that in our Star work we are linked more and more to Austrian members, they being very enthusiastic and able and sacrificing people, ready to foster our high cause by propagating our literature, journals, and leaflets; by writing, and through speeches and other devotional and enthusiastic work; the result of which may be summed up as a gain of over thirty new members from Austria recently registered in our joint Star lists.

Frau M. C. Hintse, local secretary for Hamburg, just sending in her monthly report, writes therein about her new method to strengthen her members and to increase interest and devotion. She will have in the future at her monthly meetings readings from *At the Feet of the*

Master, with Mr. Arundale's "Written Letters" in addition, giving out a meditation on some practical subject, meditated upon and acted out as far as possible during the month at home.

Thus our small office and very small community, although "unknown to history," may hope to contribute quietly their small share to the work of preparing the way for His coming.

J. L. GUTTMANN

Dusseldorf, Konigsplatz 21.

HOLLAND

THE first work in the New Year was the forming of a National Committee for the *HERALD*, to comply with Mr. Jinarajadasa's letter concerning that point. It consists of the following members:

Miss C. W. Dijkgraaf	National Repesentative.
Miss L. Bayer	Organising Secretary.
Mr. Henri Bosel	For the Literary Department.
Mr. J. Lauweriks	For the Art and Education Department.
Mr. P. M. Cochins	For the Economical Part and Social Reconstruction.
Mr. H. J. v. Ginkel	For the Practical Part.

We are fortunate in having Mr. Borel on this committee, as he is a very well known writer, who resided over twenty years in China, and has written very interesting books on Chinese art, religious and Buddhist deities.

Mr. Lauweriks, who has just returned from Germany, where he was first Organising Secretary for the Order, will be very valuable for the art department, as he is a well-known artist, who now has got an appointment in Amsterdam at one of the art colleges.

When the committee met for the first time the following points were discussed:

In order to give *THE HERALD* a wide field in Holland, articles from *THE HERALD* will be translated for our prominent magazines; Mr. Borel will write articles about the Star and its work in different newspapers, etc. Also he will write for *THE HERALD*; as also Mr. Cochins, who is active in work connected with reorganisation of factories, etc. Mr. van Ginkel will try to get subscriptions for *THE HERALD* by advertising it and making propaganda for it.

Members have been asked to help in all this work, and we hope that the result will show in increased numbers of subscriptions.

The Order begins to attract more and more attention from outsiders. We began with a membership roll of 823 on January 1, and at present we count 890 members.

In Leyden a new activity was started by a group working on the Service line for the abolition of Prostitution and Protection of Women. They opened a Henriette Home for unmarried mothers with their babies. When they leave the maternity home they very often have nowhere to go, as in most cases the parents of the poor girls will not receive them, and, of course, they cannot get a situation immediately. So they can remain in the home for as long as it proves necessary, till they are strong again, when a place is sought for them, if possible with the child, in order

to teach them the duties of motherhood. There is place in the Henriette Home for six at present, but soon they hope to be able to receive ten. They are taken without consideration as to which faith they belong to. At the head of the home is a qualified nurse and a lady housekeeper.

Two doctors attend the home, and each patient is examined on entering. There is also a special doctor for children.

Several public lectures have been given by different members. Mr. H. van Ginkel addressed, with great success, an audience of over one thousand people, who were all greatly interested, and heard the Invocation at the end, all rising from their places.

The preparation for the International Conference is going on steadily, so that we may be ready when the great moment comes.

We send our hearty greetings and best wishes to all brothers of the Star, all over the world.

C. W. DIJKRAAF



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As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East may stand.

This Magazine may be obtained through any of the Officers of the Order of the Star in the East. Great Britain, 6d.; America, 15 cents;—
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United Kingdom, Europe, British Colonies, India, etc., 6/- per annum. (Post free)
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MARIA AND CHILD, by Luini, Liechtenstein Collection, Vienna

By Permission of the Medici Society, Ltd.



IN THE STARLIGHT

By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.

SOME of our members have felt disturbed at what they consider the new direction that has been lately given to the work of the Order of the Star in the East. It seems to them to be a departure from the principles of the Order as first enunciated. In the beginning of the movement a greater emphasis was no doubt laid upon what we may describe as the more devotional side of our work, and now the stress seems placed upon the need for social activity and reform. But I shall hope to show that in this later phase there is no new departure, but rather is it a natural growth and development from the earlier phase. In any living organism there must be growth, and therefore change, and it would be well if members could try to sense the direction in which growth is proceeding, and the inner reason for apparent change of policy.

To my mind the work of the Order may be divided into certain categories, each of which will have its inner and outer aspect. *First*, the fundamental purpose of this Order is to proclaim the near advent of a Great Spiritual Teacher. Here we must be careful to notice how broad is the statement. The Order as such does not state definitely *who* the Great Teacher is, or when or where or under what form He will appear. Consequently we have within our ranks Theosophists, Christians,

Buddhists, Mohammedans, Hindus, and many others, each expecting his own heart's ideal, each making his own mental picture as to the way in which the great Lord will appear. It cannot be too often emphasised how important it is thus to keep our platform broad. The work of the Order at the present time is to proclaim the coming of a Great Spiritual Teacher, and not of any particular Teacher. In years to come its purpose may be changed, and its principles altered; its members may be called upon to proclaim a particular Teacher, coming in a particular form, but for the present *this is not* its work. Any member therefore who seeks to impose his particular belief upon any one else is acting in a manner subversive of the first principles of our Order.

Along this line of proclamation of a coming advent there is much work to be done, both outer and inner. Our outer work will consist in spreading the knowledge of our Order, and proclaiming its message as widely as possible. This side of the work covers all that may be called direct propaganda.

On the inner side we have to study not only the reasons which have led us individually to belief in a coming Teacher, but the reasons also which have inspired others; we have to learn tolerance and sympathy; above all, we have to try and understand something

more of the real meaning of spirituality. We are too apt, all of us, to imagine that "spirituality" if it is real is to be comprehended by the multitude. The very opposite is the case. True spirituality is so far beyond the reach of most of us, the spiritual man is so far bigger than the ordinary man of the world, that in all ages he has been misunderstood and condemned. It is likely to be the same today. We need therefore to study deeply the qualifications which go to make up the stature of the "spiritual man."

It is upon this first aspect of our work that emphasis was chiefly laid when our Order was formed. Its appeal was to the devotional side of its members.

But with the passing years we have gathered sufficient strength to go forward and develop a further phase of the movement—namely, the need for personal and collective preparation. We are sometimes inclined to forget that we have not been called to membership in this high and holy fellowship for our personal benefit and satisfaction, but that we may train ourselves in the waiting time to be efficient and practical helpers of the Great Lord when He comes.

Now, we have been told repeatedly by our leaders that He is coming as the great Reconstructor, that He is coming to help His people to build a new social order, that the destruction of the old forms, which is proceeding with such terrible swiftness, is for the purpose of releasing the life which is being quickened by the Lord's approach. This new life will need new forms, and it is in the building of those new forms that we can assist Him. What is needed now is the starting of many different experiments along many different lines of social reconstruction which can be very rapidly expanded and vivified when He comes.

But to build even these experimental forms, study and practice are required, and it is to this study and practice we are now called. All members should consider it as part of their Star work to try and become conversant with at least one aspect of social conditions, that they may begin to dream and plan out ways of improvement in that particular direction.

So many feel that because they cannot do anything definite on the physical plane, they are therefore doing nothing in any way. We can all dream, we can all think, we can all pray; our dreams may be the scaffolding of many a beautiful building if we will only put ourselves wholeheartedly into the dreams.

As we go about our daily business we can be thinking constructively all the time. If our work takes us among beautiful and healthful surroundings, we can in thought transfer that beauty to ugly and evil conditions, and destroy them, as it were, by the sheer force of beauty. Equally, if our work lies among the ugly and sordid things of life, we can let a stream of love and tenderness play upon them, and so set in motion forces which will eventually destroy them. The new world must be built on the mental plane before ever it can come down to the physical, and we all have our mental bricks to add to the structure.

And here, again, our work has its outer and inner side. Some by opportunity or temperament can work definitely at the outer conditions, they can study, speak, serve on committees, and do practical work of all kinds in attempting to change the present evil conditions. Many, again, are unable, either through circumstances or temperament, to do any work at all on the physical plane, but they can help by their thoughts and love to make a channel for the mighty force of the Lord, to be constantly outpoured for the help and guidance of those working in the outer world. It is for this that I have formed in England a League of Meditation, under the directorship of Mrs. Betts, who writes of this league as follows:

In the midst of so many activities of the Order of the Star, when we feel so urgently the need for helping in the work of the reconstruction of our country, when we know that there are so many calls on the members of the Order, that there is so much to work for—I have come rather to think that there is one very urgent need for every one of us. It is that there should be a definite time of silence, of great quietness, of deep and real thought.

Lady Emily has asked if we could form a League of Meditation, and that means that we should enter into our own chamber and be still, should cease to talk for a little time each day,

even cease from all activities, and bathe ourselves in the great pools of God. It has been said that "they know the pool in which He has bathed by the radiance of his face and his character."

And so, first of all, thinking of this League of Meditation, I would think of it as a League of Quietness, of silence, of kindness and retirement. And then I wanted, as far as I could, to be quite sure that all should meditate on their own lines, that there should be no fixed form of any kind. I know it is one of the promises of our Order that we should try to think of the virtues. Each day, then, I would ask each member to promise to give up a few moments to quiet thought, not in any definite form, but with a real devotion, a consecration of ourselves to the work. I would signify no special time when we should undertake this meditation, but rather should we choose such a time as suits ourselves. And there are two reasons why it is a good thing not to have a fixed time. One time may suit one, and be very difficult for another; but another reason that I think is an even stronger one is that, if everyone who belongs to this League tries to give ten minutes to this meditation all over the country, there will be people at all times of the day turning their thoughts in that direction, so that all day, and every day, there will be a little quietness, a little silence, in which people are re-consecrating their lives to the wonderful ideal which is given in the Order. That makes a kind of ring and will have the same effect as the perpetual prayer that is offered in some chapels throughout the day by different people. It seems to me a very beautiful idea that all day prayer and devotion should rise unceasingly.

This brings me to another point, which is that although primarily the idea is quietness and silence, if we, truly, really and earnestly can think of the ideal of the Order, of the preparation of ourselves and our energies, and the consecration of our work each day, it seems to me that we shall make a great volume of thought of the very highest kind; not argumentative thought, not reasoning why this, or why that, should be done, but thought that pierces through such outer reasoning and helps the work we do. We know from study the influence of thought, and the effect of anger or of its opposite, but if we of this Order pour out one beautiful stream of understanding, love, kindness, and friendship, life will be a little easier in this storm-tossed world, because of the riches of thought that have been garnered. And so I want those of you who feel that you would like to join a League of this kind to send in your names and let us feel that we are one family trying to make a Temple-Beautiful.

Then as to our meetings, I would suggest that these meetings should be as formless as possible; for, personally, I do not like the idea of making thought forms. Rather let us, as far as possible, keep free in our quiet meditation. Read some of the literature of the Order; then quietly meditate, remembering that the moulding of the character, the making of ourselves strong

enough to rise to real meditation, is one of the great claims on us.

The outer work cannot be properly done unless the inner force is there. Both are needed, so choose, Brothers, which it shall be for you.

Let us also remember that the work which we find difficult and uncongenial is often the work which is most necessary for us to accomplish, because the very fact that we find it difficult, means that there is some weakness in us which needs strengthening; some weakness which may hinder the Lord's work when He comes. So I would say to those who are of the devotional type, "cultivate the other side of your nature, take up some practical work and study, remembering that devotion which is to be of any value must work itself out in service." To the practical I would say, "Cultivate your powers of devotion by trying to understand the ideals which inspire devotion in your brother."

From what I have written, I hope it will be realised that our Order has not in any sense changed in its principles or objects, but that it has grown and expanded to include new methods of preparation. The Lord is coming to build for us a new world, and He will require to help Him many types of builders. Let us find our own bit of work and give to it our uttermost strength and devotion, but let us not despise and condemn our brother's bit of work, which will be as much needed as our own. All are wanted, the dreamers and idealists, the students and mystics, the practical worker and business man or woman.

We have first to realise what will be the fundamental principle on which the Lord will build and then try to work it out now, in dreams and experiments of all kinds. Love is to guide us in our building. Therefore let us dream of the world that we would make for our most loved and try to extend that dream to all mankind. Study, if that appeals to us more, the theory of social polity, only let us make Love the touchstone of our study.

Or let us take up some special work of helping our fellows and learn from men and women and children what Brotherhood means in practice.

Above all should we learn to relate the work of the Star to our every day life ; our preparation to be real must go on steadily, all the time, and not be kept for special times and seasons. In the mind of the ordinary man and woman there has been too much the idea of dividing life into sections, separating the sacred from the secular. Let us not, in our Order, repeat this mistake. All days belong to the Lord, every moment of our lives should be consecrated to His service. Nothing should be outside the work of the Order ; no act unrelated to the service of our Lord. We all make mistakes ; he who never makes a mistake never makes anything. Let us not be afraid of mistakes. They are bound to be made, particularly by those who are constantly making experiments, as we should be doing. Let us boldly make our experiment, and if it does not work, let us not hesitate to scrap it, and start again. It is a criticism sometimes levelled at the officials of the Order that they are constantly making plans and suggestions and then altering them. Members often point to our magazine, *The Herald of the*

Star, and the changes through which it has passed, as proof of this lack of continuity. Rather should it be recognised as a sign of life. The growing life needs constantly changing and expanding forms. Personally I hope that this Order will always be a living organism, which means that it will always be subject to modification and change. We are experimenting with forms, and if the forms were not mobile they would be shattered by the expanding life.

The inner side of our work consists in helping and feeding the growing life within our Order. This is to be done by the daily consecration of ourselves to the Master's service.

The outer work consists in perfecting as far as we can the forms through which this life will be expressed in the outer world.

The outer and inner will be united as we can learn to give ourselves to Him in uttermost devotion, and to live each hour of our life in His service and to perform every action "in His name."



My studies prevent me from taking any part in the editing of *The Herald of the Star*. Till I am able to take up the duties of Editor the work will be carried on by an Editorial Board of which I am a member.

J. KRISHNAMURTI

JOHN THE BAPTIST AS A RECURRING CHARACTER IN HISTORY

By E. F. MAYNARD

Point is given to this article by the present persecution of Mrs. Besant in India because she dares to voice the unwelcome truth that the part of India now under direct British rule would be happier and more prosperous as a self-governing unit in the Empire; like Canada and Australia, for instance.

*All waits or goes by default till a strong being appears;
A strong being is the proof of the race and the ability of the universe.
When he or she appears materials are overaw'd,
The dispute on the soul stops,
The old customs and phrases are confronted, turn'd back, or laid away.*
—WALT WHITMAN, *Song of the Broad Axe.*

*And when I had entered into the world,
I came into the midst of the Rulers of the Sphere,
Like unto Gabriel the angel of the Æons, nor
Did the Rulers of the Æons know me, but
Thought that I was the angel Gabriel.*

*Extract from the PISTIS SOPHIA. (Translated and annotated by G. R. S. Mead,
with notes by H. P. Blavatsky.)*

“IF ye will receive it.”
This is a vital question, one that ever presents itself to the Great Teacher, the One whose mission it is to reclothe Eternal Truths in language of the day in which He manifests Himself—Eternal Truths that have ever been presented to mankind from age to age, from century to century, and are always new, fresh, startling, to the generation among whom the Teacher appears.

The will, the consciousness, the ego is so wrapped, swathed, and immersed in business, convention, personality; can it awake and assert itself in the everyday world so far removed from eternal verities?

Can a still, small voice be heard in the roar and tumult of the grinding pressure of the twentieth century?

In Bible stories we are told that Moses and Elijah went away to mountain and

wilderness, there heard and saw, and returned to the world of men to translate into everyday language, to sound loudly in unwilling ears, that which had been revealed in silence and solitude.

“A voice crying in the wilderness.”

This seems to express a principle in Nature, a recurring event in the story of the ages: a wilderness, a solitary place, one alone, all these images automatically present themselves to the mental vision at mention of John the Baptist. Who was he? Was he indeed flesh and blood? A prophet, a seer, persecuted, suffering martyrdom—a man among men? Or was he a personified presentment of ever-present phenomena in the history of nations?

There seems less and less ground for reading these stories as presentments of literal facts, more and more for interpretation as statements, as parables, of

eternal events; events that occur in the worlds of reality, and body themselves forth as happenings in the physical universe, ever new, ever old happenings, like summer and winter, sunshine and

bear application to life now as when they were written; the setting, background, is Eastern, but the underlying life universal. To some, the idea that these events are not literal fact (in the generally accepted sense of the word) may come with rather a shock at first, but as the sense of eternal reality underlying them awakes, the shattering of a formal convention is found to open a way for such wonderful glimpses of height beyond height, and depth beyond depth, that the first shock is forgotten, and pain experienced at losing momentarily what seemed to be an indispensable prop, is lost in the wonder and glory that gradually dawns on the newly-awakened soul.

Bring the imagination into play, and construct new forms to hold life that is set free by destruction of old ones, realise that life never dies, it is "unborn, perpetual, eternal, ancient" (*Bhagavad-Gita II., 20*); these happenings pictured in story and allegory are ever true, they belong to the present equally with the past, form of presentation only passes, life, which is reality, is ever present, it lies around us here and now, and the same events are taking place in our midst. Now, as then, it may be said: "He that hath ears to hear let him hear, what the Spirit saith to the Churches."

Think of life pulsing through all forms we know and are familiar with, and, in



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EL PRECURSOR DE JESUCRISTO

rain, death and birth, seedtime and harvest.

The parables of the gospels deal with natural happenings in the world of Nature and men; expressed as human stories, looked at from beginning to end, they

thought separate this life from the forms through which it expresses itself.

John the Baptist may be fairly thought of as a fact in nature, a principle, a recurring character who appears at all important stages of the world's history, incarnates in many forms, expresses itself through the medium of many personalities. Read the Gospel stories, notice how invariably he is connected with Elijah—another voice crying in the wilderness, another prophet who appeared at a critical time, and thundered against the abuses of the day, who spoke plain words to a king, no light thing to do at any period of history.

The Christ is recorded by St. Matthew, vi., 14, to have said: "And if ye are willing to receive it, this is Elijah which is to come." This sounds like a quotation from an old Gnostic treatise, which was perhaps familiar to the writer, if not, the idea must have been generally recognised in those days.

It came to pass, when I had come into the midst of the Rulers of the Æons, having looked from above into the World of men, I found Elizabeth, mother of John the Baptist, before she had conceived him. I planted the Power in her, which I had received from the little IAO the Good, who is in the Midst,* that he should preach before me, and prepare my way, and baptise with water the remission of sins. This Power then ist

* This is to say, that the Power planted is the reflection of the Higher Ego, or the lower Kama-Manas.

† Notice the tense, the orthodox John being dead years before.

in the body of John. Moreover, in the place of the Soul of the Rulers, appointed to receive it, I found the Soul of the prophet Elias in the Æons of the Sphere, and I took him, and receiving his Soul also, brought it to the Virgin of Light, and she gave it to her Receivers, who



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JESU CHRISTO RECIBIENDO EL BANTISMO

led it to the Sphere of the Rulers and carried it into the womb of Elizabeth. So the power of the little IAO the Good, who is in the Midst, and the Son of the prophet Elias, are bound together in the body of John the Baptist.

For which cause, therefore, did ye doubt at that time when I said unto you: John said "I am not the Christ"; and ye said unto me: "It

is written in the Scriptures, 'If the Christ come, Elias comes before Him, and will prepare His way.'" And I replied: "Elias indeed is come, and has prepared all things according as it was written: and they would have done unto him whatsoever they would." And when I perceived that you did not understand those things which I spake to you concerning the Soul of Elias, as bound in John the Baptist, I then answered openly and face to face: "If ye will receive it, John the Baptist is that Elias who" I said "was coming."

Again come statements, "It is Elijah," "It is a prophet even as one of the prophets." *Mark vi., 15, 16.*

Unless the idea is accepted that life passes through many forms, expresses itself as fact, principle, cause, personality, many remarks made by gospel writers are without sense. To some of us these sayings are so familiar that we may have accepted them without question, or have set them aside with the rest as obsolete superstitions. Unless the principle of reincarnation is taken for granted what reasonable hypothesis can account for the following remarks:

"At that season Herod the Tetrarch heard the report concerning Jesus, and said unto his servants: This is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead; and therefore do these powers work in him. *Matt. xiv., 1, 2.* "He (Jesus) asked His disciples, saying: Who do men say that the Son of Man is? And they said, some say John the Baptist; some, Elijah; and others Jeremiah, or one of the prophets."—*Matt. xvi., 13, 14.*

Let us draw some analogies between the period in which these stories are placed and the days in which we are living. Let us make an effort of imagination and place as background behind the figure of John the Baptist and his disciples, and Jesus of Nazareth and His disciples, the world as it is now, the world in which we are at this moment living, and think of ourselves as men and women who went to listen among the multitudes that crowded round both figures.

Everything then, as now, was in a state of upheaval; old forms seemed worn out and religion was largely a matter of ceremony, or respectability much as it is to-day. The Romans did not thrust their religious beliefs on the races they conquered, they treated the national customs as we do, when we annex countries such as India; they im-

posed Roman Law and Order, but let religious belief alone. One era was passing, a new one coming to the birth; here were new, young enthusiastic people, insignificant individuals socially, preaching revolutionary, absurd, impossible doctrine—as contrasted with accepted conventions.

Think of forms of religion in the present day: do they actually influence everyday life, and ordinary men and women? The churches are prosperous in many respects, but does a man carry his religion into his place of business? Does a woman bring it into her household affairs? Sunday comes once a week and some go to places of worship. Religion for the ordinary person is, in some undefined way, mixed up with Sunday and church-going, clearly separate from such things as buying, selling, playing games, eating, drinking, dressing, theatre-going. In a lecture given on Indian music by a European musician, it was said that the Indian folk songs are all religious; these are the songs the poor man sings as he goes along, coming from the temple or from work; folk songs are expressions in melody of the feelings of the masses, of those who work and feel, rather than think; it is significant that in India these songs are religious, the religion of the Hindu permeates every act of life, there is no hard and fast line drawn between sacred and secular; this feeling arises out of the actual recognition of the Immanence of God, which is the special note of the Hindu religion. God is everywhere, in everything. When a child asks, "Where is God?" we sometimes say, "God is everywhere," but the phrase has no vital meaning. Yet is it not a truth? If God is not everywhere, where is He? What is He?

To many it seems, all over the world, that the light of religious inspiration is burning dim, there is no word of authority among the churches. It is recorded of the Christ, that "the multitudes were astonished at His teaching: for he taught them as one having authority and not as their scribes" (*Matt. vii., 28, 29*). This authority, what is it? Not dogmatic assertion surely? Is it not a quality that

humanity recognises intuitively, quite apart from the reasoning faculties? It only asserts itself by its own inherent right; when a speaker tells of what he knows, speaks from first-hand knowledge born of personal experience, we realise the truth of the saying, "knowledge is power."

Yet though multitudes gather round the prophet, the voice crying in the wilderness, side by side with assent coming from the heart, there is always contradiction and opposition coming from the head; the separative quality of the mind instinctively rejects an upheaving force breaking up accepted conventions. Has society ever been known to welcome the iconoclast? Has any reformer, any voice crying in the wilderness, led an easy life? What sort of men were Elijah and John the Baptist? How were they treated by the ruling powers? Think of Ahab's treatment of the Prophet Micaiah when he thundered against his sins and warned him not to go up to battle; later in history (to take examples at random), what sort of treatment was meted out to Giordano Bruno, John Huss, Luther, Savonarola? Have we improved? When prophets (we mostly call them social reformers) thunder out accusations, pour contempt on our favourite sins, tell us of judgment that must fall, do we welcome these unpleasant truths? It is true that we do not burn them; we have discarded the rack and the professional torturer, and have replaced these old-fashioned methods by forcible feeding and a medical man, who tells the victim that it is not death that will be the sentence, but mental breakdown, and possible incarceration in an institution for mental wrecks. When the victim is at death's door he is released and modern skill does its best to patch him up in order that the torture may be repeated; that was a method tried by Englishmen a year or two ago. Mediæval English chivalry used the stake for Joan of Arc, modern chivalry devised the Cat and Mouse Act.*

Compare the Gospel account of John

the Baptist's preaching with sayings of a modern prophet and social reformer. John begins by addressing his audience as "Ye offspring of vipers!" Not altogether gentle words these!

"Ye offspring of vipers, who warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, 'We have Abraham to our father,' for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

"And even now is the axe also laid unto the root of the trees: every tree therefore that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."

And the multitudes asked him saying, "What then must we do?" And he answered and said unto them: "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath food, let him do likewise."

And there came also publicans to be baptised, and they said unto him, "Master, what must we do?" And he said unto them, "Extort no more than that which is appointed to you." And soldiers also asked him, saying, "And we, what must we do?" And he said unto them, "Do violence to no man, neither exact anything wrongfully: and be content with your wages." (*St. Luke iii., 7 and following verses.*)

Annie Besant in *The Changing World* (Lecture I., given in London during the summer of 1909), under the heading, "The Deadlock in Religion, Science and Art," says:

When those who have are ready to sacrifice, then the dawning of the new era will be seen in the sky that is over our earth; when wealth and education and power are held as trusts for the common good, ah! then will come the laying of the foundations of a better and nobler State. When the educated man and woman remember: "This education of mine, bought by the ignorance of thousands, who have laboured in order that I might be educated, really belongs to them, and I must give it back to them in service, in order to pay the debt that I have contracted to them"; when the wealthy man feels: "I am a steward, not an owner of this wealth which has come out of the labour of thousands," then Brotherhood is beginning to show itself upon earth. When the gentle and refined realise that gentleness and refinement are meant to be shared, and not shut up away in drawing-rooms to guard them as though they were delicate Dresden china that must not be used for fear it should be broken; when that day comes, we shall be nearer the beginning of a great social change. It must be by renunciation, by self-abnegation, that the foundations of that great brotherly civilisation will be laid.

*"Torture was employed to procure confession of the same person, the judges said, on the second or third application. 'We are only continuing the process, not repeating it.'"—*Witch Trials of the 16th Century*, by Joseph Clayton.

We see what our systems are if we go over the water to America, where they have full play, without anything to prevent their complete development. There are one or two things that strike us in America of a rather remarkable character. First the growth of the man who builds his own enormous fortune on the deliberate wrecking of the small fortunes of others.

* * * * *

Such men are called "wreckers" in America, but they are honoured in society; they build hospitals and even churches; they do all kinds of things with fragments of the wealth that they have taken; but I tell you that, although not by the law of the country, yet by the law of righteousness, these men are worse and more to be condemned than the burglar who steals the jewels of a lady or the gold plate of a millionaire. He is punished heavily when he is caught, and he deserves to be punished; burglary is obviously wrong; but worse than that open burglary that the law punishes is the hidden burglary of the brilliant brain against the stupid brain, which robs people of the result of their labour in order to accumulate it within the wrecker's store.

John was far too vigorous and outspoken to be ignored by the authorities, so we now find him in prison:

For Herod had laid hold on John, and bound him, and put him in prison for the sake of Herodias, his brother Philip's wife. For John said unto him, it is not lawful for thee to have her. And when he would have put him to death, he feared the multitude, because they counted him as a prophet.

We might find many further modern analogies here.

Finally why was John executed after all? In order to gratify a vain girl. Herod did not wish to have him killed, it is said (*Matt. xiv., 9*): "And the king was grieved; but for the sake of his oath, and of them which sat at meat with him, he commanded it to be given; and he sent and beheaded John in the prison." This deed was done, not because Herod wished it, but because he feared what other men at the banquet might think! He thought more of his own prestige than of justice and human life—is that quite unlike those in authority in our own days?

What is the standard to-day as to important or unimportant? Take an ordinary daily paper as expressing the *vox populi* of ordinary standards of proportion. The *Morning Post* gave whole pages of details of the Crippen murder case, speeches for the prosecu-

tion and defence in full, as well as detailed evidence given at great length; so with a notorious racing scandal. On the other hand, notable women Suffrage cases were carefully edited, compressed into two columns at most, as against whole pages in the former case; speeches for the defence always left out. A judge said of one of Mrs. Pethick Lawrence's speeches that it was the best he had ever heard in the Court, but it was not reported. Daily papers are for the reading of the average Englishmen; editors know the taste of the people they have to cater for. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence is a great reformer and speaks burning words from a high moral standpoint. We naturally do not care to have our social and legal humbugs exposed to the public gaze, and the Press respected this prejudice. A murder case, political scandals (the Marconi inquiry, for example), were of such vital interest that pages instead of columns were given to reporting them. Now, as then, our prophets and reformers draw multitudes to hear them, crowds filled the Albert Hall at Suffrage meetings, crowds listened with bated breath to Mrs. Besant's lectures in the large Queen's Hall, but we do not see an account of such things in the daily papers, they are taken up with speeches by well-known politicians.

What waves of self-sacrificing enthusiasm swept over the scene when thousands of pounds were collected in less than half an hour, in answer to appeals for funds at Albert Hall Suffrage meetings! If anything parallel had occurred at an ordinary political meeting, if an appeal from Sir E. Carson or Mr. Lloyd George had been answered in such fashion, placards in every direction would tell the tale; it seems fair to say that prophets still cry in the wilderness.

With all our modern civilisation and progress is not the world in as sore need of spiritual light and healing as when the Christ last walked our earth?

How much influence has the national religion on national affairs? Does it guide, restrain, above all lead?

At a Congress, Lord Hugh Cecil urged the Church to wake up and take again its

old position as leader; among other trenchant remarks, he said, "that the Church never came into anything until the time had nearly passed for doing any good." Consider any social question, any question that is vital, that stirs feeling and awakes discussion, what part does the national religion play? The Church usually waits to follow public opinion before taking a decided stand; in fact, often denounces at first, and ends by following and giving its patronage. Do men and women nowadays turn to the Churches for light and guidance? If they do, have the Churches light and guidance to give?

The Christ's denunciation of lawyers might very fairly be applied to-day, "Woe unto you, lawyers! For ye took away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered."—*Luke xi.*, 32.

Shattering of forms that have grown too rigid sets free the imprisoned life, which surges up in response to the life without, and the discovery is again made, that the unity of essence which we call life, underlying diversity of form — permeating and building new forms as the old wear out, remains ever steadfast, eternal; imperishable, an ever-old truth, an ever-new discovery.

Faced with these upheavals, these startling appearances of old truths clothed in unfamiliar forms, what can we do? How are they to be met? What can be said or thought about occurrences that seem to be unprecedented? It is useless to look to our neighbours for guidance, they are in the same straits themselves—uneasy, perplexed, doubtful, on the one hand; while on the other side stand dreamers, enthusiasts, idealists, sunning themselves in new light, basking in the warmth of newly risen sun-rays: these are the people to whom are brought "good

tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people."—*Luke ii.*, 10.

Here is the key-note: good tidings, great joy, and in the days to come, as the many become attuned to the key-note set, they will belong to all people. First the few, the dreamers, enthusiasts, those who have eyes keen enough to pierce the veil shrouding the immediate future, those who have hearts large enough to share their gifts, the power and energy to pass on the good tidings received; then, "when the crooked has been made straight and the rough ways smooth" (*Luke iii.*, 5) the feet of the many shall pass along, "and all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

A light shining in darkness, a voice crying in the wilderness: comes this light, this voice, from heaven or of men? Judge ye. But how shall we, with eyes blinded in mists of earth life, see light? How may we test messengers, by what criterion, by what standard shall they be judged? Does our Gospel story give any clue? First we find a warning:

"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves. By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but the corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. . . . Therefore by their fruits ye shall know them."—*Matt. vii.* 15, 16, 17-20.

Does the voice promise ease, wealth, worldly blessings? Or does it call to heights and depths? In neither may ease be found. Those who have ascended the mountain heights and those who have descended the depths of the abyss, tell tales of their experience, bring back indelible marks, graven into the depths of their being, but these signs are never those of easeful living, of blissful calm and peace.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

DAUNTLESS HALL

By K. T.

MRS. ALSTON has opened a workroom for women at the Dauntless Hall in Willesden, and here she teaches spinning and weaving to those who are neither young nor strong enough for munition works. This a work of national importance, as it supplies a healthy means of livelihood to those who are unsuited for work in the ordinary way. Looms have been constructed under her own supervision, and some beautiful materials have been turned out which are on sale at the Alston Studio, 8, New Bond Street, W. A generous public, appreciating the wholesome texture as well as the finished beauty

of the hand-woven materials, will not fail to support a movement which is doing so much towards the bettering of the con-



Photo by Claude Harris, Ltd., 122, Regent St., W.

MRS. ALSTON AT HER SPINNING WHEEL WEARING DRESS OF HER OWN WEAVING



Photo by]

[Mrs. Alston.

MISS VIOLET ALSTON SPINNING FROM THE DISTAFF

ditions under which so many women labour.

There are six looms in use, and curtains, blankets, rugs, etc., are made to order. War has slightly raised the price of things here as elsewhere, but all profit is devoted to the training of new workers, who are paid wages during their training and are, therefore, in more comfortable circumstances than they otherwise would be.

The factory system, producing, as it does, immense quantities of ready-made clothing of all kinds, has been accepted by

the public generally on account of the low price, and in consequence any idea of artistic dignity in dress has been done away with.

We are living in a time of revolt against much that was shoddy in the days before the war, and there is a striving for more real and healthful development in almost every department of life.

If Mrs. Alston finds the support her scheme merits, there should be a welcome return to the honest homespun and hand-woven materials which were in great demand a few years ago.

The workroom is open to visitors every day from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., and Mrs. Alston takes private pupils by arrangement.

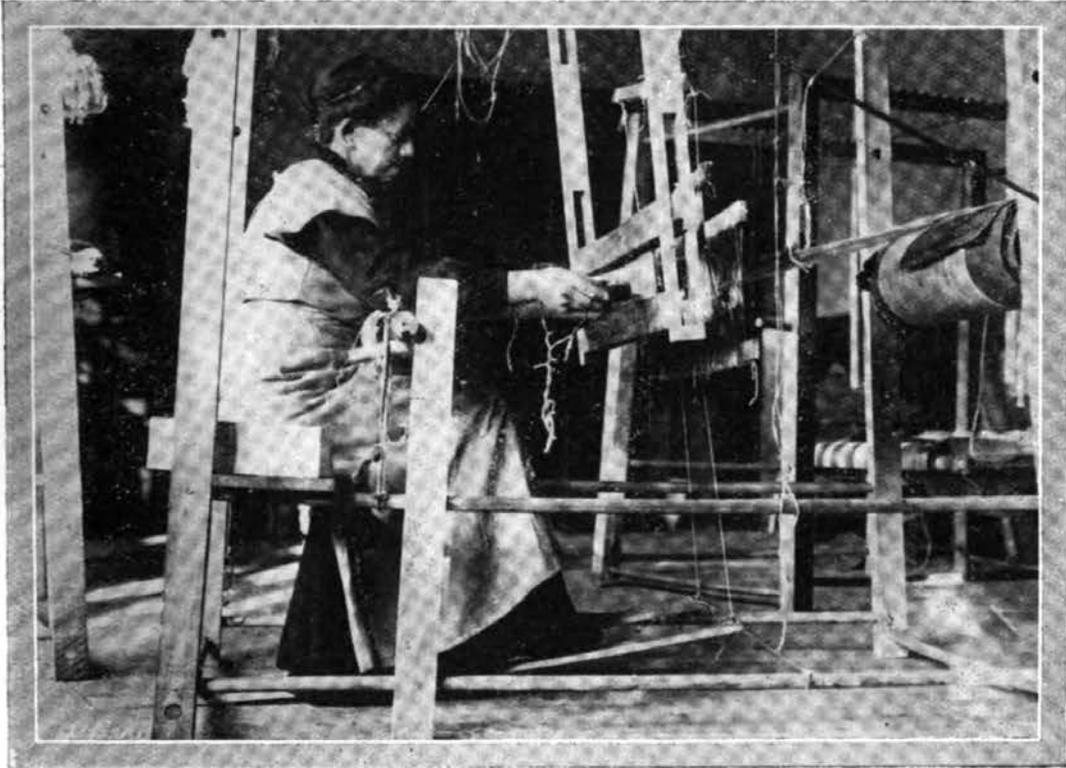


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[The Alferi Picture Service, Red Lion Court, E.C.

SHOWING THE WEAVER AT THE LOOM

VAIRAGYA

I.

ALL moods, or high or low,
Are pastures for the spirit. Turn not thence,
Thou who life's amplitude wouldst know !
But feast thy fill
Freely, and having fed—cease and be still !
Then shalt thou feel, with subtle-sharpen'd sense,
How out of each at length
Is born an inward strength ;
How every transient, shallow-seeming mood,
If that it be but understood,
Doth darkly, somewhere, somehow, make for good.

II.

See ! like a sudden eclipse, the Soul's dark night
Sweeps down and, swift, blots out the light !
Ah ! then, how cold and drear,
How bleak and inhospitable,
How unlike heaven, how like to hell,
Seemeth, alas ! this earth we hold so dear !
How in each casual eye
Love's genial fount seems dry,
And every passing face reveals a sneer ;
Till every sweet, remember'd grace is fled
From earth and sky,
And the whole world, the whole wide world, seems dead !

III.

Brother, if that dark mood sweep over thee,
O ! fight it not !
But let its deep and bitter flood flow free.
Aye ! let it blot
The very sun, the very sun from heaven !
And then be still !
Check the outrushing Spirit ; gather the will !
And in the secret fastness of thy heart
Sit thou aloof, apart.
Lo ! in that stillness shall be given
The deep interior sight
Of a sublimer light,
And with illumin'd vision thou shalt see
That mood's high Mystery.

IV.

That Spirit-anger, that rebellious hate
For Man's o'er-mastering fate,
That sick revolt at Joy
Which makes each pleasure cloy—
O! shun them not!—For, brother, soon or late,
To each one clothed in mortal sense
Cometh that dark experience!
It is the Valley, where the Pilgrim Soul
Halts in her course and turneth towards her goal.
The bitter cry it is, to them that roam,
The cry of pain—the cry that calls them home!

V.

O! then, hold on!
Let it not go, that mood, till thou hast press'd
From forth its harsh and bitter skin the wine
Of light and peace divine,
The nectar of illumination!
For, if that draught thou fear to strain,
O! think not that dark mood shall give thee rest!
Again it cometh, and again!
Nor shall it cease, till its fierce pain
So deep into thy Spirit burn,
That thou, at last, shalt see thy goal—and turn!

E. A. WODEHOUSE

SEX EDUCATION THROUGH THE SCHOOL

By *NORAH MARCH, B.Sc.*

The Author of "Towards Racial Health" is an exceedingly helpful lecturer on right sex development in the young, and parents can gain many valuable suggestions from her experience.

MANY factors in present-day social life are contributing very heavily towards the demand which has long been made by thoughtful people, for some definite custom in the direction of preparing young people adequately to meet the various eventualities of life associated with sex.

It has been, and still is to an almost wholesale extent, our custom to leave out from our instruction of children any reference to their ultimate responsibilities in this direction, and any training to which they have been subjected which may have had a healthy influence over this particular sphere of their moral and physical health has been more fortuitous than inspired, yielding advantageous influence by chance rather than by plan.

Very often those individuals whose lives have been secured to paths of perfect integrity have failed in the process to achieve perfect happiness and complete development, for the experiences to which they have been submitted have been antagonistic to their inborn impulses to such a degree, and the conventional ideas

which have been instilled into their minds have come so much into conflict with their natural seekings for self-expression, that an unwholesome restriction instead of a wholesome direction of mind growth has taken place; the nature has become emotionally warped and chilled.

The morality which is the outcome of indifference to passion is comparable with the honesty which accompanies sufficiency of riches, and not with that which is hand in hand with poverty. Some people do not steal because they are indifferent to other

people's goods; they are negatively honest. He who under great provocation steals and repents is a more honest person. Only he whose need for other people's goods is great and who refrains from borrowing or stealing is possessed of positive honesty. A positive morality should be our goal.

The problem of sex education is not to be solved by stultifying, or by ignoring, the natural impulses of all normal people, but by recognising those impulses, identifying their importance (to the individual and to the race), and achieving an adjust-



NORAH MARCH, B.Sc.

ment between the natural impulses of the individual and the restrictions of the group. This will involve a wiser training of the individual towards the promotion of balance and control, and an alteration in the social environment so that it may become provocative of healthy growth—moral, mental, and physical—instead of being, as is now too extensively the case, prejudicial.

Nor is this scheme impossible of performance, for a thorough appreciation of the powerful influence which sex exerts over the life of each one of us gives a constructive bias to our plan. Modern knowledge concerning sex is gradually making its way out from the depths of specialist literature, and coming within reach of all of us. The great Law of Life-Preservation governs all organisms, and because the life of each organism is finite the need has arisen for each organism having means of transmitting life to new organisms of its kind. Thus has parenthood in all organisms—plant and animal alike—arisen, sex being the device by which, in all except a comparatively few lowly types, parenthood is brought about. Man, the highest organism evolved, obeys the same law in the same way. There is no difference in kind, just difference in degree. The one divine law governs all.

Not only is sex the means of life preservation by transmission, but it has provided very largely the stimulus through which the progress of organic races has been made,* and is, in each individual of the more highly organised types, a profound stimulus to development, most acutely so in human life, growth of mind and growth of body being largely attributable to the stimuli which sex, physically and mentally, gives† Of the ulti-

mate happiness to which sex may lead through love, marriage, and parenthood, and through happiness, to complete efficiency, we do not need to enlarge upon; it is obvious to all of us.

The whole of our modern knowledge concerning sex goes to show us that therein we have a force which, both physically and mentally, is of tremendously constructive potentiality, making for the complete efficiency and highest happiness of each of us. But these forces, particularly in the mental sphere, are very subtle in their adjustment, are liable to ill-balance, to disorganisation, to incomplete evolution, each and all of which are prone to bring about some imperfection in mental or moral development—perhaps both.

The task of sex-education, thus, is twofold, being partly concerned with the prevention of ignorance, and largely concerned with the preservation of entire physical and mental health in order that thereby, the individual may reach the full promise of efficiency and happiness which the sex-endowment gives. Moral health and mental health must be united, not mutually exclusive. Ethical guidance, a necessity arising from man's custom of social life, must be given to minds prepared both for its reception and for its assimilation into conduct.

Obviously the solution of so complex a problem as sex-education is in this light seen to be does not lie in the hands of any one group of persons; but all of those who have the privilege of exercising influence over child-life are called upon to direct that influence towards the same goal. The best will follow when all those influences—home, school, labour, social, and religious—are co-ordinated and, guided by knowledge, inspired by the vision of sex as the master-force, are working together towards the promotion of the best in, and for, the child.

While we believe that the intimate personal details of sex-instruction could, in most cases, be given best by the parents, we are bound to recognise that the vast

* See *Evolution of Sex*, by Geddes and Thomson. (Contemporary Science Series.)

† The essential sex organs—the ovaries and testes—are glands, producing secretions which, through the stimulus they give to the body, are largely responsible for physical and mental growth throughout life, and especially responsible for the development of all those characteristics which distinguish one sex from the other. This glandular function is supremely important in promoting the health and growth of the individual; the other function of the sex glands, the production and liberation of gametes (the elements of potential parenthood) concerns the life of the race. Sex energy in the mind is only partly concerned with

conscious sex interests and expression; it is in its unconscious activities the source of much of man's high mental capability.

majority of parents, as yet, do not see the need for it, or, if they do see the need, are, through various causes, which we need not here discuss, unable to do it. Thus, generally speaking, parents stand in need of persuasion and of help. Next to the home, the school may be the most potent influence in a child's life, for most of the waking hours of a child's most impressionable years are spent at school, and, moreover, nowhere have we such a wide possibility of reaching the parents as exists through the schools.

Some head teachers are already making first steps to secure the interest of the parents. In some cases, in certain secondary schools and boarding schools, it is the custom of the head teacher to require that all new pupils should have, before entering the school, instruction on the facts of parenthood sufficient to protect them from the necessity for promiscuous search for information on these subjects, and sufficient to provide forewarning in regard to the possible manifestations of pubertal change, in order that by this forewarning, rightly given, they may be safeguarded from possible shock and mismanagement of health. Such head teachers not only require this preparation of new pupils, but are ready to give assistance to parents by offering suggestions as to how the subject may be introduced and dealt with (lending them leaflets, books, and so on), and they often offer to act *in loco parentis*, if desired. When doing this, the teacher seizes a psychologic opportunity of talking to such a new pupil privately, in a friendly way, giving the child to understand that the conversation is taking place with the full consent of the parents.

In other cases, where an attempt to approach the parents is being made, the head teacher has invited them to a meeting, in which a speaker (either the head teacher or some authority on the subject) gives an address, showing the need for new steps, giving suggestions as to what should be done, and, at the same time, assuring the parents of every help possible through the school.

In one case the head teacher has called privately on the parents of each of his

pupils—an elementary school in this case—with a view to obtaining their sanction to something being done towards the better moral safeguarding of their boys. He met with a wonderfully sympathetic response from these parents, but a general acknowledgment that they themselves could not do it and would be glad to have him act for them.

It is very important that steps should be taken to ensure the approval of the parents, in order that no unpleasant results, through omission to do this, may prejudice the good work.

Children vary very much in regard to their curiosity concerning sex and parenthood. Most children ask questions concerning the origin of babies before they reach the school age. These first early questions should be answered truly, though simply; not untruly or evasively, as so frequently happens. These early questions, more often than not, come to the mothers. Should it happen that they do not come to the mother, she is apt to say: "My child has never asked." But in all probability the child has asked someone else, as was the case in a certain family, where a grandmother was in charge of the *ménage*, when a new baby had come to the family circle. One of the little girls asked her grandmother where the new baby had come from, and was punished by the grandmother for asking such a question. The child naturally did not ask the question within the family circle again, but started out on a voyage of discovery among playmates. It may and does sometimes happen that a child will ask a teacher this—to the child—all-important question, and the teacher must use very wise judgment in dealing with the matter, using her (or his, as the case may be) knowledge of the child's nature as a guide. —Some children would ask in perfect sincerity, confident that they were coming to the right source for information, and other children, probably of older years, and of somewhat haphazardly-gained information and experience, may ask out of sheer erotic interest or with intent to provoke talk upon a subject which they themselves feel to be taboo. To the sincerely-asked question

the truth, briefly and simply, should be given, just as naturally as the question is asked, using some illustration culled from the child's knowledge of nature by way of explanation. Probably most teachers, being called upon to do this, would find it advisable, in order that no misinterpretation may be placed upon the teacher's step and also with the intention of directing the mother's attention to her child's needs, to inform the child's mother that the question had been asked and answered—indicating the reason for answering it and the nature of the reply given.

With regard to the provocative question, one can only say that each case must be considered by itself. One can point out, however, that any embarrassment shown by the teacher will inevitably create a bad impression, and any untruth or evasion is likely to be detected and jeered at behind her back. A frank reply, whether it be a plain question, "Why do you ask?" or whether it be a more definite answer, will create an infinitely more dignified impression than will embarrassment and evasion. "Why do you ask?" may possibly be followed with, "Well, if you are seriously wanting to know, I will tell you," or "I will ask your mother to tell you," or "Tell me what you know about it already." With these or similar introductions the desired information may be given, very special care being taken to endeavour to remove any undesirable impressions which the seeker may have previously gained. It may be difficult to dispel the cloud under which such a child's knowledge concerning sex lurks, but is not an entirely hopeless task.

To proceed now to a more systematic consideration of the sex-education problem, information on the subject of sex and its purposes should find its way gradually and unobtrusively into the fabric of childish knowledge—an attainment possible if questions are answered as naturally as they are asked. Moreover, although sex ultimately becomes supremely personal in its interest, it is just one manifestation of the natural law governing all life, and its processes are not exceptional to man. Appreciation of this universality of the law gives a

breadth of mental horizon which is infinitely healthy and helpful, and the earlier we begin to build up these wide conception in the child's mind, the more fortified will that mind be to withstand the personal invasion of sex later on.

It is in this connection that the school can do so much, for, by a judicious treatment of nature study, and later, of biology subjects, in which the study of plants and animals should include the parenthood processes instead of excluding them, a gradual acquaintance with the laws governing life may be made. The various activities, individual and racial, should each be studied, using the same terms and phraseology throughout, and explaining the functions of the higher organisms by reference to the lower ones for illustration. By this means, not only will the beginnings of a broad-minded contemplation of life be fostered, but the child will be supplied with terms and phrases in which to clothe its ideas, a specially necessary step, in so far as sex is concerned, for all that the majority of people have, in this connection, at command, is a vocabulary of awkward, if not actually vulgar, terms, and a facility only with cumbersome, often unpleasant and obscene phraseology.

These nature-study lessons should be well planned, based upon the study of actual living plants and animals, for the care of which the pupils themselves should be responsible, and while in no way over-emphasising the racial process (for that would probably be as insanitary mentally as the present exclusion of it is), should definitely incorporate that process.

By this means the child's mind may be prepared for the development of such ideas as may arise in connection with human life. One teacher, in giving such nature-study lessons, found that the human note was frequently sounded, as, *e.g.*, when making a study of a certain caterpillar, which, when touched, curled up, thus protecting its vital organs, some of her pupils referred at once to the way in which a boy or a girl will bend forward when threatened with a blow—the one impulse, self-protection, being responsible for each action.

Some children, on learning of the method of parenthood in plants, soon see therein the explanation of human parenthood; but others fail to make this derivation, and it is in connection with this great need for individual consideration that one would specially plead for sympathetic cooperation between home and school—the school supplying opportunities for grasp of general principles, the parents, fully informed of the work being done through the school, being ready to take an interest in the child's work, and to develop it as each child needs. No two children are likely to put the same questions; no two children are likely to have an identical trend of interest. Thus one can do no more than urge that whatever be the child's questions—crude though they may be in expression—they should be appreciated as sincere and truth-seeking in their object, and be answered adequately. Parental teaching can do much towards imbuing the right spirit. One does not suggest that an unduly sentimental appeal should be made to the mind not ready to assimilate such, but that, in all this teaching, a dignified, self-respecting attitude towards the human body should be developed.

These nature-study lessons should ideally begin under home guidance before the child goes to school, and be continued through the school years in the form of elementary nature study at first, developed later at the secondary school period into more advanced biologic work.

If a more or less impersonal attitude towards all the body functions is, partly by these ways, cultivated, and if the mind is accustomed to the idea of the body having racial organs and functions, there will cease to be any great gap to bridge over in reference to physiology and hygiene of those organs. In some American schools and colleges this has been done so successfully that the physiology and hygiene course includes references to the racial organs and to venereal diseases. Much depends upon the mind preparation which has been made, as to how information on these subjects is accepted. In one of the schools in Philadelphia—a high school for girls—for several years a course of lessons on "Domestic Sanita-

tion and Eugenics" has been given to the elder girls. The work begins with a study of the home, then proceeds to the family, discussing this to a considerable extent from the eugenic point of view. The following topics are included among those which receive consideration during the forty weeks' course:

First Term:

A study of the home.

The moral, the economic, and civic value of the home.

Household equipment.

Furnishings, lighting, heating, and plumbing.

Infectious diseases.

Means of transmission; tuberculosis.

Alcoholism.

Considered from the eugenic, social, and personal point of view.

Home Nursing.

Second Term:

Parenthood.

Adolescent changes in boys and in girls; reproduction considered from the biologic standpoint, using the fish, frog, bird, and mammal as types.

One lesson on marriage, one on care of the expectant mother; six lessons on care of the baby.

Venereal diseases as prejudicial to child life, followed up by further details regarding these diseases—social pitfalls, prostitution, etc.

The school has never experienced any objection to the course expressed by the parents, some of whom have positively expressed approval, while, when the work was first introduced, seven years ago, in a shorter course, and the opinion of the girls themselves as to whether they had found the lessons helpful was sought, not one adverse opinion was sent in. These pupils themselves, knowing it was the first year for such a course to be given, advised the teacher to repeat the course to the new class for the succeeding year. Of course, public opinion in America is riper for the introduction of such work than here; more ground has been broken. The teacher reports, for example, that most of the girls already had a hazy notion about venereal diseases. But the cultivation of public opinion is moving very rapidly here, and already one hears suggestions that something might be done through the schools to promote better education for parenthood.

So far we have dealt with the biologic and hygienic aspects of sex-education, and we see that their full value does not lie in instruction alone. The ethical aspect is of equal importance and is equally capable of absorption in the school scheme. Many opportunities arise in the pursuit of humanist studies, of inculcating a high ideal, not merely of the sex relationship and its functions, but of the possibilities of personal development which may be the outcome of such mental and spiritual contact. Here, because it gives such freedom for mental and spiritual contact, lies an immense value in co-education. More often than not, when such opportunities of giving directive teaching arise in the school, the teacher omits the critical part or slurs it over, or takes no notice of it, all of which devices merely serve to concentrate the pupil's attention on the point, with the added disadvantage of having created a wrong impression in the pupil's mind. One is not, of course, suggesting a selection of lessons focussed definitely and only upon some sex problem, but just that such incidental opportunities of giving a strong moral bias as do arise in any well-balanced course of literary, Biblical, historical, and social studies, should not be allowed to pass by unutilised. The best ethical training is derived incidentally rather than pointedly. The general atmosphere of the school life, if of a high moral tone, tempered by sympathetic understanding of the immature mind, its needs and its reactions, will and does prove of incalculable benefit in the effect it creates.

There is yet another aspect of sex-education which we must consider, and which may be greatly developed through the school life. The health of body and of mind to a very great degree depends upon the habits of body and the habits of mind. The earlier these habits are initiated the more effective do they become as regulators of conduct. Here, again, is a call for sympathy in working between the home and the school, both of which influences should be guided into agreement by a thorough appreciation of the needs of child development. Training

in physical habits is perhaps less subtle than training in mental habits, for the adult is so disposed to forget the experiences of childhood that, in unwisdom, he often attempts to impose an adult standard of conduct upon a mind too immature to conform to it. Both parents and teachers require to have a very wise understanding of the intricacies of child development in order that the supervision and training which they may impose upon the child may not be prejudicial to full, well-balanced development of body and mind. In no sphere is this wise understanding so necessary as in connection with sex, in order that, by the initiation of right habits of body and of mind, the child may achieve development in perfect health and serenity. The prevention and cure of sex malpractice, which is so extensive in school life, is a matter which all teachers as well as parents should bear in mind.

All healthy young minds seek vigorous self-expression, a natural demand of growth, and they should have many avenues opened up to them in order that through their individuality they may select. Herein lies the great value of athletics, hobbies, intellectual and creative, social, philanthropic interests, from which all young folk make their selection; and here, in the cultivation of these interests, lies another function of the school.

Many of our difficulties in social sex adjustment arise through the wrong attitude of mind which one sex bears towards the other. We must seek to cultivate a mutual respect, an *appreciation* of differences instead of an intolerance leading to depreciation, a comradeship which shall make for greater civic and social efficiency, and, especially in girls, an independence of thought, all of which may be done without prejudicing the emotional sensitiveness and without eliminating the love-life. Co-education, wisely administered, would seem to be one of the means by which all this may be achieved, recognising that one of the values of co-education lies in the opportunities it affords for an appreciation of sex differences as well as

a recognition of sex equalities. But failing co-education, the right attitude of one sex towards the other may be largely promoted through the general atmosphere which obtains in the school and in the home, which should be wise, tolerant, and dignified, without any of the petty restrictions and absurd provocativeness that so frequently characterise the unenlightened atmosphere. A mutual, sincere respect of one sex for the other should form the basis of our social fabric, instead of the pseudo-respect which is so often the result of our narrow-minded restrictions, and which has led to so many social disorders. That sincere respect will come when each sex understands and appreciates, not only their mutual dependence upon, but their mutual independence of, the other. Modern educational effort is directed towards the upset of tradition in regard to the training of girls, who need self-expression through broad interests just as much as boys do. Independence of thought and of action are a great safeguard. In this connection one would draw attention to the influence the school may exert towards directing a girl's interests along lines of work, whether of social service or through some profession or employment. Not only does such employment render her independent of marrying for the need of a home, but it tends to give her that width of interest which shall act as a healthy counter-influence to the narrowness which a rigidly domestic life may impose. Mothers need width of interests just as much as fathers do if they are to be supremely efficient in their motherhood.

To be complete, our interpretation of sex-education must recognise the ultimate goal of sex—parenthood—and should, therefore, have a definite bias towards education for parenthood. This is too wide a subject to discuss at the conclusion of an article; one must be content with indicating that, through the many school subjects (hygiene, domestic

economy, arithmetic, literature, history, handicraft, and so on) there are many opportunities, not only of implanting the eugenic ideal, but of giving instruction which shall have a practical application upon the administration and performance of domestic affairs, for which, while there should be division of labour, the responsibility should be equally shared by the parents.

In conclusion, it will be evident that few teachers as yet are ready to enter into this new field of education. Though many of them have the right inspiration, the welfare of the child, at heart, comparatively few have as yet all the knowledge they would require to carry out their part. No specialist is needed, but a perfect co-operation in aim should infuse the teaching of all the staff. The nature study and biology teacher can do much; the hygienist as much; the teacher of literature, of history, of arithmetic, of religion, each of them, likewise, can do much. Each and all should have such an understanding of the development of the child that they would direct the school life in the interests of growth and health. Especially would we point out that during puberty, the period of transition from childhood to adolescence, is special care and understanding necessary, for this period is very critical in the history of the individual.

At present, therefore, let us educate the educators, and at the same time make what efforts we can to alleviate the conditions under which the great majority of our nation's teachers work—large classes, crowded time-table, little home sympathy, poor remuneration, and so forth. In no profession does personality count for so much as in the teaching profession, and no personality can exert its full influence under cramped and unsympathetic conditions. Let us, then, enter into this campaign on behalf of the teachers and, by the cultivation of public opinion, make it possible for them to go forward.

INDIA'S GRAND OLD MAN

By HARENDRANATH MAITRA

INDIA'S Grand Old Man—Dadabhai Naoroji—has left us. We do not grieve for him, whom death has taken in his ninety-second year, but for the Motherland passing through a most critical time. Although Dadabhai was no longer doing any active work in the field of politics, that sacred department of human activities, he was a constant inspiration to his countrymen, and even from his "Retreat" at Versova he was sending his ceaseless benediction to those working in the cause of India's amelioration.

But do people really die? We have assurance from the Divine lips :

As the dweller in the body experienceth in the body childhood, youth, old age, so passeth he on to another body; the steadfast one grieveth not thereat. The unreal hath no being; the real never ceaseth to be.

As a man casting off worn-out garments taketh new ones, so the dweller in the body, casting off worn-out bodies, entereth into others that are new.—(*Bhagavad Gita.*)

In whatever shape or form we take the idea of reincarnation, Dadabhai is not dead. The Self is eternal. It is ever-progressing. Eternal evolution is its destiny. The seed seems to decay in order to bud out as a great tree. We die so that out of our life greater lives may come. The ceaseless activities of Mr. Naoroji have entered into the hearts of the Indian people; and his spirit of love, which is the guiding force of all good works, has fired the enthusiasm of young India, and has kindled a hope, a faith, a burning passion to serve the Motherland. Consecration! Every Indian heart vibrates "to that iron string."

Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji was born in Bombay on September 4, 1825. He was the son of a Parsi priest. Nearly one thousand years ago the Parsi community

came to India to take shelter from tyranny and oppression in their own country of Persia, and India, the land which has given shelter to all races and colours, creeds and castes, did also stretch forth her all-protecting hand to the disciples of the *Avesta*. The students of religions of the world know that the Parsis were a branch of the great Aryan race. In coming to India they but came to their own, and since then the two communities have lived together, thought together, worked together. The Parsis have also adopted one of the languages of India, their spoken languages being Gujarati, derived from Sanskrit.

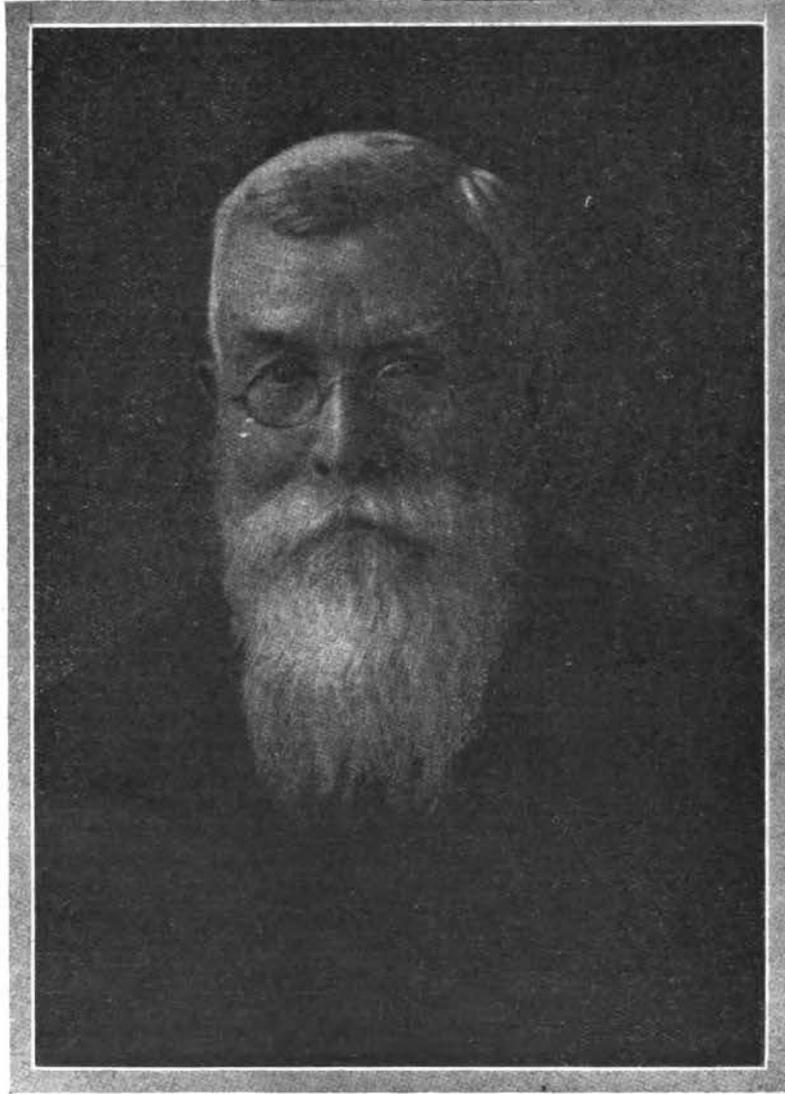
When Dadabhai was four years old his father died. The whole responsibility of the child fell upon his mother and, like many another great man, Dadabhai has often said, "If there is any good in me it is due to my great mother."

On account of the poverty of the family Dadabhai was educated in a free school in his early days, and ever afterward he cherished in his heart a strong desire when opportunity came to fight for free and compulsory education for India. He reaped the benefit of free education, and he wanted that all his countrymen should reap it also. He later on entered the Elphinstone College in Bombay, and soon made his mark both as a scholar and an athlete. He was very strong physically, and he had a bulldog tenacity of will and purpose.

The then Chief Justice of Bombay, Sir Erskine Perry, who was also the President of the Board of Education, offered to bear half the expenses should Dadabhai care to read for the Bar in England; but he was prevented by his own people, who feared that he might become a Christian. He then took a Professorship in his own

alma mater, but he resigned that post some time after and came to England to take up the duties of London manager of the Parsi firm of Cama and Company. He had already made his name in Bombay as one of the intellectuals and as a

work since then. He established the first Girls' School on the modern basis, and he was the father of many other social reforms. He also started the Gujarati weekly, the *Rast Goftar*, or "Truth-teller."



DADABHAI NAOROJI

pioneer in many social reform schemes. He was instrumental in establishing many literary and scientific societies, libraries, museums, and gymnasiums. He started the Bombay Presidency Association in 1853, which has been doing magnificent

Mr. Naoroji was a ceaseless worker. In England he began in right earnest to work out the destiny of his country. In his heart of hearts he was very extreme in his thought, but he managed somehow to temper everything with a spirit of modera-

tion. That was the secret of his life. He wanted to uplift his country, the country of his adoption, his "Motherland," as he was so fond of calling her, to her ancient glory and ideals.

He fought for the restriction of age limit in Civil Service examination, and in 1870 he was the prime mover in the agitation which secured the admission of Indian candidates to the Indian Civil Service. His correspondence with the India Office on public questions was voluminous, and he founded the East India Association. Later on he ceased his active co-operation, as the body had entirely passed into the hands of the retired Anglo-Indians.

He then, in conjunction with Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee, established the London Indian Association, which still exists, and Indian residents of every rank and class here gather together to work for their Motherland. The London Indian Association is doing excellent work in educating the British mind, and its present indefatigable secretary, Mr. Sorabji, is never tired of doing service for his country and keeping high the flag which was unfurled by Dadabhai Naoroji.

Dadabhai fell into financial difficulties as the result of attempting to help a friend, but he had already earned a reputation in the English commercial world for his honesty and integrity, and the Governor of the Bank of England, who was one of his creditors, was among those who bore public testimony to his merits and abilities. He went back to Bombay in 1869, and was received with great acclaim. He later returned to England to give evidence before the Fawcett Committee on Indian finance. The remarkable evidence which he gave shows the strength of his mind and tenacity of will. He ransacked all the barren statistics and unmasked the poverty of the people of India and its cause. And he quoted in his second Presidential Address over the Indian National Congress the then Secretary of India's remark, which he expressed in a letter to the Treasury, dated January 26, 1886:

The position of India in relation to taxation and the sources of the public revenues is very peculiar, not merely from the habits of the

people and their strong aversion to change, which is more specially exhibited towards new forms of taxation, but likewise from the character of the Government, which is in the hands of foreigners, who hold all the principal administrative offices, and form so large a part of the army. The impatience of new taxation which would have to be borne wholly as a consequence of the foreign rule imposed on the country would constitute a political danger, the real magnitude of which it is to be feared is not at all appreciated by persons who have no knowledge of, or concern in, the government of India, but which those responsible for that government have long regarded as of the most serious order.

Mr. Naoroji was appointed as Chief Minister of Baroda, but did not hold the post long. He was nominated by Lord Reay for his Legislative Council in Bombay in 1885, and in that year he was one of those who founded the Indian National Congress along with Mr. Hume and Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee. On returning to England he became a Member of Parliament and in season and out of season he championed his country's cause; a most difficult thing to do amidst a people whose imagination fails to grasp the real situation of the country they are supposed to be the trustees of. India is ruled by a Parliament in which there is no Indian member, and only one of two English, to represent nearly four hundred millions of the Indian people. It is no wonder that the Mesopotamia campaign went so wrong. India is loyal to Britain, otherwise she would have been up in arms at this crisis, and would have demanded Home Rule, not after the war, but now. As the officials have failed, it is British Democracy that will solve India's problem; that will give back to India her own birthright, for which, among others, England's greatest woman, Mrs. Annie Besant, is working and suffering. Her name echoes in India. The spirit of Dadabhai Naoroji will bless her from Heaven, because it is his cause that she has taken up—the cause of the Motherland. In the words of one of England's great writers of to-day, Mr. H. G. Wells:

The time is drawing near when the Egyptian and the natives of India will ask, "Are things going on for ever here as they go on now, or are we to look for the time when we, too, like the Africander, the Canadian, and the Australian will be your confessed and equal partners?" Would it not be wise to answer that question

in the affirmative before the voice in which it is asked grows thick with anger?

It is with the hope that the anger may not have to grow thicker and thicker that the Indian National Congress is working, and Dadabhai is one of the great Builders of this National Home—if not the Builder. It is Dadabhai who has said :

Britain can hold India, as any country can hold another, by moral force only. You can build up an Empire by arms or ephemeral brute physical force, but you can preserve it by the internal moral forces only. Brute force will, some time or other break down. Righteousness alone is everlasting. Well and truly has Lord Ripon said that "the British power and influence rests upon the conviction of our good faith more than upon the valour of our soldiers or the reputation of our arms."

The Indian National Congress has been doing a great work without any recognition from the rulers. And it is over this great National assembly that Dadabhai Naoroji has presided thrice. To us Indians it is a great Home in which all differences must cease, all jarring notes be hushed, all castes and creeds be gathered together. Is it not good to see that the representatives of the 400 millions of people gather together once a year to deliberate upon the past, the present, and the future of their country?

The sitting of the National Congress in December is the anniversary of the Motherland in India. To Indians the

Motherland is the Mother. It is not only poetry and romance, it is real. The more we struggle the stronger becomes our conviction. The more we suffer for the Mother the stronger is our Love. After all, what country has not gone through the struggle for self-expression? It is true of the nation as of the individual. And some countries have suffered even more than India. It has been very well said by Mr. Polak :

In India to-day complaint is made of a few hundred internments of people, who are suffering for their patriotic convictions. . . . But what is it compared with what has happened in Russia? During the period of a generation many thousands of Russians, men and women, were spirited away from their homes, and none knew what had become of them. Some died in military fortresses, but most were exiled to Siberia, and thus compelled to live out their lives amidst the severest climatic and the most horrible social conditions, because of the love that they bore their country; until it seemed as though the Russian Government were determined to people the uninhabited lands of Russia in Asia with the best intelligence and the most ardent patriots of European Russia.

It is for the love that we Indians bear our country that we must suffer. We are working through constitutional agitation. We shall fight on. It is not India alone that is India's outlook. She sees the day will come when India and England will march together hand in hand to the great goal of World-Federation. Dadabhai Naoroji worked for that.



EARTH : LIFE

A LITTLE while we pause—then pass
As mirrored shapes across a glass;
But with our passing should be born
A memory sweet as breath of morn—
That those who follow us may find
Life sweeter, fairer, and more kind.

A. M. SMITH

"WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME"

By E. J. SMITH

These rousing and inspiring words from the Chairman of the Health Committee of the Bradford Corporation, who, during the last eight months, has spoken so plainly on Maternity and Child Welfare in our pages, will find many eager readers.

IN these days when men are tempted to look at the war from every point of view except that which compelled us to enter it, one may be forgiven for trying to put first things first. Belgium, which had neither lot nor part in the quarrel, and was supposed to be protected by treaties signed by those who had, was over-run and its people ravished; the grossly immoral doctrine that "necessity knows no law" was deliberately adopted by a so-called civilised Power; premeditated and diabolical "frightfulness" was ruthlessly pursued as a recognised canon of war, and everything which peace-loving citizens hold sacred and dear was thrown into the melting-pot.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Kaiser and his caste are entirely responsible for this colossal crime, and that since its inception they have converted all the Powers allied to Germany into so many satellites, whose peoples have become their puppets and their victims—a process which, if victory ultimately rests with them, they will extend over the whole of the nations engaged in the War. Consequently, the question now being decided is whether the world shall be governed by its people for its people, or by its kings for its kings; and if that mighty issue is permitted to be switched on to a siding by minor, however important, considerations, not only will the German democracy be permanently enslaved, but we shall be thrown back into a world dominated by all the hellish forces upon which the Fatherland is at present relying for victory. Under these circumstances, we

cannot be too forcibly or too often reminded that to the extent to which the people permit their attention to be diverted, they will unconsciously become the tools of this uncivilised civilisation. It was to deliver the world and its future from such an immeasurable catastrophe that the Empire's heroes volunteered to fight and, if needs be, to die.

These singularly high-minded sons, who believed there were even more important things than life itself, and that one of them was to defend at all costs those sacred causes that make men and nations truly great and free, saw the scientific tyranny of brutal and callous militarism exalted and worshipped as a deity, threatening the coming of that long-looked-for day of deliverance of which the Russian revolution is alike the first fruits, and the harbinger of equally glorious victories that must follow. The very fact that they abhorred the taking of life with loathing and hatred left them no choice but to stand between the victims and their oppressors as gladly as they would have displayed the same unselfish disregard of danger in protecting the life they were now compelled to take, and it is safe to say that History will neither be slow to adorn its pages with records of their valour nor to appraise these at their proper worth, whatever may be our attitude to the inexhaustible obligation under which they have laid us.

Said one of these heroes to a lady who had been asking why a common habit had not already been acquired, "I wouldn't like to do anything that would disappoint

my father." Not long after—in the great advance of July 1, 1916—that noble son led his men "over the top" with the magnetism and inspiration of a fearless soldier, a trusted leader and a worthy friend. He has not been heard of since; but a letter written immediately prior to that terrible ordeal leaves no room for doubt that in that solemn hour of indescribably awful experiences he—like so many whom the Empire is privileged to revere—touched the zenith of life, as, allied to duty and to God, he risked his all for honour and freedom and truth, for his native land, his home and his loved ones; and last, but by no means least, for that mighty army of innocent and helpless children whose little feet have still to come along the world's highway, and who *must* inherit what it is our privilege and responsibility to help to fashion. It is in the light of such facts that one feels what a gloriously fertile achievement it would be if the nation could celebrate that great day, "when the boys come home," by welcoming them to a land which in their absence had opened the way to a nobler conception of life and its duties.

That can only be done by transforming the colossal power of wealth from an appalling menace to a redeeming agent, and its use from selfishness to service. The exigencies of war, like the experiences of peace, prove that it is capable of being converted to either, but since the introduction of machinery and steam power, which made its accumulation easy and dangerous, it has been used to dominate in turn international relationships, the nation's civil life, its industries, its politics and its Press, and has become an almost insurmountable barrier to democratic emancipation, philanthropic enterprise, and religious work. It rests like a dead hand on the finest aspirations of men, and though the nation's abstract faith remains Christian, its concrete practice is mercenary.

One of the few compensating advantages accruing from the titanic struggle that is now being waged is the unceremonious manner in which it has compelled us to throw precedent to the four winds, and by adopting remedies as drastic as

the diseases they were intended to cure, enabled us to achieve what in the piping times of peace was regarded as impossible. The Government has regulated finance, taken over the railways, limited profits, commandeered investments, bought food, reduced the hours of sale on licensed premises and made many other equally suggestive departures from the beaten track which demonstrate its ability—present and perspective—to deliver the people from their greatest enemy. At the same time and under exactly the same circumstances, wealth has been proving its indifference to public well-being, for where it has been permitted to go untrammelled it has batted on the nation's necessities, while our heroes in the trenches have been forfeiting prospects and life for a pittance. And those whose cold, callous, and calculating propensities have extracted most plunder, and who hope the war will continue in order to swell their blood money, have added insult to injury through seeking to divert attention from the fact by becoming the pioneers of rigid economy in public expenditure to the detriment of both health and education, on the specious plea of financial necessity, as though, forsooth, weaker bodies and duller minds could compensate the State for their ill-gotten gains.

The future internal peace and prosperity of the country demand that wealth should be subjugated to welfare, which alone can justify its existence; for in view of the truly wonderful fact that over five million men from every city, town, village and hamlet in the land, volunteered to surrender lives full of promise and careers overflowing with material prospects on the altar of vicarious sacrifice, and that those near and dear to them have worked excessive hours and abnormally hard in making munitions and meeting the needs of the civil population—for children have been turned out of the schools to work and infants have been deprived of maternal care that mothers may contribute their labour to the common store—the country must hereafter belong to every man, woman and child in it, in a totally different sense to when the duties of war were delegated to a standing army and

navy. Where all have fought all are entitled to share the results of a victory that would otherwise have gone to the Germans, who would have made short work of our vested interests and the fabulous wealth they enjoy. Indeed, it must be obvious that the State and the people must in future bear a new relationship to each other, and one which shall result in a mighty uplift of the masses.

It has far too long been erroneously assumed that wealth and wisdom were synonymous terms, though knowledge and experience prove that each may, and very often does, exist without the other. Indeed, it is time that instead of pampering and spoiling men with money, and giving them credit for all the virtues they do not possess, we begun to ask, not what a man has, but what he is, for :

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the goud for a' that.

The democracy cannot permit the ever-tightening grip of the ruthless tentacles of wealth, and live. Our noble lads who are dying on land and sea for our inheritance, increase by that very act the sacredness of our duty, not only to protect the freedom which our fathers won against this relentless foe, but also the obligation to hand it down to our children encased in the casket of the added reforms which its wise and strenuous use undoubtedly makes possible.

The nation has been torn asunder, its people are prepared for drastic and far-reaching changes, and it is for earnest men and women to determine now the character into which it shall be fashioned when it is put together again. The hour has struck, and the mighty forces of wealth and power are already anticipating and preparing for the future by speaking glibly about "the war after war," in order to still further increase their opulence and extend their command over men. But it is well to remind such that we have not come into the world for the specific purpose of capturing its markets and doing the whole of its work in order that a few may be abnormally rich and the remainder correspondingly poor.

War is hell, and life is too precious to be for ever thrown into its jaws to per-

petuate international strife and insatiable and overweening ambition. These lads are all somebody's, and we are entitled to ask statesmen to justify their statesmanship by finding a better way; for the world is one, and the sooner we break down the barriers that divide and extend the boundaries of goodwill that unite, the sooner shall we be justified in condemning Prussianism, and make such an appalling blot on civilisation as is now being thrown across the pages of history impossible.

If a new Britain is to rise phoenix-like out of the ashes of the war, our industries must be measured not alone by the wealth they create, but by the constantly rising standard of the lives of those engaged in them.

There never has been a successful attempt to promote a more equitable distribution of wealth that has not proved a national blessing. To provide adequate wages and regular incomes does not spell ruin but that wider circulation and increased spending power by means of which industries prosper and wealth grows. How can we succeed by keeping our customers poor? Old age pensions have proved to be not only pensions for those of seventy years and over, but also for industry; and both they and the Insurance Act have tended to create a more stable and prosperous home trade, which depends neither on armed peace nor actual war, but upon a form of patriotism which is willing to do the duty lying nearest it, and use the favoured position, natural advantages, and unlimited wealth of this glorious sea-girt isle to promote a richer, fuller, and higher life for all within its freedom-loving shores.

That type of patriotism promotes its own reward, for, like mercy, it "blesses him that gives and him that takes"; and how, indeed, can we refuse to respond to the opportunity and the obligation when we look upon those "riddlings of creation" that tower in rugged grandeur towards the sky; the roaring torrent that leaps with the joy and ecstasy of youth into the verdure-clad and bounteously fertile valleys below; the wealth and varying hues of the foliage out of which the birds pour their music through

the livelong day; the fascinating glory of the setting sun and the inspiring wonders of the heavens that tell their never-ending story of Him who has bequeathed this gracious inheritance to man. Why in such an elevating and purifying environment are men degraded?

Surely there is something wrong with the uses to which our heritage has been put, and one is driven to the conclusion that the multiplication of fortunes in the hands of few men, the tyranny of vested interests, the incredible and unscrupulous power of wealth to dominate, direct and control men, to set up one and pull down another without appearing to act at all, nay, even to convert democracy itself into an instrument for its own uses, is the fundamental cause of our national perils; and that, horrible as is the war abroad, it is but the beginning of an even more momentous life - and - death struggle at home, unless we cease the English occupation of trying to lop off branches of evils, and apply ourselves to the higher and more imperative duty of cutting away their roots; for, in the meantime, we are engaged in the Sisyphus-like occupation of rolling the stone up the mountainous slopes of monopolies and vested interests, while wealth is taking its ceaseless toll of life by hurling it down again.

Our noble lads at the front are hourly facing death in the trenches and on the seas to protect your liberties and mine. That is the supreme sacrifice. What are we doing to recognise their devotion and to reward their valour, for, "The absence of high aim, not low achieve-

ment, is our sin"? We cannot let them come back to the mean, sordid and inordinate power of wealth; but they will have to, unless you and I get into the trenches here and now, and with a fidelity and heroism akin to theirs, determine to enlarge their inheritance and fight for their rights.

There is no limit to the money available for killing men abroad, and it is time the richest country in the world gave up urging lack of means for saving them at home. The responsibility for determining the character of the new kingdom is grave, urgent and imperious. Not what we give towards that great end, but how much in proportion to our means, be they little or much, money, ability or time, must determine the quality of our citizenship. The past lies heavily upon us because those who inherited its privileges were frustrated by the progressively increasing, ill-directed and selfish power of wealth, and such meagre victories, for political, social and industrial reform as are recorded, were won only after long weary years of labour, sacrifice and loss.

The inestimable debt we owe to our heroic sons, without whose stupendous efforts and unparalleled sacrifices the inheritance our fathers won would have fallen into other hands, imposes an obligation that fortunately for us is accompanied by an opportunity no less great for drastic, far-reaching, and redeeming change. Shall our children's children suffer because we have betrayed so mighty a trust? What is to be our answer, "when the boys come home?"

THE IDEAL CITIZEN

HE will be good to his wife and children as he will be good to his friend, but he will be no partisan for a wife and family against the common welfare. His solicitude will be for the welfare of all the children of the community; he will have got beyond blind instinct; he will have the intelligence to understand that almost any child in the world may have as large a share as his own offspring in the parentage of his great-great-grand-children. His wife he will treat as his equal; he will not be "kind" to her, but fair and frank and loving, as one equal should be with one another; he will no more have the impertinence to pet and pamper her, to keep painful and laborious things out of her knowledge, to "shield" her from the responsibility of political and social work, than he will to make a Chinese toy of her and bind her feet. He and she will love that they may enlarge and not limit one another.

H. G. WELLS

TRADES THAT TRANSGRESS

IV.—Kid Gloves, Tortoise-shell & Caged Birds

By G. COLMORE

ARE gloves made of the skins of animals really more elegant and more comfortable than gloves made of thread or wool or silk? Is it common sense or custom, is it artistic taste or fashion which prescribes the wearing of kid gloves?

The kid glove trade is one of the trades that transgress the law of love, and it transgresses it gratuitously, since there are numerous materials other than kid out of which gloves can be made; whereas kid cannot be obtained without the destruction of life and very great suffering on the part of the animals whose lives are destroyed. Those lives are many. In one town in France 1,200,000 dozens of gloves are manufactured in the year; in one town only; and in many towns, not in France alone, kid gloves are made.

To many people it will seem unimportant that thousands of kids are slaughtered before they are weaned; on many the fact that certain gloves are made from the skins of unborn calves taken from dead or pregnant cows will make little impression; but there are surely few who will be callous to the suffering caused to those animals whose fate it is to provide the softest and most delicate skins. For the skins are finer, and also stretch more easily—to make the long suède gloves that cover sleeveless arms—if they are taken from living animals. Sleeves would be more merciful than these long, fine-quality gloves; less costly, too, in money and in life; but fashion demands them and commerce supplies them, and only the few care to enquire to what processes the skins of goats and kids, of lambs and calves are subjected before they figure as gloves that can be bought in the shops.

Human beings profit by these processes, yet, as in many of the trades that transgress, certain human beings have to be sacrificed to secure the profit of the money-

mongers and the pleasure of the fashion-mongers; and though kid gloves may be pretty to look at, the processes through which they pass—apart from those which cause death and pain to the animals from whom the skins are taken—are not all pretty to contemplate, not all pleasant to the men who help to make them. Here is a description of one of them:

The sheds where the next process is carried on are somewhat dark (we are warned not to come in if we object to the stench), and the floors are covered with slimy mud of a dark-greenish hue, altogether more like badly-kept stables than workshops. Here are a number of large tubs containing urine, into which the skins are thrown to further soften them. That they may take the dye satisfactorily it is necessary that urine should thoroughly and evenly penetrate the skins, and this is accomplished in the following manner: Men with feet and legs bare half-way above the knees stand in the tubs and “work” the soaked skins in the urine with their feet for twelve hours. This process is known as *fouler-aux-pieds*.—[From “Kid Gloves” in pamphlet entitled *Food and Fashion*.]

To not many of the people who use tortoise-shell combs and hairpins, who possess tortoise-shell trinkets of various kinds, does it occur to enquire how the shell or skin which is so pleasant to handle and so charming to look at is separated from the tortoise. Not many, or the trade would come to an end, for those who enquired would cease, as soon as they learned the truth, to use their combs and hairpins, or take any pleasure in their trinkets.

Let Darwin describe the methods of the turtle fishers. In his *Naturalist's Voyage Round the World*, he says:

We saw several turtle, and two boats were then employed in catching them. . . . A man standing ready in the bow dashes through the water upon the turtle's back; then, clinging with both hands by the shell of its neck, he is carried away till the animal becomes exhausted and is secured. Captain Moresby informs us that in the Chagos Archipelago, in this same ocean, the natives, by a horrible process, take

the shell from the back of the living turtle. It is covered with burning charcoal, which causes the outer shell to curl upwards; it is then forced off with a knife, and before it becomes cold is flattened between boards.

And the turtles? Killed? No, the solace and the sanctuary of death is denied them: it is denied them from the motive which appears to annihilate every trace of humaneness—the motive of commercialism. Sometimes the turtles succumb to the torture inflicted upon them, but not if the fishers can help it; for the shells grow again as the nails grow in human beings, and the animals who survive the operation of shelling are put back into the sea in order that they may fit themselves to undergo a repetition of the agony. Without this agony the trade could not go on; and the trade is immense; immense and very lucrative. The best qualities in tortoise-shell fetch from four to over five pounds sterling a pound; and in one year more than seventy-six thousand pounds were sold in London alone. Because the trade is lucrative the traders will not give it up. Its destruction lies in the hands of those who buy the traders' wares.

These two trades—the kid glove trade and the trade in tortoise-shell—are trades that need have no existence; nobody needs tortoise-shell, everybody can do without kid gloves. Another of the trades that transgress, and which needs not to exist one whit more than these, is the trade in caged birds. The keeping of captive birds is hardly kind; the trade which provides the captives is definitely and abominably cruel.

It has been argued that the keeping of caged birds is "a pleasure to poor and rich alike." It may be so, for there are sentimental people who profess to love the prisoned things they have deprived of liberty; but the practice, however pleasurable to the jailors, is full of pain to the birds. Wild caught birds often refuse food and die from the sheer misery of captivity; and the keeper of a bird-shop in Shaftesbury Avenue, charged with cruelty to ten small birds, pleaded in extenuation of his offence that: "Every bird in captivity breaks its feathers at the side of the cage." The cruelty in this

case was that the birds were confined in small cages, that they had very little food and no water; and the testimony given by a bird-catcher, for the defence, designed to help the plaintiff, puts the seal of condemnation on the trade; he found nothing connected with the stock, he said, to which anybody could take exception. Anybody in the trade, he should have said, for the traders do not take exception to dirt, starvation or semi-starvation, cramped space; these are common, not uncommon, in the trade. Mr. Ernest Bell, in his paper contributed to the Animal Protection Congress, thus describes his visit to a bird-shop in Scotland:

The place was so filthy it was more than unpleasant to go inside. There were rabbits, guinea-pigs, bantams, pigeons, fancy mice, and the unhappy birds; the cages set on shelves in the foul, dark interior and in the window. Skylarks, finches, linnets, yellow-hammers, robins, and many other birds, home and foreign. Almost of all of them looked sickly, and many of them appeared to be dying.

"How much?" was asked.

"Redpolls 6d. each, linnets 1s., larks 2s. 6d., chaffinches 2s. 6d.;" and so on.

"Your prices are high?"

"You must consider how many of the birds die, and we must make up for the loss."

"No wonder they die in such an atmosphere!"

"We can't keep them in a drawing-room, and the door is open!"

Sometimes in these shops small birds are destroyed by mice: in one shop fifty small birds were found dead or dying one morning, their feet and wings having been gnawed by mice.

Besides the bird-cager there is the bird-catcher, and one of the abominations of the trade is the cruelty inflicted upon the decoy birds. These, Mr. Ernest Bell tells us, are of various species, and they are "tightly braced with strings which often cut into their flesh. In some cases they are kept moving all the time by a long string which the catcher holds in his hands and jerks continually to make them flutter about."

And the suffering is not great in degree only, but in extent, for the trade is a big one. In the villages around Cambridge the boxes of birds caught in one day only were enough to fill a trolley. Scores of nests on that one day contained

young birds left to starve to death because the parents were captured. The birds are packed in small boxes about four feet high without food or water; on one Saturday morning fifteen boxes arrived on Cambridge platform from a dealer in Newcastle for the use of a single bird-catcher. But they travel further, these trapped birds, than from Cambridge to Newcastle—they are sent, some of them, to the United States. On one voyage 80 per cent. died, and those who survived arrived weak and half-starved.

And after the miseries of the capture and the travelling come the miseries of captivity and the bird-shop. Mr. F. H. Spender tells of a visit he paid to one of these shops :

Many of them are beating their little bodies with frantic flutterings against the bars of their cages. A bullfinch in an agony of terror is waltzing madly round its cell until it finally drops against the bars panting and exhausted. The skylarks, with a flutter upwards, knock their heads against the tops of their cages. One of them, lying with his breast against the bars as if he would catch a glimpse of the sky, the grey London sky, is singing as if his heart would break. And then he lies with his eyes closed. The frantic efforts made by these poor birds to regain their freedom are surely the

best proof of the outrage on their nature that keeps them in this miserable confinement. Let us enter the shop, where there are rows of similar small boxes in which all kinds of birds are imprisoned. Here is a linnet all puffy, hiding its head in its back feathers, and when one whistles to it, it only raises itself to creep further into the recesses of its prison. It is dying, and the bird-shop man admits that "many of 'em go that way." It is impossible to get the right food, for many of these little birds are eaters of insects and grubs. In other words, they die of slow and lingering starvation. —*The Caging of Birds*, by Ernest Bell.

Think of it! And think of Shelley's wonderful and beautiful poem: "To a Skylark." There is as vast a difference in the feeling of that poem and the feeling of the trade as the space is vast between earth and sky. But then Shelley had vision, and the traders see only the money; and the public likes caged birds. And likes to hear them sing!

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

So Shelley sang in that same poem of his. *Our sweetest songs!* And theirs—the captives? Some of the songs that sound so sweet are the outpourings of longing and of anguish.

IESUS AND THE ILL-TREATED HORSE

AND they came to a mountain whose ways were steep, and there they found a man with a beast of burden.

But the horse had fallen down, for it was overladen, and he struck it till the blood flowed. And Iesus went to him and said: "Son of cruelty, why strikest thou thy beast? Seest thou not that it is too weak for its burden, and knowest thou not that it suffereth?"

But the man answered and said: "What hast thou to do therewith? I may strike it as much as it pleaseth me, for it is mine own, and I bought it with a goodly sum of money. Ask them who are with thee, for they are of mine acquaintance and know thereof."

And some of the disciples answered and said: "Yea, Lord, it is as he saith. We have seen when he bought it." And the Lord said again: "See ye not then how it bleedeth, and hear ye not also how it waileth and lamenteth?" But they answered and said: "Nay, Lord, we hear not that it waileth and lamenteth!"

And the Lord was sorrowful, and said: "Woe unto you because of the dulness of your hearts, ye hear not how it lamenteth and crieth unto the heavenly Creator for mercy; but thrice woe unto him against whom it crieth and waileth in its pain."

And he went forward and touched it, and the horse stood up, and its wounds were healed. But to the man he said: "Go now thy way and strike it henceforth no more, if thou also desireth to find mercy."

The Gospel of the Holy Twelve, pp. 33-4.

KURUKSHETRA

By E. V. HAYES

I.

THERE are some women whose innate purity the most depraved men will honour.

Cynthia Moreland was such a woman, though it would be unfair to Alastair Whittaker to say that he was such a man. He was gay, irresponsible, but not unresponsive to the finer things which haunt man through his pilgrimage. He had sufficient money to gratify the first two characteristics, and, at one time, in his own judgment, sufficient to gratify the third. At heart he was a thoroughly decent fellow, and as Cynthia Moreland took up various "crazes," as he playfully called them, he was always anxious to be her sleeping partner in every one of them. His advice, if worldly, was generally wise, and he said good things unintentionally, which Cynthia often found useful afterwards in her lectures and addresses.

Cynthia Moreland was what her lady friends called "*awfully* clever"; she had personality, which is better than mere good looks, and when combined with good looks, is irresistible. She had run the whole gamut of the higher aspirations: Social Reformer, then decided Socialist; Suffragist, into Suffragette; Eugenist and Advocate for Social Purity. And she was a doughty champion for all these causes, as her opponents could testify. And Alastair followed her through all the changes, though at heart he remained unregenerate, the gay man about town, light-hearted and flippant. Save for one thing: he hated, with something of Cynthia's own fervour, vivisection; and there was always a wonderful tenderness in his eyes when he talked to a dog.

He lost Cynthia for a week or two, while he toured for a holiday, just before the Forces of Odin were let loose again and the Great War came, shattering many a quiet dream.

He met her in Regent Street one even-

ing, just leaving the Queen's Hall, after a lecture.

The usual greetings and explanations followed.

"What is your latest, Cynthia?" he asked.

Cynthia smiled quite happily. She had two reasons for doing so: you could not be offended with Alastair, and she had something—the latest—which made her very happy.

"All my crazes have merged into one," she replied.

"Which is? . . ."

"When I first started to do something with my life," she said, "I worked for men. Then I worked for women. There were so many ready to help men, and so few (when I started) to help my own sex. Then when the woman's cause grew mighty, I sighed for some other forlorn cause to defend and advocate. I found it in the cult of the unborn babe and the child."

"And in the cult of the animal—don't forget that," he added gently.

She smiled again.

"I left that largely to you, my partner and my friend. It was the one cause you really loved apart . . ."

"From what—apart from what?" he asked very quickly.

"Apart from your pleasures," she answered more quickly yet. "You make a serious work of pleasure, Alastair, seeking it so resolutely."

"Perhaps," he said, and there was a trace of bitterness in his voice. "But what forlorn cause do you champion now?"

"I have found one who is likely to revolutionise my life," she told him, "though he is only a lad."

A shade of pain passed over the man's face, to be instantly quelled; she saw it, and to herself she said: "He is not so weak after all. There is character in him. If I could only . . ."

"May I tell you, Alastair, all about it?" she said aloud. "It may be the first craze you will not approve of."

"I will hear first and give judgment after," he said.

"It was three days ago," she began. "We—that is, a party of Socialists, Anarchists, Feminists, and other horrible cranks—were returning from Hyde Park, where we had had an open-air meeting. We all got in at the Tube station, Marble Arch. The train was nearly empty, and there was only one young man sitting in the carriage we entered. He was reading, and only just glanced up at us as we filed in, and then glued his eyes on his book again. I sat beside him. The book he was reading was Sir Edwin Arnold's *Song Celestial*. I grew rather interested and looked at him intently. He was very young, quite a boy, just the ordinary good-looking English boy of nineteen. The man sitting on the other side of him was a very aggressive sort of Anarchist Communist, very extreme in his views and his way of expressing them. For some reason he began to talk Socialism to my boy. Refused to be put off by the boy's apparent inattention. Forced an argument in the end. Said something which my boy did not approve of. He looked up; in his eyes was the most wonderful expression I have ever seen; a soft light seemed to play over his face. We all got talking. My boy's voice was very musical, very gentle, yet full of manliness. I saw a dream fulfilled. A pure boy passing into a noble manhood, rich in promise. Ah, Alastair, you cannot guess all that that means to a woman like me!"

The man's face twitched a little.

"I cannot guess all; I can guess some," he said.

"I grew fascinated as he talked," she went on. "In that few minutes he tore illusions from me which I had hugged for years. It seemed that light poured on me from his voice, his face, his eyes. It was an amazing experience."

"And the others?" asked the man.

"Some forgot to change at Tottenham Court Road," she answered.

"And what is the cause associated with

this young man?" asked Alastair, watching her keenly.

"Put in a word, mysticism," she said. "Young as he is, he is one of those elect souls on whom the Divine Light has streamed. He has wonderful powers of healing, so they say. Remember, I have only known him a very short time. His cures are very subtle. His dream is a union between the best elements in Hinduism and Christianity, forming a new and mighty religion, *the* religion of the future. He says his work is that of preparation only: a Greater than he will come to build on the foundations about to be laid. I cannot explain everything in a few minutes and among all this noise. But his personality is wonderful, young as he is."

Alastair sighed.

"I should like to see him," he remarked.

"Come with me now; I am just going to see him. He is sharing rooms with a medical student who is devoted to him; almost worships him, in fact. Do come! I cannot describe all he is. You must know him for yourself."

"What does he do for a living?" he asked.

"Wait till you have seen him," she replied cryptically.

II.

They arrived at the flat in Doughty Square, Russell Square, where the medical student lived, and the wonderful youth with him. Some four people were there, one of whom was the medical student himself. Cynthia, in answer to her companion's query, said the youth was not yet present. The student, Maurice Atherstone, greeted them cordially.

"Chris will be down directly," he said. "He has been cycling all the afternoon and has gone to change."

Cycling! That sounded human. Alastair felt relieved.

"His name is Chris?" he said to Cynthia.

"Yes, Chris Golden. The name suits him."

Somehow, Alastair managed to get into conversation with the medical student. It

was not easy, for he was very retiring and diffident—for a medical student—but Alastair had a way with him. While Cynthia conversed with the other occupants of the room, these two talked of Chris.

"You ask me if I believe in him," said the student. "That is a funny way of putting it. You will realise that when you have seen him. He makes no great claims to warrant any special effort of faith. He is just Chris Golden. But he is wonderful for all that. We have been very intimate friends since boyhood. He is a good footballer, rower, swimmer, boxer. He is not a bit effeminate or gawky. He is tremendously virile, self-confident, and easy. He has a figure a sculptor would rave over. There is a marvellous light in his eyes . . ."

He paused for a moment.

"Yet he has been called to a very wonderful work," he went on. "I knew that three years ago. He has been preparing since. It was then that his Call came; that the Spirit of God descended on him; that he passed the first initiation. Phrase it how you will. Do I shock you?"

"No, not at all," Alastair assured him.

"It was so simple and yet so sublime. I was with him. There had been a football match. Our side had won. We were very happy. As we left the football field, Chris turned on me suddenly. 'What did you say, Mo?' I looked at him. 'I did not speak.' He went red and a little confused. 'What is up, Chris?' I asked him. We had no secrets from each other. He said: 'Mo, I thought I heard someone say, "When you have finished playing, I would like to have a word with you."' There was no one else near. We went to our dressing-room. There was some horseplay there, as we dressed, just as you would expect among boys. Chris was as active as anyone. Presently he stopped, and went a little pale. I was watching him. 'What is the matter, old man?' 'Mo . . . Someone *did* speak. He—whoever it was—just spoke again—the same words: "When you have finished playing, I would like to have a word with you."' 'Who would say a thing like that?' I asked him. 'I don't know—yet,' he answered, and went on dressing, the

gaiety gone from his face. We went home together. We sat talking in his bedroom—his retriever was with us—we avoided the—the *Voice*. The dog began to romp, and Chris romped with him. They rolled together on the floor, the dog growling playfully, Chris laughing. Suddenly Chris pulled himself away, and looked intently across the room. The dog gave a long deep growl, and with eyes of living flame gazed in the same direction. Then he bolted through the open door. I rose. 'You don't mind, Mo? I would like to be alone.' I went out and shut the door behind me. What did it all mean? I waited an hour. I would have waited a day and a night if necessary. Chris came to me, his face illumined, his eyes shining. For the third time he had heard the *Voice* saying: 'When you have finished playing, I want to speak to you.' It was a *Voice* which, when it speaks for the first time, does not expect an answer. At Its second call, It expects to set the soul that hears It wondering yet unafraid. At the third call, It demands an answer, or It does not speak again. And Chris answered: 'I have finished playing. I am ready.' And from a *Voice*, It became a *Figure*, wonderful and benevolent. Yes, Mr. Whittaker, there in that room a *Figure* stood and conversed with the boy. The *Figure* of Whom? Chris knows. We have a hope that some day we shall know, too. I have. He bears no name when Chris speaks of Him. He is the *Master*—my *Friend*—that is how Chris speaks. But in Chris's hands you will frequently find a book—the *Bhagavad Gita*—the *Song Celestial*. Sometimes I think—but there are thoughts that lie too deep for ordinary thinking and too sacred for ordinary speech."

The thrill in the medical student's voice passed into the listener's body; a strange clamminess swept him, as if he had touched something passing the mind of man.

Then Chris Golden came into the room.

Like a halo of soft glory lay the golden hair on the finely chiselled head and tossed lightly on the white, lofty brow. The grey eyes were bathed in light, and the unsullied purity of a noble soul had its sacra-

mental sign in the spotless firm skin of face, neck, and hands. The figure of Apollo was not more manly in its bearing than the figure of this lad, which the grotesqueness of modern garb could not altogether hide. As he greeted his friends, his voice had a music which lingered. His visitors had now increased to twelve, five of whom were medical students, acquaintances of Maurice Atherstone. He spoke in an easy, interesting way; the tone of the platform was never more absent: he spoke of medicine, surgery, and rational aids to the cure of disease. There was no rant about him; he admitted that the work done by the medical faculty was immense, valuable. But it was impatient. Drugs were used, because they brought immediate relief, or seemed to. He showed how Nature cures without violent drugs, if you give her time. But the impatience of the medical man he attributed to the fervent longing to cure: "You are so eager to relieve suffering," he told these students. "You want to see quick results. But Nature, when her laws have been defied, readjusts herself slowly. A man comes to you. He is a nervous wreck. Business worries! Blessed word—worry! It covers a multitude of sins. If you don't cure him quickly, he will think you are no good. Be straight with him from the start. You can be cured if you will spend in getting rid of disease half the time you took in contracting it. There is no royal road to perfect health. An agnostic once said that if he had been God, he would have made good health catching. He needn't have said that. God has made good health catching, and every one of you students can be germ carriers—of health, not of disease."

They listened attentively; they fired questions at him; it was good to see how their intelligent faces showed their appreciation. He was no charlatan; his knowledge of all that concerns the medical science was amazing; he told these students things they did not know, which they could afterwards verify as correct. He did not say: Throw away all the physical aids to health and believe. He asked for a great scheme of healing

which should include the best elements in spiritual, mental, and physical medicine.

Afterwards, talking with Cynthia and Alastair, the latter said:

"You must be a great optimist if you think you will persuade the medical man to your views. Others have tried and failed."

Chris Golden smiled.

"An optimist is one who leaves his overcoat off in March," he replied. "A pessimist keeps his on till the end of May. It depends entirely on the weather which is right. Others have failed. But the medical faculty might be ready now."

Alastair and Cynthia walked home together.

"What do you think of him?" she asked.

"He has personality," he answered guardedly.

"Do you still want to know how he earns his living?" she said mischievously.

He smiled; they understood each other.

"I am not in the least interested," he replied.

"There is a great future before him," she observed. "I am sure of it. I am glad you like him."

* * * * *

The Great War broke; the Gods of Battle were enthroned again, and Attila and his hordes found themselves re-incarnate in a world that had thought never to give them housing again. A week after the war had burst over startled Europe, Cynthia Moreland sought Alastair with weeping eyes and agitated face.

"Alastair! He talks of enlisting! Oh, you must stop him. Go to him—he thinks a lot of you. Please go, and ask him not to. His life is too precious! He must not!"

Alastair listened to her tearful protestations patiently.

"I am not surprised," he said.

"Surely you have not encouraged him!" she cried vehemently.

"I have not discouraged him; Cynthia Our country is in great danger."

"One man more or less will not save her," she protested.

"Suppose every mother, every sister, every wife said that!"

"But Chris is different! He does not understand. He is being carried away by the madness of the moment."

"On that madness in the hearts of our young men, England's future depends," said Alastair gravely.

"He is so young. Barely twenty. It is murder to send him out. The dreams we have had concerning him! You must talk to him, Alastair. You must see that he is wrecking his life."

"I do not see that, Cynthia," he answered bluntly. "Other women are sending out their menfolk. Men are going—artists, writers, all kinds. I know a young musician who has joined up. If he escapes from death and mutilation, his hands will be ruined for playing the violin. There is a time of sacrifice before us all."

"Are you joining?" she asked.

He coloured.

"I am over the age limit—at present," he replied.

"Is that why you take it so naturally that Chris should go?" she demanded bitterly, and regretted her gibe immediately.

"I am sorry, Alastair—I did not mean that. But see Chris. Surely there is some work of national importance he can undertake! Chris in a bayonet charge! Chris sticking inches of steel into Germans! It is horrible!" She shuddered.

"Yet the book he loves so well—the *Bhagavad Gita*—was written on a battlefield. Perhaps Chris has heard his Master say: 'Arise! Fight! Slay all thine enemies! By Me they are already slain!'"

In spite of her pain, she gazed wonderingly at the earnestness of the one-time *flaneur* of society.

"There is greater work to be done," she argued. "Alastair, tell him that some of those who love him can never again see in him the young John the Baptist they once saw, if he goes to spit death from a rifle, or soil a bayonet with

the blood-rust of a brother man. Where is Peace? Where is Brotherhood? Chris with bloodshot eyes and frenzied face plunging after some poor wretch—to—to murder him. Yes, murder him!"

"You do not understand, Cynthia," he said helplessly.

"Then you won't dissuade him?" she cried.

"I'll see him," he said cautiously. "I cannot dissuade him from the teachings of the book he treats as a Gospel."

"He has meant something to you," she pleaded. "There is an earnestness about you that is new. I am proud to see it."

A tone of pleasure came into the man's face.

"Yes—he and the war together. I have tried to be serious for a long time—to please you. I have ceased to try; it has become natural to me. I never went very far wrong. My name was against me. People thought I was a relation to an almanac. I was a bit fast . . . but not more than five minutes. I am very glad I ever knew Chris Golden."

Her face lit up with joy.

"I am so glad. Surely you must admit that his work in the world is too great for him to be spared for a battlefield."

"Most of the world that matters may be on the battlefield ere long," he replied.

"Still, I will see him."

He saw Cynthia at her flat the next morning. She sprang up eagerly.

"Did you see him? What did he say?"

He took her hands gently.

"I saw him, Cynthia. This morning, early. Just had time to say good-bye to him as he moved off the Horse Guards Parade with about forty other recruits. He looked very happy."

She tore herself away from him, and, throwing herself into a chair, burst into tears.

"Another illusion gone!" she said bitterly, looking up.

"For me as well as you, Cynthia. For some time now I have believed in Chris in spite of my reason. Reason said he might be a fraud, a fool, a charlatan,

a fanatic. This morning I saw he was none of these things."

"He is a fanatic, at all events," she retorted. "I am bitterly disappointed in him."

"You will not be so disappointed in me," he remarked, "because my life is not so precious. I want to tell you, Cynthia, that by reducing my age a little on official papers, I have obtained a temporary commission in the Army."

"You also!" She sighed deeply.

"I shall try hard to get to the same regiment as Chris," he said.

She sprang up.

"Promise me that you will look after him! Give me your solemn word that, as far as you can, you will look after him!"

"I promise that solemnly, Cynthia. I hope I may get the chance."

"Are you going anywhere this afternoon, Cynthia?" he asked her after a pause.

"Yes. I am attending a Peace meeting at St. James's Hall."

"What! You have turned Pacifist! Cynthia! This looks like being the first forlorn cause where I cannot follow you."

"War is terrible!"

"So is German Peace," he said abruptly. "And worse than terrible—dishonourable!"

"We ought to have evolved beyond war," she said.

"But we haven't. That is the plain fact, Cynthia. And plain facts are ugly things."

"I have fought for men, for women, for children. Now I fight for humanity," she said.

"Chris and I will fight for humanity also—in Flanders."

"Perhaps it is useless to argue," she said, holding out her hand.

* * * * *

III.

With hands that trembled, Cynthia Moreland tore open her first letter from Alastair since he and Chris had left for somewhere in France. From Chris himself she had only received the little printed

postcard: "I am quite well . . . Letter follows at the earliest opportunity." But here was a real letter, telling what might be told.

"Your vision of Chris with bloodshot eyes and foam on his lips going over the top is not likely to be fulfilled. He is a stretcher bearer. Dangerous work, but not, as you would call it, murderous. He is idolised. . . . Somehow every wounded man he attends gets well. And gets his heart's desire. 'I long for Blighty,' said one slightly wounded man. 'You are going there,' said Chris. And he did, though it seemed unlikely. He talks philosophy. Yes, Tommy can talk on philosophy! Chris has to explain Reincarnation, Karma, the Occult. You find strange comrades here. One raves about *Peer Gynt*; one tackles social problems; another admits that he half believes in Spiritualism. And Chris can hold them all. At rest, away from the trenches, he sings at their concerts, plays billiards, shows himself as an athlete. They admire him. The British Tommy admires any man and any man's philosophy if he has a good punch in him, and can make himself conspicuous on a football field. He is a power here. Silently. You hardly know it. A lot don't. They are just better men without knowing why. There are certain barrack-room yarns that are never repeated in front of Chris. . . . It is a wonderful tribute. For myself, I got my second star yesterday. There is some hard fighting before us. We are quite ready. . . ."

The woman cried with joy. How foolish she had been! Chris a stretcher bearer! Trying to save rather than to destroy. It was destiny! Some of his followers who had doubted when he went to the war should know this. He would come back, his work done, his influence used for good over these many men. Perhaps some would remember him when the war was over. Help him to form the great religion of which he dreamed. She saw him, the teacher, the illuminated, crying in the future days of peace: "Prepare ye the Way of the Lord! Make straight His paths. The Kingdom of God is within you. When Righteousness decays,

then, O Bharata, I arise from age to age. And such an Arising is not far distant." So she fancied she heard that rich, manly voice with the boyish ring about it.

Some weeks went by; she, too, faced her bombardment; her peace meetings were interfered with; she was hustled and treated roughly by a crowd while urging an early peace.

It was a forlorn cause and she knew it, but she was used to forlorn causes. And she had not risen to that sublime height when the teachings of the *Gita* were perfectly carried out. In her heart there was some resentment still that Chris had been taken from her. Her last "craze" was "passion stained"; not altogether free from personal bias. The Easter-tide of 1915 drew near; it was Holy Week; Catholic churches with their mystery and their sorrow attracted her from Palm Sunday onwards. She saw the Procession of the Palms; the oft-repeated chant: "Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord." So Chris had come—in the Name of One who had still to come—Whom Chris knew was coming. On Maundy Thursday she saw the Mystic Washing of Feet by a Prince of the Church in imitation of his Lord's humility, aye, and of his Master's kindness of Heart. She saw the Sacrament, like a dead Christ carried to Its altar of Repose, amid the strewing of flowers and the fuming of incense. And, returning home, she had a letter handed to her. From Alastair. She sobbed till she thought her heart must break, till a dull band of pain came across her forehead and settled there.

"It was all over in a few minutes. . . . He did not suffer much. I went out to where he lay. . . . he just smiled. I got a cushy one and am coming home. Let me see you. I can say more than I can write."

Dreams! All fled in a second of time! Sunshine! Blotted out in one remorseless moment! Only pain, bewilderment, and utter loneliness left. The Church had never known a devotee keep a Good Friday fast more rigidly than this broken-hearted woman, whose lips touched no food from that sad Thursday morning

until the Saturday. From the bitterness of her thoughts she sought refuge once more in the Catholic Cathedral. It made her sorrow worse. All the Images were veiled save the piteous figure of Christ on His Cross; the lamps were extinguished; the Sacrament was gone from the Tabernacle; and the Tabernacle door flung open. The altars were stripped, and through the vast building swept the piercing desolation and grief of a Church mourning for her lost Lord. And in the woman's soul there was a cry: "Is it not Good Friday in thine own heart?"

Alastair Whittaker came to her on the Easter Monday. He had a ribbon on his breast—the ribbon of the Military Medal. All convention was swept aside. She just wept in his arms; he held her patiently till the outburst was over, his own face quivering.

Their conversation was too sacred to be hacked about, and too long for verbal repetition. Till . . .

"You have won an honour, Alastair?"

"Yes," he said lightly. "Just a matter of luck, really."

"Shall I tell you how I think you won it?" she asked him.

He avoided her eyes.

"You went out—when he lay there—and at the risk of your own life tried to bring him in."

He neither denied nor affirmed.

"God will reward you, Alastair." A sob came from her.

"I am already rewarded, Cynthia. He smiled at me before he died."

"I was jealous of you both," she said. "Jealous of his friendship for you right from the start. You got so attached to each other that I seemed left out in the cold. I wanted him all to myself, I am afraid. Yet it was as a sister, a mother that I loved him. As Mary loved the Boy Jesus. After all he belonged to the world, not to me."

"You said you were jealous of me, Cynthia. Did you mean anything by that? Jealous of me! Forgive me, I have no right. . . ."

But her eyes told him that this was not a matter for forgiveness.

* * * * *

In April, 1916, they were married, and at Eastertide, 1917, Alastair managed to get leave again—on urgent family affairs.

He went to her room as one entering a sanctuary; the room was full of beauty and of peace. There was a shrine there: a Great Statue of a Mighty Teacher, a conception which in some subtle way suggested the Indian Krishna and the Christian Christ. Daffodils and white narcissi were piled up about the feet of this superb image. A lamp gleamed like a star among the floral offerings; two sticks of Indian incense sent thin blue streams of scented smoke up into the Majestic Face of the Teacher. Books lay there: The Song Celestial—the one Chris had used, and the Gospel of St. John. Cynthia lay, with eyes closed. He went over to her softly, but not so softly that she did not hear him.

She opened her eyes, and it seemed to him he was looking into the face of an angel.

‘My dearest husband!’ she said, and clasped him round the neck. Then . . .

‘Something wonderful has happened, Alastair. Good Friday has passed; Easter is here.’

He did not quite understand her.

‘I never dreamed of such a thing,’ she went on. ‘It was too amazing, too—impossible! I had a dream last night, Alastair. Chris came to me. In a body made of fire and flowers. Pure and wonderful as an Archangel. He spoke to me, and he called me . . .’ she trembled.

‘He called me *Mother*,’ she whispered. ‘‘Mother, I have come back to you.’ He grew smaller and smaller, till he was no larger than *this*, and exactly the same in appearance.’

She lifted the coverlet of her bed, and showed the tiny babe near her, asleep.

The man kneeled as before some heavenly sacrament.

Cynthia spoke softly to the sleeping babe.

‘Chris!’

The child opened its eyes for one brief moment, then closed them again.

She turned and kissed the bowed head of her husband.

‘You understand—*now!*’ she whispered.

He nodded. Outside stars were clinging to the royal mantle of God: in the room where the Mother and Child were, there was a great Peace.

THE WATCHMAN.

WHAT of the night, watchman, what of the night?
O say, thou gazer at the silent skies,
Is there no sign yet of the Eastern Light
To bless these weary eyes?

Nay, Pilgrim, all the earth lies sleeping still,
And the soft moon shines upon tree and hill.

Good Watchman, what of the night? O wearily
I toss upon my dark and lonely bed,
The slow hours pass like storm-clouds, drearily,
And the moon has fled.

Peace, Pilgrim, Evil is abroad this night,
Angels of darkness strive with spirits of Light.

O Watchman, watchman, tell me, what of the night?
Is it the grey of morning that I see?
Are not the eastern hills now faint with light?
Is there no promise of the dawn to be?

All's well with the Night, O Pilgrim. Lo! afar,
I see the eastern light of Morning's Star.

F. G. P.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE

By ANNA KAMENSKY

THE Sun sends its herald at the dawn, and before we see the King of Day in his glorious beauty we are visited by the first golden and pink rays of Ushas.

Art has also its heralds. Whenever there is a new unfolding of beauty, the message comes to humanity through some of those troubadours whose mission it is to be on the watch-tower and to salute the dawn. It is natural that on the threshold of a new age the Spirit is seeking new forms for its expression, and therefore art has a quite special mission to fulfil, especially in the countries where a new sub-race is to be formed. And so we

see in Russia a most interesting movement, which finds expression in the seeking of artists for new forms and for a new rhythm in art, as it were. We see it in the paintings, especially in the sacred, the temple-art, so to say; we see it in architecture, in poetry, and in a very striking way in the field of music.

The genius of Scriabine and the young Russian school of music have already attracted the attention of the Western world. The work of the Art Circle of the Theosophical Society in Russia is full of great promise, as it has in its midst some remarkable artists, working on new lines, and it is elaborating a most interesting

THE GOLDEN FLOWER

Allégretto à la russe.

p. ben legato

scheme for the future. Its president especially, Madame Alexandra Ounkovsky, the renowned violinist and composer, has a record of wonderful work, and her method, based on colour-sound correspondence, is a true message for the future. She applies it already in the People's Conservatory, where she was appointed a professor some years ago.

The biography of Madame Ounkovsky

not far away from Moscow), and Madame Ounkovsky, especially after the death of her husband, devoted herself entirely to teaching. She gave violin and singing lessons almost the whole day, and at night she came back from town to her old-fashioned house on the border of Kaluga. It stands on a hill, and has a charming view of the river and the woods.

It is at this epoch of her life that she

A PEACEFUL EVENING



is very interesting. Having brilliantly completed the Conservatory course in Petrograd, she began to travel through Russia with her husband, an artist also, and together, having founded an opera-company, they visited the remotest parts of Russia and organised concerts and operas. Many years were spent in this pioneer work. Later on they opened a musical school in Kaluga (a little town

* An article on the same subject is being printed in the *Theosophist*.

began to see pictures when she listened to music, and to hear melodies when she looked at pictures or at a landscape. The sunsets and sunrise especially were to her an ever-increasing delight and joy. She began to make observations, noting the correspondence between colours and sounds, and drawing by and by a whole colour-sound gamut. But when she spoke of her discovery her friends laughed at her, and so she worked in silence and loneliness, afraid to speak of her colour-sound songs and pictures, not quite sure whether she was on a right road. It was then that I met her and that she came in contact with Theosophy.

I was making a tour, travelling and lecturing in Russia, and I came to stay for a few days in Kaluga, where we had already a little branch of some ten members under the presidency of Madame

Helene Pissareff. At one of my lectures Countess Sophie Tolstoï, a member of the Theosophical Society (the daughter-in-law of Count Leo Tolstoï), brought her friend Madame Ounkovsky, with whom she had taken singing lessons. After the lecture we had a friendly talk with members, and suddenly Madame Ounkovsky asked a question about the possibility of a cor-

much-loved professor at the People's Conservatory.

Gradually she has worked out a whole method of teaching based on colour-sounds, which she applies to her pupils with great success. Not only do her pupils learn music well, but they begin to look at life in a new and joyful way, for the first thing she teaches is the science

THE VALSE OF JOY

*Tempo di valde
2/4*

The musical score for 'The Valse of Joy' is presented in three systems. Each system consists of three staves: a treble clef staff for the melody, a bass clef staff for the bass line, and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) for piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di valde' with a 2/4 time signature. The music is in a key with one flat (F major or D minor). The score features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piano accompaniment includes chords and arpeggiated figures.

respondence between colours and sounds. Our interest was aroused at once, and Madame Ounkovsky, seeing our interest and sympathy, began to relate her observations and experiences. From that memorable day she became a member of the Theosophical Society in Russia, and worked with a new courage and joy at her colour-sound music. At present she is living in Petrograd. She is the president of our art circle, and a well-known and

of seeing beauty and of bringing it into one's life. Beauty for her means harmony with law, the good law, which expresses itself as love and wisdom in our life, and as number, colour and sound in nature and in art. Her lessons are full of light and inspiration, and her pupils are so happy that they are sorry to go when the lesson is ended, and they always crowd there long before it is time to begin. She brings pictures and delightful carto-

grammes, through which she explains her method to them, and she strives to develop their intuition.

She relates how she gets her pictures. Looking at nature, say, at a sunset, she

mood of the landscape (peaceful or stormy, melancholy or joyful, &c.), and tries to live in it, so to say. Gradually she begins to hear a certain melody, which she writes down. Then she harmonises it

THE SONG OF THE SEA-GULL



hears some sounds which come always with certain colours. She notices the ground-sounds and then the overtones, ground-sounds and then the over-tones, just as various nuances accompany the main colours. Then she observes the

and composes one of her charming pieces.

She has drawn from her experiences the whole colour-scale, beginning with Do (Red) and ending with Si (Violet), just as in the *Secret Doctrine*. Thus she has the rainbow transmuted into music. She has found later also the correspondence of numbers with sounds and colours. So her scale runs :

1	2	3	4	5
Do	Ré	Mi	Fa	Sol
Red	Orange	Yellow	Green	Blue
	6	7		
	La	Si		
	Dark Blue	Violet		

For her every landscape is a song and every melody is a picture. On the basis of her theory she can sing the snow, the sunrise, the moonshine, etc. She has worked out presently a whole method of teaching music, which has been recognised as a rational and scientific one, and as one which gives wonderful practical results. But to understand her method we must hear some of her songs, which are always illustrated by a picture; for she is also a painter and draws lovely pictures.

Let us give some illustrations:

The first song is called "The Golden Flower."

It is a yellow flower, very much like the Lotus, floating on the water. The sky is very blue, the flower is yellow, and the rising sun illuminates it with pink rays. (Sol, Mi, Do.) The flower is floating on the water, and the music gives the movement of the waves. The poet addresses the flower:

You golden flower, water-flower,
You take birth in the water,
But you bloom over the water.

The mood is tender and contemplative.

The second song is called "A Peaceful Evening."

The sun has set and nature is wrapped in twilight. The colours are dim, all flowers have gone to rest. The poet sings:

A peaceful evening has come,
Everything goes to sleep,
The flowers sleep in the garden,
In the garden, over the river.

The mood is tender and very peaceful.

The third song is called "The Waltz of Joy." This is a joyous song. The spring is coming, everything rejoices and begins to flower. The sunlight is bright, the air

warm and fragrant, the mood happy. Here we have all the bright and tender colours of the spring—beautiful blue, golden, pink, rich green, sweet violet, the whole gamut. The three-measured song, like a waltz, expresses the joy of nature. The poet sings:

How bright, how warm and lovely!
The sunrays pour into the room,
Everything around blooms and sings,
The spring is coming with the sun.

The fourth is a song of the sea-gull.

The sky is very blue, the sun shines brightly, the sea is dark-blue, with a shade of green and violet. The ground notes are: Sol, Mi bemol, La bemol and their over-tones. The sea-gull flies up and down and sings.

The sky is high and blue,
The sea is big and deep;
I will fly up to the sun,
I will throw myself into the sea,
And again I shall fly off to the sun,
High up into the sky.

The sky is high and blue,
The sea is big and deep.

The mood is one of joyful freedom.

Madame Ounkovsky has not only composed songs for children, but also beautiful pieces for the violin, the piano, and orchestra. She has also some prayers and hymns; her Pater Noster was performed at the Theosophical Congress at Stockholm.

Once, in a dream, she saw a beautiful radiant Being, who sang some words from the Gospel. As she woke at dawn, she still heard the solemn melody. She wrote it down with the words of the angels during the Bethlehem night:

Glory to God, high in Heaven,
Peace upon earth,
And good will to men.



THE LINGERING GODS

A Short Study of the Mediæval Legends of the Greek and Roman Deities

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

The Gods re-incarnate as do men, and in the old mythologies we catch distorted glimpses of their functions. In this article we have a collection of stray stories, the growth of misunderstood happenings and local legends.

ANATION'S Pantheon is subject to change, for the gods of the people are the thoughts of the people along spiritual or semi-spiritual lines. They bear a close resemblance to their worshippers since they are both part of the same manifestation. Some of the deities of Greece and Rome were exceedingly amorous. They rejoiced in music and song, in feasting and dancing. They had, according to Homer and other writers, a hand in the wars of their worshippers, while some of the gods were not averse to loving earthly maidens, and seem to have regarded their charms with no less favour than the charms of goddesses. Olympus was a gay mountain rather than a holy one, as we understand the meaning of holy to-day. The gods could perform every kind of miracle except the miracle of absolute fidelity and absolute love. They drank to the full the cup of sensual pleasure, but had they lived to-day as human beings, though they were always more human than divine, they would certainly have spent most of their time in the divorce court. These merry deities reflected unbridled material joys with immortality in which to gratify their passions. They served their day and purpose. They brooded lovingly over Nature, made religion joyous, and called forth the best in art and literature. Though the great forces of spiritual change have deposed them, they linger still.

It will be remembered that in ancient times the Titans broke loose, and, "piling

Pelion on Ossa," stormed Olympus and compelled the gods to seek shelter on earth. Many went to Egypt and avoided detection by assuming the forms of animals or some other kind of metamorphosis. Driven from their sacred mountain, no longer presiding over their temples and watching the pouring out of the blood of sacrifice, they led a precarious and most humiliating existence. Their noon-day glory had passed away and they had reached the beginning of the Twilight of the Gods.

That Twilight was destined to become still more uncompromising, for, in the third century after Christ, Christianity lit such a beacon-fire of spiritual consolation that all other fires, including the Twilight of the Gods, were in danger of being finally extinguished, or, as we prefer to express it, swallowed up in the greater glory of a greater truth. The message of Christ had nothing to do with dance and song and merry potations of ambrosia. It was the Way of the Cross, of renunciation, of losing one's life to gain it. The ancient gods found themselves in a sad predicament. The victory of the Titans was bad enough, but with the conquest of Christ the deities of Greece and Rome found themselves tottering over an abyss from which there was little chance of escape. A spiritual wind was blowing hard against them. It made them totter and reel, and not all Jove's thunderbolts or all the wisdom of Minerva or all the sweet music of Apollo could check for a moment the inevitable change.

It is worth noting that those third century monks, whose duty it was to spread the Christian faith, did not regard the old gods as mere figments of a pagan imagination, neither did the Roman Church scorn to adopt certain pagan ritual. They realised that the gods of Greece and Rome had once been extremely potent influences, and might conceivably regain their former power if they were not very stringently dealt with. The priests of Christ sought out the old deities, made use of fire and exorcism, and razed the pagan temples. Once more the ancient gods became refugees. They were compelled to earn a living in Germany and elsewhere. The once mighty Apollo became a shepherd in Lower Austria ; but while mixing with cattle-breeders he occasionally threw discretion to the winds and began to sing. A monk chanced to hear him, and struck by the marvellous sweetness of the shepherd's song and also by his beauty, he had no hesitation in proclaiming him to be one of the old pagan deities. On the rack he confessed that he was Apollo. Before he was executed he requested that he might be allowed to sing to the accompaniment of a zither. This favour was granted, but the performance was so wonderful and the beauty of his face and form was so enchanting that many women loved him as they watched and listened. They afterwards sickened on account of the intensity of their passion. Apollo was duly executed and buried. It was thought by the ecclesiastical authorities that Apollo in his grave had become a vampire. It was believed that if his body was removed and impaled upon a stake the sick women would recover ; but when a band of monks went to the grave they found it empty.

There are dismal legends of Mars during mediæval times. It is said that he served as a peasant under Froudsberg and witnessed with unspeakable agony the storming of Rome and the laying waste of that great city. In East Friesland we find stories of the later history of Mercury, disguised as a prosperous Dutchman, who on certain occasions, Charon not being available, conveyed a boatful of souls to what was known as White Island, also

called Brea or Britannia. Heine, to whose essay, "Gods in Exile," I am much indebted, writes : "Does this perhaps refer to White Albion, to the chalky cliffs of the English coast? It would be a very humorous idea if England was designated as the land of the dead, as the Plutonian realm, as hell. In such a form, in truth, England has appeared to many a stranger." Does Mercury row his boat to-day? If so, then the souls of many brave British soldiers would fain cross to the White Island for a last farewell.

After the second great rout of the gods, legend reports that Bacchus dwelt somewhere in the Tyrol. There he led a kind of dual existence, becoming, as opportunity served, alternately a god and Christian monk. He had, as we shall see, anticipated Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* with a startling and original difference.

By the side of a large lake in the Tyrol stood a hut. Here a young fisherman lived who earned a modest livelihood by fishing and rowing travellers across the lake. On one occasion, during the autumnal equinox, he was suddenly awakened by a sound of knocking on his window. Never before had travellers wished to cross the lake at so late an hour. When he opened the door he was surprised to see three closely-muffled monks. They did not require his services, but wished to borrow his boat. He complied with their request, unfastened the vessel, and retired to bed. In a few hours the monks returned. One of the party pressed a silver coin into the fisherman's hands. The young man shivered, for the touch of the monk's fingers was as cold as ice.

Every year, precisely at the same time, the priests returned on their mysterious mission, and always the fisherman experienced a sensation of horror when a coin was thrust into his hand by fingers devoid of a warm, human touch. The fisherman had already received six visits from these strange monks, and as the seventh autumn approached, stirred by curiosity, he was determined to discover their secret. He accordingly placed a pile of nets in the boat, which would secure him a safe hiding-place. Thus concealed,

he was resolved to cross the lake with the visitors, and learn if possible the nature of their enterprise.

Once again the hooded travellers came to the hut and demanded the boat. Unobserved the fisherman stepped into the vessel and hid himself among the nets. As a rule it took an hour to cross from one side of the lake to the other, but to the surprise of the fisherman the voyage that night seemed to take only a few minutes. The fisherman was still more surprised when on peeping from his hiding-place he saw a forest-glade which, though familiar with every inch of the lake and its surroundings, he had never seen before. There was something ghostly about that forest-glade dotted with flowers like no flowers that ever grew in the Tyrol. Lamps hung from the trees, roses glowed in vases, and hundreds of men and women, either lightly attired or not attired at all, were making merry in the tall lush grass. They wore wreaths of vine-leaves, either natural or made of gold and silver, and vine-branches were twined round golden staffs.

The joyous company of youths and maidens, all with strangely white faces, hastened to welcome the new-comers. The fisherman, trembling beneath his nets, saw one of the priests withdraw his cowl, revealing a repulsive face and sharply-pointed goat-ears. The second monk discarded his monastic robe and a bald-headed fellow with grossly distended belly stepped on shore. The remaining monk also thrust aside his garment and with a laugh tossed his crucifix and rosary into the boat. He stood forth clad in a robe that shone with the brilliance of a rare diamond. His lips were delicately curved, his limbs were rounded, and his waist was as slender as that of a young girl. He had no sooner entered the forest than the women caressed him, crowned him with an ivy-wreath, and flung a leopard-skin upon his shoulders. The astonished and terrified fisherman, who by this time had crept on shore, saw a chariot drawn by two lions. He saw the youth of dazzling robe and lovely countenance step into it and drive off with a shout of laughter, while men and women followed him, drinking from time to time

from a large wine-cup. The triumphant chariot was preceded by a company of youths and maidens who played upon flutes and tambourines, triangles and trumpets.

The fisherman was witnessing, without knowing it, a Bacchanalia. He had looked upon Dionysius, seen the lewd antics of Bacchantes, Fauns, and Satyrs. He saw a Mænad lean far back, exulting in her wantonness. He saw the Corybantes piercing their bodies with swords, finding a sensual joy in pain. He listened to wild mad music that seemed to turn his blood into a consuming fire. Sick with horror and disgust, he managed to grope his way back to the boat and creep beneath the nets. Presently the monks returned, put on their monastic robes, and, concealing their faces, pulled for the fisherman's hut. We are told that the fisherman managed to get out of the boat and conceal himself behind a clump of willows without being observed. When he had taken the usual payment the monks departed.

These strange adventures had deeply and very unpleasantly impressed the simple-minded fisherman. He had witnessed scenes that to him savoured of the Evil One, and for the sake of his soul he deemed it expedient to go to a neighbouring Franciscan monastery and there to receive absolution for his folly. When he met the superior of the monastery he was horrified to find that he was no other than the comely youth who had ridden in the golden chariot. The superior, having listened to the fisherman's story, addressed him as "Beloved in Christ," dismissed the tale as a drunken dream, and advised the poor trembling fellow to be more sparing with wine in future. Having also advised the fisherman not to repeat the story, he bade him go to the monastery kitchen where he would receive light refreshment. Here he recognised the butler and cook as the other two monks who had joined in the orgie.

In a distant island, known as the Island of Rabbits, the crew of a Russian whaling-vessel discovered an exceedingly old man dressed in rabbit skins. They found him sitting before a brushwood fire and beside him a much battered eagle denuded of

plumage save for a few quills on its wings. His other companion was a hairless goat with prominent udders.

When a Greek sailor commenced to talk, the old man suddenly rose from his stone seat. His head almost touched the roof, and, in spite of his great age, there was something of kingly dignity about him. He called the Greek sailor his countryman, and with glowing eyes mumbled the names of old Greek cities, names which none of the sailors had ever heard before. The old man went on to describe with enthusiasm and remarkable detail some of the bays, mountains, rivers and peninsulas of Greece. He lingered over his account lovingly, tenderly.

One Greek sailor chanced to talk of the place where he was born, of a ruined temple where he used to wander looking at figures carved on marble. He went on to inform the old man concerning a holloved stone, which was once used for the blood of sacrifice, and which had many a time served him as a receptacle for pig's-wash!

As soon as the sailor had finished speaking the old man sank into his chair with a groan and began to weep most pitifully, while the bird, with a loud cry, commenced to attack the crew, and the goat to lick the old man's hand.

The sailors, horrified by what they had seen, hurriedly left the island. When on board, a learned Russian, who had been told the story, said that the old man was undoubtedly Jupiter, the bird no other than the eagle who had once carried his thunderbolts, and the goat Jupiter's old nurse, Althea, who had suckled him in Crete. The god revered by Homer, sculptured by Phidias, the terror of the world when in an angry mood, beloved of many, many goddesses, is forced to wear a mantle of rabbit skins, to sit in a lonely island half hidden by icebergs!

The old gods have indeed fallen. It was destined that they should fall. Let us honour them still. The Twilight of the Gods is rapidly disappearing. The pale primrose light will soon fade away and a new dawn will end their long pathetic lingering. We are bound for a Holy Mountain that is not Olympus, for a country that is not Greece. We see a Light that is not a thunderbolt of Jove. We hear a Song that is far sweeter than the songs Apollo used to sing. The old gods are nodding in the Twilight, and soon they will fall asleep never to wake again. We have heard the Voice of One greater than they, and having heard it we do not run back into the pagan past but with great joy step forward into a new day.



THREE GATES OF GOLD

IF you are tempted to reveal a tale
 Some one to you has told
 About another,
 Make it pass, before you speak,
 Three Gates of Gold—
 Three narrow gates :

Then you the tale may tell,
 Nor fear what
 The result may be.

First, *Is it true?* Then, *Is it needful?*
 And the next is last
 And narrowest, *Is it kind?*
 And, if at last, to leave your lips,
 It passes through
 These gateways three,

N. T. K.

JUDGE NEIL'S NOTIONS

By *GEORGE BERNARD SHAW*

BY a happy coincidence the moment at which the United States threw themselves into the European struggle to destroy life was that in which they threw themselves also into the European struggle to save it. President Wilson was the protagonist of the first operation and Judge Henry Neil of the other. But the conditions of the conflict differ. The killing was regarded in England as glorious, and was being conducted with prodigious energy; the saving was regarded as impertinent, and was being very vigorously and even indignantly obstructed. Even the argument that England could have had a million more soldiers if she had been willing to spend even a pound a head on keeping them alive until they were one year old had little effect, possibly because, as they would have been killed anyhow, it did not seem to matter much. Besides, there are such a lot of other things to worry about.

Judge Neil had the great advantage of having no other business in England than to save the babies. Also he seemed to know by instinct what the Germans had demonstrated at enormous expense in Berlin by the institution of the Empress Augusta's House, where children are given all the costly advantages that can be conferred on them by an institution which is exhibited to all Europe as a model of its kind and a wonder of the very latest scientific hygiene and baby culture, with the remarkable result that a child brought up on the mud floor of a Connaught cabin can have had its life insured at a much lower rate than a Kaiserin Augusta child if anybody should happen to think of insuring it at all. Judge Neil, a man of powerful originality, conceived the startling notion that as a child must, after all, be looked after by somebody until a trustworthy combined incubator, stomach pump, and vacuum cleaner is invented, that somebody may as well be the child's mother. He proposed, in short, to tear

the children from the aching arms of the official guardians of the poor and the beadle, and fling them naked on the maternal breast. Unnatural as it seemed, the notion had its good points. It was much cheaper; and the children did not die of it as they did in the constricting caresses of the official custodians. Within reason, even a bad mother is better than a good beadle.

Judge Neil had another fresh idea. He did not dispute the rule that "the poor in a loomp is bad." When the poor mother was trotted out and exhibited as necessarily a bad mother, he pointed out with the simplicity of Columbus that the way to get over her poverty, and consequently her badness, was to give her some money. When the experiment was only half a success in America he said, "Give her twice as much money," which being done, the experiment became wholly successful. There was no mystery about the matter: you take a woman whose child is a crushing burden to her, and you make it a source of revenue. You get rid of the very objectionable sort of child stealer called an Uplifter, and make the child the uplifter and the mother the uplifted, a process which, as the mother carries the child, ends in the child being uplifted too.

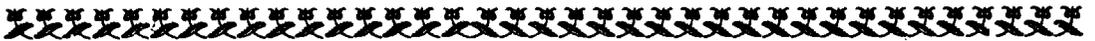
Mothers' Pension is a popular title; but it is not an exact one. As the pension is not given to a mother who has lost her children, it is clearly a child's pension for which the mother is made trustee; and it is well to insist on this so as to be prepared for the case of the trustee proving untrustworthy. When Judge Neil came to England he found, among the other eccentric arrangements of this most unreasonable country, that we had actually instituted Old Age Pensions without ever thinking of the far more pressing need for Young Age Pensions, and he set himself to persuade us that we had begun at the wrong end. A still crazier discovery was that a woman with illegitimate children could by

a familiar every-day process of law obtain a pension of five shillings a week for each child provided she selected the father from the well-to-do class which can afford such luxuries. No doubt this arrangement tends to abolish class hatred by encouraging affectionate relations between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie; but Judge Neil could not be made to understand why a respectable married woman, struggling to bring up six children, should have a starvation pittance doled out to her with every circumstance of bitter, humiliating, and continuous insult, whilst a less scrupulous one should have twice as much

without any worse ordeal than facing just once a smile from a magistrate and his staff.

The Judge makes helps instead of hindrances of these anomalies. They enable him to show us what fools we are in a good-humoured manner. He is gaining ground here as he did in his own country. The right idea only needed the right man to drive it; and Judge Henry Neil seems to be the right man.

Judge Neil will continue his Mothers' Pension Campaign, with headquarters at the Strand Palace Hotel, London, until Christmas.



THE AUSTRALIAN SCHEME

By JUDGE HENRY NEIL

Judge Henry Neil, of Chicago, Father of the Mothers' Pension System, has made his headquarters in London at the Strand Palace Hotel, and from this centre he is speaking at meetings all over the country in explanation of his scheme, which has been adopted in thirty of the States of North America. We published an interview with Judge Neil last June, together with his photograph.

IN the Commonwealth of Australia, amongst much of the most advanced legislation that has been produced anywhere in the world for the social happiness of a people, there exists a measure which, five years ago, was brought into existence without much publicity, with the engaging modesty that characterises the Australian when he tackles a big subject.

The Australian Maternity Allowance is a thing which stands by itself. It is unique. It is a free gift of the nation to those to whom it is ever in debt, the mothers of its children. The method of the grant is delightfully simple. To every woman who gives birth to a child, either in Australia or on board a ship proceeding from one port to another in the territories of the Commonwealth, a sum of £5 is paid by the Commonwealth Treasury. Most State grants are loaded with many "buts." The Maternity Allowance has only those which are needed to safeguard it from imposition. It asks for no contribution from the recipient, either before or after the event. Simply it is laid down

that it shall be payable only to women who are inhabitants of Australia or intend to settle in that favoured country. And the Allowance is naturally made only in respect of a child born alive, or one that is certified to as being, in the medical term, "viable"—i.e., one capable of sustaining life. But the essential point of the scheme is that the money is paid to the mother. Around her person circles the whole principle of the measure. For, in their wisdom, the Australian statesmen have laid it down as a safe formula that a mother should be provided with the means necessary to protect her own health and that of the future citizens of Australia in the best interests of the Commonwealth. And, further, that in the providing of this simple humanitarian comfort there shall not attach to it any stigma of charity; for such a condition would be the surest kind of insult to the independent pride of the Australian people.

Simple means are provided for conveying the money to the mother. A minimum number of documents is presented, in ordinary cases, for the certificate of the

mother's attendant. Where the child is not born alive, or dies within twelve hours after birth, a medical certificate (unless the case be exceptional) must be furnished, certifying that the child was a viable child.

The Act of the Federal Parliament which initiated the grant was introduced in 1912 by the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Andrew Fisher, now the High Commissioner of his country in London. He had, of course, to meet a great deal of public opposition. There is in Australia, as in all countries, a considerable section of conservative thought that is naturally opposed to anything new. This section naturally opposed the new measure. But, strangely enough, the most vehement opposition came from the Churches. It was not confined to any one Church either. Anglican as well as Nonconformist regarded it as a "premium upon vice." However, the prelates notwithstanding,

the Act was placed upon the Statute Book. The progress of its results is instructive. In the first year of its operation, 1913, 83,475 claims were paid, amounting to £412,375; in 1914, 134,998 claims, amounting to £674,990; in 1915, 138,855 claims, amounting to £694,275; in 1916, 131,943 claims, amounting to £659,715. And it should be remembered, always as a record in such matters, that the cost of administration amounts to something like 1½ per cent. So that it may be established that the Allowance is availed of by all classes in Australia. It is administered at a minimum of expense, and with a maximum of facility. And it is incontestable that already it has saved uncounted suffering, has promoted previously unrealised comfort, and has raised motherhood in Australia to the level of definite national recognition.

INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

SWITZERLAND.

June, 1917.

THE work of the year ended last Sunday with an open meeting held in the large lecture room of the Theosophical Society.

Our members' roll has increased this year (actually 280), the Order spreading for the first time in Eastern Switzerland.

The work has been going on steadily, different activities have begun as the natural outgrowth of our joyful hope, and groups of all kinds meet now in the "Star Room," planning present and future work. One of our groups is busy with the study of the "Montessori method" and with "Education as Service"; another has taken up the "Œuvre du Vestiaire," providing poor people with garments of all kinds.

Four of us have opened a vegetarian restaurant under the name of "The Star

Dinner." We are most happy with the result, as fifty to sixty people come to us daily, mostly artists, teachers, and women of the middle class, who are unable to live on their small income in the present difficult conditions.

A small, blue-papered drawing-room, with cosy arm-chairs, allows them a short rest after their meal.

Every Saturday afternoon, at five, we hold our "activity meeting," where proposals or schemes are discussed and where our members can put forth any idea they have concerning the work of the Order.

May the humble seed sown in Switzerland with love and devotion grow and bear fruits, and may days of intense Service come for our small country, who has to help Europe in such a special way in the actual war.

MARIE-LOUISE BRANDT,
National Representative of the
Order of the Star in the East.



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The Herald of the Star

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September, 1917

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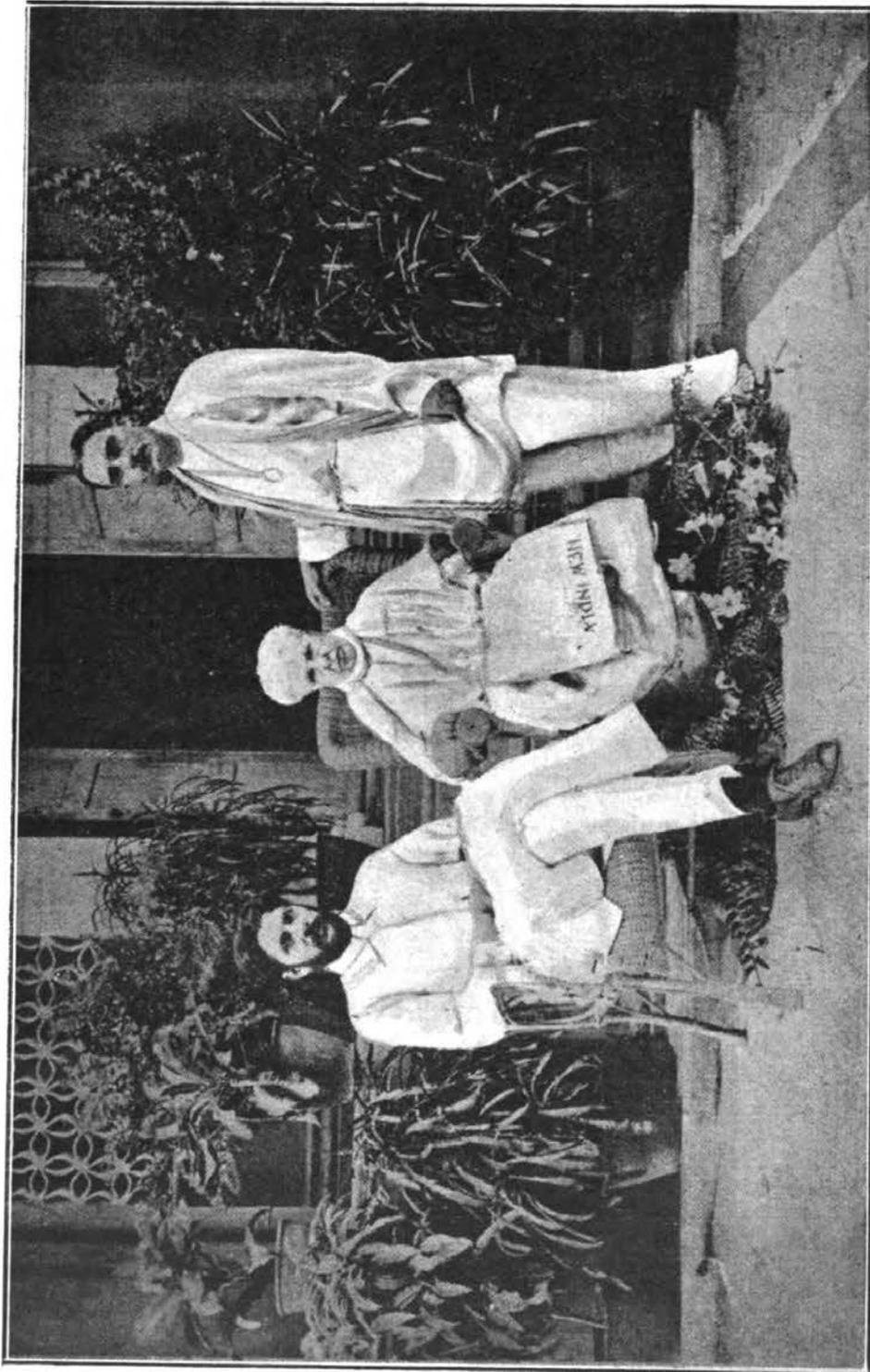
As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East may stand.

This Magazine may be obtained through any of the Officers of the Order of the Star in the East. Great Britain, 6d.; America, 15 cents;

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B. P. WADIA. ANNIE BESANT. G. S. ARUNDALE

INTERNED JUNE 16, 1917, FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE.

"Kindly convey my heartfelt sympathy and gratitude to Mrs. Besant and tell her that her martyrdom for the cause of suffering humanity will produce more good than any small favour that might have been thrown to us to silence our clamour."—SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.



IN THE STARLIGHT

By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.

WE are devoting a considerable portion of our magazine this month to the question of Trade Unionism. An important Trade Union Conference will be held in London during September, and our members should try and study the questions which will there come up for discussion, as they all have a vital bearing on the future.

As we hope that many who are not members of this Order will be receiving our magazine this month, for their benefit I propose in these notes to cover once again old ground as regards our own members, and to reiterate the principles of this Order and the work it has to accomplish in the world.

To whatever religion in the world we turn, we find in all alike a tradition of the existence of great Spiritual Beings, those great Sons of God who are truly human and yet divine, who represent for the men and women of those particular faiths the highest and noblest 'deals of the human heart; those Elder Brethren of the race who come periodically to teach this tired old world how God would lead man's life.

In Western lands the name of the Christ embodies for His followers all of sweetness, strength and wisdom that the human heart can contain. But few Christians realise that, dear as their Master is to them, equally dear to their brethren in the East are the sacred names of the Lord

Buddha, Shri Krishna, the Prophet of Arabia, or Zoroaster.

However far back we go in the study of religious history, ever these Mystic Figures loom before our eyes, august and beautiful, speaking to man of the divine possibilities of his own nature, affirming anew the age-long truth that because all men are one in essence, so all men shall, in course of time, reach to the "measure of the stature" of the redeemed and glorified sons of Light.

If this tradition holds true of the past, is it unreasonable to speculate on the possibility of such a Life being once more lived among men in the present or the future? Has Humanity so thoroughly learnt all its lessons that it has passed beyond the need of further teaching? Surely not. Can we say as yet that Brotherhood and Co-operation are the ruling factors in men's lives? This war alone would give the lie to such a statement. It is, indeed, a significant fact that for some years past men's minds all over the world seem to have been turning towards the possibility, nay, more, the probability, of the advent of one of these great Elder Brothers of the race. Men saw how much in the world was out of joint; how, in spite of the increase of fabulous wealth and luxury, on the one hand, there was a corresponding increase of poverty and misery on the other hand. It has been well

said that "the tears of the poor and the miserable undermine the thrones of kings," and for those who had the open vision this mighty modern civilisation was seen to be crumbling like the civilisation of the past under the weight of poverty and misery produced by its mad race for material gain. Is it any wonder that there were prophets and seers who, believing that the spiritual was the only real, looked for the coming to earth again of a Son of God to lead his people out of the wilderness of selfishness and greed into the promised land of Love and Brotherhood?

It was in response to that world-wide expectation that this Order of the Star in the East was founded to draw into one body all those who shared this hope, no matter under what form it was expressed.

We believe that a Great Teacher will soon appear in the world, and we wish so to live now that we may be worthy to know Him when He comes.

Note how very broad and comprehensive is the first Principle of our Order. We do not seek to define *who* this Great Teacher will be, or the manner, time, or method of His appearing. We name Him by no name, and for to name is to limit and define, and there can be no limitation to the heart's ideal. Too often we quarrel with each other over the labels we affix to our ideals, and while worshipping in reality the same Spirit, we condemn our brother for the form in which he seeks to clothe that Spirit. In our Order we have members of every religion in the world, and were we to begin to dogmatise as to the particular form which the Great Teacher will wear, or the name by which He will be known among men, we should all start quarrelling. Wiser is it to concentrate our thoughts on a spiritual ideal, to learn of the ideals of others, and what they mean to them, to rid ourselves of prejudices which blind the eyes to Truth.

Many Christians to-day believe that all the signs of the times are a fulfilment of those prophecies which the Christ made to His disciples, indicating the signs which should precede His second coming. It is difficult to read the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew and not be struck by the extraordinary similarity between the con-

ditions He outlines and those that prevail in the world to-day. No wonder that in the midst of the misery and bloodshed and horrors of the present time there are yet to be found those who can "lift up their heads and rejoice" because their "salvation draweth nigh." He will come as of old to them that "sit in darkness and the shadow of death," with comfort and healing in His hands. He will come, our Great Emmanuel, to bring Peace and Love to this war-stricken world.

But not only do Christians look for the coming of their Master; but in other lands and among other races the preparation grows even more rapidly. In India, the Holy Land, ever ready to give welcome to saint and Rishi, the message of our Order spreads by leaps and bounds. The Hindu has always taught of great cycles of time, following upon each other, guided in their evolution by God-inspired Teachers and Leaders. So to him it is natural to see in this world-war the closing of one cycle, the opening of a new, and all his traditions point to a spiritual advent which shall inaugurate the new age.

In Buddhist lands the word has gone forth that the great Rishi Maitreya the Bodhisattva, the Lord of Compassion, will shortly come to earth to heal and bless the nations. In Burma a Buddhist monk is preaching of the coming of the Great One, and thousands follow his teaching and are striving to live in preparation for the great event. In Thibet the Teshu Lama has commanded the erection of an immense figure of the Maitreya Bodhisattva to be covered with gold leaf, the offerings of the faithful, who hope their pious work will be completed at the coming of the Lord.

So from East and West and North and South the cry goes up, "How long, O Lord, how long?" and the answer rings forth over the world, "When ye have made ready, then I come."

That, then, is the purpose of this Order of the Star in the East—to proclaim the coming of a Great Spiritual Teacher, and to prepare the world to welcome Him when He shall come.

How can He help us? What can one

man, however divine, do to heal the world's pain? Why do we want fresh teaching when we have not begun to live the old? These questions naturally spring to the mind. It is true we have not begun to live the old teaching, which is true for all time, and why? Because we evade our responsibilities by saying, "When Christ came to earth He knew nothing of the complications of modern civilisation; He had not to deal with any of the problems of our complex modern life. His teaching is beautiful, possible of application, perhaps, for a primitive, pastoral people, impossible in this hustling, bustling world of to-day, where if a man attempted to live in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount he would be swept into the gutter." If a Truth is ever true, it must be always true; if Love and Brotherhood be God's laws for His children, they can be applied to modern problems as well as to the most ancient. And so the Teacher comes not to give fresh teaching, but to show us how to apply the eternal principles to this modern world with all its problems and complications. "Love is the fulfilling of the law," all law, human and divine, to-day as truly as yesterday. What we need is to have amongst us One who can speak with authority and not as the scribes; one who *knows*, and does not merely *believe*; one who is Love incarnate.

Could one man, even divinely inspired, influence the world to-day? Yes, surely, for the world is united to-day, as never before, by train and steamship, post and telegraph. An important speech uttered by a great statesman in one continent is before nightfall the property of the humblest reader of a newspaper in another hemisphere. Time and space have been abolished by the marvels of modern science. To-day, as never before, may there ring through the world "a voice which shall call the sons of men together."

But shall we recognise that greatness which is of the Spirit and not of the flesh? or are we of those who shall mock and add our parrot-cry of "impostor" to the herd? If history repeats itself, it is not by outward signs that we shall know Him; He comes not as a King crowned in

glory; a monarch clothed in the panoply of rank. Rather are we likely to stumble over the old difficulty of familiarity. "Such a one a Teacher! Why, we have always known *that* man; his parentage and antecedents are of doubtful origin. Don't you remember such and such a rumour spread about him, the awful things that so-and-so said? No, we are not to be taken in by an impostor like that."

So do we ever build nice comfortable walls of conventionality and respectability around us, shutting out the truth that might shake us from our pleasant dream.

The Christ has become glorified with the glamour of the ages upon Him; but I often wonder if those who glorify Him to-day would have owned His companionship in the flesh. An Eastern Jew, one of a despised and downtrodden race, a carpenter, a dangerous social reformer, going about preaching sedition among the peoples, the associate of outcasts and criminals and harlots, a very low character indeed, and to add to his other misdeeds, he poses as a spiritual teacher! Clearly a man who is mad and has a devil, and who should be destroyed.

I don't think our respectable Christians of to-day would welcome back such a Christ—He might disturb their complacency and self-esteem! Just because we all have so many prejudices—and it is prejudice more than anything else which blinds our eyes to truth—it is good sometimes, I think, to imagine, as a hypothesis merely, if you will, the possibility of Christ's return, and see whether there are any circumstances under which He might appear which would make it difficult for us to recognise Him.

We think, for instance, that He would certainly be a Christian, and yet to what particular sect in the Christian Church would He choose to belong? If He came as a Catholic, Protestants would reject Him; if as a Protestant, he would be rejected by Catholics and Protestants alike, except by the particular sect to which He adhered. Or supposing He came not as a Christian at all, but as the adherent of one of the more ancient of the world's faiths? Christians would be far

more concerned with trying to convert Him than in learning from Him.

If He came from the East, the home of spirituality, the East which has sent forth all the world's great Teachers, would His greatness be recognised in the form of a despised coloured man? Would the proud and arrogant people of the West sit at the feet of a coloured man to drink at Wisdom's spring? In some of the British Colonies He would not even be allowed to land.

Or assume the possibility that, this being the woman's age, the Great One might clothe Himself in a woman's body. There is no sex to the soul; the vehicle which is used is for the expression only of the Truth within. Should we be ready to accept a woman's place in our midst as the supreme Teacher? Would the Church welcome to its pulpits and altars the Master as a woman?

We all may hold our own ideals, our own conceptions of how Christ's second coming may take place, beautiful and sacred dreams which fill our hearts with peace and gladness. Far more important is it to study the dreams of others, and to let our imagination dwell on possibilities which evoke our prejudices and anti-

pathies, for then shall we widen our hearts and minds till we have no prejudices left, but can look at Truth with the open vision.

The Supreme Teacher of Angels and men must of necessity be infinitely greater and more wonderful than any conceptions we may hold of Him. In this preparation time we can at least practise how to stretch and expand our spiritual imagination that every day we may embrace a wider field of Truth. Only as we learn to vibrate truly to every note of spirituality which is struck in any form can we really hope to answer to the call of the Highest. We do not want a Christ on anyone else's authority; indeed, He will be no Christ for us unless our recognition of Him comes from the soul within. But in one way, and one way only, can we be certain that such recognition will be ours, and that is by studying His image in the world around us, His likeness in the hearts of our fellow-men.

So the message of this Order of the Star is all the time a message of Love—Love to the Master for whose coming we prepare, and Love to the brethren in whose hearts that Master is always imaged.

NOTES ON SOME OF THIS MONTH'S WRITERS

MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD is one of the foremost champions of the claims of the woman employed in industry, and has devoted a considerable portion of her life to organising women into Trade Unions. She is an authority on the Trades Boards Act, and has been a considerable thorn in the side of the Ministry of Munitions in her attempts to gain equal pay for women rendering the same services as men. An ardent Socialist, she is identified with the Independent Labour Party, on whose National Administrative Council she sits. She is a well-known speaker at all the great gatherings of the Labour world.

Mr. G. D. H. Cole, who is a fellow of Magdalen, represents a type of young man that was coming more into evidence previous to the war. University men were taking a more practical interest in social politics and were identifying themselves with the actual claims of organised labour. He is the author of two standard works on modern industrial conditions: *The World of Labour* and *Labour After the War*.

Mr. George Barker is a member of the Executive Council of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain and of the South Wales Miners' Federation. He is miners' agent for the Abertillery District of Monmouthshire, and is, therefore, charged with the business of negotiating with the employers in this district on all matters affecting the workmen.

THREESCORE AND TEN

A Biographical Fragment

By JAMES H. COUSINS

In this article, Mr. Cousins, who is now Vice-Principal of the Theosophical College, Madanapalle, sketches the picturesque background of humanity and nature against which the life of the Protector of the Order of the Star moves from day to day and from night to night, as she traverses India on her mission of religious, educational, and social regeneration in preparation for the coming of the World Teacher.

IN India you measure railway journeys otherwise than by distance.

"Tirupati is only a rupee from here"—one shilling and fourpence—a student informed me as an inducement to climbing over seven hills at 140 degrees in the sun to the specially holy shrine of an avatar of Vishnu. Usually, however, the measure is, "You get there tomorrow," which leaves a good margin for the washing of innumerable rows of pearly teeth at sunrise at a station pump, the said teeth being surrounded by the lineal and orthodox descendants of the beard of the prophet, Mohammad, surmounted by a scarlet fez, or by the shaven face and head of the Hindu, with or without a white linen turban.

The Malabar coast, on the west of the Indian peninsula, is within the "tomorrow" radius from both Madras and Madanapalle. Calicut—the landing-place of the first European by sea, Vasco da Gama—is a little over four hundred miles from both. The railway time is about twenty-four hours, which is not exceeding the limit; but I found a new unit of measurement, a purgatorio which fell incontinently into an inferno, and ended in—

But I anticipate.

I had accepted an invitation to preside over the first Malabar Students' Conference, and left Madanapalle for the station, seven miles off, on Saturday, April 21, at one in the afternoon, by jutka—that is, a flat-floored thing on two wheels with a half-moon roof of plaited coconut palm-leaves, drawn at a furious

zigzag, and in an occasional nervous circle, by a wiry pony over bumpy roads.

In rural India one always reaches the railway station an hour before the time table and the train always starts an hour after. This makes the first stage of the journey five hours to the junction of Pakala. Here you change from one local line to another, and after a further three hours reach Katpadi, where you change for the main line from Madras to the west. It is eleven o'clock at night, and you have done about seventy miles in ten hours. The platform is strewn with what appear to be human beings, stretched stiff, and wrapped in sheets. They are not mummies, or the *débris* of a battle, but Indians whiling away the hours between trains in slumber.

In an hour the Western mail comes in, fizzing and important, and there is a hurried, garrulous and variegated resurrection. A compartment marked II. stopped conveniently opposite my pile of *samans* (baggage). One bench had a sleeper stretched upon it: the other was vacant. The door was locked, and my energetic efforts to open it (in the way in which hurried male persons keep working at a door that they know to be locked) awakened the sleeper. The figure slowly arose, and a voice that aroused a hundred echoes in memory and affection said,

"Wait a moment, please."

Imagine saying "please" at midnight when awakened out of sleep! In the dimness of the carriage a head was seen, with white hair that was either a little too long for a man or much too short for a

woman : then I saw it was *she*, she whom thousands in the West love under the formal title of "Mrs. Besant," but whom thousands in the East revere as the "Mother" Vasanta, spring.

I apologised for the disturbance. She explained that it was quite natural, and would probably occur at every station except those at which the platform was on the other side of the carriage on which the notice was fixed showing that the carriage, owing to a crush at Madras, had been promoted to first class, and was "Ladies only." I had to rush to find a seat, and whirled through the following dialogue (*staccato, agitato*) with the guard :

"Second?"

"Full."

"What shall I do?"

"Wait for the next."

"And if it is full!" (This sarcastic, as the next was half a day later.)

"Wait for the one after that."

"No thirds?"

"Full." (This turned out to be false.)

"Floor?"

"Stacked with *samans*."

The coolie who was in charge of my baggage—a lithe, young bronze statue dressed in a piece of rag, came to me smiling. He had found a space for one in a third-class carriage labelled "Europeans and Eurasians." Then began the purgatorio stage. A young man's feet banged against one side of me as he lay stretched in a fidgety sleep; on my other side was an empty space opening to the next compartment. I could not lean against the feet. I could not lean against the space. To lean back against bare boards in a jolting train is not easy; to lean forward on *samans* packed shakily on the floor, and incapable of adjustment, is no easier. But somehow I kept hold on a sense of humour, and felt dimly through the drowsiness and fatigue that it was good to be there, with *her* at the other end. In my wakeful sleepiness scraps of memory detached themselves from the darkness. I saw a vast amphitheatre packed with the choicest souls of a great metropolis. A small, white-clad, short, white-haired lady came on to the

platform. The people rose, hushed in reverence. . . . A long flight of stairs led up through the smell of printer's ink. She was in front of me, her bent but strong body poised on small shapely feet, a brown case in her hand. I came on behind feeling the stress of a rapid ascent in the tropics. At the top she paused, turned to me, and with a jaunty smile said,

"I sha'n't die of heart disease."

Then she sat in her editorial chair and worked with practically no cessation from 9.30 till 4.30. At five she was on the top of a high wall giving instructions about a building for young men, since completed; half an hour later she put off her shoes on the threshold of a sick Indian to whom she was taking comfort and medical care. . . . I smiled as I recalled a paragraph from an illustrated Sunday London paper by a journalist whose articles were advertised as epoch-making, but who was so far removed from knowledge of the things that make epochs that he referred to her as being away from all activity for humanity and sitting on some Himalayan peak with Mahatmas in a state of perpetual meditation—so far from, and yet, in a sense that some know, how near to the truth. . . . And there she was crossing India from east to west, as she had done from north to south, and in every possible direction, time after time, putting more travel, and work between 4 a.m. and 10 p.m., into a week than many another busy person would put into a month—and all on the verge of seventy.

Purgatorio ended in two hours at Jalarpet, the junction for Bangalore, but it ended on the down grade. I had struck the Anglo-Indian exodus from the plains to the hills. A horde of men, women and children stormed the whole length of the train and captured it by sheer weight of numbers and incalculable stacks of tin trunks, rolled-up bedding, tea-baskets, gun-cases, and other adjuncts to several months of leisurely life at Ootacamund, 7,500 feet up the Nilgiri Hills.

Then the inferno began. We were twenty, in a space that should only have had six sleepers, on a summer night near

the Equator. A soldier who had been sleeping on the top shelf (Indian trains have upper berths like a ship's cabin), and whose heavy-booted foot had dangled close to my nose all through purgatorio, was unceremoniously dragged down to the civilian level and his place taken up with a weird tangle of *samans*. For six of the most elongated hours imaginable we oscillated between a feverish jocularity and a nodding silence: an old gentleman, unusually ruddy of cheek, kept a fan going without ceasing for the benefit of a row of ladies and children: a young man of not very marked intelligence gazed periodically at me and, divining my second-class status, murmured, "Hard luck."

At 5.30 the new day revealed us as a set of wilted human flowers that a dawn-Devi might have swept away without our feeling any sense of outrage or mustering any power of protest, so swollen-eyed were we, so pasty, oily and dusty. From then until seven I manœuvred the details of my baggage together, and at eight, instead of seven, I got them abstracted from the mess at Podanur, the junction for Calicut to which I knew she, too, was going to preside at a Conference of the Theosophical Society and to attend the District Conference on general public affairs. Here ends the inferno.

Lakshman, her "boy"—that is, a Hindu man with bushy beard whose chief business in life is to let everybody know that he owns "Mother"—was everywhere at once transferring her *samans* to the new train, where there was room to spare and a welcome sense of freshness. I settled my belongings in a comfortable corner and then looked about spectatorially: which sounds ill-mannered, and inconsiderate to her; but one thing you have to learn, when the Karma-Devas do you the honour of pushing you within her orbit, is that when she needs you she will call for you. All the same, I wandered round the outskirts of the crowd that grew at her carriage, carrying with me a carefully concealed sense of proprietorship and a readiness for any emergency.

There was an air of keen interest on the Podanur platform, and I felt very

important when her eye caught mine and she smiled a smile that meant conversation. Had I consulted a mirror previously I might have run less risk of being drawn into the accusing vicinity of her cheery freshness after a night that to her also, as I learned, brought some acquaintance with the nether regions. I found a needed official for her, and noted how very small she was as he courteously stooped to hear her request. She stood at the door of her carriage in her white *sari* (Indian dress) and bare head. There was about her that sense of imperturbability that invests her with largeness and power beyond mere weight and size; but occasionally, as she conversed with a couple of Indian gentlemen, there would flash out the smile that gathers in the grey-blue eyes like a glimmer of moonlight and draws the tides of one's being toward her in spontaneous reverence and affection.

I had existed through the horrors of the night partly on the hope of a good sleep on this last six-hour stage of our journey. But sleep vanished before an evident excitement that grew as we approached the coast; and in the moving intervals between crowded stations at which she was the focal point of friendly eyes there was the challenge of the glorious peaks of the Nilgiris, and the southern eminences of the long vanishing chain of the Western Ghats on which the monsoon breaks in a furious beneficence when the time comes for the south-west wind to bear on its shoulders to the thirsty land its water-pots filled at the inexhaustible fountains of the Indian Ocean. My carriage gradually filled; so did hers; so did the thirds. Everybody seemed to be going westward: even big rivers that never appeared on a school map moved thitherward through a land that grew increasingly fertile and prosperous. The dry water-courses of the east coast and the central plateau were left behind with bullock-drawn wells and irrigation canals, for Nature here was abundant and certain in her blessed gift of rain.

At some station a deputation invaded her carriage, read her an address, put a thick garland of blossoms about her neck,

and cheered as the train moved on. . . . Then I must have dozed in the dusty heat of a tropical noon in an open-windowed train. . . . I became dreamily aware of a sound that grew rapidly louder. It might have been a mixture of winds in trees, waves on pebbles and waterfalls in deep glens. Suddenly it became human and defined itself as a long cheer. It was Calicut at last, and a dense mass of happy and enthusiastic humanity in Indian bodies on the long platform, eager to welcome her who, from Mount Everest to Adam's Bridge, is called "Mother," and who stands to the Indian as a combination of all the revered qualities of motherhood and the experience and efficiency of a man trained in public affairs. Above the loud buzz of the pressing crowd there broke out volley after volley of acclamation, and as she stepped on to the platform the air became suddenly full of blossoms that fell over her head and shoulders. Her welcome was shared by Mr. C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyer, the brilliant young *vakil* (barrister) who only a short while ago was her implacable foe in the Madras High Court when the "ward" case was on trial, but who realised something of her purity of purpose and her phenomenal grasp of both the principles and details of human progress and (proud Brahman though he is, and outside things Theosophical) has become one of her chief supporters in everything making for the uplift of India. He had come to Calicut to preside over the annual public Conference of the district.

Then something happened to *me*. It began when the starry eyes of an expected Indian student friend caught mine: it ended in what someone called "the procession of presidents." The interval, which was probably not more than a minute, was a hustle of garlands lassoing me, blossoms drowning me, lusty young cheers for the President of the Students' Conference deafening me, and a spruce yellow-turbaned guard of honour rescuing me from the whirlpool of their own kindly greeting and setting my feet in the way they should go right in the flower-strewn path of *her* as she followed "C. P." to the exit—and a still bigger

crowd. The large motor-car of a Mudaliar, one of the despised non-Brahman castes in caste-ridden Malabar, was waiting, and into it stepped she who is drawing together the ends of the earth in a spiritual comradeship in order to prepare the Way of the Elder Brother, and He who is only four generations removed from the priest who contrived the modern system of caste-observance that is now an incubus on a vast national soul that has outgrown the need of the system.

A motor-car was waiting for me also, but for a few moments I made one in a cordon of volunteers who caught hands to prevent the august visitors from being engulfed by the welcoming multitude. Her eye gleamed its moonlight at me as the car passed out of the station; she had the glow of a young girl out for a joy-ride with a kind uncle. Everybody, including myself, was shouting *Vande mataram!* ("Hail, Motherland!") and cheering lustily.

I was hustled into my motor and hustled out of it again, for I preferred a smart carriage with open sides that promised conversation with my student friends amongst whom my *samans* thinned out in a minute division of transport to my temporary home. We came up against the back of the motor, and then I realised that we were nothing less than a procession. Some were ahead of us, lost in the seething crowd, a band played, on Indian instruments, the exquisite, timeless Indian airs, with perpetually syncopated drum accompaniment, which allow the marchers to step as they please. On the horizon, lumping up like animated islands across a tumbling sea of heads (some turbaned, some shaven, some with oiled and knotted back-lock), were two big elephants, richly dressed as for a Royal occasion, leading the procession with leisurely steps, each rider, perched between his elephant's ears, waving a large, round fan on the end of a long handle.

I was much struck with the freshness and beauty of the town as we moved, to an accompaniment of conversation (and periodical cheers for the motor-car), of shuffling sandals and the soft impact of bare feet on the earth, through the main

streets. Tall coconut-palms, those lovers of the sea breeze, nodded their shock-heads at us high in brilliant sunlight over the flat-roofed bazars and the pillared bungalows. More striking still was the fresh green of stout plantain trees that, at close intervals on both sides of the main business thoroughfare, waved their broad fringed leaves at us as if they, too, were part of the day's joy. Then it dawned upon me that in no metaphorical, but in a literal, sense they *were* part of the occasion, and a close glance showed that they were simply whole trees cut down and set up in the streets as a decoration. Merchants dressed their bazar fronts with their best wares and with articles of *vertu*. At every few yards on both sides of the street a gramophone sang through its nose or scraped out an instrumental air, each cancelling the slight filtration of the other through the close meshes of the multitudinous buzz. And thus we reached our homes on the opposite sides of a palm-fringed highway.

That evening, just as the level rays of the setting sun turned the coconut-palms into dully glowing torches on great dark staves and turned the bamboo tree in the compound of my residence into a mass of gleaming feathers under which a thin and youthful asoka tree, planted a few years ago by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, stood up like an interested schoolboy, she mounted a platform in the same compound, and to a large gathering spoke plainly of caste evils and other features of Indian social life that are out of harmony with the ancient Hindu religion. At one point, in illustration of her thought, she told a story that reflected credit on a Mohammedan King. The audience broke into loud applause, and I saw before me the new phenomenon of Indian life that she has been supremely instrumental in bringing about—the union in sympathy and ideals of the great Hindu and Mohammedan peoples that for centuries were mortal enemies.

The next two days were crammed with work divided between the District Conference and the Theosophical Conference. I shall never forget the picture of her seated on the spotless floor of a hall bear-

ing her name, which, for the occasion, had been transformed into a cosmopolitan dining hall. Around her were grouped the finest and freest intellects and warmest hearts of Southern India, and no one who realised what it meant for high-caste Brahmanas to sit down to food with persons outside their caste, and particularly with an outcast (*panchama*) and Europeans, could help a thrill of joy at the prophecy of the sure coming of the day of Indian comradeship.

I was asked to deliver a lecture in the Conference *pandal* (a large specially erected building walled and roofed with plaited palm-leaves) under the auspices of the local branch of the Young Men's Indian Association, an institution dear to her heart. An enterprising young man secured her for the chair. She had been at the public Conference from 11.30 until six with practically no break, and she was hot and somewhat tired. I was half hoping and half afraid that she would not wait for my lecture, which came on immediately after the close of the Conference. But *her* word is—her word: that is enough. She took the chair and introduced me to the big audience. I took as my subject "The Kingdom of Youth," and voiced a claim of the setting free of the spirit of youth in all departments of life's activities in order to break down the hardness which a premature old age had brought into the world and which had robbed life of freshness and generosity and the spirit of true chivalric adventure—qualities which were not, of course, restricted to sex or years. Some good Deva gave me freedom of speech, and when I sat down I was delighted to notice that she was pleased and alert. She made a short but vigorous concluding speech, and it was profoundly touching to hear her claiming her place in the immortal Kingdom of Youth—a place that was enthusiastically granted by the big audience of eager young men. She repudiated the white fib told by her hair and the record of her age, and in a splendid phrase announced that she would never grow old, and that the fire of youth would burn in her body until the fire of the burning-ghat claimed it.

And she will make good her word.

. . . A few days later she travelled the two nights and a day journey from Madras to Calcutta, and a similar journey back—a thousand miles each way to render a few hours' service to her spiritual motherland. She returned begrimed with the dust of the long journey, her hair as dark as middle age. From the train she went straight to her editorial desk; and before going home to Adyar, at the end of several hours of journalistic drudgery, she went to pay her last respects in this life to the memory of one of the oldest Indian members of the Theosophical Society who had just died. She motored to the nearest approach to the burning-ground on the sea coast south of Adyar, and then walked barefoot over the hot sand. The result was burns and a couple of days enforced idleness—an idleness that consisted in sitting all day at her desk writing—writing—writing.

Two days afterwards she passed

smiling, though laboriously on a bandaged foot, through crowds of friends through the hall on her way to Trichinopoly in the far south to attend another Conference. She had a gay word for everyone.

"No tennis to-day," I said—alluding to her opening of a tennis tournament on the compound last year.

"I might hop," she replied, with a little toss of her head . . . three trivial words, surface bubbles of perennial cheerfulness, yet characteristic of the resource and indomitable will of one of the world's master-builders.

. . . She is back from Trichi, and walking freely, among excavations and piles of brick and other building paraphernalia, over the site of the new Asrama for the Brothers of Service . . . and on October 1 she will have completed seventy years of life. Truly they whom the Gods love, and who love the Gods, die young—at any age.



WHEN YOU ARE BY

WHEN you are by,
 There's stirring in the green leaves of my heart,
 And little elves out of quaint corners start
 And peep, half-shy;
 Knowing the customary spell removed,
 Which held them in their haunts, unloved.

And when you speak,
 Sudden, a thousand brooks, whose stifled voice
 Slept in the caverns of my soul, rejoice
 And from their darkness break,
 And flash and dance into the sunlit air,
 Dazzled to find the world so fair.

E. A. W.

MIGHT OR RIGHT—WHICH?

By E. J. SMITH

Those who have read Mr. Smith's "When the Boys Come Home" realise something of the task before us—to make a happier and better world for them to work in.

THE iniquities of barbaric despotism pale into insignificance when compared with the organised "frightfulness" of civilised tyranny. It commandeers the resources of empires, and by cool, callous and calculating ingenuity converts them into instruments for the torture and destruction of men.

It is to reassert the sacred principles of "right," which the arch-exponents of these unspeakable crimes have violated, that Great Britain has thrown the whole of her available men, munitions and money into the stupendous catastrophe that is drenching Europe with blood and tears. That is a noble decision if it means a new consecration to high duty, but it is one which imposes tremendous obligations upon us, for unless we are hereafter to stultify ourselves, we can neither conclude peace, carry on international relationships, nor govern our own country regardless of it. Indeed, it must be obvious that if "right" is worth the staggering price that is now being paid for its defence, it is worth reducing from the abstract to the concrete—a process through which "might" has long since passed. And unless we have the moral courage to face and to conquer whatever enemies stand in the way of its general adoption, we shall have proved that "A fool's eyes are in the ends of the earth," by sacrificing our heroes abroad to destroy a force that is all too victorious at home.

Why are we fighting Germany? Because for the time being the Prussian military caste, which rules it with a rod of iron, is the avowed and ruthless expression of the doctrine of "might." But let us keep steadily before us the fact that it is "might," as the final arbiter between men and nations, and not Germany we are seeking to overthrow, and unless we succeed in finally defeating that dehuman-

ising menace to the world's progress, our noble sons will have suffered and died in vain.

It is for that very reason we dare not even think of a premature peace, much less become the advocates of it, for it could only mean a suspension, not a conclusion, of hostilities. Indeed, the end of the appalling loss of life and treasure could but be followed by a period of years devoted to rearming and human recuperation, which would ultimately lead our children back to international hell and civilisation's ghastly failure. That method of governing the world is impossible. Nay, if periodic repetitions of the horrible carnage that is now discrediting mankind were to be regarded as inevitable, it would be better that women should defeat the colossal criminality of rulers by declining to bear children for their slaughter, and let a race, which under such circumstances would be unfit to live, come to an end.

It cannot be doubted that the overwhelming proportion of all the peoples engaged in this human cataclysm no more wanted to fight than we did. The war is the work of demented ambition, allied to a cold, overbearing and cruel oligarchy, who count human beings as so many pawns in their hellish game of war. And so from millions of broken hearts and desolate homes in every belligerent land, Ebenezer Elliott's mighty democratic appeal rises incessantly to Heaven:

The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men.

We must not forget that we are fighting for our enemies as well as for ourselves and our Allies, for the Prussian military caste—the determined authors of this Continental reign of terror—have misled their own people and coerced their Allies into War, and it is imperative for the

peace of Europe and the onward march of mankind that they should be so defeated and disgraced as to make their rehabilitation detestable to the German people who alone can destroy them. But having thus made a new Germany possible, and, by so doing, cleared the way for international co-operation against war, it would be sheer madness to endanger that mighty and beneficent purpose by seeking to follow the military destruction of our enemy by imposing upon him economic ruin, for "You take my life, when you do take the means whereby I live."

A more outrageous adoption of the very doctrine we are fighting to kill, or one more surely calculated to produce a harvest of bitterness and revenge, it is impossible to conceive, and if those who advocate it would try to put themselves in the position of Germany they must see that it is a policy destined to prolong the war and fortify, rather than destroy, the military caste; for if peace is to be but the prelude to starvation, it would be more heroic of the enemy to fight us to the bitter end than to watch their wives and children die for want of bread.

Those legions who have lost their loved ones are not glorying in war, neither do they hate the people of Germany, but they do long with all their hearts to see militarism, of which they and theirs have been the victims, abolished for ever. And it is surely during such a terrible epoch-making experience as the one through which we are now passing, when "One touch of nature is making the whole world kin," that it throbs with boundless purpose and exalted hope for the human race. Are the great leaders of men in every department of life alive to the wonderfully inspiring possibilities for deliverance? Have they felt the rare and redeeming pathos that is waiting to be converted into a gracious dynamic for righteousness and goodwill? It is the noblest opportunity the world has ever seen; it is pregnant with mighty and momentous issues, and carries destiny within its womb.

The atmosphere and environment in which war must be prosecuted by those immediately responsible for directing its course are ill-calculated to convert over-

worked and anxious statesmen into seers of visions and dreamers of dreams, for theirs is the terrible task of pressing the cruel campaign until militarism is discredited in its own house. But the poignant cry of the hourly increasing number of the bereaved, "Is it all worth while?" should fire us with the determination that at whatever cost it shall be answered in the affirmative by the creation of a new and better world. The mighty clarion call to duty reverberates in every valley and on every hill, and if the great religious, moral and social reformers throughout the land will but respond, out of the awful blackness and travail of war the dawn must break and a new day be born.

If the greatest empire the world has ever seen is prepared, when the time comes, to enter into negotiations for peace, and to shape its future policy on the eternal principles of righteousness, it will not lack Allies, for, thank God, the world is war-sick and weary, and yearns only for a better way. We must either advance or retreat; to mark time is impossible; but in the presence of the greatest heartache, loneliness and grief through which the world has ever passed, it is incredible that we can traverse again the old road of international jealousy, competitive armaments, and economic war.

But unless thoughtful men and earnest women are alert and active we shall find that the military caste is superseded by the commercial caste, which will impose upon the unborn the curse that has overtaken us and forge new fetters for the little feet that have still to come along the world's highway. The alluring policy of staking out new commercial claims and erecting notice boards to warn enemy States that trespassers will be prosecuted is ill-calculated to get rid of those "means to do ill deeds which make ill deeds done." And those who seek by such methods to "join house to house and lay field to field" gamble not only with money but with life.

All we are entitled to ask for and insist upon commercially is a fair field and no favour in order that each member of the

family of nations may contribute to the whole that service for which it is best adapted, and the drafting of conditions that would ensure it ought not to surpass the wit of man. Instead of relying upon tariffs and bounties, which the consumer must inevitably pay, let us depend upon an ever-rising standard of education and training which will not only meet the material needs of men, but pave the way for their emancipation and advancement. Of one thing we may be sure: such an open door will be far easier to maintain than artificial barriers will be to defend, for the moment we depart from just and equitable principles we are compelled to adopt Prussian methods to enforce the false steps we have taken.

To suggest that we cannot prosper if the markets of the world are thrown open to all is to deny our own experience under far less favourable conditions. The Open Sesame to our future well-being is the physical, mental and moral advancement of our people, and unless that becomes our supreme concern, all the protection in the world cannot save us. A more equitable distribution of wealth would not only promote commercial prosperity, but make possible the uplift and development of the common people, whom Lincoln said: "God must have loved, He made so many of them."

It is in these and kindred directions that salvation lies, for the man is unborn who knows in which cradle the genius is being rocked or under what roofs the world's saviours are being reared; and until we are

wise enough to care for them all, we shall, as heretofore, continue to scrap an incredible number of our human and God-given resources. It may be that such humane and elevating services would fail to produce so many inordinate fortunes in the hands of few men, but if it made the lives of the masses of the people more nearly the glad and joyous inheritance which their natural endowments prove God intended it should be, there would be more than adequate compensation. But unless we seek this better way now, we shall fail both at home and abroad, for the horror of war will drift again into a memory and another generation think only of the heroism of those who bled and died.

That is the fatalism of inaction; it compels the future to learn the inexpressible bitterness and grief of war through sad and horrible experience. God forbid that our indifference should make such a calamity possible, for in that case it would be truthfully said of us, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge."

If those who have been called upon to lose their loved ones could but feel that they had fallen in a war that was to end war, they would at least know that, great and irreparable as had been the sacrifice, it had not been in vain, for hereafter the highest form of patriotism would not be to die for one's country, but to live for and to serve it. God grant that it may be so!



Let be thy wail and help thy fellow-men,
And make thy gold thy vassal, not thy king.

* * * * *

And more—think well! Do well will follow thought.

TENNYSON

THE MINERS' ORGANISATION AND ITS FUTURE

By GEORGE BARKER

Mr. Barker has travelled considerably abroad, notably in the Far East, and is therefore able to bring a broad outlook upon many problems as a result of experience. He is keen on perfecting the industrial organisation of the working class.

THE Miners' Federation of Great Britain, known as the M.F.G.B., was founded in the year 1887, and consists of eighteen districts, each of which is in itself a federation. At the annual conference held in Buxton, July, 1916, the total membership represented was 715,890.

The Federation is directly represented in Parliament by ten of its members. It is numerically the largest single industry organisation in the world. That the Miners' Federation of Great Britain has vastly improved the position of its members is a matter of history. No miner who remembers the days of sectional unionism would care to go back to that period again, when county strikes and lock-outs were as regular as the seasons; when there was no minimum wage, and when competitive prices governed wages instead of wages largely governing prices, and when victimisation was rife in all the collieries. It may be interesting to enumerate some of the great benefits achieved by the Miners' National Union and the M.F.G.B., which naturally developed out of the Miners' National Union. In passing I may just say that the Miners' National Union was founded in the seventies by Alexander Macdonald, William Crauford, Thomas Burt, M.P. (at present "Father of the House of

Commons"), and the illustrious brothers, Benjamin and William Pickard. Macdonald was president, and Benjamin Pickard, vice-president, of the National Union, which concerned itself chiefly with getting legislation passed for the safety of the miner. Macdonald and Burt, elected in 1874, were the first Labour Members to sit in the House of Commons.

Let me detail some of the laws gained through the influence of the miners' organisation, every one of which cost many weary years of agitation. There was, for instance, the Coal Mines Regulation Act, 1887, which followed the report of a Royal Commission on Accidents in Mines appointed in 1879. This Act gave working miners the right to examine the mine, the right to be represented on coroners' inquests, and the right to have suitable timber supplied at the coal face or any other place convenient to the workmen. Men were frequently unable to work for want of timber, with no redress whatever. How many lives were lost for want of protective timber before this Act was passed will be one of the revelations of the Judgment Day.

In 1880 employers were first made liable for accidents to workmen by the passing into law of the Employers' Liability Act. How fiercely this Act was opposed is notorious. We have since had the Workmen's Compensation Acts

of 1897 and 1906. These were all acts of mercy in the most righteous sense, and have saved the lives and limbs of untold thousands of men besides relieving widows and children innumerable from the anguish and care of destitution. Perhaps the greatest legislative achievement of the M.F.G.B. is the passing into law of the Miners' Eight Hours Act. Thousands of pounds were spent, scores of deputations were sent to the Lobby of the House of Commons, and innumerable meetings were held to agitate for this humane and beneficent measure before it found its way on the Statute Book. For the first time in the history of the country Parliament has regulated the hours of adult labour. May it be the forerunner of a six hours day for all toilers by hand or brain.

In 1912, after a strike of one million miners for a period of six weeks, the Government passed an Act of Parliament known as the Coal Mines (Minimum Wage) Act, in which it was stated "It shall be an implied term of every contract for the employment of a workman underground in a coal mine that the employer shall pay to that workman wages at not less than the minimum rate settled under this Act." This law now secures to every underground worker a definite minimum wage varying in different coalfields. In South Wales the rate varies from seven shillings and ninepence for labourers to ten shillings and eightpence per day for miners.

The miners now have a law limiting the number of hours they can be compelled to work, and a law compelling the employer to pay not less than a statutory wage for such work. These two laws have been obtained by the power and influence of their Federation, and have conferred immense benefits on the workers in the Coal Mines of Great Britain.

There is still very much to be accomplished. Neither of the above-mentioned laws apply to workers on the surface of the mines. As the surface workers are now becoming members of the Federation it becomes imperative upon the Federation to see that they get equal benefits to the underground workers, and steps are being

taken to get the surface workmen included in the benefits of the Eight Hours Act and the Minimum Wage Act.

A good deal of work must be done before the mines are made as safe as they ought to be. The death-rate is still an appalling one. For the year 1915 the death roll from accidents in mines was 1,297, and the number injured ran into tens of thousands. While its members find much gratification in their past achievements, it is to the future their vision is turned. The status of the worker is still the same as of old. He is only a hireling, called to his labour every day by the steam horn. His days are still laboriously spent grinding out material gain for his employer.

To change this status, this subjection of the mind and soul to the working out of material ends—to change all this is the supreme aim of the Miners' Federation. An industrial commonwealth is the goal of the Federation.

For many years a resolution has appeared on every annual conference agenda demanding the nationalisation of the mines. This is always carried practically unanimously. The Miners' National Executive has prepared a Bill and the same has been introduced into Parliament. But a nationalisation of the mines that would place the workers under a State bureaucracy has very little present attraction for many who were ardent nationalisers a few years ago. We do not want a State department of mines like the Postmaster General's department, where the Post Office workers are slave-driven by the State to grind out profit for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. If the State is to own the mines they must vest the control in the hands of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. The womb of the future will give birth to some wonderful things for the toilers of the nations. The face of democracy is turned towards the light and will go marching on. We take our faith from Shelley when he says :

Fear not the tyrant shall rule for ever,
Or the priests of the evil faith,
They stand on the brink of the raging river,
Whose waves they have tainted with death.
It is fed from the depths of a thousand dells,

And around them it foams and surges and swells,
And their swords and their sceptres I floating see
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity.

For many ages the workers have been downtrodden, despised, oppressed, and powerless. To-day it is not power that he lacks, but the knowledge that he has the power and the wisdom to rightly use it. One of the finest achievements of the human race is the organisation of the workers from a rabble to an industrial army, able to act with the precision of a military machine when the hour of destiny strikes. And the grandeur of this organisation lies in the fact that the contemned and despised workers have done it themselves unaided. Their leaders have been elected from the mines, and are all self-educated men.

The knowledge that the toiler needs is coming to him, and coming much quicker than is generally discerned. All the powers that make for righteousness are on the side of the worker. Many forces are at work for the spread of knowledge—organisations like the "Theosophical Society" and members of "The Order of the Star in the East," whose efforts are directed to bridging over the great gulf between the great peoples of East and West. These organisations are radiating influences, beneficent and healing to a supreme degree.

The miners' organisation itself is a tremendous educational force, with its lodge meetings held weekly, where every question is discussed bearing on the miner's industrial life. Besides, in peace time the miners have their own Labour College under the wardenship of Mr. Denis Hird, M.A., where students get free tuition and maintenance for one, two, or three years. After these students return to the mines they form tutorial classes in the mining districts. These classes do an enormous amount of work, and are spreading to other industries. The railway workers are joint owners with the miners of the Central Labour College, because the economic foundations of both industries are wage slavery on the one hand and profit making on the other. The annual profit made out of mines and railways is over eighty million pounds.

All this wealth goes into the pockets of a relatively few families, and the industrial community is all the poorer for it. If this wealth could be utilised in building good homes for the people, Great Britain would be a happy place indeed. It is the fundamental purpose of the miners' and railwaymen's organisation to obtain, or, rather, to retain, this wealth created by their joint labour.

That is one reason why the triple industrial alliance of miners, railwaymen, and transport workers was formed. When I said the miners did not lack power I had this triple industrial alliance in my mind. The power possessed by the industrial worker is all sufficient to emancipate him if he only had the knowledge and wisdom to use it. The employing classes know this and they are afraid. They try to shear him of this strength by sowing dissension in the ranks of labour, by encouraging the creation and setting up of rival labour organisations; but all this will be of no avail, for the workers want economic freedom, and that is only possible by the workers controlling their own industry.

The future of the Federation will be occupied in obtaining the control of the mining industry. In the meantime many palliative improvements will be sought and obtained. Safer conditions of labour, higher wages, higher compensation for injuries, better housing, real education, mothers' pensions, old-age pensions at fifty years of age at double the present rate.

All these we may get even under capitalism, for the capitalist will give anything only to be allowed to control the wealth produced by the worker. Such is the enormous and illimitable power of wealth production, as illustrated by the war, when in Europe probably sixty millions are engaged in fighting and work essential to war, that capitalism could and would give the foregoing demands if by so doing the present capitalistic society could be maintained. But all these things, and any others added, are not enough. It is freedom the worker wants—freedom from domination, freedom to work for himself, not as a

machine but as a man, who takes pride and delight in his work and who receives the fruit of his toil.

The most urgent and essential thing for the worker is to re-establish the Workers' International, so that the brotherhood of man can be set up first of all in Europe and then throughout the world.

Throughout the long ago the workers of various countries have never quarrelled; it is the rulers that make the quarrel, and the people make the sacrifice. It will be the purpose of the International to make an end of this. No other power can do it. The toilers do not want to dominate or to be dominated. Their minds have to be inflamed by their rulers and a base Press before they show hatred to others. The only way to ensure a lasting peace is to unite in brotherhood those whose

greatest interest is peace, and they are the workers of the world.

The great and all-inspiring purpose of the miners' organisation is to emancipate the worker from the coils of capitalism. Its members are engaged in a great fight for freedom and justice. Every individual has to take sides either against the oppressor or against the oppressed. This fight is the noblest in all history, for out of it for the first time will emerge the industrial worker free from economic bondage.

We are rapidly approaching the final in the evolution of industry, when the socialisation of humanity will be accomplished. The insane system of divorcing the producer from the instruments of production will cease, and co-operation will take the place of competition, and production for use, and not for profit, will be the aim of an enlightened society.



GO forth, to work, to serve, to love!
This little life passes quickly away.
Its shadows and sorrows are for a moment;
Its virtues, its victory, its peace, are of the eternal.

GEORGE MERRIMAN

O MY brothers, love your country! Our country is our home, the house that God has given us, placing therein a numerous family that loves us, and whom we love.

In labouring for our own country on the right principle, we labour for humanity.

MAZZINI

THE VARYING TYPES OF TRADE UNIONS

By G. D. H. COLE

NO social phenomenon of our times is more significant than the growth of the spirit of association. The social life of to-day is more fruitful in types of association than that of any period since the Middle Ages, and round these types is growing up a comprehensive philosophy which endeavours to interpret them in terms of a common purpose.

In this development the growth of Trade Unionism of necessity occupies a central position. The Society to which we belong is primarily an industrial Society, and its economic organisation conditions and determines to a great extent its whole character. The existing structure of industry is oligarchic; even more than in politics, the industrial system excludes any form of democracy or self-government by the mass of the producers. The workman at his work finds that he is regarded not as a human being, with a will of his own capable of self-discipline and self-direction, but as a mere "hand," to be guided and controlled by the superior wisdom and knowledge of the captains of industry and their nominees.

Against this industrial autocracy Trade Unionism is a protest. It arises as an almost inarticulate protest against intolerable conditions of economic serfdom; and thereafter, as it gains in power and self-confidence, it also gathers understanding and conscious purpose. From a negative organisation of protest it develops by almost imperceptible stages to a consciousness of the possession of a positive purpose and destiny. From "a continuous association of wage-earners for the purpose of maintaining or improving their conditions of employment" it emerges into an association for the pur-

pose of overthrowing the existing industrial order and of supplanting as it overthrows.

It is not difficult to understand this evolution, which, indeed, is going on every day before our eyes. The workers may begin to associate together in Trade Unions, with the strictly limited object of self-protection against capitalist aggression, or the improvement within the existing system of conditions too bad to be borne; but it will not be easy for them, as their associations grow in power, to confine their activities within the original limitations. From protests against the existing order they will be led inevitably to suggestions for its amendment; and from suggested changes it is not a long step to proposals that they themselves shall assume control of that which they criticise.

Let us take a concrete example. The workers begin by protesting against the conditions of over-driving and speeding-up under which they are compelled to work. From this they pass to the adjustment by collective bargaining of the piece-work prices that are to be paid and of the conditions that are to be observed. This stage most Trade Unions have already reached. But by the time collective bargaining has become securely established, the more advanced Trade Unionists are already pressing on to something better. In place of the joint adjustment of conditions they are beginning to demand that the organisation of the workshop shall be taken out of the hands of the employer and his nominees and placed in those of the Trade Unionists themselves. Official Trade Unionism to-day is at the stage of collective bargaining; the various forward movements—shop stewards, industrial unionist and Guild Socialist—are in their

various ways all pressing on to the further stage of direct control by the workers.

When we look at the organisation and structure of Trade Unionism to-day, we see at once that there is a clear correspondence between the purpose which any Union sets before itself and the structure which it adopts. The great cleavage which runs through the whole Trade Union movement at the present time is the cleavage between Craft Unionism and Industrial Unionism, and this cleavage can only be understood in close connection with the divergent purposes and ideals of the Unions which are involved.

Most of the earliest Unions were "Craft" Unions—i.e., they included only workers belonging to a single craft or group of crafts and possessing a common and usually an interchangeable skill. A Society of Carpenters, or Cotton Weavers, or Felt Hat Trimmers, or Iron Moulders consisted of men who were to a great extent similarly circumstanced, whose wage rates, conditions of labour, liability to sickness and unemployment, and dependence on the conditions of the labour market were the same, and who could therefore most easily come together in a Trade and Friendly Society for mutual assistance and, when necessary, mutual defence. The existence of repressive laws which forbade effective combination for industrial purposes tended for a long time to force all working-class organisation into the Friendly Society mould, and while these conditions persisted the Craft Union naturally remained the dominant type.

Even so, there were occasions on which the rival principle of Industrial Unionism came to the front. The first great idealistic movement of Trade Unionism, that which was inspired by the influence of Robert Owen in 1834, was predominantly "Industrial Unionist" in character. That is to say, the battalions of Owen's army of Labour consisted, not of skilled men seeking only their interest as skilled workers, but of skilled and unskilled together fighting a common battle for emancipation.

Industrial Unionism sets out to organise in one Union all workers who are engaged in an "industry," such as the mining

industry, the railway industry, the building industry, and so on. It is not concerned whether a man is skilled or unskilled, or whether a worker is man or woman: the fact that he or she is employed in a given industry is enough to lead the Industrial Unionist to claim him or her for the Union of the industry concerned.

The difference between the two forms of organisation is clear. The Craft Union rests upon the common skill possessed by its members, and has as a rule the double object of securing better terms for its members from the employers and of keeping out unqualified and unskilled men from the craft. It therefore rests to a certain extent on monopoly and on a vested interest which is common to its members. Industrial Unionism, on the other hand, is far more in the nature of class organisation. In the Industrial Union skilled and unskilled workers with varying rates of remuneration stand together in face of their employers.

It is clear that the Craft Union almost inevitably works within the existing order, or at least accepts as a fact the distinction between employer and employed. The craftsmen have a legitimate and valuable common interest in their skill; but under existing conditions this common interest is almost necessarily diverted to some extent into an economic interest, which makes, on a short view, for the preservation of the existing system as much as for its overthrow. Moreover, the craftsmen form only a section of the working personnel of industry. In any workshop there are skilled and unskilled workers, and often the skilled workers are scattered over a number of crafts, each with its separate Union or Unions. With such a method of organisation the workers are perforce restricted to bargaining under the existing order; they cannot set before themselves the idea of creating through their Unions a new industrial order because their Unions are not capable of assuming control over production or of supplanting Capitalist control.

Industrial Unionism, on the other hand, contains all the elements of revolution. It unites all grades of workers, and thereby

reveals the existing industrial system as a clear-cut conflict of employers and employees. Moreover, by uniting in one association all grades of wage-earners in each industry, it goes far to provide an organisation capable of supplanting Capitalism and assuming control.

There is, indeed, herein an obvious limitation. An association of all the wage-earning grades is not an association of the whole working personnel of industry; for it still excludes a section of vital importance—the managers, technicians, and professionals. By the more far-sighted Industrial Unionists this limitation is clearly recognised. Such leaders take the view that, as the Industrial Unions grow in consciousness and power they will constantly enlarge their range of membership by absorbing, grade by grade, the members of the salariat. Already in some of the more advanced Unions this tendency is making itself manifest; and the lower grades of the salariat are throwing in their lot with the manual workers and uniting with them in a common organisation.

During recent years the conflict between the various types of Trade Unions has grown increasingly bitter. Increasing concentration of capital and a growing movement of industrial consciousness on the side of Labour have led to a parallel movement in Trade Union organisation. In particular the industrial unrest of the year before the war has left its mark upon the Trade Union world. Out of the national railway strike of 1911 and the co-operation between the various Unions of railway workers involved in it grew the National Union of Railwaymen, in which three of the five important railway Unions came together on an industrial basis. Founded in 1913, this Union has since continually grown in membership and influence, until it has come to be commonly regarded as the "new model" of Trade Union organisation for the coming generation.

This growth has not been achieved without many disputes, for in their endeavours to organise all railway workers the National Union of Railwaymen has come into violent conflict with

a large number of other Unions. One of the remaining railway Craft Unions, the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, which refused to come into the amalgamation in 1913, has since been continually at war with the N.U.R.; and, in addition to this difference, there has arisen the urgent problem of the railway shops, which at the present time threatens to divide Trade Unionism into two rival and hostile camps.

The railway "shops" are the centres in which the railway companies undertake the manufacture and repair of locomotives and railway rolling stock. Clearly, such workshops lie on the border line between the railway industry and the engineering industry. The workers in them were, before the coming of the National Union of Railwaymen, very weakly organised, but there were a large number of engineering and woodworking Craft Unions with members among the shopmen. With all these Unions the N.U.R. has since done battle, and despite many attempts at settlement and at least two full dress debates at the Trades Union Congress, no adjustment of differences has yet been reached. Rather similar conflicts connected with the industrial basis of organisation occur in the case of the miners, the iron and steel workers, and in some other industries.

The Industrial Union, which aims at including all workers in the industry irrespective of craft or grade, is faced with difficult problems in connection with its internal organisation. It is necessary for it at the same time to secure unity of action among all sections, and to secure that the distinct points of view of the various sections are clearly stated and effectively reconciled. This the National Union of Railwaymen has endeavoured to secure by the distinct representation on its Executive Committee of the large groups of grades and crafts into which the membership can be divided. It is, indeed, obvious that in any complicated industry including a number of distinct classes of workers some form of sectional representation is a sheer necessity of effective government. Industrial Unionism does not mean that all workers in the industry

are herded together indiscriminately without reference to their special interests and points of view; it means that the attempt is made to harmonise their interests within a common organisation.

That Industrial Unionism is the form of organisation which the Trade Union movement ought to adopt seems to me so clear as hardly to need argument. It unites the workers, whereas Craft Unionism divides them; it rests upon the solidarity and common brotherhood of them all, whereas Craft Unionism divides the working class into many classes warring among themselves. Industrial Unionism brings skilled and unskilled workers together against the present industrial system. Craft Unionism is itself based on selfishness and leads inevitably to defensive organisations of the unskilled; which are directed as much against the skilled workers as against the employers.

The existing General Labour Unions are largely of this type. There are about four and a half million Trade Unionists in this country, and of these about six hundred thousand are organised in what are known as General Labour Unions. These Unions consist partly of workers in scattered trades and localities, but in the main of unskilled workers in many of the big industries—notably, engineering, shipbuilding, and transport. More and more differences and hostilities are arising between these Unions and the Craft Unions, although against Industrial Unionism they tend at present to make common cause.

The reason for this is evident. The skilled worker sees, or thinks he sees, his only hope of maintaining his slightly superior standard of life in excluding or keeping down the unskilled; the unskilled worker is conscious that the attitude of the craftsman towards him is too often one of antagonism and superiority. Against the suggestion that they should unite in one association, distrust causes them to join their forces in opposition.

The remedy lies in a wider ideal and a wider outlook. In so far as Trade Unionists remain content with the existing industrial system, or seek only slight modifications of it, it will be impossible to overcome this

distrust; but as soon as they begin to seek not mere amelioration, but the overthrow of Capitalism and the wage system and the substitution of a system of industrial self-government, the differences between skilled and unskilled dwindle, and Industrial Unionism becomes the natural structure for the workers of all grades to adopt.

Especially for National Guildsmen, whose ideals have often been expounded in this journal, Industrial Unionism is recognised as an essential step in the direction of democratic control of industry. If the workers are to assume control over industry they must learn how to control and must get experience of industrial management. The real significance of the many movements of the rank and file of Trade Unionism is that they are workshop movements, which are taking form in the demand for a control of workshop conditions. Out of such beginnings Industrial Unionism will grow a-*right*. The co-operation of all grades of workers in the workshops irrespective of the Unions to which they belong, must surely lead in the long run to a re-formation of Trade Unionism on an industrial basis. The new Trade Unionism based on workshop organisation will be more democratic and more self-reliant than the old. It will also be infinitely more powerful as a social force, because it will rest upon a nobler ideal. In place of the negative opportunism of the old school of Craft Unionists it will set the constructive idealism of men and women inspired by the spirit of service and desiring to control industry as a trust for the whole community.

I have dwelt in this article entirely on the broad contrast between the two main types of Trade Union organisations. There are countless complications which could be introduced—countless types and sub-types of Unions which cannot be defined as either Craft Unions or Industrial Unions. There are Unions, such as the Amalgamated Union of Co-operative Employees, in which the bond between the members is their common employer; there are others, such as the National Federation of Women Workers, in which the bond is one of sex. These, however,

are variants rather than distinct types capable of extension over the whole field of industry. Our classification is broadly correct. On the one hand are the Unions including skilled and unskilled workers together, and this type finds its best expression in Industrial Unionism. On the

other hand are the Unions which separate skilled and unskilled—Craft Unions and General Labour Unions. The conflict between these types is a conflict, as we have seen, not simply of immediate policy, but also, and far more, of ultimate ideals in industrial organisation.

THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS

By JOHN SCURR

THE Trade Union Congress is the most representative gathering of Labour in Great Britain. Only one great Trade Union, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, is not affiliated to it, together with a few minor societies.

It is an industrial body, and its chief function is to deal with problems arising out of the position of the workman as producer. It does, however, also concern itself with the problems of consumption or distribution.

Its governing body is the Parliamentary Committee, with a permanent secretariat and offices in London. The Right Hon. Charles W. Bowerman, Member of Parliament for Deptford, is the General Secretary. A particular activity of this committee is to bring pressure to bear on Government departments in relation to Labour affairs, both administrative and legislative.

The Congress is the parent body from which sprang the Labour Party and the General Federation of Trades. The former was first a committee of the Congress, with representatives from Socialist societies which were not eligible for affiliation to the Trade Union Congress. During the first two or three years of its existence the Labour Representation Committee, as the Labour Party was first called, reported annually on its activities

to the Trade Union Congress, but ultimately, on the recommendation of its Standing Orders Committee, the Congress refused to receive the reports of an outside body, and the Labour Party became an independent body.

The General Federation is composed of Trade Unions who subscribe to a common fund out of which is paid contributions to any society involved in a dispute. It is an attempt to pool funds in order to help to increase the fighting powers of any single organisation. It has not been very successful.

As differences arose sometimes between the Congress, the Labour Party, and the Federation, a committee known as the Joint Board was formed to compose them. Experience, however, proved that the Federation's interest was not such as needed its assistance at such a gathering, and the Joint Board has been reconstituted, excluding the Federation. A tendency has been noted on the part of the Federation to go outside its province as a financial body and to make pronouncements on public questions which are strictly within the purview of the Trade Union Congress and the Labour Party.

A visitor to the Congress will be much struck with the high level of capacity shown in the assembly, and if he or she has been in the habit of forming opinions upon Trade Union leaders from the

popular and snippety Press he or she will experience a great shock. In oratory the assembly will be superior to the House of Commons, although the latter assembly may produce an individual orator who is superior. In one sense the Congress debates are like those in the House of Lords, inasmuch as the delegates, like the peers, do not bind themselves so much by party conventions, and, social equality prevailing in the assembly, freedom of expression is a matter of course. Every intonation of the English tongue will be heard. Scotland, Ireland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, West Country, and Cockaigne all contribute to the debate, and a student who passes a pleasant hour in the byways of history has a picture presented to him of the evolution of Britain.

The President for last year was Mr. Harry Gosling, one of the most skilled of Trade Union negotiators. Not very tall, with white hair and a voice of inconsiderable power, he dominates an assembly by sheer force of character. He is one of those rare men who are a power in the land and have risen to positions of influence without making enemies. His keenest opponent has never breathed a word derogatory to his personality, nor has anyone ever suggested that he is animated with any other desire except that of serving his fellows.

When the occasion requires he can display a remarkable courage. The present writer remembers well standing beside Mr. Gosling in Southwark Park on a Sunday afternoon in August, 1912. The great London Transport Workers' strike had lasted for twelve weary weeks, and it was obvious that to continue only meant worse disaster for the men. They had to be told to go back to work on the Monday defeated. Mr. Gosling, in contrast to many other leaders who attempted to waver and compromise, told the men the bare and sad truth. The great crowd was very angry, and sometimes refused him a hearing, but he kept his point of view fearlessly to the front. He has the courage to face the truth in times of defeat as well as in times of victory.

His presentation of the case for the

Transport Workers in 1912 before a committee presided over by Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., has always been regarded as one of the most masterly pieces of work ever performed on behalf of Labour. It says much for his persuasive ability that a body of hostile judges, on seven points raised, found completely in favour of the men on five points, and partly in their favour on another point, and only found entirely against them on one.

In addition to having been President of the Congress, Mr. Gosling is President of the Transport Workers' Federation, Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Watermen and Lightermen, representative of Labour on the Port of London Authority, and a member of the London County Council. In politics one would place him with the centre party of the Labour and Socialist movement.

The Secretary, Mr. Bowerman, is connected with the printing trade. He is regarded as a "safe" man, and his fault lies rather in an attempt to do too much of the detailed work of the organisation instead of putting some of it upon the shoulders of subordinates. Arrangements are, however, in hand for getting over this difficulty, and if they are successful in removing a mass of detailed work from off the shoulders of the Secretary they will be to the advantage of the movement, as it will give him a better opportunity to devote himself to a consideration of many of the serious problems which are bound to arise in the future. Heretofore the Secretary of the Congress has been too much of a clerk.

I do not refer to the problems confronting the delegates, as some of them are dealt with elsewhere, but I may be permitted to say a word or two on the tendencies which are making themselves apparent in the industrial Labour movement.

It is being recognised that there are too many Trade Unions in the country and that much energy is being dissipated as a result. It is held by some authorities that for effective purposes fifty Unions are at the outside necessary, and some hold that a dozen would be sufficient. There are actually over twelve hundred in exist-

ence. The tendency is towards amalgamation, and the Congress, through its Parliamentary Committee, has been helpful in assisting such endeavours.

A controversy rages as to the type of Union which is to exist in the future, and the agenda has some echoes of it. Most Unions are Craft Unions, that is, Unions in which the members have the same kind of skill, such as the compositors. A considerable body of opinion favours an Industrial Union—i.e., all the workers in the industry, whatever their trade, to be in one Union. For example, all the joiners, engineers, shipwrights, labourers, clerks, and so on employed in the shipbuilding industry would be in the, let us say, Shipbuilding Industrial Union. Under this scheme a plumber working on a ship would be in the Shipbuilding Union, and a plumber working in a house in the Builders' Union. At present he is a member of the Plumbers' Craft Union, whether he works on a ship or in a house. The National Union of Railwaymen is the nearest approach to the Industrial Union. A third type of Union is advocated—viz., the association of men, no matter what their trade, engaged in working on the same material. Thus all iron and steel workers, or all wood workers would be in one organisation. The Congress will

have in the not far distant future to help in solving the problems which arise as a result of the above differing opinions.

Another problem which will have to be faced is that of organising the lowly paid workers whose remuneration is so low that they cannot afford to support an organisation of their own. This is particularly true of agricultural workers and of certain industries in which women are employed. Congress has already voted small sums to the agricultural workers, but in all probability it will have in the future to undertake the deliberate organisation of such workers and to support them financially until they can become self-supporting. This in the interest of Labour as a whole.

Altogether the Congress is an important and interesting body. It is the chief organisation of the Labour movement, and in the opinion of many is fated to become a part of the constitutional machinery of the Government of the country as Labour advances more and more in the direction of obtaining greater and greater control over its own destinies. At present it is largely dominated by a middle-class outlook on life, but the tendencies are all in the direction of this disappearing and of an independent Labour outlook taking its place.

IN this Kingdom of illusions we grope eagerly for stays and foundations. There is none but strict and faithful dealing at home, and a severe barring out of all duplicity or illusion there. Whatever games are played with us, we must play no games with ourselves, but deal in our privacy with the last honesty and truth. I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character. Speak as you think, be what you are, pay your debts of all kinds. . . . This reality is the foundation of friendship, religion, poetry, and art. At the top or at the bottom of all illusions, I set the cheat which still leads us to work and live for appearances, in spite of our conviction, in all sane hours, that it is what we really are that avails with friends, with strangers, and with fate or fortune

EMERSON

THE ORGANISATION OF WOMEN

By MARGARET G. BONDFIELD

THE Board of Trade returns of membership of Trade Unions give the total number of organised women in 1913 as 356,963, or between 6 and 7 per cent. of the number of women employed, as compared with 30 per cent. in the case of men.

I believe the number of organised women in 1917 to be well over three-quarters of a million, and, although owing to the increased number of women gainfully employed in industry the percentage may be about the same, it is a most hopeful fact that during the last three years of industrial upheaval Trade Unionism among women has not only survived all the disintegrating shocks to women's occupations, but the women have won more definite recognition in the Trade Union world. The quality of their Trade Unionism has stood the severest tests.

Prior to the war the textile trades accounted for about 50 per cent. of the organised women; the honour of enrolling the first women members is shared by the Padiham and District Weavers, Winders, and Warpings Society and the Radcliffe and District Weavers and Winders Society; both of which were founded in 1850. With the exception, however, of textiles and small ephemeral groups it may be said that the story of the modern movement for the organisation of women is the story of the Women's Trade Union League.

In 1874 Emma Paterson, the wife of a Trade Unionist cabinet-maker, visited the United States, where she studied a number of women's Trade Unions, notably the Parasol and Umbrella Makers' Union, the Women's Typographical Union, and the Women's Protective

Union. These groups of women had been helped into being by Susan B. Anthony and other suffrage pioneers and by the more advanced men Trade Unionists. Mrs. Paterson undoubtedly heard from Augusta Lewis and the other women Trade Union leaders their tragic tales of heroic struggling to maintain Trade Union principles, in spite of a disheartening narrowness of outlook on the part of the men's Unions. The full story is vividly told by Alice Henry in *The Trade Union Woman*.* Two typical illustrations may be quoted. Augusta Lewis, as leader of her little group (Women's Typographical Union No. 1) was trying to prevent women from undercutting men by standing out for the men's rates. This is her report to the Baltimore Conference of 1871:

A year ago last January, Typographical Union No. 6 (men only), passed a resolution admitting Union girls in printing offices under the control of No. 6. Since that time we have never obtained a situation that we could not have obtained if we had never heard of a Union. We refuse to take the men's situations when they are on strike, and when there is no strike, if we ask for work in Union offices, we are told by Union foremen "that there are no conveniences for us." We are ostracised in many offices because we are members of the Union; and though the principle is right the disadvantages are so many that we cannot much longer hold together. . . . No. 1 is indebted to No. 6 for great assistance, but as long as we are refused work because of sex we are at the mercy of our employers, and I can see no way out of our difficulties.

Two years earlier, during the Typographical strike of 1869, Susan B. Anthony plunged into the fray with more heart than judgment. She approached the problem of labour mainly from the point of view of opening fresh occupa-

* *The Trade Union Woman*. Published by D. Appleton and Co. Price 6s.

tional possibilities to women; to enable them to really earn equal wages with men she advocated training schools for women.

Miss Anthony thought she saw in the need of labour on the part of the employers an opportunity to get the employers to start training schools to teach the printing trade to girls; in her enthusiasm for this end, entirely oblivious of the fact that it was an unfortunate time to choose for making such a beginning, she attended an employers' meeting at the Astor House and laid her proposal before them. . . . The printers felt that they were being betrayed . . . and a public protest was made by organised labour. Poor Miss Anthony, thoroughly shocked by a realisation of the implications of her action, has publicly recanted, and nothing more was heard of employers' training schools.

It is indicative of Mrs. Paterson's fine quality of mind that, out of this welter of failures and discouragements, she conceived the following basis of the British Women's Trade Union League. Started in 1874 as the "Women's Protective and Provident League," it has changed its title, but has not needed to change its constitution, and thirty years later its constitution and methods formed the basis of the American Women's Trade Union League.

CONSTITUTION OF THE LEAGUE.

The League is a Federation of affiliated Unions of those trades in which women are employed. All secretaries of affiliated Unions are *ex-officio* members of the League Committee, on which are also a certain number of members elected at the annual meeting.

The League is supported (a) by the fees and donations of affiliated Unions; (b) by contributions from individuals in sympathy with the object of Trade Unionism. Subscribers are admitted to membership of the League and receive invitations to attend the annual meeting of the League, at which the officers are elected.

(A) *Objects*: The League is willing to send organisers to any London or provincial district to form new, or strengthen existing, Trade Unions. The League's policy is to organise women in the same Union with men, or, where this is impracticable, it is thought desirable that any

Women's Union should be as closely as possible connected with that of the men.

(B) *Legislation*: The League acts as the agent of women Trade Unionists in making representations to Government Authorities, or Parliamentary Committees, with regard to their legislative requirements, or in bringing forward specific grievances in individual trades or factories, by means of questions and representations by Members of Parliament in the House of Commons.

Complaints as to grievances and breaches of the Factory and Workshops Acts, when sent to the League, are investigated carefully, and referred to the proper quarters.

Cases under the Compensation, Truck, and other industrial laws referred to the League, are investigated and advice given by the Secretary of the Legal Advice Department and the League's legal advisers.

The League has numbered among its members some of the best-known and best-loved names in the Labour movement, and its influence has been immense. The *W.T.U.L. Review* contains a brilliant record of Parliamentary work. For forty years the League has maintained a flow of Parliamentary questions on industrial matters affecting women, and has supplied evidence in support of legislation and of administrative reforms. It has initiated many campaigns against occupational diseases and sweating conditions. This article is mainly concerned, however, with its organising activities.

The League has over 150 affiliations, covering the whole range of women's industrial employments. Some of the affiliated Societies have shown great progress in the enrolment of women during the war—e.g., the Union of Male and Female Pottery Workers increased in 1916 from 1,380 to 5,000 women members. The Leicestershire Amalgamated Hosiery Union has a membership of 4,417, of which 3,100 are women. The Postmen's Federation has enrolled over 1,000 temporary postwomen.

The National Union of Clerks and the Railway Clerks' Association have largely increased their women membership. The R.C.A. has made very special efforts to

adapt itself to the new situation by the appointment of women officers and the preparation of special literature. "The R.C.A. has never taken a narrow view of the entry of women into industry. It has always been willing to accept them into membership on the same terms as men, and stands for equality of treatment of both men and women in the Railway Service."*

The National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen, and Clerks has shown great activity in securing improvements in working conditions. The war has seriously drained the male membership, but the women membership has risen from 22,189 to 24,765 during last year.

The Textile Unions, whose steady affiliation to the Women's Trade Union League has been so helpful to the cause of Trade Union-

ism among women in other trades, have set an example which all big Unions might follow with advantage to the general movement. They have successfully organised their own women workers and have extended the hand of comradeship to the less fortunate groups through the medium of subscriptions to the League.

To meet war conditions, under which many women textile workers have been

drafted into munition work, some textile Unions have adopted a system of transfer to the National Federation of Women Workers until such time as they revert to their own trade, when they will be again transferred to the Textile Union with an unbroken record of Trade Union membership. These textile women have proved the value of their long Trade Union traditions, and have been helpful in educating

their fellow-workers in the new shops, to whom the very name of Trade Unionism is strange.

It must be remembered that continuity of membership of a Trade Union is always difficult to obtain, and increasingly so under war conditions—and to increase the membership means that thousands of new entrants have been enrolled to fill up the gaps made by lapsed members.

It is a common experience now for organisers to be met with, "Oh,

yes, I was a member, *but I left that firm*, and when I started work here I did not know who would collect my money." And the girl cheerfully joins again. Very gradually there is awakened a desire for continuous membership, and efforts will be made to notify change of address. Here and there the missionary spirit is aroused and the organiser is gladdened by the receipt of a scrawl: "Send me some application forms, the girls don't no



Photo by]

[Elliott and Fry

MISS MARGARET G. BONDFIELD

* Extract from R.C.A. propaganda booklet.

nothing about the Union here and I'm going to join 'em up. I started work here yesterday."

There are amazingly varied experiences in organising work. A district hangs fire for months and then bursts into active life for no visible reason. A group of women here, who try one's patience to the limit by their indifference; another group in the next factory, who take control of their branch business without effort, who send delegates to the Shop Stewards' Committee, formulate a demand for increased wages, and strike the shop within a few weeks of joining up!

For thirty years the Women's Trade Union League organisers had been repeatedly called upon to revive dying groups of women Trade Unionists belonging to the miscellaneous trades where men's Unions do not exist or where those Unions are closed to women. In 1906 the League Committee wisely decided that much time and energy would be saved and more efficient administration secured by uniting these groups into one Union—the National Federation of Women Workers. In ten years, under the guidance of its brilliant Secretary, Mary R. Macarthur, the Federation has become a powerful factor, and it has rendered unique service to the Trade Union movement during the war.

When women poured into the engineering trade—under dilution schemes—the Federation formed a working alliance with the Amalgamated Society of Engineers (a Union closed to women) and became in effect the women's section of that body. In all wages negotiations the Federation has been in the closest touch with the A.S.E. Executive and has used its influence to uphold the skilled men's rates. The A.S.E. men—with few exceptions—have welcomed the plan, and have helped most loyally to secure the organisation of the women. Similar action has been taken in connection with wood-working, aircraft, and other skilled trades invaded by women and in which the men's Unions did not admit them.

The Federation has been faithful to the principles of the W.T.U.L., and when

a craft Union has agreed to admit women the Federation has endeavoured to arrange for the transfer of the appropriate members to that Union. In fact, the Federation serves as *the* Union for "women's trades" and a primary school and clearing house for women entering trades usually considered to be "men's trades."

The greatest difficulty arises in connection with the general Unions, among which there is a notable change of attitude towards the organisation of women. Women have become desirable members to fill the blanks left in the membership rolls by the demands of the Army.

Whole tracts of "women's" occupations previously left alone by the general Unions as unproductive of good results are now invaded by rival organisers, who bring confusion to the unorganised woman and joy to the heart of the "anti-Union" employer.

I believe this to be an evil but temporary phase of Trade Union development, and the sooner we can evolve a saner and more scientific allocation of spheres of activity the better it will be for Labour. Representative Labour women have already given serious attention to this matter and their conclusions are as follows:

TRADE UNION ORGANISATION.*

Although the Trade Union organisation of women has made great strides during the war, the vast majority of wage-earning women remain unorganised. The problem of their organisation ought to be seriously tackled by the Trade Union movement as a whole.

All Trade Unions should open their ranks to the women working in their trade, providing where necessary appropriate scales of contributions and benefits. Special provision should be made in the rules for the representation of women on the governing bodies of the Unions, and there should be inside each Trade Union special machinery for dealing with the organisation of women in the trade and with their special needs and grievances.

This might be done either by the formation of a Woman's Council, whose decisions and work might be subject to the general Executive Coun-

* Report of the Standing Joint Committee of Women's Industrial Organisations on "The Position of Women After the War." Adopted by the Joint Committee on Labour Problems After the War. Price 2d. To be obtained from 1, Victoria Street, S.W.

cil, or it might be done by a sub-committee of the Executive Council.

Provision should also be made for the appointment of women organisers and officials wherever justified either by the extent or by the prospects of the membership.

We are convinced that no form of Trade Union organisation amongst women can be satisfactory or permanent if it does not aim at encouraging the women to take a large part in the management of their own affairs.

It is generally conceded that the unskilled and general labourers' unions to be really effective should be amalgamated. This amalgamation should, when it comes, include the women, who should, however, have autonomy within the larger organisation.

Provision should be made for the representation of women on the general executive of any amalgamation whether of skilled or unskilled unions, and there should be a special women's department, including women officers, who should work under the direction of a Women's Council, elected by the women members, but subject, of course, to the control of the General Executive.

The time may come when it may not be necessary to make these special provisions, but, whilst believing in the closest possible co-operation between the men and women Trade Unionists, it is idle to deny that there are industrial problems which affect women specially and which require special treatment.

In the meantime, special machinery is necessary to ensure that the women should take as full a part as possible in their own affairs and in the administrative work of their unions. There is no stability in a merely paper membership from which the educational value of Trade Unionism is largely absent.

Since this Report was issued a small step in the right direction has been taken. Officials of the general Unions—including the N.F.W.W.—have agreed to take united action in connection with general wages advances; the advance given by the Ministry of Munitions, which took effect on August 15, 1917, is due to this joint action.

Lest we should become too optimistic, however, it must be recorded that a Federation of General Unions has been recently set up, with Mr. James O'Grady, M.P., as its Secretary; the N.F.W.W. signified its willingness to join such a federation when it was first mooted, and immediately applied for affiliation. At the time of writing its affiliation has not been accepted, although the F.G.U. has held its preliminary meetings, and appointed its officers and Committee!

With such tremendous problems ahead

there is no time to waste on personal differences or on personal dignities. Trade Union officials who care more for their positions than for the scientific organisation of Labour are a real danger at this time when every day's delay is a serious matter; and many Trade Union officials are earnestly looking to the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress to take even more vigorous action in promoting amalgamation and in giving a lead in the direction of more harmonious working between competing sections of their affiliated societies. It is said that after the war * we shall be plunged into a sex war in industry. It may be so, if any large number of men take up the attitude of "Typographical No. 6," and if any proportion of women have to repeat the poignant cry of Augusta Lewis: "As long as we are refused work on the ground of sex we are at the mercy of our employers."

But if the organised Labour forces follow the advice of Mary Macarthur, and "ensure that the employment of women in place of men shall not be to the economic advantage of the employer," men and women can march forward together, mutually helpful, serving interests common to both sexes, industrially, politically, and socially, through a real partnership in their Trade Unions. The group of women in direct competition with skilled men is infinitesimal compared with the great mass of women whose work is classed as "unskilled," and I earnestly hope to see in the Trade Union

* Joint Committee on Labour Problems After the War. Representing the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress: Mr. H. Gosling, L.C.C., Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., Right Hon. C. W. Bowerman, M.P. Representing the Executive Committee of the Labour Party: Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., Mr. G. J. Wardle, M.P. Representing the Management Committee of the General Federation of Trade Unions: Mr. J. O'Grady, M.P., Mr. Ben Cooper, Mr. Ben Tillet, Representing the War Emergency Workers' National Committee: Mr. Albert Bellamy, Mr. Fred Bramley, Mr. Sidney Webb. Secretary: J. S. Middleton, 1, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. Standing Joint Committee of Industrial Women's Organisations: Miss Mary Macarthur (chairman), Miss A. Susan Lawrence, L.C.C. (Women's Trade Union League); Miss Llewelyn Davies, Miss Allen (Women's Co-operative Guild); Miss Mary Longman (secretary), Dr. Marion Phillips (Women's Labour League); Miss Margaret Bondfield, Miss Weaver (National Federation of Women Workers); Mrs. E. Webb, Mrs. Hobbs (Railway Women's Guild).

movement a development of that greater comradeship which makes the Miners' Federation the champion of old-age pensions and mothers' pensions. That it will be a matter of deep concern to miners, railwaymen, etc., that women should still be working in sweated trades for 10s. or 12s. a week, and that out of their plenty they will provide more funds to help the "bottom dogs" of the industrial world. It has always seemed to me a matter for reproach that middle-class people mainly support the Anti-Sweating League, and that even the Women's Trade Union League has had to depend more upon its subscriptions from individuals outside the Trade Union movement than upon its income from Trade Union sources to support its Trade Union organising work.

Not because I object to middle-class contributions—I would not shut the door to any who genuinely desire to be of

assistance to the downtrodden, as long as they do not try to meddle with matters which are the concern of the workers alone—but because it indicates that organised labour has taken too narrow a view of its obligations and opportunities.

When one turns from the official element to the rank and file, however, it is impossible to be pessimistic about the future; the workers in the shops are creating a revolutionary force strong enough to break down all barriers, generous enough to build up a sweeter, cleaner relationship between men and women in the workshop—between the citizen and the State.

In this revolution women will contribute their share of sacrifice and of hard work, not so much that they are clamorous for "rights" as that in the main they are deeply conscious of duties and find much joy in service.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF EMPIRE

By *BASIL P. HOWELL*

The writer of this article is a member of the Executive Committee of "Britain and India : an Association for the Study of their Mutual Interests."

THE war has made the whole question of Imperial Reconstruction one of practical politics. The resolutions of the Imperial War Conference constitute the first tentative outline of Imperial Federation that is still a thing of future development. The self-interest of the component parts of the Empire is being utilised in order to form a nucleus around which the future World Empire may be built. Hence it is, perhaps, inevitable that the problems upon which attention is being focussed at present are those concerned with inter-colonial trade and defence. True it is that, in the past, our Imperial

history might be summed up in the phrase, "Trade follows the flag," and, from the point of view of World Peace, it is essential that the defence of the Empire should be secured beyond possibility of danger. Loyal Indians, who seem to have an innate "sense of Empire," have rejoiced, therefore, in the recent decision of the Indian Government to enrol volunteers for military service.

But while all this may be considered satisfactory in its effects upon the welfare of the Empire, yet those students of history who look beyond the affairs of the moment will feel that the lesson of past Empires has not yet been realised by the

vast majority of the peoples of the present day. That lesson, in brief, is that no Nation or Empire can endure which, in the terms of its national or Imperial life, outrages the Law of Brotherhood in any of its aspects. Brotherhood implies obligations, gladly and lovingly, not grudg-

of view, is the principle of all truly organic life." If the Empire is to be anything more than a mere aggregate of separate races and interests, is to be, indeed, an organic life, that principle must be expressed in all its activities.

India has many lessons to teach man-



Photo by]

[Hugo van Wadenoyen, Cardiff

BASIL P. HOWELL

ingly, rendered, and, for a true appreciation of Imperial obligations it is necessary to understand, in some measure, at any rate, the meaning of Dharma in its relation to the Empire which is even now a-building, for, as a recent writer has well said, Dharma, "from one point

kind, but none is more valuable than the fundamental thought embodied in the word Dharma. But what does Dharma mean? "The obligations to the family, the obligations to the community, the obligations to the nation—these are the Dharma into which every human being

comes by the gateway of birth."* It is the law of the evolving life, whether that life be manifested in an individual or an Empire. Without an understanding of that Law, life becomes a mere "living from hand to mouth"; its co-ordinating principle is gone. Working in harmony with it, the Present becomes the rightful heir of the Past, and instinct with the hope, nay, the certainty, of the Future. The Empire, Nation, or individual that directs its growth in accordance with Dharma becomes, not the sport of passing Chance, but a co-worker with the Eternal. Its ideal is Duty, as opposed to the Western view of Rights, and "on the difference between these two fundamental conceptions of human organisation, of national life, the whole of the future will turn."†

What, then, in this view is the Dharma of Empire? It is more and more being recognised by the foremost minds of the race that the conception of Empire which makes of it merely a machine for conferring benefits, commercial or otherwise, upon its peoples, must give place to the nobler Ideal of an Empire which regards the right fulfilment of its obligations to the larger claims of Humanity as the very breath of life. Not for the sake of Empire is Empire dear, but "for the sake of the Self" is the Empire dear, and gathering force here and there throughout the Empire is the thought that its well-being depends entirely upon the common acceptance, as a practical working rule, of the idea that the Power of Empire is to be used for the Service of the World.

Now, there are four great departments of human life which cut across, as it were, the dividing walls that separate the different Imperial peoples, and precisely because they are common to the life of the Empire as a whole, it is important that Dharma in regard to them should be recognised. They are: Religion, Education, Sociology, and Politics.

What are our Imperial obligations in

* Mrs. Annie Besant: "The Ancient Ideal of Duty," an Address delivered in 1910: "For India's Uplift."

† Op. cit.

the matter of Religion?. It is one of the marked features of the British Empire that, within its bounds, we find existing practically all the great World Faiths. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of religious toleration as a contributing factor in the success attending our efforts at Empire Building. Too often, in the past, that religious toleration has been, perhaps, a mere matter of indifference, not unmixed with a sense of superiority, displayed towards the non-Christian religions of the Empire. Much yet remains to be done before the religious Dharma of the Empire is clearly formulated and gladly accepted on all sides. Not yet is it seen that each religion expresses some one aspect of Divine Truth, bereft of which humanity would be the poorer, nor that narrowness of religious outlook is subversive of "thinking Imperially." The world is unified materially, but not yet spiritually, though the religious thought of the day seems to be working up to some sort of organic spiritual life for the world, even though the terms of that life are but vaguely defined at present. And the question arises, Is a Spiritual Federalism possible, with all that it means in the enrichment of our religious experience, and if so, can the British Empire adumbrate, within its own borders, the future World Religion? And surely our answer will be in the affirmative if it be realised that, without religious unity as its informing life, the idea of an Imperial Commonwealth is but a vain shadow. It is by each religion in the Empire seeking to *share* what it has of worth with its co-religions, that the Dharma of Empire in spiritual matters will be fulfilled. The day when one form of "Kultur," spiritual or otherwise, could seek to impose itself upon the rest of the world is past, and the Wisdom that finds partial expression in each world religion will only be glimpsed as we live Brotherhood in matters of faith.

Similarly is it with Education, Social Reform, and Politics. In Education there is need for an appreciation of our immense task if we would make our children realise that they are to be "citi-

zens of no mean Empire." We have not yet begun to work out our Imperial Educational Ideal, that shall bring to the aid of teachers all the educational resources of the Empire and enable them to capture the imagination of our children and young people, so that these may hold all that they have and are in trust for an Empire which is worthy of their service. Who will give us an Ideal of Imperial Education that shall win the attention of the whole world because of its "freedom in service"?

So also is it with Social Reform. The problems of Industry in most parts of the Empire present certain features in common. Everywhere we find existing employers and employed, everywhere the position of women in industry and in the home calls for attention, everywhere there is needed a realisation of the sanctity of *all* work which contributes in any way to the well-being of the Empire. And one feels that the Dharma of Empire in this respect is being neglected because of a lack of knowledge of what is being done in different parts of the Empire in the matter of social reform. How many English people are aware of what is being done in respect of social legislation in Australia and New Zealand, for example? The highest wisdom is necessary for the discharge of Dharma. Who will call an Imperial Conference for the purpose of securing unity of effort throughout the Empire, so far as possible, along the lines of Social Reconstruction? Is it possible for the Empire to set an example of a New Social Order, where Brotherhood and Co-operation replace Antagonism

and Competition, and where all classes "know themselves as one"? Can India give us an Ideal of Work that shall inspire all men and women to dedicate their activities, mental or manual, to the Service of the Whole? For the Dharma of Empire in the region of Sociology is to show that poverty is not a necessary element in commerce and industry, and to lead the world to transform the present economic relationship between employer and employed into one that shall not do violence to all that is finest in human nature, but shall restore the ancient dignity of all forms of work, directive or executive.

And, again, in the political sphere the Dharma of Empire is to establish political institutions that will enforce no disability upon creed, sex, caste, or colour, but which will recognise in practice the ideal of "the progress of all, through all, under the leadership of the wisest and best." Here, indeed, is a task for the exercise of the highest statesmanship of which we are capable, but it will only be performed as we put aside the desires of the personal self and rise to that purer region of our being where Dharma is seen as the sole law of growth.

In these ways, then, among others, we have to respond to the call of our Imperial Destiny. "He that is greatest among you let him be as he that doth serve" might well be the motto of our far flung Empire, and to fulfil our Dharma as citizens of that Empire will demand the highest qualities of heart and mind.



SELF-DISCIPLINE AND SELF-GOVERNMENT

By The Hon. *BERTRAND RUSSELL*

As a writer and, what is more, a thinker, Mr. Russell is well known to our readers. His recognition of the Self within each man comes out strongly in his treatment of educational subjects. His latest works are: "Our Knowledge of the External World as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy" and "Principles of Social Reconstruction."

EDUCATIONAL systems have at all times embodied some kind of ideal at which the educators have aimed. Generally these ideals have been unconscious. They might perhaps better be described as a direction in which effort tends than as a definite goal towards which it is directed. But, consciously or unconsciously, our dealings with the young embody our real desires. We feel, rightly or wrongly, that the young are likely to be influenced by their elders, and we exert our influence to make them such as we wish human beings other than ourselves to be.

Educational theories and systems might very well be classified according to the kind of individual they aim at producing. One very great and fundamental distinction is between systems which aim at producing in the child the character which the controlling authority would himself wish to have, and those which aim at producing a character which he finds convenient in others though he would not wish to have it himself. In England as it existed before democracy had puzzled and confused our simple instincts these two types of education were very clearly separated. The public schools aimed at producing a governing type: they aimed, that is to say, at making the boys resemble those who controlled the policy of the country. The education of other classes—if education it could be called—was designed to make them submissive, content with their station in life, acquiescent in social ine-

qualities, believing that apparent injustices had been decreed by a beneficent Providence. The purpose of all such systems of education is very obvious. It aims at producing two well-differentiated types of masters and slaves—masters who have no doubts as to their right to command and slaves who never question their duty to obey. The power of education is such that a system of masters and slaves can be prolonged for centuries before it is effectively questioned. An aristocracy which can produce a sufficient network of theory to be woven round the struggling limbs of the young can often succeed in keeping them enmeshed throughout their later life. The old aristocracy of birth had its theory. The newer aristocracy of wealth developed an ethic and an economics which has left it hitherto practically undisturbed. The still newer aristocracy of officialdom is rapidly generating a morality of submission to the State, which may grow before long into a superstition as dire as the belief in the sacredness of private property.

Those who have the principles of democracy at heart will not aim at producing in others a character and a morality which they would scorn to possess themselves. The Golden Rule is as applicable in education as elsewhere. "Educate others as you would wish to have been educated yourself." That is the generative principle of wisdom in education. It is very different from another principle with which it might be confounded—

namely, "Educate others to be as like yourself as possible," for you certainly would not wish them to have the power of educating you into likeness to them. What we all desire for ourselves is to be so educated as to develop our own talents, our own capacity for realising our own fundamental purposes. We wish to be filled with the kind of hope that gives courage in difficult enterprises and with the kind of knowledge that makes difficult enterprises feasible. We do not wish to be taught submission to others except in so far as others are leading us towards the realisation of our own aims.

The eighteenth century, which was far less skilled in hypocrisy than our more sophisticated age, used to avow frankly that its purpose in education was to break a child's will. We no longer avow that we wish to break a child's will. In our dealings with children we do not as a rule endeavour to produce submission through despair: this method is reserved for criminals, especially Christians. In our dealings with the young we have now a far subtler method. We instil disbelief, doubt, cynicism. We cause them to think that hopes of a better world are idle dreams and can be shown to be impossible by a little hard thought. We put before them an ideal of security through acquiescence in the *status quo*. Within the child's own nature we find treacherous allies in laziness and a sluggish imagination. The one spur to action which we encourage is the spirit of competition within the existing framework of society, the spirit of a crowd of children scrambling for pennies thrown from a balcony. By keeping alive this spirit of competition, our rulers, the great financiers and journalists, succeed in preventing any combination against them. Even the working man who thinks himself a revolutionary tends, at least in this country, to respect or despise other working men in proportion to their income. Combination between the skilled and the unskilled is difficult; combination between men and women, when it occurs, is brief and precarious except in a few trades. The only purpose in which a whole nation is at one is competi-

tion with other nations. In regard to its internal purposes competition makes a united effort impossible.

Economic systems and educational systems work hand in hand. It is impossible to say which is the cause and which is the effect. If either is changed, it will in the long run lead to a change in the other, which will react in its turn upon the first. Some people will say that the economic structure of a society is the first cause of everything else that happens in that society; others urge that those who desire any great change must begin with education. Both these views seem to me unduly simple. An economic system cannot last if it conflicts seriously with men's idea of right, and if education can affect men's idea of right, it can in the long run affect the economic system. On the other hand, the economic system determines who shall have the control of education, and therefore to a great extent determines what ideal shall be put before the young. All human affairs are interconnected, and improvements have to be in all directions simultaneously if they are to have any stability. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that education is among the most important means of reform, and that no improvement can be lasting unless it is embodied in quite different ideals of education from those which now prevail. In educating a child it is possible to regard it in two entirely different ways. One may regard it as a tool, or as an independent unit with a life and growth of its own. Many people would acquiesce nominally in the second way of regarding a child without really realising how much is involved or how far such a principle takes us from the accepted standards of morality. Indeed, it may be said that nine-tenths of what currently passes as morality consists of precepts designed to make the individual a convenient tool for promoting the life either of the community or of some privileged class. The principle of treating a human being as an independent unit with a life and growth of his own is one which may seem, when we first begin to think out its implications, so anarchic as to be utterly impracticable and subversive. I

think a deeper study will remove this first impression, but it will never bring us back to the comfortable morality which is always willing to distort the individual in order to make him fit more easily into his place in the pattern of society.

One of the most difficult problems confronting an educator who wishes not to limit the child's freedom is concerned with the creation of habits. The bulk of education—intellectual, moral, and physical—has consisted in just this. The powers of speech and writing consist entirely in acquired habits, and the same is true with most more advanced knowledge. Many instructors would consider that by forming habits they have accomplished their whole duty by the child. On the other hand, artists, founders of religions, and other subversive people always decry habit. It is clear that if we are seeking the freest and most complete development of the child we must somehow find a middle course between these two extreme views. Whoever wishes to succeed in any difficult enterprise will teach himself a certain number of habits of a kind which he feels to be useful for this purpose. Childhood is the best period for acquiring habits, because it is the period when human beings are still malleable and when the instinct of imitation is most alive. For this reason the educator, whether he wishes it or not, is perfectly certain to instil habits into the children with whom he deals. But habits, though they are essential to capacity, are very often fatal to freedom. It is the growth of habit more than anything else that renders most old men useless and even pernicious, because they cannot adapt their thoughts to new conditions. It is the strength of habitual opinion that makes people unable to accept new truths, however conclusive may be the evidence in their favour. It is the habit of command, in those in authority, which makes them become impatient of opposition and prone to punish those who try to warn them against impending errors. In all these ways habits do harm as soon as men become their slaves, and hardly anyone can hope not to be the slave of

habit when middle life has been reached.

But habits are so necessary that a wise educator will not seek the impossible ideal of dispensing with them. He will seek only to make them subject to an ultimate control by something which may be called reason, or vision, or a life-giving hope. At bottom what is wanted to prevent the tyranny of habit is the very same thing which is wanted in order to produce that kind of moral discipline that comes from within rather than the kind that is merely imposed by authority. Self-discipline can only be achieved in its best form by those who have some dominant constructive desire of a kind which gives a purpose to their life as a whole.

Discipline in the external sense consists in obedience to authority. One sees it in its most complete form in the Army. The process of military drill is the process of instilling certain motor habits so firmly upon the body of the soldier that what he thinks and feels becomes of no importance, because his movements respond automatically to the word of command. So potent is this influence that it is often found possible to take soldiers straight out of one army into a hostile army and make them fight for their enemies with the same disregard of death with which they previously fought for their friends. Something of the same sort happens with the docile wage-earner. He does not ask himself what is the purpose of the work upon which he is engaged: he merely performs it obediently, without thinking.

This habit of obedience has been much praised by moralists, who have generally belonged in sympathy to the governing classes. But the discipline involved is not of a sort which any person who values self-development can praise, for it consists essentially in a subordination of the thinking to the unthinking part of a man's nature. The sort of discipline that is to be valued is the sort that results from a man's own realisation that the things he cares for cannot be achieved if he yields to every mood and every passing whim, but only if he has a certain consistency of action, which demands a considerable exercise of will. I believe that all education, in so far as it is of real

value, can proceed entirely through the child's own will without the need of imposing the alien will of the teacher. What is necessary for this purpose is to bring education into relation with the child's own desires. I do not say that every child can in this way be induced to learn everything that is now taught, but I do say that what a child will not learn in this way is probably not worth his learning. All of us who have been taught by traditional methods have been compelled to learn many things which appeared to us not worth knowing and totally uninteresting, but I think very few of us could say truthfully that the knowledge acquired in this way has proved of any value to us whatever except for such purely incidental purposes as the passing of examinations. Nor do I think that the discipline inspired by fear is a discipline of any great value in later life. In proportion as fear is removed such discipline is also removed. The man who has been an obedient son will be a 'tyrannical father.

The true source of discipline, as of everything else that is of value in the world, is not fear but hope, difficult hope—hope inspired by strong desire and by the intelligence which strong desire creates. The way to instil discipline of the kind that comes from within is to make children sensitive to good and evil, acutely conscious that nine-tenths of the evil in the world is wholly unnecessary, and that the good is capable of absolutely boundless increase.

At present a very great deal is done to make people conscious of impotence, and therefore patient of evils which they would never tolerate if they realised that it is in their power to prevent them. In this way generous hopes are checked and all imaginative vision is discouraged. What is called moral discipline results mainly, in the world as it now is, from fear of disapproval, and therefore depends upon the expectation of detection. The criminal law, public opinion, and tittle-tattle are engines of public tyranny, means by which a society which has not succeeded in making itself loved can nevertheless secure that most people's

actions shall not be inconvenient to it. With a different education and freer institutions, an attitude of love towards others would become very much more common, and there would be no need of the motive of fear to prevent the kind of actions which are now punished. The moral discipline, which is now externally secured through fear, would then be internally secured by a positive desire for the ends which it serves.

Men cannot live as isolated units, since gregariousness is part of our instincts. Very few people can live successfully a life which thwarts any strong instinct permanently or fundamentally. But in a free society, such as could easily be created, the opposition between self-love and love of others would be very much rarer than it is at present. The instinctive realisation that the society, friendship, and co-operation of others is necessary to one's own development makes a natural basis for the reconciliation of personal and social desire. But so long as men are willing to take a short cut through fear and authority to a purely external harmony, so long the really valuable harmony that springs from within, and is only possible to free men, will not be realised.

The application of these ideas to the practice of education is not very difficult, and has already been effected by some teachers to a very great extent. I think it is true that the successful practice of education along such lines is only possible for those who themselves have the spirit which it is hoped to inspire in the young. There must be a certain instinctive love of those who are to be taught. There must be a belief in the value to them of what they are to learn. There must be a conviction that they, or most of them, can be made to feel this value. There must be patience and a certain natural cheerfulness. Not many people at present have all these qualities. Overwork and competition stimulate envy, jealousy, and an instinctive feeling that other people are one's enemies. But there is no reason why this should be so, and if the men and women who have the kind of qualities that I have described are able to devote

themselves to education, they will enormously increase the number of those in the next generation who will have similar qualities. I do not myself believe that it is very important to discuss systems and methods. I believe that those who have the right spirit, if they are given a free hand, will develop a right method. It is the spirit that matters in this, as in everything else that is important.

Unfortunately there is the very greatest difficulty, owing to political reasons, in procuring, for those who desire to educate in the spirit which I have described, any opportunity for what they wish to do. Education is mainly in the hands of the State or the great institutions subservient to the State. Its chief purpose is to maintain the *status quo*, and it is therefore largely devoted to producing timidity, fear, and hatred. It is much to

be hoped that those who desire to preserve and increase what exists in the way of education in freedom for freedom will combine to preserve and create institutions independent of the State, where parents who are out of sympathy with the prevailing ideas can feel reasonable security that their children will grow up undistorted. Such institutions cannot at first be numerically very great, but if they have anything like the success that they ought to have in producing good human beings, their example ought soon to spread, and ultimately to convert even the State. The period immediately following the war will be one when people will be in the mood for experiments, and I hope that it will not be allowed to pass without some great and serious effort to preserve and extend what exists in the way of a really humane education.



“ All you have to do is to take the marble of the lower self and, with the chisel of will and the hammer of thought, to cut away the matter that prevents the Beautiful within you from being seen ; to let the God within you shine out in glory and lighten the world in which you live.”

* * * * *

“ God’s thought makes universes ; your thought makes yourself, the one creative force, the one thing by which you shape, mould, build character. Thought everywhere is the creative agent and the road for the evolution of the soul.”—

ANNIE BESANT

WHERE CHILDREN PLAY

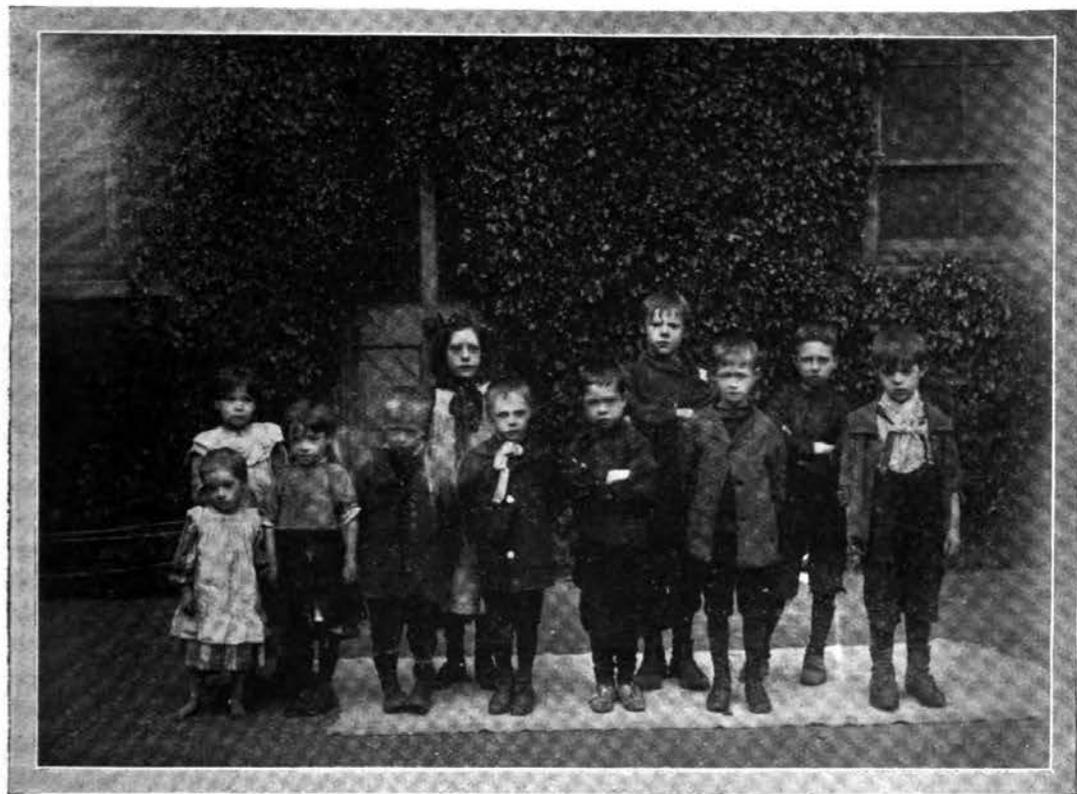
By CECILY M. RUTLEY

Mrs. Rutley here describes an Evening Play Centre. Next month she will tell us about a Vacation School. The illustrations are kindly lent by the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Tavistock Place, London, W.C.

I

TO have no nursery but the stairs of a poor dwelling-house, no playground after school hours but the streets, no toys but a few marbles and some pieces of wood and

things that tend towards physical, mental, and spiritual growth, which can only be really learnt properly from play? And if a child does not learn to play while he is young, he is not very likely to learn when



THE CENTRE MAKES CAREWORN CHILDREN HAPPY

rag dressed up to represent a doll—that, surely, is a sad enough state for little souls evolving upon their upward way! What chance is there for them in that most impressionable of all periods—childhood—for learning those hundred and one

his schooldays are over and the strenuous toil for his daily bread begins. Small wonder that the men and women of the very poor have such careworn faces and joyless hearts, and look for their amusements and recreation in coarse cinemas,

low music-halls, public-houses, and other unhealthy channels if they have never been helped to seek them anywhere else.

It was to do something towards remedying this pitiable state of things that Mrs. Humphry Ward — a woman "mighty of heart, mighty of mind, magnanimous," indeed, Ruskin would have called her—with eyes that "see" and a mind that "understands," and, above all, a great deep love for the child, started in 1897 a Recreation School at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Tavistock Place, where children could come in the evenings after school hours and play. Eight years later, in 1905, Mrs. Ward founded the Evening Play Centres Committee, under which twenty-one Play Centres exist in London to-day.

What is a Play Centre? It is not easy to give a vivid description of one in words. It needs to be actually visited to be really understood. But I will do my best. If you will come with me this evening I will try and show you something of the wonderful work that is being done.

It is approaching 5.30 on a winter's afternoon. It is raining slightly and rather cold. The children of the classes more fortunate in respect of this world's goods are already indoors enjoying their tea round a cosy fire. Afterwards they will romp happily till bedtime, or mother will come into their bright, warm nursery and tell them tales.

But in the neighbourhood where we are going most of the children are still out. Let us stop this dirty, ragged little fellow and ask him why he is not yet indoors.

"Mother ain't come 'ome yet, an' she's got the key. She don't come 'ome till seven," is the reply.

Father works later still, or stops at the public-house, so Tommy and half a dozen brothers and sisters of various ages will be roaming the streets for several hours yet.

We question another child—a little girl, pale-faced and dark-eyed, and shivering in her thin, scanty frock. The answer is more piteous still. "I ain't got no 'ome. We lives on the stairs."

Yes! There are some houses where every tiny room is occupied by a different

family, and the stairs are let out to two or three other families as well. This sounds rather like fiction. It is, alas! honest fact. And what houses! Scarcely worthy of the name. Certainly not fit to bear the sacred name of "home." The birds of the air and the beasts of the field are better housed than these little ones whom the Master loves. It was for children such as these that the Play Centres were opened.

We leave the main thoroughfare, with its stalls and barrows, pawnshops and cheap food stores, and turn down a side street. Halfway down there is a large Council school, and its lighted windows look quite cheerful after the dismalness without. There is a good deal of noise in the playground. Now a bell rings and there is silence, and a motley group of girls, big and little, and infants, line up as though they were going into school.

We will go through this door into the big hall. Here, down the centre, some girls are standing up, holding aloft large oblong pieces of white cardboard, each of which bears one of the following inscriptions in large black letters: Painting, Quiet Games, Needlework, Dancing, Story-telling.

Another bell rings, and the children troop in from the playground outside. They look at the boards, then line up behind that occupation which they have chosen for the first half of the evening. When all have chosen, and are ready, music begins, and the children march away to different classrooms, only the dancers staying behind in the hall.

It is delightful to watch this dancing. It is a revelation of what may be achieved with thick clodhopper boots; boots not worthy of the name, so worn and threadbare are they; and, in many cases, no boots at all. But dainty dancing slippers are not missed. The children manage quite well without. It is the spirit of the dance that matters most, and they have caught that. In and out, up and down, to and fro, they go, tripping it quite gracefully and daintily many of them, and certainly no morris dances or singing games of Merrie England have ever been more heartily enjoyed than

these to-night. And when the music stops, the children, hot and tired, but, oh! so enthusiastic, clamour eagerly for more.

Things are somewhat different in the Quiet Games Room, though here there is every bit as much zest displayed as in the hall. And you may well ask, "Why are these games called 'quiet'?" For all sorts of queer sounds come from different corners of the room—little squeals of delight over a good move, a good-natured laugh over an opponent's false step, and every now and again triumphant cries of

you must come quietly, please, so as not to disturb it. Walk on tiptoe, and shut the door, if possible, without a sound. Anyone who is at all acquainted with story-telling will know how essential it is that a story once begun should be finished without interruption, or the magic spell will be broken, and all the atmosphere of fairyland that has been created will be spoilt; for this atmosphere is a very delicate, filmy substance belonging, as it does, to something quite different from the ordinary material things of earth.



GIRLS DANCING

"I've won!" But did *you* ever manage to play ludo, halma, spelicans, fish from a magic pond, or race your horses round a cardboard course in absolute silence when you were young? And the children may laugh and talk within just limits as much as they please, for though they are in a schoolroom, school hours are over, and this is the hour of play. Quiet little groups there are in places, so intent over their particular game that they have hardly noticed that any strangers have come into the room.

In the next room there *is* silence, and

But the children have hardly noticed us. They are too far away—hundreds of miles and centuries away, in the land of Greece of long ago—following with breathless interest the journeyings of Orpheus to the underworld to seek for Eurydice, and still more intent on the return journey when Eurydice is following behind. And when Orpheus makes his fatal mistake of looking back, and Eurydice vanishes from his sight, cries of tension long suppressed escape, and the more sensitive amongst the children feel a real grief with the master singer for his loss.

Does it seem strange to find this wonderful old legend told to and appreciated by an audience in the slums? It is not really so. For it is an all-important fact that in the poorest, the least educated, the most depraved among us, there is something that, if rightly touched, will respond to all that is most beautiful and true. It is that spark of the Divine which we all of us possess in varying degrees, from the merest glimmer until, in those nearing perfection, it is becoming an all-pervading flame.

There are books, too, in this room, to be looked at and read quietly between the spoken tales, and if you watch the eagerness with which the leaves are turned over, and the pictures discussed, you realise something of what a book means to a child who has never possessed one of her own.

There are artists in the slums, though they may never have been in a wood or meadow, or stood beside a stream. Yet they paint flowers, and leaves, and fruit, with all the insight and intuitive knowledge of what is "right" that all true artists possess, as you will see if you walk round the Painting Room and watch what is being done. Some of the work is merely "sploshy," much of it only amateurish, of course; but, artist or "dabbler," each is striving after something higher than she knows, each is really happy, and for a Play Centre that is all we ask.

The Needlework Room has many faithful devotees. Here the quieter and more sober little maidens flock night after night, and by steady, regular work accomplish much, knitting, dressing dolls, making little garments, and other articles, which, when finished, may become the worker's own, not given, but bought on the instalment system of contributing a halfpenny or a farthing a week, until the price of the doll, or pincushion, small enough in itself, but great to the purchaser, is made up. They would not be valued half so much were they given away.

A bell rings. It is half-time, and the classes break up so that those who like may change their occupation for the

second part of the evening, but those who wish may stay on in the same room.

In one room at the other end of the hall a boys' class is in progress, making all sorts of useful articles out of wood under the supervision of a master. It is a class of especially deserving boys who come from very bad homes, or who, for some other reason, are allowed to attend on the girls' nights as well as on those set apart for boys alone.

Perhaps in the Babies' Room one realises most fully the pathos of childhood without toys. No words could ever describe the joy of the wee girls and diminutive boys as they push or drag along little dolls' perambulators, engines, or horses and carts. Up and down, up and down the long room they go, a ceaseless throng, tramping, some of them, until little feet can walk no further. Occasionally there is a collision, and over go engine, and pramful of dolls. But that is all part of the evening's fun. Dollies are gathered up, engine or cart righted, and on they go again as gaily as before. Some of them sing, some shout, most are making a noise of some kind or another. You must not look for silence in the Babies' Room.

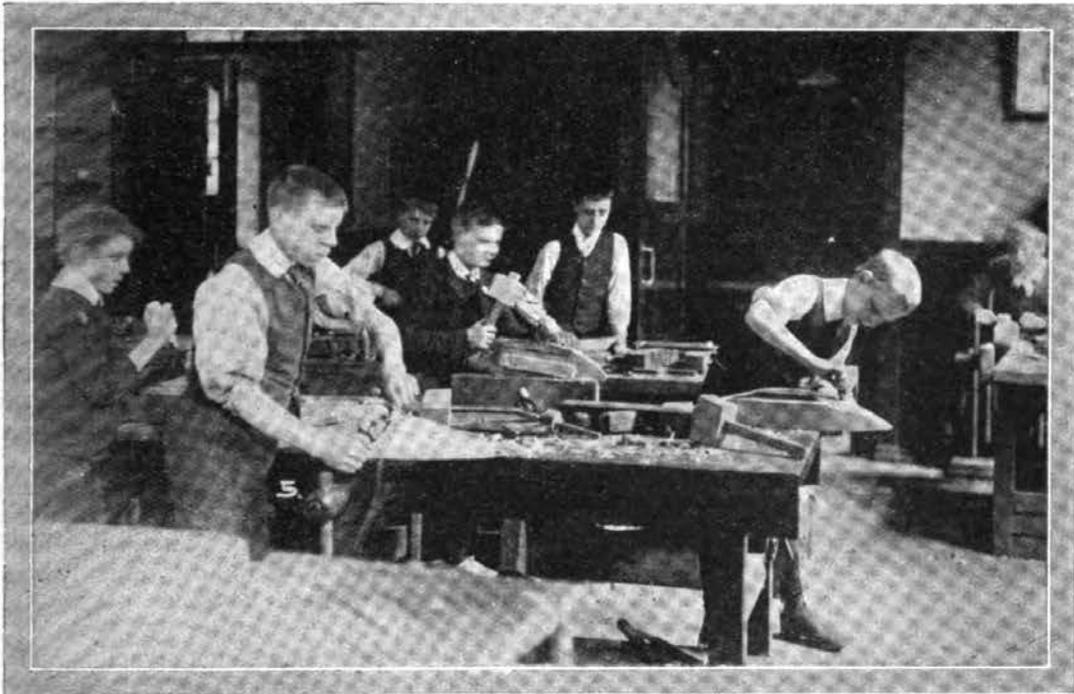
There is no rest for the rocking-horse. All the evening long he is kept upon the move, and there are always a number of eager little equestrians waiting for a ride. There are other occupations for those of a quieter frame of mind. At tiny tables, in tiny chairs, sit little boys and girls, threading beads, looking at picture books, building with bricks, or puzzle blocks. Time at the dolls' house has to be very equally divided out, and there are little mothers in the making who will sit the whole evening through in blissful rapture, totally oblivious to the babel all around, dressing and undressing dolly, putting her to bed, and getting her up, and crooning her soft little lullabies as they rock her in their arms. They cry sometimes, these little mothers, when it is time to go home and they have to leave their baby behind.

It is wonderful what a spirit of co-operation, of sharing in pleasures, can be developed at a Play Centre. When a new Centre is opened one of the difficulties to

contend against is theft—deliberate and, sometimes among the very little ones, unconscious. The children have to realise that toys, books, and games are not to be taken home. But this trouble soon vanishes with a little oversight and care, and especially if it can be impressed upon these little ignorant, but plastic minds, that if they take away a toy there will be one less for themselves or somebody else to play with to-morrow night. They will then also have learnt a lesson in co-opera-

that terrible driving force, so evil in its effects upon the bodies, minds, and souls of teacher and taught, which is still so often employed in many of the Council schools in order to keep the children absolutely silent and hard at work.

I have heard complaints from teachers that the Play Centres upset the children for their work. That because the evening before they have played in the class room they think they can do so the next day. This complaint will never be made, neither



MAKING BOATS

tion which will stand them in good stead all through life.

At the day schools the children learn to work together, at the Play Centres to play, and the former might learn much from the latter if they would; not least important that free discipline does not mean laxity or lawlessness, but that just as children will play contentedly and within just limits of noise so long as they are interested and happy, so will they work. And when this fact has been fully learnt by us we shall come to see the futility of

will there be any cause for it, when we rightly understand the meaning of discipline and the vital connection between work and play—that in play the best work is often accomplished, and that difficult and unattractive work may be achieved without any detriment to the development of effort if a certain amount of the atmosphere of play is introduced.

The time will surely come when day schools and Play Centre will work in close understanding and sympathy. There is already a strong link between them, for

to the day schools is committed the greater part of the work of selection. Naturally in a neighbourhood where there are several thousand children and only one Play Centre all cannot be admitted, and the much coveted tickets of admission are given first to those children whose homes are very poor and whose parents work late, and who, were it not for the Play Centre, would be often wandering the streets until 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening, with no warmth or shelter, and nothing to do but get into mischief.

The week is divided between girls and boys. On the boys' nights the occupations vary slightly. There is drill under a sergeant in place of dancing, and, when it is fine enough, football in the playground. Instead of needlework there is a cobbling class, where the boys mend their own boots and shoes. Painting and quiet games continue just the same, and there is carpentry and woodwork under a master. Story-telling, too, is keenly appreciated, and a roomful of the wildest street arabs, of ages ranging from eight to fourteen, will sit motionless for a long time under the spell of well-told tales.

On Saturday mornings the playgrounds are open under supervision, and here the Play Centres meet during the summer months, when skipping-ropes, hoops, balls, etc., are provided for the older children, and the babies bring some of their toys out of doors.

A woman of experience in the management of large numbers is appointed as superintendent for each Centre. But she is not of necessity a teacher during the day. In fact, it is often very much better if she is not, for the great aim of a Play Centre is that the atmosphere of school should be altogether eliminated. Under her are assistants, paid and voluntary. Voluntary helpers are always welcome, if they can only come for one or two evenings a week, and if there are any members of the Order of the Star who have an hour or two in the early part of any evening to spare, and are anxious to do some really useful and delightful work, I would suggest that they visit a Play Centre, see for themselves what is being done, and then, if they feel inclined, offer help.

The work at a Play Centre is not difficult provided one has the power of managing a large roomful of children. But so long as the children are kept happy and occupied the discipline, for the most part, takes care of itself. Anyone who can sew and who has a little initiative and originality can take a sewing-class. Quiet games require less skill. Those who love art could take a painting class, and the gain to the children is very great when they are led by someone who is, in however small a way, a real "artist" him, or her, self. So if you loved stories when you were a child, and love them still, go to a Play Centre and tell some there. The more simply and directly a tale is told the greater is its effect. If we are not teachers by profession so much the better for the children and ourselves, and we shall find that our work will be amply repaid. For the joy we are able to give to these little ones will certainly rebound upon ourselves.

There is work, too, at the Play Centres for servants of the Star. Where children *play*, young helpers can be just as useful as older ones. And servants, too young in years as yet to help in any other way, would perhaps send some of their books and toys, or, better still, take them themselves. A Play Centre's library is never overstocked. Books are expensive, especially in these days, and they quickly wear out with constant handling night after night. Every book and toy given to a Play Centre is so much actual pleasure and upliftment given to many little brothers and sisters journeying along life's rough and difficult way. Only the books should not be old-fashioned or dull. It is a great mistake to think that because a child is poor and uneducated anything will do. As a matter of fact, these little ragamuffins of the slums are *very* particular in their choice of books. As in story-telling, they prefer the *best*. Books with plenty of pictures and short stories appeal to them most. It is difficult to get interested in a long story when you do not come every night, and then are not certain of always getting the same book. At least, this has been my experience of the children's tastes.

A great forward step in the Play Centre movement has been made this year, 1917, another great good coming from the great evil of the war. The Board of Education, realising the value of organised centres of play when streets are abnormally dark, and parents in many cases less able than ever to look after their children in the evenings themselves, will now make grants "not

London, W.C.; and the other, Circular 980, entitled "Memorandum Accompanying the Regulations for Evening Play Centres," which can be obtained from the Board of Education, Whitehall. The first deals chiefly with the grant and other regulations, and the second with the inner working and organisation of a Play Centre. Further particulars of the Play



A TOY ROOM

exceeding one half of the approved expenditure" for the year in aid of Play Centres, and has issued two pamphlets on the subject which should be read by all interested in the movement or desirous of starting a Play Centre themselves. The first is "Regulations for Evening Play Centres," price 1d., to be obtained from any booksellers, or at Imperial House, Kingsway,

Centre movement can also be obtained from Miss B. Churcher, 25, Grosvenor Place, S.W.

It is to be hoped that the time will soon come when, in the poorest neighbourhoods, at least, there will be enough Play Centres to take in every child who wants to come.



[Judge Henry Neil, of Chicago, London, Strand Palace Hotel, is speaking all over the country in explanation of the Mothers' Pension Scheme.]

TRADES THAT TRANSGRESS

V.—The Coal Trade

By G. COLMORE

THE trades discussed in the preceding articles are trades which have no mandate from necessity; they need not exist; and their very existence is dependent on transgression of the law of love. Kid gloves, feathers, tortoise-shell; man, living not by bread alone, does not live at all by any of these; nor by the capturing and caging of birds. Fashion, convention and stupidity demand, command and sustain the trades which supply the markets with the skins of dead animals, the plumage of slain birds and the bodies of living ones; but the needs of man, even the comfort and convenience of man, in no way call for them. And the harmfulness of these trades is not confined to the ways in which they directly transgress; their pursuit has an evil influence upon the community; for the cruelty inseparable from them, and the carelessness and ignorance of that cruelty, engender both callousness to suffering and a willingness to ignore, and, by ignoring, to tolerate, certain practices and customs in trades which are not only in themselves beneficial to mankind but essential to civilised conditions.

One of these trades is the coal trade; necessary, indeed indispensable; light, warmth, heat, all are dependent on it; not the exigencies of fashion or luxury, but the needs of everyday life compel its pursuit. Yet this trade, too, must be numbered amongst the trades that transgress; not, indeed, in regard to the material which it puts upon the market, but in regard to some of the means by which that material is procured. It is incumbent upon the public to insist that this transgression should cease; a transgression as unnecessary to the existence of the trade as it is prodigal of suffering to the animals concerned.

Selfishness and cupidity deny and conceal that suffering; callousness condones

it, ignorance neglects it, and carelessness passes it by. Nevertheless, it is there, in the coal mines, poignant, hopeless, unceasing; and because of denial, because of the callousness and carelessness, it persists week after week, year after year, decade in and decade out.

There is much in mine life which is conducive to the infliction of cruelty. Speaking of the factors which stimulate it, Mr. Galsworthy, writing in the *Times*, defines them as being primarily three—an over-driven or irritable state of nerves, secrecy, and a helpless object. He continues:

The first of these conditions is always more or less present in mine work, not only because of the atmosphere and unnatural environment, but also because a certain amount of work has to be got through under difficulties in a certain amount of time. The second of these conditions is always present to a greater extent than it is almost anywhere above ground. The third of these conditions is obviously present. In mines and collieries we have therefore human nature, neither better nor worse underground than it is above, working continually under circumstances in which the three primary fostering conditions of cruelty are present. We have, in fact, a *prima facie* case for supposing—all other things being equal—that there must be more cruelty in the treatment of animals underground than on the surface. It would be, indeed, a miracle if there were not. The existence of these three primary conditions in perpetual combination renders this conclusion, apart from all factual evidence, as inevitable as a chemical equation. Added to this we have the fact that herbivorous animals, accustomed to daylight, are kept from the age of four to the age at which they are about to die in a place where no green thing of any sort can grow, where the air is strange and dark, where it never rains and the sun does not shine. And, further, we have those occasional catastrophes, such as that which so nearly did to death the unfortunate three hundred horses in Clydach Vale.

The cruelties which Mr. Galsworthy suggests in the above passage, as well as the facts which he names, are rampant in many mines, and continue unchecked and uncombated; for not only are the

conditions conducive to its existence, but the attitude of those in authority is too often callous, if not positively brutal. The pit ponies, working in unending night—for, descending into the darkness of the underground world, they never again see the light of day—work unfed or underfed, with maimed limbs, with wounded, strained bodies, with sore or blinded eyes, work till they drop, many of them from sheer weariness. And they die thus, from ill treatment, from overwork, from the wretchedness of their conditions because people do not care; because in the sunlit world up above people are too thoughtless and too selfish to care; because in the dark world in which they agonize and perish, commercialism cares only for itself. "Oh, never mind," said a deputy manager, speaking of the exhaustion and death of the horses, "what kills one buys another."

It is not wonderful then that there are instances—instances of undoubted authenticity, and many in number—of ponies blinded, wounded, and maimed by pit boys in a fit of temper; not wonderful even that there should be an instance of a pony whose tongue was torn out of its mouth, and who, in its agony, was worked all day. It would seem as if the boys who have charge of the ponies must be fiends, as if they, responsible for the ponies and their work, were also responsible for their sufferings. Yet pit boys are no worse than other boys; not they it is who are solely or even primarily to blame for what the ponies endure; but a system which treats flesh and blood as mere machinery, which demands from living sensitive beings not the amount of work they are able to give, but the very uttermost that can be exacted from overtaxed strength, cowed spirit, beaten, exhausted, suffering bodies. For the pit boys, on pain of their own blame, punishment or dismissal, have to get a certain amount of work out of the ponies in a given time; the work exceeds the measure of the ponies' strength, and flogging, hitting over the eyes, cruelty of divers kinds is resorted to in order to accomplish the task. A hateful task it is; no wonder that irritated nerves lead to

outbursts of frantic temper; no wonder that when compassion is made impossible cruelty has its way. I quote from letters cited by Mr. Francis A. Cox in a pamphlet entitled "The Pit Pony," published by the Equine Defence League:

The pony driver has a case, you know, after all. He is between the devil and the deep sea. The men at the coal face are paid on contract price. The lad and his horse have always more men to keep going than is possible. They curse the lad and report him to the manager, who may also curse him and give him the sack. You can't afford to be slow in a pit; profits have to be made somehow. These lads shed many tears, and I honestly tell you that the very worst time of my life was as a pony driver.

Some of the boys love their horses, but if the horses are good ones they are worked to death, and the boys thrash their horses—do anything—to get the stuff out—must do this, or the bullie-dog of a corporal is ready to report them, and they get the sack at the pit and a good thrashing at home.

To show the amount of work the ponies have to do, I quote again.

When I was "putting," I had a pony working day and night. It would go out of the stable at 6 a.m. and return at 4 p.m. I was working night-shift, and I had to take that pony out two hours afterwards for ten hours, so that it was working twenty-nine hours and resting four hours. My neighbour told me he was driving a pony down a pit not far from here and that pony worked day and night for four shifts on day and six on night. . . . The pony was unable to do its work, so my neighbour told the manager, and he exclaimed, "Oh, he has made as much as will buy another or two like him!"

I have known horses to leave the stables on Monday morning at 6.45, working desperately hard till 4 p.m. (during which time they have neither food nor drink). They would at 4 be taken to the stables till 9.45, brought out again till 6 a.m., took again to the stable for three-quarters of an hour, and then sent out again till 4 p.m. Many horses work hard for seventy hours in the six days with neither food or drink, except when in the stables. The consequence is they are most *cruelly thrashed because they were under their work.*

These quotations give glimpses into the lives and sufferings of the ponies used in the coal trade. Not in all pits is gross cruelty a commonplace; there are some—a few—in which the animals are considered and cared for; and that being so, the question arises, "Why not in all?" Many reasons might be given in reply—custom, callousness, greed; but the main reason is the reason which lies

at the root of all the transgressions of the trades that transgress—the carelessness of the public. There are individual men and women doing their best, working their hardest to do away with the shameless and shameful cruelty in the mines, but unless they are backed up by public opinion that cruelty cannot be conquered. According to the annual report of the Equine Defence League for 1916 there are still only eight inspectors, and the mines number 3,300 and the ponies and horses 73,600. Inspection, considering these numbers, is a farce.

And yet the cruelty need not be. It is more than doubtful whether pit ponies and horses need to be. At the annual meeting of the Equine Defence League, held in October, 1915, Mr. Cox states that as a result of lengthy and thorough investigation of the subject of haulage in mines, he had come to the conclusion that machinery could be substituted for horses and ponies. "Mechanically," said he, "it

could be done." But he goes on: "I am not considering, nor am I qualified to consider, how a proposal to accomplish such a reform by compulsion would affect the colliery interest or how it would regard it, but, of course, it is obvious that we should have to encounter an opposition similar to that which Wilberforce encountered in the liberation of the slaves."

Opposition? Yes, indeed, for though indifference prevails in regard to abuses, opposition to reform, when the reform conflicts with commercial interests, is mighty and strenuous. Yet it could be overcome if only the public cared, if the knowledge of the evil could be spread abroad, if the determination to do away with it could be aroused and strengthened. It is for each one of us to spread the knowledge, to appeal to the public heart, arouse the public conscience. "Whoso knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

INDIA

THE HERALD OF THE STAR is the official organ of the Order of the Star in the East, and not of any one section of it. That Order, as its members well know, has branches in most of the countries of the world, and the HERALD circulates in all the countries in which the Order has branches. It does not take sides in the political questions agitating the countries in which it circulates, any more than the Order itself does, though it encourages the expression of all sorts of views in its columns. In republishing the following communication from Mrs. Besant, which originally appeared in *New India* of June 15, 1917, the editorial board feel they are not departing from their proper attitude of reserve, although, no doubt, that communication is political in character, and deals with a question which is primarily the concern of the British Empire alone—though in ultimate analysis it is the concern of all humanity. Mrs. Besant is now suffering internment

besides other pains and penalties for her actions, and she is being strongly attacked from many sides, and it is only right that the official organ of the Order should be employed to enable its members, of whatever nationality, to learn, on the best of authority, the motives which have led their Protector to come into conflict with the Indian Government.

TO MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN
INDIA

BY ANNIE BESANT

I wrote this to leave behind me, when I thought I was going to Ooty. Now, as I have to see H.E. the Governor to-morrow, I think it is safer to print it to-day, lest I should be interned and unable to speak.

ANNIE BESANT

"THESE are the times that try men's souls." Thus spake one who faced the fiery furnaces of trial, and who faltered neither in faith nor in courage. It is ours to-day to face a powerful autocracy, determined to crush out all resistance to its will, and that will is to prevent India from gaining Self-Government, or Home Rule, in the Reconstruction of the Empire after the War.

The National Congress has declared, in con-

junction with the All-India Muslim League, that India must be lifted from the position of a Dependency to that of an equal partner in the Empire. To that end they drafted a scheme of reforms which proposed that the Legislative Councils should be much enlarged and elected on as broad a basis as possible, with a four-fifths majority of elected members, and that control of taxation and expenditure—the power of granting or refusing supply—should be placed in the hands of this Legislative Council, so as to subordinate the Executive to the Legislative Council. This is the feature of the scheme specially selected by H.E. the Governor of Madras for reprobation, and although it had been planned—in consonance with the practice of civilised nations—by the most responsible public men in the country, and accepted by the great mass of popularly elected delegates at the Lucknow National Congress and the Muslim League, 1916, His Excellency was pleased to aver that no Indian with knowledge of affairs would endorse it, and this soon after it had been endorsed by Mr. Madhava Rao, C.I.E., late Dewan of Travancore, Mysore, and Baroda.

The difference of opinion between the Governor of Madras and the large majority of educated Indians is a small matter; but the resolution to crush Home Rule by force is a very serious one. It is practically proposed to strangle by violence the political educative propaganda the Congress ordered its own Committees, the Home Rule Leagues, and other similar public bodies to carry on. We are therefore faced by the alternative of disobeying the mandate of the country or that of the Governor of Madras, an alternative which has been faced in the past by all countries which suffer under autocracies, and which India—the last great civilised country to be subjected to autocracy, save those under the Central Powers in Europe—has now to face. For myself, as a member of the All-India Congress Committee, I elect to obey the mandate of the country, in preference to that of the Governor of Madras, which has no moral justification behind it, which outrages British law and custom, and imposes an unwarrantable, and, I believe, an illegal, restriction on the fundamental Rights of Man. I know that this resolution of mine, setting myself against the strongest autocracy in the world in the midst of a disarmed and helpless people, will seem to most an act of madness, but by such acts of madness nations are inspired to resist oppression. Others will scoff at it as an easy martyrdom, deliberately courted; they have already done so, to discount it beforehand, they who could not face exclusion from Government House, let alone the loss of liberty, the seizure of property, and the exclusion from public life, which has been my one work and joy for forty-three years. When I was twenty-five, I wrote, anonymously, my first Freethought pamphlet, and within a year, as I refused to attend the Sacrament I had ceased to believe in, I was turned out by my husband from his home. I did not then, and do not now, blame him, for the position of a Vicar with a herectic wife was

impossible, and his friends urged him to the step. At twenty-six, at the end of July, 1874, I joined the National Secular Society, for the first time heard Mr. Bradlaugh lecture on August 2, and received my certificate of membership and had an interview with him a day or two later. On August 30 I wrote my first article in the *National Reformer*, and continued to write in it regularly, till he died in 1891. My real public life dates from my first public lecture on "The Political Status of Women," for the Co-operative Institute in August, 1874.

Since then my life has been given wholly to the service of the public, as I have seen service, so that the deprivation of the liberty to render service is the greatest loss that can befall me. I know that the selfish and the unpatriotic cannot realise this, but those who have a similar Dharma, they will understand. Apart from the joy of service, life has no attractions for me, save the happiness that flows from a few deep and strong personal attachments. To surrender liberty and touch with those I love is to me worse than death. But to live free and with them, a coward and dishonoured, a traitor to Dharma and to India, would be hell. I take the easier path.

Those who rob me of liberty will try to blacken me, in order to escape shame for themselves. The Defence of India Act was never intended to be used to prevent public political speech, free from all incitement to or suggestion of violence, and accompanied with no disturbance of any kind. My paper could have been stopped by the Press Act, by forfeiture of security and confiscation of press. But the Government is afraid to face the High Court, which has already pronounced its former procedure to be illegal. An autocracy is ever afraid of law, and hence the Government takes the step of shutting me up—a cowardly course—and hopes to prevent any public protest by striking down all who resist it. The Defence of India Act is being used to suppress all political agitation of an orderly character, so that it may pretend to England that India is silent and indifferent.

Sir Subramania's brave action, followed by those of the Hon. K. V. Rangaswami Iyengar, the Hon. Mr. V. K. Ramanujachariar (chairman of the Kumbakonam Municipality), the Hon. Mr. B. V. Narasimha Iyer, Dewan Bahadur L. A. Govindaraghaviah, Messrs. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Mr. Rangaswami Aiyar of Madura (Public Prosecutor and Pleader), with the effective letter of Mr. M. Ramachandra Rao, defending the Congress and League scheme against the strictures of the Governor—these all show the spirit of Madras, and will, I feel sure, be followed by many others of this city, now scattered far and wide over the country enjoying their well-won holiday, and unconscious of what is being done so cleverly by the Executive in their absence. If any attempt be made to justify my internment by pretence of my entering into or cognisance of any conspiracy, or communication with the enemy, I fling the lie in the slanderers' teeth. I know that some postcards

with my portrait, purporting to come from Germany, and said to be seditious, have been sent to friends. I have been told of them, but have not seen a copy. They may have been fabricated in Germany, or by the C.I.D. here, but I have nothing to do with them.

If it be said that I have carried on a "campaign of calumny," which I utterly deny, the fault lies with Lord Pentland, who could, once again, have forfeited my security and confiscated my press. But then his Advocate-General would have had to prove it in Court and before the Privy Council, and that he could not do. It is easy for a Governor, if he has no scruples, to calumniate a person from the safe security of a Council meeting at Ooty, and then to lock up the calumniated. Such is the natural course of an irresponsible autocrat.

Such men, to protect themselves, as we saw in the case of Sir Reginald Cradock, having silenced their victims, proceed to blacken and defame them before the world. How else can they justify themselves? When the dry facts as to poverty, starvation, over-taxation, illiteracy, are stated, they are "calumny." My little book, *India—a Nation* was stopped because it stated them. It was "calumny." To say that the average life period in India is 23.5, that in England it is 40, in New Zealand 60, is "calumny." To publish a table of literacy in England, Japan, Russia, Baroda, and British India is "calumny." To show that the raised assessment on land in one district was balanced that same year in the increased debt of the raiyats to the sowcars is "calumny." To show by these and many other facts that the autocracy in India is not even efficient is "calumny." To quote ancient books to show the state of the country in the pre-British days is "calumny"—if it shows widespread prosperity and wealth; if it tells of raids and wars, then it is history.

Let them talk as they will; they "come and go, impermanent." But Lord Pentland—a good but weak man, driven into tyranny by strong and ruthless men, like Messrs. Gillman and Davidson, our real rulers—will have to answer for his actions before the Indian public, before the British democracy, before history, which records the struggles for Liberty, and before God. Will his conscience be as clear as mine?

I hear, but gossip is unreliable, that to avoid internment I shall be told either to go to England or to promise to abstain from political speaking and writing. I shall do neither. I do not run away from a struggle into which I have led others and leave them in the middle of the field. Our work has been wholly constitutional; there has been no threat, no act of violence; in nothing has the law been transgressed. We believed that we were living under the Crown of Great Britain and had the constitutional right of speech and law-abiding agitation for reforms in the system of Government under which we live. Still, we were aware that we were living under an autocracy, which first punishes and then issues orders forbidding the act punished, and we took the risk; for the risk was personal, whereas the suppression of free

speech means secret conspiracy leading to revolution, in which many suffer. I have often pointed out that in India liberty and property can be confiscated by Executive Order, and that therefore no man is safe; an Executive Order forfeited my security and deprived me of another Rs. 10,000. Now an Executive Order deprives me of my liberty. It is well. The world will learn how India is governed, and that while England asks India to fight against autocracy in Europe, and drains her of her capital to carry on the war, England's agents use all the methods of autocracy in India in order to deceive the world into the idea that India is well governed and is content.

What is my crime that, after a long life of work for others, publicly and privately, I am to be dropped into the modern equivalent of the Middle Age *oubliette*—internment? My real crime is that I have awakened in India the national self-respect, which was asleep, and have made thousands of educated men feel that to be content with being a "subject race" is a dishonour. Mr. Lloyd George said truly that Ireland's discontent was not material, it was due to the wounding of national self-respect, and therefore could not be cured even by prosperity. I have made them feel that to live under an autocracy, to dance attendance on Governors and Collectors, to be ruled and taxed without their own consent, to be told that they were not fit to govern themselves, to see young Englishmen in the Public Services of their country preferred to experienced Indians, to have highly paid Imperial Services for foreigners lording it over less well-paid Provincial Services for "natives"—"natives" being the natural owners of their own land—that these and a hundred other like things were intolerable and should be ended. Life does not consist in money and clothes, in motor-cars and invitations to Government Houses. Life consists in liberty, in self-respect, in honour, in right ambition, in patriotism, and in noble living. Where these are absent, life is not worth living. It is not the life of a man, in the image of God, but of a brute, well fed by his owner.

Thanks to Sir S. Subramania's courage, he and I stand together in the fight for freedom, with the advantage, not shared by the other members of our gallant little band—who have proved their right to be called leaders by springing forward to lead in the moment of peril—that he is well known in England through his work as a High Court Judge and the great praise of him by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and he is also personally known to His Majesty the King-Emperor. No one will believe that such a man is an inconsiderable and headlong agitator. His arrest, if made, will draw English attention to the state of affairs here. I also have the advantage of being personally well known in the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, Holland, Australia, Italy, Canada, New Zealand, America, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, in the first five personally as a fighter for liberty of speech in political and social reforms, as a Trade Unionist, a mem-

ber of "the old International," a Radical, and a Socialist, and in the rest by reputation; in all, as a religious teacher. In Russia I am known as a member of the old "Friends of Russia," associated with Russian exiles in England, in the days of Stepniak. None will feel surprised that I am carrying on the old fight for freedom, here in India. Unless the Government can muzzle the whole Indian Press as well as Reuter, the news of my internment will run round the world, and proclaim how England, fighting for liberty in Europe, and posing as its champion, is more false to liberty in India than she is even in Ireland, is in India an autocracy, naked and unashamed, under which neither liberty of person and speech nor possession of property is safe, being at the mercy of "Executive Orders," and these are discriminating, striking at one and leaving another; some can be terrorised; some can be bribed; threats are used to the timid; offices or titles are dangled before the ambitious. And we are to be punished because we stand by the principles for which England stands in Europe, and ask peacefully and constitutionally for responsible Self-Government which we work for on law-abiding lines.

For me, I have worked for India in India for nearly twenty-four years, and for fourteen years before that in England; my *England, India and Afghanistan* is as outspoken as *India—a Nation*. In India, I have worked for the old religions and for Islam and against perversion to Christianity; I have worked for education—the Central Hindu College, now the centre of the Hindu University, and the Theosophical Educational Trust are my witness; I have worked for social reform on religious lines; I am still working for all of these, and in addition for that which alone can make these safe, for Home Rule for India, Self-Government within the Empire.

Only by winning Home Rule can India secure her material prosperity; only thus can she save what is left of her trade, her industries and her agriculture, improve them and reap the results of her own labour. The descent of Lever Bros. to capture the soap industry, crushing the nascent factories in Bombay, Madras and the U.P., is a prophecy of what will happen after the war with Imperial Preference—the fierce competition of British capitalists on Indian soil with Indian industries. It is said that the Government are going to sell their soap factory, created with Indian money, to Lever Bros., thus making it a British industry, but that I cannot believe. Lever Bros. is strong enough to crush the Indian manufacturers without Government help.

Indian labour is wanted for the foreign firms. Indian capital is being drained away by the War Loan—which is to bring no freedom to India, if the autocracy has its way. Indian taxation to pay the interest on the War Loan will be crushing. When that comes, India will realise why I have striven for Home Rule after the war. Only by that can she be saved from ruin, from becoming a nation of coolies, toiling for the enrichment of others.

I write plainly, for this is my last word. I go into enforced silence and imprisonment, because I love India and have striven to arouse her before it was too late. It is better to suffer than to consent to wrong. It is better to lose liberty than to lose honour.

I am old, but I believe that I shall see India win Home Rule before I die. If I have helped ever so little to the realisation of that glorious hope, I am more than satisfied.

GOD SAVE INDIA. VANDE MATARAM.

June 12, 1917.

ANNIE BESANT

INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

AMERICA

THE *Server* contains an extract from a recent letter from Mr. Leadbeater about the probable workings of the new ceremonial Order:

That Brotherhood (of the Mystic Star) is certainly intended to be a part of the Order of the Star, and is to be ready to provide Star groups or branches with ritual whenever they require it. So far as I at present understand, I think that it will be the duty of the members of this new Brotherhood to learn this beautiful ritual, and then be ready to produce it whenever required for any Star meeting within reasonable distance of where they live.

The Editor then remarks:

If it is finally decided, as Mr. Leadbeater evidently thinks probable, that this new organisation be affiliated with our Order, it will give the opening that many of our members of ceremonial instincts have longed for. . . . This does not imply, we understand, that our former methods of activity are to be abandoned. . . .

Local Centres should therefore aim to bring their present type of work to the greatest possible perfection so that when the new work comes it may find a smoothly working base upon which it can settle without much confusion.

The following cablegram was received at Krotona on the morning of June 24, 1917, and is published in the July *Messenger*:

Warrington, Los Angeles—Inform your Section President unable receive personal correspondence.

Report official matters to Recording Secretary.
ARIA, Madras.

It is clear from this that Mrs. Besant, the President of the Theosophical Society, is no longer permitted to receive personal correspondence. . . .

Mrs. Besant has written me: "Here we have much storm, in which India is arising to take her place among the nations of the world as a partner in the British Empire. The struggle is difficult, but the end is sure."

That expresses the true statesman's

position. When England opens her soul to the larger vision, she will see that India as a partner will be to her a strength and an inspiration, whereas now she is only a shackled slave and therefore a weakness and a temptation.

Mrs. Besant's great effort has been to make England see this, and she has been made a prisoner of war for her noble endeavour.

In addition to sending protests to President Wilson and the British Premier, it might be helpful for the members also to send protests to the Senators and Congressmen representing the locality of each protesting member. A. P. WARRINGTON

FROM A STUDENT'S NOTEBOOK

By E. A. WODEHOUSE

Nature and Art

IT has been said that Nature is God's Art. We see it as Nature, and not as Art, because we have no standard comparison by which to test it. Art, as Aristotle remarked, is concerned with the contingent. That is to say, it is the work of a free choice, selecting among a number of possible alternatives. Could we but see the alternatives, in the case of Nature, then perhaps we should be able to view it as an artistic product; we should know what had been rejected, and what selected, in the shaping of it. We should realise that every world, or universe, is, after all, only the embodiment of a solitary fragment selected out of the infinite wealth of the Divine Mind; and that, in the planning and building of it, the determining principle must be the Individuality of its particular Demiurgos, just as truly as in any human work of Art the shaping force is the individuality of the artist. Perhaps, too, we might

dimly grope towards the thought that even the Logoi, when judged amongst Themselves, may be more or less successful artificers.

To speak of Nature as Art implies all this, infinitely far though it all be beyond the utmost scope of our understanding. It implies the putting forward of an aim conceived according to the powers of the Artist—an aim, the achievement of which will also depend upon the powers of the Artist, and may meet with a greater or smaller measure of success. But these matters are, as has been said, in the case of Nature, too vast for our comprehension.

Where we can begin to understand a little, however, is in respect of our own relation, as human beings, to this Artistic Process. If Nature be God's Art, then all human activity and endeavour must be an art working within an Art. And the truth of the smaller art will lie in its harmony with the greater.

This does not mean, however, that

human art must be without its own individuality. The essence of Art is freedom, and it is by virtue of our free will that we can become co-operators with the Divine Artist. His general Plan must be ours; but each of us can shape our own parts in it in our own way. For individuality corresponds to style, and every artist, if he be a true artist, must have his own style.

This is particularly true of character-building, which is one of the leading forms of human artistry. God, the great Artist, has given us an Ideal; but each of us must move towards that Ideal along his own path. In realising this Ideal, he must realise also his own individuality. In pursuing the general aim, he must become unique. The Man should be no more imitative than the Artist.

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The Herald of the Star

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October, 1917

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As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East may stand.

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1.

TO ANNIE BESANT

OCTOBER 1, 1914-17.

SEEKING to frame this day a verse for thee,
I mused in what fit image I might cast
The fashion of thy pow'r. The strong-wing'd blast,
The surging flood, the salt resistless sea—
All things whose soul is sovereign energy--
'Throng'd thro' my shaping brain, and as they pass'd
Each, for a flash, seem'd thou ; and then, as fast,
Seem'd not. For ever there would rise in me
Thoughts of a rarer, gentler strength ; the pow'r
Of little tasks accomplish'd perfectly ;
Of little fragrant deeds of kindness shed,
Ev'n at a touch, like blossoms, silently ;
The simple grandeur of that snowy head
Bent o'er its patient toil from hour to hour.

E. A. W.

(By courtesy of *The Vahan*.)



IN THE STARLIGHT

By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.

THIS month we celebrate the birthday of our Protector, Mrs. Besant. Birthdays give an opportunity to speak to those dear to us of the love we feel and keep too often locked up in the recesses of our hearts. When our friends pass over to the other side of death, we open the floodgates and pour out to their memory the love and admiration of which they probably never guessed the existence while alive. I often think we should do better to let some of these feelings flow forth while our friends are still with us and can be glad of the knowledge of the love we bear them. And a birthday is one of the occasions which may serve to unloose our tongues.

There is a very special reason this year why we should offer our love and homage to our Protector. On October 1 she will have attained the Psalmist's age of three score years and ten, and we know that those years have all been devoted to the loving service of humanity. But mingling with our desire to honour one who has been a light-bringer all the days of her pilgrimage, there is this year a special reason why we bring our love and reverence to her feet. The world has always misunderstood the motives of its saviours and offered to them a cross and not a crown. Mrs. Besant has laboured ceaselessly for more than a quarter of a century

to guide the growing spirit of Nationalism in India into wise and moderate channels; to set before Indian youths a high ideal of patriotism; to draw closer the bonds between Great Britain and India. With the foresight of the true statesman, Mrs. Besant has long maintained that the principles upon which the British Empire has been built must expand to the realisation of a Commonwealth such as the world has never seen, composed of a Federation of Free Peoples, and that in this Commonwealth India must take her share as a free nation. To this end she has steadfastly worked, wielding the mighty influence of tongue and pen to arouse the hopeless, to restrain the impatient and condemn the violent, slowly but surely welding the Indian peoples into one mighty nation.

Her reward has been the reward meted out to her predecessors on the Path of Service—misrepresentation and persecution. And as a crowning act of intolerance a short-sighted and reactionary Government has interned her, as a reward for her unswerving loyalty to British ideals of justice and freedom. But Wisdom is ever justified of her children, and Mrs. Besant has bought, at the cost of her own freedom, India's place among the nations. In the three months which have passed since she and her colleagues were interned the whole political outlook

as regards India has changed. The advent of a new and progressive Secretary of State for India has brought a breath of true Liberalism to bear upon Indian problems. Mr. Montagu will visit India in the autumn, there to confer with all parties how best to hasten the steps which shall lead to true self-government. This pronouncement is the crown of Mrs. Besant's labours, and who can doubt that she will soon return in triumph from her temporary exile, to find the battle almost won? Mr. Montagu has shown himself a true statesman, and we may feel sure, therefore, that he will not disdain to meet Mrs. Besant when he goes to India, and to learn from her unrivalled knowledge of Indian conditions how best to plan the next step on the road to self-government. It is only the small man who is too proud to learn.

It is easy to make sacrifices for Love's sake, and Mrs. Besant has made her sacrifice gladly for the love she bears her adopted country. India's children have replied, as loving children would, by offering to their Mother the highest honour it was in their power to confer. Mrs. Besant has been elected President of the forthcoming National Congress, the first woman to hold that high position. It has been a striking and dignified answer on India's part to the action of the Government, and one which will appeal to all who value liberty and justice.

* * * *

Thus we have very special reasons this year for celebrating that day which means so much to thousands in all lands, and our Protector will not blame us perhaps if our hearts overflow more tenderly than usual, as we offer her our loyal and loving greetings.

It is difficult to put into words the worship of the heart, and yet there are times when to be silent is yet more difficult. I know that I voice the feelings of thousands who during the past three months have yearned to express by word or deed something of the deep devotion they feel to her who is Teacher, Leader, Mother, to us all. How hard it has been to stand

by and see her persecuted, knowing we were powerless to defend or aid!

We remember the age of the body she wears; we hear that she has suffered in health from the cessation of all her activities; we think of the insults offered to one worthy only of honour, and our hearts grow hot with indignation and with the passionate longing to lift one little corner of the burden she has to bear.

But though this mood is natural, and we should be less than human did we not feel thus towards her, it would be wiser and truer to keep ever in our minds the remembrance of that dauntless strength and power which has earned her the title of PROTECTOR. Is there any name that so truly represents her? PROTECTOR not only of her own people, but of those also who persecute and attack. How childish seems their petty spite beside the immensity of her love; how small the measure of Governors and Ministers beside the stature of her spiritual greatness! Enemy and friend alike are sheltered beneath the mantle of her power and love.

* * * *

Many have tried to describe that personality we know as Annie Besant; writers in this month's *Herald* depict her many-sided character, but when all is said it is only a small part of her nature that has been revealed. There is a verse in Isaiah which to me expresses Mrs. Besant as no other words have done: "And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

She is indeed a rock to the many who in their weakness turn to her for shelter, calm and resistless in that strength which comes only to those who have risen above the personality. The rock is exposed to the fierceness of the tempest, to the pitiless blaze of the sun, but in its shadow flowers spring in tender loveliness sheltered by its massive strength. Why do those who love her so frequently call her Mother? Because the ideal mother's love is ever protective because selfless. Mrs. Besant has laid aside all selfish desires and personal ambitions; therefore, she is

Protector and Mother too, and we, her children, offer her our heart's devotion, not in words only, but by our lives given in strength of purpose for *her* work, which is the world's service. The great ones of the earth are served not by personal attentions, but by lives consecrated to impersonal ends.

This, then, we offer as our birthday

gift to you, Protector, Mother, Teacher, Friend, the earnest endeavour to put behind us all that is petty, personal, and selfish, and, with hearts made strong by love, a nobler striving after purity and truth. Lead us and we shall follow, foolishly perhaps and oft with stumbling feet, yet with loyalty and courage that will not falter, your servants in life and death.



MRS. BESANT'S HEALTH

Mr. C. Jinarajadasa writes :

“ I have just returned from a week's stay at Ootacamund, during which time I saw Mrs. Besant and Mr. Wadia and Mr. Arundale for some time each day. I was appalled at Mrs. Besant's appearance, so great was the change in her health. We can understand the terrible nervous shock which an intensely active person will suffer by having all activities suddenly stopped; it is as if a powerful engine working at high pressure were suddenly to be pulled to pieces. Mrs. Besant sleeps very little, and just before I saw her had had but little to eat for several days. Added to all this are the petty persecutions with which she and her two colleagues are surrounded. All these have reacted on her health, and I, who have known her for the last twenty-two years, have never seen her so acutely suffering. The one comfort she feels in the repression to which she is subject is the knowledge that the national work for which she suffers is being steadily pressed to its legitimate climax.”

Reprinted from *New India*



BIRTHDAY NEWS

OUR hearts are full of gratitude to the Divine Powers that Rule the World.

Our Protector has been set free by the Government, unconditionally, and will pass her seventieth birthday in Adyar and not in internment.

May her days be long in the land and her good work for the world unhindered !

EDUCATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

By *ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON, M.A.*

(*Late Secretary of the Civic and Moral Education League.*)

FIRST of all, what is citizenship? We live in a time when the meaning of the word is undergoing a great change. Fifty years ago most people would have said that citizenship was the performance of one's duty to the State. If questioned further, they would have explained that such actions as serving on juries, voting at elections, or holding public offices, were part of citizenship; but they would have marked off a very large field of action—a man's family life, his business affairs, his intellectual interests, and so on—as being his individual concern. These things, they would have said, have nothing to do with citizenship. You would have inferred, even if they did not say so, that citizenship was the province of men only; the ordinary work of women had no direct relation to it.

Nowadays, we think differently. Because we understand more of sociology and social psychology, we see that in a healthy community we cannot separate the State from the society it controls. The State must be of one piece with the community unless it is to stand in marked and violent opposition to it: this is what we mean by democratic government. Then, too, practical necessities have driven us to a different view; the State during recent years in our own community has had to interfere more and more with the home and child life; with wages and conditions of labour; with education. Thus has arisen the new conception of citizenship. We think of it (or, rather, we are beginning to think of it) as our relation to the whole life of our community — intellectual, emotional, spiritual, as well as external. And we see

that literally everything we do is a part of our citizenship, and has some place for good or evil, for advance or retrogression, in the common life. It follows obviously that women's work of whatever kind is to be thought of as citizen's work, just as much as men's.

Now, as the conception of citizenship has altered and become wider and deeper, so has our view of education for citizenship, or *Civic Education*, undergone a change. Twenty-five years ago we were introducing lessons on local government, taxation, and so on, into our school timetables. To-day we see that Civic Education is education for life in the community, with all the opportunities of service and enjoyment which such life affords. Recognising, too (as hinted above), that this community life has its intellectual, emotional, and spiritual side, and that our own intellectual, emotional, and spiritual life is not our individual possession at all, but a participation in these aspects of the community life, we see that the field of Civic Education has two main subdivisions. The first is that of practical training in the outward community life; and the second is initiation into the world of common ideas—intellectual, emotional, and spiritual.

The basis of all practical training for citizenship in the school, the club, the scout troop, or any children's institution, is the conception that such groups of children should be live communities. Of course, they *are* communities, whatever we adults may do: you cannot collect a number of normal children together regularly without some degree of community life arising among them. But in the old-fashioned school this very important fact

was neglected; and many teachers who have strict views on discipline, obedience, and order still tend to neglect it. The business of the civic educator is to recognise this community life and to encourage and develop it in every possible way. It would require a series of articles to deal fully with all the methods which may be employed for this purpose. Here I can only set down three headings, with a little explanation of each.

1. ORGANISATION.—From the Montessori school up to the club for adolescents, we should aim at a system which gives each member of the group duties to perform for the benefit of the others. I need hardly say that these duties should always be suitable to the age and capacity of the children concerned, and that they should be real duties. The variety of possible tasks is infinite—from keeping books and papers tidy and helping to lay meals, to printing the school magazine or building the school gymnasium. Of course, it is very difficult, or even impossible, to do many things of this sort in many of our present-day schools; but there are hardly any in which something cannot be done, and we should press all the time for more opportunities to organise things in such ways, even if we have to throw the whole curriculum overboard. One of the most valuable points about the Boy Scout movement is its very thorough application of this idea.

2. DEMOCRACY.—The one value of all democratic institutions, such as deciding things by majority vote, public discussion, the jury system, and legislation by Act of Parliament, lies in the opportunities they afford for a community to make up and express its mind on matters that concern it. Such institutions are required just as much in the school as anywhere else; indeed, all children's institutions should have something of the kind. I do not mean that infant schools should elect prefects or make their own rules; but I do mean that as children develop they should be allowed more and more to consider and decide for themselves the matters about which they, as a community, really care, with the aid of advice and explanation from their elders,

of course. I need not do more than mention the Little Commonwealth here; and there are plenty of other good examples which will repay study. This is a region of the most fascinating experiment for the teacher.

3. LEADERSHIP.—This is just as necessary in a community as democracy, of which it is the complement; and it needs developing side by side with it. The perfect system is one very practical way of setting to work in this direction, and the Scout or Girl Guide Movement another. In the adolescent period the school society gives fine opportunities for the development of both leadership and democracy; club work is full of opportunities also.

So far we have been thinking of the children's institution or community by itself, and of the development of community life within it. Needless to say, the three points treated shortly above are all related closely to one another; leadership, democracy, organisation are terms for three aspects of the one indivisible life of the healthy community. But there is another side of practical training in citizenship which must not be forgotten; that is, participation by children in the activities of the community—city, region, nation—of which the school or club is one small part. This is a point of difficulty at the moment, because we are only now engaged in the process of rescuing great numbers of our children from a far too early participation in industrial or commercial life; and until we have done so we shall not make much progress. But I have no doubt that we shall come to see the value and importance of giving children (who have reached the age of twelve, say) occasional experiences of real work in the real world—provided that they work as a community and under educational conditions. The Scout Movement (with its coast-watchers, for example) is showing us the way here again.

So much for practical training. There remains to be considered (if our citizens are not to be mere creatures of habit) how our young people are to be initiated into the worlds of common thought, feeling, and spirit, whence our external com-

munity life derives its being; and particularly, how they are to get a unified, organic view of their community and a constant awareness of their own relation to it.

Now, of course, it is easy to remark, with regard to the former of these queries, that the main business of education has always been recognised to be the passing on to the rising generation of the great common inheritance of ideas. The present-day defenders of a classical education use this view as one of their strongest arguments—descending to them, of course, from the founders of their tradition who lived in a time when Latin and Greek were the only mediums for expressing ideas. Herbart is full of the same conception; Dr. Arnold and Matthew Arnold both held it as fundamental. So it might easily be said that Civic Education on this side seems to be merely a new name for a very old friend. Wherein lies the difference in the present-day view?

Well, this again is a question which might be discussed at great length, and ought to be, if all that is implied is to be made plain. Here I will try to make two points clear.

1. The recognition of the fact that thought, feeling, and spirit are "community products" is of great value to the educator in understanding his work. It answers a great many of the puzzling questions that school life raises in the teacher's mind: one sees why learning in classes has such great advantages (as well as such disadvantages if it is overdone!); one begins to understand what the *tone* of a class in a school really means; and one is no longer in despair when a whole class seems "stupid." The school, class, or group becomes an interesting subject of study; new light is always dawning.

2. Carried further, this same conception leads us to very revolutionary but very fascinating fields of educational method. Admit that all thought and feeling and all spiritual life that really matter are only possible through some kind of *fellowship*, and you at once do away with the idea of the teacher imparting his individual possessions in these regions to each individual child. His task becomes

the more difficult, but infinitely more fertile, one of developing his group of children into an intellectual, emotional, and spiritual fellowship. Hence all his methods must change radically. Discussion (in the course of which he will freely admit his own mistakes or ignorance) will take the place of many formally prepared lessons; dramatic methods, in which the children themselves take a leading part, will take the place of his own demonstrations; letter-writing (to *real* people) will displace essay-writing, in part at any rate; in some cases the children will compose their own text-books. If this seems doubtful or far-fetched, I ask you to look at the record of the work at the Perse School, Cambridge, for the last few years, to name only one institution where these ideas are being put into operation.

You have only to imagine this fellowship in ideas continuing and expanding through suitable institutions, right on into adult life, to see how every child might be in time made free of the great tradition of culture, and find his mind working and his heart beating in tune with the greatest of his time.

I have left to the last what is, in my view, the most interesting problem of all. For it is our prerogative, as human beings, not only to act, but to be conscious of our actions, and thus to shape our future. So it is not only ours to live in communities and share a common life, as the bees and ants do, but also (what it seems they never do) to understand, enjoy, and direct it. How is education to produce this outlook—the condition, and the crown, of good citizenship? This is the problem of Civics Teaching; I must leave it with a very few suggestions.

First, Civics Teaching (by which I mean instruction in the whole nature and meaning of our community life) begins in infancy, as soon as the child opens its eyes on the community. The activities of the home, the street, the shop, the farm, the harbour, the mill—these, in which the child is intensely interested, people and things together, are the first civic reader. Every child should see and examine as many of these as possible himself, imitate them, model them, and later read about

them. The records of the Dewey School at Chicago point the way.

Next, as he grows older, the child should help to make a survey of the social activities of his neighbourhood, always observing and examining things themselves first, and going to books for further light and explanation second. He should follow his own bent largely, but should be encouraged to worry out details and not pass to a new thing before the old is finished. In a school where this kind of work is done, quite a mass of material can be collected in a few years if each child does something. A visit to Miss Cross's school at King's Langley will show this better than anything I can write: there you have details of churches, railways, canals, farms, housing, population, etc., all set out by the children in maps, diagrams, and pictures in the most interesting way.

Later, when the child has begun to have more experience in the practice of democratic life (as suggested before), is the time

to begin the study of social organisation. Starting with the school or club organisation, we can work up to the town or county, and from that, of course, to nation and Empire. But side by side with this study of government should go the study of general social and economic organisation, without which the view of community life obtained will be one-sided and imperfect.

All this Civics study must be closely related to three other branches of knowledge. It must have a close connection with geography, for geography treats of the physical environment that makes community life possible, and conditions its form and development. It must be linked on to history, which, indeed, should be regarded as the study of how the community has developed from its origin in the far past. It should have its eyes on the future, also; that is, it should face and discuss the civic problems which await our solution if the civic life of our community is to be healthy and worthy.



What! you perhaps think "to waste the labour of men is not to kill them! Is it not? I should like to know how you could kill them more utterly—kill them with second deaths, seventh deaths, hundredfold deaths? It is the slightest way of killing to stop a man's breath. Nay, the hunger, and the cold, and the whirling bullets—our love-messengers between nation and nation—have brought pleasant messages to many a man before now: orders of sweet release, and leave to go where he will be most welcome and happy. At the worst you do but shorten his life, you do not corrupt his life. But if you put him to base labour, if you bind his thoughts, if you blind his eyes, if you blunt his hopes . . . this you think is no waste, and no sin!"—JOHN RUSKIN, "Crown of Wild Olive," *Essay, On Work*.

MRS. BESANT AS A POLITICIAN

By *GEORGE LANSBURY*

IT is not possible to write of Mrs. Besant as a politician; she never was one in the sense that most of us understand the time-serving persons we know as politicians.

In all the work I have known her engaged in Mrs. Besant has always been in the very forefront of the Reform movement. She has never occupied the half-way house, but always stood for the truth—the whole truth—and has invited her followers to follow the star wherever it might lead them.

To write fully about her activities in the social and political life of Britain would be to write almost in full the story of social and political change from 1874 to the time she left for India over twenty years ago. There was no movement in which she did not take a prominent and distinctive part; and all through her long stay in India her interest in great social and political questions has never died down. Witness her speeches on behalf of Woman Suffrage in England during 1913 and 1914 and her action during the building trade lock-out of those years. I have heard her lecture to great audiences in the Hall of Science and in St. James's Hall; heard her address mass meetings in the London parks and in Trafalgar Square, and at all these gatherings she dealt with live questions of the day. It is interesting to recall the fact that her first public lecture dealt with "The Political Status of Women." All through her career she has stood for equality of rights and duties for all men and all women. In the late 'seventies, when the Russo-Turkish struggle threatened to plunge Great Britain into war, she took her stand with those Radicals who, with the late Mr. Gladstone, strove hard to prevent the criminal folly of Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues,

who, in defence of what they imagined were British interests, riveted for a generation the Turkish yoke on the Balkan States. Those who struggled against that policy have been more than justified by later events. Mrs. Besant and those she worked with understood that neither the victory of Russian autocracy nor the perpetuation of Turkish misrule would solve the problems connected with South-Eastern Europe; that only the recognition of the rights of small people to live their own lives and manage their own affairs could bring peace and contentment to the world. During these years she also championed the cause of India. In 1878 she published a book, "England, India, and Afghanistan," which is to be republished by the British Auxiliary of the Home Rule for India League. In this book she exposed the misgovernment of India and the folly of the Imperialist policy of Lord Beaconsfield as applied to that country and its neighbours in Afghanistan. In 1880-1881 she threw herself whole-heartedly into the struggle waged by Charles Bradlaugh to maintain his right to sit in Parliament without offending his conscience by taking the Oath of Allegiance in such a form as to have no binding effect. She took a leading part in the Irish Home Rule agitation, mainly in order to secure better conditions of life for the people of Ireland. She was a leading speaker and agitator for the starving East-End dockers and the unemployed. During these agitations she came very near to actual conflict with the police of the Metropolis. In her autobiography she tells the story of the huge crowd of men who, on August 2, 1881, but for her restraining influence, would have rushed Palace Yard when Charles Bradlaugh



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ANNIE BESANT

165 and 66, Baker Street, W.

MRS. BESANT AS A POLITICIAN

BY MRS. E. LANSBURY

In Mrs. Besant's life there was a period when she was a politician. It was not as a politician that she is remembered, but as a woman who, in the name of the "Cause," was ready to do anything. Her political career began in 1874, when she took her stand with those Radicals who, with the late Mr. Gladstone, were determined to prevent the criminal folly of Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues,

who, in defence of what they imagined were British interests, riveted for a generation the Turkish yoke on the Balkan States. Those who struggled against that policy have been more than justified by later events. Mrs. Besant and those she worked with understood that neither the victory of Russian autocracy nor the perpetuation of Turkish misrule would solve the problems connected with South-Eastern Europe; that only the recognition of the rights of small people to live their own lives and manage their own affairs could bring peace and contentment to the world. During these years she also championed the cause of India. In 1878 she published a book, "England, India, and Afghanistan," which is to be republished by the British Auxiliary of the Home Rule for India League. In this book she exposed the misgovernment of India and the folly of the Imperialist policy of Lord Beaconsfield as applied to that country and its neighbours in Afghanistan. In 1880-1881 she threw herself whole-heartedly into the struggle waged by Charles Bradlaugh to maintain his right to sit in Parliament without offending his conscience by taking the Oath of Allegiance in such a form as to have no binding effect. She took a leading part in the Irish Home Rule agitation, mainly in order to secure better conditions of life for the people of Ireland. She was a leading speaker and agitator for the starving East-End dockers and the unemployed. During these agitations she came very near to actual conflict with the police of the Metropolis. In her autobiography she tells the story of the huge crowd of men who, on August 2, 1881, but for her restraining influence, would have rushed on Palace Yard when Charles Bradlaugh

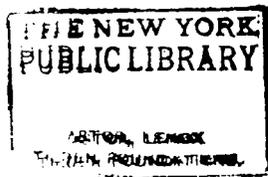
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ANNIE BESANT

[55 and 56, Baker Street, W,



was flung with ignominy out of the House of Commons; and, again, on that Sunday in Trafalgar Square, afterwards christened Bloody Sunday, when, as if bearing a charmed life, she, unarmed and alone, marched through the cordons of soldiers and police in her determination to vindicate the right of "Free Speech" in London's Forum. I was amongst the crowd on both occasions and know what we all thought of her for her courage and devotion.

During 1888 she came to the Tower Hamlets to seek the suffrages of the people as a candidate for the London School Board. Although she was to all intents and purposes a Socialist candidate, with Herbert Burrows as her agent, it was the members of the Tower Hamlets Radical clubs who secured her triumphant return after a campaign of calumny, lying, and vilification such as I never remember taking place before or since. Christian ministers denounced her and lied about her; stirred up all the passions associated with religious bigotry and hatred; but in spite of it all the common sense of the ordinary elector triumphed, and she was returned as a member of the London School Board.

I think the next few years of her life and work are amongst the most successful of any she has lived, for she secured by sheer persistence and personal endeavour a much higher standard of education for our children; but, more important than all questions of reading, writing, and arithmetic, it was her work which threw into prominence the absurdity of trying to educate half-starving children, and laid the foundation for the splendid system of medical examination and treatment now existing in all our elementary schools, coupled with the establishment of feeding centres. Margaret McMillan, at Bradford, was instrumental in bringing the system to a higher point of efficiency than in London; but we who are Londoners will always owe it to Mrs. Besant that she first of all woke up public opinion on the subject and compelled the authorities to take action.

She did another piece of work which has had far-reaching results. Public

work and public contracts in her days on the School Board were always carried out on the old Manchester principle of "buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market." Workmen employed directly or indirectly by municipal or Government departments were often worked long hours and paid scandalously low wages. Goods purchased by these authorities often came from workshops in which sweating conditions of the worst description prevailed. Mrs. Besant cut right across all these practices by inducing the London School Board to insert in all its contracts a clause that all goods should be produced under Trade Union conditions so far as rates of pay and hours of labour are concerned. The effect of this resolution was electric throughout the world of Labour. Everywhere an agitation was set on foot to secure that all Government and municipal contracts should contain such a clause, and although we have not secured all we hoped for, yet the great municipalities and the Government have all adopted the resolution in such a form as ensures that whether there is a Trade Union or no a standard rate of pay and hours of labour shall prevail.

In addition, men and women directly employed by public authorities now in the main secure the pay and conditions agreed to by the authorities on the one hand and Trade Unions on the other. I call attention to this piece of work because it seems to me that Mrs. Besant in this matter was a "Pioneer" on behalf of organised Labour. Men had the vote and elected councillors and others to serve on Public Boards, but few had realised what a great power for good or evil these bodies might become.

It reads rather a small thing to have secured standard rates and hours for people employed directly or indirectly by such bodies as the London School Board or a Government department; but it was a much bigger thing, for it is obvious that if a contractor for bridge material or for steel rails was obliged to pay proper wages and observe Trade Union conditions for the men engaged on the goods desired for a particular job, it would become impossible to keep these advantages from all

the other employees engaged on the work. In practice it is found that action by a municipality on the lines we are discussing does secure a general rise all round; but the main point to keep in mind is the fact that Mrs. Besant, both in regard to the feeding and medical care of children and in working to secure that public work should be carried on under proper conditions, did bring into politics a new standpoint and one which has had and will in the near future have very far-reaching effects. I may here point out that in making a contract for the supply of labour with the London building Trade Unions for the building work now being carried on at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society, she was only carrying forward one step further the policy she inaugurated on the London School Board, and once again has shown herself a "Pioneer" on behalf of Labour.

In 1891 Mrs. Besant gave up her work on the School Board. I shall never forget the great mass meeting in Poplar Town Hall when all that was most active and earnest in the public life of East London came together to thank her for her splendid work on the School Board and wish her Godspeed in her new work. Many of us made speeches; all our hearts were full of disappointment at her leaving us; and not one but wished it could have been otherwise. Her speech rang out clear to us all with a kind of clarion call to service, and in saying good-bye she bid us all carry on our work in an unselfish, impersonal spirit for the service of all humanity.

In 1892, with some friends, I helped form a branch of the Social-Democratic Federation in Bow and Bromley. Mrs. Besant gave us a home in the club premises she had established for the "matchgirls." Mrs. Lloyd, the splendid woman in charge, made us all understand that to her Theosophy was a law of life, which taught her that comradeship, brotherhood, love, were realities, and my wife and others of our comrades, with myself, can never forget the happy days we spent at that club. We were all in dead earnest—none of us old—and although we did not enter into the

controversy about "spirit life," or much care for the doctrine of "Karma," we did one and all recognise that women like Mrs. Besant and Mrs. Lloyd were at the heart of things, and that they did in very deed care for their fellow-men and women. It may interest readers of the *Herald of the Star* to know that this branch of the Social Democratic Federation during its first years of existence took up the question of self-government for India, protesting against the British policy which drained India for the benefit of Britain. Guided by H. M. Hyndman, we carried on a spirited controversy with the then Secretary of State, Lord George Hamilton, and thus commenced our study of Indian and Colonial problems. We also used these premises as a feeding centre for the unemployed in 1892 and 1893, and although we were only a handful we somehow seemed able to do the work of hundreds, and much of our enthusiasm and also our efficiency was due to the fact that we were housed in delightful premises and treated as honoured guests even by those who disagreed with us. We were all playing with agnosticism, but all had a profound respect for the consistently helpful, courteous treatment we received whilst tenants of Mrs. Besant and her friends.

There is one other meeting I would like to mention. It was the occasion of Mrs. Besant's first public lecture on "Theosophy" in East London, and was held in the large hall of the Bow and Bromley Institute, which was packed with an audience of considerably over two thousand. I was chairman of a rather turbulent meeting, which, however, became quiet and intent as, with her marvellous gift of speaking, Mrs. Besant compelled not only attention but agreement, making us all understand that to her religion and everyday life were one and the same thing; that there could be no divorce between politics and religion, and indeed declaring the old truth, "We must all reap what we sow."

After this meeting I only heard of her work in India from newspapers and books until a few years ago, when the question of Indian government and administration came prominently before the public, and

once more she is plunged into the vortex of politics, not, however, as a politician, but as a "Pioneer." She sees clearly, as she always has seen, that to build for the future it is necessary to build wide and deep; that if Britain and India are to remain united the bonds of unity must be equality of treatment of each by the other; that what is wrong in India is the spirit of racial domination—the idea of white superiority, and the claim of the white because of this supposed superiority to dominate and order the life of the Indians.

And so, like all pioneers, she has been in prison and in trouble, but is now free. I am certain during her internment she was comforted in knowing that myriads of people, because of her past life and work, have benefited, and by the knowledge, which I am sure she possesses, that the long, long pathway of reform which mankind has trod is strewn with shrines which people raise in their hearts to the memory of those who have suffered or have fallen in the struggle of mankind towards a perfect life.

Mrs. Besant will live in the future as a great teacher of great truths. I shall remember her most as a brilliant orator rousing me and thousands more to go out and work for the social salvation of mankind. I shall remember her toiling long, laborious days that hungry, starving children should be fed, that unhealthy children might be made whole. I shall remember her as the woman who stood almost alone amongst public women by the side of Charles Bradlaugh in his fight for freedom of thought. I could never agree with the Malthusian theories these two taught, but I shall always bear their memories in respect and honour when I remember the blackguardism and calumny with which they were assailed.

And now to-day, when, at the call of liberty and freedom, she has ranged herself alongside the people of India in their struggle for freedom, and when, as a sign of confidence in her and trust in her ability and capacity to lead them, the people of India have elected her as President of the forthcoming National Congress, she is only doing as she has done all through her life, standing by

those who need a friend, giving her experience, her energy, her wonderful power of tongue and pen to those who are crushed in the struggle of life. Long ago here in London, in 1885, a meeting was held at her house to form a Society of Friends of Russia, to help the exiles from Russia. Kropotkin and Stepniak were present, and I believe from this Society grew up, under the help and guidance of Dr. Spence Watson, the present society called the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom. Now that the Russian people are at long last reaching their goal, Mrs. Besant, like many more British Socialists, can join in the shout of victory, and when Ireland and India are able to take their place as "nations" with other nations of the world she will join in their triumph, too, for her fight for freedom has been world-wide, for all peoples. Those who are members of the Theosophical Society or of the Order of the Star must and will, I feel sure, respond to her call and take their stand by her side in the great work of uniting the mighty Indian and British nations and in declaring the truth that freedom cannot be confined to one race, but must be free to all; that the colour bar must not be a bar to brotherhood, and that brotherhood must mean that my brother's welfare is my welfare.

I never pass the site of the old clubhouse in Bow Road without feelings of gratitude to Mrs. Lloyd and her friends and a remembrance of Mrs. Besant and her work. There is one simple reason. In that club I spent the first of my Socialist days, full of enthusiasm, full of faith, full of hope, full of confidence in humanity, and full of a kind of certainty that mankind would redeem itself, and in that house met people whose ideas of life I did not understand, but whose conduct in life made me realise that it is not creeds nor machinery—no, not even organisation—that will save the world, but that humanity will be redeemed when we who make up the great human family realise the unity and oneness of life and base our lives and conduct on the recognition of our common brotherhood, by each giving to the service of all the gifts we have received from the days that are gone,

and by so doing hand to the future a better time than we live in to-day.

I have had many illusions shattered since 1892; much disillusionment about myself; but in the main I would like to live most of the days over again, to experience once more the joy of a first Socialist meeting, to join in the big impersonal struggle for a fuller life for all. I love to think of the men and women I have known who have remained true to the ideals of life they preached. These far outnumber those who have proved false, for it is amongst the poor, the workers, that most of my friends have been found; but from all classes many, many men have remained true, in spite of

great temptations to betray the cause of the people. It is good to remember the long roll of women, young and old, rich and poor, with whom I have been associated in the work of organising and rousing the workers and people of all classes. One of the best and bravest is the woman of whom I have tried to write, who, at seventy years of age, has once again set out on a great adventure—the greatest, perhaps, of all her life—calling to each one of us to join her in the great work of spreading abroad the principles of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and bringing together in one great brotherhood all the nations of the earth.



WALT WHITMAN ON PIONEERS

(From the *Christian Commonwealth*)

HAVE the elder races halted?

Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Not for delectations sweet,

Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?

Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? Have they locked and bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

WALT WHITMAN

MRS. BESANT'S PASSAGE THROUGH FABIAN SOCIALISM

By *BERNARD SHAW*

(By courtesy of "The Theosophist")

IT is perhaps a little hard on Mrs. Besant that the various phases of her public activity should be explained by others who cannot in the nature of things possibly know as much about them as she knows herself, and whose right to determine the order of their importance for her is very questionable. I can easily imagine a memorial volume of such explanations and estimates producing nothing in its recipient but a lively desire to throw it at the heads of the authors. In risking this sort of impertinence, I at least do so with a very uneasy sense of its indelicacy, consenting only because if I refuse the work may be done by a less friendly hand. I have no fear of supplanting a more friendly one; for though it has not been my destiny to be anybody's friend in this incarnation, my peculiar genius having driven me along a path in which all personal relations except those with working colleagues have been reduced to episodes, my personal feeling towards Mrs. Besant remains as cordial after a long period of years, during which I have hardly seen her half a dozen times, as it was when her associations with the Fabian Society brought me into daily intercourse with her.

Mrs. Besant is a woman of swift decisions. She sampled many movements and societies before she finally found herself; and her transitions were not gradual: she always came into a movement with a bound, and was preaching the new faith before the astonished spectators had the least suspicion that the old one was shaken. People said, "She will die a Roman Catholic," which was their way of expressing the extreme of mutability for an Englishwoman. They were

right to the extent that she was seeking a catholic faith; but she grasped the great idea sufficiently to know that Roman Catholicism is a contradiction in terms: real catholicism cannot be bounded by the walls of Rome. Her steps were rapid; she began as a clergyman's wife putting difficulties to Pusey, who missed this most momentous chance so completely that she was presently actively attacking that funny combination of Bible fetishism with a bigoted determination to see nothing in the Bible that was really there which then stood in the way of all real religion in England. Then came a swift transition to the scientific side of the Freethought movement, excited as it then was by Darwin's discovery of the simulation of evolution by "natural selection," which seemed to atheistic freethinkers a conclusive explanation of the evidences of design in biological structure. My first recollection of Mrs. Besant on the platform is a meeting in South Place, at which nobody seemed incredulous when hopes were held out by the chairman that the production of what would now be called synthetic protoplasm might shortly be expected from an Edinburgh laboratory.

At this moment the Freethought movement, until then unchallenged as the most advanced battalion of modern thought, found itself jostled by a revival of Socialism. The older freethinkers, to whom Socialism was only an exploded delusion by which Robert Owen and his son had sidetracked and discredited Freethought in the first half of the century, opposed the new movement with contemptuous vehemence under the formidable leadership of Bradlaugh. But the scientific wing of Freethought, knowing nothing of

the Owenite episode, and having been led to seek economic solutions of social problems by Mill, Marx, and Henry George, found a life and hope in the movement which was somehow lacking in promises of synthetic protoplasm, survival of the fittest, and demonstrations that the throat of a whale was too small to pass Jonah down.

Mrs. Besant swept ahead with her accustomed suddenness and impetuosity; but it must have been a tragic moment for her, as it involved opposing Bradlaugh, side by side with whom she had fought all England in the cause of liberty of conscience. Of Bradlaugh history has so far given every description except the only one that fits him. He was quite simply a hero: a single champion of anti-Christendom against the seventy-seven champions of Christendom. He was not a leader: he was a wonder whom men followed and obeyed. He was a terrific opponent, making his way by an overwhelming personal force which reduced his most formidable rivals to pigmies.

Now at this time Mrs. Besant was the greatest orator in England, perhaps the greatest in Europe. Whether it is possible for her to be still that at seventy I do not know; but I have never heard her excelled; and she was then unapproached. Certainly the combination of Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant was one so extraordinary that its dissolution was felt as a calamity, as if someone had blown up Niagara or an earthquake had swallowed a cathedral. Socialism had many colleagues to offer her who were more accomplished than Bradlaugh. One of them, William Morris, was a far greater man. But there was no platform warrior so mighty: no man who could dominate an audience with such an air of dominating his own destiny. Unhappily for him, she was right and he was wrong on the point that divided them; and when they parted, his sun set in a rosy glow of parliamentary acceptance, even by Lord George Hamilton, whilst hers was still stormily rising.

In selecting the Fabian Society for her passage through Socialism Mrs. Besant made a very sound choice; for it was the only one of the three Socialist societies

then competing with one another in which there was anything to be learnt that she did not already know. It was managed by a small group of men who were not only very clever individually, but broken into team work with one another so effectually that they raised the value of the Society's output far above that of the individual output of any one of them. They were not only reducing Socialism to a practical political programme on the ordinary constitutional lines, but devising an administrative machinery for it in the light of a practical knowledge of how Government works (some of them being Government officials of the upper division), in which the other societies were hopelessly deficient. This was exactly what Mrs. Besant needed at that moment to complete her equipment. But it could not hold her when once she had rapidly learnt what she could from it. To begin with, it was unheroic; and the secret of her collaboration with Bradlaugh had been that she, too, was as essentially heroic in her methods as in her power, courage, and oratorical genius. Now Fabianism was in reaction against the heroics by which Socialism had suffered so much in 1871: its mission was to make Socialism as possible as Liberalism or Conservatism for the pottering suburban voter who desired to go to church because his neighbours did, and to live always on the side of the police. It recognized the truth for political purposes of Mark Twain's saying: "The average man is a coward." And Mrs. Besant, with her heroic courage and energy, was wasted on work that had not some element of danger and extreme arduousness in it.

Besides, considering the world from Shakespear's point of view as a stage on which all the men and women are merely players, Mrs. Besant, a player of genius, was a tragedian. Comedy was not her clue to life: she had a healthy sense of fun; but no truth came to her first as a joke. Injustice, waste, and the defeat of noble aspirations did not revolt her by way of irony and paradox: they stirred her to direct and powerful indignation and to active resistance. Now the Fabian vein was largely the vein of comedy, and its

conscience a sense of irony. We laughed at Socialism and laughed at ourselves a good deal. In me especially, as events have proved, there was latent a vocation for the theatre which was to give to tragedy itself the tactics of comedy. It attracted and amused Mrs. Besant for a time, and I conceived an affection for her in which I have never since wavered; but in the end the apparently heartless levity with which I spoke and acted in matters which seemed deeply serious, before I had achieved enough to shew that I had a perspective in which they really lost their importance, and before she had realized that her own destiny was to be one which would also dwarf them, must have made it very hard for her to work with me at times.

There were less subtle difficulties also in the way. The direction of the Fabian Society was done so efficiently by the little group of men already in possession, that Mrs. Besant must have found, as other women found later on, that as far as what may be called its indoor work was concerned, she was wasting her time as fifth wheel to the coach. The Fabians were never tired of saying that you should do nothing that somebody else was doing well enough already, and Mrs. Besant had too much practical sense not to have made this rule for herself already. She, therefore, became a sort of expeditionary force, always to the front when there was trouble and danger, carrying away audiences for us when the dissensions in the movement brought our policy into conflict with that of the other societies, founding branches for us throughout the country, dashing into the great strikes and free-speech agitations of that time (the eighteen-eighties), forming on her own initiative such *ad hoc* organizations as were necessary to make them effective, and generally leaving the routine to us and taking the fighting on herself. Her powers of continuous work were prodigious. Her displays of personal courage and resolution, as when she would march into a police-court, make her way to the witness-stand, and compel the magistrate to listen to her by sheer force of style and character, were trifles compared to the way in which she worked day and night to pull through the strike of the

over-exploited matchgirls who had walked into her office one day and asked her to help them somehow, anyhow. An attempt to keep pace with her on the part of a mere man generally wrecked the man: those who were unselfish enough to hold out to the end usually collapsed and added the burden of nursing them to her already superhuman labours.

I have somewhere said of Mrs. Besant that she was an incorrigible benefactor, whereas the Fabians were inclined to regard ill-luck as a crime in the manner of Butler and Maeterlinck. The chief fault of her extraordinary qualities was that she was fiercely proud. I tried, by means of elaborate little comedies, to disgust her with beneficence and to make her laugh at her pride; but the treatment was not, as far as I know, very successful. I would complain, fondly, that I wanted something that I could not afford. She would give it to me. I would pretend that my pride was deeply wounded, and ask her how she dared insult me. In a transport of generous indignation she would throw her present away or destroy it. I would then come and ask for it, barefacedly denying that I had ever repudiated it, and exhibiting myself as a monster of frivolous ingratitude and callousness. But though I succeeded sometimes in making her laugh at me, I never succeeded in making her laugh at herself or check her inveterate largesse. I ought to have done much more for her, and she much less for me, than we did. But I was at that time what came in 1889 to be called an Ibsenite. My "Quintessence of Ibsenism" is an expansion of a paper which I read to the Fabian Society with Mrs. Besant in the chair. Those who have read this book and followed Mrs. Besant's subsequent career will understand at once that she must have felt as she listened to it that this was not her path. She had at that time neither lost faith in the idealism which Ibsen handled so pitilessly, nor had she taken her own measure boldly enough to know that she, too, was to be one of the master builders who have to learn that for them at least there are no such small luxuries as "homes for happy people." The only permanent interest the Fabian

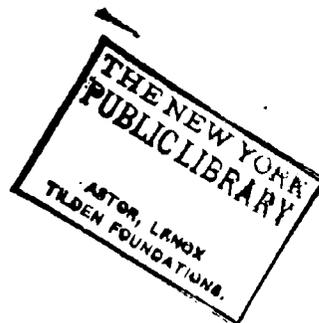
Society or any other society could have for her personally lay in such advance as it was capable of towards a religious philosophy, and when I led this advance into a channel repugnant to her her spiritual interest in the Society died.

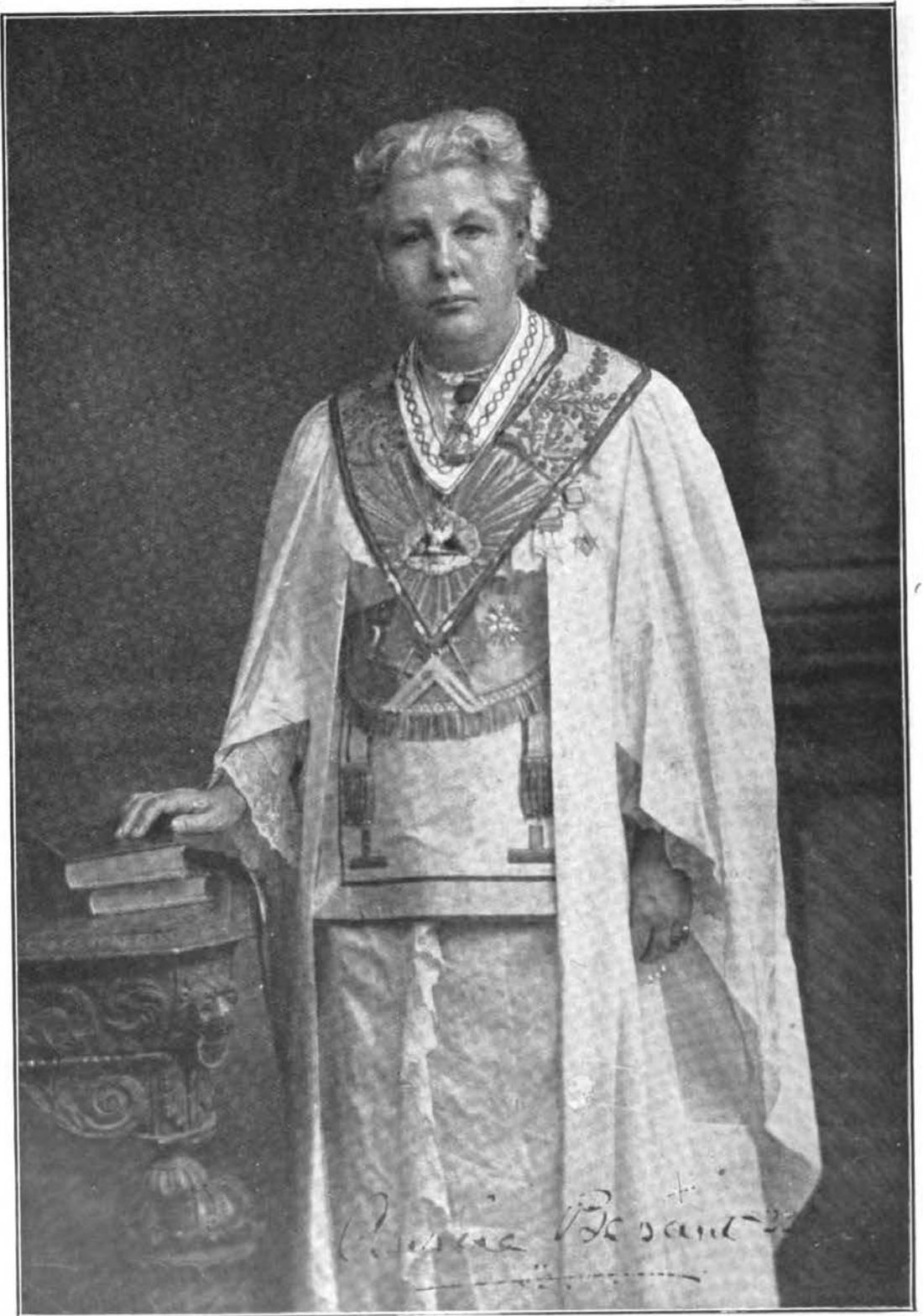
The end came as suddenly as the beginning. The years had been so full and passed so rapidly that it seemed only a short time since I had gone to a meeting of the Dialectical Society to deliver an address advocating Socialism, and had found the members perturbed and excited by the appearance of Mrs. Besant, who had long ceased to attend the Dialectical meetings, and was still counted as the most redoubtable champion of the old individualist freethought of which Bradlaugh was the exponent. I was warned on all hands that she had come down to destroy me, and that from the moment she rose to speak my cause was lost. I resigned myself to my fate, and pleaded my case as best I could. When the discussion began everyone waited for Mrs. Besant to lead the opposition. She did not rise; and at last the opposition was undertaken by another member. When he had finished, Mrs. Besant, to the amazement of of the meeting, got up and utterly demolished him. There was nothing left for me to do but gasp and triumph under her shield. At the end she asked me to nominate her for election to the Fabian Society and invited me to dine with her.

The end was equally startling. One day I was speaking to Mr. H. W. Massingham, then editor of the *Star*, at the office of that paper in Stonecutter Street. I glanced at the proofs which were lying scattered about the table. One of them was headed "Why I became a Theosophist." I immediately looked down to the foot of the slip for the signature, and saw that it was Annie Besant. Staggered by this unprepared blow, which meant to me the loss of a powerful colleague and of a friendship which had become part of my daily life, I rushed round to her office in Fleet Street, and there delivered myself of an unbounded denunciation of Theosophy in general, of female inconstancy, and in particular of H. P. Blavatsky, one

of whose books — I forget whether it was *The Secret Doctrine* or *Isis Unveiled*—had done all the mischief. The worst of it was that I had given her this book myself as one that she might like to review. I played all the tricks by which I could usually puzzle her, or move her to a wounded indignation which, though it never elicited a reproach from her (her forbearance with me was really beyond description), at least compelled her to put on herself the restraint of silence. But this time I met my match. She listened to me with complete kindness and genuine amusement, and then said that she had become a vegetarian (as I was) and that perhaps it had enfeebled her mind. In short, she was for the first time able to play with me; she was no longer in the grip of her pride; she had after many explorations found her path and come to see the universe and herself in their real perspective.

This, as far as I know, is the history of Mrs. Besant's last unsuccessful exploration in search of her appointed place in the world. It had many striking incidents, chief among them the matchgirls' strike, "Bloody Sunday" in Trafalgar Square and its sequel, and her election to the London School Board after such election meetings as, thanks to her eloquence, are unique and luminous in the squalid record of London electioneering. In such experiences she lost her illusions, if she had any, as to the impudent idolatry of the voter which we call democracy. It has seemed to me, too, that the diplomacy and knowledge of men and affairs in the governing class which characterized the Fabians played its part afterwards in her educational work in India. But here I am only guessing. After the inauguration of her career as a Theosophist, I dropped out of her saga. I have not forgotten my part in it. My affections have two excellent qualities: extreme levity and extreme tenacity. I do not like the proverb "Love me little: love me long"; but whoever invented it had a very narrow escape of finding its true form, which is, "Love me lightly: love me long." And that is how I loved, and still love, Annie Besant.





MRS. BESANT IN CO-MASONIC DRESS

MRS. BESANT AND CO-FREEMASONRY

By K. M. BETTS

To make manifest the ideal, that is the wonderwork of an artist, to draw out from the shapeless and formless an inspiration, an idea, so that the unenlightened and unseeing can see the work and understand it, is the deep seeing of far-off things which we recognise as the artist's power. There is, however, another way of the making manifest the ideal, and that is the work of the pioneer; not often recognised, it is the same power of a pioneer to see the "pattern of those things on the Mount" and work them out from the dull materials of earth. It is in the work of artist as pioneer that Mrs. Besant makes such an appeal to our love of the ideal. We see here and there her work according to the gift that is in her, and the ideal that is the inspiration of the work.

In these works has been the foundation of the English-speaking lands and in the European countries of the Co-Masonic Order. In many parts of this world, in many other countries, in India, the Colonies, and in America Co-Masonic Lodges and Chapters exist to which women are admitted on a basis of equality with men, working the 33 degrees of the ancient and modern Scottish rite.

Twenty years ago Mrs. Besant brought the fruits of this great movement to this country from France, with the charter of the first English Co-Masonic Lodge, *The Duty*, and although it met with the opposition of pioneer under-standers, events as they now unroll before us show how sure was the vision of these things.

We see an urgent need for understanding the real meaning of Brother-

hood. Now we have come to the point when the so-called advocated right of women to equal responsibilities with men has been almost guaranteed. But many difficulties surround these ideas, many hindrances to their perfect working out. In the Co-Masonic movement Mrs. Besant has given to the world one of the best methods for the gradual growth in true beauty of these ideals that dominate us to-day.

The Masonic Lodge is truly a compendium of the Universe, and therefore of that little universe, Man. Everything in it finds its suitable place from the highest spiritual teaching to the every-dayness of life. It is here that the real meaning of Brotherhood may be learned, from the elementary idea of good comradeship and friendship to the essential basis and source of Brotherhood. It is here that beginning with equality—a more perfect equality than is found anywhere else—the deeper ideas of government, rulership, authority, even the great Hierarchy are set forth. It is here that women, working in every respect equally with men, may learn the difficulties and the art of good government, may learn the control and due use of emotion, may be trained in the absolute decorum of debate. In most and countless other ways the Co-Masonic Lodge teaches the very lessons, gives the very training and makes manifest the ideals that are claiming the world's attention to-day.

It is not possible in a non-Masonic journal to say much of Mrs. Besant as a Freemason, for Masonry much of the training is given in those grand old ceremonies called "initiations"; in them is embodied some of the wisdom of all the ages. In one way Mrs. Besant is not a



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One of these works has been the founding in English-speaking lands and in some European countries of the Co-Masonic Order. In many parts of this country, in many other countries, in India, in the Colonies, and in America Co-Masonic Lodges and Chapters exist to-day, in which women are admitted on a perfect equality with men, working together the 33 degrees of the ancient and accepted Scottish rite.

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ceremonialist, but I venture to say that there is no one in the whole Order who can make that hidden wisdom so manifest or who can give the ceremony so much power as our Very Illustrious Grand Master.

The last time that Mrs. Besant was at a London Masonic Lodge was in the spring before the war. She gave then an address that will not easily be forgotten; she spoke of the trouble soon to come upon the world (we little guessed then the dreadfulness that was to come in a few months); of the need to fix our thoughts, our studies, our work, upon making new a changing world, eliminat-

ing the terrible abuses and misery, and building in their stead the ideals of Freemasonry in every part of the State (we call that reconstruction now). She showed how the Masonic Lodge should be the training ground of real citizens of a new and greater State, preparing for a New Age of the world, for a new manifestation of the World's Teacher.

The New Age is upon us now. Perhaps the Great Teacher is nearer the suffering world, and it may be that the Co-Masonic Order, inspired by its dauntless leader, may be one of the agents used by the Great Ones to make manifest this ideal.



II.

TO ANNIE BESANT

GENTLE, yet strong; unfetter'd yet controll'd;
 Pensive, yet swift in action; eloquent,
 And yet how silent! Heart how innocent,
 Yet, in its very childlikeness, how old!
 Stern, and yet pitiful; in caution, bold;
 —O, Queen of Contrasts, how divinely blent
 Seemeth to me each several element
 In that resultant compound of bright gold!
 Dream I? or do I find shown forth in thee,
 Within a single nature's mortal span,
 Something of Nature's own variety?
 And dost thou live the symbol of a Plan,
 Which one day shall a whole world's life set free
 Within the being of Perfected Man?

E. A. W.

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MRS. ANNIE BESANT

[Swaino.

MRS. BESANT AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER

By A. J. WILLSON

We bear to these our personal testimony, not founded on documents, not founded on writings, not founded simply on letters, and so on, on which there is always possibility of deception arising, but on individual communion with individual Teachers, and teaching received which otherwise we could not have gained. —"The Masters as Facts and Ideals," by ANNIE BESANT.

TEACHERS of religion abound amongst us. Knowers of religion, capable of helping us to comprehend the mystery of the human soul and to realise the binding force which unites all that lives with the Divine, are few indeed. For they form the vanguard of our race, the first fruits of our evolution, and their feet firmly tread the narrow path by which man transcends the limits of time and space in order to help his fellows that come after. Thus transcending they know the ineffable bliss that opens before every son of man as he overcomes.

A teacher of religion, and one also who knows, Mrs. Besant works amongst us today. Her saintly life, great gifts of heart and head, and absolute devotion to the spread of the highest ideals have made her name a household word all the world over.

It was the letters in Mr. A. P. Sinnett's *Occult World*—"wonderfully suggestive," she calls them—and the *Secret Doctrine* of Madame H. P. Blavatsky that in this life put the key of hidden knowledge within reach of her eager hand. She heard of the great Masters of Wisdom, who are the Elder Brothers of Humanity, and determined to reach Them; and because of her labour for others in the past, she at once chose the only path that leads direct to Their feet: the life that gains but to give.

In life, through death, to life, I am but the servant of the great Brotherhood, and those on whose heads but for a moment the touch of the Master has rested in blessing can never again

look upon the world save through eyes made luminous with the radiance of the Eternal Peace."—(*Autobiography*, p. 262.)

Since Mrs. Besant joined the Theosophical Society on May 30, 1889, she has taught, by voice or pen, all who were ready to hear. The series of lectures delivered before the meetings of the Theosophical Society each year are clear expositions of the facts concerning the inner life, both in man and in the universe. Many thousands in, and outside, the Theosophical Society all the world over, bless her for the spiritual light her teachings have given to them, and she has spared no pains to spread a knowledge of the Wisdom far and wide. The track of her footsteps may be followed all over the map of all the great continents, and many of their individual countries have heard her clear and fervid words of inspiration and help.

A study of her writings from the first early manuals on *Man and His Bodies*, *Reincarnation* and *Karma* (afterwards embodied and expanded in *The Ancient Wisdom*) leads us on step by step as she herself learned and expounded, and in *the Outer Court* and *The Path of Discipleship* we find, traced for all who need, the steps of the man who has arrived at the point of his evolutionary history, when, looking back over the past in which he has grown by taking, he turns resolutely to the future in which he is to grow by giving.

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MRS. ANNIE BESANT

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In many of her writings and lectures Mrs. Besant has explained the spiritual

link between all religions, notably in *Four Great Religions*, and *The Universal Text Book of Religion and Morals*, while *Esoteric Christianity* and *An Introduction to Yoga* deal respectively with Christian and Hindu aspects of the one truth. Through her we clearly realise that the path to union in East and West is one, whether described in the mystic language of Jacob Bohme, or by Patanjali in his *Yoga Sutras*. Saints and holy men and prophets and rishis she points to as the product of all religions and times; and whether a man is born within the fold of one religion or another depends upon the aspect of the Divine most needed by the body he uses in any particular life. Forms of religion, as apart from religion itself, are thus observed in proper perspective on the field of evolution.

Credulity forms no part of Mrs. Besant's teaching. She knows that the path of the blind led by the blind leads surely, sooner or later, to the Slough of Despond. Open-eyed, clear judgment is required from all who aspire. The Way is pointed out and milestones erected on the ascending road, but how, or when, or where, each one enters that Path is left for each individual to decide. It will always be when the needs of the spirit begin to outweigh the insistent pull of matter.

Just as students of physical science check results by comparing individual research, so do the pupils of the royal science of the Self compare notes to check any inaccuracy in verbal presentation. Whenever Mrs. Besant's active life has brought her into contact with a fellow-pupil she has seized the opportunity to compare separate observations on matter, in all its forms as the envelope of the spirit. The results of some of these researches have been given to the world, *Occult Chemistry*, *Thought Forms*, and *Man: Whence, How, and Whither?* are the results of such work in collaboration with the greatest seer of our own, and probably of any previous, era, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, a man of selfless life.

A mystic, in the sense of possessing the open inner sight which gains knowledge of Divine Men and touch with the One

Reality in which we all live and move and have our being, Mrs. Besant is yet pre-eminently a woman of action. To guide and to plan is even more her line of work than to teach. And whilst thousands revere her for spiritual help she is ever active in building up forms that may be better servants of the soul of each nation. Schools and Colleges are springing up everywhere through the Theosophical Educational Trust, to help children, because right education is the basis of fruitful national life; the Orders of Service for men and women whose motto is "Renunciation, Obedience, Service"; the "Stalwarts," who in India are pledged to much-needed reforms in out-worn customs of child-marriage and caste rigidity; the Orders of the Sons and Daughters of India. These are a few among the many beneficent institutions which the world owes to her master mind.

The fact that the Indian people now offer her the highest honour in the gift of a subject people—the Presidentship of the Indian National Congress next December—shows in itself how India has responded to her appeal to the soul of its people during her patient years of work amongst them, and has resolved to shake off the sloth engendered by despair and awake to the full opportunities of this opening cycle. India and Britain will both bless the day when India saw straight in a dark hour and stood by Annie Besant.

The Theosophical Society during her wise Presidentship has steadily grown, both in the numbers of its members, in worldly possessions, in lecture halls and centres, and in knowledge of the deeper truths of life, and power to express them. It has withstood the most virulent attacks on its leaders of the backward portion of the community, and has gained the respect of the world for the purity of its ideals and the incentive to right conduct that its studies give in every country.

Those who heard Mrs. Besant's lectures in London in 1909, on "The Changing World," or have read her book which embodies them, can realise the motive of her ever-increasing activity: to prepare men to face the coming trials and to watch fearlessly the crumbling of civilisations,

determined to raise happy homes on the site of every ruined hovel and to make a glad earth and a free people take the place of a world groaning under the pains of downtrodden millions.

When the war cloud broke in 1914, Annie Besant sounded the note of stern resistance to the efforts of ruthless strength to crush the aspirations of the weak, and the small booklet of her utterances on the subject, which we owe to the care of Dr. M. Rocke, who collected them from various sources, shows how, to Mrs. Besant's far-seeing gaze, this struggle is literally the faint echoes of a tremendous upheaval of the forces of darkness and regression against those of light and progress, in order to delay, if possible, the near return of the great world Teacher and the spiritual progress of mankind. In the dark days after Mons her words of cheer, scattered broadcast over the world, nerved many a heart and arm cheerfully to sacrifice all for the helping of the world at this tremendous crisis.

Annie Besant in this life has gone down into the depths with the people of the West as well as of the East. The slums of East London, the Dockers' and Cabdrivers' struggles to lift the de-humanising burden of precarious and ill-paid labour; the match girls' Scylla of starvation and Charybdis of "phossy-jaw"—or the street; the searchings of heart of the thoughtful atheist; the diseases of men and women who are ignorant of moral and eugenic laws and are consumed by the blind cravings of the flesh; the struggle of some in authority for the welfare of the few and their blindness to the needs of the many; she felt with, and suffered with, all. And because ever with her to realise an evil was to attempt to remove it, she incurred the wrath of the short-sighted in her youth in the same way that she endures it to-day. But with this difference: that the years of development on the Path

of Discipleship have given her a surer, wiser vision and an added power to help.

Even before she entered that Path no shrinkings of a highly sensitive nature, so pure and exquisite in the pride of its true womanliness that a word or glance of disrespect and scorn seared her heart as with a hot iron and left scars never to be obliterated, could cause her to falter in her work. Accused of teaching free love, she steadfastly faced her accusers, wrapped in the shield of a blameless life. Then, as now, the ribald insinuations of clubs and tea-tables merely showed up the ignorance, or malice, of the speakers.

No accusation was too coarse, no slander too baseless for circulation by these men, and for a long time these indignities caused me bitter suffering, outraging my pride, and soiling my good name. (*Autobiography*, p. 171.)

The throb of those old wounds has been transmuted into capacity to sympathise with the hurts of others, as those who have felt the compassion and tenderness of that great and forgiving heart have happy cause to know.

If it is to H. P. Blavatsky that we owe deep reverence for showing to the world those links that enable human intellect to understand the possibility of the workings of spirit, it is to Annie Besant that we owe the wide spread of that priceless gift. Again and again has she sacrificed her legitimate advance in order to stay with and help those who, without her strong aid and clear sight, would falter under the burdens of the way.

“Hail, Brothers! You who in the midst of the darkest night, believed in the Dawn.”

Before those words, her last year's birthday greeting to those who love her, are read on her birthday this year, may Annie Besant, spiritual teacher and wise statesman, be free to carry on her beneficent work for the world.

QUELQUES ASPECTS DE MME. ANNIE BESANT

By *AIMÉE BLECH*

Ceux qui ont entendu parler Mme. Annie Besant et la proclament avec enthousiasme une femme supérieure, une conférencière dont l'éloquence égale ou dépasse celle des grands tribuns, ceux-ci ne la connaissent encore que superficiellement; ceux qui l'ont lue, qui se sont nourris de la manne bienfaisante semée à profusion dans ses livres, qui ont senté la beauté morale et la force spirituelle qui en émane, ceux-là connaissent peut-être un peu mieux, mais ne peuvent encore la connaître que partiellement. Pour la connaître — non pas intégralement... qui pourrait s'en vanter?—mais plus complètement, plus profondément il faut l'avoir vue à l'œuvre, dans la vie journalière, il faut avoir bénéficié de sa présence, de son atmosphère, il faut avoir vu les aspects divers et nombreux manifestés dans sa personnalité actuelle,... si nombreux, si divers que c'est une joie, un intérêt toujours croissants, que de l'étudier au point de vue psychologique. Dans cette étude on est parfois un peu gêné par ses sentiments personnels; quand on aime il semble plus difficile d'être impartial—bien que cela soit possible... l'amour n'est pas toujours aveugle—mais d'autre part tant de nuances, tant de détails sont compris du cœur qui aime, alors qu'ils échappent au profane!

Je veux parler ici seulement de quelques-uns de ses aspects qui ont pu être saisis par tous ceux qui l'ont vue de près. Sa physionomie mobile peut revêtir—appuyé du maintien et du geste—des expressions multiples, successives. On verra en elle, "la Princesse lointaine," indifférente, et comme légèrement hautaine—la femme du monde d'une distinction parfaite, dont la dignité est accompagnée

d'un charme irrésistible; à un autre moment c'est la sainte qui apparaîtra, auroyée de lumière,... puis ce sera le visage ardent de l'héroïne;... ce sera encore l'Instructeur vénéré au regard pensif, profond et dont la voix, adoucie dans les réunions intimes, a un caractère particulièrement attachant, va droit au cœur; à d'autres moments le tribun s'éveillera et la note de l'autorité, du pouvoir résonnera; parfois le regard a une douceur suave et pénétrante—parfois il devient d'acier, sévère, inquisiteur, et souvent la sourire qui illumine sa physionomie a la candeur d'une sourire d'enfant—chez de grandes âmes parfois j'ai vu cette naïveté d'enfant.

Ces espèces multiples de sa personnalité, — déconcertants pour quelques-uns, ceux qui se sont fait un idéal à leur propre image—dérivent presque tous de l'une ou l'autre ses trois attributs : pouvoir, connaissance, amour.

Alors que chez de certains êtres, dévotion moyenne, les caractéristiques de l'un ou l'autre des trois attributs ou sentiers, ne se manifestent pas d'une façon nette, définie, chez d'autres, au contraire il n'y a ni hésitation, ni flottement : ces caractéristiques s'accusent avec précision. On en voit qui n'ont d'autre mobile que l'action, d'autres ne sont poussés que par la connaissance, d'autres enfin ne vivent que par l'amour.

Chez ces grandes âmes nous retrouvons les trois sentiers, les trois aspects divins, nous les retrouvons intégralement, bien que souvent il y ait prédominance de l'un sur les autres. Celui qui semble dominer la vie de Mme. Besant, actuellement, c'est bien l'aspect *pouvoir*. Mais ceux qui l'ont connue "Instructeur," ce qui l'ont lue et écoutée ne doutent pas de l'importance du sentier de la connaissance



MRS. ANNIE BESANT



QUELQUES ASPECTS DE MME. ANNIE BESANT

By AIMEE BLECH

C'est à ses yeux, entendis parler Mme. Besant, et le projet de son livre, comme une œuvre d'inspiration, une conférence, des conférences égales ou dépassant les autres tribunes, ceux-ci ne la connaissent que superficiellement; ceux-ci, au contraire, qui se sont nourris de sa parole, ont senti à profusion dans ses livres, qui ont senti la beauté morale et la force spirituelle qui en émane, — quand on connaît peut-être un peu mieux, mais ne peuvent encore la connaître que partiellement. Pour la connaître — non pas intégralement... — qui pourrait s'en vanter? — mais plus complètement, plus profondément il faut l'avoir vue à l'œuvre, dans la vie journalière, il faut avoir bénéficié de sa présence, de son atmosphère, il faut avoir vu les aspects divers et nombreux manifestés dans sa personnalité actuelle, ... si nombreux, si divers que c'est une joie, un intérêt toujours croissants, que de l'étudier au point de vue psychologique. Dans cette étude on est parfois un peu gêné par ses sentiments personnels; quand on aime il semble plus difficile d'être impartial — bien que cela soit possible... l'amour n'est pas toujours aveugle — mais d'autre part tant de nuances, tant de détails sont compris du cœur qui aime, alors qu'ils échappent au profane!

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dans sa vie. Et ceux qui l'ont vue de près ont vu l'amour se manifester, connaissent la puissance de l'amour chez cette noble femme; surtout ceux qui ont vu son regard, chargé d'une tendresse attristée et singulièrement douce et pénétrante, se poser sur un ancien ami, devenu ennemi, et acharné à la combattre.

En vérité, quant à ce qui concerne sa personnalité, notre Présidente a réalisé les paroles du Christ: "Aimez vos ennemis, faites du bien à ceux qui vous persécutent..."

Il m'est arrivé ainsi de voir des aspects du Passé, de caractère historique, se manifester dans Annie Besant. Un jour—c'était il y a près de 20 ans—dans l'une de ses conférences je crus voir apparaître Hypathie. Elle était encore mince de stature, alors; vêtue de blanc, le front nimbé de lumière, elle enseignait ses disciples. Longtemps après j'eus la vision de Giordano Bruno. Elle marchait devant moi, à pas silencieux et rapides; je voyais ses cheveux argentés coupés court, la stature un peu plus ramassée, le dos voûté légèrement, vêtue d'un beige tirant sur le brun: c'était un aspect

soudain et saisissant du moine-martyr...

Aujourd'hui—nous ne l'avons pas vue, hélas! depuis la guerre—son dernier portrait amène ce cri sur toutes les lèvres: c'est l'aspect du Manou: un regard profond et ardent tout à la fois, un front labouré par la pensée, une force, une autorité émanant de tout son être. Oui, en peut voir en elle le Manou à venir...

Voilà quelques aspects, brièvement esquissés de celle qui a été, qui est encore la lumière pour tant d'âmes. Le siècle prochain jugera de son œuvre; nous voyons trop court pour en juger, surtout pour pouvoir *la* juger, dans sa campagne actuelle, elle dont la vision est si lointaine et si pénétrante, elle qui possède la connaissance que nous n'avons pas.

J'ai la conviction que la lumière se fera et que, dans l'avenir, quand le calme sera revenu, et que certains préjugés et malentendus se seront dissipés, que notre chère alliée l'Angleterre sera fière de compter parmi ses enfants l'une de plus nobles créatures que la terre ait porté, l'une des plus grandes femmes du temps,... pour nous théosophes et membres de l'Etoile d'Orient, certainement *la plus grande*.



Dr. Julia Seaton Sears, in the Bechstein Hall, London, on February 16, 1913, spoke thus on Mrs. Besant:

"Among many teachers . . . one woman is standing there whose character is unimpeachable. She is up against her own fate law and has got to pass up the proofs. Never forget that Annie Besant has faced the world for years; from the very beginning she has been boundless in courage—especially as she tried to prove the truth to her own soul. To-day I am amazed that every loyal heart among her followers is not demanding a mass meeting that the whole story may be brought out into the full light of day, and Annie Besant revealed as she is to the whole world. She has been the queen of Englishwomen. She has told you the truths; she has blazed the trail—she has done exactly the same thing in India—and incense should be burned before her feet. She may have erred through her methods; but she has been always first, last, and all the time perfectly resolute, undaunted in her allegiance to Truth."

MRS. BESANT AS AN EMPIRE BUILDER

By Sir S. SUBRAMANIAM IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.,

Late Acting Chief Justice, High Court of Madras, and President, Home Rule League, Madras

THE Empires which have hitherto been built in the world have been built either by military commanders or by statesmen. Cæsar built the Roman Empire, but the power of the sword was necessary for the building; so, too, was it with Napoleon, and later still when the German Empire was built by Bismarck. The second method of Empire building by statesmen is illustrated in the United States of America. Lincoln welded all the States into one by his statesmanship, but his policy had to be carried out by the sword, though that sword was not for conquest, but for the defence of human rights. Both these modes of Empire building have been tried and have had their day; they involve warfare and bloodshed.

The time has now come when Empire building must have a different basis; future Empires, if they are to persist, must have three principles underlying their structure :

1. They must be founded on the full recognition of the Brotherhood of all the individuals composing the Empire.
2. This necessitates that love and sympathy shall be the principal characteristics in its administration.
3. There must be a spirit of universal religion which makes impossible religious antagonism.

The Empire builder of to-day must have qualities vastly different from previous builders and statesmen if to-day he is to carry out the plan of the Supreme. That means building with the power of religion, and without the power of the sword. In India, in four periods of its history, religion as a unifying influence has been used by great kings; there was King Harsha in the seventh century, who, by his perfect

patronage of both Hinduism and Buddhism, built for a time an Empire in India; there was later the Mogul Emperor Akbar, who united Hindus and Muhammedans under one rule by his perfect sympathy to both; later still the Vijayanagara kings enlisted the help of the great Saint Madhavacharya to bring into one kingdom several religious communities; and Guru Narak, through the power of religion, made one body of his pupils or Sikhs, who later became a military power. But all these rulers nevertheless were fighters, and the sword made up for the deficiencies of spiritual persuasion.

The new type of Empire building which the world now requires is most strikingly exemplified by Mrs. Besant, and the type is seen in her work for India. Her work will best be understood by those who realise the unusual task involved in building India to be a vital part of the British Empire. Here in this land we have many languages and many forms of religion, which separate the peoples into many communities. Now all these must be welded into one whole, and unless that work is done here the British Empire is bound to fail, for without India there is nothing of the British Empire but a name. And if the British Empire does not perform the high rôle before it, the future of the world will be seriously handicapped for ages.

Therefore, Brotherhood, as an essential principle in Empire building, is imperative; the Hindus must be united with the Muhammedans and the Jains and Buddhists; while there is perfect toleration among themselves, there will have to be a sense of unity among them and active co-operation.



In a world crisis, such as we stand in to-day,
weaklings are whirled away in the storm-wind.
"Quit you like men, be strong," says an old writer.
Thrown out into the world in young womanhood,
I took as my motto: "Be Strong." I pass it on
to you to-day, in my age:

BE STRONG.

ANNIE BESANT.

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Now, India is not a *tabula rasa*; the Empire builder is not dealing with primitive peoples with no traditions or culture. India is a land of many communities who cherish a hoary civilisation; they have their own religions, sciences, arts, and literatures. Therefore, the Empire builder cannot do his work with the sword, but must appeal to reason and spirituality, in order to suit the new conditions of building. Who can accomplish this task except a soul of the type of Mrs. Besant? The

that is likely to endanger her life, thus revealing the trait of the martyr.

Mrs. Besant's whole life is so spiritual that as an Empire builder she is not aiming at a political institution, but a spiritual organisation. The especial characteristic mark of that organisation may be said to be Aryan, for Mrs. Besant represents the Indo-Aryan type in perfection. She has in her nature all its elements; when lecturing in Christian countries she is recognised as an exponent of Christianity; in



PREPARATIONS FOR THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE

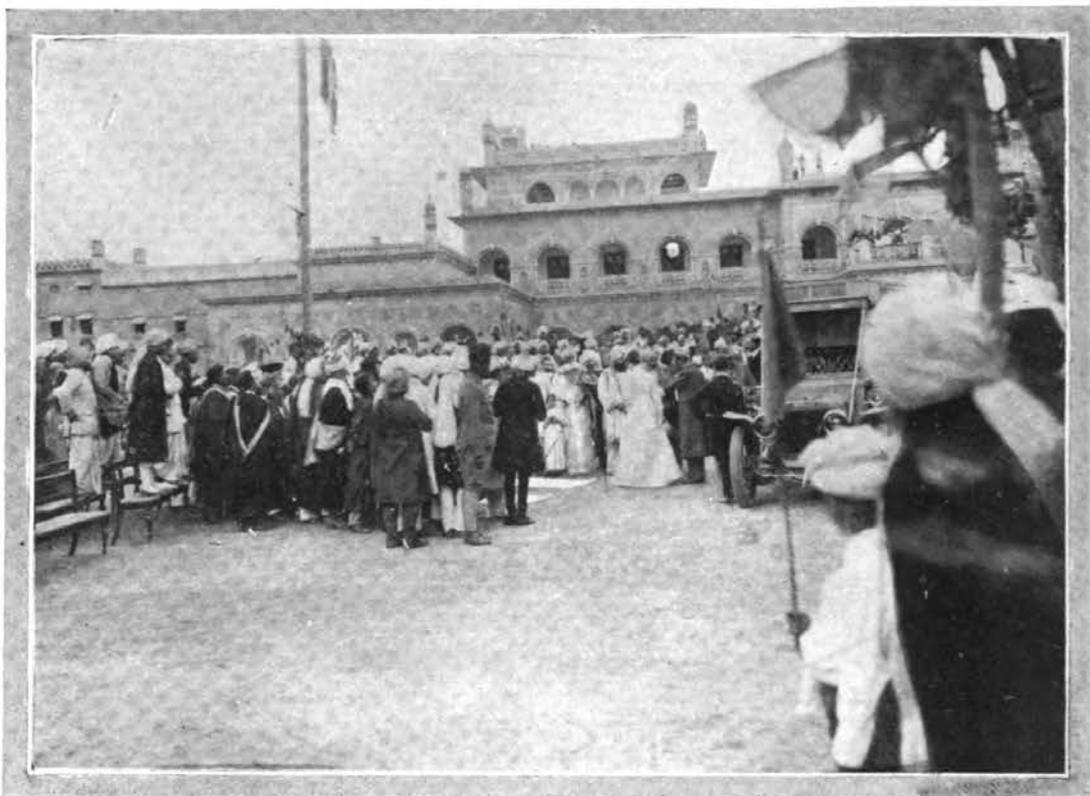
required elements of love and sympathy can only be provided by one of her sex; no man, however great, could show these qualities as finely as a woman. That is why the ego we know as Mrs. Besant has been put into a woman's body to do her work in India; she has, however, at the same time an iron will which supplies the element of the male sex. It is this will that has been made manifest recently in her refusal to concede by way of compromise any deviation in the matter of principle, even for the sake of obtaining her liberty and escaping from persecution

India we recognise her as an authority on our religion; and it is the same when she lectures to Buddhist or Muhammedan audiences. Mrs. Besant has the power of combining the various elements of Indo-Aryan culture and producing from them a beautiful mosaic.

This is important, for if an Empire is to be built in India it must have this character of a mosaic, and unless the builder is himself of this nature of a mosaic, the work cannot be done. Undoubtedly Mrs. Besant stands in a peculiar relation to the peoples of India. She has repeatedly

stated her own belief that in her previous lives she has again and again been born in India, and that her present Western birth is only for the purpose of supplementing her Indian character with something of the Western, in order that she might do better her work of organisation for India. One proof at least of this claim may be held to be what is now taking place in

It is interesting to note how Mrs. Besant began her work of Empire building. When she came to India she did not at once work in the political field. She expounded one religion after another, emphasising the common unity of faith and aspiration. In India, where religion may degenerate into fanaticism with its concomitant of bloodshed, Mrs. Besant's



VISIT IN 1906 TO THE CENTRAL HINDU COLLEGE, BENARES, OF THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND THE QUEEN AS PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES. MRS. BESANT AS PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE COLLEGE

India; there is no instance of a single Western person except herself who has called forth, as during the last few weeks, such universal love and sympathy from every part of India; the educated and the uneducated, the English speaking and those who know not a word of English, have all united in one profound admiration and reverence, and many are the prayers that go up from temple and shrine on her behalf to-day.

first work was to make fanaticism impossible, and to-day the whole attitude of Hindus to Muhammedans and *vice versa* has changed so far as religion is concerned.

Her next work was to put education upon a religious basis. A lasting monument to her education work is the Hindu University, which she organised as the Central Hindu College of Benares. A most memorable event at the College was

the visit to it of their Majesties the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress when they visited India as the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mrs. Besant, as the President of the Board of Trustees of the College, received their Majesties, and after the Prince of Wales was crowned King and visited India again, His Majesty sent to the College, through Mrs. Besant, signed portraits of himself and the Queen. The Central Hindu College, under Mrs. Besant's guidance, was the first large institution definitely to embody the teaching of religion as part of its curriculum. The impulse she gave has influenced hundreds of schools to make religious teaching and worship an integral part of education. And to crown all her labours, she has just organised the National Board of Education, comprising many of the leading men in India, to put education on a thoroughly national basis.

The next unique thing that Mrs. Besant has done is to bring together the Hindus and the Muhammedans as brothers in one common national work. This is a miracle the significance of which only those living in India can understand, and though many have helped in this union, she stands supremely as the worker of the great miracle. No less marvellous is the fact that this stupendous work has been achieved in the course of three years, since she took up political work. There are few Empire builders who can show such a record of work in so brief a time. Not less noteworthy is her bringing together once again into a common political body the Extremists and the Moderates of the Indian National Congress; many had prophesied that these two bodies would never unite, but Mrs. Besant has done it.

Mrs. Besant has brought about union because of the force of the ideals which she has lived in her own life. One of the prominent Muhammedan leaders, the Hon. Mr. Syed Wazir Hassan, Secretary of the All-India Muslim League, referred the other day in a public meeting "to the spiritual side of her life, and how ennobling from that point of view her influence has been." "I look upon Mrs. Annie Besant," he said, "as an embodi-

ment and external symbol of what is my ideal of existence. Life is not worth living without such ideals, and we should resist with all our power attacks threatening the fulfilment of our hopes and the attainment of our ideals."

What is Mrs. Besant's ideal of an Empire? Here are her words, written in November, 1914, when, four months after the War began, she proclaimed the real spiritual conflict of ideals underlying the struggle:

Of the two possible World-Empires, that of Great Britain and that of Germany, one is already far advanced in the making and shows its quality, with Dominions and Colonies, with India at its side. The other is but in embryo; but can be judged by its theories, with the small examples available as to the fashion of their out-working in the new Colonies that it is founding, the outlining of the unborn embryo. The first embodies—though as yet but partially realised—the Ideal of Freedom; of ever-increasing Self-Government; of Peoples rising into power and self-development along their own lines; of a Supreme Government "broad-based upon the People's Will"; of fair and just treatment of undeveloped races, aiding, not enslaving them; it embodies the embryo of the splendid Democracy of the Future; of the New Civilisation—co-operative, peaceful, progressive, artistic, just and free; a Brotherhood of Nations, whether the Nations be inside or outside the World-Empire. This is the Ideal; and that Great Britain has set her foot in the path which leads to it is proved not only by her past interior history, with its struggles towards Liberty, but also by her granting of autonomy to her Colonies, her formation of the beginnings of Self-Government in India, her constantly improving attitude towards the undeveloped races—as in using the Salvation Army to civilise the criminal tribes in India—all promising advances towards the Ideal. Moreover, she has ever sheltered the oppressed exiles flying to her shores for refuge against their tyrants—the names of Kossuth, Mazzini, Kropotkin, shine out gloriously as witnesses in her favour; she has fought against the slave trade and well-nigh abolished it. And at the present moment she is fighting in defence of keeping faith with those too small to exact it; in defence of Treaty obligations and the sanctity of a Nation's pledged word; in defence of National Honour, of Justice to the weak, of that Law, obedience to which by the strong States is the only guarantee of future Peace, the only safeguard of Society against the tyranny of brute Strength. For all this England is fighting when she might have stood aside, selfish and at ease, watching her neighbours tearing each other to pieces, waiting until their exhaustion made it possible for her to impose her will. Instead of thus remaining, she has sprung for-

ward, knight-errant of Liberty, servant of Duty. With possible danger of Civil War behind her, with supposed revolt in South Africa and India, with shameful bribes offered for her standing aside, she spurned all lower reasonings, and, springing to her feet, sent out a lion's roar of defiance to the breakers of treaties, uttered a ringing shout for help to her peoples, flung her little army to the front—a veritable David against Goliath—to gain time, time, that the hosts might gather, to hold the enemy back at all costs, let die who might of her children; called for men to her standard, men from the nobles, from the professions, from the trades, men from the plough, from the forge, from the mine, from the furnace; and this not for gain—she has naught to gain from the war—but because she loved Liberty, Honour, Justice, Law better than life or treasure; that she counted glorious Death a thousandfold more desirable than shameful existence bought by cowardly ease. For this, the Nations bless her; for this, her dying Sons adore her; for this, History shall applaud her; for this, shall the World-Empire be hers with the consent of all Free Peoples, and she shall be the Protector, not the Tyrant, of Humanity.

All through Mrs. Besant's work in India she has continually emphasised the inseparable bond between India and England; indeed, her insistence upon this essential element of the future of India has made her to be sharply criticised by those in India who have not believed as firmly in the ideals of the British Empire as she has done. It is just because she has this ideal conception of the British Empire that she has been so anxious to emphasise the unique nationality and worth of the Indian peoples to the British Empire. It is this that has made her preach Home Rule against the wish of ninety-nine per cent. of her race in India. The sincerity of her purpose could not be evinced better than by her unflagging work of uplifting the peoples of India in spite of every misrepresentation and even villification.

One noteworthy characteristic of her political work is its constitutionalism; never for a moment has she hesitated to denounce violence in every form. Indeed, she herself, in her attempts to persuade Anarchists and revolutionaries, has been misunderstood, and has caused herself to come under the unwelcome supervision of the Criminal Investigation Department. Whenever possible she has seen high officials in authority to explain to them the principles underlying her work. She

has personally explained her work to the Governors of Bengal and Madras.

She has not been merely critical, she has actually shown the methods of construction. The Madras Parliament, which she organised for training in Parliamentary method and debate, has to its credit up to the present a number of carefully worked-out Acts during 1915 and 1916, of which the principal ones are Compulsory Elementary Education, "Madras Panchayats" (Village Tribunals, for the re-institution of local government), "Commonwealth of India Act" (for National Self-government within the Empire), a supplementary Act to the foregoing "relating to the Indian Judicature," and the "Religious Education Act."

Not long ago Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the then Secretary of State for India, described her methods of political work as "dangerous." It may be pointed out that in the opinion of the Indian leaders of thought the danger of her method was not to the Empire but to those vested interests which themselves constitute the real danger to the Empire.

Mrs. Besant is a profound mystic, and when, after twenty-one years of strenuous life in India, she entered into the political field, it was as a practical mystic of a unique type. Oliver Cromwell was a practical mystic, but he nevertheless believed in the power of the sword, and told his soldiers, "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry." But Mrs. Besant is unique in that she only uses peaceful persuasion; she achieved her work by calling forth the powers of Faith within men. It was well said by Sir Arthur Lawley, when he was Governor of Madras, "Her voice is never raised save to move her hearers to some nobler impulse, to some loftier ideals, to some higher plane of thought."

Though for the moment Mrs. Besant's work has been utterly misunderstood by the Government of India, the peoples of India understand her, and day after day the volume of devotion to her steadily grows. I doubt not also that soon there will come from the rest of the British Empire the recognition due to her as one of the Empire's great builders.

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Photo by Russell and Sons]

ANNIE BESANT

[17, Baker Street, W.]

A CONFESSION OF FAITH

By MAJOR BEAN

We are obliged to curtail this article for want of space, but we know the author will forgive us rather than not be represented in this number

I WAS at first irritated at the "cocksureness" of Theosophy with its exact details and minutiae of atoms, bubbles, etc. I said to myself:

Oh let us never, never doubt,
What nobody is sure about,

as the little comic rhyme says. All the same, the grandeur of its beliefs, the inherent sanity and reasonableness of Theosophy—its breadth, tolerance and clearness appealed to my intellect just as its mystic and devotional side appealed to my intuition; so I went on steadily studying it though having occasional querulous (on my side) arguments with my friends the "cocksure" Theosophists, as I thought them. Gradually, a strong intellectual belief in the thing was added to my instinct for it. I reasoned like this:

The great Theosophical leaders like Mrs. Besant and others are either

- (1) Honest and correct.
- (2) Honest and self-deluded.
- (3) Deliberately deceitful.

I quickly made up my mind, reading Mrs. Besant's books and especially her *Autobiography*, that if she was one thing more than another she was utterly honest to a quite unconventional and extraordinary degree. Her whole life bore witness to the fact that she was prepared to endure untold miseries rather than parley for one second with falsehood in any shape or form. I must with shame confess it, reading her *Autobiography* for the first time, the idea did flash across me momentarily, "Is this *Autobiography* a clever pose? Has Mrs. Besant deliberately set out to create an atmosphere of honest outspokenness in this book for the purpose of ingratiating and disarming criticism?" But I scouted the idea indignantly almost as it arose. The book bore the unmistakable imprint of utter singleness of

heart and lack of guile. Moreover, "cui bono?" where was the "schemer" suggested anywhere in her life's history? The whole story bore witness to an uncompromising loyalty to truth, which landed her in terrible personal difficulties and struggles all the time. A schemer chooses the path of least resistance—wiggles and twists a devious way to his goal—but this soul kept the star of truth full in view—plunged into the black river of doubt and persecution (the persecution which doubt and unorthodoxy brought with them in Mrs. Besant's young days and still do) and struck out fearlessly for the shore, feeling in fullest measure the ice-cold waters strike chill to her breast but facing the opposing current of the stream dauntlessly, and ever pressing onwards.

All that was best and most spiritual in me went out to her teachings and knew them for truth and knew that "life lived" had taught her them. I knew it from my own spiritual experience, from my own struggles with temptation, occasional successes and frequent failures. I felt that where I, in the very smallest and feeblest way, had willed and failed for the most part, she, in the very grandest way, had willed and succeeded magnificently, and yet I felt kin to her and felt I could, to some extent, understand her by reason of my own poor efforts and sufferings. I thought of the Christ's saying: "He that will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me," and I felt on studying her life, and reading her writings, considering for what she had fought and suffered—always for unpopular causes—always for the weak and helpless against the strong—always for breadth and tolerance, for truth and high ideals against prejudice and



Photo by Russell and Hensel

English Portraits

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Oh let us never, never doubt,
What nobody is sure about,

as the little comic rhyme says. All the same the grandeur of its beliefs, the inherent sanity and reasonableness of Theosophy—its breadth, tolerance and clearness appealed to my intellect just as its mystic and devotional side appealed to my intuition; so I went on steadily studying it though having occasional querulous (on my side) arguments with my friends the "cocksure" Theosophists, as I thought them. Gradually a strong intellectual belief in the thing was added to my instinct for it. I reasoned like this :

The great Theosophical leaders like Mrs. Besant and others are either

- (1) Honest and correct.
- (2) Honest and self-deluded.
- (3) Deliberately deceitful.

I quickly made up my mind, reading Mrs. Besant's books and especially her *Autobiography*, that if she was one thing more than another she was utterly honest to a quite unconventional and extraordinary degree. Her whole life bore witness to the fact that she was prepared to endure untold miseries rather than parley for one second with falsehood in any shape or form. I must with shame confess it, reading her *Autobiography* for the first time, the idea did flash across me momentarily, "Is this *Autobiography* a clever pose? Has Mrs. Besant deliberately set out to create an atmosphere of honest outspokenness in this book for the purpose of ingratiating and disarming criticism?" But I scouted the idea indignantly almost as it arose. The book bore the unmistakable imprint of utter singleness of

heart and lack of guile. Moreover, "cui bono?" where was the "schemer" suggested anywhere in her life's history? The whole story bore witness to an uncompromising loyalty to truth which landed her in terrible personal difficulties and struggles all the time. A schemer chooses the path of least resistance—wiggles and twists a devious way to his goal—but this soul kept the star of truth full in view—plunged into the black river of doubt and persecution (the persecution which doubt and unorthodoxy brought with them in Mrs. Besant's young days and still do) and struck out fearlessly for the shore, feeling in fullest measure the ice-cold waters strike chill to her breast but facing the opposing current of the stream dauntlessly, and ever pressing onwards.

All that was best and most spiritual in me went out to her teachings and knew them for truth and knew that "life lived" had taught her them. I knew it from my own spiritual experience, from my own struggles with temptation, occasional successes and frequent failures. I felt that where I, in the very smallest and feeblest way, had willed and failed for the most part, she, in the very grandest way, had willed and succeeded magnificently, and yet I felt kin to her and felt I could, to some extent, understand her by reason of my own poor efforts and sufferings. I thought of the Christ's saying: "He that will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me," and I felt on studying her life, and reading her writings, considering for what she had fought and suffered—always for unpopular causes—always for the weak and helpless against the strong—always for breadth and tolerance, for truth and high ideals against prejudice and

narrowness, low aim and unworthy compromise—I thought, surely in our day no one has followed that command more literally than she; surely she lives and practices in literal detail the very words and injunctions of Christ, of the Buddha and all the great teachers, in a way that none of her detractors can approach? Has not the history of all great truth seekers and reformers been the same? Was not her way the Via crucis, the Via dolorosa, the way of Socrates, of Jesus, of Mohammed, of Hypatia, of Joan of Arc, of Savonarola, of Giordano Bruno and numberless other reformers who have dared to be great and honest and unselfish and to have spiritual insight far beyond the measure of their time? Was not the degree of free thought, breadth and enlightenment, the removal of political and social boycott from those who dare to hold unusual views of life and religion, the revival of mental and moral courage in narrow conservative England, was not all this largely due to her and Bradlaugh and Stainton Moses and others like them? The *Autobiography* showed me clearly in what heroic mould she was cast. It is not the liar and the cheat, nor yet the feebly-balanced and hysterical who agonise over the sufferings of humanity and concern themselves with the world's dumb pain; it is not they who leave the sheltered home and face stress and storm on man's behalf, seeking to read the riddle of the universe. It is the Saviours of Humanity, and their disciples, who face the trials of the wilderness in order that tempted, tested, and at length enlightened, they may shed their light on lesser souls.

I thought of Mrs. Hamilton King's words :

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured
forth.
For love's strength standeth in Love's
sacrifice;
And who suffers most has most to give.

And as I realised the sacrifice I measured the greatness of this life.

From her wonderful spiritual teaching I turned to her practical side, her accuracy and command of detail. I studied her Indian writings and felt their sane practical common sense, combined with

intuitive and delicate sympathy for this sensitive, spiritual, metaphysical race. I read her book (written in collaboration with Mr. Leadbeater), entitled *Occult Chemistry*. I marvelled at the courage which could put forward this bold claim to unique powers of clairvoyance in face of the certain jeers of "science" whenever "science" should come to see it. I felt perfectly certain, though, from the simplicity and courage of this production, that I was dealing neither with fraud nor delusion, but with solid fact. Nobody could imagine those marvellously complicated, yet beautifully symmetrical drawings of the physical atom in its various phases or grades of matter which the pages of *Occult Chemistry* contained. They were either cleverly worked-out fraud or they were genuine. They were not delusion at all events. Consider again—in spite of the wondrous ingenuity and beauty of design in these atom pictures—what colossal impudence and stupidity would this book have been had it been a fake! What brazen effrontery this calm assertion of atoms counted accurately and methodically to a fault, atoms which one knew to be almost infinitely ultra-microscopic—the atomic weights of orthodox chemistry coolly checked and confirmed by a method of direct vision! What courage to put forward this book and expose one's self to the ridicule of science.

As a medical man it was not difficult for me to imagine a wide expansion of the senses; a great refinement of our human powers of observation. It is common knowledge to all medical students that the eye, the ear, the finger can be trained to discover things quite hidden from untrained senses, so that a carefully trained medical observer has wide fields open for his exploring which are quite shut from the untrained. I had read, too, the history of medicine and knew that the slow exploration of the body—the mapping out of its functions—is even yet by no means finished. Why should it be impossible or even unlikely that in all of us there are dormant sense organs which an arduous training can arouse?

This theory of dormant spiritual powers and senses, whose evolution and awaken-

ing could be hastened by a suitable training—did it not fit all sorts of puzzling facts into their proper places? Accepting it not perhaps as proved truth, but at all events as a sound working hypothesis and so considering seriously the knowledge gained (it was asserted) through the use of these higher powers of observation, various great problems of life became plain—became mere well-oiled joints, cranks and bearings in the smooth and faultless mechanism of existence.

Mrs. Besant has, as I say, been a strong personal factor in my belief in and enthusiasm for Theosophy—but utterly and absolutely apart from her the grandeur, sanity and comfort of the teachings would have convinced both my intellect and intuition. Life seen before Theosophy came to enlighten me was like one of those complicated puzzle-maps or pictures, so many separate pieces (the divers great problems of life) which did not seem to fit together—all inequalities and unevennesses. Awkward facts have now fitted themselves into their proper places—corners and jutting angles have dovetailed in with other irregularities, and a fair plan of life with justice and reason writ large upon it has gradually grown for me, where before were puzzle and bewilderment. One's vision has expanded so enormously—one takes a great bird's-eye sweep of life now and sees the "mighty stream of tendency" instead of concentrating on that little "cabbage patch"—the small crop of world history one knew before.

Theosophists again—does one find them all cranks and visionaries and oddities? Not at all! Such people can be found in Theosophical circles as they can be found outside them. In a Theosophical gather-

ing you may perhaps see a few more queer looking people than you would see, say, in a Church of England average congregation; but this partly because of the width of view and tolerance of Theosophy, throwing it open to all sorts of men, partly due to the weird side of occultism making its peculiar appeal to some rather weird people. But when all this is said, I can say that I have met no saner, no nobler characters than I have met among Theosophists; and one finds them, as a body, tolerant, cultured, kindly, helpful, cheerful and wholesome people. Quite a number of Theosophists have clairvoyant powers and function consciously on the astral plane, but they keep quite quiet about it for the most part and dislike to speak of their powers; still, if one cares to press home the enquiry, one can ascertain the fact. Is one to believe that all these people are humbugs or hysterical visionaries when the whole trend of their lives and characters give the lie direct to such a thought?

These and many more similar reflections gradually "read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested," have at length precipitated, or, rather, crystallised in my mind a clear conviction that Theosophy is true and is the very heart and kernel of that message which this New Age shall bring to us when the hour of the Passing Age is accomplished and the birth pangs are finished—and it is the tidal-wave of mighty "deeper" souls like Annie Besant which now helps so many of us in our daily needs and by its overflow raises us from what is "low." Therefore do I honour her for her words and deeds and sound my little note of loyalty and reverence for her and such as she.

"If you would know the Christ when He comes, try to develop all the qualities which go to the making of the spiritual man—love, tenderness, gentleness, sympathy. Check the tendency to decry the great and to find faults in what is noble; cultivate reverence."

ANNIE BESANT

in *The Coming of the World Teacher*

AN APPRECIATION OF ANNIE BESANT

By Sergeant E. V. HAYES

AMONG many characteristics which shine so clearly in that heroic soul we know to-day as Annie Besant, there is the one which takes first place in the sixteenth chapter of the *Gita*—Fearlessness.

It comes there first in order because without it the other outward signs of the soul approaching the divine could never be gained. "The will always to strive for wisdom . . . uprightness, truthfulness, a mind that lightly letteth go what others prize, patience and fortitude," how can they be won if fearlessness does not underlie them? Throughout her wonderful life this innate courage has never deserted Annie Besant in the supreme moments of decision or dark hours of misrepresentation.

There is some sort of tradition that our great protector was Giordano Bruno in a previous life, and further back still, the celebrated Hypatia. I can well believe it, and I know of no two characters in history which suit her better. Often, watching her ascend the platform at the Queen's Hall, I have been irresistibly reminded of Hypatia mounting the rostrum at her lecture hall in ancient Alexandria, and I recall, too, that when she faced that howling mob, thirsting for her blood, according to Charles Kingsley, she faced them with never a trace of fear. And Bruno, also, the maddening tongues of flame licking his body with hideous caresses on that Field of Flowers in Rome, what fear showed he in that hour of hell?

Maybe, the bitterness in Annie Besant's heart, in her Freethought days, against dogmatic Christianity was a vivid memory of those unspeakable tortures endured twice at the hands of the priests of orthodoxy!

What fear was there in Annie Besant's

heart when the choice was put to her: conformity to the Church—and home; rebellion—and expulsion? "I chose the latter," she says, and only she can know what agony lay in that decision.

When she espoused the cause of the poor mother of a large family, whose life very often was, and still is, little better than that of an animal, what innate courage enabled her to arrive at a resolve that brought her endless trouble. But what fearlessness must have been hers when, after all the slander, the pain and the scorn, she openly faced the admission that her theory had been wrong, and that Theosophy could not allow of her former Neo-Malthusianism? And the courage with which she gave herself to the cause of H. P. Blavatsky! Not, remember, when H. P. B. was fawned on and flattered, as in pre-Coloumb days, but after she had been condemned as a trickster and an impudent liar. It might be said by the enemies of Theosophy that some of those who clung to Madame Blavatsky after the report of the Society for Psychological Research did so rather than admit they had been deceived. It cannot be said of Annie Besant. No wonder H. P. B. called her a noble woman and invoked the blessing of the MASTER upon her. Surely that benediction has been on her ever since!

It is this fearlessness of hers which makes her so indispensable to our young Order as its Protector. The fact that she has never feared to admit a mistake gives us that full confidence in her without which her Protectorship would be little more than a name. Others, men and women, look after a strenuous life to their old age as a peaceful evening, when the hot sun has gone down, when the air is cool and fragrant and the sky an overshadowing of softest blue, when memories



Photo by H. S. Mendelsohn

ANNIE BUBANT

Excelsior, S. W.

AN APPRECIATION OF ANNIE BESANT

By Sergeant E. V. HAYES

ANNE BESANT is a characteristic figure of the nineteenth century in that she was a woman of her time, and she is the one woman of her time of the sixteenth century who was a woman of her time.

She was a woman of her time because she was a woman of her time, and she was a woman of her time because she was a woman of her time. She was a woman of her time because she was a woman of her time, and she was a woman of her time because she was a woman of her time. She was a woman of her time because she was a woman of her time, and she was a woman of her time because she was a woman of her time.

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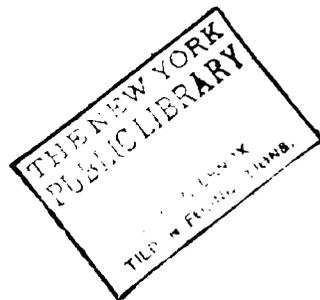
It is this fearlessness of hers which makes her so indispensable to our young Order as its Protector. The fact that she has never feared to admit a mistake gives us that full confidence in her without which her Protectorship would be little more than a name. Others, men and women, look after a strenuous life to their old age as a peaceful evening, when the hot sun has gone down, when the air is cool and fragrant and the sky an overshadowing of softest blue, when memories



Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn]

ANNIE BESANT

[Kensington, S.W.]



come to haunt the hours like the faint odours of pressed flowers in a book. That rest is not for Annie Besant. She is working still; fighting still; the future as well as the past holds her to her body yet. There is a deeper peace in her heart than the passing twilight of a single earth-life, and her present phase of activity is not yet ended. There is fearlessness in this great heart which watches over the Order of the Star, as Mary, perchance, watched over the infant Christian Church. Some of the titles given to the Mother of Christianity might well be given to our Protector: Tower of Ivory, Mother Most Powerful, Queen of the Star.

In the coming years her fearlessness will, perhaps, be needed yet more. It is

comparatively easy to announce the coming of the Great Divine One; but a very different matter to point to a particular individual and say: "This is He!" There will be a wave of devotion, truly, such as never has been since the early days of Christianity; but there will also be a wave of rage and repulsion from those who know Him not. Annie Besant's fearlessness will not desert her then, if we are privileged to have her with us. We hope we may; we think we shall. And we cry to her on this birthday of hers: "AVE! Greeting, Annie Besant! Shed some ray of thy priceless courage into the hearts of all those who live under thy protection in the Light of the STAR!"



IN treading this path it grows brighter as ignorance lessens, it grows more peaceful as weakness vanishes, it grows serener as the vibrations of earth have less power to jar and to disturb. What it is in its ending, Those only can tell who have ended: what it is at its goal, Those only may know who stand there. But even those who are treading its earlier stages know that its sorrow is joy compared with the joy of earth, and the very smallest of its flowers is worth every jewel that earth could give. One gleam of the Light which shines always upon it and that grows ever brighter as the disciple treads onwards, one gleam of that makes all earth's sunshine but as darkness; they who tread it know the peace that passeth understanding, the joy that earthly sorrow can never take away, the rest that is on the rock that no earthquake may shiver, the place within the Temple where for ever there is bliss.

ANNIE BESANT, *In the Outer Court.*

A EULOGY ON COURAGE

Being in the Style of the Didactic Essays
of Richard Steele

By ROBERT LUTYENS

“*Si Cadere necesoe est, occurendum discrimini.*”—TACITUS

THESE can be no one to whom *Courage* does not appear a commendable quality; yet are there few qualities less familiar to the majority of mankind. *Courage* as applied to recklessness of danger, is in general a matter of temperament; but the courage we assume, and with which we support the onslaught of adversity, arising from our own conduct, shows us to be, for the most part, frail creatures.

Our courage is highest after defeat, when our desires have subsided with indulgence, and left us calm; wherefore the cry of *good intentions* is always most familiar to the vocabulary of the vanquished. Yet real *courage* after defeat is truly noble—by which we displace solitude with magnanimity, assume pride—(alas! poor pride)—where we feel humility, and nobly dispel those tears which flow so naturally, when we perceive the shattered edifice of our former hopes.

But we are frail creatures! If our courage be here now, it is gone in a moment; and is it not far easier to be *benevolent, generous, or charitable*—when the world will praise your virtue, than it is to be *brave and courageous* in the constant rebuffs that one may receive in his struggle with adversity—when all mankind will only censure you for your folly?

Yet, indeed, it is a question of doubt whether a man may be considered good that is not entirely without sin. For the man who errs often and without compunction obviously cannot be applauded; neither can he who sins, repenteth, and sins again as temptation presents itself. And the person who is without sin most certainly cannot be commended, for inas-

much as he hath no sin, neither hath he any virtue.*

Therefore, I do consider that the man to be most respected is he who suffers most as a result of his follies; yet does not sink under his oppression and give up all hope—and thus abuse his understanding—but manfully fights his depression and solitude, and strengthens himself with the brave determination of future success.

And in so much I think courage—if not greater—is certainly as great as the other eulogised virtues.

Virtus requiei nescia sordidæ. (HOR.)
It cometh to my memory, the case of a young fellow (whom we may designate under the appropriate name of Adrian Foster†)—and some distant relation to my own family, who was so addicted to the folly of drink—which strain had been transmitted to him through his father, who died of a disease resulting from his excesses—that he was a sot before he had reached the age of twenty. But he had such an excellent understanding that it was more than pitiable to watch his extreme dejection and misery as he saw that understanding gradually falling a victim

* This may be considered as a strange statement by those readers whose chief object is to eradicate their failings; but to me all qualities appear both positive and negative, and though seeming totally opposite are but one and the same. For in as much as cold is the same as heat—only varying in degree—so, to my thinking, is love the same as hate and envy. Thus, I consider also that virtue and depravity are in reality but one, and were I to illustrate my meaning by design, I should place these two qualities at opposite ends of the same line of conduct—negative and positive—as in a magnet; and, I think, that he who tries to eradicate the negative is neither so virtuous nor helpful to his fellow creatures as he who attempts to multiply the positive.

† From Avdrios: Brave—good, and Phostyr: Light bringer—perfectabillion.

to his intemperance: indeed, his misery must have been great, for not even the most malicious tongue would have called him anything but ingenuous and high-minded—*nemo repente fuit turpissimus*—only was he subject to this one depravity. Yet was his courage ever high, and he fought his affliction with such determination and valour—and, moreover, was so little broken by his constant repetition of failure—that in a short time he could not be found fuddled once in a month. But his fortitude was destined to be still further tried; for the young maiden with whom he was engaged in marriage, and to whom he was entirely devoted, retreated from the engagement, on the grounds that one whose tendencies were so abject would in nowise make an amiable bed-fellow, or partner through life. Moreover, a disease which had been rapidly encroaching upon him now entirely took possession of his person, so that the best physicians insisted that his life was not worth the moments' purchase.

However, he did not hopelessly revert to his former vice at this further proof of the malevolence of fortune—as would most others in his position—but, on the contrary, he bore this news with undaunted courage, and in a short time so effectively combated and vanquished his

craving for liquor that he was able to live entirely soberly—though not before constant rebuffs; and escaped altogether the mortification which had been promised him.

And henceforth, though he never enjoyed good health, he became a temperate liver and noble gentleman, when he retrieved his place in the affections of his mistress, and later proved of inestimable value to his country, through his courage and precision in action—*Appetitus rationi pereat*.

“To retrieve the ill consequences of a foolish conduct,” saith Fielding, “is one of the noblest efforts of wisdom and virtue.” Whoever, therefore, calls such a man fortunate is guilty of no less impropriety in speech than he would be who should call the statuary or the poet fortunate who carved a Venus or who writ an Iliad.*

Thus, I do think, that one of the greatest and most commendable virtues is that of *Courage and Fortitude*, with which a man will pursue his course of good, through all the artifices and snares—through all the misfortunes and failures with which Fortune may strew his path—even until he hath attained his end—*audaces fortuna jubat*.

* “Amelia.” Book one, chapter one.



“The service of man is the noblest privilege, and to work for the world the richest of prizes. Our philosophy, our science, our religion have only worth as they make us more useful members of the brotherhood of man.”

ANNIE BESANT
in *What Theosophy Is*

TRADES THAT TRANSGRESS

VI.—Performing Animals

By G. COLMORE

COMMERCIALISM on the part of the trades, carelessness on the part of the public, these, as has been demonstrated in the preceding articles, are the main factors which initiate and support transgressions of the law of love in the many trades that transgress. Fashion gives force to some of these transgressions, such force that without fashion's countenance they would inevitably cease; the needs of civilisation condone or ignore others. But besides the trades which come into one or other of these categories, there are trades, independent both of the behests of fashion and the demands of social well-being, which transgress pitilessly, shamelessly, fundamentally. One of these trades exists, apart from the profit of the trade, simply and solely to provide amusement.

The Roman gladiator was "butchered to make a Roman holiday." In these modern days, when barbarism is supposed to be a thing of the past, still animals are tortured to make a Christian holiday. Does barbarism consist solely in the presence of brutality? Or is that negative element, lack of imagination, an equally potent agent in its composition? Feebleness of imagination must surely be the larger ingredient in the barbarism which finds pleasure, finds amusement, in witnessing feats of performing animals; otherwise multitudes of men and women, kindly, most of them, and often tender hearted, would not encourage such performances, would not calmly and laughingly accept them, would, on the contrary, refuse to tolerate their continuance, insist upon their cessation.

If they but knew, the great mass of the public, what these performances mean! And if only, not knowing, they

were not so completely content to remain in their ignorance! But they do not know, these people who themselves enjoy, and take their children to enjoy, the fruits of long continued suffering; and it is difficult to pierce an ignorance which confers comfort with a knowledge which reveals pain. It is so much more comfortable to listen to the supporters of the Performing Animals' Trade, who say, "All done by kindness," than to the opponents furnished with evidence of unpardonable cruelty. A few, a very few, animal trainers, it is true, have been lovers of animals and have taught by kindness, and these few have been quoted as typical; but they are no more typical of the trainers of performing animals than pacifists are typical of a fighting army.

Wild animals and domestic animals, both are used in this trade built up upon transgression, for the strong brute strength of tigers, lions, and bears is no protection against the superior resources, the more intellectual brutality of man. The illustrations in this article are taken from an article by Maurice Brown Kirby in the issue of *Everybody's Magazine* for October, 1908.* The article, which is entitled, "The Gentle Art of Training Wild Beasts," has been reprinted as a pamphlet and can be obtained from the Animal Rescue League, 51, Carver Street, Boston, Mass. It should be read as a whole; it is impossible to quote from it save to a small extent, and no adequate conception of what means are employed in the training of wild beasts can be gained unless the entire process is followed. But this much may be said: the stronger the brute taken from a free life in the wilds to be made a spectacle for the heedless,

* The illustrations have not yet reached us in time for publication. They will find their place in the book form of these articles.

the unimaginative, the ignorant, the fiercer, the more relentless is the brute force used by man to break the spirit and compel the submission of beasts whose lives are centred in liberty. I quote but a few sentences :

Whips, sticks, and iron rods are the accepted instruments of persuasion, and trainers constantly employ them. When a wild animal is to be broken, the first thing to break is his spirit. It is done with a club. . . .

The most patient, industrious, and painstaking trainer I ever met once said to me "When they won't give way to pain, they won't be broke."

Lions, tigers, bears, elephants, these and other undomesticated animals are taken from Nature's haunts and Nature's behests and led along a path of torture to the goal of public performance. Read, my readers, what Mr. Kirby tells of that path. Pleasant reading is it not? but, are we not cowards if we refuse the pain of knowledge, pain which is small indeed with the agony of suffering which ignorance perpetuates? And ignorance is so easy as well as being so comfortable. What the audience sees upon the stage confirms and strengthens it. Mr. S. L. Bensusan, in an article in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, says :

At yet another house I once watched a boy directing the movements of a pair of elephants. His treatment seemed particularly gentle. When he wished them to move he pushed with the handle of a light whip, and they responded with an alacrity that was inexplicable until examination of the handle revealed a long thin steel spike.

But not the wild beasts only tread this torture path. Domestic animals also are bullied and terrorised, starved and punished in order to amuse the people who countenance the trade. The Committee for the Suppression of Cruelties to Performing Animals is in possession of statements made by music-hall artistes with regard to this form of amusement. I quote from some of them :

If animal acts on the stage could be abolished, even down to the conjurer's rabbit, it would be a great blessing. I have been on the music-hall stage for twelve years, and have seen some hundreds of animal acts, and with the exception of a few have found great cruelty and hardships for the animals. Starvation and blows are the only things that will teach an animal the necessary tricks; the scanty accommodation, both travelling and at the theatre, must cause great suffering. . . .

Having seen in my varied experience many troupes of dogs, one can safely state that there are few that are really looked after as they should be, and very few that are not rotten with disease through their unnatural confinement, apart from their misery during training hours and the cruelty they undergo. Of course, there are exceptions, but they are few and far between.

Some time ago I was playing for about eight weeks at a theatre in the suburbs where there were some performing monkeys, and my dressing-room was next to the one in which the monkeys were kept. They were always disgracefully ill-treated, and when the performance had not gone exactly right their owner used to kneel on them and ill-treat them in such a way that their cries were simply heartrending. Although I complained to the management, and to the man himself, abuse was the only result. The monkeys have since died, and the man is now touring with a troupe of performing dogs.

It would be easy to multiply accounts of the kind instanced above : the difficulty in writing on subjects such as this is to select from the abundant evidence of cruelty which exists ; to appeal to readers without sickening them ; to arouse determination to destroy the evil and not to discourage action by presenting too forcibly the evil's extent. Yet it must be made clear that the impression gathered from a stage view of performing animals is wholly deceptive, and I venture to make two other quotations. The first is taken from the article by Mr. Bensusan previously quoted from :

It must not be imagined that owners ill-treat their victims on the stage. It is in the wretched, ill-ventilated underground cellars where the greatest number of them are kept, that most of the weekly rehearsals are held, with an accompaniment of suffering that would shock a slaughterman. Many an animal goes through its performance in a state bordering upon the insane, with such an obvious terror of doing the wrong thing that it is really surprising how an intelligent audience can avoid seeing the true state of affairs.

At a theatre of varieties, whose management is of the very best, a foreigner and his wife came with a dog show. Nothing was noticed on the first night, and the proprietor left with his animals, saying he would come and rehearse on the following morning. At about half-past eleven on the succeeding day he rushed into the manager's office, a sorry spectacle. He hurriedly explained to the startled manager that while quietly rehearsing some ruffians he had never seen before set upon him and mauled him. At his request the representative of the house accompanied him to the stage, and there found the dogs cowering in a corner, and the wife of the owner screaming out uncomplimentary remarks in a foreign tongue to some three or four stage

hands who stood together in a group. "What is the cause of this disgraceful conduct?" cried the manager. "This here, sir," said one of the men, quietly handing a dog collar with a cord attached. "The brute had collars like this on all the dogs, and was jerking them. We've promised to lynch him if we catch him at it again." The manager took up the big, broad collar, which was full of sharp, jagged nails, and then went up to the dogs, who shrank from him howling, with their necks scarred and bleeding.

My final quotation is taken from a protest against animal performances by Mr. C. E. Haverley, an actor of thirty years' experience :

I have seen the "dear, sweet little dog" who said his prayers (God help him!) and did such clever things that the ladies vowed his trainer must possess "wonderful patience." I have seen that most unfortunate of creatures mercilessly thrashed in the dressing-room for a slight hesitation in one of those "sweet tricks"! I have seen that same dog so atrociously starved in his lodging as to arouse even a callous landlady to indignant protest. I have seen that dog's tail, that always hung so disconsolately, tied to its collar in a "happy" position by means of an invisible wire. And when the wretched creature wagged its tail in mute appeal for one ray of mercy the delight of the audience knew no bounds!

I have seen the be-diamonded couple fattening and battenning upon the protracted agonies of their victim. They performed at the leading London and provincial variety theatres.

I have seen the rollicking bears—those merry-hearted (!), irresponsible creatures, cooped up in semi-darkness under a cold and draughty stage,

and confined in such tight boxes with iron-barred fronts. They were unable to stand upright or turn, and the only movement their cramped quarters permitted was a jerk from side to side, and in this exercise they passed their half-starved days. When brought upon the stage they craned their necks in sheer relief from the unbearable strain of their fearfully cramped prison. Onlookers exclaimed "How human!" I have been by when the assistant to a well-known trainer, in the employ of one of the largest importers of wild beasts, struck a lion's paw with his iron-handled whip so as to cripple him for a month, simply because the poor beast lay with a very small part of his paw protruding from the cage. I witnessed the breaking-in of a den of lions by the greatest "lion-tamer" that ever lived. It was a fantastic nightmare of cruelty.

This trade, more directly than any of the trades that transgress, is carried on by the will, the connivance of the public; this trade, more easily than any of the others, could be put an end to. Approbation or disapproval; that is all that ensures its success or its destruction; no disregard of fashion, no denial of comfort, no burden of self-sacrifice is required. Shall there, amongst the "turns" at places of amusement, be animal turns, or turns of a kind in which animals play no part? That is the very simple question. The answer to it concerns every individual who seeks relaxation, pleasure, and amusement at any and every entertainment of which animal performances form a part.



"The soul grows by reincarnation in bodies provided by Nature, more complex, more powerful as the soul unfolds greater and greater powers. And so the soul climbs upward into the light eternal. And there is no fear for any child of man, for inevitably he climbs towards God."

ANNIE BESANT

in *The Growth of a World Religion*

WHAT LIFE MUST BECOME

By JOHN SCURR

LIFE for the mass of the people is a very drab thing. We have for nearly two centuries been so keen on getting wealth we have forgotten what life means. Life itself is really joy incarnated. Everything that is gloomy, everything that is ugly, everything that is painful is destructive of life, since it is destructive of joy. The soul is not "saved" in an atmosphere of gloom; it can only express itself in an atmosphere of light. It was with no mere chance that so many of the ancients chose the Sun as the symbol of God.

Who can be sad under the glorious rays of the Sun? He who is gloomy under such a condition must be a rare curmudgeon. Curmudgeon is the right word, for even chance has played its game to make curmudgeons ridiculous. When Dr. Johnson was compiling his Dictionary some person wrote him to say that the word curmudgeon was derived from *cœur* and *méchant*. Dr. Johnson gave this information, and, with his usual exactness in giving his authority, ascribed this opinion to an "unknown correspondent." A subsequent editor of the Dictionary, whose zeal was much in advance of his learning, gave the derivative of curmudgeon as *cœur*, unknown, and *méchant*, correspondent.

But argue as we may, and even though erudite editors tumble now and then, the fact is that curmudgeons exist. They destroyed all our village life and made the countryside unbearable for the poor. With the roll of the Puritan drum vanished folk-song and dance. Lads and lassies no longer met in the freedom of innocent frivolity. Satan found work for idle hands to do, and many sex problems arose which would never have been presented to us for solution if joy had not been banished from the countryside. We think much of the Brothers Wright and their struggles to conquer the air, but I venture to think that the man or woman who

restores My Lady Frivol to her place in our English villages will be one of our greatest benefactors.

Not only was joy banished from our rural places, but she was sternly forbidden to show herself in our towns. I have before me a list of fines which used to be levied on weavers and spinners in the early days of the nineteenth century. I will quote three items :

	s.	d.
Any spinner found with his window open	1	0
Any spinner found washing himself	1	0
Any spinner heard whistling...	1	0

One wonders what the employer of these men was really like. Gaskell, in his "Manufacturing Population of England," draws a picture of such men who had the control of the destinies of the spinners which is saddening — "uneducated, of coarse habits, sensual in their enjoyments, partaking of the rude revelry of their descendants, overwhelmed with success." Yet they objected to a spinner whistling!

Can one be astonished that life is so drab and grey in poor districts, and that enjoyments when partaken of are of an hysterical nature? Should we hear the awful laugh of the factory girl released from her labours and rushing homeward with her colleagues if her grandfather had been allowed to whistle? Darwinians and Westermarckians may jangle as to whether acquired characteristics are transmitted, but I feel sure that if you destroy joy in one generation gloom is transmitted for many to come. And the reactions are terrible.

Does anyone in their sane senses imagine that we should have murder and suicide when joy is the reigning principle of life? Yet our judges assume the black cap and we keep a great army of lawyers, policemen, and what not in order to stop murder. We can only stop murder when

we make life worth living. Murderers are but poor tortured souls killed by our misanthropy. As for the suicide, the case needs no arguing.

If joy abounds no one wishes to leave this life until one has grown old, and one then simply sinks to rest with a feeling of healthy tiredness, even as one goes to sleep at the end of a well-spent day, feeling physically tired but at peace with one's fellows. And one's fellows do not grieve when one leaves them in this manner. A passing feeling of regret, perhaps, at the breaking up of a pleasant party, even as one may feel sorry when bedtime breaks into a pleasant evening, but no real grief and sorrow.

For my part, I hold strongly to the view that the coming World Teacher has this message to give to us: that Life is a joyous thing, a splendid adventure. If it be a splendid adventure then it must be joyous. For adventure presages mystery, and mystery thrills us to our innermost depths, stirring the pools of emotion, until realisation, which has coursed along the river of expectancy, bursts forth into the sea of joy.

Christ taught us to love each other. Love is the keystone of the arch of life. Without it the bridge collapses and be-

comes a heap of ruins. Yet we must not forget that from love cometh joy—joy of life; joy that we can welcome each day with gladness and each night with song; joy in the patter of the feet of the children, in the prattle of their tongues; joy in all the urge of youth and maidenhood; joy when the rubicon is crossed and the youth has become a man and the maiden a woman; joy in the wiser thoughts of middle age; joy in the calm and peace of the declining years. Life is a great thing, a noble thing. We worship our God when we live. We make our own pain, our own misery, our own distress. Evil has no real existence. It is a figment of our imagination. It is permitted to dominate because we permit it. It will vanish when we will it. For the joy of life is the mainspring of our existence. And this is the message which I believe the coming One will bring.

But there is work to do in the world to banish the evil, and to do so we must work to make the social conscience active. Life must be made worth while for the poor and lowly. For only as they become joyous will the world become light-hearted. And this is our destiny: That we become free, loving, and joyous; light of heart even as the children.



THE third principle of the Order might have quite a depressing effect upon members who are prevented by age and ill-health, a very small income, or by daily duties from taking an active part in helping to prepare for His coming, were it not for our Theosophic teaching as to the Power of Thought, or, as some perhaps would prefer to call it, Prayer. As Tennyson says:

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

Both by Thought and Prayer we can "loosen celestial energy" and so help to infuse Divine strength and wisdom into Star officials, and Pentecostal power to manifest at Star meetings.

Nor must we fail in remembrance of individual members: that the Lord Maitreya may supply all their spiritual need, so that His Order of the Star in the East may be composed of what St. Paul called "living epistles, known and read of all men."
(The Writer's Group.)

BOOKS WE SHOULD READ

"I APPEAL UNTO CÆSAR." By Mrs. Henry Hobhouse. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 1s. net.

IT is seldom that I feel angry when I read a book. I did so feel when I read Lady Constance Lytton's *Prison and Prisoners*, and the same passion raged over me when I read "*I Appeal Unto Cæsar*." In one respect the two works deal with the same theme; they concern themselves with the treatment meted out to persons whose motives are profoundly misunderstood and whose real crime is being opposed to the public opinion of the majority.

The Suffragettes were maltreated and suffered much from their prison experience. I believe I am right in saying that Lady Constance still suffers. Mrs. Hobhouse writes concerning the Conscientious Objectors. The tale which she unfolds is a horrible one and is a sad reflection upon the ideals of British justice, freedom, and so on which are held up for our admiration.

It must be remembered that military conscription was an entirely new principle introduced into our life and we had been reared in a tradition of hostility to it. We had always regarded it as the instrument of autocratic governments. Small wonder then that a portion of the population, more faithful to its traditions than the majority, as is usually the case, determined to resist. Some were animated by religious, some by ethical, and some by political motives. Whatever their reason they were acting in accordance with our traditions, and the Legislature recognised in advance their *raison d'être* by providing machinery for their exemption from military service.

Unfortunately the machinery has proved defective, as it must be confessed that the majority of the members of the military tribunals seemed by their actions to believe that it was their duty to decide appeals in accordance with their own opinions rather than in conformity with the laws of evidence. In addition, a

serious misunderstanding which was wrought with tragic consequences prevailed as to the powers of the tribunals to grant complete exemption from military service. As a consequence, large numbers of men who were entitled to be freed from military service were either refused exemption or had such conditions attached as were impossible for them to accept.

The Conscientious Objectors are denied the freedom allowed by the Legislature and are then arrested, even though their claim is admitted, tried by courts-martial, imprisoned, suffer all the rigours of our prison system, which is cruel and out of date, and then, in defiance of all our legal traditions, are again arrested, tried and imprisoned, and the process goes on endlessly. Men whose lives have been devoted to social and religious work on behalf of their fellows are treated in this manner. They come from all classes, and are of all religious persuasions. It matters not, the blind wheel of injustice goes on breaking them.

No wonder Mrs. Hobhouse writes, "as the mother of sons in France, who are daily risking their lives, subjected to the horrors and discomforts of the trenches, that I feel less distress at their fate—fighting, as they are, their country's battles, with the approval of their fellows—than I do for that other son undergoing for his faith a disgraceful sentence in a felon's cell, truly 'rejected and despised of men.'"

I cannot give the mere catalogue of bullyings, hateful prison regulations, and so on. They would fill a volume. I want every reader of the *Herald of the Star* to read this book, to read it dispassionately, and then if they are really patriotic and jealous of the fame of their fair country, respond to Mrs. Hobhouse's appeal that this injustice shall at once cease.

J. S.

A DEFENCE OF IDEALISM: SOME QUESTIONS AND CONCLUSIONS. By May Sinclair. Macmillan and Company, Limited, St. Martin's Street, London. 12s.

"Few are the lovers who know the Beloved. The devout seeker is he who mingles in his heart the double current of love and detachment."—KABIR.

ALL roads lead to Rome. Every worker along reconstructive lines, according to the principles laid down under the Order of the Star, and those in allied lines of work, will find much of interest and value in *A Defence of Idealism*. Its technical metaphysics will not appeal to all minds, the style may be open to various and diverse critical verdicts, but—"The book's the thing," and (like *Mysticism*, p. 307) "a thing of gradual development." A few chapter-headings will indicate the width of scope and range of elucidative enquiry—"Pragmatism and Humanism," "Ultimate Questions of Psychology," "The New Realism," "The New Mysticism"—the two latter invaluable compendiums to those workers who cannot work without thinking, yet dare not think without working, to-day. Indeed, apart from pure intellectual joy in dialectics and technical "alarums and excursions," much of the quintessence of this mental bouquet is imprisoned within the above-named chapters. Some may find travelling in the wake of "the strict Psychophysical Parallel-liners" rather "back-breaking" on the mental plane. (For it is certain that if there is a Mental *body* there must be a mental *back*—"Things which are equal to the same thing," etc. Q.E.F.) Others may complain that some of the conclusions do not seem to have arrived by the road of sufficiently warrantable premises. But that is picking, if not stealing, and many Admirable Crichtons among books fail to please everybody! The entire trend of reasoning causes a resuscitation of almost moribund hope within the breasts of some who still follow the gleam of the recurrence of the ancient union between science and art, truth and beauty, Aristotle and Plato, pragmatist and aesthete, and the remainder of that patriarchal family of twins! For from the ashes of

Pan-Psychism springs the fair Phœnix of Life Immortal, life eternal, indivisible. This idea is developed in a few pages from which quotation were unfair; they should be taken as a whole. The summing-up, if justifiable, opens doors and windows innumerable; indeed, "new heavens and a new earth" shine and beckon as we read. * "When we see the thing through (desire of immortality, Q.N.) its history does not show up this belief as ignoble, infantile, and absurd. It shows the desire for immortality strengthening with man's youth and his Maturity, and declining and decaying only with his weakness and decay."

But from the point of view of the reconstructive worker, who now, more than ever before, needs all possible help, from every imaginable *and* substantial plane and world, the last few pages of "Conclusions" provide absolutely invaluable mental material for that triune being "the dream, the thought, the deed," whose incarnation is visible in every great act, reform, work of science or art, in each epoch of the world-drama. The remarks about individuality, the self, and The Self are of vital significance and far-reaching importance to all who believe that much of the constructive, perchance even some creative work of the future, has "Co-operation" as its "motif" and incentive.

† It may be that individuality is only one stage, and that not the highest . . . in the real life-process of the self. It may be that a self can only become a perfect self in proportion as it takes on the experiences of other selves, just as it could only become a perfect individual by taking on the experience of millions of other individuals. The individual, that is to say, may have to die that the self may live.

And again, such statements as the following show the lightning-flash of intuition opening the very heavens of thought, though bastioned with storm-gloom.

‡ The one Infinite Spirit . . . is the finite selves. That the selves are not conscious of this

* P. 93.

* P. 364.
† P. 375.

‡ P. 378.

union is the tragedy of their finitude. In our present existence we *are* spirit; but so limited in our experience that we know the appearances of Spirit . . . better than . . . Spirit. If we knew them *all* and . . . in order to know them . . . increased . . . pace of . . . rhythm of time. . . . Appearances would be whirled . . . into the one of Reality, as the colours of the spectrum, painted on a revolving disc, are whirled into whiteness by the sheer rapidity of its revolutions.

The reviewer commends that idea to his contemporaries. There is lovely by-

play therein, legitimate also! The two concluding paragraphs provide apt illustration of the joyous and joyful trend of the coming constructive philosophical idealism. Though the result of colour-revolution be white, yet each prismatic hue must contribute its quota to the whole. Thus, in the newest psychology, as in ancient myth and modern song, "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty."

L. N.



Be no longer a chaos, but a world! Produce! produce! were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it then. Up! up! whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man may work.

EMERSON

Set me some great task ye gods, and I will show my spirit. "Not so," says the good heaven, "plod, and plough."

Skill to do comes of doing; knowledge comes by eyes always open and working hands; and there is no knowledge that is not power.

The law of nature is: Do the thing, and you shall have the power.

EMERSON.

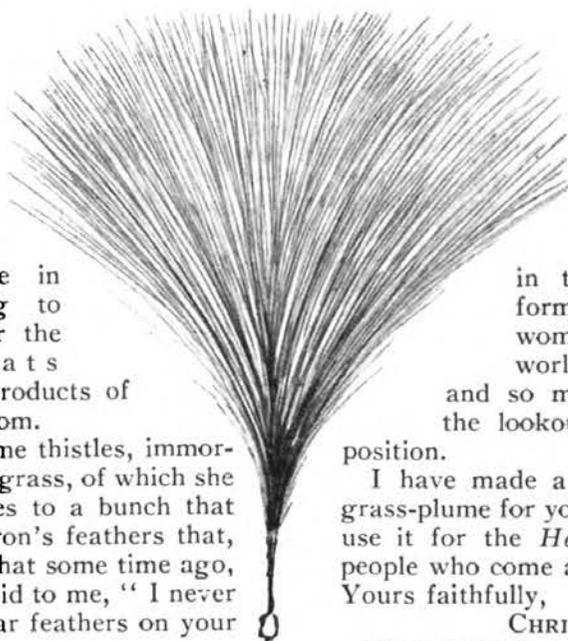
INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

HOLLAND

IT will perhaps interest those who were moved by what was told about the feather trade in the *Herald of the Star* of July, 1917, to know that a lady, here in Holland, is trying to substitute for the decoration of hats feathers made by products of the vegetable kingdom.

She cultivated some thistles, immortelles, and a kind of grass, of which she united several blades to a bunch that so well imitated heron's feathers that, wearing one on my hat some time ago, one of my friends said to me, "I never expected you to wear feathers on your hat."

The natural colour is a soft yellowish tint, but they can also be dyed, and



then, of course, you can have any colour you wish.

When this enterprise will have succeeded, as I believe it will, it will mean an important diminishing of cruelty in the world. It also forms a nice trade for a woman, now that the world is changing rapidly and so many women are on the lookout for an adequate position.

I have made a little sketch of the grass-plume for you. Perhaps you can use it for the *Herald* or show it to people who come about such things.—Yours faithfully,

CHRISTINE J. MEINERS,
Local Secretary of the Order of the Star in the East for Ede (Province of Gelderland), Holland.



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As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East may stand.

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Photograph by

G. & H. Ansell, Sandown, I.W.

DURGA

This beautifully carved figure was formerly in the possession of the late Deputy Surgeon-General Norman Chevers, C.I.E., M.D., F.R.C.S., J.P., etc. (late Bengal Army), and the photograph is published by permission of his daughters.



IN THE STARLIGHT

By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.

ALL seasons of the year have their special associations and religious festivals which symbolise the inner significance of these associations. In midwinter we celebrate the festival of the Child, and our thoughts turn naturally to the hope which the New Year promises. It is essentially a festival of Birth and Hope, and we gather round us at that season the children, and in the thought of their joy find our own. They are the buds of the tree of life which are to blossom into the perfect flower. So it is natural that we should find traces in all religions of a great traditional festival held at this season to celebrate the birth of a Saviour.

The Spring or Easter festival is an expression of Adolescence, and the thoughts which are associated with it may be considered in terms of the beauty and pain of that stage of life. The crossing over from youth to manhood; the taking up of life's responsibilities; the struggle which awaits all individuals as they cross the threshold of manhood and womanhood, between the lower and higher forces of their own nature. It is a season of struggle and stress. The sap rising in the plant forces out branches in all directions; the sap of life in the youth or maiden gives rise to tumultuous emotions and desires rising into poetry and song and service when properly used,

or dragging down its victims to destruction if not restrained. It is the age-long struggle of the spirit embodied in matter striving to be free and the resurrection so immediately following on the crucifixion is the sure promise of the final conquest of the lower self by the higher.

Summer is the festival of life's prime, the realisation in man or woman of calm strength and power. The struggle and fret of youth are passed, leaving the full bloom of maturity.

The Autumn festival and season is symbolical of fruition, and rightly, therefore, dedicated to the Mother. It is upon this festival that I should like to dwell for a space this month. As Mr. Maitra tells us in his article on "Durga Puja," it is at this season of the year in India that Durga is worshipped as the Divine Mother. In Western lands we have our harvest festival, which in earlier times was the festival of Demeter, the Earth Mother. In Christian lands we also celebrate on the last day of October the festival of All Souls. In Roman Catholic countries the cemeteries are redecorated with flowers and wreaths, and the thoughts of the pious turn to those who have passed beyond the veil. There is a very close and beautiful association between these two ideas. To many, Autumn is a time of sadness, because it is a time of death; they see around them nothing but

decaying vegetation and lose sight of the great beauty of Autumn, thinking of it but as a prelude to Winter.

Durga has also another aspect—that known as Kali the Destroyer. Hear the description of that aspect of the Mother :

In the East, the accepted symbol is of a woman nude, with flowing hair, so dark a blue that she seems in colour to be black, four-handed—two hands in the act of blessing and two holding a knife and bleeding head respectively—garlanded with skulls, and dancing, with protruding tongue, on the prostrate figure of a man all white with ashes.

A terrible and extraordinary figure! Those who call it horrible may well be forgiven. They pass only through the outer court of the temple. They are not arrived where the Mother's voice can reach them. This, in its way, is well.

Yet this image, so fearful to the Western mind, is perhaps dearer than any other to the heart of India. It is not, indeed, the only form in which the Divine Energy presents Herself to Her worshippers. To the Sikh, She is absorbed embodied in his Sword; all women, especially as children, are Her incarnations; glorious Sita carries the great reality to many.

But Kali comes closer to us than these. Others we admire; others we love; to Her we belong. Whether we know it or not, we are Her children, playing round Her knees. Life is but a game of hide-and-seek with Her, and, if in its course, we chance to touch Her feet, who can measure the shock of the divine energy that enters into us? Who can utter the rapture of our cry of "Mother"?

Nature has also these two aspects. We all can appreciate the wondrous calm and peace and glory of an Autumn day; windless, a slight haze which but intensifies the wondrous colour of flower and tree. But there is also the other aspect during the equinoctial storms when trees are uprooted and leaves ruthlessly scattered over the face of the earth; when Nature seems to be glorying in a perfect orgy of destruction. Are not these two aspects inseparable from the ideal of the mother, the glory of tenderness and the fierceness of pain? The mother in travail for her child to be born, the rending of the womb that the new life may come forth. The destruction of the Autumn season is but the rending of forms which have ceased to express the life. The forms must be ruthlessly shattered that life may be more truly realised in new forms. There is no remorse in Nature; she finds joy in destruction. Thus does the mother also

glory in her pain which is a necessary prelude to the realisation of the new life.

Death is also the breaking of the form in order that the life may be released. It is significant that the festival of All Souls is followed by that of All Saints, the festival of those glorified spirits which have been set free from the vesture of pain. Only thus can the heart of the Mother be reached; only through storms can we attain to the eternal peace. So must our personality be broken again and again upon the wheel till we learn the lesson that form is nothing and life all. Both these aspects of the Mother are being realised in the world strife to-day. If we were to picture God as embodied in this war, would it not be as a ruthless destroyer? Yet we should be wrong. It is the Mother in travail bringing forth the child. What is death to the lower is ever life to the higher. Over the world to-day there breathes the two aspects of the Mother Heart: Kali the Destroyer, Durga—Mary—the Mother.

This Autumn season thus bears for us a dual lesson, and we shall learn that lesson as we study Nature. There is no attainment without previous failure, but Nature has no regret in her failures, but turns them all into beauty. Without the experience of storm and stress there would be no Autumn; without the seed and the flower there would be no fruit; without mistakes and failures, struggles and battles, there would be no realisation of peace. For as Æ (George Russell) so beautifully puts it :

The eyes that had gazed from afar on a beauty
that blinded the eyes
Shall call forth its image for ever, its shadow
in alien skies.
The heart that had striven to beat in the heart
of the Mighty too soon
Shall still of that beating remember some errant
and faltering tune.
For thou hast but fallen to gather the last of the
secrets of power;
The beauty that breathes in thy spirit shall shape
of thy sorrow a flower,
The pale bud of pity shall open the bloom of its
tenderest rays
The heart of whose shining is bright with the
light of the Ancient of Days

We are all striving to beat in the heart of the Mighty Mother, but the veils

which enfold us hide her from our sight. She is for ever tearing away the veil that her children may behold her, and they in their folly and ignorance enshroud themselves anew.

Life lies at the heart of destruction and the flower of death is more abundant life, for "God created man to be immortal and made him to be an image of His

own eternity." Thus with folded hands we kneel at the feet of the Mother and pray :

From the Unreal lead us to the Real,
From Darkness lead us unto Light.
From Death lead us to Immortality.
Reach us through and through ourself,
And evermore protect us—
O Thou Terrible!—from ignorance,
By Thy sweet compassionate face.



WE talk about the "cruelty of nature." Let us try and understand what this cruelty means. The world now is inhabited. Crowds of men are here, and lo! that river, that made the habitation of the valley possible and keeps it fruitful, now overflows its banks and the mighty flood sweeps away village and town, men, women, children, and cattle, and only desolation is left behind. What is this? Is this horror a Divine working? What is this that Varuna has done? Varuna is working for evolution. His thought is not fixed on the forms in which the life is cabined, but on the life that is evolving within them, which can make for itself new forms. When those men are swept away, it is only the breaking of the forms that happens; the life upsprings uninjured and set free; for the body is the prison-house of the evolving life, and if the prison doors were never thrown open, we should be in jail all our lives and make no progress for the future. The God to whom form is nothing and life everything, to whom form is but a changing, convenient vehicle, and the life that moulds the form is the one thing that is worthy of thought, he strikes away the form when its purpose is completed; to him such destruction is the act of mightiest charity; it is the deed most helpful to evolution. We err, my brothers, when we look on death with eyes that are full of tears, with hearts that are breaking. Death is he who brings us to a higher birth, and who sets free the imprisoned soul; it is the liberation of the bird confined within the limits of a cage, enabling it to soar upwards into the heavens, singing, as it goes, with joy at the freedom it has recovered.

ANNIE BESANT

DURGA PUJA

The Annual Worship of Durga in Bengal

By HARENDRANATH MAITRA

Hindu sacred art is symbolical, and under strict rule. No copy or idealisation of the human figure is permitted such as we find in the images of the Virgin Mary in the West; hence the European art critic often finds himself at a loss when confronted by fine specimens of Hindu sacred art unless he has previously studied the "Shilpa Shastras" (see our Frontispiece this month).

TO write upon the Durga Puja reminds me of the great joy that every boy and girl, man and woman in India feels in this great ceremony of the Autumn. My heart leaps as I think of it, and I should like to go back to my country and mingle with those who will stand in front of the Mother Goddess and participate in the joy bells that ring in the household. It is a ceremony that makes the whole Hindu people one. In its present form it is said to have been introduced by the great King Ramachandra, whose name is familiar to the student of Indian epics, even outside India. It corresponds very much to the Christmas of the West, with, of course, different meaning and significance.

This autumnal worship of "the Mother" gives joy throughout all the land, and one feels that there is something—a great vibration—a message of peace on earth and goodwill among men. All the courts, schools, colleges are closed for a month or so, and cities, which are really the parasitical growth of modern civilisation, have the atmosphere of being deserted, and the villages and the countryside bloom again with sweet smiles of children and of men and women, returning to the home of their childhood. Yes, fathers, husbands, brothers, cousins will be gathered round their womenfolk in the home, and there will go on a constant exchange of goodwill amongst the new-comers. All over India a deep sense of brotherhood is wafted as a thrill of new life; past wrongs are forgotten; friendships are renewed; joyous greetings are exchanged.

Although it is an ideal festival of the Hindu, even the Muhammadans take part in it a great deal socially; invitations are sent broadcast all over the village, and it is a wonderful sight to see so many people assembled together.

It often happens that a rich man, who has the means to celebrate this festival, does so with great ceremony for the three or four days; but his relations near and distant also take part in it. Invitations are sent out about a month before to the remotest corners of India if any of the relations happen to be there; and very often servants of the house are sent to those who are guests of honour, to escort them in some special way. They all come as if they are coming to one communal home, and from three days to about a month all these people live together, quite in harmony, the husband and the wife of the house giving charge of different departments of their household to different guests; and you would be surprised to see how, for a month or so, about three hundred people, including the servants of course, have the same food, the same luxury, the same communal life of one home. They have music, which all the members of that temporary household enjoy; and the whole village throngs together to take part in the musical entertainments, which are generally dramatic performances, most often from the great epics of India. New clothes are distributed to all the relations, servants, and the poor.

The family barber will come and the washerman with his wife and children. The Muhammadan neighbours also come

and take part in the ceremony, and thus it is made an unique opportunity to cultivate and develop the sense of oneness. After the usual days of worship are over, relatives and friends embrace each other; and if near relatives, the younger take the dust of the feet of the elder, thus cultivating humility; is it not the humble who shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven? No harsh word should be exchanged during this period, because true friendliness then insures that they do not speak harsh words to anyone throughout the year. Boys and girls frisk about in their gala dresses, and sometimes they are reminded that if they use harsh words they will not get beautiful wives and handsome husbands.

This is one of the ways in which for ages past we have been developing our social evolution through the religious institutions of the country. And in this realisation—of the God-in-man and the man-in-God—image-worship takes a great part. It is not idolatry but idolatry.

Image worship — idolatry so-called— is not an institution peculiar to India. The concept is found all over Europe amongst Roman Catholics and followers of the Greek Church. The Hindu religion is so tolerant that other great religions of the world coming in contact with it are learning tolerance, and it is a noteworthy fact that Islam and Christianity in India are daily increasing their breadth and catholicity. Religion in India can have no foothold if it does not bring forth a cultural ideal.

No worship has any value if you do not go deeply into it. It does not bring any change in life. There are many in India, both men and women, who have had wonderful God-realisation by the help of image - worship. And, whether you worship in a church or in a temple, until you get this realisation you will always remain in the dark, and until then your prayer and worship will remain meaningless.

The realisation of the Divine within and without is the ultimate ideal. In what way you get it, matters not. The Vedas say :

External worship, material worship, is the lowest stage, struggling to rise high; mental

prayer is the next stage; but the highest stage is when the Lord has been realised.

The man who kneels before an image in the Temple of Vishveshvara at Benares, or before the image worshipped temporarily in any house, says :

“Him the sun cannot express, nor the moon, nor the stars, the lightning cannot express Him, nor the fire; through Him they all shine.”

All worship, according to the Vedas, is external, is merely material, if it does not help you in the realisation. Everything schools you to get to the state when you achieve realisation. “All paths are mine,” says Krishna, and the Divine Charioteer repeats :

“I am in every religion as the thread through a string of pearls. And wherever thou seest extraordinary power and extraordinary holiness raising and purifying humanity, know thou that I am there.”

Image worship is one of the many phases through which a Hindu tries to realise his Divine Ideal. It is only a means to an end. Just as a boy learns in the school-room that H_2O is the composition of water and sees the experiment in the class room, just as he learns the formula that $(a+b)^2 = A^2 + 2ab + b^2$, and whenever he gets any problem of that kind solves it accordingly, so all systems of worship are simply the many formulas through which the human soul attempts to realise the Infinite, the Absolute, the Krishna, or the Christ within. The Image of Durga is also one of the many formulas.

Without some knowledge of the evolution of religion in India it is impossible to seize the full meaning of this Durga Puja. Speaking broadly, the course of religious evolution in India has passed through three states of the Hindu consciousness : the Perceptive, the Reflective, and the Imaginative.

In the early stage, the records of which you will find in the Vedas, the Indo-Aryans tried to apprehend God in nature. Indra, Varuna, Agni—all are nature deities, the manifestation of the One in the great forces of Nature. “He is One. Sages call Him by many names.” They sat beneath a glorious star-lit sky, they breathed the life-giving rosy dawn, and

the golden fire of sacrifice, looked up to the wonderful Himalayas, silver-robed, piercing the blue. The mighty rivers, the forest—all had their message. They worshipped God in all.

The next stage was the Brahman of the Upanishads, the God within. "He Who is without form and attributes; Who is the Knower, though Himself unknown; the Seer, though Himself unseen; the Hearer, though Him no man may hear," represents the Reflective stage of the Hindu mind. You will find this thought embodied in the philosophy of the *Aranyakas* or the Vedanta.

The human mind is always progressive. It wants to find out more and more. And nowhere has the mind of a Hindu run so deeply as in thinking of the Divine. There is a significant passage in the Vedanta :

It, the Ultimate Reality, is different from all that we know, and different also from all that we do not know.

In the attempt to know the Absolute, the injunction is that, "It is not this, It is not this." "I do not say that I know It. I do not say that I know It. He who knows this truly knows."

Here in this agnostic utterance we find the seed of the Imaginative state of Hindu religious consciousness. There is a remarkable passage in the *Gita*, in which Krishna says: "He has no organs, but He is the essence of all organs." The same thought is in the Upanishads :

He has no eye, but has the quintessence of the quality of vision; no ear, but the very quintessence of the quality of audition; no olfactory organ, but the very quintessence of the quality of smelling; and so also in regard to all other organs.

This grand conception brought the idea of God as a Person. He does not possess any physical personality, yet He is a Person of spiritual entity. I cannot enter into all the discussions on this subject in a short article, but in this conception of God as a Person manifest, as well as unmanifest, we have the highest development of the human mind in the realm of imagination. This Imaginative state has given birth to all our Puranas which speak of the *lila* (play or sport) of God as a Person. Therein has been described

the relation of God and man, relation that is human as well as divine.

If God is Omniscient, then He must know Personality as well as Impersonality. And he cannot know all unless He has the Object upon which He can work. The philosophy must grant one Subject, one Object; one Enjoyer and one Object to enjoy; one Will and one Object upon which that Will eternally operates in the very Being of the Supreme as part of His Unity.

This conception of the idea of the Absolute gave birth to two schools of thought: the Shakta and the Vaishnava. We are not concerned here with the latter, except to say that in this School of Thought God and Creation are conceived of as Lover and Beloved; in the Shakta School as Will and Energy. This Energy has many manifestations, one of which is the conception of Energy as Durga.

This conception of Durga is the development of a previous conception. All our conceptions of Gods and Goddesses are the result of the race consciousness of the Hindu. And through the Particular we have reached out to the Universal.

The first conception of the Goddess is known as Jagaddhatri. There the Goddess rides a lion. The lion here signifies the animal strength and intelligence. The lion has his paw upon a vanquished elephant.

Evolution of man, at this stage, worked itself out almost completely through the conflict of the brute in man, with the brute in his fearful animal surroundings.

The next stage of social evolution was through a fierce tribal compact. There the Goddess Kali, a different manifestation of the same Energy, is the ideal. In the next stage of our social evolution the image of Durga came to us as a great Ideal. In this Image the spirit of Nationality is fully developed. Social life was completely organised. There has thus been a complete establishment in the national scheme of the different departments of life — military, economic, æsthetic, spiritual. Durga represented the perfected type of Nationhood. She has ten hands, signifying the protection that she gives in all directions. Her ten



DURGA

hands express the unity of the whole world—union between different tribes, different races, and different nations. The Image gives the complete universalisation of our national ideal.

Durga rides on a lion; but the lion is not her enemy but her servant, her great help in destroying evil. Brute force is not eliminated, but absolutely under subjec-

tion. Upon and through which the Eternal and Infinite Subject, the great Shiva, the Good, is always working out the evolution of the world.

Shakti is the Creative Power of the Absolute. All are different manifestations of the same Shakti, through which here and elsewhere the world is progressing.

On one side of Durga you will find Lakshmi, the Goddess of Fortune, the symbol of industrial and economic life, while on the other side you will see the figure of Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning and Art.

But when there is an economic effort in the nation there come national conflicts; so you also see Kartikeya represented, the God of war, who is there for protecting the nation in national conflicts. But the accentuation of æsthetic and intellectual life brings harm to the nation if not properly controlled; so the God that you will find on the side of Saraswati is Ganapati, the so-called Elephant-God, the Spirit of Wisdom. He spiritualises all our knowledge in the service of the nation.

Durga is, thus considered, one phase, in fact the completed phase, of Energy (Shakti) the



EDUCATION—THE OLD AND THE NEW

By MISS MARGARET LEE

Miss Margaret Lee is a Lecturer of London University and Principal of a Girls' School in Oxford.

WHEN asked to produce an article on the New Ideals in Education, my first impression is one of the futility of the task. There can be nothing to say. It is merely a matter of common sense. Anyone who thinks at all will have realised all the principles which I have to expound. Of what use to waste breath (or ink) in proving that the child's mind is not a sheet of white paper—that education is an out-drawing, not an in-pouring (or, more picturesquely, that "Man's mind is not a vessel to be filled, but a fire to be kindled")—that the development of a perfected individuality is of more value than the production of a number of smoothly working intellectual machines, and so forth? Tennyson, when asked to define his political principles, replied, "I am of the same politics as Shakspeare, Bacon, and every sane man"; and these words indicate the probable attitude of the "new idealist." His principles are so sound, so convincing, that he is apt to take their appeal—to all those who count, at least—for granted.

But there is another aspect of things which the idealist is apt to ignore; an aspect presented only too clearly when we go forth from our own small circle into the everyday world around. Truly, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," but the process has barely begun. This point may be illustrated from a letter lately written to me by a student who, since her college career closed, has spent several years as a teacher in a London County Council school:

DEAR MISS LEE,

I have a variety of emotions whenever I read, as in your letter, of the raising of the standards

(or ideals?) of elementary teaching. In the first place, elementary school teachers, as I know them, *have* high ideals—I am speaking, of course, of the modern ones.

But I wonder if you or anyone else who cherishes such ideals knows the least little bit of what appalling, soul-searing business teaching in an ordinary folk-school is? I know you argue that if you raise the teacher you raise the taught. But *can* you raise the taught? My four years in a more or less average school attended by the children of artisans has made me very pessimistic. More often than not the teacher finds himself up against a blank wall of utter indifference or active hostility, in which parents as well as children are involved. Nothing that is fair, pure, or of good report attracts them; and if interest is gained, it doesn't last long. They have too many outside attractions nowadays.

Besides, good things and beautiful things, heroic deeds and fine stories, are more or less indefinite, aren't they? And you must be *so* definite with these children. They will listen with apparent interest to a story; question them afterwards, and you will discover they have grasped nothing of it. The idealists say, "Tell a story and leave it—the children will see its beauty, understand its moral." Not they! Anyone with experience knows they know and see nothing that isn't rammed into them. That's what makes teaching such brain-numbing work.

You have a syllabus to follow, and the Head or the Inspector will examine on it. All "highfalutin'" must go overboard if anything is to be known by the class at all, and it's nothing but hammer, hammer, hammer—get those half-dozen facts that the Code requires, *somehow*, into the children's heads. You have to present in broadest outline, smallest amount of detail, and a tremendous number of times, and *then* you'd be surprised at the small number in a class who have any intelligent grasp of the fundamental facts; and if you are so far enthusiastic and idealistic as to embellish your history lesson with stories of high endeavour, or to enliven your geography with travellers' tales, heaven help you when exams. arrive to show up the chaos into which your well-meant efforts have thrown the children's thoughts! It's brawn, not brain, that's wanted in an ordinary elementary school; a cast-iron nervous system will avail a teacher more than any amount of ideals.

Note the antithesis between the view presented here and that taken by such a teacher as Mr. Alfred Russell or Mr. Homer Lane. It is not merely the system which is complained of; it is the want of receptivity on the part of the average child. And yet the less optimistic writer can make out a fair case, and her conclusions would probably be supported (I make the statement with reluctance, but with deliberation) by the great majority of teachers in this Kingdom of England in this year of grace 1917. Her main conclusion is that the method of the idealist breaks down when confronted with the conditions which surround the elementary teaching, at least, of to-day, and with the very average material presented by the girls and boys of the artisan classes. Hence the corollary that such of our young teachers as adopt that method whole-heartedly are placed at a professional disadvantage, and must revise it before they can become practically efficient.

Now, Truth, relegated by proverbial philosophy to the bottom of a well, might equally or better be placed at the junction of cross-roads. It is our business to trace these roads and to mark their point of union.

The close connection between established educational theory and mediæval theology must never be overlooked. The representative of the old system (so termed for convenience, though the term does an injustice to many great teachers of the past) bases his view on two main postulates—the doctrine of original sin, combined with absence of *individual* "karma" (the sheet of white—or should we say more logically of dark-coloured?—paper, alike for all) and the theory of a single earth-life. To him, whether he be Churchman, Nonconformist, or Free-thinker, each child is the victim, not of his own deeds in the past, but of the sin of Adam; all start with a common handicap, which it is the business of the educator of youth to overcome by a common method. According to this method, much has to be done *for* the child; he himself must learn to submit and obey, must follow in the path which tradition, orthodoxy, and

convention have marked out before him. Moreover, the time is short, and life becomes, from the standpoint of the moral instructor, a veritable race with the inherent evil tendency.

No wonder, then, that childhood, strongly curbed and disciplined, should have seemed a state of such imperfection as to demand the speediest and most forcible methods for its conversion into a state of adult efficiency—the child's ignorance and material ineffectiveness things to be got rid of at the earliest possible moment.

Impatience of the way and the way-faring was to disappear [only] in . . . an age that has found all things to be on a journey, and all things complete in their day because it *was* their day, and had its appointed end. It is the tardy conviction of this, rather than a sentiment ready made, that has caused the childhood of children to seem, at last, something else than a defect.

Alice Meynell, *The Children*.

It is easy to see what a shadow is cast over the process of education by the assumptions here implied. Of the practical outcome it is unnecessary to speak in detail. We know the symptoms too well; the attempt to "dump" the teacher's whole stock of experience, itself largely derived from tradition and authority rather than from life, upon the supposedly plastic mind of the child; the ignoring or suppressing of vital facts; the tacit acceptance of foregone and seldom-revised conclusions. Under such a system creative thought is at a discount; it is too dangerous, experimental, and time-absorbing; it may spoil the "safe" uniformity aimed at, by introducing new elements and combinations which out-grow the teacher's control.

Hard, indeed, must be the toil, superhuman the patience, of those who, generation after generation, fashion the world from such marred material, circumventing man's determined effort to hinder his own progress in the most effectual way! But the waste of it, fully realised, may well appal the bravest spirit.

What, then, of the other road? The modern educationalist starts with the two great ideas—dimly realised it may be, and called by many names—of a character inherited from the individual's own past,

and of a continuity of lives building up character and leading the soul back to its divine source by means of progressive experience. These, like all great truths but partially apprehended—as what truth is not?—are two-edged weapons in his hand. Used aright, they will produce results which exceed our wildest imaginings. Under their stimulus, applied with wisdom, the race might climb by incredibly swift stages the long ladder whose foot is in the dust and whose summit is in the stars; might besiege the doors of heaven before its destined hour.

But there is always the other possibility to contemplate; for the history of the world is only too rich in instances of spiritual teaching misapplied. *Corruptio optimi pessima*; the seven devils are still at hand to force an entrance into the swept and garnished house.

Some excellent suggestions as to the evils resulting from an indiscriminate application of the "new ideals" are made by Miss MacGregor in an article contributed to *Theosophy in Scotland*, May-to-June quarter, 1917. She emphasises the need, so often felt, for the selection of teachers from one class of egos alone; those whom Eliphaz Lévi terms "les affranchis" in contrast to "les dominés." These freed, or illuminated, or twice-born souls can judge of the degree of progress made by others, and give to them so much, and no more, of the wisdom than they can absorb and usefully apply. "But," says Miss MacGregor, "what educational systems or theories can be carried out where the teacher is one of the bound or irresponsible, under the rule of expediency, not established in principles? Suppose that he has learnt the newest and most progressive methods; in his hands these will be more destructive than the most old-fashioned ways followed by one of the 'free.' Educationalists seem to think everything will go right if this, that, or the next system or theory is introduced, whereas we are no further on if the wrong persons are chosen to carry it out."

Here is a point of the utmost importance and one that may help to solve the problem presented in the letter previously quoted. It is not every teacher, however enthusiastic and able, who can profitably apply the "new ideals"; nor is it (as Miss MacGregor also points out) every child who can benefit by their wholesale application.

No blame, either to teacher or child, is here implied; indeed, a logical acceptance of the evolutionary principle can lead to no other conclusion than that a sudden, drastically effected change from old method, however bad, to new method, however good, must involve the sacrifice of much that is useful and even necessary to certain classes of human beings, and may even engender more abuses than it eradicates. Almost superhuman wisdom and patience are needed to guide the critical transition. But such wisdom and patience are at the service of the world, will it but draw upon them in its profound need.

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The moral of these remarks (if they have a moral) seems to be the trite one, "*Festina lente*"—hasten slowly. Let sane and careful schemes for applying the new ideals—constructive schemes, thought out in every detail by practical workers, not left hanging in the air by theorists—go hand in hand with the abolition of the old. Nay, more; let the old contribute its quota to the new, and let the fruit be, not mere compromise, which too often signifies an escape from clear issues, but a real harmony of underlying truths.

Then we may get schools and colleges in which rigidity and eccentricity of method, suppression and over-stimulus of the individuality, are alike avoided; in which the child may learn to reach the "via media" that, so far from being the way of mediocrity, is identical with the path, "sharp as a razor's edge," across the cosmic abyss.

THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION

By *BERTRAM PICKARD*

“**L**ISTEN to the tread of the armies in all countries! With what glorious self-abandon are men to-day offering their lives in the service of their nation! Surely the heart of Him who gave His life for men is rejoicing in this heroism. ‘Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.’

“Listen again and you shall hear another sound! It is the deep sorrow of a world in anguish. Men stricken, women bereaved, children fatherless. In that cry of pain we hear the tones of the Son of Man. In all our affliction He is afflicted. Yes, more, He is cast out; for we have not followed Him whose name we profess to honour. We have builded our city on the wrong foundation, and now it is falling upon us. We have denied our Lord; we have betrayed Him; we have crucified Him again.”

These are the opening words of an appeal issued by “The Fellowship of Reconciliation,” which (and again I use their own words) is “a company of persons who seek, individually and corporately, to take their part in the ‘Ministry of Reconciliation’ between man and man, class and class, nation and nation, believing all true reconciliation between men to be based upon a reconciliation between man and God.”

“God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself.”

“He gave unto us the ministry of reconciliation.”

“The movement which has taken shape in the formation of the F.O.R. originated in the coming together of men and women belonging to various Christian communions who are profoundly dissatisfied with the confused utterance of the Christian Churches concerning the

present war and war generally. To them it appears that there has been a general failure to interpret the mind of Christ at this time, and that this failure entails a very serious menace to the future of the Kingdom of God, both in this country and throughout the world. They are persuaded that no war, however justifiable on prevailing standards, can ever be justified from the Christian standpoint.”

They met in conference at Cambridge during the last days of 1914, met under a very real sense of the burden that the present catastrophe has laid on men’s hearts, feeling very conscious that the world was reaping the harvest of sin, which they had helped to sow, seeking for guidance, listening for the voice of God, willing to know His will for them and wishing to do that will wherever it might lead them.

As one who was at that gathering and as one who is in whole-hearted sympathy with the purpose of the F.O.R., I want, if possible, to pass on something of the vision that we saw, or at least as I saw it. Of course, we did not see to the end; there were many difficulties and doubts; but we saw enough to know our immediate duty, and we were given sufficient faith to know that if we were true to the vision our eyes would be opened further. “He that doeth the will, shall know of the doctrine.”

There is one result of the war the importance of which it is difficult to overestimate, and that is its stimulus to thought. It is surprising how contented we are in times of peace and prosperity to follow the line of least resistance, preserving our self-complacency with prejudices and preconceived ideas which we had never troubled to examine. Then, without a moment’s warning seemingly,

we were precipitated into the maelstrom of a world war, and now we are having to think out most of the things which we previously took for granted, not least amongst which are our religious conceptions.

As never before, it is felt that war, at any rate between so-called Christian nations, should be impossible, and it is vaguely suggested that Christianity should have averted this war. But it hasn't done; and at once we ask: Is it Christianity that has failed or is it we, who call ourselves Christians? Then we ask, What is Christianity? And then, Who was Christ and for what did He stand? "Who say ye that I am?"

Quite naturally we turn to the New Testament to find what those who knew Christ whilst on earth thought of Him, and it is indeed new when we read it in the light of to-day, particularly if we read one of the modern translations (either Weymouth or Moffatt).

What of the life of Jesus? It was a life of energy and stern opposition to evil, a life of sympathy for the oppressed. It was characterised by a love for sinners, which never belittled their sin, but which made them deeply conscious of it. It was a life of passionate service, and though sometimes the work of healing seemed to hamper His greater ministry, yet He never could refuse to meet the need of a human being, and out of compassion He conquers by His own goodness the evil that is in those who cry to Him to save them. "Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good."

And what of His teaching? Did Christ differ from the great teachers of the Old Testament? And if so, where and on what did He lay the emphasis?

At the outset we must remember that Christ Himself said, "Do not imagine I have come to destroy the Law or the prophets; I have not come to destroy but to fulfil." He considers, then, that the teaching of the Old Testament is incomplete and that He is to do the work of completion; or, in other words, that the Old Testament is a progressive revelation of God and that He (Jesus) is the supreme revelation of the Father. Then it is just

where He transcends the teaching of the Law that we should expect to find the emphasis.

And that is so! "Ye have heard that it was said" . . . "But I say unto you." . . . There is no need to quote those passages at length, for they are summed up by Jesus when He said, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." We have seen something already of what His love for men was and we shall see more when we come to consider His death. It is not surprising, then, to find Christ summarising His teaching in this way: "Well, then, whatever you would like men to do to you do just the same to them; that is the meaning of the Law and the prophets."

And we shall remember that passage in Paul, Christ's greatest interpreter: "Never revenge yourselves, beloved, but let the wrath of God have its way; for it is written, Vengeance is mine, I will exact a requital—the Lord has said it."

No! If your enemy is hungry, feed him; if he is thirsty, give him drink; for in this way you will make him feel a burning sense of shame. "Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good."

And, lastly, what of the Cross? It is important to remember that Christ did not see clearly what His death was to be until very near the time appointed. It was only gradually that He came to know the full implication of His Messiahship. At that time there were two conceptions of the coming Messiah, both of which had their root in Old Testament prophecy. The one was of a conquering Messiah who would lead Israel to victory and then would rule the world in peace as King. The other was of a Messiah who would come descending in the clouds of heaven and who would proceed to govern the world by supernatural power.

It is quite clear that Jesus must have known of these prevalent ideas, and this is borne out by the temptations in the desert. The temptation to worship the Devil in order that all kingdoms of the world should be His, is surely nothing more than the temptation to fulfil the part

of a conquering Messiah, and the temptation to cast Himself off the pinnacle (the Rev. Wm. Temple suggests) is the temptation to play the rôle of the Messiah who was to descend from heaven.

But no! Jesus already had a conception of Messiahship that was unique. Instead of a conquering hero, he was to be (as Isaiah saw Him in that finest burst of prophecy) "a man rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." We shall appreciate something of the unexpected character of this conception when we remember how that even the disciples forsook Him, thinking that their master had failed to save the world, or even His own people, when He went the way to Calvary. And we are permitted to see also something of the struggle that took place in the mind of Jesus before He was prepared for the Cross. We remember how He rebuked Peter, who protested when Christ spoke of the coming end—rebuked him with such energy that we can see the reality of the temptation that the words of Peter were to Christ, and again we remember His prayer that if possible this cup might pass from Him, nevertheless not His will but God's be done. The struggle is won—He knows the Father's will, and at once proceeds to Jerusalem to drink the cup to the bitter dregs. There is nothing of hesitation. He rebukes Peter for using the sword in His defence, never thinks of calling the legions of angels to His aid. He bears the awful burden alone, "a man rejected of men," and yet—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

In the Passion of Christ we see a picture of God—we catch a glimpse of His method. The Cross is the absolute denial of coercion as a redemptive force in the world. It is the supreme example of the unconquerable power of love, for though apparently Christ had failed, there followed the resurrection, and His work has revolutionised the world. As in His life and teaching, so in His death we strike the keynote: "Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good."

This, then, is the Man we profess to follow, and the Cross is what it costs God

to forgive the sin that brought Christ to it. And what was the sin? There was nothing outstandingly wicked; in fact, it was due largely to the influence of the Pharisees and Sadducees that Christ was convicted—and they were avowedly religious.

There was one sin above all others which Christ denounced, and that was hypocrisy, smug self-complacency, and self-sufficiency. It was the sin that brought Him to the Cross. The Rev. William Temple is very true when he says: "One may have realised before that one was indifferent to the needs of people, that one was careless about principle and the great claims of duty; but one did not much mind; and when, without any theological interpretation of the Cross at all, one sees what the effect of that frame of mind can be, and, indeed, what in itself it is when it is brought into contact with such a life as that of Christ, one begins to realise the evil of it. "It was not crime or vice that sent Christ to the Cross; it was respectability and religious stagnation and compromise."

And becoming conscious of our own sin, we become conscious also of our national sins, as well as those of other nations, and we see in this war the inevitable outcome of a doctrine which is fundamentally anti-Christian—the doctrine that material force, whether it be navies or armies or the power of money, is the ultimate appeal in human affairs. Men have believed in the power of God—so far. They have trusted to the power of love and goodwill—so far; but they have made their faith of no avail by preserving the idea that behind it all lay material resources which they could and would use if necessary.

We catch a vision of the central problem of our faith; we see on one side the world with its belief in the things that are seen as the great realities, and on the other side Christ, whose power lay in the things that are unseen and which He proclaims to be eternal. And we look into our own minds and we find how very, very weak is our faith in the unseen and how much we look to and depend on the tangible things of this world. We feel how hard it is to be

a Christian and we cry "I believe, help Thou my unbelief."

We have seen Him whose disciples we are. We have seen how very far short we fall of the ideal and we ask what does it mean to be a disciple of Christ? What are the demands of a worthy discipleship? What did Christ expect from those who would follow after Him?

Whilst we must not underestimate the supreme work of Christ Himself, neither must we underestimate His need of human co-operation. We shall remember the tremendous importance in Christ's own mind of the training of the twelve, and it is of great significance that He never spoke to them of His Messiahship until Peter, through spiritual perception, had divined the Son of God. "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven." We remember His terrible disappointment that they could not watch with Him even for one hour, and the bitterness of the Cross is surely not the physical suffering, but the fact that He was forsaken by the very people that He loved and for whom He was dying.

What has Christ to say of discipleship?

"If anyone wishes to follow Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and so follow Me; for whoever wants to save his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for My sake and the Gospel's will save it." "He who loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me; he who loves son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me; he who will not take his cross and follow after Me is not worthy of Me." "If a man hate not his father and mother, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple."

We must not lay undue stress upon isolated texts, but may we not say that these express the essence of Christ's teaching about discipleship? It was to be no half-hearted allegiance—His demands were absolute. "What is that to thee? follow thou Me"—"I am the way." Paul gets to the heart of it when he speaks of our being "heirs of God, heirs along with Christ—for we share His sufferings in order to share His glory." There are those two sides of discipleship—the fellowship of suffering and the fellowship

of glory. You remember when the scribe came to Jesus saying, "Teacher, I will follow You anywhere." The answer came, "The foxes have their holes, the wild birds have their nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay His head." And again, "Do not imagine I have come to bring peace on earth; I have not come to bring peace but a sword. I have come to set a man against his father, a daughter against her mother; yes, a man's own household will be his enemies." It was to be no easy thing, this name of Christian, and history has shown how true his prophecy has been. The centuries are red with the blood given for Christ. But there is the other side: "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for goodness, they will be satisfied." "Blessed are you when men denounce you and persecute you and utter all manner of evil against you for my sake; rejoice and exult in it, for your reward is rich in Heaven." And again we look to history and we see countless men and women whose greatest joy was that they were counted worthy to suffer with Christ.

If, then, we are to be true to Christ—if we are to be worthy—we cannot shirk the heavy responsibilities of discipleship. "Ye are the salt of the earth. As the Father hath sent me, so send I you into the world."

This leads us naturally to the thought of the body of Christ or the Church in its widest sense.

"Full authority has been given me in heaven and on earth; go and make disciples of all nations, baptise them in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, and teach them to obey all the commands I have laid on you. And I will be with you all the time, to the very end of the world." Discipleship is not to be purely personal, but also communal. We are members one of another, and all members together in Christ, who will be with us in spirit.

Christian fellowship is the normal environment of the Christian life, and quite naturally at Christ's death small communities of Christians came into existence who met, united by the sense of Christ's living presence amongst them.

And it is significant to find that for the first three centuries there were, practically speaking, no Christian soldiers. It was only when, with the conversion of Constantine, Christianity became the State religion of the Roman Empire that the conception of the world-wide character of Christianity was weakened, and at once the prime function of Christianity was transferred from missionary enterprise to something less of an international and more of a national or tribal character. It was then that the Christian increasingly began to take part in war. There have been many attempts to recapture something of the primitive Christianity of the first centuries, and in almost all instances the refusal to fight has been one of the distinguishing characteristics of these various movements.

And what of the Church to-day? Again I mean the term to include all the different forms of organised religion. What stand is it taking in relation to the war? Of course, it is difficult to dogmatise, and there are naturally great variations of opinion; but, generally speaking, it would be true to say that the Church in each of the countries engaged is endeavouring to justify the war from their own nation's standpoint, and even go so far as to call it a righteous war, invoking God to give them victory. So that we are faced with the appalling tragedy of Christians slaying Christians, each firmly convinced the other is wrong and each praying to the Father of both for victory in the name of Christ who died that they might live and who taught them to pray "forgive us our trespasses, even as we forgive them that trespass against us," a prayer which is said in all solemnity in the churches to-day. There is surely something terribly wrong in a position that is so full of contradiction. It is sufficiently tragic to think that Christianity has been unable to prevent the war, but it is still more tragic that to-day, when it would seem the Church was offered a supreme opportunity, when men and women were looking for guidance and asking with the so-called unchristian nations, "Is this Christianity, this hell on earth?" that the Churches cannot give a

better answer than to affirm the righteousness of the conflict and to vie with each other in their eagerness to recruit their Christian brethren for what they are sometimes pleased to call God's war!

The Church's opportunity would be to proclaim the war the inevitable result of sin and to call their country to a true repentance, which would of necessity involve a real opposition to the sin that was in themselves as well as that of their enemies.

The Church's failure is in so far as it is emphasising the sin of our enemies and is overlooking the national sins, speaking of "clean hands" and such self-righteous phrases.

Its opportunity would be in witnessing to the moral and spiritual forces as the only forces that will save the world by the overthrowing of wrong ideals.

Its failure is in speaking of national achievement in terms of lead and silver bullets and teaching that Satan is to be cast out by Satan, or, in other words, militarism by militarism.

Its opportunity would be in witnessing to the international and world-wide character of Christianity. Its failure is in so far as it is feeding the purely national spirit and is tending to reduce the conception of the all-embracing Fatherhood of God to the Old Testament conception of a tribal deity. Its opportunity would be in speaking with hope of a day when the peace of the world will be a reality and in pledging itself to strive for that day with all its power.

Its failure is in emphasising the difficulties of world-wide peace and refusing to challenge the wickedness and futility of war and to fight the forces that make for war.

And what is our individual duty, now that war has come and our country is involved in it? We are told that our King and country need us, and that the supreme need is to defeat our enemies on the field of battle. As citizens of this country which we love so well, we desire to do the thing that is truly best for her. As Christians we desire to do the thing which is most in harmony with the mind of Christ, and we must reserve ourselves

the right to refuse to do our country's bidding, if we are convinced that that bidding is not God's will for us, of course being prepared to risk the loss of any benefits which we derive as citizens.

It is perfectly clear that to some the call of country and the call of conscience are one, and not for a minute must we deny them the title of Christian, because none of us are Christlike—and the only satisfactory definition of a Christian is one who in all sincerity is endeavouring to follow Christ. But to some of us it seems as if we are faced with two apparently conflicting duties—our duty to Christ and our duty to our country. We are told that to deny our full support to the war, or even to criticise it, is to be not only a traitor to our country but to liberty, freedom, and humanity, and yet our conscience tells us that all war is wrong and contrary to God's will as revealed by Christ. Our reason tells us that fighting cannot and has not saved Belgium from the horrors of war. Our own guns as well as the Germans' are desolating her at this very moment. We know from the reading of history and from our own experience that militarism will never destroy militarism, because it is only the expression of a state of mind, and a state of mind cannot be changed by coercion, but only by the substitution of another state of mind. We all see that, whatever the rights and wrongs of the various points at issue, justice is not certain to be achieved whichever side wins. As we are so often told, it is money that will eventually settle it and not the righteousness of the cause.

Then our sense of morality is irreconcilable with war. As Dr. Henry Hodgkin says: "War is not simply 'the use of force,' it is the organised murder of innocent men upon a terrific scale." However excellent the discipline of a soldier's life may be, it cannot be right that his only duty is implicit obedience, when he is told to do things which he would know to be in time of peace gross violations of the laws of common morality. Surely a double standard of morality has no place in the life and teaching of Jesus. And, lastly, we have the guidance of the Christ

within ourselves. Paul said, "I live, and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me." George Fox, after years of seeking, made the discovery that "there was one, even Christ Jesus, who could speak to my condition." Call it what you will—the "inward light," the Christ within, the Holy Spirit—it is that in man which, irrespective of race, creed, or colour, can be appealed to by the divine. It is that intangible something which gives us our faith in humanity, which makes it possible for us to believe that there is something of good in all, and which gives us our hope in the eventual triumph of right. It is the "light that lighteth every man" according to John. But if that is true think what it means! If it is that of the divine within men, that gives them their common brotherhood because of their common sonship of God, it must mean that in slaying one another they are unwittingly striking at the heart of God Himself.

And so we have either to do something which we know to be wrong for ourselves or we must refuse to support the war as far as possible by deed or word or thought. We have seen a vision of the Christ crucified again, and we dare not keep the vision to ourselves.

And, after all, are the claims of Christ and country antagonistic? Who would dare to say that Christ betrayed His disciples when He rejected the sort of Messiahship they expected of Him and went instead the way of the Cross? Haven't we to follow His example? Should we not betray our fellow-countrymen if we follow anything less than the highest that we see? The solution of the apparently conflicting duties lies in the fact that the conscious participation in evil is a betrayal of man and God, and we feel sure of this when we remember that Christ, though perfect, is yet our highest example of all-embracing sympathy for men. It was His supreme faith in God that brought Him to victory through apparent defeat. It is faith that we most sorely need in choosing the path which seems to lead to certain failure.

We feel that "it is a solemn thing to stand forth to the nation as the advocates of inviolable peace." It means that we

are committed to a spiritual warfare against war, and our testimony must be as far as possible consistently borne against all war. It is only when we come to analyse the spirit that makes for war that we discover how far-reaching that spirit is. We find it not only in our international relationships, but also in our social, industrial, political, and, in fact, in all our human relationships. We find how far short we ourselves fall of our peace ideal. But "for the development of all that is best in human life, and for the sake of the generations that follow us in all nations, we are determined to press forward to this goal in the firm conviction that God has called us, and that He will defend the right."

There has been something wrong about the presentation of the peace ideal in the past. It has been conceived in terms of passive neutrality, and has failed to touch the imagination.

But surely the cause is great enough? It is clear that a repetition of such wars as this spells race suicide. And yet how

strange that we will spend millions a day, besides the awful toll of life and happiness, in the pursuit of an ideal largely national and how very, very little in the furtherance of the Christian ideal of perpetual peace. We see that men and women are willing to live and die for ideals—they are doing it gloriously today. We must present peace in terms of positive, self-sacrificing love before we can hope to destroy the fascination of war with all its opportunities of service and devotion.

We must seek to live nearer to the life of Christ. In seeking to establish a world order based on Love we must be willing to accept fully the principle of Love both for ourselves and in our relation with others, and to take the risks involved in doing so in a world which does not yet accept it.

"Dreamers of dreams!" We take the taunt
with gladness,
Knowing that God beyond the years you see
Hath wrought the dreams that count with you
for madness,
Into the substance of the life to be.



PEACE be with you, near and far,
Brethren of the Silver Star;
Peace be yours no force can break,
Peace not death has power to shake,
Peace from peril, fear, and pain,
Peace until we meet again—
Meet before yon sculptured stone
Of the All-Commander's throne.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS OF WAR

By A. J. WILLSON

*"I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His Day is marching on."*

J. W. HOWE

(War Hymn of the Americans, 1861.)

IN the unclean darkness of a black-yellow London fog, whose foulness is the outcome of thousands of cheery firesides, by an effort of our will we can raise our thoughts above the dirt and mirk of our surroundings and realise that a few hundred feet above the carbon-laden atmosphere the glorious sun is shining brightly and all is vigour and light and exhilaration and exultation. Such a flight gives us courage to plan how best to arrange conditions below, so that the air may be cleared of carbon refuse and the land be drained of the surplus moisture until black fogs, as we now know them, become things of a bygone age.

In the same way can we rise above the dark clouds and miasmatic vapours that enshroud the battlefields to-day—fogs that you and I have helped to thicken by every thought and act that grabbed instead of gave.

On all the seven seas the war is active; on hill and in dale, in swamp, on heather-clad heath; it stretches across Europe in trench and redoubt, "pill-box" and "funk-hole," past ruined cities and villages and battered holy places, leaping the free Swiss mountains to the fighting-ground of Austria and Italy. Then joining up with the Rumano-Russian lines in the Balkan Peninsular, the battle-line crosses to Palestine, Egypt, and Mesopotamia, and only vanishes to reappear sporadically over the whole earth.

Everywhere we hear the

Noise confused of the great Captains,
Shouting against each other in the fight,
And the deep voice of all Creation groaning
Gives her no rest either by day or night,
While all her pleasant seas are turned now
To seas of death . . .

Very forcefully has Ruskin put the situation in his lecture on "War" in *The Crown of Wild Olives* (which should be a text-book for all our schools). He describes how in war time masses of men, taken from all industrial employment and fed by the labour of others, counted by hundreds of thousands, are brought face to face. "You tear those masses to pieces with jagged shot, and leave the living creatures countless beyond all help of surgery, to starve and parch, through days of torture, down into clots of clay."

Add to this dread picture of battle the days and months of sickening delay before the final order to "go over"—days and months often spent in conditions hitherto unthinkable in civilised life. Men huddled together in caves and dens hollowed by their own hands; out of touch with all that used to make life bearable, hungry, thirsty, with the spectre of grim Death ever peering mockingly at them above the shallow parapet of the waterlogged trench. Even when they go back for much-needed rest and refreshment, their trial is not over, for temptations lure their over-strained senses to follies, and worse,

that in saner moments they would carefully avoid.

All this and more. But in the midst of these nightmare horrors of thick darkness, only thrown into deeper shadow by the light of the ideals for which men so heroically give their lives, lift up your eyes, and behold! "the glory of the Lord" is over all and everywhere wisdom and power and love are working, even as above the fog-laden London day shines ever the glorious sun; and were these unseen influences withdrawn but for a moment, London, Europe, our globe would cease to be.

With hearts full of compassion, intent to help all who are in the darkness, let us rise in thought and remain above for a time and study, in the light of the wider knowledge brought to mankind at the end of the last century, those things that alone can avail to explain and help us when we return to the dark mists of this terrible war time. As from our height we scan the whole sweep of happenings, we become conscious that the fighting on earth is in some way a preparation, a clearing of the way for a great forward step in evolution, and at the same time we dimly sense the stupendous fact that it is but a reflection—so to say—of a battle between the forces of what we, for want of more precise terms, call good and evil, in regions which are beyond our earth-blinded ken, but whence emanates the life force that expresses itself in what we call "Laws of Nature," when we begin to comprehend them; "cataclysms," when we do not. We catch hints now and again, from those who have long studied above in the sunlight in order the better to work with us below in the gloom, of a "guardian wall." "Built by the Hands of many Masters of compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented, it shields mankind, since man is man, protecting it from further and far greater misery and sorrow."

Turning from this glimpse so incomprehensible to most of us, the law of cycles begins to unfold and we perceive that present happenings have their prototypes in the past history of man on earth, so that many who are struggling together now

have, in bodies of a long-past time, warred against each other in world crises so remote that history, as convention reads it, for the most part knows them not. Our French Allies show an inkling of this—those of them, at least, who are interested in *Kurukshetra*, a paper written in the trenches and edited in Paris. For *Kurukshetra* was the scene of the great battle, recorded in the epic of the *Mahabharata*, which ended one cycle of evolution for Indian Aryans and heralded another, just as the "accounts amongst the nations" are being settled to-day.

That idea carries us on to the fact that we are not our bodies. Bodies are mortal. Men, Thinkers, are immortal. With one hand man reaches up to Beings so perfected that the plan of the Universe lies as an open book before them; with the other hand he reaches down to the lowliest soul in the march of evolution. We have a hint that those two hands, seemingly so far apart, are really clasped, and that high and low are found to be merely two aspects of one great whole.

Shakespeare talks of our strutting our brief hour on life's stage in guise now of infant, now of youth, of manhood, of old age, and we have only to carry on the simile further to realise that, in the greater sweep of his whole existence, a man's life is but as a day. Hard lessons have to be conned life after life, even if easy ones are learnt quickly, and gradually he gains greater and greater control over his various bodies and his changing surroundings, until at last he becomes expert in the use of bodies, so extended in their capacities that they transcend in knowledge the illusions of earth and can realise the governing facts behind the mist waves of matter.

Gazing thus on the battlefields of to-day, we can actually see the men rising from their bodies as these fall before bayonet thrust, burst of shrapnel, poisonous fume, or any other of the thousand and one weapons that seem so relentlessly cruel to our fear-distorted sight below. Seen thus from above, the illusion of the Death legend of our civilisation is pierced, and in place of his grinning scull and scythe, a glorious all-

powerful Being stands revealed—strong with the strength of all wisdom, wise with the sight that knows the past of each man and his immediate possibilities, compassionate with a love and understanding that only Those Who Know can feel. And the eyes of this mighty Angel of Death search the hearts and reins of men as each comes forward at the call of duty to “do his bit,” strung up to the highest of which his body is capable. So one man is left to “carry on” with his fellow-men, because after-war conditions will be of benefit; another is taken, for, though full of the beauty and vigour and aspiration of young manhood, something in his body or his home surroundings would be a bar to the quick progress required to prepare for the return of the World Teacher in the immediate future. Again, another will be taken because he will be invaluable on the “other side” in helping those who have “gone West.” His scorn of death and lovable and heroic qualities have gained men’s hearts here and will attract them to receive help from him to master the best conditions on the other side.

And so the beautiful story unrolls; and the noise of cannon, the frenzied battle shouts, and the groans of the wounded take their right places as “examination tests,” so to say, to prove a man’s grip on realities and on the lasting treasures of life.

And the wounded? Could we but search each man’s consciousness, we should learn much that would stay all hopeless grief of desolate friends. We should see that it is true that not one sparrow falls unheeded. The lips whose last faint breath was sighed away in the arms of the Beloved are sealed, and the sad wife and sorrowing friends know nothing of the triumph of love and peace in those last hours, before his torn and mangled body set their loved one free. Stories of the “Comrade in White” and “Invisible Helpers,” as of the “Angels of Mons,” have a foundation in truths so beautiful that men shrink from accepting them, dreading to find them untrue.

And of those who do not die? No man can return after a time of anguish, wounded and athirst, with the chill of the

dead around him and the curses or prayers of the wounded in his ears, and the pitiless stars shining through the long nights over all, and be just the same as he was before. He has passed the test and risen in evolution—or failed *this time* and has been returned to con his lessons of life still more. But the lists of V.C.’s, D.S.O.’s, M.C.’s and other honours, do not tell a tenth of the grand triumph of man over his body in the final test, face to face with Death.

We note, too, the great spirit of comradeship that has spread amongst these men, once so far apart, now united in training that they may worthily give up life and life’s joys for an ideal—for peace, not for themselves but for generations still unborn. They are truly blood-brothers and like to be together in pleasures as in pains. High born and lowly, cultured and refined, true manhood transcends the limitations of body, and lips whose language is the dialect of oaths are perchance found to be as fundamentally clean as those trained to terms politer and more in accord with our times. Conventions, good or bad, as we think them, fall away before the approach of the great Angel of Death, the Rewarder, the Releaser.

Now let us visit a soldier’s home. Some are patterns of neatness, but in this one the wife, patient and good, is too weighed down by the effort to meet the requirements of oncoming children to make a true home. A tiny living-room, only possible if empty of furniture and ventilated by a blazing fire and open windows, is closed up and crowded with dirty sofa and chairs and unwashed vessels. The wife, without time to keep even her hair tidy, has neither the knowledge nor the means to feed husband and children well. Note the child’s scarred face, showing the working out of an ignorant breaking of Nature’s law. See the street and grimy backyard, which are the children’s only playground; and the public-house, so convenient at the corner, which will be the refuge of the father on his return, there to forget the miserable present in recounting the past victories of his regiment. Now judge. Is it better for the man to leave his body on the battlefield and, after due

rest, to be born into the better conditions of the times before us, or to return with body and mind "in the pink" from the healthy training of drill and open-air life and the good food of the soldier, gradually to sink to his old level, and to resent upon his ignorant wife the consciousness of his downfall?

For the cultured and artistic the problem may take a more subtle form, but seen "from above" it is better to be capable of the supreme act of self-sacrifice in renouncing art and its promises for an ideal, than to dedicate our days to the shadow of art down here and to turn our back to duty's call in a world crisis. What right has a man who will not die for his country to live with her, preserved by the supreme sacrifice of other men?

"Peace" and "War" are terms so often used in the wrong place. What true peace is there in a condition that is only longed for because it better enables us to exploit our fellow-men; to pull down the rich, if we are poor; to use the poor for our aggrandisement, if we are rich? Surely such a condition, which is that of the society we have been brought up in, can but end the "reckoning up" day of an Armageddon. Yet War has no power of transmutation in itself, only through the trumpet call to each man to transcend the selfishness of his body; the call that rings out when the hour strikes, when the cup of iniquity is full and the nations must be purged—or fall.

Hear again what Ruskin writes about the fighting man—Ruskin, who sensed great truths behind the shadows of his day:

I feel as if it were, somehow, grander and worthier in him to have made his bread by

sword play than by other play; I had rather he made it by thrusting than by batting; *much* rather than by betting. Much rather that he should ride war horses, than back race horses; and—I say it sternly and deliberately—much rather would I have him slay his neighbour than cheat him. . . .

You may go to your game of wickets, or of hurdles, or of cards, and any knavery that is in you may stay unchallenged all the while. But if the play may be ended at any moment by a lance-thrust, a man will probably make up his accounts a little before he enters it. Whatever is rotten or evil in him will weaken his hand more in holding a sword-hilt than in balancing a billiard cue; and, on the whole, the habit of living lightly hearted, in daily presence of death, always has had, and must have, power both in the making and testing of honest men.

Look into the faces of the men returned from the front. Their eyes see deeper into life with a nobler, cleaner outlook, in spite of battle soil.

But when real Peace has been made possible by self-sacrifice; when Brotherhood is not only a name, but a reality on earth; when men help each other Godward, and for one man to fall is only for another to spring forward to raise him; when bodies are recognised as the school-house of the soul; when the differences of men's and women's bodies are seen to be but designed to give the soul all experience, as it is born now into a man's body, now into a woman's—then war will no longer be required to do its purificatory work. We long ever for the perfection of that Peace that shall come to all—as we deserve it.

Can anyone be surprised that after such a glimpse of the realities behind this War we go about with glad faces full of confidence, whether we be soldiers in the trenches or mothers and sisters in the midst of air-raids at home?

He has sounded forth His trumpet that shall never call retreat,
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet;
 Our God *is* marching on!

J. W. H.

WHERE CHILDREN PLAY

II.—A Vacation School

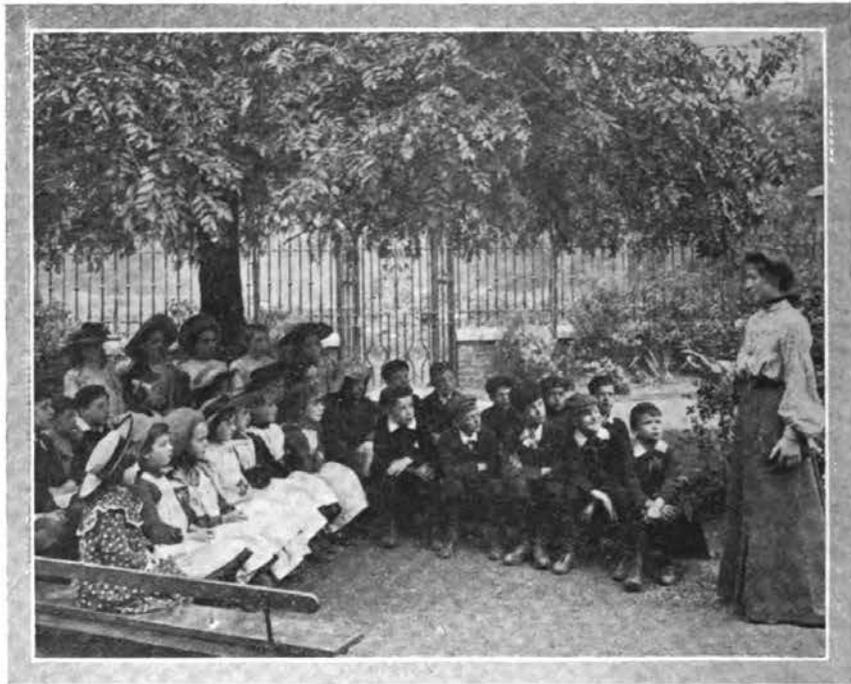
By *CECILY M. RUTLEY*

(*Concluded from page 495.*)

ALTHOUGH there are now in London many vacation schools and organised playgrounds for poor children during the summer holidays, there is none that for size, variety, and scope of occupations can at

August, enabling a thousand little Londoners to spend at least part of their summer holidays in happy and healthy occupations and surroundings.

Five hundred children attend in the morning and another five hundred in the



STORY-TELLING

all compare with the Vacation School held at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Tavistock Place. This school is something quite unique of its kind, and people interested in child welfare and education come from all parts and all countries to see the wonderful work that is being done.

The school was started by Mrs. Humphry Ward, the founder of the Evening Play Centre movement, in 1902, and since then it has met for three weeks every

afternoon; the School meets from 10 to 12.30, and again from 2.30 to 5, for five days each week. The children who come in the mornings during the first week come in the afternoons during the second, and return to the mornings in the third. As with the Play Centres, the first selection of children is left with the day schools, the tickets of admission being divided amongst a number of schools in the districts around. Great care

is taken that children who will benefit from the Country Holiday Fund, or who will get away from London by any other means, shall not also be admitted to the Vacation School, at least not until every other necessitous child has been provided for; and places are never vacant, for as soon as a child falls off in his or her attendance—and a certain number do each day, the attendance being entirely voluntary—the place is immediately filled by another taken from the list of names of those always waiting for an opportunity

ness for All," a motto which is not merely preached but practised by both teachers and children each and every day of the School. The following, an actual occurrence, will give some idea of how active and vital a part this motto plays. One might almost say it is the Vacation School.

It is ten o'clock on an August morning. In the spacious courtyard behind the main Settlement buildings five hundred children, boys and girls of ages ranging from seven to fourteen, are lined up ac-



NATURE STUDY IN TAVISTOCK PLACE

to come in. The news of the Vacation School travels far and wide. Every day fresh children come asking to be admitted. The homes of many of these are often several miles away, but quite little children think nothing of trudging long distances to and from the school.

The Vacation School owes its marvelous success to many things—to its excellent organisation, its small classes, its specialised teachers, its good fortune in accommodation, indoor and out, but especially to its motto, "Equal Happi-

ness for All," a motto which is not merely preached but practised by both teachers and children each and every day of the School. The following, an actual occurrence, will give some idea of how active and vital a part this motto plays. One might almost say it is the Vacation School.

It is ten o'clock on an August morning. In the spacious courtyard behind the main Settlement buildings five hundred children, boys and girls of ages ranging from seven to fourteen, are lined up ac-

ording to their years—each line containing from twenty to twenty-five children—facing letters of the alphabet fastened upon the opposite wall, by which letters the classes are distinguished from each other.

A teacher stands at the head of each line, and on the top of a flight of steps, looking down upon the children, stands the headmaster.

First, a bright, simple hymn is sung, and five hundred little voices rise sweet and clear upon the fresh morning air. Then

the Lord's Prayer is slowly and reverently said. After which the headmaster says, "Children, I have something to say to you. The people who live in the houses overlooking the garden tell me that yesterday we made too much noise at our play. Now, we are all here to have a good time. But you know our motto, and when our way of being happy causes annoyance to anybody else, of course we must stop. I know you will not let the complaint be made again."

The children are neither scolded nor

thing else, but because anything different would seem a mean, even senseless thing to do, and finally does not occur to them to do at all. When will every day school learn to act in the same way, allow the children to work always in an atmosphere of freedom and self-respect, and so save their individualities from being stunted, and sometimes, alas! for the time being, at least, crushed?

Happiness and goodness, according to Robert Louis Stevenson, stand in the relation of cause and effect. How he



TOY RIFLE DRILL

threatened, but appealed to as rational beings. They recognise the justice of what the headmaster says, and the noise does not have to be complained of again—at least, not for many days, when in the exuberance of youthful health and spirits the need for rather quieter play may again slip out of little minds. Other little misdemeanours, inseparable from so large a gathering, occur. The culprits are appealed to in a similar way, and so a system of free and almost "self"-discipline grows up. The children behave properly, not because they are afraid to do any-

would rejoice to see such a striking example of his precept as the Vacation School! Perhaps in spirit he sometimes hovers over it. For happiness is everywhere, and because the children are happy they are good.

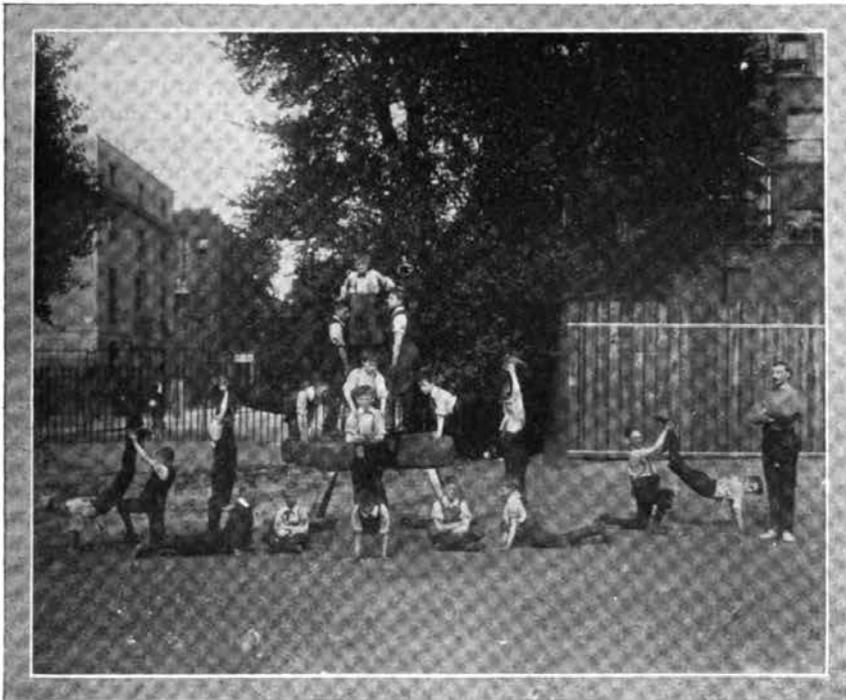
Mornings and afternoons are divided into four periods, and at the Vacation School the children do not choose their occupations as at the Play Centres, but go to different classes in turn. Most of the classes are out of doors when it is fine, in the large garden with its green lawns and shady trees. One might expect that

garden to suffer from its three weeks' occupation, and the constant passing and re-passing of hundreds of little feet. But the children quickly learn to respect the grass, and even the gravel paths, and I doubt whether any outsider would know, when the School is over, that it had ever been there at all.

Many and varied are the occupations, suited to the tastes of all. Some are altogether active, some more sedentary, and the two are made to alternate as much as possible. There are some classes especi-

Work. Here the fingers are employed, and the minds as well, in making baskets of many different shapes and sizes. The children talk freely as they work, and move about if they wish to compare notes, or lend one another a helping hand.

On an adjoining lawn the older girls play Basket Ball, and on another lawn there are Singing Games and Morris Dancing for the younger ones. Seated round a long table in the shade, on one of the gravel paths, a class of little boys or girls may be seen busily cutting out



GYMNASTIC

ally for the girls, and others for the boys; some to which both boys and girls go; some only for the younger, others only for the older children.

Under the ash tree there is Story Telling, and many a happy little circle of boys and girls sits beneath its shade, feet and bodies resting awhile, imaginations wandering far afield in the realms of Faerie. When the story is finished there are books to be read and looked at on a long table near at hand.

On an adjoining lawn there is Basket

ball. Here the fingers are employed, and the minds as well, in making baskets of many different shapes and sizes. The children talk freely as they work, and move about if they wish to compare notes, or lend one another a helping hand.

There is Rug Making with coloured wools in another part of the garden, and Recreative Needlework on another lawn. For the younger girls and boys there is a Painting Class, but the elder ones have higher aims. Their class is designated by the name of "Art"; they attend it for a double period at a time, and at it some really creditable work is done. There is

Clay Modelling at another table, and at another simpler modelling in Plasticine. There is Cardboard Work, Bookbinding, and Toy Making. In the Cobbling Class the boys mend their own boots and shoes.

The "Babies" under seven have a Kindergarten and several trained teachers of their very own. You may watch them blowing soap bubbles or playing happily in the garden, and delving with little spades and buckets in the covered sand-pit in one corner of the courtyard. It is one of the prettiest sights in the School to watch them marching along singing their own little songs.

Thus the big garden is fully occupied. But there is no crowding, and when every class is settled at its work there still seems room to spare. And everything is so delightfully happy, and informal, and free. When it rains, or is chilly, or cold, there is a room provided for every class indoors.

There are some classes that, wet or fine, are always held indoors. In the Drawing Room, or Hall, of the Settlement there is Dancing and Musical Drill for the girls, and there is a Dramatic Class to which girls and boys of special ability are invited, and where a little play is rehearsed to be acted on the last day of the School. Downstairs in the kitchen the girls make buns and scones, and other simple things, which they can buy at cost price, to eat themselves, or to take home. In this class, as in all the others, recreation and enjoyment are aimed at rather than the acquirement of fresh knowledge or skill, and whether cooking, or polishing the silver or brasses, the little folk in the kitchen are as happy as they can be.

The fine gymnasium is almost always occupied by the boys, and in another building on the opposite side of the courtyard they have two fully-equipped Woodwork classes. In the courtyard the boys play games. For Cricket they go to a field not far away, and they have matches with boys from other clubs or schools. Drafts of both girls and boys are taken to the swimming baths on alternate days.

Most of the classes meet for thirty-five minutes at a time. But some, like the Art

and Cobbling classes, the Needlework, Cookery, Basket and Cardboard Work, last for a double period—i. e., an hour and ten minutes instead of thirty-five; while the Woodwork classes extend through the whole morning or afternoon. At the end of each period a bell is rung, and the classes that are to change march from the garden into the courtyard, or, if wet, from their class-rooms indoors into the gymnasium, and lining up before their respective letters wait until the next teacher comes to take them off. This marching to and fro, although naturally taking up a little time, makes a pleasant, healthy break between the work.

Girls and boys who show marked ability in any occupation are also invited to attend for that class in the mornings or afternoons, when the five hundred to which they really belong are not present, so that little artists, modellers, needlewomen, carpenters, and basket-makers have a real opportunity of becoming quite expert in their chosen crafts.

Mrs. Humphry Ward keeps in close personal touch with the School. If she is in London she is certain to pay it several visits, and to come to the Open Day and Display at the end of the three weeks, when parents and friends are also invited to see what their children have done. The classes go on just as usual, and all the finished work may be seen.

This work is really wonderful. It shows what energy, and skill, and real interest in your craft can accomplish in fifteen days. There are full-rigged ships, bookshelves, cupboards, tables, desks, and countless other things, the work of the carpenters. There are picture frames, boxes, book covers, blotters, and toys of all descriptions made from coloured papers, cardboard, and paste or gum; sketches, drawings, and designs from the artists, many of which are *real* "works of art," and beautiful little figures and models in clay. There are little dresses, pinafores, dressed dolls, and many other articles, useful and ornamental, from the needlewomen, baskets, finished scrap-books, and rugs. In the Hall a display is given, in which all the performers are children of the School, and which consists

of gymnastics, singing games, dancing, and the play which has been so carefully practised and rehearsed by the dramatic class. And then the children go home, with not very long to wait until the day schools re-open for the autumn term.

It is not all play for the teachers at the Vacation School. The work, though infinitely delightful, is arduous and tiring, for each teacher is enthusiastic, and gives freely of his or her best. But the reward

is great. It is the joy of the children that returns to them, and the knowledge that a thousand of London's necessitous little ones will hold as one of their happiest memories, until summer comes round again, the three weeks spent at the Vacation School. They all think they go there to play. They are surely also being educated in the highest and truest meaning of that word.



COMRADE, GOOD-NIGHT

GOOD-NIGHT, Good-night!
 With hands in steadfast grip,
 With firm close-folded lip,
 We silent stand—and part—
 A memory in each heart
 Of dear companionship.
 Henceforth, may be—our ways wide leagues apart—
 Good-night.

Good-night, good-night,—
 We part for days—for years—
 For cycles;—yet no tears
 Shall dim the brightness of the lingering glance;
 No fainter grow our heart beats (though perchance
 There comes the quick cold thrust of passing fears)—
 Good-night!

Good-night, good-night,—
 As comrades part, we part,
 With courage in the heart,—
 With love more strong, more wise,—
 With clear unfaltering eyes,—
 As those who see long visions—faint and far—
 Mounting æonian steps from star to star,—
 Themselves a part of that great Enterprise. Good-night!
 ADA M. SMITH

THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN

By JOHN SCURR

Mr. Scurr is one of those who realize that "the future is with the young." We stultify their manhood if we overwork children now. "The swiftness of the world-progress depends on their acceptance of high ideals," and their capacity to act upon them.

IT is being recognised that we committed a terrible national blunder when we permitted children of tender years to enter industry. The Legislature has taken steps to deal with the problem, and according to the Annual Report for 1916 of the Chief Medical Officer for the Board of Education, just published, the following things have been done :

"A minimum age has been fixed for the employment of children, which has gradually advanced from 8 to 12 years; the hours of labour and the trade processes in which children may be employed have been restricted; and a system has been established by which attendance at school has been made a condition of labour in factories or workshops for all children as defined by those Acts."

Children in industry in Britain may be grouped under five headings :

- (1) Young persons over 14 years of age.
- (2) Children under 14 (but above 12) wholly employed as possessing an exemption certificate from the Education Authority.
- (3) Children under 14 (but above 12) partially exempted (so-called half-timers).
- (4) Children aged 12-14 employed under the Coal and Metalliferous Mines Acts.
- (5) Children in attendance at school, but employed out of school hours.

Some 400,000 children pass out of school yearly at about the age of 14. The number with labour certificates is about 200,000; and "half-timers" are estimated to reach 30,000, but to these must be added the children attending school but employed out of school hours, who number in normal times about a quarter of a million. Such children work from 5 to 30 hours or more per week, in addition to 27½ hours of schooling, thus

bringing up their total hours of work every week to the adult standard. Fifty per cent. of these children are engaged in what is described as "unskilled work," and their employment "is not conditioned by adequate safeguards, or, indeed, any safeguards for their health, and for the development of their individual capacity or social efficiency." "Moderate employment of an educational character, under healthy conditions and effectually supervised, may not prejudice and may even conduce to the training of certain children under 14 years of age. It is a question of proper control rather than absolute suppression; of wise selection rather than prohibition." Personally, I should favour the total prohibition of employment for gain of all children under 16, but the words quoted from the Report are an accurate summary of public opinion on this question in Britain.

Under the Employment of Children Act, 1903, local authorities have power to make by-laws regulating the employment of children as regards age, hours of employment, and specified occupation. No child under 14 can be employed between nine o'clock at night and six o'clock in the morning, but the local authority may vary this rule. No child under 11 can be employed in street-trading and no "half-timer" can be employed in any other occupation

The Labour Exchanges Act, 1909, established Labour Exchanges, of which about 400 are in existence, to nearly all of which are attached juvenile departments. "Speaking generally, some 10,000 boys and girls are registered at these Exchanges per week."

The Education (Choice of Employment) Act, 1910, gives the local authorities power to make arrangements for giving boys and girls under 17 years of age assistance with respect to the choice of employment. Special committees (Special Advisory Committees) have been appointed locally to deal with the subjects of these Acts. They are generally constituted as follows: A chairman appointed by the Board of Trade, 6 persons nominated by the Local Education Authority, 3 representatives of employers, 3 of workpeople, 3 interested in youthful welfare, and 1 secretary. In addition, the local education authorities have juvenile employment committees.

Despite these legislative and administrative precautions, much injury is inflicted on children. I cull one or two instances:

Gloucestershire.—"A child aged 12 years, an errand-boy, worked 1 hour before school, 1 hour at midday, 4 hours after school, and 13 hours on Saturday. His teacher told me that he was nearly always inattentive in school. He looked over-tired and nervous. His wages were 1s. 9d. per week."

Rutland.—"During the year 77 children who worked out of school hours were submitted to medical examination; 69 of these were boys and 8 girls. Twenty-six of these worked on the land, 18 ran errands for householders, 16 worked for tradesmen, and 5 distributed papers. The hours varied from 60 a week to half an hour a week. In the former of these cases the lad, aged 13, did not attend school. He receives 7s. 6d. per week, but was certainly considerably below normal in nutrition."

Warwickshire.—"In the cases of 5 boys working 37, 38, and 39 hours, they were at their employment before breakfast, during the dinner-hour and all the evening, while on Saturdays they all put in over 12 hours. The result was they had no time for relaxation of any kind. These boys were physically and mentally among the worst in the series."

East Ham.—"Although no physical injury may be shown before the age of

14 years, constant work under discipline must tend to lessen a boy's chance of developing originality or of following any bent he may have towards a special career. Early employment leads also, in the majority of cases, to employment in 'blind' directions, where no special trade is learnt, and the boy, when too old for paper-selling, milk-rounds, or errand-running, is thrown on the world as an unskilled young labourer."

Hindley.—"We find that in the majority of instances it is not the poorest parents that call their 12-year-old boys and girls from bed at 4.30 a.m. or 5 a.m. to go and work at this age. Some of the parents that do not need the money earned by their children justify their attitude by telling you that in the case of weavers, if the girls did not enter the weaving shed as half-timers, they would have to wait too long for looms of their own."

NEWPORT (MON.) FIGURES OF EMPLOYMENT.

GIRLS' SCHOOL.		
Of age	7	there were
"	8	17 "
"	9	23 "
"	10	16 "
"	11	23 "
"	12	26 "
"	13	36 "
BOYS' SCHOOL.		
Of age	8	there were
"	9	22 "
"	10	48 "
"	11	53 "
"	12	94 "
"	13	67 "

The commentary of Sir Geo. Newman is instructive, and I give it in full: "From the records of 1916, and from previous evidence, several points become clear. The first conclusion is that, if these records are representative, a very large number of children are being prematurely employed. These local reports are examples of a practice so widespread as to be well-nigh universal. Secondly, many children pass through the strain of premature employment apparently uninjured. It must not be forgotten (a) that it is, as a rule, the stronger children who are selected for employment; (b) that such employment brings in increased wages, and therefore often means more and

better food, and (c) that such employment is often out-of-door work in the fresh air. In these respects there are compensations which conceal the immediate effect, and may even, in some cases, prove on a balance of advantages to be physically beneficial. Thirdly, *the physical injury which manifests itself is insidious and inconspicuous, but far-reaching.* Malnutrition, anæmia, fatigue, spinal curvature, and strain of heart or nervous system are conditions the discovery of which generally calls for clinical investigation and careful inquiry. They do not catch the eye, or arrest the attention of the casual observer. But they are profoundly important for two reasons: they lay the foundations of disease and they undermine the physiological growth of the child at a critical juncture in life. The question is not only in what way does this employed child differ from other children of its own age, but in what way has this child-worker degenerated from its own previous standard, actual or potential, and what will be its condition in 5, 10, or 20 years? That is the vital issue. The strain of the stuff is past repair, the opportunity for laying healthy foundations has been irretrievably lost, the seeds have been sown of body habit or disease which inevitably and surely lead to premature disablement, incapacity, and unemployability. Fourthly, *it is the con-*

ditions rather than the character of the employment which tend to injure the child. Apart from exceptional occupations which are in themselves injurious, it is the long hours, the unsuitable hours, the interference with sleep and food, the ill-ventilated or heated rooms, the exposure to unsuitable surroundings, lifting heavy weights, prolonged standing, and so forth which exert the pernicious influence. Thus it is control of conditions, rather than suppression of occupation, which is needed. And of all the undesirable conditions, the most radical and persistent is that of *long hours*. It is a remarkable and significant fact that, all through the history of child labour, the dominant evil is not accidents or poisoning or deformities or specific disease (though these occurred in certain industries), but the stress and fatigue of the immature body due to long and unsuitable hours of occupation. The actual work is often easy—'fool-proof,' as it is termed. It is not the work but the continuous strain which kills, a strain which entails inadequate opportunity for proper food and rest."

This is a damning indictment. And it is as well that the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education has set it out so mercilessly, yet so impartially. Perhaps we shall move, and stop the scandal.



DO ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
 And *that* cannot stop their tears.
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
 The young birds are chirping in the nest,
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
 The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly!
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
 In the country of the free.

E. B. BROWNING

SHOULD WE WEAR BLACK?

By H. H.

N EEDLESS to say, the question which stands at the head of this article is not asked with regard to the inclusion of black in our everyday attire, or its omission from it, but in relation to that special sense in which black is worn as "mourning."

Put in that form, it is a question which has a very particular relevancy to the present time, when, owing to the disastrous world-war, there is hardly a home from one end of the land to the other which is not mourning the loss of one—or, alas! even more—of its members; there is not a soul among us who is not counting with a sorrowing heart the many, many gaps in the circle of his or her nearest and dearest friends. There could not, therefore, be a more appropriate season in which to raise the issue as to whether the wearing of what is known as "mourning" is commendable from any point of view, whether it be regarded as a homage to—and a commemoration of—the beloved "dead," an expression of the grief of the survivors, or whether it be merely looked at from the standpoint of simple common sense.

The custom is so widespread, indeed, one may say so universal, that it is difficult to approach the subject with an unbiassed mind, because with most of us, and especially with those who are going down the hill of years, it is so interwoven with old associations, it is so entangled with traditions that are endeared to us by a thousand memories of those who have gone before, that it has acquired what we might almost call a spurious sanctity which prevents our examining it purely on the grounds of its actual merits or demerits.

First, it is a matter of sentiment, next, it is a matter of convention: suppose we try and examine it in both these lights.

Let us approach it on its sentimental side first, and foremost of all in its aspect as an expression of our grief for those

who have passed over. We may divide this examination roughly into two categories; firstly, does the practice of wearing black as mourning do them any good? secondly, can it be considered in any way as a consolation to ourselves? In the former case, if it be possible that our beloved who have passed over are conscious in their new surroundings of such very mundane matters as the clothes that the relations and friends whom they have left behind them are wearing, is it to be supposed that they can derive any sort of comfort or satisfaction from the knowledge that we are not only lamenting our loss of them inwardly, but are also outwardly steeping ourselves in gloom by way of doing honour to their memory? Surely so to think of them is to credit them with a most futile and belittling form of selfishness.

We are told by all who know that nothing so disturbs the peace and retards the progress of our friends upon the other side of death as vehement outbursts of sorrow and unrestrained indulgence in grief on the part of us who mourn their loss; it troubles their serenity, it accentuates any purgation which they may have to experience, and it forcibly drags back to earth those thoughts which they are attempting to turn towards higher things. If this be so, and a large and increasing number of people firmly believe that it is so, how can it be possible that a daily and hourly insistence upon our grief, a nursing of it in the concrete form of "customary suits of solemn black," can fail to have a harmful effect on them?

If we would arrive at a reasonable judgment in the matter, we cannot do better than put ourselves in their places and suppose the positions to be reversed.

Let anyone ask himself or herself this question, "When my time shall come to pass over into the Unseen, do I really wish that those to whom I have bidden a temporary farewell

should behave as though that farewell were in truth eternal?"—because that is what it amounts to—"Do I wish that they should dwell upon the gloomiest aspect of death by the gloomiest garb which they can assume, in order to 'commemorate' all the happy days which we have spent together, all the bright and tender memories with which I would be linked in their recollection, as they will be in mine? Is it really a fitting expression of that hope of a lasting link of love between us, unbreakable and unending, which we mutually entertain?" I venture to think that there is not a single one of us who would answer those questions in the affirmative.

And if we would not wish it, is it not reasonable to conclude that our "dead" would not, and do not, wish it either?

And, if that be granted, it inevitably follows that, in wearing black for them, to put their memories in mourning not only gives them no kind of pleasure but is actually contrary to their wishes as well as to their highest interests.

So much for those whom we profess to mourn by wearing black. Now let us take the point of view of the mourners.

Is there anyone who will assert that from the wearing of black he finds the slightest solace for his grief or the smallest consolation for his loss?

When we truly mourn we need no outward reminder of that which is ever present in our inmost selves, nor do we desire to impress the intensity of our sorrow upon the outside world by wearing our heart upon our sleeve—a black sleeve!

Why, then, do we wear black? There is only one answer: we wear it as a tribute to convention, fashion, "that monster custom who all sense doth eat." Although we know in our hearts the unreason—indeed, the absurdity—of that custom, we still continue it because we have not the courage to break away from it, we endue ourselves with the livery of the rook and the raven lest we should be accused of disrespect to our dead, and, so strong is the force of habit, that many of us have come to believe the omission of the conventional

mourning garb really would constitute some sort of slight to their memory.

Yet, to show how fallacious this is, one has only to look back a comparatively few years, and those within living memory, to arrive at a time when it would have been considered disrespectful to the departed not to have attired the mourners at his obsequies in the voluminous black mantles and crape scarves (provided by the undertaker), not to have had standing at the door of the house whence the body was borne forth two absurd personages, termed mutes, arrayed in sable cloaks and tall hats swathed in huge scarves of crape gathered at the back into a grotesque bow with long depending ends, and both of them bearing long black wands muffled, like the mourners, in prodigious scarves of black; it would have been an omission of the grossest magnitude not to have carried the coffin of the deceased to the grave in a hideous closed hearse funereally adorned with a multitude of towering panaches of sable plumes and drawn by four coal-black horses (generally dyed!) sweeping the ground with portentously long tails (mainly false!), trapped with trailing housings of black velvet, and headgear to match (giving them the appearance of equine Familiars of the Holy Inquisition!), each bearing also on his head a prodigious plume of black ostrich feathers to match those which waved above the hearse; the coffin, also, was very generally covered with black cloth and ornamented with the inspiring symbols of the death's-head and crossbones, in metal, also japanned black; an enormous pall of black velvet, having a wide border of white silk, with which to cover the coffin, much to the embarrassment of the, thereby, blind bearers was also *de rigueur*, and all this silly and dismal pageant was thought to be only a proper observance of the honour due to the dead. Moreover, not only had Grief its own sable hue in which to mourn, but it had its own peculiar fabric—crape, into whose very warp and woof apparently was woven the sanctity of sorrow, and in this sombre material every female mourner who had lost a near relative was required by the tyranny of custom to drape herself from

head to foot; the mere male mourner was let off with a full suit of black cloth and a deep band of the same swathing his tall hat to its very top.

For the wife who had lost her husband there was a perfect riot of crape, extending to a "widow's bonnet"—black, with an inner garnish of white crape, and a trailing veil of black for outdoor wear; while, within doors, she was expected to endure herself with a hideous headgear of white crape, adorned with two long and wide streamers of the same material, called a "widow's cap"; and around her wrists were further deep bands of white crape (always the same crape!) which were felicitously known as "weepers"! Could anything be sillier or in worse taste? Could anything more nearly amount to a mockery of genuine grief, or be more calculated, were that possible, to bring it into contempt? Then there were, after a rigorously stipulated time, all the absurdities and nice gradations of "half-mourning" (and indeed of quarter mourning), through which the mourner relapsed from the desolation of crape into the bereavement indicated by mere black, and thence, by nicely modified gradations, from black into black and white, from black and white into purple, grey, and lilac, and from these, with ever-increasing consolation, back to the comforting domain of cheerful colour.

Was ever such banality of grief? It recalled the old joke in *Punch*, in which a lady entering a "mourning warehouse" (the very name is an absurdity) is accosted by the shopwalker, and in answer says that she wants some lilac ribbon, to which he replies, "This way, then, madam, if you please, to the counter for mitigated affliction; that is the department for agonising woe."

Of course we have completely abandoned the gross funeral customs that once dishonoured death and made the progress to the grave an exhibition of absurdity and bad taste, and this reform was largely due to the unsparing and deserving satire heaped upon it repeatedly by the great Charles Dickens; also, the widow's cap and weepers have followed them, but comparatively recently, into the limbo of

futile fashions slain by common sense; crape is fast falling into disuse, if it still maintains a precarious hold on the past generation, and this reversion to reason owes much to our own Royal Family, whose example in the matter of mourning has been not only eminently reasonable, but largely followed. To them we owe it that purple and grey have very generally, at funerals, superseded the former accessories of all-prevailing black. Royalties, indeed, would seem always to have held more sensible views upon the subject of mourning than less exalted personages. The Royal House of France "mourned" in white, and to this custom, as the widow of Francis II., Mary Stuart owes her sobriquet of "La Reine Blanche." Our own Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth both heartily detested "mourning," and forbade the appearance at Court of any of their subjects in that garb, in which they will have the sympathy and approval of very many sensible people, quite apart from that of the present writer; which brings us to another phase of the indictment against black as a desirable wear, since it runs as counter to health as it does to reason and to right sentiment. Its hygienic record is quite of its own colour; it repels the health-giving light; it attracts germs; it depresses the wearer—and nothing renders anyone so easy a prey to adverse health influences as a condition of depression—and not only does such a state of dejection adversely affect the health and spirits of the wearer, but, also, it exercises a similar influence on all those with whom he comes in contact—nothing is so contagious as depression—so that he—or more probably she—goes about diffusing gloom germs and melancholy by way of a tribute to the memory of the loved one whom he—or she—is "mourning."

Well within the last half-century a graceful custom has gradually come to obtain of replacing the dreary pall, formerly inevitable at funerals, with wreaths and garlands of natural flowers, than which, speaking to all our hearts as they do of hope and immortality, there could be nothing more touching nor appropriate, provided always that the custom is not

carried, as we too often see it, to an excess of extravagant display. It is no more seemly to deck out a funeral as though it were a festival than it is desirable to deepen its solemnity into what Dr. Johnson once defined as "insipissated gloom."

It was a happy inspiration and a beautiful thought which led the Conservative Party to perpetuate the memory of Lord Beaconsfield by the yearly wearing of his favourite flower, the primrose, upon the anniversary of his death.

I remember once going to a funeral at which many of those who attended it wore a bunch of wallflowers as a tribute to their friend who had passed over, that having been the flower he liked best. Surely such a recognition was a better commemoration than steeping themselves in black from head to heel.

Again, to turn to the exclusively practical side of the wearing of black in token of mourning, it is an expense which the vast majority of people can ill afford; it represents a twofold waste, since, in addition to the extensive purchases of black which have to be made, there have to be considered the clothes—often new or very little worn—which are put aside till the period of mourning is over, and, when that time arrives, especially in these days of frequent changes of fashion, they are found to be out of vogue, and so have to be discarded, so inflicting an utterly needless extravagance on the wearer.

As for the poor, it is notorious that they often half ruin themselves and incur heavy debt in order to do honour to their dead by a funeral altogether out of proportion to their means and an expenditure on black clothes which represents a heavy burthen on their earnings. And the responsibility for this futile waste rests upon those who consider themselves their social superiors, for, remember, it is the upper classes of society who set the fashions and those who are lower in the social scale who follow them; therefore, when you bow the knee to an irrational and extravagant custom which does no good either to you or to those whom you "mourn" you are doing positive harm to hundreds of thousands of your fellow-

creatures who look to you for an example only to receive from you an ill one.

Then there is another point of view, a by no means unimportant one, from which the question may be considered, and that is the aspect of black as it appears in the light of association and symbolism.

By both of these, which are so inextricably interwoven with sentiment, black stands disclosed as altogether sinister.

Tradition and legend have ever associated it with the Powers of Darkness, have ever averred it to be the livery of Evil; in the phraseology of everyday life we employ black as a synonym for all things dismal; when things are at their worst with us we say that the outlook is black, when we want to describe a morbid tendency in anyone we say that he always looks on the black side of things, when we want to depict a villain we say that he is black-hearted; black is the epithet which we intuitively apply to midnight, to murder, to treachery, to all that is worst in debased human nature.

Such is the symbolism of black in common speech, and upon the Physical Plane; and when we come to consider it from higher standpoints its record is even worse.

Occultism declares black to be the distinctive hue of malice, with whose emanations it is instinct; it stigmatises the thaumaturgy that is used entirely for selfish ends, and malignantly employed to injure others, as Black Magic, and the bestial and blasphemous rites which are the culminating ceremonial of the Devil-worshippers' cult are known as the Black Mass.

Black is the typical and accepted colour of despair. Who is there of us that would desire to associate his beloved who have gone before with such a sentiment, with such a string of detestable associations? Then why should we commemorate our "dead" by wearing it?

If, as St. Paul says, "We mourn not as those that have no hope," what colour can be less fitting in which to mourn those from whom we have parted for a brief season than that which is the accredited vesture of despair? But if it be a comfort to any to wear some visible and outward

mark of respect, surely the wearing of a band upon the arm sufficiently fulfils that purpose, though in place of black it is far preferable that the band should be purple; *not* because that colour is what is termed "half-mourning," but because it is the one allotted by Occultism to the highest qualities in Man Immortal, because violet typifies the never-dying Spirit. A band of such a colour would have a double significance, proclaiming to the world that "we mourn not as those that have no hope." The wearing of black as mourning is the sole relic of those semi-barbarous funereal customs of our ancestors which we now profess to regard with mingled amazement and amusement, yet its use is dictated by exactly the same spirit as that which inspired the discarded customs which we now perceive to have been not only meaningless but absurd. It is for us—for all of us—to resolve that we will no longer perpetuate a practice which has literally nothing to recommend it; but *all* of us means *each* of us, and,

individually, you and I. If a thing be desirable to be done, then each one of us must contribute towards doing it, and not refer it vaguely to the general action of the community.

No one of us, man or woman, can live entirely to himself or herself, each lives to his or her neighbour, towards whom the force of influence and the power of example are among our most potent duties.

If we are convinced that the wearing of black as mourning has become an anachronism, is in itself indefensible, then it is *our* duty to show forth that truth not only with our lips but in our lives, to practise what we profess, and not to wait for someone else to lead the way. So when the question arises, "Should we wear black?" let us have the courage of our convictions, let us range ourselves boldly upon the side of common sense, of right feeling, of health, of hope, of happiness, and answer that question in the face of all the world with an emphatic "No."



TO THE BAND OF SERVERS

IN ways that seem but dark and desolate
 You lead with Light, O Souls of great Desire,
 Lifting Day's torches till the blind who wait
 In darkness see, and seek the Fount of Fire.

As Winds of Dawn, blown through the Wilderness
 World-wards, you sing, till the deaf hear, and long,
 And leave the silence, striving to possess
 The Message and the Rapture of that Song.

Pilgrims of Love! who on the barren sands
 Give your Heart's blood for those who faint and fail,
 Into those emptied cups Angelic hands
 Pour down the Treasure of the Holy Grail.

ALTHEA GYLES

A WOMAN'S LODGING-HOUSE

By PRISCILLA E. MOULDER

In these drear, cold November nights, it is well that our attention should be called to those who require our sympathetic attention. No man or woman in this England of ours should be without fire, food, and shelter.

HOW very true is the old proverb, "One half the world does not know how the other half lives." But I, for one, had never realised its full meaning until I recently went through a woman's lodging-house situated in a great industrial centre. It was a depressing night in November, foggy and wet. The matron at once took me in hand. She was a capable, energetic, good-looking woman, with keen, dark eyes, rich brown hair and a pleasant face, just the sort of woman for such a position. She explained that, when full, the house could accommodate about 250 women, and that the prices charged for beds were 3d., 3½d. and 4d. per night, and there was room for just a few children. The women who habitually made use of the lodging-house were mainly hawkers and professional beggars.

First, the matron took me into the general room, which was crowded with women who had just come in—wet to the skin many of them—and were warming themselves before a blazing fire preparatory to getting ready for bed. There was a most peculiar odour in the room, arising no doubt from the wet clothes of the women as they dried in the heat of the room. Indeed, in a very literal sense, "all sorts and conditions" of women were here gathered together. One woman, who in younger and happier days must have been of prepossessing appearance, was pointed out by the matron as being the sister of an eminent doctor, well known and respected in the medical world. Drink had been the cause of her down-

fall. What a tragedy! Another case was mentioned as once having occupied a good position as private secretary, and several others were well educated and had been delicately nurtured in childhood and youth. To such as these Tennyson's words must have applied with peculiar force:

Sorrow's crown of sorrow,
Is remembering happier things.

We went upstairs, and I was shown through scores of cubicles, where the beds were neat and tidy and the bedclothes spotless. Each cubicle contained a chair, a tiny chest of drawers, and a looking-glass. For personal cleanliness each landing had a bathroom and several hand-basins in the lavatory, and for washing and drying clothes a large room was fitted up downstairs with every modern convenience for the purpose. Next, we went downstairs again, and looked into the room where the women were cooking their suppers on the "hot plate." A score of suppers can be cooked at once on this clever contrivance, which looks like the top of a long table. Every woman who enters the lodging-house for the night is allowed to take anything in to cook, and those who can afford it gladly avail themselves of the opportunity thus given. Some of the women were frying onions in dripping, which gave forth a savoury smell; some had kippers or bloaters, others rashers of bacon, and a few chops or a bit of steak. I noticed that each woman was jealously guarding her own food, and the matron explained that if it was left for even a short time it had a knack of disappearing. A woman

who was busily cooking some sliced tomatoes told me that the week before she had left two kippers on the "hot plate" cooking for her supper, and when she returned they had gone. Hard luck!

Shall I ever forget the unique sight of over two hundred women filing upstairs to bed? The matron and an assistant stood at the bottom of the first flight of stairs watching each woman keenly as she presented her check, to see that none of them smuggled anything up to bed in the form of pipes, tobacco, matches, or intoxicating drink of any kind. If the matron were at all suspicious, she had the power to make the suspected woman turn out the contents of her pockets for inspection. What a pathetic sight it was! Several of the women were over seventy years of age and in receipt of their old-age pensions; a few were mere girls—bonny-looking girls, too—of eighteen or twenty years; but the bulk were middle-aged women, who looked as if they had been torn and tossed about in the battle of life and had decidedly got the worst of the encounter. They filed up the stairs in a long procession, silently for the most part, many of them dead-tired with the toil of the day, and wanting nothing but to be allowed to go quietly to bed and to sleep.

I asked the matron: "What becomes of these women when they fall ill?" She replied, in a sad tone of voice, "They are taken to the workhouse infirmary until they are better, or else they end their days there."

"Do you often have trouble with the women?" I inquired.

"Not very often," was the answer. "Of course, there are always a few who seem to delight in giving trouble, others do it without thinking, while others, again, are as tractable and docile as children."

"Many of the women, I suppose, will be permanent lodgers?"

"Yes; quite a large number of them. They earn their living by knitting and crocheting little fancy articles, which they afterwards sell to ladies, or they go out charring or sewing for the day; or they are simply beggars, who have their regular haunts for each day in the week."

"Would you say that drink is mainly responsible for women coming here?"

"In many cases, yes; but there are, of course, many other causes. Some of the women are just thriftless, and have no more idea of taking care of money than a baby; others are vicious and live on the proceeds of vice. Many take to drink through domestic troubles, and others go wrong as mere girls, when, instead of trying to regain respectability or letting anyone help them to do so, they sink lower and lower into the mire and end in the Lock Hospital."

"Have you found that the war has made much difference in the number of inmates?"

"It did at first, principally to the casual class. The permanent class has remained about the same, and now the casuals are about normal again."

I thanked the matron for her kindness and passed out into the street. The rain was still coming down steadily, the wind howled round the chimneys with a mournful sound, and the unlucky pedestrians looked miserable enough. Every now and then a newsboy rushed past, shouting the latest news from the front, but everybody seemed too intent on getting home in the shortest possible time to take any notice. In the dimly-lighted streets it was not easy to find one's way, and I was quite startled when a woman's voice accosted me,

"Can you please spare me a few coppers for a bed?"

I looked at the woman; the tone was quite civil, the accent almost refined. She would not be more than forty, but ill-health, insufficient food, and, alas! the results of drink and vicious living had made her an old woman before her time. Her clothes were quite inadequate as a protection against the weather; her boots were worn through nearly to the uppers; her skirt was dirty and bedraggled, and she was wet to the skin. From time to time she coughed, a dry, hacking cough, which shook the whole body, and her eyes were feverishly bright. I gave her what she asked, and a trifle over for food, some pathetic verses of Herbert Kaufmann's haunting me meanwhile:

"Why are you lonely, sister?
Where have your friends all gone?"
"Friends I have none, for I went the road
Where women must harvest what men have
sowed.
And they never come back when the field is
mowed.
They gave the lee of the cup to me,
But I was blind and would not see—
Now I'm old."

"Is there no mercy, sister,
For the wanton whose course is spent?"
"When a woman is lovely the world will fawn,
But not when her beauty and grace are gone,
When her face is seamed and her limbs are
drawn.
I've had my day and I've had my play.
In my winter of loneliness I must pay—
Now I'm old."

TO THOSE ON THE SICK LIST

By N. C. USHER

REMEMBER that *nothing* happens by chance, but that suffering and pain are part of the general scheme for perfecting the character. It is even better to have a healthy soul than to have a healthy body. It all depends on the way you carry your burden; it is easier if you place it firmly on your shoulders than if you trail it in the dust.

Always try to greet your friends with a smile—not a sigh. As a matter of fact, it requires less effort to smile than to sigh, and the result is immeasurably better. Sighing does not help you, and it depresses others. Besides, the consciousness of facing life's ills bravely is the grandest stimulant one can have. One only needs to try it.

Bear in mind that any long-continued affliction will master you unless you master *it*. The soul need never be dominated by the body, no matter what the suffering may be. Who realises this can echo Henley's noble lines:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit, from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of Chance
My head was bloody, but unbowed.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll:
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

Happiness is not dependent on bodily well-being. Twenty years ago the writer was told by her doctor that she would never walk again. She was only a girl at the time, but she said to herself, "This shall not spoil my life." And it has not done so. The path of roses is not necessarily the happiest.

Moreover, it is astonishing what one can do, though heavily handicapped. When the lower limbs are crippled, the hands are often defter. When the sight fails, the hearing quickens. Heaven takes with one hand, only to give with the other. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb.

An invalid's influence may be the strongest in the house. His room may be a sort of haven of rest in troublous times. Indeed, by his letters, by his sympathy, by his advice, he may well be a blessing to the whole neighbourhood. In this busy work-a-day world, there are so few leisured lives that the sphere of quiet influence is peculiarly needed and appreciated.

But in order thus to turn your sigh into a song, it is necessary to realise one fact clearly. Your circumstances are not you. Your very body is not you. *You* are that wonderful, intangible, immortal something that lives and loves and plans and sympathises and hopes. All that happens to your body is secondary: pain, weakness, even death cannot injure your own self *unless you will it*. And the invalid who realises this can never be otherwise than happy.

TRADES THAT TRANSGRESS

VII.—The Worn-Out Horse Traffic

By G. COLMORE

OF the many trades that transgress, the meanest, perhaps, of all, the most condemnatory of those who profit by it, is the traffic in worn-out horses. For not only flesh and blood are in this traffic bought and sold, but it is the bodies of faithful friends, it is long service, it is trusting affection which are given over to hardship and suffering for the sake of pounds, shillings, and pence.

This is a widespread trade, for in it so many take part; every man and woman who sells a horse past work, or nearing the unworkable stage, has a hand in it; anyone who, having used the strength of horses and, when that strength fails, exchanges the weakening heart and faltering limbs for money, is an approver and an upholder of it. "But no," some will say; "even supposing the aging horses that we sell do eventually fall into the hands of those who send them across the sea to Belgium, we are not responsible for what happens after they have left our hands; we could not foresee their fate; we dislike and have nothing to do with the traffic." True it is that ignorance stands as a buffer between the sufferings of the sold horses and the discomfort of the sellers; true it is that those who refuse to look ahead do not see; but the bliss of ignorance in the case of decrepit horses is purchased at too high a price. For treachery, whether its palpable reward be thirty pieces of silver, or a hundred, or a few pence, is a shameful asset in every kind of barter, and into this particular kind of barter treachery enters freely.

All over the world where horses are used, they are valued in their youth and abandoned in their age; all over the world the love of money, the root of so much evil, casts out humaneness, common gratitude, elementary justice; all over the

world the vast majority of decrepit horses are regarded and treated as so much worn-out machinery. In England large numbers are transported to Belgium and Holland, and the sufferings of the sea voyage loom large in the path of their martyrdom. Martyrdom, I say, and I use the word deliberately; it is not inaccurate, and it is not too strong. For see what happens, and remember that care and comfort, warm dry stables, petting, too, and affection were the lot of many of these castaway horses when in their prime. I quote from an article by Miss A. M. F. Cole in Mr. Sidney Trist's valuable book, *The Under Dog*, a book in which many facts concerning many of the trades that transgress are laid bare by men and women who have the right to speak with authority.

The illustrations accompanying Miss Cole's article give a much better idea of what this traffic really means than any words of mine can convey. I only wish I could reproduce them here, but cannot obtain permission to do so. Those, however, to whom words do not call up pictures, have only to get *The Under Dog* and look at the illustrations for themselves, or see the film obtained by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, should the Society again exhibit it.

After a rough passage, the horses came over in such a condition that I can scarcely describe the same. If the weather has been very bad, all the boxes in which they are carried over are broken, and the animals are lying in one heap. In that case it is very difficult to have them put on shore without further cruelty. The seriously injured animals are shot where they are. Equally, our inspectors shoot the animals coming over in good weather which have fallen down during the passage and are not able to rise.

The law permits the exportation of blind horses, and every week blind horses are exported, generally from the mines. It is evident that blindness must cause much additional

suffering during transport on land and sea. Small pit ponies, often blind, are bought in Belgium for vivisection and experiment in the veterinary colleges. They are cheaper than horses.

They are cheaper. And it is cheaper to ship horses alive, though they may be likely to die on the way, because on dead horses duty must be paid, and no duty is levied on the living. Duty! The word bears many meanings. From five to six thousand horses are sent annually from England to Amsterdam; large numbers are sent to Ghent; others to Rotterdam, to Brussels, to Antwerp. The total number sent to Belgium and Holland annually is from 40,000 to 43,000. It is an unending procession; and after the sea comes the land. The fate of some of the horses is vivisection, which is a trade as well as a reputed science, a trade bound up with many vested interests and many and hideous transgressions; some are slaughtered, but these may be driven on foot without water or food for any distance before they reach the haven of death and pass into it by the hammer's blows.

In 1910 a Bill was passed to regulate this traffic, and in 1914 a small amending Act was placed on the Statute Book; but, as Mr. Ernest Bell says in the October, 1914, *Animals' Friend*, this "has been whittled down to an almost useless clause permitting the inspector to have any horse killed if it is 'permanently incapable of being worked without suffering.'" The 1910 Bill was so inefficient that Miss Cole, writing in 1913—that is to say, from two to three years after the passage of it into law—and writing as an eyewitness, says:

At the quarantine stables the dealers, who are forced, now, to pay, take care that they have their money's worth. So the horses have hay, and bran in their water. The rule is that they stay there till 5 p.m., but that rule is not always kept. It was Easter Monday and the butchers were not working, so the horses in the floats were brought to the quarantine stables to be kept there apart till the next day. We waited to see how they were treated. After about an hour, a float was backed against a stable door, and the horses led down. One stumbled and fell. The inside of one hinder leg was one long wound, and the horse could not get up. Drivers and dealers crowded round it, and we knew if it were left unprotected it would be dragged inside the door by the tail and left there till the next

day. We hurried to find the inspector; M. Ruhl sent a policeman to watch. Unsuccessful, we hurried back, and at the same time the inspector came. Stooping over the horse, he placed the humane killer against its head. There was a report, and the horse gave a shudder. Then the inspector thrust a knife into the breast and the blood rushed out. It was the happiest sight I saw that day.

We found that the five other horses had food and water, but one had been tied so that it could not reach the water. It was a two-year-old colt with immense swellings on its legs, and evidently had been a pet. It thrust its nose against my hands, and against M. Ruhl's head when he bent to loosen it so that it could drink. . . .

In the procession were the usual blind pit ponies. Here and there a running sore eye; a bitten, bleeding mouth; a tail or hip with hair and skin rubbed off. I noticed a grey pony with disfigured mane and tail. The procession was brought up by the usual two floats. Four live horses in one; two live and one dead in the other.

We went to the slaughter-house to see what became of the horses taken there in the floats. We did not find them. After a long search we found seven horses wandering about in a big stable without straw or food. I cannot assert that they were old English horses. A man who watches that traffic unobserved declares that those horses may be, and are, bought and taken away immediately on arrival at the quarantine stables. Officials say that this is not true. Those horses are evidently ravenous. Some of them came towards us. One followed us about. They were a wretched sight.—*The Under Dog*, pp. 10, 11 and 12.

The English love of horses has not availed to stop this trade, yet for the moment it is in abeyance; arrested, not by pity or generosity or justice, but by mere lack of means to pursue it; automatically war holds it in check. War, for the time being, stands as a shield between horses and this particular fashion of exploiting and ill-treating them; it is for the public—the horse-owning, the reputed horse-loving public—to determine that when peace comes there shall be no renewal of a trade the basic principle of which is exploitation of the weak by the strong.

War holds up this trade in sick, old, worn-out horses; but to war is due no praise in this respect, since war, in placing an embargo on the traffic, takes count only of convenience and not at all of kindness. That this is so is shown by the conditions of transport in which horses shipped in the Argentine for French and Flemish battlefields are brought over.

That this is so was demonstrated by the state in which, in the Boer war, horses shipped from England arrived in South Africa. That this is so is proved by the fact that the unfit army horses of England, in this present war, were sold for small sums in Egypt and elsewhere, to be worked and bullied and starved to death by a brutal peasantry. This particular form of making money and misery has now, to be sure, been stopped, but only after thousands of horses, suffering already and needing and deserving care and kindness, had been given over to cruelty and oppression. It was done, we were told, this selling of horses past service, to make money, save expense; but to save expense at such an expense as this is pitiable economy. Oh, Prussianism, surely thy name is commerce!

And, again, that it is no consideration of kindness that dictates the policy of man to the horses whose service he enforces is made patent by the fate of the discarded horses of the French Army. Once discarded, they are neither fed nor watered, but, packed into trucks meant to hold far fewer than the numbers crowded into them, are sent forth on journeys on which many die; and, when at last they are released from the trains, they often have to walk great distances in their starved, thirst-racked, exhausted condition before they are killed or sold for what they will fetch. And everybody knows what is meant by a sale of that kind; it means that the buyers exact from their purchases the last dregs of strength, the equivalent in work of the price paid, to the uttermost farthing, and beyond it. But in France, as in England, as in most of the countries of the world, there are persons and groups of persons who cease not in striving, by humane teaching and action, to inculcate humaneness in humanity; and in Paris a committee has been formed for the pur-

pose of combating, of seeking to ameliorate, the sufferings of these discarded war horses.*

War, therefore, which holds in abeyance one particular source of suffering to animals, has not diminished the callousness in which that suffering takes rise. On the contrary, war has increased the callousness. We have only to mark the underfed, over-worked, over-loaded, ill, and old horses in the London streets to realise that war has not lightened but increased the burden of pain and weariness which at all times we impose upon these inarticulate servitors; and London is certainly no worse than other cities, England no less humanitarian in feeling and action than other countries. After the war, then, the animals' cause is likely to loom not larger, but less large, in public consideration; the claims of animals are likely to press not more, but less, hardly on the public conscience than was the case before the war began, and it is for all lovers of justice and mercy all the world over to uphold the right attitude towards animals with all their might and main.

And with regard to the one trade that the war holds in check—the traffic in worn-out horses—it is for England, France, and Holland to see that peace does not start it afresh. If Holland and Belgium want the carcasses of England's old horses, let those carcasses be sent as carcasses—dead, not living. Miss Cole, an expert authority on everything connected with the trade, is persuaded that it could be conducted on this basis, and it is for England to see that it is thus conducted. For England especially, since England is the country which sells; since England, supplying, should carry weight in determining the method of supply; and since England, proud of her horses, should be too proud to make money out of their decrepitude, their pain, and their utter helplessness.

* Madame Simons, who has been instrumental in forming the committee, is now acting as honorary secretary. Monsieur Millevoye, the member for Paris, is the honorary president. Monsieur Paul Meunier, member for Aube, is acting-president; and many other well-known Frenchmen are vice-

presidents, officials, and members of it. Anyone desiring to help in this work of mercy can send contributions direct to Madame Simons, 23, Rue des Martyrs, Paris. IX.ar., or to Miss Greville, 25, Ossington Street, Notting Hill Gate, London, W. 2, who will forward to Paris any moneys received.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Pit Pony

We now publish some letters from miners on the subject of the treatment of pit ponies. See "The Coal Trade" in our September number. The letters speak for themselves.

DEAR G. COLMORE,—As I am a miner it may encourage and discourage you to know that the facts you gave in the September *Herald of the Star* on the pitiful case of the pit pony were by no means exaggerated. I have not been a "haulier" or a "driver," but as far as the colliery where I work is concerned I have a fairly good idea of what the plight of the pit pony is. It is not that the boys or the ostlers—who look after their horses—are wantonly cruel or neglectful; but the conditions under which they are placed and the work given them to do that on occasion make them ill-use the ponies. There was a very decided improvement in the ponies' condition some years ago, when the last Coal Mines Act and Regulations came into force. But, as you said, the inspection is really quite a farce, because the inspections and the visits are so few and far between. Before that time the ponies had to go all day without food and water, and I have seen pit-props (without any exaggeration) eaten hollow, and they, or some of the ponies, knew how to drink tea or water from the narrow-necked "jacks" or cans of the miners or their drivers! Now a driver, with the law behind him, thinks it a matter of honour and conscience to insist on the daily allowance of food for his horse during the time it is away from the stable and during working hours.

Of course, it must be admitted that the boys and men ill-treat their horses, and often, when anything goes wrong, the poor things are dealt with brutally. Leather straps with big buckles of brass, pieces of wood, and even iron rods of an inch in thickness are used in a most sickening manner when these occasions come round. Kicking front or hind legs and body, knocking on the head are fairly

common. When things go normally I have rarely seen such things happen. And to the boys' and men's credit it must be said that they look after their ponies very well as a rule.

Time and again I have had to appeal, remonstrate, and threaten to report boys for beating their horses; and I have rarely failed with them. I know of cases, however, when boys beat their ponies when out of my sight! It's the money-getting disease and the commercialism of the times that, as you suggest, is the root of the evil.

I do not claim technical knowledge in regard to mechanical haulage in mines, but I give it as my view that it is not absolutely necessary that horses should be used. It is again a question of money. I have heard of one or two pits where there are no ponies.

I only wish the price of ponies and horses would increase — say, to £200 or £300 each!

Yet how affectionate a pit pony can be! How it will nestle its head on one's breast like a child when you pet and pat it! What unutterable love and tragedy its beautiful eyes seem to express! Little boys have often told me not to let a pony "lean on you"—"he's lazy and cute"! I thank the love and real benevolence in a few men and women who speak and plead for our younger brothers in the scale of evolution. And I thank you from my heart of hearts for what you have done.

Not having means to subscribe, I am not a member of any Humanitarian Society or Anti-Vivisection Society, but I am one of the silent thinkers, trying by sympathy and thought to help all such movements along. I join or try to join in the Humane Research League meditation every Tuesday at 5 p.m.

All heartiest greetings and best of wishes.

P.S.—Just now, I may say, the ponies' allowance of food is being cut down. *Tuesday last* I was told by a driver that they threatened to refuse to take the horses out from the stables to work because they thought they had not had enough food. The allowance of oats has been, it appears, taken away for a time. I am glad to tell you that the boys insisted and obtained a promise that a supply would be sent them before midday!

DEAR EDITOR,—I hope you will excuse me writing a few lines to you, but I feel that I really cannot resist. I have just been reading an article in the current issue of the *Herald of the Star* on the subject "Trades that Transgress."

I must say that it is the first time that I have read your interesting and elevating book, and to us miners, as, of course, this district is a very busy coal mining district, such an article on cruelty to pit horses cannot fail to appeal to anyone who reads it.

It is scandalous to see how the pit horses are forced to overwork themselves and to see how they are beaten if they fail to do what is required of them. Of course, the conditions of labour in a coal mine are such as to make a cool-headed man lose his temper, and to me or anyone that has been working in a coal mine it is not surprising to see a "haulier" lose his temper and beat his horse unmercifully—aye, and even kick his horse until the poor beast falls to the ground exhausted. If a haulier cannot get the coal away from the "colliers' working place" he is "not required" by the management, and, of course, the collier complains to the management that he cannot make a living if the haulier cannot bring him enough empty "trams" in which to fill his coal, because he is paid by the amount of coal he turns out. So between the collier and the management the haulier is forced to overwork his horse, or kill it by ill-treatment, which very often occurs.

There is an Act of Parliament in force

which forbids anyone to work a horse over a certain number of hours, but I have known numerous instances in which the poor horses have been taken out of the stable on Monday morning and kept continuously at work until Wednesday or Thursday, then given a short rest before they are at work again.

I maintain that once a pit opens out a sufficient distance from the bottom of the "shaft" there is no necessity for keeping a single horse in any pit if the coal is worked on the "Longwall system" and all "stall work" done away with, because the work can be done by "main and tail" haulage engines from the "face" to the main roads, and the coal taken from there to the pit bottom by the main haulage engines.

I may say that the pit where I am at present working is worked on this system, and that there is "no cruelty to horses" here, as there is not a single horse in the pit.

Let the poor "friend of man" see daylight once again and the glorious green grass. Hoping you will find space to publish this letter in one of your issues, in the hope that it will help to do away with such cases of cruelty to horses in coal pits, aye, and do away with horses in mines altogether.

SIR,—Is there space in the *Herald of the Star* for the following? I can see the side of the pit boys, also of their masters. I would not for one moment condone their cruelty, for cruelty in them, as in all others, should be the "unforgivable sin." The arch-offenders are, of course, the owners and all those who sanction and profit by such cruelty.

According to Mr. Colmore, the remedy lies in the public's hands. I think it does also. But I should like to know how they can get to work and see that these poor suffering animals are not done to death?

He also says that people are callous to the suffering of and injustice to animals. They are not only callous, they are brutal. The spirit of cruelty can be seen everywhere, in men and women, boys and girls,

and so the remedy, I think, must first begin in the schools. A very great deal more emphasis should be laid on this subject. The boys should especially be taught that to inflict any kind of suffering on a helpless animal, which cannot speak for itself, is both shameful and disgraceful; to teach also that it is infinitely better to be kind and considerate than smart, and see that they understood it. I think that the thought of cruelty would then become repulsive to them, even under the strain of provocation. Deliberate cruelty in any child should never be excused, and thoughtless cruelty should be more rigidly dealt with than it often is. A child cannot be taught too early that all animals feel when hurt as they themselves. The terrible case of the poor pit pony quoted could scarcely have happened if that boy had had the frightfulness of such a thing brought home to him in his school days.

So much for the children. The owners and those profiting by such cruelties are a different proposition, and reform in that direction would meet, as stated, with tremendous opposition. Yet if it could be done, why not now? Why not a public appeal to every true lover of animals for his sympathy, his penny, and such work as he can do? Always remembering that the true lover of animals is he who loves his neighbour's dog as well as his own. The pit ponies have a hard case. Let us

hope that something may be done for their rescue.

Aigrettes

DEAR EDITOR,—It may interest some of your readers of the article on "The Feather Trade" (July, 1917) and the note on "Aigrettes" in October to know that in Nailsworth we have staying for a time a textile artist who is doing similar work with vegetable products that the lady in Holland is doing. As she often works in our studios, and I am able to collect things for her, I see what she is doing and trying to do.

For some years she has treated thistle heads, lace, and other things; but quite lately she has discovered a process by which she treats skeleton leaves, making them not only durable but flexible, and with these and other things she is making very charming hat ornaments, souvenirs to send to our boys at the front, etc. There is a large demand locally for her work.

To get the skeleton leaves we have snail farms; the snails eat the outer skins of the leaves.

She is likely to have a stall at the Horticultural Society Exhibition, where, I believe, she has already obtained a medal. She also works well on pewter.

Pensile House, Nailsworth, Gloucestershire.



A correspondent draws our readers' attention to the quotation on page 549 of the October *Herald of the Star*—"Be no longer a chaos but a world, Produce! . . ." This is not from Emerson, but Carlyle, in "Sartor Resartus," the last paragraph in the chapter called "The Everlasting Yea."



KRISHNA AND INDRA; OR, LOVE AND POWER

By MARY WINCHESTER ABBOTT, B.A.

Miss Abbott here takes the Krishna of the "Bhagavad Gita" to be the same as the Child Krishna of Vrindavana. Some students now hold that they are distinct; that the Avatara Shri Krishna, the Divine Charioteer of Arjuna, lived B.C. 3201, while the Shri Krishna of this story lived B.C. 450, for some twenty years only, and He was the Lord Maitreya.

IN the forest of Brindaban the Golden Age lived once more, for Krishna the beloved of gods and of men, Krishna the star-faced child whose smile illumined all like a rainbow of sweetness, dwelt there in the beauty of Love.

For when Kansa the wicked king had failed in his seeking to slay the child of whom it was prophesied: "The oppressed He shall succour, the enslaved He shall free, and all blessings bring to the land," the anger of the king's fear-filled heart knew no bounds, and danger after danger came, from his unseen hand, close to the child whose radiance of Love in his foster-parents' home turned it ever harmlessly aside. But anxiety dwelt in the hearts of those who loved him, and the oldest and the wisest of the counsellors deemed it best to take away the child whose marvellous beauty by the power of Love already drew all hearts to him, so that people came from far and near to look upon his face. Yea, better by far it was, said the wise ones, that the child, who was Love, in the sweetness and peace of the forest jungles should live his child life and grow in the beauty of youth. So they went forth, a great caravan with the elephants and horses, the cows and the calves—the Boy Krishna the Beautiful and those who loved him, his foster-father and mother, the king and queen of the cowherds, friends and their cows, men, women and children, who would not be left behind. Whither Krishna went they followed.

And there in the forest of Brindaban, where the life-giving sun broke through

the cool sweet darkness and the lotus blossoms in the forest pools lifted their heads to its kiss and gave forth their sweetness, where the wild things roamed fearlessly and harmlessly and flowers and fruits grew in glorious abundance—there they built their tents, which were soon covered with tendrils of creeping vines, sweet-scented jasmine and blossoms of gorgeous hue, making veritable bowers of beauty in which the birds came and nested and sang their songs of love and gladness. The shy deer and the little squirrels came and fed from their hands and played with the children, and the flowers lifted their heads in perfume of welcome as they kissed the feet of the Boy whose breath was Love.

Thus Brindaban became the land of Love and Holiness, and thus destiny fulfilled itself, as it ever does even through those who would thwart its will. For the evil thoughts of Kansa, the wicked, only helped to make possible that fullness of love-life in Brindaban where Krishna the Divine Child flashed the full rainbow of Love to the hearts of those big enough to receive it. Before he was called to the world of men and their limitations to serve as King, Priest, Friend, Teacher—those were the different rays of Love in which he walked the Earth—but ever in his heart was the Rainbow of the Lovelight of Brindaban, as it ever is to-day in the hearts of his devotees.

Love has no age, and Krishna was the Incarnation of Love. The Immortal-Child, the All-beautiful youth, eternally young, yet infinitely wise; for true wisdom

is heart-wisdom, and the greatest and wisest of mankind keep ever the child-heart. To those near and dear to him never was he a son of a king—only their comrade, their child, their friend, the one most Beloved. To the mothers he came as a child and filled their hearts to overflowing. "Like a flower dropped untouched from heaven they held Him." To all he brought the love that each needed, "the sweet touch that harmonised all things and made the heaven and the earth to meet." Never seemed he a god in his marvellous deeds, for wonder was lost in love. Divinely natural seemed all that he did, for well they knew that Love is all-powerful, and the Love itself that radiated from Him and filled them with joy was the greatest marvel of all.

Words of wisdom came from his lips as naturally as the wondrous notes of his flute, which entranced all hearts and brought the shy things of the forests to his side; while even the trees and flowers and rocks quivered and melted in love to follow him. For Krishna loved all living things—and naught is there which is not living, since the same love-life flows through all. The flowers with which he was garlanded never faded but clung to his body in soft caress, while their colours grew deeper and their fragrance sweeter as his touch quivered through them. The gentle cows as he stroked them in loving companionship gazed at him with a look of yearning love in their beautiful eyes; while the wild deer looked on with longing from the brow of the hill, then came nearer and nearer to share in his life-giving touch. Yea, even the fierce tigers and leopards came and licked his feet and hands with their rough tongues, and curled at his feet in happy contentment. And the great elephants who loved and guarded Krishna as their child felt the marvellous power of love, and dwelt in peace with those whom man had made their enemies. "For the brute is ever stilled by the might of Love—unlike man, it knoweth its power and yieldeth to its force."

Thus in the sweet land of Brindaban, where love reigned supreme because of the presence of the Child who was Love,

Krishna grew in all the beauty of youth. "The spirit of life he was, with a transfiguring glory in His face and His eyes full of softness and love-light." Often he would pause in their sports in the forest to caress the trees and say to his companions:

"See the wonder of these trees! Kind beyond expression are they. They ask for naught but what the earth, sky, and sun, the night and day give unto them; yet in all loyalty they grow and give shade unto us and unto all that wish to partake of their shade. Their fruits also do they give and leaves and juices to all who desire it. So should man also be, but few are there among men that live but to bestow blessings upon others.

"Yet unto you, I say, O my loved companions: Only unto them that give of their abundance to all that come within their radius, unto them alone is life a blessing and not a curse.

"All men are placed here not of their own free will, nor yet unto themselves, but by the will of Love and for others. And only as the law of give and take is set in operation among men is man living a natural life.

"Oft times doth a man wonder why he is unto himself a huge perplexity. It is only where he forgets his relationship to all mankind that his life a riddle is, and, this being so, he comprehendeth not the Maker of himself nor the universe, and failing to do so how can he know life aright?

"Live not for the living but live for the loving, O my loved ones, for life is love and love is life."

Do we not hear an echo of these words in the immortal Song on the field of Kurukshetra, where Krishna gives to Arjuna the sprmeme teaching:

"And whoso loveth cometh to Me."

One day when the summer was over Krishna saw that preparations were being made for some great ceremony in honour of one of the gods. So going to his foster-father, Nanda, he asked him innocently:

"Why these preparations, O father, and for whom are they made and what is the potency thereof? Is it a custom that through all time hath been observed, or

tell me do the Scriptures demand that these ceremonies be held?"

The king of the Cowherds replied: "We offer to-day sacrifices to him the god of the clouds, to him that watereth our hillsides and giveth drink to our crops and our cattle, to him, Indra, the god who promoteth all growth by the blessing of rain which he doth supply. A jealous god is he, O my Krishna, and desires that ceremonials and sacrifices often are made; and we in all humbleness strive to appease him, that in his wrath he may not withhold the moisture from our land, nor yet flood us with overmuch rain."

But Krishna, rising to his full height in all the majesty of his youthful beauty and with eyes overflowing with lovelight, stretched out his hand toward all the glory of life around him, and said—and his words rang vibrant yet sweet with unconscious authority:

"He that in wrath withholdeth a blessing, he never the love of creation hath known; nor doth he destroy what he hath created. For the Creator doth ever love His creation; for that which from Him hath come must forever belong to Him and the part is of His great whole.

"So Indra cannot curse this land by overmuch rain or dearth of it. But, O my father, tell the Gopas and Gopis to cease the preparations and worship not one who would destroy that which he should forever bless.

"But come to the hill side that entwines our lands, the hills and plains that furnish us with sustenance for our cattle, and to the forests, too, where fruits grow in plenty and give of their abundance to all who but take it, and flowers shed their perfume in the gladness of giving. Come there and give to the hill and the trees our sacrifices of joy and love, and feed the cows, who give us the food of love, with offerings of fresh grasses, and walk with me around the hill in ceremonial procession, and we shall see their worth and their kindness."

Nanda, knowing the wisdom of the Child, yielded to his wish. So with garland and song and sweet offerings of flowers they seven times circled the hill which lifted its head pyramid-wise to the

sun and the stars and drew men's eyes ever upwards. And Krishna, god-like in beauty, radiant with the love that was his very being, yearning to give it unto all, cried:

"I am the Way. I am the Life. I am the Hill and all that cometh therefrom. Crowned in the snow-capped mountains, I am yet in the lowly blade of grass. Eternal space I fill, yet am I captured in every heart. I am the fire in the star, the breath of the rose, the heart of every living thing, for I am Love, and Love is the mother of all. I wear on my brow the great pearl of Love which no god or man, nor worm, nor beast can resist. Love-touched, love-made, love-filled am I. Do thou come to me and partake of that Love."

At these words, sudden and fierce broke forth the wrath of Indra. A flash of lightning rent the sky; the rain poured down in floods. In terror the people fled to their homes before the anger of the god. Seven days and nights it poured, while Indra's thunder rolled and crashed above the heads of the frightened people who had dared to neglect the age-long sacrifices to him, the god of the skies.

But Krishna only smiled at the wrath of Indra, and the light that radiated from his body lit the darkness far more than the lightning flashes of the angry god. And taking his flute he drew from it those entrancing strains which melted through the crash of the thunder and the falling of the rain, penetrating, insistent, floating out above the tumult and the violence of the storm, marvellously pure, mysteriously sweet, thrilling into the hearts of all. Then the people remembered. Their terror was calmed, and forth they came in haste to the feet of Krishna.

"O Krishna," they cried, "thou who by thy yoga power canst do all things, who canst make as naught all that is unlike thy sweet will, save us from the wrath of Indra, who seeks to destroy us."

Then Krishna lifted his hand and smiled upon them, and all fear left them. With that smile of Krishna light rent the clouds, and a great rainbow spanned the gloom. And the darkness grew brighter and brighter as the light of

Krishna's smile, like the sun, illumined all space.

Amazed and still, Indra looked down from the clouds and knew that Love had conquered, that his power was only a part of Love, and as naught without it. Then the rain ceased, and the sun burst forth, and the flowers, which had only bent before the storm to the feet of Krishna, looked up and smiled.

And Krishna said to the adoring people :

“ Depart in peace and fear no more the wrath of him who thought to destroy where he could not give life.”

But Indra, the god of the clouds, descended to earth and, falling at the feet of him who was Love-Incarnate, in deep humility said :

“ Well know I now that Love is the greatest power ; and I in my smallness of godship insolent and destructive became. I sought the praise that is ever due to Thee, O Lord of Love, for unto resistless Love alone praise should be given. But my vanity and pride I tried to shield by the power which Thou didst endow me with. I thought that I it was who brought the life to all trees and by my power kept the hills in green and the forests in wondrous foliage, and gave drinks to the cows and plenty to the rivers. And for it I longed to see men prepare the ceremonies and pray to me.

“ But to Thee, O Lord of Love ! is due all the glory ; by Thee alone am I invested

with power. Do Thou in Thy greatness forgive me while I in humbleness do bow to Thy lotus Feet.”

And Krishna, throwing a glance at Indra that filled him with a great wild joy, said : “ O Indra ! though I invested thee with sovereignty by my will, but not overfull of pride ! For this I have stopped the ceremonies so that thou mayest learn to know Me whom thou in thy prosperity hadst quite forgotten. Go to thy abode, Indra, rule thy dominion ; but know ever that pride and vanity are without power, and that Love alone is mighty.

“ To lighten the burden of all my world I have come to earth. I now lift from thee the load of pride which hath caused thee to forget Me, and in forgetting Me to have lost the beauty which was born of Me.”

And with the halo of joy about him Indra returned to his abode endowed with greater power—the gift of Love.

But Krishna, transfigured in the glory of Love-life that shone from Him in transcendent Beauty, took His flute and, standing on the brow of the hill, white moonlight around Him, the stars above and the perfume of flowers at His feet, sang that wondrous song of Love which for thousands of years has thrilled through the heart of India and now, melting through the conflict of ages, is floating over Nature to touch the ear of the world.



“ Krishna replied :—‘ The birth and death of men are shaped by their own Karma. Happiness, misery, fear, well-being, these are all the effects of Karma. If there be any god who dispenses the fruits of Karma, he must also follow that Karma, and not act independently of it.’ ”

(P. 270 *The Bhagavata Purana*, translated by Purnendu Narayan Sinha)

INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

As some of our members seem to think that the Order has somewhat departed from its original work, it has been thought that it would be helpful if the following extract were reprinted.

PROSPECTUS

From the *Herald of the Star*, October, 1913.

THE Head wishes to draw your attention to the fact that the Order of the Star in the East has the duty of examining all the great world-problems in the light of its knowledge of the future and of the general lines of the teaching which the World-Teacher may be expected to deliver to the world when He comes. Preparation for His coming largely consists, therefore, in understanding the various forces at present working in the world and in endeavouring to use the intuition to determine how best to guide them in the direction in which the Elder Brethren desire the world to grow.

The *Herald of the Star* will thus place before itself the task of dealing with all kinds of topics from the point of view of the readjustment which the Lord's coming will bring about. For example :

(a) The new principles which must govern the ideals of citizenship and the relations of the various races and countries with one another.

(b) The relations which must be established between the various religions of the world.

(c) The special methods which those who believe in the near coming of a great World-Teacher may be able to use in connection with the many pressing social problems confronting us in all countries and in all departments of human activity : the relations between the various classes of the community, the position of the poor, of the so-called criminal, the problems of employment, of healthy amusement, of sanitation, etc.

(d) Our relations with other kingdoms of nature and to other evolutions, such as the Deva evolution. Many members of the Order of the Star believe that the World-Teacher is the inspirer of the lower kingdoms of nature as well as of humanity, and that there are other evolutions—evolving side by side with us, though unseen by most—whose progress and growth He also guides. The *Herald of the Star* will,

from time to time, publish special articles dealing with these subjects in a novel and striking way.

In as much as the Lord's message is essentially a message of Love, the *Herald of the Star* will seek to establish the principle that love must become practical and operative under all conditions of life, and will endeavour to apply the tonic of love to the diseases of modern civilisation, pointing out the diseases and showing the road of love to health. The magazine is the messenger of all earnest attempts to solve the problems of human ignorance and consequent unhappiness, and will, therefore, welcome any suitable descriptions—from whatever point of view and in the spirit of any faith—of attempts or means to cure such ignorance, so that from the various parts of the world news may come of the great forward movement in the direction of the alleviation of suffering. For every honest effort to cure or to readjust is a step which the world is taking on the path to meet the Lord.

We shall make a special feature of the principles of education on the basis that all knowledge must be a link between the higher life of the spirit and the lower vehicles of man. Education must not only intensify in the child the knowledge of its own divinity, but must act as a means whereby the child shall learn through love to show to others that they, too, are God's children, whom He loves and guides. Education will thus be treated from the standpoint of its being the means to bring out the power to use, in the service of others, the faculties we possess, and the *Herald* will therefore lay stress on the principles indicated in *Education as Service*—elaborating and applying the axioms therein laid down to individual circumstances.

The *Herald of the Star* will also deal with such topics as : the future of the party system, national characteristics, descriptions of people and places of special interest to members of the Order, art, literature and science from the point of

view of their future, the drama as a road to the knowledge of the great forces guiding the world, problems of the younger races, our relations to animals and plants, the burden of the elder brother, the place and future of music, modern business and the spiritual life, etc.

Whether your country is English-speaking or not, the new *Herald* in its more attractive form will become a powerful force, not only in spreading the principles of the Order, but in gradually becoming recognised as a great channel through which may be spread new methods of dealing with the world's problems. Mrs. Annie Besant, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, and other well-known writers have agreed to contribute regularly, and the *Herald* will be in a special position to secure authoritative views from those who are really able to understand the requirements of the times, and thus, by means of translations when necessary, members and others interested throughout the world will keep in touch with the manner in which the leaders of our movement, and of all kindred organisations, are endeavouring to prepare the way for the Lord's coming.

HOLLAND

THE following short paper, written by a Dutch member of the Servants of the Star, is full of helpful and suggestive thought.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A MEMBER OF THE ORDER OF THE STAR IN THE EAST.

We all, who are members of the Order, have joined, because we believe that a great World Teacher will soon appear on earth, and carry on among men His great Mission of Love and Brotherhood. We have joined because we thought that together we could develop greater strength to prepare for His coming in this world. And there, of course, we are right.

But there are still further aspects of this mighty occurrence. For when He

comes on earth, He does not come only in this physical world, but also—and it seems to me even more intensely—in the invisible worlds; those worlds, invisible to the senses of our physical body, but the more perceptible to the senses of our heart, when we have learned to understand their vibrations.

Probably, while we are watching for the signs of His coming in this physical plane, He is already working on the invisible planes, performing a great deal of His beautiful task. And we, watching, always listening, with our physical ears to the sounds that come from without, are blind and deaf to this true manifestation in the world of our hearts. Too much—so it seems to me—do the members of the Order of the Star in the East dwell upon the coming of the Master—in process of time. Would it not be better, instead of that, to realise that He is *already* here, watching for the opportunities which we can give Him to do His work among the human race in this world? Although He has not yet manifested Himself in a physical body He is always ready to give of His power and strength where we can make a channel.

And we, members of the Order, who have joined it for the purpose of preparing His way, must never forget that preparation means to use *all* the strength we possess. There is His strength in the inner world—we must open our hearts towards His holy presence there.

To be a member of the Order of the Star in the East means to be, therefore, a pure channel for this blissful influence—an opportunity for the Master.

KES BORST

INDIA

1.—THE LORD'S WORK FOR CHILDREN

THERE will not be a single activity of life that will not be affected by the World-Teacher when He is with us. Like as after long drought when all the green vegetation is burnt up and all shrubs and

plants and trees are lifeless, and then almost in a day put forth their green leaves because the life-giving rain has come, so will it be with men's activities when the Lord gives His life to His fellow-men. Men and women will throw themselves with joy into many an activity that makes them forget themselves; every obstacle will seem as nothing compared to the joy felt in thinking of Him and working for Him.

Of the many who will work for Him, those indeed who will be of a special use to Him will be such as now understand something of His nature and the manner of His working. How can we know the manner of His working, it may be asked, when He is still far away? Yet the answer is easy, for each to find. Since He is Love incarnate, He will work as Love works; and the way of Love is the oldest of all ways that men know. We need but remember what Love has spoken through his prophets—the sages, the poets, the martyrs—in all lands during the ages, and then we know how the Lord of Love thinks and feels and acts now.

What does Love say of little children? That in them is the freshness and the beauty of life. We were once little children; now that we are grown men and women, though we have gained much we have lost much also. We have above all lost innocence; and innocence did not originally mean freedom from guilt but the lack of capacity to harm. It is little children who are embodiments of Ahimsā, "harmlessness." The enraged brutal man, if the spark of real manhood is not utterly destroyed, knows he is unmanly when he strikes a child; in the very act of striking, the child's harmlessness will prick the striker's conscience and so prevent an evil deed. Indeed, this harmlessness of children is a thing of power; their innocence is clothed in power, and even the most brutal of men are cowed by that power.

We have also lost, as we grew up, our flower-like nature. What is so lovely as a group of children at play? The child of the slums may play with the mud of the street, the child in a happy home may play with his toys, but in both is a serene un-

consciousness of life's deeper purposes. Yet that very unconsciousness solves more of life's riddles than does the philosopher who constantly analyses and weighs and propounds. Life is to be lived, and not to be stated; and so children often are nearer the root of life than the philosophers. That is why we say that children are "natural"; yet what higher testimony could there be than that word "natural"? As we grow up, it is we who become unnatural; we may be wiser than are little children, but we have lost much in gaining our wisdom.

It is something of this nature of children—innocence and beauty—that the Lord will teach us to retain as we grow from childhood to youth and manhood and old age. It is the body that grows old, and not the "dweller in the body"; he, the soul, ever is innocent and beautiful, until he wraps himself in an illusion of evil and identifies himself with it. That illusion is round ourselves; there is nothing of it round the Lord of Love. That is why children flock to Him and cling round His knees; they know that He is as one of themselves, though beyond the glory of any of their dreams; they feel, as a direct message from Him to each individual child, that some day they will be like Him. They do not need to be taught about God and how to be good; in His presence they know what God is and that they can be and that they will be good.

So, to help the Lord's work in the years to come, we must work with, and for, children. To play with them and study with them, to laugh with them and, if need be, to cry with them, too—this is one way of serving the Lord. And as we, grown-up though we may be, make ourselves once more as little children, He will guide us to prepare ourselves to help Him later on; He will make Child Welfare interesting, not dull; He will make the work of teaching inspiring and not heavy with the drudgery of a routine; He will make us discover the joy of service, in which is the joy of the athlete winning the race, the joy of the artist painting a picture, the joy of the musician creating a melody for men.

"For Children"—that is a motto of consecration. The great Lord has so consecrated Himself, and as He comes to all men He comes in a special way "for children," in whom is reflected the Innocency and Beauty of His nature. "For Children"—that is one department of the work that awaits us in His name.

C. J. (in *Brothers of the Star*).

NEW ZEALAND

*Notes on the Star Conference, Dunedin,
December 29, 1916*

IN the opening address the Rev. J. I. Wedgwood said :

By our very membership in the Order we come into a special relation with the World Teacher, and I think most of you have done Star work; many of you, I know, have been rather forced into it by circumstances. Those of you who have done this work know what a wonderful inspiration there is behind it—how when you come to lecture upon Star subjects the force seems to flow through you, to pour into the meetings quite perceptibly. I find it exceedingly difficult to talk upon Star subjects, and yet one is always conscious of the power that comes down. By our work in the Order we become channels of His power, and there is therefore a special significance in the duty we have undertaken of doing some work every day "in His name."

The word "name" has a technical meaning, and to do a thing "in His name" means to do it in the current of His spiritual energy. So to do a thing in the Name of the World Teacher in the Order, linked up as we are, is actually to do the action with His power flowing through us as His channels. That is an inspiration which is ever fresh, ever living.

I leave with you the suggestion of this mighty embrace of the consciousness of the Lord Maitreya—that in the very nature of things only a very small fragment of that nature can be expressed through any one body—that it is our duty as members of the Star in the East to make ourselves also bodily manifestations of the World Teacher's consciousness, and the more we do that the greater will be our influence in the world, the more wonderful will be the work of our Order for the uplifting of humanity.

In speaking of the form of service for meetings Mr. Wedgwood said :

Our appeal in the Star is not primarily an appeal to the lower mind, but rather to the intuition, to the Buddhic in people. The ordinary system of lectures is in its very nature an appeal to the reasoning powers of the lower mind, and it does not seem to me that the lecture is an appropriate method of expressing the Star message. We need a form which shall appeal more directly to the Buddhic nature, and I think you get this most effectively through some kind of ritual. I think most people would prefer some kind of ritual in the Star meetings, something which may be the vehicle of that influence of which I was speaking, that influence which will lift up outsiders who come amongst us to the realisation of higher things. It is not that you must give people certain ideas, but rather that you give them certain inspiration. You permeate them with the influence of the Lord Maitreya and they leave you with the feeling of an atmosphere that they do not get anywhere else.

I think we could best attract people through some kind of Liturgy, using all the influences of beauty that we can. I think the World Teacher could express Himself more effectively through some such Liturgy than through the ordinary lecturer.

Mr. J. R. Thomson, National Representative, in closing the Conference, said :

I think we have done well in New Zealand in the Star work. The Star work has been the best beloved in New Zealand. We have done much to proclaim the coming of the World Teacher in our rough-and-ready way; that was the first stage. The second stage is where the difficulties come, and we have reached that stage now. That is a hopeful stage, inasmuch as it comes before and leads to adulthood. We are looking forward to the new time with quite a different conception from that of the people of the world. We must look forward to introducing a new spirit into the life of the world. We are to introduce the love note into our work, into our offices, our workshops. Then, too, we may have to introduce the same note into politics, into art and religion. Let us remember that by our ideals to-day we are shaping the future; we are making now in the world of ideas the great conceptions that will presently materialise in the civilisation that is yet to be. If we can do that in the Star work then I think this Order will not be a failure. The British Section has organised quite a large scheme of study to fit its members to do this work. If we can bring this spirit of love into our work then new members will come without being sought. The Star lectures are often uninteresting to the mass of those who attend them, but they do *feel* that strange influence of which we have spoken.

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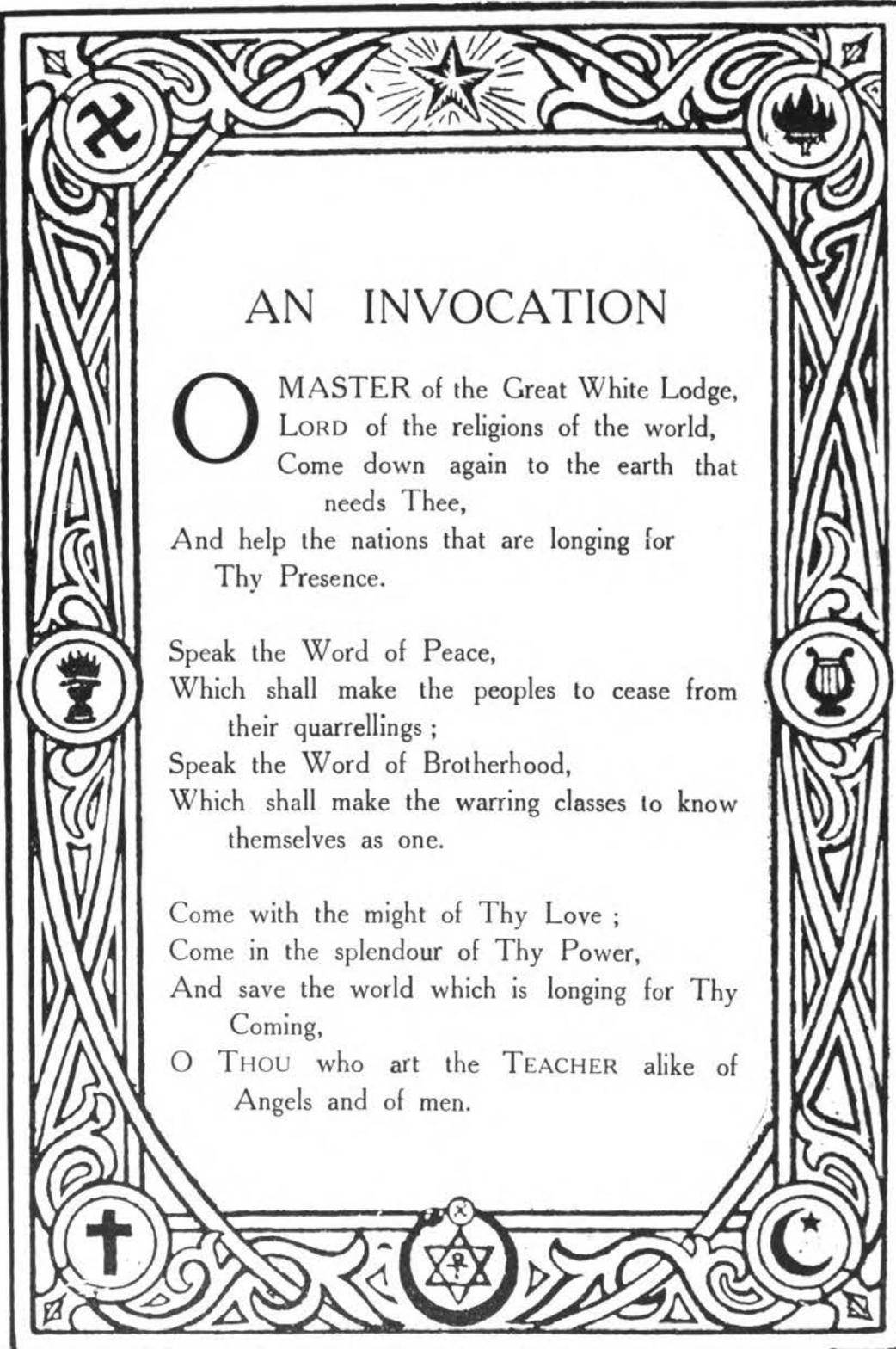
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As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine or the Order of the Star in the East may stand.

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AN INVOCATION

O MASTER of the Great White Lodge,
LORD of the religions of the world,
Come down again to the earth that
needs Thee,
And help the nations that are longing for
Thy Presence.

Speak the Word of Peace,
Which shall make the peoples to cease from
their quarrellings ;
Speak the Word of Brotherhood,
Which shall make the warring classes to know
themselves as one.

Come with the might of Thy Love ;
Come in the splendour of Thy Power,
And save the world which is longing for Thy
Coming,
O THOU who art the TEACHER alike of
Angels and of men.



IN THE STARLIGHT

By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.

MANY beautiful fancies and profound truths are embodied in the ancient myths of all nations which we relegate to the nursery, and yet who can say that we have outgrown their teachings? Of all the sublime ideas presented to us in these old stories, none is so applicable to the present world strife as that conception of our Norse forefathers, of Ragnarök or the Twilight of the Gods. As Carlyle says of it: "That is also a very striking conception that of Ragnarök, consummation or Twilight of the Gods—seemingly a very old prophetic idea. The Gods and Jötuns, the Divine powers and chaotic brute ones, meet at last in universal world-embracing wrestle and duel. World serpent against Thor, strength against strength; mutually destructive; and how twilight sinking into darkness swallows the created Universe. The old Universe, with its Gods, is sunk; but it is not final death. There is to be a new Heaven and a new Earth. Curious, this law of mutation, which also is a law written in man's inmost thought, had been deciphered by these old earnest thinkers in their rude style, and how though all dies, and even Gods die, yet all death is but a Phoenix-fire death, and new birth into the Greater and the Better! It is the fundamental Law of Being for a creature made of Time, living in this place of Hope."

The idea is thus presented to us in the old legend. After the death of Baldur, Odin's bright and beautiful son, sorrows and troubles multiplied upon the earth and the sons of men cried to the All Father to help them in their pain. Then Odin, in his trouble, determined to seek counsel of those three wise sisters (the Norns or Fates), who spin their threads beside the Urda's holy fount. As he stood before them he saw that the busy hands were idle, the pattern of their weaving nearly done. Then first he turned to Urd and asked: "What teaching and what comfort hast thou for me?"

"Look into my eyes," said Urd, "and read the Future from the Past."

"I see," said Odin, "an age when all that now *is* was not, but yet I ever see something."

"Those were worlds in numbers endless, that long ago were, that long since decayed and passed away."

"Wherefore are they decayed?"

"Because they became."

"But must all things then pass, for all becomes, even Gods and men?"

"What truly *is* never *Became*."

"Alas!" said Odin, "the riddle is too hard," and with that he turned to Verdandi, if, mayhap, she would give some answer to his question. Verdandi spake:

"All Being standeth in an Eternal

Present. More than this not all the present can teach you."

Still baffled, Odin sought to raise the veil of Skuld.

"Ah, foolish one that will not understand, the message of Past, Present, and Future is all one."

With that the great veil was slowly lifted, and Odin looked into the dark eyes of Skuld, and as in a dream he cried :

"The cock Goldcomb is crowing to the Ases waking the warriors of the Father of Hosts. Heimdall sounds his horn, Gialler Bru for the last time summoning the gods to battle. Another cock, Sooty-red, crows under the earth in the halls of Hell. Fiercely Garm (the hell-hound) bays before the cave of the rock; the chain shall snap and the wolf range free. Brothers shall fight and slay one another, kinsfolk shall break the bonds of kindred. It shall go hard with the world, an age of axes, an age of swords, shields shall be cloven; an age of storm, an age of wolves, ere the world falls in ruins. The inmates of Hell shall all sweep over the earth. The sun turns into darkness, earth sinks into the deep, the bright stars vanish from out of the heavens, the red flames wrap the world, roaring through the branches of Iggdrasil, playing against heaven itself. Then I see the end of all things. The end is like the beginning, and it will now be for ever, as if nothing had ever been."

But even as he spoke, in his vision the fire ceased, the clouds rolled away, the gods reappeared.

"I behold the earth rise again, with its evergreen forests, out of the deep; the waters fall in rapids; the fields unsown yield their increase. All sorrows shall be healed, Baldur shall come back. I see a new city on Asgard's hill, with a palace roofed with gold brighter than the sun. The righteous shall dwell therein and live in bliss for ever."

As the vision faded from his view Skuld dropped once more the veil before her eyes and thus spake :

"Look forth upon the groaning earth, with all its cold and pain and cruelty and death. Heroes and giants fight and kill each other; now giants fall and heroes triumph; now heroes fall and giants rise ;

they can but combat and the earth is full of pain.

"Look forth and fear not, but when the worn-out faiths of nations shall totter like old men, turn Eastward and behold the light that lighteth every man; for there is nothing dark it doth not lighten; there is nothing hard it cannot melt; there is nothing lost it will not save."*

Eternal is only the All.
For only what is One is Eternal,
And One is the All alone.
Beginningless, Endless,
All that is separate dies;
But endless, ceaseless, never exhausted in
changing,
Changes, works, and weaves the All.

In this wonderful conception of Ragnarök we have, it seems to me, the key to what is happening in the world to-day. All that "becomes"—all, that is to say, that is less than the "All"—is subject to constant change and destruction; but because the Eternal is changeless and immutable, it ever builds a new world out of the ruins of the old.

But of this new world we are the builders, and if we would build wisely we must consult the plan of the great Architect. To-day there is much talk of reconstruction, and committees are being formed to study the various phases and problems arising in the changing world; but what sign is there of the recognition of any fundamental principle at work in that reconstruction? Yet all the future building depends on the wise setting of the foundations.

The first question that must be settled is the nature of the edifice we propose to erect. Is it to be a temple for the indwelling spirit of God, or a place of merchandise and a den of thieves? Is it the Kingdom of God that we are striving to establish on earth, or a Kingdom of Mammon? If it is the establishment of God's Kingdom which is to be our concern, we shall realise that the first necessary step for us is to make a study of the laws which belong to that Kingdom, that, having done so, we may begin to qualify ourselves as citizens worthy to dwell therein. Where shall we go to learn

* "Heroes of Asgard," by A. and E. Keary.

those laws? Back to the Master Builder, Christ, very humbly, as little children, but with sincerity of heart and purpose.

As we look back through the ages we cannot fail to be struck by the fact that there has always been a painful discrepancy between the Christian ideal and the Christian practice. It is better to recognise this than to attempt to identify the two by means of disingenuous arguments. We are bound to admit, unless we prefer to practise acrobatic feats of casuistry, that war is not in harmony with the precepts of our Lord Jesus Christ, and, having done so, let us gaze with the same compassion which we feel for individual frailty at the spectacle of Christian nations dyeing the fair earth with each other's blood and glorifying the butchery after the manner of Pagans, who lived before the coming of the Prince of Peace.*

We have to recognise that this discrepancy exists in all departments of our social life and must be swept away if we are to make any real progress towards the realisation of God's Kingdom. We must have done with lip-service and be prepared to stake our lives upon the truth that in a spiritual universe spiritual laws hold good, and may be taken as safe guides to conduct.

We shall never build a new earth till we have realised a new heaven; therefore we must cease to build that heaven out of fanciful and impossible imagery, and must realise that Christ meant us to understand literally His statement that "The Kingdom of Heaven is in the midst of you." Our power to build the new earth will depend upon the intensity of our power to realise a new heaven in our midst, for the earthly must follow the pattern of the heavenly. As Mr. Wells so truly expresses it in his remarkable book "God the Invisible King":

Self-transformation into a citizen of God's kingdom and a new realisation of all earthly politics as no more than the struggle to define and achieve the kingdom of God in the earth, follow on, without any need for a fresh spiritual impulse, from the moment when God and the believer meet and clasp one another. . . . The purpose of mankind will not be always thus confused and fragmentary. This dissemination of will power is a phase. The age of the warring tribes and kingdoms and empires that began a hundred centuries or so ago, draws to its close. The kingdom of God on earth is not a metaphor, nor a mere spiritual state, not a dream, not an

uncertain project. It is the thing before us; it is the close and inevitable destiny of mankind.

Who will lead us in this quest for the Kingdom? Does not all the talk of reconstruction turn upon commerce and treaties, material gain and good? We look in vain for the Church to guide us in this hour of utter darkness and discord to a better understanding of the Master's teaching and commands. Statesmen, politicians, financiers alike proclaim their faith in a new world, but they propose to build that world on the ruined foundations of the old and in the same spirit of selfishness and greed and competition.

Who amongst us has the courage to advocate openly Christ's teaching of Love and Service and Brotherhood, as the preliminary requirements in any scheme of reconstruction? Is there any sign that the world is yet ready to break up its idols of silver and gold? Is not life still regarded as of less value than property?

What profiteth the graven image that the maker thereof hath graven it; the molten image, and a teacher of lies, that the maker of his work trusteth therein, to make dumb idols? Woe unto him that saith to the wood, Awake; to the dumb stone, Arise, it shall teach! Behold, it is laid over with gold and silver, and there is no breath at all in the midst of it. But the Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him.*

Brothers of the Star, to us has been given the priceless knowledge that our Lord and Master is coming again to help the world He loves, that He is coming to give His people another chance to understand, that He is coming to enunciate once more with the authority of the Supreme Teacher the laws of the Kingdom. Brothers, should it not also be our glorious privilege even now to band ourselves together as citizens of God's Kingdom, to stretch out hands of love and fellowship to the men and women of goodwill everywhere, to make this Order a living Temple fit for the Presence of the Master? Have we the right to call Him into our midst if we are not striving our utmost to make ready His way, to prepare Him a kingdom in the hearts of men?

Let us resolve anew this Christmastide

* "The Pope's Peace," by Christopher St. John.

* "Habakkuk," chap. ii., v. 18-20.

that into a world which has forgotten the Master's Message of Love and Brotherhood we will go as His messengers, strong in the power of our faith in Him, and proclaim the coming of the Prince of Peace and the establishment of His Kingdom upon Earth. We may be few in number; what matter, if we are strong in faith? We may be poor and unimportant in the eyes of the world; what matter, if

we go forth in the might of the living Christ? The battle of the nations continues with "confused noise and garments rolled in blood"; but, undaunted by fear and pain, let us lift our eyes to the East, where shines His Star, and unite in the prayer: "Come in the might of Thy Love, come in the splendour of Thy Power, and establish Thy Kingdom, oh! Lord, our Great Emmanuel."



THE SECOND COMING AT HAND?

A Manifesto

This remarkable Manifesto appeared in the "Christian World" of November 8, 1917, and is one more link in the chain of evidence which shows that the spirit of man is preparing for the near coming of the World Teacher.

WE are asked by Dr. F. B. Meyer to publish the following statement: The undersigned, under a profound impression of the momentous nature of the present crisis, issue the accompanying statement with the request that all ministers of religion in London and its vicinity who are in agreement with it will forward name and address, with a view to a united meeting for considering the question of its further advocacy.

Please address "Advent Testimony," Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, S. E. 1.

G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

A. C. DIXON.

W. FULLER GOOCH.

J. STUART HOLDEN.

H. WEBB-PEPLOE.

F. S. WEBSTER.

DINSDALE T. YOUNG.

ALFRED BIRD.

J. S. HARRISON.

F. B. MEYER.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE HOUR

1. That the present crisis points towards the close of the time of the Gentiles.
2. That the revelation of our Lord may be expected at any moment, when He will be manifested as evidently as to His disciples on the evening of His Resurrection.
3. That the completed Church will be translated to be "for ever with the Lord."
4. That Israel will be restored to its own land in unbelief and be afterwards converted by the appearance of Christ on its behalf.
5. That all human schemes of reconstruction must be subsidiary to the second coming of our Lord, because all nations will then be subject to His rule.
6. That under the reign of Christ there will be a further great effusion of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh.
7. That the truths embodied in this statement are of the utmost practical value in determining Christian character and action with reference to the pressing problems of the hour.

N.B.—This is a general statement, which does not profess to decide on particular details of prophetic interpretation.



A SNAPSHOT OF THE PEOPLE ESCORTING MRS. BESANT TO ADVAR ON HER UNCONDITIONAL RELEASE BY GOVERNMENT, SEPTEMBER, 1917.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

“ May the Light of His Star illumine your path and the wings of His Love
enfold you for ever ! Peace, Peace, Peace.”

C. W. LEADBEATER.



WHAT THINK WE OF THE CHRIST ?

By Dr. J. GILES

IT is now some two thousand years since the great Being whom we name the Christ, and who bears other designations in other religious folds, uttered through the lips of Jesus of Nazareth the words of “ grace and truth ” that have uplifted the thoughts and strengthened the hearts of men through so many centuries. To us, who are now expecting the reappearance of the Great Teacher, with light and healing for the woes of our perplexed humanity, it must be a matter of the deepest interest to know something of His life and work in that distant past. But here we are met by difficulties that seem insuperable; for our only source of information is the Gospel narrative of the New Testament, presented by four different writers, and impossible, in the light of modern research and scientific criticism, to be accepted as a simple and strictly accurate narrative of things said and done at the times and places and in the circumstances therein described. Some later critics, indeed, have gone so far as to

declare that they find in the Gospel narrative such a confusion of fact and fable, of narrative and allegory, of myth and legend and superstition, as to make it more than doubtful whether the Christian religion ever had any personal founder at all; and they think its origin may be explained by the gradual coalescence of many forces that were at that time influencing and swaying the minds of men. I do not think that further research will confirm this destructive criticism, which, if we accepted it, would constrain us to pronounce the Order of the Star in the East a futility founded on a delusion. But for that very reason, and because we seek truth alone, and therefore dare not shut our eyes to difficulties that may seem disturbing to our faith, it is desirable that we should understand in a general way the nature of the arguments bearing on the question. Briefly stated, then, they run somewhat in this way :

There is, outside the New Testament writings, no contemporary testimony to the existence of such a marvellous

character as the Jesus of the Gospels—not even in the Jewish historian Josephus, where, if nowhere else, it assuredly ought to be found; and the silence of Josephus on the subject was felt in the earlier days to be such a grievous scandal that some zealous Christian hand attempted to supply the defect by interpolating in the pages of the historian a passage about the author of Christianity which is now generally recognised as a clumsy forgery.

Then it is alleged that all the elements that go to make up Christianity already existed in the atmosphere that surrounded its cradle. The eastern coasts of the Mediterranean swarmed with religious cults which, with many diversities, had remarkable features in common. There was the Egyptian myth of Osiris (the Sun), slain by Typhon (the Dragon); of Isis, the Divine Mother, and her son Horus, the Avenger and Redeemer: and in other parts of the East they had sacred legends of gods or demigods who were slain and raised again—Adonis, in Syria, Atys in Phrygia; and all these cults were, in one form or another, symbolical representations of the great Sun Myth which has formed an allegorical framework for so many of the world-religions; for it is easy to recognise in these cults the thought of the Sun's annual decline and revival, and with him the decay and revival of the earth's life and vegetation. So the annual festivals had their sacramental celebrations, at which the celebrants partook of the bread, the product of the corn given by Demeter, or Ceres, the goddess Earth-Mother, and the juice of the grape, the gift of the god Dionysus or Bacchus.

It cannot be doubted that traces of this great Solar allegory are to be found in the sacred writings, a good example of which is the legend of Samson, mighty when his hair displays its full luxuriance of growth, and feeble when his locks are cut off—representing the Sun, overcoming everything by the effulgence of his rays, but when shorn of his beams comparatively powerless. Again, the scene of the dying Jacob, or Israel, blessing his twelve sons has been interpreted as symbolical of the Sun amidst the twelve signs

of the Zodiac; and this instance is interesting to the Christian student as suggesting a similar origin for the twelve apostles, whose historical character seems to have no very convincing evidence. But the Gospel narrative itself shows a clear trace of the Sun-myth in the saying put into the mouth of John the Baptist, when, speaking of Jesus, he says: "He must increase, but I must decrease," a manifest reference to Jesus as the Sun in his increasing strength from the winter solstice to the meridian of his summer glory, and to John as the Sun in his declining power from summer to the depth of winter; for the birthday of Jesus, as of the Persian Sun-God Mithra, was fixed at the 25th December, and that of John at the 24th June.

But with all these cults and myths and dramatic festivals, men were yet feeling dissatisfied, oppressed by a sense of unreality in their faith, and longing for some more satisfying spiritual food—a longing that found expression in many prophetic and poetical anticipations of a coming Saviour and Redeemer. This condition of things is likened by the extreme critics to a saturated saline solution in which the particles of the suspended salt are ready to precipitate themselves and solidify into a shapely crystalline mass. Upon this, however, it may be remarked that when we wish to cause crystallisation in a saline solution we introduce from without some solid particle to serve as a nucleus or centre round which the nascent crystals may cluster; and such a centre for the new movement we naturally look for in a compelling personality, capable of gathering together the diverse forces that were agitating the world's mental atmosphere and directing them into one deep spiritual channel; and then how can we miss finding this personality, however much his portrait has been obscured by distorting processes, in the Jesus adored by Christians for two thousand years?

That the likeness has been obscured and distorted there can be little doubt. We see it through the medium of writings compiled by editors of uncertain authenticity, and at times and places that cannot

be fixed with accuracy. It is impossible to say how many collectors of sayings and doings, resting on memory or hearsay, may have contributed to the record and produced an entanglement that cannot now be completely unravelled. In fact, an examination of the narrative suggests the presence of two portraits representing characters having unlike features, but whose sayings and doings have been mixed together and confused. We find on the one hand a prophet of fervid and vehement temperament, believing Himself to be the destined Messiah, anxious to know how the people accept His claims and desiring His followers to report to Him on that point. With the intention of fulfilling an old Messianic prophecy, He rides into Jerusalem with a procession of followers who proclaim Him as the coming King, a course which must have laid Him open to the charge of exciting a sedition against the Roman government. He expels with much violence the traders in the Temple. He publicly assails the Scribes and Pharisees with extreme vehemence of reproach; and He denounces the Jews to their face as liars and children of the devil, and declares that all who came before Him were thieves and robbers.

On the other hand, we are conscious of a personality of calm majesty and serene wisdom, who delights in drawing lessons from the simple and beautiful things of Nature—the lilies of the valley and the unsophisticated souls of little children. He gives forth the gracious parables of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son, which for twenty centuries have warmed and inspired the hearts of men, as their souls have been touched by the solemn mystery enshrined in such utterances as “The pure in heart shall see God,” and “Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect.” This teacher, moreover, hesitates not to set aside the Mosaic tradition when it conflicts with a deeper spiritual truth. He gives us a higher law for the old retributive justice of “eye for eye” and “tooth for tooth”; He brushes away the pedantry that obscured the true sanctity of the Sabbath by a multitude of quibbling rules;

and He will have nothing to do with the legal formalities that would cancel the sacramental character of the marriage bond. This mode of handling their cherished doctrines may account for the enmity to the new Teacher felt by the Jewish authorities; and if we dip a little beneath the surface of Scripture parable, we may guess that He had the deliberate purpose of leading the Jews to give up once for all the narrow ceremonial regulations which hindered the imparting of the spiritual treasure that they monopolised to the outside nations. This intention leaks out in the story of the rich young man who had kept all the commandments from his youth, and whom Jesus loved, but who went away sorrowful, because he could not bear to give all his wealth to the poor. Now, if we take this little story literally, we cannot help wondering why the disciples should be amazed when the Master exclaims: “How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!” Could such a saying surprise these followers of the Son of Man, who had not where to lay His head, and had sent out His missionaries with “no bread, or wallet, no money in their purse,” to depend on the charity of their hearers, even as the mendicant disciples of the Lord Buddha had done five centuries before? Would they have exclaimed: “What? who then can be saved, if it is so difficult for the rich man?” But the whole difficulty disappears if we adopt the luminous suggestion of Dr. W. B. Smith in his remarkable work, *Ecce Deus!* and recognise the rich young man as the typical Jew, who had kept all the commandments, and valued his possessions—the exclusive privileges of Abraham’s children—too much to share them with the Gentiles. Then we can understand the question of the disciples: “Who then can be saved if not the Jew?” Another instance given by Dr. Smith is the startling warning given by the Lord against offending one of the “little ones” who believe in Him, for He could scarcely speak thus of little children in the literal sense. But it is well known that the Rabbinical writers were in the habit of speaking of

the fresh converts to Judaism as "little ones" and as "the newly born"; so that the meaning of the Master's saying is that it was a grievous sin to prevent the new converts from embracing the saving truth by imposing upon them a burden of unnecessary ceremonies. But in adopting this interpretation we need not give up anything of utility or beauty we find in the literal sense, for most symbolism is capable of more than one meaning. The reason why these incidents are presented to us under the veil of allegory may be that, when our Gospels came to be compiled, there were many Jewish converts to Christianity who yet clung to the traditional customs of their religion, and who might have been offended by a too uncompromising repudiation of the things they held so dear. This attempt to enlarge the Jewish conception to that of a catholic religion for the world was probably the cause of the enmity of the Jews and the murder of the great Teacher, whom "they slew, hanging him on a tree."

Time does not admit of any further discussion of the difficulties that beset us in studying the Gospel narrative, but one view of the matter may be briefly mentioned. Some scholars maintain that the origin of the Christian movement was associated with the Gnostic doctrine, and that it was in existence at an earlier date than what we call the beginning of the Christian era; and it has been thought that the real originator may have been the Jesus, or Jehoshua, Ben Pandira, who lived a hundred years before the reputed birth of the Saviour, and of whom a hostile and scurrilous caricature is to be found in the Jewish Talmud. He was stoned to death and hanged on a tree by the Jews for magical practices, as they alleged, learned by him in Egypt. This view seems to carry with it the inference that some of his sayings and doings were preserved and handed down to a much later date, when they became inextricably mixed with those of another personality in the time of King Herod and Pontius Pilate, so that the portrait, overlaid by another, has become much blurred and confused; but for those who have con-

fidence in occult investigation the account now presented seems to be confirmed by clairvoyant researches. However this may be, all that we can do is to study these records in a spirit of candid criticism, together with an earnest desire to assimilate whatever appeals to our highest intuitions. And in this examination we must not fail to look for every clue that may help us in the understanding of the great dramatic allegory which the occult interpretation finds running through the narrative—the story of the pilgrimage of the human soul, from birth to baptism and temptation, through the struggle with the earthly powers arrayed against it—to the vision on the sacred Mount, the final sacrifice, and the "glorious resurrection and ascension" to the right hand of power. It is this inner and spiritual element that I think the critics of the destructive school have failed to recognise, just as the Darwinian biologists have ignored the unseen power that is ever urging the forms it animates to the expansion of a higher life. But we can scarcely help seeing that with the advent of Christianity a new and compelling spiritual power entered the world, a power so divine that the Evangelist does not hesitate to identify the Teacher with the Wisdom for which He was the channel, the Logos, the second aspect of the Triune Deity, the framer of all things that were made, who, "for us men and our salvation,"* clothed Himself with all the forms of matter, and carries on the great evolutionary process towards its sure result—"the taking of the manhood into God."

It is often asked how the important doctrine of reincarnation came to be lost in the Christian Church, and I scarcely think it is sufficiently answered by saying that it was lost with the rest of the Gnostic teaching, for we know from several Scriptural passages that the belief was not confined to the Gnostic circles, but was familiar to the "man in the street." But I believe its loss may be explained by reference to the universal expectation of the early Church of the speedy return of the Son of Man in clouds

* Athanasian Creed.

and glory to set up His everlasting kingdom. This was to take place within the lifetime of many then on earth. "The dead in Christ shall rise first: then we that are alive shall . . . be caught up . . . to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Now, in the presence of such a belief as that, what interest had the believers in the conception of recurring births on earth? Inevitably that notion would fade out of their minds, and it would not have suited the interest or policy of the Church rulers to revive it.

Many sins are to be charged against the Christian Church during the long centuries of her chequered career, but we must not forget her services: her great achievement in disciplining the fierce tribes who had broken up the Roman Empire, and constraining them to acknowledge an authority higher than the thrones of kings and mightier than the swords of warriors. Neither must we lose sight of the part she played as friend and protector of the poor, nor her fidelity to her spiritual mission in cherishing within her bosom, unnoticed in the world's turmoil, a constant succession of souls fragrant with the odour of sweet and silent saintliness.

The crumbling of the feudal and ecclesiastical edifice was followed by a system animated from two diverse sources—by the new learning of the great ideals of ancient Greece, and by the aggressive religious individualism of the Protestant reformers. The change has produced a civilisation wonderful in its character, but, as a whole, scarcely challenging the respect even of a resolute optimist. So rankly have the evils in it grown that we now recognise what we

did not perceive three years ago, that it needed the most terrible conflict, by the unlocking of stupendous physical forces and spiritual energies, to cleanse the corrupting mass, and start humanity on a new and better path. Whatever good has been gained by scientific research or philanthropic enterprise will not be lost, but how many problems will still crave for solution from the Light-bearer whom we expect! It is better to wait with confidence than to speculate with eagerness on the lines that He will adopt; but we may suppose that His work will as much surpass that of the Christian Church as the modern world surpasses the Roman Empire, and we may think it likely that many of the things that will happen will resemble the things that have happened. We may expect the same vehement opposition from those who sit in Moses' seat; the same fickle enthusiasm of the crowd; the same ribaldry of the scoffers; and the same, or even intensified, scorn of the philosophic sceptics. But we may be sure that in this age of science He will speak to the intellect as well as the emotions, and will do something to harmonise the conflict between the logical reasoning faculty and the higher intuition; and we may be sure that to all whose minds are really open to the truth He will be a bringer of light.

Not all of us who join in this great expectation will see and hear Him with the fleshly sense-organs, but we do not suppose that we shall therefore lose our share and interest in the event: for the connection of the worlds cannot be severed; the unity of humanity, past, present, and future, is indissoluble, and "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."



EDUCATIONAL REFORMS IN AMERICA

By JULIA K. SOMMER

Miss Julia K. Sommer was born in Germany, near Heidelberg, but has been a resident of Chicago, Illinois, since early childhood. After becoming a teacher in the public schools of that city, she supplemented her education with a University training, pursuing her studies after school hours and receiving her B.Sc. degree from the University of Chicago. While continuing her teaching career, she is also one of the workers in the Theosophical Society, being president of the Chicago Theosophical Association.

THE pain of this world war is forcing upon us the realisation of the necessity for the reconstruction of our civilisation according to a pattern that shall more fittingly express the present needs of a growing humanity. Necessarily those portions of our civilisation which had become most hardened and unyielding are now in greatest travail. This cannot, however, be said of the educational department of our body politic. Educational reforms have long been in process, at least in an experimental fashion, in the United States, the melting-pot of nations, where we are told a new race is being born.

The opportunity and the consequent responsibility for giving birth to a new and better race is realised by no American more keenly than by Luther Burbank, the wizard of plant culture. In his excellent little book, *The Training of the Human Plant*, Mr. Burbank gives eloquent voice to his vision :

“ Let me lay emphasis on the opportunity now presented in the United States for observing, and, if we are wise, aiding in what I think it fair to say is the grandest opportunity ever presented of developing the finest race the world has ever known out of the vast mingling of races brought here by immigration. . . . Look at the material on which to draw ! Here is the North, powerful, virile, aggressive, blended with the luxurious, ease-loving, more impetuous South. Again, you have

the merging of a cold, phlegmatic temperament with one mercurial and volatile. Still, again, the union of great native mental strength, developed or undeveloped, with bodily vigour, but with inferior mind. . . . When all the necessary crossing has been done, then comes the work of elimination, the work of refining, until we shall get an ultimate product that should be the finest race ever known. The best characteristics of the many peoples that make up this nation will show in the composite : the finished product will be the race of the future.”

I cannot refrain from quoting one more passage from his booklet, as it gives at once his own notion of the proper training of children and sounds at the same time the keynote of much that is best in the experiments in education that are being made in this country. He says :

“ Not only would I have the child reared for the first ten years of its life in the open, in close touch with Nature, a bare-foot boy with all that implies for physical stamina, but should have him reared in love. But you say, How can you expect all children to be reared in love? By working with vast patience upon the great body of the people, this great mingling of races, to teach such of them as do not love their children to love them, to surround them with all the influences of love. This will not be universally accomplished to-day or to-morrow, and it may need centuries; but if we are ever to advance

and to have this higher race, now is the time to begin the work, this very day. It is the part of every human being who comprehends the importance of this to bend all his energies towards the same end. Love must be at the basis of all our work for the race; not gush, not mere sentimentality; but abiding love, that which outlasts death. A man who hates plants, or is neglectful of them, or who has other interests beyond them, could no more be a successful plant-cultivator than he could turn back the tides of the ocean with his fingertips. The thing is utterly impossible. You can never bring up a child to its best estate without love.

"Just as there must be in plant cultivation great patience, unswerving devotion to the truth, the highest motive, absolute honesty, unchanging love, so must it be in the cultivation of a child. If it be worth while to spend ten years upon the ennoblement of a plant, be it fruit, tree, or flower, is it not worth while to spend ten years upon a child in this precious formative period, fitting it for the place it is to occupy in the world? Is not a child's life vastly more precious than the life of a plant?"

"Here in America, in the midst of this

vast crossing of species, we have an unparalleled opportunity to work upon these sensitive human natures. We may surround them with right influences. We may steady them in right ways of living. We may bring to bear upon them, just as we do upon plants, the influences of light and air, of sunshine and abundant, well-balanced food. We may give them music and laughter.

We may teach them as we teach the plants to be sturdy and self-reliant. We may be honest with them, as we are obliged to be honest with plants. We may break up this cruel educational articulation which connects the child in the kindergarten with the graduate of the university, while there goes on from year to year an uninterrupted system of cramming, an interrupted mental strain upon the child, until the integrity of its nervous system may be destroyed and its



MISS JULIA K. SOMMER

life impaired.

"I may only refer to that mysterious pre-natal period, and say that even here we should begin our work, throwing around the mothers of the race every possible loving, helpful, and ennobling influence, for in the doubly sacred time before the birth of a child lies, far more than we can possibly know, the hope of the future of

this ideal race which is coming upon this earth if we and our descendants will it so to be.

"We now have what are popularly known as five senses, but there are men of strong minds whose reasoning has rarely been at fault, and who are coldly scientific in their methods, who attest to the possibility of yet developing a sixth sense. Who is he who can say man will not develop new senses as evolution advances? Psychology is now studied in most of the higher institutions of learning throughout the country, and that study will lead to a greater knowledge of these subjects. The man of the future ages will prove a somewhat different order of being from that of the present. He may look upon us as we to-day look upon our ancestors."

Very clear and definite is this ideal, seemingly realisable only in the future, but towards which we must work in the present. And yet, as one studies sympathetically the various experiments carried on both in private and public schools in America at the present time, one must come to the conclusion that our educators, too, have sensed more or less clearly this ideal and are deeply conscious of the necessity for beginning the work of its realisation. The writer of this article is herself a product of the old-time, formal, academic system of training and discipline—a relic of the Dark and Mediæval Ages of Christianity, which prevailed in schools everywhere during the last century. In the public schools of larger cities it held sway in a particularly barren and systematised fashion. Being a teacher in one of these same schools from which she graduated, she is keenly aware of the decided change, already accomplished, and still going on, in favour of a more natural child-training.

It is to be expected that the changes going on in the public schools take on a more practical colouring from an economic point of view than do the experiments in private schools, and yet, even in the public school reforms, there is much that is tending toward the ideal of what is best for the child and the future of humanity. In Chicago, for example, the introduction of industrial courses into the daily pro-

gramme of the upper grades is already an accomplished fact in many of the schools, and is to be introduced into all of them in time. The grammar grade pupil learns, thereby, to correlate hand and brain; much that he learns theoretically in the academic room finds practical application in the workshop, print-shop, sewing-room, and kitchen.

This plan of correlated academic and manual training is much more fully worked out and fitted to the individual needs of the pupils in the public schools of Gary, Indiana, where, under the able organising power of Superintendent Wirt, the school buildings, with their expensive equipments, are made to do double duty instead of being open only five hours each day as in other cities. Pupils rotate between periods from playground or auditorium to shop or class-room. No part of the school is empty at any time, and pupils, instead of keeping their books in desks, have lockers where they keep their belongings. This system, aside from the economic and efficient use it makes of the buildings and equipment, also gives pupils the opportunity to fit themselves into any class in which they can do the most satisfactory work in any subject. This means that a fifth grade pupil in arithmetic will work with a fifth grade class in that subject, although he may be in a sixth grade class in geography.

This arbitrary forcing of a child through all the subjects taught in any one grade during the same semester is one of the evils of our present school system which the modern experimenters in education are trying to avoid. The problem is being solved in another fashion by Frederic Burk, president of the San Francisco State Normal. In a monograph on his system of individual instruction, successfully used during the last four years at his school, Mr. Burk says: "There are no misfit children. There are misfit schools, misfit dogmas and traditions of pedants and pedantry. . . . The business of schools is to shape themselves to the pupils. Each child is a special creation, and, strictly speaking, education cannot be the same for any two pupils. That it is the business of schools to saw, to plane,

and to compress pupils into fixed school moulds is the smug impertinence of an ancient, persistent, and preposterous pedantry. Until this pedantry is uprooted, trunk and branch, schools must fail to fulfil their purpose." It would be impossible to give any clear idea of Mr. Burk's method in so short an article as this, but the following paragraph from his monograph may give some idea of the machinery, as he calls it, of his individual schooling :

"The adaptation of texts to make the length of lesson elastically fit different pupils, promotion in each subject separately, the establishment of grade standards upon the basis of the slowest diligent pupil's rate of progress, and the adaptation of a report card to show the individual facts truthfully, constitute the chief mechanical devices for the operation of an individual system."

One of the most hopeful signs of the times in the educational world is the steady and persistent advancement of the age limit before children are allowed to leave school. In Chicago the age limit is sixteen unless a child must go to work, when he may leave at fourteen. The city of Cincinnati, in Ohio, has solved this problem in a still more satisfactory way, according to Professor Scott Nearing's account in his book, *The New Education*. There they have popularised high school education to such a degree that ninety-five per cent. of the pupils that graduate from the eighth grade enter high school. They have, also, in that city a municipal university, supported by the city, and closely connected with the city schools. Besides the night schools which every large city in America offers not only to its foreign population of adult age, but also to its young people who have to earn a living, Cincinnati has established continuation schools for those of its children who have to go to work at fourteen. The State school law compels such to go to school eight hours a week during daylight hours. The manufacturers have risen to the occasion and give the scheme their hearty co-operation, even dismissing a boy from their employ if he does not do his school work satisfactorily. Voluntary continua-

tion schools for those over sixteen, of the nature of trade schools, are also in operation.

The Parent-Teachers' Associations that have been formed in so many cities are an indication of the awakening of the mothers and fathers to the realisation of their share of responsibility in the proper education of their children. Wherever such an organisation exists in connection with a public school, there is the opportunity for the clearer understanding by both teacher and parent of the needs of the child and an intensification of the influence which the school may wield in its neighbourhood. This awakening sense of responsibility upon the part of mothers especially is evidenced in still another fashion in Chicago, where the women's clubs throughout the city have formed a Joint Committee on Education, which has issued a pamphlet containing suggestions for the guidance of parents in studying the school-rooms they visit, and has offered to parents and teachers courses of lectures by experts free of charge, which have been most helpful toward a better comprehension of all that is best in child education.

Experiments that are being tried in more select and private schools reveal a keen desire to get away from the old-time methods of teaching, which tax principally the memory of the pupils, and to develop instead the imagining and imaginative faculties, releasing the creative power of the mind. Several such schools are described by Dr. Dewey in his *Schools of Tomorrow*. At Mrs. Johnson's school, in Fairhope, Alabama, no assigned lessons are memorised by the pupils, but the texts of books are studied with the teacher for the information to be gained from them. In place of the usual curriculum they have physical exercise, nature study, music, hand work, field geography, story-telling, sense culture, fundamental conceptions of number, dramatisations, and games. The play instinct of children in the form of dramatisation is being used increasingly in connection with both literature and history, giving a content and meaning to these studies not otherwise gained by children. The mental and emotional development and training afforded by

dramatisation can hardly be over-estimated. The Francis Parker School of Chicago is particularly successful along this line.

“That education shall follow the natural development of the child,” that “schools of the past have been too much concerned with teaching children adult facts” instead of helping them to live more completely and perfectly their life as children, these and similar conclusions are actuating the best of our modern educators to revolutionise their methods of educating. Nowhere is this revolution more complete than at Professor Meriam’s Elementary School of the University of Missouri at Columbia. There the Three R’s are entirely lost sight of as studies *per se*, the pupils learning “to read and write and figure only as they feel the need of it to enlarge their work.” Through play and stories, through observation and handwork, the pupils first become more familiar with the things they already know in part, and with the community in which they live and then with the more distant things and places and times.

Through the maze of experiments in education, reflecting the general unrest in the world of to-day, one can distinguish certain fundamental principles forcing themselves into recognition in the minds of educators. They might be tabulated as follows :

1. Education must recognise the right of a child to live a child life within the schoolroom as well as without. In other words, a child’s experiences, to be of any value, must be those of a child, facts that he can comprehend, and not those of an adult.

2. Education, to be of real value, should teach a child to create harmony between

himself and the environment in which he finds himself. This is based on the well-known scientific principle of “the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence.” Every child has a right to every opportunity possible to adapt himself properly to his environment. The self-preservation of the human species demands it.

3. Education should give to the child all possible opportunity to develop the latent powers of expression of his whole nature, physical, mental, and moral, so that man may be the creator of his own destiny, and not the victim of circumstance that he so often seems to be now.

4. Education must respect the individuality of a child, that which makes him different from every other child in the universe. However much alike a number of children may seem to be outwardly, it is the business of the educator to develop those powers and capacities in each which makes each unique as a human being.

5. Education, as Spencer says, must be a means toward completer living. But completer *living* implies the present, not the future which is not yet being lived. And completer living for a child must be interpreted in terms of child life, else we fail to make his living complete and education fails of its purpose.

If it be true that the godless materialism mankind had fallen into brought on this cruelest of all wars, it is also true that these very hopeful tendencies in our modern education are indicative of a growing revolt of the Divine within humanity against the limitations placed upon it by such materialism. They herald the dawning of a New Day when human life shall be appraised at a truer value, and the soul of man shall rise triumphant over the limitations which now hem it in.



HOLY RUSSIA IN THE PICTURES OF M. NESTEROFF

By EUGEN KOUZMINE

We are grateful to the author, who lives in the holy city of Kiev, for this glimpse of the heart of Russia.

AT a Moving Picture Exhibition, very popular at the time, there first appeared in 1887 the picture by a young painter, Michael Nesteroff, "The Vision of the Youth Bartholomew." It attracted everybody's attention; some people laughed, some were curious to find out its meaning, but the greater part could not understand it at all.

The picture really called forth many thoughts.

Under the influence of the predominant civic ideas, the school of "The Sober Realists," with Repin, Gué, Shishkin, Wladimir Makovsky, and other master painters at its head, taught, by the lips of the renowned publicist of the time, Tchernishevsky, that the aim of art must



Нестерова М. В.

Nesteroff M. V.

Видение отроку Варесломею.

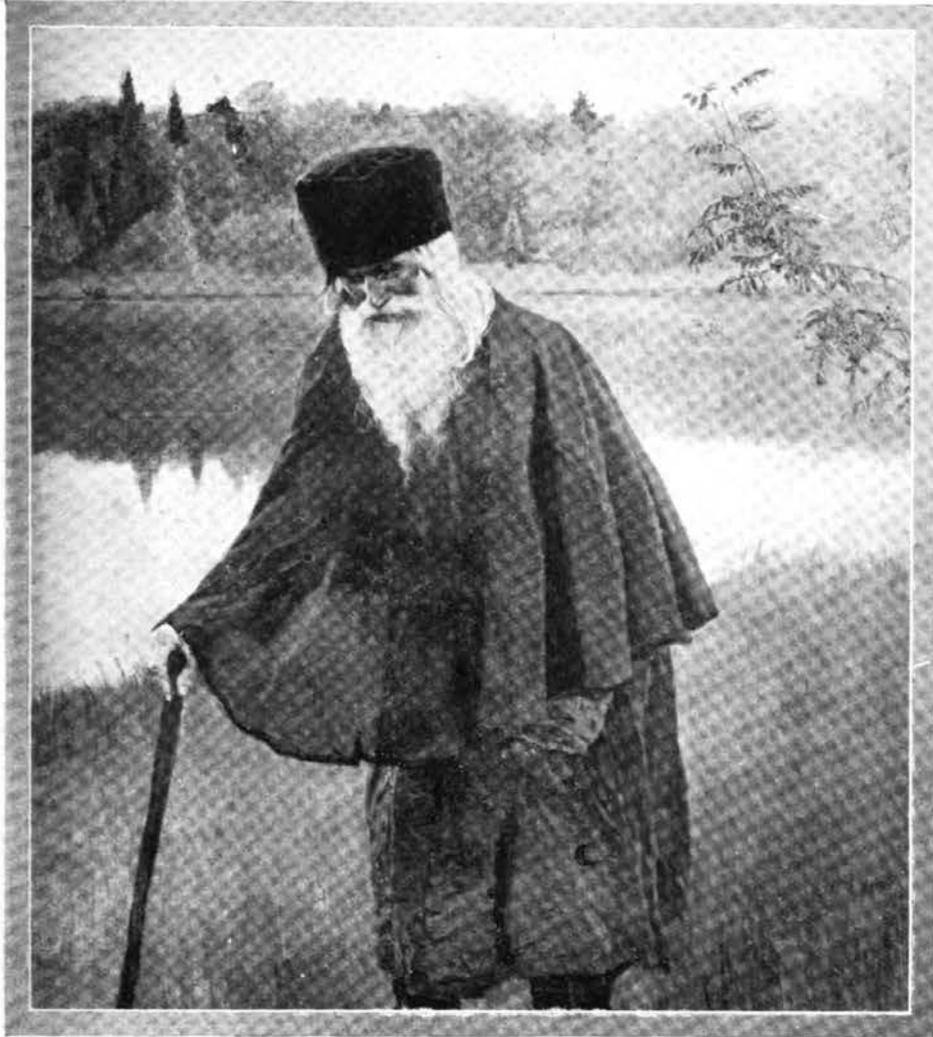
L'apparition d'un saint au jeune Bartholomé (futur St. Serge).

Фотолит. и Худож. фотост. К. А. Финавель, Москва

be only to reproduce as exactly as possible "the priceless reality" for the welfare of mankind. Only what surrounds us, what everybody can see, was called Reality, such as a cow, a tree, a beggar, a street. If the tree was painted quite like a live

usefulness of schools, the evil of drinking, the abuse of power. And suddenly among these sober art-productions appeared such a work as "The Vision."

Every detail of this strange picture was uncommon and new. The landscape, it is



Nesteroff, M. B.

tree, if you could almost hear the calf bleat, if the beggar almost stepped out of the canvas, then the painter had attained his aim—he was up to his mark. The explanation of Reality was mainly understood as the introduction into the public mind of ideas, mostly of a general civilising character, such as the necessity and

true, resembles our Russian landscapes, but at the same time something was added, or, on the contrary, taken away from the familiar view. Was it a fairy tale or a dream?

An extraordinary lightness pervades the picture; it is real and spiritualised at the same time. In the centre of the canvas

stands a boy, an ordinary Russian peasant boy, such an one as you can often meet, even now; but his eyes, large, wide-open, see something that is not to be met with every day. Not in vain has the boy raised his hands as if in prayer, for before

This picture displeased, nearly offended, many. The artist, perhaps, wanted to revive some truth which modern society had long ago discarded and stored away as a dangerous, or, at best, a foolish superstition! But nothing could turn the



Nesteroff, M. B.

him stands a live being, or, again, perhaps, a dream. Under a tree stands a presence in a wide mantle, with a big cross on it, a monk's cowl pulled over his eyes. It is a hermit, a being standing aloof from ordinary human life, a Man of silence, and secret, wise converse with God. He knows things unknown to us; around his head is a halo.

artist from his chosen way, neither the sneers, nor the laughter and jokes at the "consumptive" figures of his "innocents," at the "meagre" trees, and the "dead colouring" of his productions. Crowned by thorns at first, he nevertheless forced the public to acknowledge him and to acknowledge the Word, which he sounded forth in his paintings, and which

in another way is given out in the works of Dostoevsky—the Seer. It is the Word of “Holy Russia”—a name given also to one of the last pictures of Nesteroff. With him, true Russia stands supreme.

“Snow, always, everywhere, immaculate white snow, and winding frozen rivers, the old and dark pine forests; nothing to gladden the searching eye.”

This is holy Russia; she follows her



Нестерова М. В.

Nesteroff M. B.

Юношество Преподобнаго Сергія.

Saint Serge adolescent.

См. в эксп. гал. К. А. Фунда. Мост.

Not the mighty realm of Peter the Great, the indefatigable builder and founder of cities, fleet, army, science, trade; but the true soul of the people itself; the modest, quiet, retiring soul of the nation—no flaming colours about it, no high-flown words.

own ways, not the path painted out by the Tsar Peter. It is not the broad highway of “civilisation,” with its motors, ringing trams, rushing through thick black clouds of smoke, welling from high factory chimneys. Holy Russia has always fought shy of all this, as if feeling

some hidden danger, some terrible grasping power behind it—a power which she, so meek and humble, would not and could not accept.

The path most dear to her heart runs along humble byways, among unknown fields, under the wide branches of old pines; winds serpent-like across marshes and under the walls of poor cloisters.

To many all these pilgrims—old men, old women, novices, pale girls, dreamy children, all these "God's people"—seem strange and unfamiliar, a little ridiculous, and pitiful; perhaps even a little off their heads, incapable of matter-of-fact, solid work—so many superfluous mouths to feed. But in Russia, even among very active, rational people, as soon as the snow begins to melt, as soon as the herons ring out from the bright sky their glad call, some strange yearning surges up in the heart, a yearning after something far, far away from ordinary humdrum life, and they leave their old dwelling-places, and wander forth, for hundreds and thousands of miles—some to the holy city of Kiev, to worship at the holy shrines of saints, and of Sophia the Wisdom, some to the isle of Walaam; the more daring wind their way to the Polar monastery of Solovetz, while one or two, happier than the rest, will, perhaps, visit Jerusalem itself. But often even these wanderings do not satisfy this hunger for the unknown. In the native land of Nesteroff, in the mountainous Ufa, in the wild Perm, in the forests and morasses of our wide fatherland, thousands of men and women, after having visited all the renowned monasteries, come together, talk, read, hold counsel, bear self-inflicted hardships. They go in groups into the heart of the forest, to some frozen lake in the wilderness, and after hot discussions, lasting sometimes all the night, or solitary prayers, when the grey dawn breaks in the east, they listen intently in the hushed

silence of the wood, in the hope of being deemed worthy to hear the sweet bell-chimes of the holy city of Kitege, which hid itself in the waters of the lake to save its sanctity from the cruel Tartars.

What do they seek? What or Whom do they await? The living God.

They are not content merely to know that God exists—as we know that in South America live Patagonians, and we are not interested with their doings, and they do not trouble about us. For Russian people, if God exists, He must be a living, dear friend, held close to the heart. They must feel Him in themselves, must see Him, adore Him, love Him, as one loves a father, a Teacher; they must change all their life according to His laws. "The seekers of a City not of this world"—this is the Holy Russia always depicted by Nesteroff. By different ways go the people of Holy Russia in quest of this living God. Sometimes losing their way, retracing their steps; many fall, but get up again and follow a difficult, sometimes slippery path. The path—what of it? If only the goal is reached, if only to feel God in all, in the greatest and in the smallest. The only thing of importance is to love Him gladly, to love through Him all the world, for then all the world becomes suffused with light, and the wild animals fearlessly come and rest at the feet of man, not as vanquished slaves, but as the younger brothers of our great family. Our ancient fairy tales, old legends, and stories tell us over and over again that Russian people cannot rest content until they have found the Wonder of Wonders, the Fire Bird, or the wise Damösel, or God's Truth; in a word, something which shall in a moment completely change their life, give it a new meaning, a new price; lift it out of the everyday routine, and illumine and sanctify all that comes in touch with it. And this is what Holy Russia seeks.



COMRADES

By Mrs. G. M. HORT

[Pervading twilight, through which outlines, as of a rocky waste, glimmer faintly. In the background the dark mouth of a cavern. Silence, broken occasionally by a far-off sound of wailing. A dim figure, in soiled garments, stained here and there with blood, enters from the right hand and peers anxiously around.]

THE DIM FIGURE : He promised I should be with Him to-day, and it's quite night now. It's a long time since I heard Him say it—about the last thing I *did* hear. . . . I must have missed the way. I was always doing that when I was alive! But dying ought to make a difference, especially such a death as mine.

[The sound of wailing drifts up through the cavern's mouth. He leans over and listens.]

Ah, what's that? It makes me feel as if they were driving the nails again through my hands and feet! It makes my wounds burn and sting! I can't bear it!

[As he covers his face with his hands there enters, from the left, another dim figure, also soiled and bloodstained, but taller and more commanding than the first. He carries on his shoulder something which has the appearance of a stripped tree, and glances fearlessly about him.]

THE SECOND DIM FIGURE : What is it you can't bear?

THE FIRST (starting back) : You? But how did you get here?

THE SECOND : How would anybody keep me out? This is the place of the dead, and I'm as dead as you are. [*With emphasis.*] I died the same sort of death, too, and for the same sort of reason. You admitted that yourself. . . . "*The same condemnation . . . the due reward of our deeds.*"

THE FIRST : Yes. But it makes a difference—the spirit you take it in—what you choose to make of a death like that. And it was only *I* who asked *Him* to remember me. It was only *I* He promised to meet.

THE SECOND : Yes; and I suppose you think it was only *you* who recognised the sort of Person He was. "*This Man has*

done nothing amiss." He didn't need! There was enough misdoing on either side of Him to drag Him down to hell! [*Points towards the chasm.*] And as you say He promised to meet you, why don't you leave me and go and look for Him?

THE FIRST (shrinking) : But it can't be *there* that He meant me to go! People in there are in prison—lost—damned.

THE SECOND (carelessly) : No. It's I that am damned! . . .

THE FIRST : But don't you hear them crying out? Isn't it dreadful? Doesn't it go through your heart?

THE SECOND : No. How should it? *My* heart wasn't pierced as *His* was. I've only got wounds in my hands and feet. And even those don't hurt me now. Nothing hurts me. And I don't see how it can hurt *you* very much. Your heart wasn't pierced either. You can't be really sorry for those poor wretches or you'd be in there along with them—and Him.

THE FIRST : I tell you He can't be in there. It was *in Paradise* He promised I should be with Him.

THE SECOND : Well, perhaps a place like that *would* be Paradise—to Him. A place where everyone was so miserable that they simply couldn't help wanting to be better, and *had* to give Him the chance to put them right! That was the kind of place He always wanted when He was in the land of the living. At least, it seemed to be. You ought to know better about that than I. It was you who always admired Him so much and were always asking me to go and hear Him teach. I never had anything to do with Him at all—that is, not until I came to die with Him.

THE FIRST (peering into the chasm) : I don't understand it. It seems much worse down there than it is here, and yet you, who are lost and impenitent, can stay here. And you seem much happier than I am.

THE SECOND : Of course I do. It's not

sin that makes people unhappy. It's *repenting* of sin! To repent means to have your soul cut in pieces—slashed about—wounded through and through. Now my soul's not like that. I never let it get like that, even when my body came to the end it did. It never occurred to me to be so shocked and surprised as you were at having to die a violent death. After all, it was only a proper finish to the life I'd lived.

THE FIRST (*with proud humility*): And to mine, too, Comrade, if it comes to that.

THE SECOND: Well! To yours, too, if you like. There's not, I suppose, so much difference in sinners. Only some of them have more heart, and then, like you, they repent; and some of them have more brain, and then, like me, they never do.

THE FIRST (*with sudden inspiration*): You're mistaken, Comrade. For all your cleverness, you're mistaken. Everybody who dies the sort of death we did repents in some kind of way. Wounds like that get through, somehow, to the soul. You say I admired Him when I was alive—but I didn't really. It was only in that pain of ours that I began to guess what He felt—that I had to be sorry.

THE SECOND: For Him? Or for yourself?

THE FIRST: For both of us, I think. And for you, too, Comrade—for you, too!

THE SECOND: You needn't have concerned yourself about me. I didn't ask for any pity, did I?

THE FIRST: No. But you must have wanted it. It's impossible to die that sort of death and not want it. . . . But we must part now. Good-bye, Comrade.

[He moves slowly and feebly towards the mouth of the cave. A terrible burst of wailing rises. He staggers back.]

I can't go alone.

THE SECOND: Well! *He's* there somewhere—preaching to the souls shut up there, taming the wild beasts in their cage!

THE FIRST: Yes. But it's a long way, first. And, besides, it'll hurt—being preached to, being tamed. It won't be so easy as staying here. Come with me, Comrade.

THE SECOND: I'm not invited. I've told you before, I was never a friend of His.

THE FIRST: You died *with* Him. You died *like* Him. He'll remember that. He'll remember you.

THE SECOND: I never asked Him to remember. After that drug they gave us had put *you* to sleep, we were awake a long time—He and I. But I kept my mouth shut. I never found a word to say.

THE FIRST: Perhaps He heard the words you didn't say. And one can pray without words. What was it that old Rabbi at school used to tell us about a *wound's* being a sort of prayer?

THE SECOND: Those old Rabbis! . . . They say so much that it would be odd if they didn't say what's true now and again. But let's go, if we're going. . . . Yes, I'll come with you if you want company.

[He takes the other by the hand, and they move slowly through the twilight towards the dark chasm. They have almost reached it, when a discordant yell as of protest rises from its mouth.]

THE FIRST (*shrinking back*): Ah! Look at those demons crowding there at the entrance! They seem to be barring the way. I don't see why they should want to keep us out of a place like that.

THE SECOND: *They* see why, well enough! They're sharper than you, Comrade. They know they stand a good chance of losing anyone who goes down there of his own accord, who chooses to suffer enough. . . . Hold up your cross, if you really want to get by them. They won't like the look of that!

THE FIRST: I haven't brought it with me. It had hurt so much I wanted to forget it—to be at peace.

THE SECOND: Well, here's mine, for what it's worth.

[He lowers the thing he has been carrying from his shoulder, and thrusts it, like a weapon, into the chasm. The yelling dies into a murmur. A faint light, as of a signal from below, moves across the entrance.]

THE SECOND: He's down there, right enough. . . . Yes. Call to Him, if you like.

THE FIRST (*falling on one knee and stretching his hands into the darkness*):

Lord, remember me, when Your Heavenly Kingdom comes! And remember us both now, for we were both Your comrades!

THE SECOND (*standing erect and gazing hard into the darkness*): Comrades in the cross—the nails—the wounds! . . . He hardly *could* forget or go into His Kingdom without us! . . .

THE FIRST: But where is that Kingdom of His? Surely not here—not in death and hell?

THE SECOND: On the other side of them, Comrade, perhaps. At any rate, it seems as if we had to go through death and hell to get there. . . . Courage! We've had the worst half already. He'll remember that.

[He draws the other forward into the chasm. As they are disappearing into the darkness the faint light brightens and is reflected on their wounds.]



THE DARK HOUR

THERE'S something from the lily blows,
That shall outlive the flower's own death;
Like incense, an immortal breath
Steams from the slowly dying rose:
Till each, in fading, seems to be
A greater thing than we can see—
A larger date, another life it knows.

Still have I dream'd—when Autumn rains
Have bruis'd the drooping lily's head;
When the starv'd rose is left for dead,
Its red blood chill'd within its veins—
That but the outward form hath perish'd,
And somewhere else, unseen, is cherish'd
The immortal Soul—the Pattern yet remains.

And then, when comes the gentle Season,
Straightway along each aery line
Life flows and fills that Form divine;
Till, with an art akin to reason,
Each, in its kind, with instinct true
Hath built the Beauty that we knew.
Ah! gracious thought!—Yet to think else were treason!
If Nature still renew her sweets in kind,
Then, through the dark still hour
Of her suspended power,
There must abide a Thought within a Mind.

E. A. W.

THE CALL OF THE STAR ANGELS

By ISABELLE M. PAGAN

IN the whole range of Christian teaching there is nothing more beautiful than that of the tender care of the guardian angel, whose influence over the human child is ever on the side of the evolution of the soul, of true growth in grace. Every religion under the sun has an idea corresponding to this conception, for there are guardian angels and patron saints of countries, nations, tribes, cities, streams, and groves. Here a gentle influence predominates, there one harsh and stern, calling for fortitude and endurance; but while we acknowledge these as national and individual traits, we no longer personify the influence as tutelary deity of the region. Any expression of this fact which falls below the level of poetic genius is apt to be discouraged as fanciful, "pantheistic," or irreverent. Yet the immanence of God is as true as His transcendence, and this immanence can only be realised by us through varying revelations of different aspects of deity, suited to the limitations of the human brain. In this light it is, perhaps, worth our while to examine the type of divine power expressed in the choice of patron saints in our own land, remembering that in olden days they usually replaced the tutelary deity of a more ancient faith, and that though the name was changed, the characteristic influence persisted and was recognised as the quality most easily brought to perfection in this special country.

St. George for Merrie England is an old battle-cry, renewed of late, and Shakespeare speaks of his beloved land as "the seat of Mars." We have said, with much emphasis of late years, that the English are not really a fighting people, and that this was proved by their unpreparedness when war broke out. Yet the warrior saint is England's chosen

guardian, and why not? St. George has no quarrel with the guardian saints of other countries, his foe is the dragon. England is out to fight no race or people, but the dragon of militarism; a principle regarded by the typical Anglo-Saxon as essentially evil. What, then, is the divine energy recognised in the power of Mars, and symbolised by St. George? Surely it is the power of optimism, an extra allowance of hope and courage leading to heroic enterprise of all kinds. In all her active undertakings, whether building the first and best-laid railways in the world, exploring Arctic regions, or wading knee-deep in wet trenches, hope stands England in good stead. Even when odds are against her, the cheery confidence that she will muddle through somehow, never deserts her sons. In all astrological reckonings Aries, the sign most akin to Mars, and said to be ruled by that planet, is taken as representing England, and events affecting that country are prophesied according to the planets—malefic or benefic—that pass through that sign.

St. Andrew of Scotland was a fisherman, who was called from his nets to become a master of men. Many of Caledonia's sons have left the fisherman's hut for the university and gone forth with a call to the souls of men. The herring is still the wealth of her rugged shore, and it and the Finnan haddie have travelled far, but not so far as her preachers and teachers from their cottage homes. Even St. Andrew's predecessor, St. Bride or Bridget, called after the pre-Christian tutelary deity of Scotland, is associated with tales of travel. She was spirited away to Palestine to become the Virgin foster-mother of the Christ, and was accorded equal honour with the Virgin Mother herself by the Scottish

Christians of early days. England knew her too, and her ruined chapel and tomb are to be found in Glastonbury, near the spot where, according to some, King Arthur lies buried.

St. Bride is the self-same deity as Diana, the maiden aunt among the goddesses, who, childless herself, was yet the nourisher and protector of the newly born, and patroness of all nursing or expectant mothers. In Hebrew tradition her place is taken by the Angel Gabriel, who appropriately announces the birth of the Saviour and of St. John in our New Testament.

St. Bride and St. Patrick worked and prayed together in olden times, and Scotland and Ireland have still an undertone in common, probably due to the large number of original Scoto-Celtic tribes who settled in both countries. St. Patrick's work lay largely in organising the religious activities of the community without disturbing the political institutions which already existed. Land was held, and cattle and sheep were reared, in some sort of group system, in which clan feeling and neighbourliness played a large part. It is, perhaps, not too fanciful to think that those patriots, who, on the lines advocated by Mr. George Russell and others, are working for the agricultural welfare of Ireland to-day and encouraging co-operation and honest dealing, are in some ways returning to the system in vogue in the days of St. Patrick. Taurus, the sign of the Bull, is said to rule Ireland, and the access of agricultural effort which has made her so prosperous during the war is probably the beginning of better days. The "back to the land" movement, with its concurrent development of home industries, folk song and dance, and simple, natural pleasures, will reach a high state of development, and be intimately knit up with the religious life of the people. St. Patrick is said to have stilled polemical argument on the vexed question of the various persons of the Trinity by showing his converts the shamrock leaf, with a quiet "Behold the Three in One."

Such counsel, followed in the spirit of Him who bade us consider the lilies of the field, will carry us far.

The patron saint of Wales is David, the sweet singer of Israel, so the Welsh harp, the Welsh bards, and the Welsh choirs carry on a tradition which binds them in allegiance to the poet-king, whose harping healed Saul of madness, and gave us the exquisite poetry of the Psalms. It is from the Cymri, the ancient inhabitants of Wales, Cornwall and Brittany, that we get one of the most striking of our national heroes, King Arthur, with his Round Table. Translated by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from a very ancient Welsh book in the eleventh century, these legends spread rapidly over Europe, and inspired poets and musicians all the world over. Even to-day we see a recrudescence of the fine old teaching in such orders as the Round Table, founded by Theosophists, and the White Knights of a country district in the South of England, where soldiers going abroad attend a special service in a consecrated chapel, and take solemn vows of purity and loyalty to *fiancée* or wife.

The sacred sign said to rule Wales is that of Gemini, the Mercurial sign, quick, resourceful, nimble-witted, talkative, apt to live in the present, and skilled in making the best of it.

Each nation must see to it that in spite of its temperamental reverence and regard for its own guardian angel, represented by its patron saint, it steers clear of the idolatry that exalts the sign and cultivates an admiration even for the faults due to an exaggeration of its virtues. Consequently it is good for nations to be grouped together in great fraternities within the bounds of some beneficent Empire or in such federations as are suggested as part of the reconstructive programme after the war. The more we learn to appreciate the beauty of our neighbour's ideals, the less are we likely to exaggerate our own special idiosyncrasies into deformity, but first let us see that our own ideals *are* understood, and that our banners float untarnished.

SCOUTCRAFT IN AMERICA

By ADELINA H. TAFFINDER

Motto : " BE PREPARED "

THIS motto is most appropriate for all who are earnestly working for the coming of the World Teacher. We, who believe in His coming, should be Scouts in the truest sense of the word. The army scout was the soldier who was chosen out of all the army to go out on the skirmish line. The pioneer who was out on the edge of the wilderness guarding the men, women, and children in the stockade was also a scout.

In all ages men who have gone out on new and strange adventures, and through their work have benefited mankind, they also were scouts.

The Scout oath in the United States is :

On my honour I will do my best :

1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law.
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

When taking this oath the youth stands holding up his right hand, palm to the front, thumb resting on the nail of the little finger and the other three fingers upright together.

There are twelve laws a boy promises to obey when he takes his Scout oath.

1. *A Scout is trustworthy.* A Scout's honour is to be trusted. If he were to violate his honour by telling a lie, or by cheating, or by not doing exactly a given task when trusted on his honour, he may be directed to hand over his Scout badge.
2. *A Scout is loyal.* He is loyal to all to whom loyalty is due : his Scout leader, his home, his parents, and country.
3. *A Scout is helpful.* He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and share the home duties. He must *do at least one good turn to somebody every day.*
4. *A Scout is friendly.* He is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout.
5. *A Scout is courteous.* He is polite to all,

especially to women, children, old people, and the weak and helpless.

6. *A Scout is kind.* He is a friend to animals. He will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.
7. *A Scout is obedient.* He obeys his parents, scout master, patrol leader, and all other duly constituted authorities.
8. *A Scout is cheerful.* He smiles whenever he can. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shrinks or grumbles at hardships.
9. *A Scout is thrifty.* He does not wantonly destroy property ; he works faithfully, wastes nothing, and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way, be generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects. *He may work for pay, but must not receive tips for courtesies, or good turns.*
10. *A Scout is brave.* He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear, and has to stand up for the right against the coaxings of friends or the jeers or threats of enemies, and defeat does not down him.
11. *A Scout is clean.* He keeps clean in body and in thought ; stands for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and travels with a clean crowd.
12. *A Scout is reverent.* He is reverent towards God. He is faithful in his religious duties, and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.

Among the first things a boy must know to become a Scout are the Scout law, salute, sign, oath, motto, and the significance of the badge, with its words, " Be Prepared." This means that the boy is always in a state of readiness in mind and body to do his duty. To be prepared in mind, by having disciplined himself to be obedient, and also by having thought out beforehand any accident or situation that may occur. This prepares him to know the right thing to do at the right moment, and be willing to do it. To be prepared in body, by making himself strong and active and able to do the right thing at the right moment, and then do it.

All who are interested in the Boy Scout movement, which has become almost

universal, feel a deep sense of gratitude to Lieut.-General Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell, who has done so much to make the movement of interest to boys of all nations.

Much of the information in this article,

are anxious that the boys of America should come under the influence of this movement and be built up in all that goes to make character and good citizenship. The affairs of the organisation are managed by a National Council, composed of



SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

concerning Scoutcraft in the United States, is gathered from the *Official Handbook*, which has been prepared by the National Council in this country.

The Boy Scouts of America is a corporation formed by a group of men who

some of the most prominent men of our country, who gladly and freely give their time and money that this purpose may be accomplished.

The work is carried on in villages, towns, and cities by local councils, com-

posed of men particularly fitted for such guidance.

The most eminent men in the United States, experts in their respective departments, have helped to prepare this large volume, the *Official Handbook*, which contains the most valuable information on Scoutcraft, Woodcraft, Campcraft, Tracks, Trailing and Signalling, Health and Endurance, Chivalry, First Aid and Life Saving, Games, Patriotism and Citizenship.

In these pages, and throughout the organisation, it is made obligatory upon all Scouts that they cultivate courage, loyalty, patriotism, brotherliness, self-control, cleanliness, thrift, purity, and honour. Here is beautiful evidence of the preparation for the sixth sub-race.

President Woodrow Wilson is honorary president of the National Council and Executive Board; also two ex-Presidents of the United States are, respectively, vice-presidents, William H. Taft and Theodore Roosevelt. The latter contributes the official instruction to the Scouts on "Practical Citizenship."

Ernest Thompson Seton is the Chief Scout, and James E. West is Chief Scout Executive.

American children have been thrilled by the charming books of animal life written by Mr. Thompson Seton, *Wild Animals That I Have Known* being one in particular.

In the *Boy Scout's Handbook* he writes on "Woodcraft" and "Tracks, Trailing, and Signalling."

There are three classes of Scouts: Tenderfoot, Second-class Scout, and First-class Scout.

A boy must be at least twelve years old and must pass several tests in order to become a Tenderfoot. He must know the composition and history of the national flag and the customary forms of respect due to it; and be able to tie quickly four rope knots out of nine which have been shown him.

To become a Second-class Scout a Tenderfoot must pass, to the satisfaction of the recognised local Scout authorities, ten tests, which include elementary first aid and bandaging; know the general

directions for first aid for injuries; know treatment for fainting, shock, fractures, bruises, sprains, injuries in which the skin is broken, burns and scalds; demonstrate how to carry the injured, the use of the triangular and roller bandages and tourniquet. Elementary signalling; know the Semaphore or the International Morse alphabet; track half a mile in twenty-five minutes; or, if in town, describe satisfactorily the contents of one store window out of four observed for one minute each.

Go a mile in twelve minutes at Scout's pace—about fifty steps running and fifty walking alternately. Use properly knife or hatchet, according to the instructions given in the *Handbook for Boys*. Prove ability to build a fire in the open, using not more than two matches. Cook a quarter of a pound of meat and two potatoes in the open without the ordinary kitchen cooking utensils.

Earn and deposit at least one dollar in a public bank. Know the sixteen points of a compass.

To become a First-class Scout the Second-class Scout must pass the following tests:

Swim fifty yards. Earn and deposit at least two dollars in a public bank. Send and receive a message by Semaphore or the International Morse alphabet, sixteen letters per minute. Make a round trip alone (or with another Scout) to a point at least seven miles away (fourteen miles in all), going on foot or rowing-boat, and write a satisfactory account of the trip and of things observed.

Advanced first aid; know the methods for panic prevention; what to do in case of fire and ice, electric and gas accidents; how to help in case of runaway horse, mad dog or snake bite; treatments for dislocations, unconsciousness, poisoning, fainting, apoplexy, sunstroke, heat exhaustion, and freezing. The candidate must know treatment for sunburn, ivy poisoning, bites and stings, nose bleed, earache, toothache, inflammation or grit in eye, cramp or stomach ache and chills; demonstrate artificial respiration as taught in Scoutcraft. Prepare and cook satisfactorily in the open, without regular kitchen utensils, two out of ten articles

to be cooked, and be able to explain the methods to another boy.

Read a map correctly, and draw, from field notes made on the spot, an intelligible rough sketch map, indicating by their proper marks important buildings,

weight within twenty-five per cent. Describe fully, from observation, ten species of trees or plants, including poison ivy, by their bark, leaves, flowers, fruit, or scent.

Describe fully six species of wild birds



PROMINENT OFFICER OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

roads, trolley lines, main landmarks, and principal elevations. Use properly an axe for felling or trimming light timber, or produce an article of carpentry or cabinet-making or metal-work made by himself. Judge distance, size, number, height, and

by their plumage, notes, tracks, or habits; or six species of native wild animals by their form, colour, call, tracks, or habits; find the North Star, and name and describe at least three constellations of stars.

Furnish satisfactory evidence that he has put into practice in his daily life the principles of the Scout oath and law. Also enlist a boy trained by himself in the requirements of a Tenderfoot. Scoutcraft includes some sixty of the arts, sciences, and crafts, and to obtain a merit badge in any of them a Scout must pass examinations, which are conducted by the Court of Honour of the local council. In communities where a local council has not been organised, a local committee of representative men, including the superintendent or principal of schools, is organised to conduct these tests. The local Court of Honour having satisfied itself that the applicant has met the requirements for a merit badge, submits in writing to the Court of Honour of the National Council a certificate endorsed by the experts who conducted the examination, showing that they had satisfactory proof that the Scout has actually passed the test and is entitled to receive the badge.

The Boy Scouts of America maintain

that no boy can grow into the best kind of citizenship without recognising his obligation to God. The first part of the Scout's oath or pledge is therefore: "I promise on my honour to do my best to honour my God and my country."

While recognising the fact that the boy should be taught the things that pertain to religion, it is insisted upon that the boy's religious life shall be stimulated and fostered by the institution with which he is connected. An ethical teaching is that no Scout can ever hope to attain to much until he has learned a reverence for religion. This teaching is beautifully brought into the instructions on Chivalry, for a Scout is considered a knight, and tales of knighthood are brought out prominently in order to inspire a Boy Scout with the idealism of the Round Table. He is required to be manly and unselfish, to be courageous, and also courteous and polite to women and children, especially to the aged, protecting the weak, and helping others to live better.



SALADIN, the great Saracen, wishing to lay a trap for Nathan, the wise and rich Jew, asked him, "Honest man, I would gladly know from thee which religion thou judgest to be the true one, Jewish, Mahometan, or Christian?" Then Nathan, in answer, tells him of a certain family owning a ring of much beauty and worth, and endowed with the magical virtue of making every wearer of it beloved by God and men. The possessor of it became thereby head of the family and owner of the estate. This the father in successive generations always gave to whomsoever of his descendants he deemed the worthiest. At length a father had three sons, all of whom he loved alike. In his perplexity to whom to give the ring, he sent for a craftsman, and had two more rings made of such an exact resemblance that even he himself could hardly tell the true one. Being now very old, he privately gave a ring to each of his three sons. When he was dead, each of them produced his ring, and claimed the honour and estate. They brought the case before the judge. "I hear," said the judge, "that the true ring has the power of making its wearer pleasing in the sight of God and of man. Let each of you strive to make known the virtue of his ring, by gentleness, by hearty peacefulness, by well-doing, by the utmost inward devotion to God. And then if this power of the gem reveals itself, with your children's children I invite you again, thousands and thousands of years hence, before this tribunal. Then one wiser than I will sit in the judgment-seat and will decide."*

* *Nathan der Weise* III., VI.



Photo by Ed. Brogi.]

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LA VERGINE IN ADORAZIONE.

THE HOUSE AT MAGDALA

By E. V. HAYES

The writer of this is a non-commissioned officer. We are learning from our friends the Boers and the Swiss that an ideal army is composed of the manhood of a nation, trained in the midst of ordinary civilian life to defend the Right at need. This gives us genius of all kinds in the brotherhood of arms.

THE two young men passed up the marble steps of the house, pausing as they reached the top step and saw the oriental display of wealth and mystery within the beautiful hall.

Great folds of purple and amber silk hung all down the walls on either side, moving slightly in the breeze, which came, richly scented, from the garden below. On these violet and golden curtains were embroidered here and there strange and mystical figures and devices; an embroidered reproduction of the god Apollo in white silk being the most arresting. On a pedestal of black ebony sat an evil-looking god of pure silver, with eyes of emeralds, and lips, sensual and sinister, set in rubies. A great bronze vessel beneath him sent up streams of grey mist, filling the air with heavy perfume; two huge lamps of cunning workmanship hung from the painted ceiling, shedding a faint yellow glow directly beneath them, and beyond them, endless shadows—shadows which seemed alive with forbidden things, and beings intangible, captives of another world held here by a necromancer's craft.

The younger of the two men trembled and his olive cheek paled.

"Why have we come here?" he asked in a whisper.

The other smiled.

"Thou shalt see. Have no fear. It is a House of Evil, in truth. And the woman in it, its High Priestess, has sold herself to the Prince of Darkness. Yet thou shalt see much that shall astonish thee. Be not afraid."

From some room behind those clinging tapestries came a weird music—a music that hissed like a serpent and rippled like a brook; a music that mocked and

lamented; a music of a lost soul, and a soul too proud to confess its loss; a music of such passions that the most violent passions of men seem childish before them; a singing like the Vespers of Hell.

The knees of the younger man shook, so that he supported himself against the column near him.

"She hath great wealth," said the Other, quietly.

A slave boy, almost as black as the ebony throne of the squat idol, came towards them; he was naked save for a purple and amber sash of linen about his loins, and his hair was snow-white. Even the calm face of the Other Man quivered a little as he beheld this strange little figure.

"'Tis an evil thought that would bring a child to this," he said.

"Your names, sirs?" asked the lad.

"I have no name as yet for Mary of Magdala," said the Man. "Tell her that. I would that she gave me a name, and I think she can. My companion's name is John. We come to know what thy lady can tell us."

The slave looked perplexed.

"I will tell my lady thy message," he said dubiously. "I dare not send any from her house. Not since I sent one great man who sought her under a fictitious name. He seemed so frightened that I would not let him see my mistress. Sorely did she upbraid me for it!"

He disappeared down the shadowy hall.

As they waited, a woman, heavily veiled, came from between the curtains some paces away. She passed them, weeping.

"Some poor soul that has lost a loved one and sought Mary of Magdala's aid to hold communion with her dead," quoth

the Man without a Name. "The day shall come when Mary of Magdala shall need consolation of this sort, and not all her devils shall find it for her."

The slave boy came back.

"My mistress will see you," he said. "She hath a visitor now with her. She bade me lead you both to the ante-chamber and bid you rest awhile till she call."

They followed him down the hall. At a certain spot he halted and drew back the curtains, revealing a richly furnished room beyond. They entered, and at his beckoning sat them down on great Eastern rugs, which were a foot from the ground in very thickness. Again purple and yellow were the colours most to be seen; a gigantic golden sun with the lineaments of a man's face hung directly opposite them; raised on a slender pillar of pure gold in the centre of the room was a human skull; on a round altar set to the East was a human heart preserved in white vinegar, a ghastly red object that floated backwards and forwards; a vial each side of it.

"In those vials are two dreadful things," said the Man without a Name. "In one, the tears of a woman forsaken by her lover in the hour when most she needed him for honour's sake as well as for love's. . . . In the other the blood of a man who was slain while seeking to compass a great lust, slain with the heat of his mad passion upon him. If thou couldst only see, thou wouldst not tremble at the golden image of a sun, or the wail of hellish music: thou wouldst rather shake with fear that from those vials evil things come creeping forth unceasingly, enchaining men's hearts and Mary of Magdala's with them."

The curtains parted again and the slave ushered in another visitor.

A Roman captain, strong in muscle but weak in face, rich in his adornments, in his toga encrusted with jewels, his hair wet with perfume, the nails of his feet and hands brilliantly polished; poor in that light which the soul sheds through the eyes.

"The Governor of Judea," whispered John. "'Tis the first time I have

ever seen him. But his ring shows who he is."

"It is the first time I have seen him also," said the Other. "But not the last time that we shall meet. Albeit that now he seems indifferent to us."

Indifferent he was; one quick glance had shown him that these were Jews, and that was sufficient to the haughty Roman; he lay on his cushions, staring moodily at the skull set on its delicate rod of gold.

A bell was heard in the distance, and a few minutes after the slave appeared; he looked at the two Hebrews hesitatingly, then at the Roman, who, already risen, seemed expectant.

"Is your mistress ready, boy?" he asked, sharply, as one who expects but one answer.

"Yea, my lord," said the boy promptly. "Follow me."

Again the two young men were alone; the Man without a Name smiled slightly.

"It is better that Mary of Magdala should see him first," he said. "Mayhap she would not see him after, nay, nor any other who shall ask her for devilries."

They waited without speaking for some half an hour; then a bell was heard again; and again the boy appeared.

"My lady will see you," he said. And they followed him down the long hall, dimly lit.

"Pardon me if I let the Roman in before you," said the lad. "But he brooks no delay. Otherwise I would not have kept ye waiting."

"It matters not, little lad," said the Man unnamed. "I have waited too long for Mary of Magdala to resent a brief delay of one half an hour."

Before a great bronze door stood two tall slaves, guarding the room beyond with drawn swords.

"Open!" called out the slave boy, holding up his hand.

Slowly the door swung back and they entered. There was a room all of black, unbroken, raven black. Ebony were all the fittings, black silk were all the hangings. They stumbled in, for it was very dark.

"My Lady, two men would speak with you!" called out the lad, and left them

there, the great door closing as he passed out.

The curtains agitated at the east end of the room, and a woman, robed entirely in white, was seen as they slowly fell apart. She was seated on a throne also of ebony, and behind her black curtains still hung. In a loose Grecian raiment of pure white, a band of pearls across her misty dark hair, her face deeply veiled, sat Mary of Magdala, who trafficked in human sorrows, who held commerce with the dead, who wove spells, either for success or failure, who refused the yoke of the Jewish nation, who bowed to idols and ate of the meats offered to them, who held friendship with the Roman oppressors, who had a tongue which beguiled men. And through her veil she scrutinised her visitors.

"Welcome, strangers! Though ye are of my own race, yet in sooth ye are strangers."

"Do none of thy race ever visit thee, Mary of Magdala?" asked the Nameless One.

"None. Hebrews when they visit a witch visit her with a lie on their lips and strange clothing on their backs. Because of the Law of Moses which saith: thou shalt not have commerce with one who hath a familiar spirit. Therefore, though they be circumcised, yet they are not Jews when they do come hither."

"There is a hidden bitterness in thy tongue, Mary of Magdala."

She laughed softly.

"Then 'tis not for thee. When my page told that two Jews awaited me, I was astonished. Openly — and in full light of to-day! What reckless men are these, thought I, that venture to run the gauntlet of the Pharisees' spite and unrelenting vengeance? And when I heard that thou hadst refused thy name, till I gave thee one, I was persuaded to see thee. Perhaps against my better sense."

"That time shall show, Mary of Magdala," said the Man who waited His Name. "Again I say, it is thou shalt give me a name, that I may be known thereby."

"Think you I know you not?" she

cried. "I know ye both. I know your names, your business, your age, the dear ones lost to you, the rewards ye seek in life. Aye, all these things know I."

"Nay, Mary of Magdala, thou dost not know all this. My name thou dost know not, nor what my business is, nor mine age, nor yet the dear ones lost to me; nay, neither knowest thou the reward I seek. Nor can thy familiar spirits tell thee."

"It is a bold challenge, Nazarite," said the woman sharply.

"It is not hard to call me Nazarite, Mary of Magdala, because my dress doth show it, my hair and beard. But Nazarite is not my name."

"I will tell thee something about thy friend first," said the veiled woman, haughtily. "His name is John. His business is that of a fisherman, which he carrieth on with his brother. He is twenty-four years of age. He has lost both father and mother. The rewards he seeketh and if he shall obtain them I will tell him if he pay my price. Dost thou still say my familiar spirits can tell me nothing?"

"Concerning me, Mary of Magdala, thy spirits shall tell thee nothing at all."

She laughed again.

"Aye, I see thy trick! My price is too high for ye! Thou wouldst glean from me secrets for nothing which others pay well for. My lips are closed, Nazarite, unless first thou payest me the reward of my work. Thou art a crafty Jew!"

"I will pay thee thy reward when thou hast told me my name. My business thou shalt never tell, nor yet my age, my lost ones, nor my reward. Nor thou nor all the devils in hell."

The veiled pythoness shook her head.

"Thou shalt not draw me, Nazarite. I have told thee enough to show what I can tell, if I choose. I will not tell thee aught except thou pay me."

"And I swear to thee, Mary of Magdala, that thou shalt call me by my name ere I leave thee."

"Then thou shalt be the first man that has made Mary of Magdala bow to his will, Nazarite."

"I do well believe thee, Lady of Mag-

dala, that no man hath ever made thee yield. Nor ever shall. Yet thou shalt name me ere I go."

"Thou sayest this is a friend of thine?" she said, as if desirous of changing the conversation.

"Thou didst say so, Lady. And truly. I love him dearly and he me."

She scoffed.

"Love! There is a brute passion men have for women, and women, perchance, have for men. A passion shared with the beast of the field. But love apart from that I know naught of."

"Dear Lady, there are a good many things of which thou dost know naught—yet they are. Ah, Lady, that once had a great love, and lost it, bitter is thy heart, and bitter thy tongue. For love such as thou hadst leaveth bitterness as its dregs. Yet is there love so great that loss can never be, though the beloved be for ever separate. There is a love so great that loss can never be, because loss means duality, and in this love there is unity unbroken."

She quivered as the strings of a harp vibrate to the slightest touch.

"Yea, once I had a great love. My life is public property. I trow the Pharisees, whom I hate, have mocked me for my blighted hopes. But I was still a fool. Love! What ought I to do with it, save to tear it from my heart—" She paused.

"Why have ye come hither?" she demanded suddenly.

"To know what may be known, to tell what may be told, Lady of Magdala."

"And I will tell thee all thou wantest to know when thou hast paid—not unless," she said. "So, he loves thee, thou sayest! Yet I could separate ye twain quickly!"

The younger man found tongue.

"Evil witch," he cried, "thou shalt never separate me from my Master!"

The woman stirred.

"So! Thou art a teacher. I might expect so! And this is one of thy lealest disciples? So!" She laughed hoarsely.

"Beware, Nazarite! They who swear they love thee best shall leave thee in thine hour of trial."

The younger man cried again:

"Thou liest! My Master I will never leave. By Jahveh I do swear, by the Book of the Holy Law, by the Sacred Ark of the Temple!"

And still she laughed.

"Beware, Nazarite! Beware of any man or woman who sweareth by the Deity, or by a sacred thing. I have ever found that such do always lie."

"Thou art possessed of devils!" cried the young man angrily. "I want none of thy witchcrafts, thy dealings with Satan."

"Why comest thou hither, then?" she said sweetly.

"To defend my Master, if needs be," he answered proudly.

"Ho, ho!" she scoffed. "Thou stripping, that wouldst run if a cow belled, or a snake reared up in thy path! Poor defence thou, when he shall need thee!"

"I care not for thine enchantments," said the young man, his face drawn with anger.

"What if I offer thee my skill for nothing?" she quoth, sneering. "Mayhap, the price frightens so thrifty a Jew!"

"I want nothing from thee, thou sinner!" he replied. "It was my Master's wish to come hither and I came with him."

She made no response, but sat very still.

A long wail gathered within the room; it seemed to rise from below: great flakes of fire came and went upon the curtains; faces of terrible import leered at them from the blackened ceiling: hands wet with the sweat of death touched their cheeks, their throats, gripping them there. A chorus came, a chorus of demons mocking lost souls, a chorus of the dead in their graves arising and shaking their naked bones with fear of Judgment. The winds from the four quarters of Hell howled along the walls, and the floor rocked.

Still on her throne sat Mary of Magdala, white as death and as silent.

"Master! Master!" groaned the young man, his very lips pallid.

"Have no fear, John! This will pass, as all that is devilish must pass and only

the pure remain. Wait and pray within the chamber of thine heart."

The door had opened; the figures of the two slaves could be seen, guarding.

Before the young man rose a fearsome Shape; it was neither wholly skeleton nor wholly flesh-clothed man. Patches of skin, yellow and wrinkled, were here; in other places the bones protruded. Flesh had it upon its forehead, but its teeth showed grinning through the skinless jaws; its hands dripped with blood. It made as though to clutch the young man by the neck; with a low cry, he broke from it and ran through the open door. As he came through, the slaves sought to stop him; they grasped him by the robe he wore, and he left the greater portion of it in their hands, and fled, half naked.

And the howling died away, the Shape vanished, the floor was still, and on her throne Mary of Magdala laughed softly.

"So!" she said. "That is the friend that loveth thee so well."

"He will come back when his fear is over, Mary of Magdala," said the Nazarite.

"Not here," she said. "The young fool! See!"

The door had closed again, and the black curtains draped themselves before it once more; the Nazarite and Mary of Magdala were alone.

"Thou art skilful in illusion, Lady," said the Nazarite.

"It would seem thou dost know something of magic," she answered. "I saw no fear in thy face. Art thou a magician?"

"I have a magic of which thou knowest naught, Lady."

"I challenge thee to show such, Nazarite. Nazarites do much penance and prayer, but magic they know little of."

"Maybe my magic shall not appeal to thee, daughter of Judah."

"Mayhap thou hast none! Nay, I have little right to challenge thee, since I refuse thee mine. What if we do strike a bargain? Show me thy magic, and if I think it great, then I will show thee mine, and we shall be equally rewarded."

"To ask me to show thee my magic

first, Mary of Magdala, is to ask me to pay thy price first. But my magic is poor, Lady, simple, such as doth appeal to simple hearts of fisherfolk and peasant women. Mayhap thou shalt not care to watch my magic through."

"Show me what thou wilt. I am not slow to speak. If thy magic wearies me, I will soon tell thee. If thy magic be good, we might enter into partnership, thou and I."

"It were a good thing, Mary of Magdala, if we did so. And since it may lead to such partnership, I will show thee such magic as I have. Mary of Magdala, BEHOLD!"

He pointed to the wall directly opposite where she sat; she stared fixedly. The black curtains went, the wall went, and beyond the wall, whatever of the house stood between her vision and the village that he would have her see. A village where women gossiped at the well; where children played on the river bank gemmed with daisies, or in the river itself, fighting each other as they swam, singing and laughing. A village where vineyards heavy with clusters of purple grapes were rifled by busy hands; where girls swung pails of golden cream to and fro, churning it, chanting as they swung, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for His mercy endureth for ever!" Where brown-skinned men drove home their herds of cattle and of sheep, or ground their wheat into flour. Or found, mayhap, an hour to meet a maid and, with eyes aflame, whisper the world-old story, ever new. "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. The flowers are on the earth, the song of the turtle is heard in our land." Such a village the Nazarite showed to Mary of Magdala, so that she trembled, and her lashes grew wet with tears.

"This is not Magdala that thou seest, Lady," he said softly.

She gave no answer; she could not trust her voice.

"Behold further!" he said, and still, as though under a spell, she sat and looked.

Part of the landscape went, because there was a cottage now risen to sight. The woman's hands clutched tightly the

arms of the throne and a sigh escaped her lips. There was a cottage, lost nearly in vines and in flowers. A man, slightly built and tall, was pulling down bunches of fruit and flinging them in a basket at his feet. He was stripped to the waist, and the play of the muscles of arms and body could be seen as he worked. His face was hidden, but the woman who watched gave a bitter cry. Involuntarily her hands went out a little.

"It is not long since he was but a boy," said the Nazarite gently. "He is little more now. He will never be more than a boy to the sister who loves him."

Mary of Magdala gripped her hands together but said naught.

"He is the idol of his sister's idolatry," said the Nazarite. "See, she comes!"

The woman on the throne shook as with an ague.

"Her back is bowed; her face is aged. Not through age alone, but worry and bitter grief. See how he embraces her! Look—they bow in prayer! For another who is not there!"

The man in the magical picture had turned his face towards the veiled woman, who sat, drawing in her breath tremulously. His sun-browned face had the alluring charm of perfect young manhood upon it; his eyes flashed with the fire of superb health and strength, yet were soft with tenderness. He raised those eyes to the nacreous sky above him, and his full red lips moved.

A whisper came from the woman who watched, a whisper and a sob.

"Lazarus!" Then . . . "Take away thy magic, thou wonderful Nazarite! I would see no more!"

And the black curtains gathered round her again, and opposite to where she was, they gathered also.

And the Nazarite waited patiently till her tears should be spent for the moment and pride should come back again, for He *knew* that behind her curtains she wept softly, in case He should hear.

"Mary of Magdala!" he said softly, when he knew her outburst was over.

There was no answer.

"Lady, thou hast hung blackness about thee, about thy very soul. But the

eyes of God can see, and to the Father of Heaven there is neither light nor darkness."

The curtains parted again; Mary of Magdala was her old self again.

"Thou hast a trick of magic," she said. "'Tis simple. Cast a spell over the eyes, and things familiar come back to them. I have seen such in Egypt."

"All magic is simple, Lady of Magdala. And I would cast not a spell over the eyes only, so that familiar things come back as in a dream, but over thine heart that things both familiar and beloved might come home to thee, or thou mightest go home to them."

There was no reply.

"Mayhap thou wilt go home, daughter of David?"

She shook her head.

"Nay. Martha and Lazarus may pray for me while I am away, but perchance they would not welcome me did I suddenly return."

"And wherefore not, Mary of Magdala?"

"My brother is rigid in the Law. He would require penance at my hands. I have none to offer. My sister, too, would upbraid me."

"Thy brother, Lady, is my disciple. To my disciples Love is the Law's Fulfilment. He loves thee. To him thou art the gentle sister who soothed his childish hurts, played his boyish games, aroused his youthful admiration by thy beauty."

"Aye! And so that is how thou knewest of my life's history? Hast thou many disciples, Nazarite?"

"But a handful, Lady. Women for the most part, and very young men."

"And what teachest thou, Nazarite? Art of the School of the Essenes, or the Pharisees? A Sadducee I know thou art not."

"I teach the Coming of the Kingdom of God, Lady of Magdala. I teach that it is better to have loved a single human soul, however poorly, than to have won all knowledge and all wisdom. I teach there should be no poverty, save the poverty which holds all wealth lightly. I teach that to hate a man is as evil as to

kill him, and to hold a sinful lust within the mind as sinful as to let it forth in the body. The School to which I belong, Mary of Magdala, is neither the School of the Essenes nor the Pharisees."

"Dost claim to be Messiah? We have so many. Some make good profit of their claims. They finish up ill: crucified or stoned to death. And their deluded followers find another."

The Nazarite threw out his hands.

"Do I look like the Messiah which the people expect?" he asked.

She glanced at his dusty and meagre clothing, devoid of ornaments.

"It will take thee long to persuade the chief priests and scribes that thou art Messiah while in thy present garb," she said.

"It will take no time at all, Lady," he answered. "I would the sooner spend my time persuading thee to return to thy home in Bethany."

She shook her head again.

"It may not be. Perchance Lazarus in his love might not upbraid me. Nor Martha, though she hath a scolding tongue at times. But the villagers would mock me, would point the finger of scorn and hate when I came near to them. And Lazarus would feel and suffer worse than he now suffers, with me so long away."

"Most in that village are my disciples, Lady. And I have taught them that they must not condemn, lest in another life they be condemned. I spake to them these words: 'With what measure ye measure to others, that shall be meted out to you, now or in some life to come.'"

She moved with sudden interest.

"What! Thou dost hold then to some Rising from the Dead? I know that many of the Pharisees do teach so. No other way, say they, shall Messiah claim all the nations of the earth, unless men do live on earth many times as Gentiles and at last, when they have earned the right, they are born as Jews. Thus they reconcile the exclusiveness of our nation with the teaching that saith: 'He is good unto all the children of men—and all the nations of the earth shall fear him.' And thou dost think there be a Rising of the

Soul again in another body, and yet another?"

"I think not, Lady of Magdala. I know that there be such a Rising. Many have mocked at it, not understanding it. Sadducees have come to me and said: 'Thou that dost believe in the Rising of the Soul again on earth when once on earth it had set, tell us plainly. A woman was wed to seven brothers in turn, according to the Law of Moses. They all died and she was left still at the end a widow. Then she died also. Unfold to us, when she and these seven men she knew as husbands, when they shall be born again, whose wife shall she be?' And I answered them: 'In Heaven, where the Souls of men have their abiding home, where the Soul ever is, whether it be incarnate on earth, or out of the body, in that world of spiritual reality, they know no marriage, nor in that world are they given in marriage. For the Soul is sexless, passionless, pure. And in the Rising, they may be known as of old or they may be strangers. For the Soul is as the Holy Ones of God—knowing no husband, nor wife, nor mother, nor child, nor brother. The Soul knows only those who do the will of the Father in Heaven; and to the Soul they who seek that Will and that Kingdom are fathers, mothers, brothers, lovers, all in one. For in the world of the Soul there is unity; and where there is unity, marriage cannot be.'"

"How well thou speakest, Nazarite! Methinks the world is hungry for such a message. Once I took great interest in these things. I heard Sadducee, and Pharisee, and at the end, I knew not what to believe."

"And now, Mary of Magdala, what dost thou believe?"

She tapped her foot upon the floor.

"Little! I see visions, but I cannot make them come or go when I would. Men say I am possessed of devils, and at times I do think I am. Then I laugh at mine own folly. Strange shapes come to me, whispering evil things I dare not dream of. Aye! Tortured murderers and brigands whom the Romans have crucified enter this room and I cannot shut

them out. My hands grow often clammy with their death sweat as they seek to enter my body and use my brain. My soul grows sick with them, and I cannot shake them off. Men come to me who stink with crime and foul lust, and I must abide them, though my heart sickens within me. Tell me, thou who hast more knowledge than at first I thought, is there a way whereby I may be freed from these unholy shapes and dreams that haunt me against my will?"

"There is a way, Lady."

"And that way is?"

"To go back to thy people; thy brother and sister and thy kindred. To cry: 'Have mercy upon me, Oh God, after Thy great mercy. Create a clean heart within me, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.' For He hath said: 'Though thy sins be as scarlet they shall be as wool; as far as the east is from the west, so far have I removed thy transgressions from thee.' He hath said: He, the High and Holy ONE, who inhabiteth eternity: 'I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a humble and contrite spirit.' For unless, Mary of Magdala, thou dost so repent, thou shall surely perish."

"I cannot go back," she whispered.

"Wherefore not? Thy brother loves thee."

"Aye!" she said in a choked voice.

"It sounds beautiful. But the reality shall not be so lovely. My brother is a Jew, my sister is a Jewess. I am a free woman. What! Shall I go back to mourn in ashes and sackcloth; to be chidden like a naughty child? I, who have had princes at my feet, haughty Romans, learned philosophers. To go back, and later, perchance for all his love, my brother will arrange a marriage for me with some friend of his whom he is eager to please. 'See, there is my sister,' quoth he. 'She hath raven black hair which reacheth to her knees. She hath sloe black eyes, and lips of scarlet. She is still young. What dowry, sayest thou?' And my elected husband shall say: 'Of course, she hath been a sinner in Israel. The dowry should be lessened accordingly.' And so they will haggle over me,

and then I go, when the terms are arranged, a meek Jewish bride to my lordly husband. Nay!" She rose and stamped her foot in anger. "Nay, I will not so humiliate myself! The obscurity of a Jewish matron is not for me; I have tasted the sweet of liberty."

"And its bitterness, Lady of Magdala. Bethink thee, many a Jewish maid has found all happiness in her husband, in her children, and in her friends. More, mayhap, than the proudest Roman matron has found in her husband, who belonged to other women than she. There is a woman, Mary of Magdala, who lives in obscurity unbroken. Poor is she, and her knowledge small. Her heart is tender, her heart is pure, and very dear is she to the angels of God. The day cometh when a quarter of the world shall name her Empress. She shall act as befits a Jewish matron; the loud splendour of the women of the Gentiles shall not be for her. Yet her kingdom and her fame shall be greater than any woman hath known before."

"What riddle is this, Nazarite? Truly, thou has a subtle tongue! What meaning must I glean from thy words, thou veiler of words?"

"This is no riddle and no veiled tale, Lady. Her name is the same as thine, albeit she is of Bethlehem, and thou—of Magdala for the nonce."

"I know her not. How she shall be mighty yet obscure, how unknown yet worshipped, how poor and humble yet Empress. Truly, it is a riddle!"

"Ere long thou shalt know her, Mary of Magdala. Aye, and thou shalt love her as she were thine own mother."

"Ah, well!" she sighed. "Thou hast a mighty speech, and a winning one. Doubtless thou shalt win many disciples. But I—I must go my own way. Only at times I grow moody. I have great wealth. In other rooms, which thou hast not seen, I have gems the like of which were never seen before. I have silks from Lydia that queens would sell their souls for. Images and wondrously wrought boxes worth a king's ransom. Perfumes, boxes of spikenard so precious that a speck of it will fill a room with odour. I have honour except with mine own

people. Herod I know, and his queen who wrought the death of that strange prophet of the Jordan. Each Governor who comes to Judea comes here, now to win a glimpse of the future, now to be royally entertained. But a moment 'ere thou didst come in the present Governor was here. His wife had had a distressing dream, and I alone could tell the answer. So she thought. I have freedom, and that is dear to me."

"What of the spirits that haunt thee, and will not go when thou dost desire it?"

"An emperor even of Rome cannot always rid himself of those whose company he desires not," she answered.

"Then, though he wear the Royal purple on his shoulders, Lady, he is no king in his own soul," replied the Nazarene.

"Another subtle saying, thou wise one! Tell me, how shall a man be always rid of those he loves not, yet keep peace?"

"By loving all, fair Lady of Magdala. By desiring the absence of none, nor their presence. By shining, as the sun shines, on just and unjust alike."

"'Tis a good saying," she answered. "But if we cannot love all?"

"Then we have no perfect freedom," he responded.

She thought, nodding her head.

"There is great wisdom in thy words," she said presently.

"And thou wilt go back to thy brother and thy sister?" he asked.

"Nay," she answered in a low voice. "But ere we part, I must pay my debt. I promised if thou didst pay my price I would tell thee something about thyself. Thou hast paid in kind: thy magic and thy wisdom. I will repay thee."

"Stay, Lady," he said. "What I have shown thee shall cost thee nothing. My magic is not for sale, my wisdom I give to peasant and to prince and ask no reckoning. What canst thou tell me about myself I do not already know?"

"I would acquit myself of thy challenge. Thy name I know."

"And my business, mine age, the dear ones lost to me, and the Reward I seek?"

"Perchance if I name all these thou shalt deny. Thou canst not deny thy name."

"Mary of Magdala," he said, "first thou shalt see more magic, and then, mayhap, thou shalt name my business, mine age, the dear ones lost to me, and the Reward I seek! Then thou shalt name me with my name. BEHOLD AGAIN!"

"I cannot resist thee," she murmured half unconsciously, as she looked.

Once more the curtains went, and the walls they draped, and the room beyond them: she saw a city of many people, a city of blood and lust and cruelty. She saw foul fiends enthroned on altars and on Royal chairs, vivifying ancient statues of Gods and heroes. She saw them enter human bodies, so that the men therein became bestial beyond all thought. Fiendish cruelties she saw committed; now it seemed they flung men to wild beasts to be torn, shrieking, apart; now that they tied men to stakes and burned them, so that the hiss of their roasting flesh came to her; now that they beat them and drove them like beasts of burden because they differed in the colour of their bodies from their oppressors. Now it seemed they lost their hold on men and practised cruelties on animals, called dumb, but who in their agonies spake a language too terrible to hear. She saw women unspeakably outraged in war and peace; soldiers, foul and recking with lust, tore virgins from their helpless fathers and brothers; and in peace, virgins were torn also away from home and purity by fiends enshrined in human bodies. She saw men, wan and bony, starve in prisons, in cages, in places under the earth, in huge buildings of brick which ran up in the space of a moment. She heard them curse their oppressors, who only mocked them and urged them on. And she saw that oppressed and oppressors ever mingled, sometimes the slave became the slave-owner, and sometimes the man who trod others underfoot was trodden down in turn. And she shook with the horror.

"What is this?" she groaned. "Is it Egypt ere they set the Hebrews free?"

Is it Sodom and Gomorrah? Is it Babylon? Is it Rome?"

And he answered :

"It is all these and more. It is the City of the Beast for all time. It is the City of Hell, where men live life after life, age after age, where the worm of mad desire that tortures them is not crushed, and the fire of sin burns ever. BEHOLD AGAIN !

She saw a little room, like many a room in many a Jewish house. And in it she saw a few men gathered. One man appeared to be the teacher of all the others ; they seemed to listen greedily to his words. He became luminous, and his face as the face of God. She sighed deeply, for it was the face of the Nazarite. And she saw that from this humble room went out a stream of light, of water, and of music mingled into one. And the Light went into the City of Hell, and sought out the dark places where lust and cruelty were rampant. And the Light came back laden with its message, and its terrible message of the horror each man made for another man struck at the heart of the Master, so that it bled itself white. And the Water that was Light and Music went out, and it crept into places foul and dry. And it came back, soiled by the filth it had encountered, and as it flowed once more before the Master he sickened almost unto death. And the music that was Light and Water went out, and sounded into places where the sobs of outraged maidens and the sighs of the oppressed allowed it to be heard. And it came back, discordant with all those bitter wailings, those curses and those groans, so that the Master shuddered and wept. And yet she saw that where the Light had been there was less darkness than before, and where the water that was Light and Music had been there was less maddening thirst, and where the Music that is Light and Water had sounded there was an echo still to be heard. And she heard the Master cry in all his pain and his travail for the souls of the City of Hell : " My business is to do the Will of Him that sent Me." And she knew that the Light and the Water and the Music which mingled into One would flow ever from that Room

of the Master, for all the anguish, and the befoulment, and the broken chords.

She saw that the city changed its buildings, its appearances, its atmosphere, but its people were the same ; its devilries, its sins, and its plagues. Only she saw that the few at first gathered in that room had grown ; they penetrated the city ; they cried woe on its sins, but ever mercy on its plagues. And it seemed to her that the day might come, and surely would, when that City should find the holy rebellion ripening within its very heart spring into abundant life, scattering the gates of Hell before it, and setting up therein a Kingdom of Good. And she heard the Master cry : " Mine age—who can tell? Before Abraham was, I am." And she knew that this was the Holy Spirit of Good which cannot withdraw Itself from the hearts of men, nay, not even from the City of Hell. And she knew that this Holy and Divine Spirit of God had descended upon the Nazarite who showed her these things. And she heard the Master cry : " I am the Light which lightens *every* man that cometh into this world. The Water I shall give him shall be a Water of Life Eternal springing up within him. And I, lifted up, will draw all men unto Me, and he that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out." And then she knew that not one of the children of men shall be finally lost to Him who loves them all and is the Light of all.

And then she beheld a scene very familiar ; a rugged road she knew, not far distant from Jerusalem ; a hill and a valley which had an evil name. The hill they called Calvary and the valley they named Gehenna. On the hill the Romans crucified their malefactors and in the valley the Jews stoned their blasphemers. They burned the dead, too, in that valley and it had an evil smell. And she saw a crowd, agitated, shouting, falling, quarrelling. She heard curses and mockeries and laments. She saw a nearly naked man stumble on his way, either to the valley or to the hill, she knew not. She saw not his face ; it was bowed and turned from her, but she shook with pity for this forlorn object. Buffeted, stricken, be-

smear'd with dust and blood, it staggered on, and all the woman rose in her, till her heart bled. "Poor wretch!" she cried, "what hath he done?" A woman rushed forward and, careless of the howling mob, wiped the bowed, averted face with a silken cloth. Then fell back with a cry as she took the handkerchief away. And still he stumbled on, what time the sun beat down on his unprotected head and body relentlessly. Great beads of sweat rolled from him as he moved slowly on. "Oh, 'tis monstrous," cried Mary of Magdala, "to torture him so, whatever he has done!"

Another woman came and fell beside him, shaking with tearless sobs. "It is the man's mother!" said the Nazarene softly. Then the bowed, averted face was turned to Mary of Magdala, and she saw . . .

"That is my Reward, Lady of Magdala!"

And before she knew it, she was at his feet, sobbing and crying:

"Rabboni! My Master and My Lord!"

And his hands rested on her misty hair.

"Now that thou hast named me, MARY OF BETHANY, surely thou wilt go home to thy people?"

She raised herself from the ground.

"I dare not! Let me hide somewhere. I will fly away to the desert, leaving all this."

"Nay," he said. "I shall not find thee in the desert. I know thy home well."

She clenched her hands.

"Thou dost ask much, Jeschu of Nazareth." She bowed her head, and in bowing it, saw his dusty feet.

"Let me fetch thee water to bathe thy feet. I will summon a slave to attend thee."

He shook his head.

"I need the attentions of no slave, Mary of Bethany. Not yet shall my feet be washed. I have much travelling to do ere I rest. To-night I shall sup with one Simon, a rich Pharisee. Perchance then shall my feet be washed."

"As thou wilt," she said, like one in a dream.

"I go now, Mary," said he. "Presently I shall see thee again. And again—at thy brother's house!"

She shook her head.

"My friend has recovered from his fright," said the Nazarene. "He waits outside for me. I have much to do ere even. Then must I sup with Simon, who would ask questions of me. Tomorrow I shall journey to Bethany to see my disciple Lazarus."

She quivered and her eyes grew soft. She met his eyes, so full of majesty and utter tenderness, and then turned half away.

"Let thy servants allow me to leave," he said gently.

She struck a bell, still not daring to look at him.

As he passed out through the door where the slaves stood, guarding with drawn swords, he spoke to her:

"Surely thou wilt come with me to Bethany?"





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L'ADORAZIONE DEI RE MAGI

TRADES THAT TRANSGRESS

VIII.—The Meat Trade

By G. COLMORE

SIRLOINS of beef, legs of mutton, saddles of lamb, chops, steaks, veal and lamb cutlets, bacon, ham, pork; all these are associated in Western minds with respectability, refinement, sanity, and godliness; for in carnivorous countries the absence of meat at meals denotes either poverty or eccentricity. In some of the degenerate Eastern rites, as in the religion of the ancient Jews, the blood of slaughtered animals is supposed to be pleasing to Divinity, and animals are still sacrificed to God in the East as they are sacrificed to man in the West. But the blood poured out for religion is but as a drop compared with the ocean of blood poured out for food: the meat trade, indeed, in its immensity, stands, as regards the volume of suffering it inflicts, at the head of all the trades that transgress.

It is, perhaps, the immensity of the trade that inhibits doubt as to its justification; it is because of the enormous consumption of meat by the nations in which meat-eating obtains that the practice of using animals for food is considered to be well within the code of national morality. Logically such reasoning amounts to no more than this—that hundreds of wrongs succeed in making the right which two wrongs are considered incapable of establishing; but logic, which is the brain of love, is shadowed when love's law is transgressed, and it is not logic, but the conduct of the multitude which commands most men's consciences.

If the largeness of the scale of any trade were proof of its equity, then, indeed, the meat trade is equitable, since its activities cease neither night nor day, and the animals slaughtered amount to millions in a month. From American prairies and Australian plains, from mountain pastures, from stream-fed valleys, from the fields and meadows of very many lands,

they move in a march that never ceases, to the public slaughter-house or the secret yards of the butcher. Into Great Britain alone, in the year 1907 there were imported 1,930,416 animals to be slaughtered for food, in addition to the large numbers of home-grown cattle, sheep, and pigs; and the population of Great Britain is but a tithe of the meat-eating population of the world. France, Belgium, Russia, Germany, Europe as a whole, consists of meat-eating nations whose consumption is limited by little save power to purchase; and, adding to these the people of New Zealand, Australia, and America, some faint conception may be formed of the amount of killing necessitated in order to supply the demand for flesh food.

But it is not death alone which is meted out to the animals slain for food. There is an aspect of this question other than the numerical; there is the aspect of pain. The pain involved in the providing of meat for the table is acute in kind and immense in magnitude.

The shadows of the valley into which animals of various kinds are harried and driven are terrible with the spectacle of their fellows' slaughter, reeking with the smell of their fellows' blood; and the death which releases them from the shrinking, terrified bodies comes not always in one swift blow, but sometimes in a piecemeal agony.

There is much talk to-day, and action, too, in England, at any rate, with regard to what is called humane slaughtering; and in Great Britain and Ireland, where slaughtering is less scientifically, and consequently more cruelly, carried out than in many other countries, a diminution of suffering, an improvement in the methods of dealing the death blow, could undoubtedly be effected, such reform being doubly important in the case of private slaughter-

yards, where incompetence ministers to brutality. But even if the death-blow were infallibly sure, if the possibility of blow after blow being administered before death answered the call were eliminated, only a fraction, and a small fraction of the suffering inherent in the trade would be dispensed with. And even this fraction is hardly attainable; if laid down in theory, it is more than doubtful whether it would appear in practice. For reform in the meat trade is more easily enjoined than enforced. There are by-laws in existence designed to minimise in various ways the sufferings of the slaughter-houses; such, for instance, as are set forth in an article by a slaughter-house inspector in the *Sanitary Record and Municipal Engineering* for February 27, 1914 :

(1) A person shall not, in a slaughter-house, proceed to slaughter any bull, ox, sow, heifer, calf, or pig until the same shall have been effectually stunned.

Provided that this requirement shall not be deemed to apply to any member of the Jewish faith, duly licensed by the Chief Rabbi as a slaughterer, when engaged in the slaughtering of cattle intended for the food of Jews according to the Jewish method of slaughtering, if no unnecessary suffering is inflicted.

(2) Every occupier of a slaughter-house and every servant of such occupier and every other person employed upon the premises in the slaughtering of cattle shall, before proceeding to slaughter any bull, ox, sow, heifer, or steer, cause the head of such animal to be securely fastened so as to enable such animal to be felled with as little pain or suffering as practicable, and shall in the process of slaughtering any animal use such instruments and appliances and adopt such instruments and methods of slaughtering, and otherwise take such precautions as may be requisite to secure the infliction of as little pain or suffering as practicable.

(3) A person shall not, in a slaughter-house, slaughter, or cause or suffer to be slaughtered, any animal in the view of another animal.

(4) An occupier of a slaughter-house shall not cause or allow any blood or other refuse to flow from such slaughter-house so as to be within the sight or smell of any animal in the slaughter-house, and he shall not cause or allow any such blood or other refuse to be deposited in the waiting-pens or lairs.

But these rules, which sound so well, do not amount to much in practice. As the writer of the article goes on to say : " Any inspector knows quite well that it is impracticable to prevent the animals seeing and smelling blood in a much-used slaughter-house "; and as for the other

conditions mentioned in these by-laws, there are many municipalities which have not adopted them, so that it is possible for scenes such as the following, described by eye-witnesses, still to take place :

Thus, for example, convictions have been obtained for such offences in slaughter-houses as revengeful cruelty, when a butcher deliberately hacked the legs from under a bullock, striking just above the hoof to avoid injuring the meat, in revenge for the trouble the bullock had given him before he could force him down the narrow way into the cellar-like den where the slaughter went on. Again, and more frequently, cases of interested cruelty have been proved and punished, as when a butcher has skinned alive and dismembered alive a number of sheep in a private slaughter-house, in order to get through his work quickly and earn his money, he being paid so much a head for killing, skinning, and hanging up the carcasses.

The slaughter of their companions went on before their (the oxen's) eyes, which were fixed with a horrified fascination on the scene. Their tails tucked in between their legs, their quarters drawn in as if half frozen by an icy breath, they were evidently on the rack of agonised anticipation.

—From *Slaughter-house Reform*, by Rev. J. Verschoyle, late of Committee of London Model Abattoir Society.

In a slaughtering yard I witnessed a most painful scene, and, notwithstanding my long familiarity with slaughter-houses, I could not endure to the end the sight of the fearful sufferings which the poor animal, during twelve long minutes, endured. At the second blow the ox sank on his hind legs, but at the fourth he rose again with such a dreadful bellowing that all present turned to fly. The butchers tried long to hit it a deadly blow, but the maddened animal dashed its head so violently that it was impossible for them to effect this until twelve minutes by my watch had elapsed and six other blows had followed the first.

—From Dr. Dembo's description of what he saw at Deptford. Dr. Dembo was commissioned by the Russian authorities to investigate and report on the different methods of slaughtering employed in Europe.

I have seen a fine, young, sensitive cow dragged up by the windlass to the ring, and then, as the slaughterman brought down the pointed pole-axe with all his force, he missed the spot, and the weapon struck into the eye and burst it and tore its way into places where the presence of many sensory nerves would cause the most atrocious agony. With bellowings of anguish, the poor creature dashed her head madly again and again against the wall, and it was some time (which seemed like centuries) before a blow was brought home and she stiffened out and fell.

—Dr. J. Oldfield, in a letter to the *Standard*, September 1, 1895.

Our slaughter of the calf is simply an abomination. I have seen the most hardened sicken and turn from the sight.

—H. F. Goodson, seventeen years Hon. Secretary, Birmingham S.P.C.A.

With regard to a demonstration given at the Roath Abattoir, Cardiff, I quote a few lines from an account given by Mr. Arthur Loveridge in the *Animals' Guardian* of January, 1914. The quotation describes what precedes the actual death-blow, which in itself is speedy and, therefore, merciful:

Having cleared up after the second bullock, a third beast was dragged in, one slaughterman twisting its tail. His fellows whooped and whistled, some slapped the beast, others waved their arms. This display, as you may have guessed, was a bit of fun to make the animal restless and so render the task of the Humane Killer demonstrator a little more difficult. They succeeded somewhat, and it was pitiful to see the terrified eyes of the wretched beast rolling around in their sockets anticipating danger.

I could multiply instances such as these, as pitiful or more pitiful; but pitifulness does not arouse pity, save in hearts wherein compassion is already born, and those who have eyes which see will find plenty of testimony as to what meat-eating means in the streets of towns and in the villages of the country.

Have you ever, you who read, watched sheep or cattle being driven into a butcher's yard? If you have, you will know something of the terror and the horror which overwhelms the victims of the dinner-table; that is to say, if your eyes are open. To those who have eyes that see not, appeal might be made to pure selfishness, since terror and pain so affect the animals overwhelmed by them as to cause the meat into which they are made to be charged with poisons; but such an appeal would make no lasting effect, for selfishness never yet wrought reformation; it is only love itself which has power to prevent the breaking of love's law.

Yet even if it were possible to make slaughter-house reform complete, the reform would affect, not the meat trade as a whole, but only the last act in a long drama of suffering. Terror, shrinking, and pain may be rife in the slaughter-yards, but it is the final fear, the last suffering, the ultimate misery which then are endured. The long exhaustion, the

hunger, the thirst, the beating, the tail-twisting, the weary marches, the train journeys, the sea transport, the fierce agony of wild cattle torn from a free life on wide great plains, the bewildered suffering of mild pastured beasts, the torture of crowded space, of lack of air, of strange, terrifying conditions—all these are of the past, to be no more encountered. Death may come in cruel guise, but it comes as a deliverer.

To give an adequate account of the many transgressions of this trade, pages, chapters, nay, volumes, would be required. Descriptions of these transgressions are so many that the difficulty lies in the selection of passages, and in the space at my disposal I cannot even touch upon all the various kinds of suffering that the transgressions impose. Tolstoy has written about them; and Upton Sinclair, the novelist crusader of causes; and W. H. Davies, the poet; and many others who have seen the horrors they describe. I quote one or two passages from much there is to quote:

It was late, almost dark, and the Government inspectors had all gone, and there were only a dozen or two men on the floor. That day they had killed about four thousand cattle, and these cattle had come in freight trains from far States and some of them had got hurt.

There were some with broken legs and some with gored sides, there were some that had died, from what cause no one could say; and they were all disposed of, here in the darkness and silence. "Downers" the men called them; and the packing-house had a special elevator upon which they were raised to the killing beds, where the gang proceeded to handle them, with an air of business-like nonchalance which said plainer than words that it was a matter of everyday routine. —Upton Sinclair.

Up till the fourth night we had experienced no bad weather, and the cattle had been quiet and requiring little care. On this particular night my attention had been drawn several times to a big black steer, which, time after time, had persisted in lying down. At last, in pity for the poor beast, I let him rest, thinking to get him into a standing position at the last moment, when I was off duty. . . . I followed him (the foreman) on deck, and there I saw several cattlemen standing in front of a pen, in which I recognised the big black steer. He was now lying full length in the pen, the others having had to be removed for his convenience. "See this," said the foreman, "this creature should be standing. Twist his tail," he continued, to a cattleman, who at once obeyed. During this operation another cattleman fiercely prodded the

poor creature's side with a pitchfork, which must have gone an inch into the body. At the same time another beat the animal about the head with a wooden stake, dangerously near the eyes. The animal groaned and its great body heaved, but it made no attempt to move its legs. "Wait," said the foreman then; "we will see what this will do." He then took out of his mouth a large chew of tobacco and deliberately placed it on one of the animal's eyes. My heart sickened within me, on seeing this, and I knew that I would have to be less gentle with these poor creatures to save them the worst of cruelty.

—From *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp*, by W. H. Davies.

There is a cruel practice in the Irish trade of shipping in-calf cows. The fatigue, fright, and general rough treatment these have to undergo frequently brings on parturition during the journey—in the jolting railway trucks, on the bustling quays, or in the crowded 'tween decks of the steamer. There have been cases of six, seven, and even eight calves born during a single night at sea on one vessel, with no hospital pen or other accommodation on board for the care of sick animals. This practice was so universally condemned by all persons of ordinary humanity that a clause dealing with it was inserted in the Amended Order of 1904. But this has not altogether remedied the evil.

—*The Irish and Foreign Cattle Trade and its Attendant Cruelties*, by J. M. Greg.

Oxen are shamefully kicked and beaten, milch cows kept standing for whole days unmilked, sheep prodded and hit on the head, and pigs so maltreated as to be scored with gaping gashes in bluish red, crossing and recrossing each other. At the quays the cruelty is equally bad. Blows were distributed in promiscuous fashion, and rained down remorselessly on the head, the eyes, and the nose, as well as back and flanks of the unfortunate animals, and the brutality of the drovers is such as would disgrace a savage.

—*The Irish Weekly Times*, commenting on the cruelty practised on cattle in the markets and ports of Dublin.

It is by means of such suffering as this, suffering manifold and more hideous than any I have ventured to set down, that is manufactured the roast beef of Old England, the mutton, lamb, veal, bacon, pork of all the meat-eating nations. A necessary trade, some will maintain; a trade that must be pursued because the flesh of animals is necessary to the life of man.

Meat, the flesh of animals, is necessary to the life of man: this is the assumption by which the trade is justified. A false one, as is proved by the vast populations of whose diet flesh forms no part, by the many individuals who, in meat-eating

countries, live and work without meat. Nevertheless, it is an assumption which persists. Upon it is based not only the meat trade, with its many transgressions, but the claim to existence of all the trades that transgress, since so long as man claims the right to use animals for food, so long will he claim the right to use and abuse animals in any and every way which he deems to be to his profit and advantage. A false assumption it is that life can only be kept up by death—an assumption which in very truth brings to man more ills and evils, more disease, a greater tendency to intemperance, a larger inclination to lust, than human flesh by Nature's design is heir to; which condemns to brutal callings and callousness and cruelty many numbers of fellow-men; which forms a promise from which the exploitation of animals in every way, to any extent, can be logically justified. A false assumption, and one that, like all things false, breeds cruelty and selfishness, creates prejudices, fosters ignorance, and puts stumbling-blocks many and great in the path of man's progress, in the establishing in the outer world of that kingdom of heaven which lies hid, but vital, within the being of every man.

In this outer world men and women, fed on the flesh of beasts and birds, clad in their skins, bedizened with their feathers, go careless of the pain, the misery, the bewildered fear, the torture of captivity, the manifold suffering of the animal world. "Thy Kingdom come," they pray, and desire, perhaps with sincerity, its advent. But never shall the Kingdom come till man so believes in the law of love that he is prepared to act upon it; never shall man love as brothers his fellow-man till he ceases to slay and to torture the dumb and defenceless beings whose feet are on lower rungs than his own of the ladder of life; never shall the lion lie down with the lamb till humanity, ceasing from butchery, from sport, from tyranny and treachery, shall be so trusted of the animal kingdom that not the lion only or the lamb, but all beasts and birds shall, fearless and secure of protection, of justice, and of kindness, lie down by the side of man.

BOOKS WE SHOULD READ

“THE FORTUNE”: A Romance of Friendship. By Douglas Goldring. Maunsell and Co., Ltd., 50, Lower Baggot Street, Dublin; 40, Museum Street, London. 5s. net.

THE author of this excellent novel hazards in his dedicatory letter the supposition that “the book will be dubbed by many elderly people as a mere pacifist tract masquerading under a thin disguise of fiction.” Neither the grammar nor the judgment of this sentence is perfectly correct. The ordinary reader (“elderly” is surely a gratuitous adjective) may, if he has skipped the dedication, arrive at page 164—that is to say, half-way through the book—without suspecting that here is a novel with a purpose. After this we get pacifism—rampant pacifism—in its most unreasonable and self-righteous aspects—in short, the pacifism we all know, which denies any justice or purity of motive to any other view, and assumes for itself the monopoly of right feeling and right thinking denied to the vast majority, who, in spite of the volume and stridency of pacifist argument, are still convinced that injustice is worse than war.

But the pacifists are, on the whole, so true to life that they do not spoil the story at all. As a “tract” the book is a failure, as a novel it is quite excellent. The chief interest of the war and the schools of thought it begets are for the purposes of this story their influence on the psychology of the hero; if, indeed, he is the hero and not that lay figure of the perfect pacifist to whom he has given the best of his emotional and somewhat weak nature. “James” (the pacifist) “was a man to whom no one could ever be indifferent.” This is true even from the reader’s point of view, for James is the touchstone to which all the other characters of the story are brought. (There are rather many characters, and some of them are mere voices for the purpose of the tract.)

Harold, the *soi-disant* hero, hangs together quite well; weak, but aspiring, and with a touch of genius, and obsessed by

the romantic devotion to James which really moulds his whole life. “His tragedy is that he is neither sheep nor goat, that he falls between two stools, and contrives successfully to make the worst of both worlds.” Harold, being what he was, is quite consistent in his unthinking patriotism and his recoil to pacifism. His “tragedy” affects the reader as the tragedy of a good novel should. It does not tell at all as an argument for the justice of pacifism.

But, if Harold is realised, James is not. Not for a moment are we left in doubt that we are expected to admire him, but the chief difficulty is to realise him. It might, of course, be expected of the perfect pacifist that his taste in furniture, clothes, art, and even drinks, would be equally perfect already when he went up to Oxford at the appropriate age. He would naturally be indifferent to the main currents of university life; but it would be far from him to lie stranded in its backwaters. To him the University was but one phase of a much wider and intense existence, though he derives from it some sort of esoteric emotion, the nature of which is not apparent to the lay mind of the reader. It is curious that this detached (but not silent) man, so irresponsible to the touching devotion of his “friend” (a word which would presuppose some sort of equality), should be moved to silent tears—presumably at the vision of suffering humanity—during a drawing-room conversation about the war. Again, the mere patriot finds himself asking whether it is consistent with the high emotionalism of the perfect pacifist to make the sister of his friend, when she has sold herself into marriage with an old man, his mistress. Again, does the perfect pacifist, with his fastidious sense of proportion, his clear vision into motive, receive the declaration of love for himself made by a raw girl of nineteen with a box on the ear,

and then, softened by her persistence, give her a laughing embrace and a "Don't cry, Baby"? Last of all, is the perfect pacifist, recounting the manner of her husband's death to his young widow, so bent on his gospel that he will not "let her go until she has drained the cup which she and Harold had rejected two years back"? One would have expected a little natural feeling even from the perfect pacifists. This is at the end of the book, and it says much for its quality that at no moment of exasperation is the reader tempted to lay it down unfinished. The last page is tract pure and undefiled, full of the moral, and Harold's widow, the most consistent figure of a woman in the book, is exhibited for the first time rather out of the picture of her passionate, yet restrained, temperament. We leave her resolving to save her child from "allying himself with the old order which had broken down and shown its rottenness, and to make him the inheritor of his father's ideals" (is it ir-

reverent to ask *which?*)—"the new man, free in heart and mind and soul, ready for the new world that would be built up out of the débris of the old."

It would be unfair to leave a criticism of this book on this note. It is *not* the prevailing tone of the novel. In fact, there is a Wellsian vein of "fleshliness" running through it which is, perhaps, meant as an antidote to the "tractarian" element. The women, rather unequally drawn but all interesting, are, one would say, rather more than normally sensual.

Their embraces are, perhaps, rather too much in the eye of the reader. The woman who forms the most notable exception, fresh from her moral science tripos, full of the rights of women, eating her "toast pasties" for breakfast and forcing them on the rest of her family, is a mere caricature. But even she is interesting. Its pacifism is the least notable element in this vivid and provocative novel.

E. O'N., M.A.

THE RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTY IN SCHOOLS. By Dr. F. H. Hayward.
London. Published by the Author, 87, Benthall Road, Stoke Newington,
London, N. Price 3d.

DR. HAYWARD'S scheme for the solution of a hitherto unsolved problem is an attempt to get at the root reasons for the present religious difficulty in schools.

The watchword of the future is Co-operation, and surely this must apply to religion as well as to secular education and commerce.

The idea that representatives of all sects and parties should be allowed to give addresses in the schools is somewhat shorn of its full effect by the fact that the national liturgy is going to be founded on the Christian Bible only, so that the greatest bias of the teaching will be on Western lines and the other aspects of the Truth be rather put in the background; whereas the tolerance which is the keynote of the future will give to each religion its equal place in the training of the world.

Perhaps Dr. Hayward either does not

know, or refuses to admit, that the educational keynote for the child of the future is not so much the impressing of any standard system upon him, as the drawing out from within the child of his potential qualities; so that any system which bases its standards on a set liturgy, regardless of the multitudinous needs of each individual child, is retrograde and not progressive. Also with regard to the teacher, he has already had access to Bible literature, ceremonial, etc., and has not availed himself of them; and will he avail himself of them when they are incorporated into a system?

The word "liturgy" has a feeling of sect and dogma, something imprinted from without on the supposedly fresh mind of each child, and will not, I think, solve the problem, as each child is already the possessor in himself of all the latent potentialities who go to make the good citizen. The constructive sug-

gestions for linking religious, civic and moral education together is an idea which could easily be carried out, and which would bring more universal knowledge;

it is one of the steps to universal tolerance, the forerunner of the Dawn of the New Age.

B. DE N.

DEMOCRACY AND THE WORKING OF THE DIVINE LAW. By M. R. St. John. An article in *East and West*, edited by Sirdar Jogendra Singh. Simla : M. Munzer Ali at the Army Press. London agents : Johnson and Coulton, Shoe Lane, London, E.C. Annual subscription : Rs. 12, or 18s.

TURNING over the pages of *East and West* for September, 1917, we are struck by a short and lucid attempt to answer, according to Divine Law, the question : Is the democratic ideal one on which to base our hopes and aspirations for the future of humanity?

On the lines of the democracy of to-day, the answer is in the negative, and Mr. St. John shows the mistake in the ideas that liberty, equality, and fraternity can ever form a basis of action for the many, or that the vote of an ignorant multitude is equal in value to that of a few men chosen for their wisdom and high moral worth; but he considers that from the scriptures of the world we can catch a hint of a centre of divine wisdom working through graded agents, and he proceeds to apply the hint so as to combine the best points of democratic and autocratic government.

The plan suggested is that the country and towns of a State should be parcelled out into small divisions, each of which would govern itself in local matters and elect one of its members to represent it on a body concerned with the affairs common to all the small divisions of a

given area. These wider areas would in turn each elect one of their body qualified to serve on a council dealing with affairs effecting all the areas; and so on, until you come ultimately to the choice of one man to co-ordinate the government of the whole nation and represent it in his own person. Though "one man one vote" would form the ground plan of this system, it will be seen that higher and higher qualifications would be required as the affairs dealt with became of wider import. Incidentally this pyramidal form of government would do away with party politics and, "broad based upon the people's will," would yet make possible the rule of the best man in the opinion of the thoughtful and responsible leaders of the people.

The scheme thus broadly outlined is, in its fundamentals, not new to Eastern thought, where the village government system is largely recognised, but it has not been much put forward over here and deserves serious study and consideration. If the chosen ruler or head of the nation prove to be a man open to the Divine guidance, perfect conditions for human progress result.

A. J. W.

OLD WORLDS FOR NEW. By Arthur J. Penty. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 2s. 6d. net.

GUILD PRINCIPLES IN WAR AND PEACE. By S. G. Hobson. G. Bell and Sons Ltd., London. 2s. 6d. net.

SOMEONE once remarked that the progress of humanity was spiral in its direction, and consequently a certain amount of returning was necessary in order that the world might advance. Progress, however, is a relative term, and calls up varying images in different minds. Some are highly satisfied with our present position, with a possible

caveat lodged in regard to war, or some of its aspects, whilst others are convinced that we are in a period of retrogression, and that we can only save ourselves by returning to the adoption of certain of the principles which animated our forefathers. Of course, the forefathers have to be chosen, or else under the spiral theory we should select for our model an

ancestry that thought and acted very much as we do.

Mr. Penty belongs to the school of return. The present system appals him, and he would away with it. This is not a newly discovered idea of his produced by the fact of war, as his book is substantially a reproduction of articles written in the Press before the guns started their thundering.

Mr. Penty's selected forefathers are the guildsmen. He is attracted by their co-operative spirit, their mutual aid, their artistic sense, and their idea of qualitative production as against our modern quantitative system. He holds strongly to the view that our method of producing for a market, generally world-wide, degrades all who come in contact with it, and puts us all at the mercy of the middleman or financier whose imagination is of a low type. Machinery has become the dominant fact in our lives, and Mr. Penty holds that it is impossible to control it, as, owing to its immensity, it is impossible to isolate it. We must return to handicraft. The producer and the consumer must be brought into actual contact in order that the producer may be stimulated to give of his best, because he knows in reality the desires of his customer. Further, as the machine must be kept at work, everything has to be sacrificed to this idea, and quantity alone counts. Goods are turned out without any idea, relatively, of quality, but simply to supply the presumed needs of a market, which in its turn has been created by artificial means. Mr. Penty would welcome a strike on the part of the workers for quality, so that things produced which are essential should be beautiful, and adulteration should become a social crime. Leisured production is his ideal. Although accepting as a compromise the idea of a National Guild, Mr. Penty prefers the local guild, and he is not at one with the National Guildsmen in desiring to abolish the wages system. He holds that the guild would have a privileged position, but he contends that this would mean that it also had responsibility.

Mr. Penty is in reality an artist-craftsman, and he revolts at much of the ugly-

ness of our modern life; hence he attacks machinery and plumps for hand work, although he does admit that machinery must exist for some purposes. He, however, over-idealises the ancient guild system, and, like most of those who are attracted by the mediæval period, he stresses the happiness side and overlooks the evil. Henry James was of a similar type. As Miss Rebecca West has so pungently remarked, "He had a tremendous sense of the thing that is and none at all of the thing that has been, and thus he was always being misled by such lovely shells of the past as Hampton Court into the belief that the past which inhabited them was as lovely. The calm of Canterbury Close appeared to him as a remnant of a time when all England, bowed before the Church, was as calm; whereas the calm is really a modern condition brought about when the Church ceased to have anything to do with England."

I quite agree that a chair, for example, could be made by hand, and be a much more artistic and comfortable article than many of the contraptions sold in furniture shops. Handicraft might have its rightful place in producing things of a permanent nature, but I see no reason for discouraging the use of machinery in preparing Quaker Oats, let us say, for the breakfast table. We must control the machine and we must recognise that the material development of the world has raised the standard of life, and many of the needs must be supplied by mechanical means.

The artistic sense has been destroyed, or, better still, has not been encouraged to show itself; for I cannot believe that the miserable serf of the Middle Ages was any more artistic than his brother workman of to-day, because labour has been treated as a commodity. "Economists are agreed," says Mr. Hobson, "that wages is the price paid for labour as a commodity. I do not think that amongst political economists there is a single dissentient voice to that proposition. The human side of labour may in our social life call for sympathetic consideration; in the strict economic sense it is a commodity, the value of which fluctuates with

demand and supply. From this conclusion there is no escape, for rent, interest, and profits can only be paid on the margin secured by the 'entrepreneur' who buys labour for x , and sells it in its congealed form for x plus y . That is the foundation of our social and industrial system." Hence we cannot expect any real appreciation of the needs of human society, either from the workman, whose humanity is sacrificed because of his labour being in fact divorced from his control, or from the "entrepreneur," who cannot think in human values, but only can concern himself with buying the labour commodity in the cheapest market. The only way that this difficulty can be overcome is by changing the status of the worker. He must become a partner; in so doing he naturally controls, or shares in the control of, production. But this partnership cannot be confined to individuals or even to a group; it must be wide enough to embrace all who are in the industry. Hence the idea of the National Guild, which is "the combination of all the labour of every kind—administrative, executive, productive—in any particular industry. It includes those who work with their brains and those who contribute labour power. Administrators, chemists, skilled and unskilled labour, clerks—everybody who can work—are all entitled to membership. This combination clearly means a true labour monopoly."

Mr. Hobson discusses the changes in outlook which necessarily flow from such a conception, but it would not be fair to him to indicate them. The book should be read. One point, however, is worth noting in view of the discussion now proceeding regarding the future of political parties. Mr. Hobson contends that the guilds would free the State from economic pressure and would leave it free to attend to the spiritual aspects of life, and politics would become once more a question with which a gentleman could concern himself.

No student of social problems should neglect these two books. They afford evidence of the new orientation of political economy which, under their influence, will cease to be a dismal science and become a hopeful inspiration. Slowly, but surely, we are recognising the distinction which Ruskin made between wealth and illth. Although one may violently disagree with some of the views of Mr. Penty and with some of those of Mr. Hobson, it must be conceded that they have gone to the heart of things. For the first time since the coming of capitalism the critics of the system have based their constructive proposals on human values and not upon an Adam Smith abstraction of the economic man. Along this road is the way of salvation.

J. S.



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Edited by J. Krishnamurti

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1917

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Vol. VI.—No. I.

Price 6d.

The Order of the Star in the East

The Herald of the Star is the official organ of the Order of the Star in the East, and is obtainable through the Officers of the Order in the various countries of the world. A list of these Officers is given on page three of the cover of this magazine.

The Order of the Star in the East is an organisation which has arisen out of the rapidly growing expectation of the near coming of a great spiritual Teacher, which is visible in many parts of the world to-day. In all the great faiths at the present time, and in practically every race, there are people who are looking for such a Teacher; and this hope is being expressed quite naturally, in each case, in the terms appropriate to the religion and the locality in which it has sprung up.

It is the object of the Order of the Star in the East, so far as is possible, to gather up and unify this common expectation, wherever and in whatever form it may exist, and to link it into a single great movement of preparation for the Great One whom the age awaits.

The Objects of the Order are embodied in the following Declaration of Principles, acceptance of which is all that is necessary for membership.

- (1) We believe that a Great Teacher will soon appear in the world, and we wish so to live now that we may be worthy to know Him when He comes.
- (2) We shall try, therefore, to keep Him in our mind always, and to do in His name and, therefore, to the best of our ability, all the work which comes to us in our daily occupation.
- (3) As far as our ordinary duties allow, we shall endeavour to devote a portion of our time each day to some definite work which may help to prepare for His coming.
- (4) We shall seek to make Devotion, Steadfastness, and Gentleness prominent characteristics of our daily life.
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Information about its life and work may be obtained from any of its Officers, and applications for membership should be sent to an Officer of the country to which the applicant belongs. Each member receives, on joining, a certificate of membership, leaflet, and card. The Badge of the Order is a silver five-pointed Star.

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Edited by J. Krishnamurti

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