

The Herald of the Star

Vol. VIII. No. 6.

June 2nd, 1919

Contents

	PAGE
Poem: The Love Mystical. <i>By S. Gertrude Ford</i>	282
Editorial Notes	283
The Mysticism of Dante. <i>By William Loftus Hare</i>	285
Sonnet: Dawn. <i>By H. C. W.</i>	291
The Romance of Teaching. <i>By William Platt</i>	292
Sonnet: Beauty. <i>By J. A. Palmer</i>	296
Little Bird. <i>By His Owner</i>	297
The Opening of the Tabernacle: A Story of Intolerance. <i>By Ernest V. Hayes</i>	298
Sonnet: Faith. <i>By J. A. Palmer</i>	306
State Bonus: A Reply to Criticism. <i>By Bertram Pickard</i>	307
Poem: To Stella, with an Astrological Book. <i>By Irene Hay</i>	309
From a Country Study. <i>By S. L. Bensusan</i>	310
The Social Movement. <i>By A. Emil Davies, L.C.C.</i>	315
Humanitarian Notes. <i>By G. Colmore</i>	318
The Spirit of Imagination: An Allegory. <i>By M. A. Naylor</i>	323
Educational Notes	324
The Woman's Observatory. <i>By "Femina"</i>	331

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United Kingdom, Europe, British Colonies, India, etc., 6/- per annum (Post free)
U.S.A. and South America \$1.50 " "

THE LOVE MYSTICAL

*From haunts of noon, loud scenes that will not pardon
One holy dream which pitying Silence gives,
I turn away at last to that still garden
Where my heart lives.*

*And in that garden walks our Friend and Brother
At cool of day, and when the night grows dim.
Kneel we and pray! so to be near each other,
And nearer Him.*

*Close, close, till Three be blent in mystic union—
I in thee, thou in me, and He in us.
Ah, care not that we may not hold communion,
Save only thus!*

*High is our lot, among the high stars moving:
Rejoice that such a crown our hearts have won!
Rejoice that we can suffer in our loving
And yet love on!*

*For here, far up the mountain where the chill is,
Past the warm vale where brood the mated doves,
Lo! the Eternal feeds among the lilies
Whose leaves are loves.*

*What fear for us, dear heart, of wildest weather?
How can we weary, though the road be rough?
The souls that walk with God must walk together—
Enough, enough!*

S. GERTRUDE FORD



EDITORIAL NOTES

OF the Peace Terms, which have been presented to Germany, little need be said except that we agree with the remarks of Mr. Emil Davies, in our present issue, as to their lamentable shortsightedness. So far from laying the foundation of a future world of order and well-being they have deliberately sowed the seeds of future strife and bitterness. In the words of Mr. J. L. Garvin, quoted by Mr. Davies, "the root vice of the whole Treaty is that it leaves the German race no real hope except in revenge—no matter how long the revenge may have to be deferred." That Germany should be punished for her crimes against humanity is only just; but that this punishment should be protracted over a long period of years, cutting off the German people from hope and ambition and healthy interest in life for a whole generation, is sheer folly, for the simple reason that it is against Nature. To deny to any people its natural oxygen is to breed disease and the infection which belongs to disease. If the aim of the Delegates at the Peace Conference was to produce a sounder and more healthy Europe, they have gone exactly the wrong way about it. They have misunderstood the elements of international life. In a word, they have defied Nature; and Nature, in the long run, does not brook defiance. That the work of the Conference, on its punitive side, will be undone long before the expiry of the appointed term of years, is quite certain. By what agency it will be undone is not quite so certain. For our own part, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Davies that the revision of the Treaty will follow naturally upon a shift-

ing of the centre of gravity in the social system of Europe. A Europe governed by Labour will not tolerate the continuation of such conditions; and that most European countries will, by a natural process of evolution, have Labour Governments within the course of a few years, seems to be fairly well assured. Another possible eventuality which may bring about such a revision is to be found in the emergence of some new menace, which will weld Europe together for the purposes of common defence; and it is interesting here to note that Mr. Lovat Fraser has recently written an article in which he prophesies that the next great world-crisis will come from the, even now, slowly gathering revolt of Asia against Europe. Be this as it may, we have no reason to look upon the Peace Terms as anything else than an unfortunate and temporary experiment. Let us hope that the League of Nations, if and when solidly established, will itself take the initiative in recasting them in a saner and more constructive spirit.

* * *

IF we were asked what has been at the root of this regretted mistake, we should suggest that the fundamental cause has been one which is inherent in the whole of our modern civilisation—that is to say, a materialistic distrust of Ideas, leading to an appeal to the only agency which can take the place of Ideas, namely Force. This basic dualism has really underlain the deliberations of the Peace Conference from its very inception. Throughout there have been two parties

—the one of Ideas, the other of Force; the first represented by President Wilson, the second by the Latin races, France and Italy, with Great Britain in the role of mediator between the opposing parties. Partly because France has been able to point, with some show of reason, to the lesson of 1914; partly because of the proposed mistrust of Germany's honesty of purpose, however vehemently proclaimed; partly because the Conference sat in Paris in the centre of the French atmosphere; but most of all because the very notion of relying upon Ideas is as yet foreign to the thought of contemporary statesmen; the result of the Conference has been the triumph of the party of Force. It is true that, as against this, there has been founded the League of Nations, a structure which is designed to supplant the régime of force by something better adapted to a rational humanity. But the League is as yet so shadowy, the reality of its powers so indeterminate, its capacity to withstand the onslaught of primitive human passions and to resist internal division so wholly uncertain, that we can hardly look upon it as anything else than a pious aspiration at the moment. Regarded as a building, it still lacks mortar to bind it together. The consideration of what form that mortar must take would carry us far beyond the limits of this month's Notes. All that need be said is that, in all truly effective human enterprises, the conception (call it the ideal, if we wish) must far exceed, in potency of life, the form in which it is constrained to clothe itself. There must be an overplus of energy on the side of the idea. In the case of the League of Nations, the structure itself is more developed than the spirit behind it. So far as we can see, there do not at present exist in the world the positive forces which are to convert it into a real thing. Whatever forces exist are largely pulling in opposite directions, and attain equilibrium by a process of tension. But no building can uphold itself for long by mere balance. It may

stand for awhile until it is disturbed. But, for permanence, it needs deep and true foundations as well as mortar to make it cohere.

* * *

ALL of which leads us to the conclusion for which THE HERALD OF THE STAR consistently stands, the conclusion, namely, that there can be no solution of the present world-problem without the emergence of some new and compelling Spiritual Force, which shall be positive and constructive in its nature. The Peace Conference has shown us what the pick of our statesmen can do. After months of deliberation it has given us nothing new—only a readjustment of things in terms of the old, well-worn philosophy which has long been reducing our civilisation to bankruptcy—with a parenthetic apology, in the shape of the League of Nations, thrown in to induce the world to believe that it has really been influenced by ideals. But behind this show of idealism there is no real driving force. Even the American President has had to compromise and to qualify. Only a genuine international spirit, aflame with conviction and resolutely determined on achieving its end in spite of all necessary sacrifices, could give the League a soul and a reality. And this spirit has yet to be born. That it will be born, in the fullness of time, we are quite sure. But when it comes, it will be born, we are convinced, in a way which will set at nought all our customary methods of dealing with international problems. We have yet to learn that the world-problem is, at heart, a spiritual problem, and can only be solved by the Spirit; that Reconstruction is a spiritual task, and can only be achieved when it has the impelling force of the Spirit behind it; and that, so far from solving our problems, we shall not even begin to understand what those problems are until we can turn upon them the illumined and spiritual eye. We may sum up our judgment upon the Peace Conference by saying that it furnishes an admirable commentary upon this truth.

THE MYSTICISM OF DANTE

By WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE

IN spite of the materialistic tendencies of modern civilisation generally and of nineteenth-century philosophy in particular, there remains at the moment a strong interest for mysticism, of which there may be said to be a revival. True, mysticism to-day takes forms differing greatly from its forms in ancient or mediæval times. In many ways it is becoming intensely practical, devoted to personal culture, while as a motive for social and political amelioration mystical conceptions are by no means rare.

That Dante was a speculative mystic no one can doubt, although he was very far from adopting the ultra-mystical doctrine of the Neo-Platonist, Scotus Errignia, a heretic. Dante's Neo-platonic ideas were drawn from two sources—Boethius, the Roman philosopher, and the Christian Fathers, especially Augustine. He stood on orthodox ground, however, in two ways—philosophically on Aristotle, theologically on Thomas Aquinas, both of whom were thoroughly rational from Dante's point of view.

I.—THE LAW OF ALLEGORY

Dante's law of allegory is formulated gradually. In the *Vita Nuova* there are several passages of interest :

(a) Now a man might object against me and say that he knew not to whom my words in the second person were addressed, since the ballad is none other than these words that I am speaking : and therefore I say that I intend to solve this difficulty and make it clear in this little book in a still more difficult passage, and then he who is in a difficulty here or who would here make this manner of objection shall understand it.

(b) Among the words wherein the occasion of this sonnet is made manifest, dubious words are found—namely, where I say that Love slays all my senses and the visual spirits remain alive save that they are outside their organs. And this difficulty is impossible of solution to those who are not in a like degree lieges unto Love, whereas to those who are, that which would solve the dubious words is manifest, and therefore it is not well for me to elucidate such

difficulty, for that my words would be in vain or else superfluous.

(c) Whoso hath not wit enough to be able to understand it by those divisions that have been made, it displeaseth me not if he let it be, for certes, I fear I have communicated its meaning to too many, even by those divisions that have been made, if it chanced that many should hear it.

(d) Here a person worthy of having all his difficulties made plain might be perplexed, for he might be in a difficulty as to what I say concerning Love, as if he were a thing in himself and not only an intelligent being but a corporeal being. Which thing according to truth, is false ; for Love exists not as a being in itself but is a quality of a being.

(e) Therefore, if we see that the poets have spoken of inanimate things as if they had sense and reason and have made them speak together, and not only real things but unreal things (that is to say, they have said of things which do not exist that they speak and have said that many qualities of things speak as if they were beings and men), the composer in rhyme has a right to do the like ; not, indeed, without some reason, but with a reason which it were possible afterwards to make clear in prose.

(f) And in order that no witless person may take any licence therefrom I say that neither did the poets speak thus without reason, nor should they who rhyme speak thus, without having some interpretation in their own minds of what they say ; for deep shame were it to him who should rhyme under cover of a figure or of a rhetorical colour and, afterwards, being asked, knew not how to strip such vesture from his words, in such wise that they should have a real meaning. And this my first friend and I well know of many who rhyme thus stupidly.

These passages prove internally that the *Vita Nuova* was written under the general law of allegory accepted by Dante in his day. From *De Monarchia* we read :

There are two ways of going wrong as to the mystic sense, either by looking for it where it is not or by taking it as it ought not to be taken. Concerning the first, Augustine says in the *City of God* that not everything which is told as having happened is to be taken as significant ; but for the sake of that which is significant that which is not significant is also added. Only with the ploughshare is the earth cleft, but in order for this to be done the other parts of the plough are also needed.

Dante accepted this law throughout all his work, obviously. Such words are, of

course, a warning against ultra-allegorising; they are also a good reply to the literalists who wish to drive the allegorists into absurdity by compelling them to disclose a double sense in the dot on the "i" and the cross on the "t."

Turning now to the *Convivio*, we find not only the law as to the double or quadruple sense stated in the clearest terms, but the application of it by a thorough analysis of certain of Dante's own poems by himself.

I say that, as was told in the first chapter, this exposition must be both literal and allegorical; and that this may be understood it should be known that writings may be taken and should be expounded chiefly in four senses. The first is called the *literal* . . . the second the *allegorical*, and is the one that hides itself under the mantle of these tales and is a truth hidden under beautiful fiction. . . . The third sense is called the *moral* . . . the fourth sense is called the *anagogical*—that is to say, "above the sense."

In another passage he equates *anagogical* with *mystical*. The treatises of the *Convivio* contain many more passages confirmatory of the above rule—explicit illustrations of it.

II.—DANTE'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

The next theme is elucidated in Epistle X. Was Dante a mystic? Did he have mystical experiences which he could make the subject matter of his allegories? He himself says emphatically, Yes.

The All-mover's glory penetrates through the universe, and regloweth in one region more, and less in another. In that heaven which most receiveth of his light, have I been; and have seen things which whoso descendeth from up there hath no knowledge nor power to retell; because, as it draweth nigh to its desire, our intellect sinketh so deep, that memory cannot go back upon the track. Nathless, whatever of the holy realm I had the power to treasure in my memory, shall now be matter of my song.

(Paradiso I. i.)

With these words Dante opens the third part of his *Divine Comedy*. They can be interpreted either as poetical imagery or as a statement of mystical experience, but when we read Dante's dedicatory epistle which accompanied the gift of the work to his noble patron, Can Grande Della Scala, we can hardly be in doubt

that the author wishes to be understood in the second sense. He says (line 530) that similar experiences were those of St. Paul, as described in *Corinthians*, Ezekiel, Richard of St. Victor, Bernard of Clairvaux, and St. Augustine. And if, as he thinks possible, his critics should "carp and yelp" against him on account of his joining so saintly a company, being a sinner himself, he declares that to Nebuchadnezzar was also given the power "to see certain things against sinners and then dropped them into oblivion." The argument perhaps is not powerful, but it is unmistakable in its meaning. He says further (line 610), "there will be a process of ascending from heaven to heaven, and the narrative will tell of blessed souls discovered in each orb, and how true blessedness consists in the *sense of the prime source of truth*, as is evident by St. John in the passage: 'This is true blessedness, to know thee, the true God.'" The ecstatic journey, then, is based on *personal* and *speculative* elements and is psychologic and spiritual, not topographical. The work, he says, is "of more senses than one; for it is one sense which we get through the letter, and another which we get through the way the letter signifies; and the first is called literal, but the second allegorical or mystic" (line 140). The purpose of the work is stated in the poet's own words (line 270): "to remove those living in this life from a state of misery and lead them to the state of felicity."

III.—THE FORM OF DANTE'S LYRICS

In order to understand the *Vita Nuova* and the lyrics upon which it is founded, reference should be made to such a book as Freeman Mott's "The System of Courtly Love." Here we learn that the Troubadours or the Poets of the Twelfth Century show a consistent and developed system of philosophy, if such it may be called, which can be traced through the various works of the Provençal poets; in the first place, the chief topic is sensuous love, and they are very often frankly licentious. The general principles of their ideas can be stated as follows: Love is

the highest good, and binds the poet so that he cannot escape. He would be his lady's vassal and do all that she wishes. Sometimes love forgets the lover, and he abuses her, but he soon repents. The cause of love is the lady's beauty, her courtesy, or kindness, and beauty enters the eyes and penetrates to the heart. Sometimes love is conceived as a flame, which burns up the lover, and its effects are suffering, sickness, and well-nigh death. In such cases weeping is a relief. Lovers cannot rest in absence, the lady's image is always present, and his desire plunges the lover into contradictions, foolishness, and even madness. In the presence of his lady the lover trembles and grows pale. Fear keeps him from showing his love and asking for hers, and the lady is always addressed by an assumed name, such as "Beauty's Eyes" or "Thou Hast No Wrong."

The poet often worships the object of his love with entire devotion and perfect submission to her will and absolute faithfulness, and nothing is of value in comparison to this love, and the result of such devotion ennobles him who pays it.

Such are the general characteristics of the poems of the Troubadours. It remains now to be said that the ladies to whom such poems are addressed are not, as might be supposed, merely those to whom the poets might individually be attached. They are in almost every case princesses, queens, countesses, or in some way women who hold a high position at some court, and the Troubadour represents himself as being her slave and lover. In fact, they are always married ladies to whom such poems are addressed.

Now the character of the ladies would have a considerable influence upon the poet and his work, and it so came that a group of influential courtly ladies not being willing to have questionable poems addressed to them, the tone and manner of the Troubadours were much lifted thereby, and a reversion to the earlier sensuous type became rare. About the year 1200 Italy had no literature of its own, and the higher type of Provençal poets passed over to the numerous courts of that country, became popular, and

were much copied by the Italians. At length poetry, in the hands of these Italians, forced its way into the learned circles where Latin was dominant and sought to become an instrument of philosophy. It was Guido Guinicelli who was the most notable of the forerunners of Dante (who, indeed, considered him his master), and who considerably changed the subject-matter of lyrical poetry from love to the ideals of philosophy. Still, however, he and those contemporary with him retained the old forms, so that it came about that the terms of love were used as symbols for philosophic and moral conceptions, while such matters were, of course, discussed directly in Latin. The Florentine poets raised the art to a higher degree. With them "My Lady" is still the embodiment of all perfections, but she becomes at the same time a symbol, the incarnation of something higher. Love for her passes beyond her to Virtue and the Highest Good. The direct and personal chivalrous love of the Provençals became transformed into spiritual love, and poetry received a symbolic and allegorical character, its proper purpose being the presentation of philosophic truth, masked by a beautiful veil of imagery. Now this allegory has to be true to itself as imagery, that is, the outer sense and, true to itself, in its inner significance.

In Florence the virtues spoken of by the philosophers were substituted for the virtues of the knight, and the exaggerated laudation of princesses was abandoned, and the movement led to the religion of mystical abstractions. But these mystical abstractions became in Dante concrete realities, personal experiences, and thus in his early poems the old forms remain, but fresh vividness of feeling and the real meaning which they represent transfigures them. In Dante's time "My Lady" is not necessarily a woman at all.

IV. — AN INTERPRETATION OF "THE NEW LIFE."

The *Vita Nuova* of Dante is here regarded as an allegory. By many students it has been treated as a record of Dante's love for Beatrice Portinari, into

which record has been woven by the poet much scholastic lore and mystical speculations. It may be said that in the primary sense it is quite possible that the *Vita Nuova* does tell the love of Dante for a certain beautiful woman, and that such love would dictate the form which the book would take; but I have to maintain that the historical certitude of this love becomes weaker and weaker as the secondary or allegorical sense emerges; and this allegorical sense is by far the more important—so much so that as it assumes definite shape the figures of the human Beatrice and her companions begin to fade into obscurity.

It would appear that the *Vita Nuova* fell into the hands of Boccaccio, Dante's earliest biographer, who read it in the primary sense alone, using it as an historian might use the private diary of a man of whom he knew little at first hand; in due course this biography, built up from an allegory left uninterpreted, came to be accepted as history, so that later scholars support their views by two documents, an autobiography and a biography, mutually confirming the primary sense only. I therefore urge that, for the moment, Boccaccio should be put aside while we study Dante's documents alone. These are, of course, *Vita Nuova*, *Convivio*, and *Divina Commedia*.

It is right to say that even in the poet's lifetime his *Vita Nuova* was not understood in a manner pleasing to him, and in spite of his ingenious attempts to correct this misunderstanding by sundry hints to the initiated the primary sense has held the field until this day.

The dramatis personæ of the *Vita Nuova* may be described as follows:—

par. II. *la gloriosa donna della mia mente. . .*
Beatrice.
 the glorious lady of my mind. . .
Beatrice.

This name is well chosen to signify the Mystic Consciousness that rare human faculty which makes man truly blessed, hence the name Beatrice—"conferring blessedness." Compared with the normal rational consciousness, which doubts, compares, reasons and deduces, the mystic consciousness is intuitional. By a pro-

cess that transcends reasoning, man attains to knowledge and joy that cannot otherwise be reached; in some few it arises spontaneously, in others with painful effort, in many not at all.

par. III. *Me saluto virtuosamente tanto.*
 saluted me so virtuously.

The salutation of Beatrice is the Mystic Ecstasy, which is, as it were, a blissful crisis of the mystic consciousness, an insupportable rapture that seems to take man to the very limits of all bliss.

una figura d'uno signore. . . Amore.
 the form of a lord . . . Love.

Love is the New Life, literally and explicitly, that comes to a man after his attainment of the mystic consciousness. It is new in relation to the old life, which it invades and destroys, or if not entirely, at least it combats. Having come, it says, "I am thy lord." Needless to say, the new life contains love; love, even as the normal man knows it, is the root of the new life, the spiritual entry of the new birth.

par. VI. *era schermo di tanto amore . . . mia*
defesa.

was as a screen to my great love . . .
 my safeguard.

The lady of the screen is the Life of Courtesy or Pleasure, which served as a mask to hide or to explain in a certain sense what otherwise would have been surprising to many, who would therefore attribute the poet's raptures and visions to hyperbolic art in the service of the courtly life, and this would satisfy him for a time.

par. VIII. *una donna giovane e di gentile aspetto*
molto.

a young and very beautiful lady.

This maiden most probably represents the virtue of Chastity; and her death the loss of that virtue, the sonnet quite clearly confirms this view.

par. X. *mi nego il suo dolcissimo salutare.*
 she denied me her most sweet salutation.

This is the Failure to attain the Mystic Ecstasy, which could be reached either spontaneously or by means of meditation—well-known to the mystics of the Middle Ages.

par XIV. *una gentile donna, che disposta era*
lo giorno.

a lady who had been married that day.

The marriage of Beatrice suddenly learned of by Dante, is the first Premonition of the Loss of the Mystic Consciousness.

mia transfigurazione
my transfiguration.

This represents the Paralysis arising from failure to realise the ecstasy and the consciousness of its threatened total loss. It is the "desolation" of the religious mystics.

par. XXIII. *Beatrice alcuna volta si muovia*
Beatrice shall die some day.

In his dream these words are heard by Dante; they are a Further Premonition of the Loss of the Mystic Consciousness, and are followed by words to the effect that Beatrice was already dead; but being a dream only, it seems that the mystic consciousness had not quite left him but was swiftly diminishing.

par. XXIV. *una gentil donna . . . Giovannia*
. . . Primavera
a gentle lady . . . Joanna
. . . Spring.

The choice of the names, Joanna and Spring, is due to the fact that John the Baptist was the herald of Christ, Spring the herald of Summer, and here Joanna is the forerunner of the returning Beatrice—therefore: a Premonition of the Possible Regain of the Mystic Consciousness lost in life's turmoil of unrest.

par. XXIX. *chiamo questo gentilissima a
gloriare*
called this most gentle lady to
glory.

The death of Beatrice is (to Dante) the seeming Total Loss of the Mystic Consciousness, and her going to Heaven indicates the perception that the Heavenly World is the true home of the mystic consciousness, that it indeed is Heaven.

par. XXXVI. *una gentil donna giovane e bella
molto, la quale da una fenestra
me riguardava*
a gentle lady young and very
beautiful, who from a window
was looking at me.

The lady at the window is according to Dante's own words in the *Convivio*, "the beauteous daughter of the Emperor of the universe, called by Pythagoras 'Philosophy.'" In this regard therefore, she is a lady of compassion or pity, to comfort Dante at the loss of the mystic con-

sciousness, and therefore represents Rational Consciousness at its highest, which, although in itself good, is as nothing compared with the mystic consciousness. Dante borrows the conception of Philosophy as a woman of compassion from Boethius, who had written in his *Consolation of Philosophy* of the visit to his prison of such a figure. Dante truly perceives, however, that the Rational and Mystic Consciousnesses are discrete degrees of consciousness (as, for instance, colour is to sound) and not relative degrees, as blue is to red, or treble is to bass, and therefore, in his amatory terms of allegory they are opposed and antagonistic—rival loves.

par. XLIII. *una mirabil visione*
a marvellous vision.

Probably, in a degree, a Return of the Mystic Consciousness, or if not, at least a great concept (from the results of his experiences) alike of truth and of art, which determined the scope and plan of the *Divina Commedia*. I will here quote the closing words of the *Vita Nuova* in the final prose paragraph, calling special attention to the words I have printed in italics. Perhaps they indicate that Beatrice was not a woman!

par. XLIII. After writing this sonnet a wondrous vision was vouchsafed me: wherein I beheld things which decided me not to write more concerning this most blessed Lady, until such time as I am able to treat more worthily of her. And to attain to this, I strive as far as I can; and this she knoweth well. And if it be pleasing to Him through whom all things have their life, that my life last some few years, I hope to say of her things that were *never yet written of any woman*. Hereafter, may it be the pleasure of Him who is the Lord of Grace, that my spirit go forth to behold the glory of its lady, even that blessed Beatrice who looketh for ever on the face of Him, qui est per omnia saecula benedictus.

V.—DANTE'S "SECOND LOVE."

The relations existing between the Mystic Consciousness, and Rational Philosophy, or the work of the self-conscious mind, are dealt with by Dante in four different ways, following his own psychological experience and ultimate speculation.

I. In the *Vita Nuova* Beatrice is the Mystic Consciousness, first referred

to in paragraph 2. The Lady of the Window is *Rational Philosophy*, first mentioned in paragraph 36.

Dante's first love was therefore for the Mystic Consciousness inevitably, and after its loss he was very much drawn towards and comforted by Philosophy. Such a work of art, however, as the *Vita Nuova* could only end in one way, *i.e.*, by his faithfulness to his first love, and this ending being true to art, was also true to the facts of Dante's own experience, for although he was very much attracted and soothed by the speculations of Philosophy, yet he could not forget his early experience, nor find in the Lady of the Window any of the beauty he had found in Beatrice.

II. In the Ode No. 1. "Ye who by understanding move the third Heaven," the same situation, namely, the opposition of the Mystic to the Rational Consciousness, is again expressed as a conflict between two types of thought. The idea of a battle of thoughts had already been expressed in sonnet 22 in the *Vita Nuova*, and paragraph 39, where four thoughts contend for supremacy in his mind. In this first ode, however, the conflict is distinct and definite, and instead of the victory being on the side of the old thought, *i.e.*, the Mystic Consciousness, it is on the side of the new thought, *i.e.*, Rational Philosophy, now certainly including speculative theology, *Convivio* II. 15: 165-188.

In the Tornata, or last verse, the poet expresses the belief that few would rightly understand the meaning of the ode.

III. In the *Convivio*, the subject is again taken up, and, after a preliminary treatise, Dante expressly says in the second treatise that, as I have already stated, the Lady of the Window of the *Vita Nuova* is Philosophy, and he explains the first ode in the sense expressed above. The *Convivio* also gives the victory to Rational Philosophy, and the book, as a matter of fact, was to be a monument of learning attained by the study of Philosophy, rather than by means of the Mystic Consciousness.

The Beatrice of the *Vita Nuova* was

"The Glorious Lady of my Mind," the Philosophy of the *Convivio* is "The Lady of the Intellect," and in the second treatise, chap. IX., he says he will no longer speak of Beatrice, but henceforth only of My Lady Philosophy, because the *Convivio* represents the results of self-conscious intellectual study, and not of mystic intuition and emotional experience which had been fully treated of in the *Vita Nuova*.

IV. In the *Divina Commedia*, a work composed towards the end of Dante's life, the whole position becomes changed. The epic art requires a more dramatic and striking figure than My Lady Philosophy, whose place is taken by *none other than Virgil*. Beatrice appears as before for the Mystic Consciousness, which conducts man to God. In this great work there is no longer a conflict between the two, but perfect harmony. Dante has long perceived that the Mystic Consciousness is the Heavenly Consciousness, in fact, is Heaven, and therefore he conceives of Beatrice in the Highest Heaven. Self-conscious mind and its activity, however, is non-celestial, and subordinate to the celestial type of consciousness. It is for that reason, therefore, that Virgil is sent by Beatrice to guide Dante through the purlieu of Hell up the slopes of Purgatory, and on attaining the earthly Paradise just on the borders of the Heavenly World, Virgil leaves Dante, and he is again led on by Beatrice through the various stages of the Spiritual World, learning, as in his youth, from her alone.

VI.—THE VISION.

It is impossible in this article to do justice to the beauties of the great work in which Dante represents himself visiting the depths of Hell, climbing the slopes of Purgatory and ascending to the Stars. Readers who are helped by what has gone before may be glad, nevertheless, to have some indication of the way in which the mystical conceptions of Dante's earlier writings reappear here. The ideal date of the composition of the Comedy is Easter 1300, but it was written during the first 20 years of the fourteenth century, it is full of "predictions" which

had at that time become history. This gave to the book a wonderful power over the imagination of its contemporaries. It is full of the speculative mysticism of the middle ages; but it also sparkles with many a gem of personal psychologic experience. The mystical allegory is simple and can be grasped by following the references to Beatrice; throughout she is the key. I must satisfy myself with but one illustration. When at last after the long journey through Hell and Purgatory Dante stands in the earthly Paradise looking towards Heaven he espies a wonderful procession approaching on the other side of the stream. Heralded by nymphs and angels, accompanied by music, the ancient prophets and the evangelists march before a chariot drawn by a creature half bird, half animal. The car is

the Church, the gryphon is Christ, divine and human. In the car stands Beatrice. It is impossible that Dante could have placed there the figure of a young Florentine woman who in his youth had been the object of his love. Beatrice Portinari (of Boccaccio's "Life") has no place in the chariot of the Church; but Beatrice—"She 'who blesses'"—the Mystic Consciousness, is in her right place there. The Church exists ideally to carry, to preserve, even, one may say, to disseminate this spiritual life. If it does not it has no reason for its existence. From the car Beatrice addresses Dante in terms which can only come properly from her in reference to what she symbolises (*see Purgatorio* xxix to xxxi.). The mystical life of his youth and early manhood calls him back to faithfulness.

WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE

DAWN

Wise-eyed and pure and passionless They stand,
 The Watchers of the Dawn, eternally
 Gazing with starlit eyes o'er land and sea,
 Waiting in silence for Their Lord's command . . .
 Pitying, with marvellous love, They see the Earth
 Pass with blind valour through the fire-crowned gloom
 Of sacrifice—strange web of Horror's loom—
 Bleeding and pain-racked in the throes of Birth.

And now the Darkness lightens, and the shy
 Dawn creeps up, tremulous, to renew the World
 In holiness . . . Quiet amethyst and rose
 Flame to royal purple . . . Richer the colour grows;
 The far-flung golden banners are unfurled;
 The thunderous chariots of the Sun draw nigh.

H. C. W.

THE ROMANCE OF TEACHING

By WILLIAM PLATT

[Principal of the Home School, Grindleford; Author of "Child Music," "Drama of Life," "A Study of a Great Scholar," etc.]

SUPPOSE it were given to you to take a few of the very best of companions to a district, known to you but not to them, where the scenery was beautiful and full of surprises; even though you might yourself know the full beauty of each vista, would you not renew your pleasure as you watched the joy and surprise of your friends to whom you unfolded these charms? That is the Romance of Teaching. There are those wonderful stories called history, most of them fascinating, and many of them true; that enticing collection of knowledge, geography, the tale of that Earth so absolutely bound up in our own tale; that parent subject, geology, on which geography rests. The fascination of figures, the quaint riddles of mathematics, comprising also the calculations (dimly peeped at) of those weird folk the bankers; the designs of the engineers and architects, based on geometry. The sciences, natural and physical, with their splendid lore of phenomena, their array of cause and effect as imposing as a State procession, their revelation of the powers of Nature and the use of such powers by artifice. The arts of drawing and of music, enticing lures that draw the soul on. And the magic of language, be it our own speech or another's, with all the shining wealth of great literature to back it. Add to this the eternal parables of the Bible, the exposition, as it arises naturally in the school, of the rules of conduct, manhood, character. . . .

Thus, if children are to you the best of companions; if you can love your subjects and your children, and expound the one to the other as you would introduce a charming girl to a manly young man,

if you can kindle enthusiasm as a fire that warms or as a beacon that guides . . . then you will know, better than I can tell you, the Romance of Teaching.

The Romance of the Bible

The romance of the Bible—and what book is fuller of romance? Warmed by the East, by the glamour of the Sunrise (both literal and spiritual), it brought our northern nation its most valuable complement. It was as a light that shone, as a fire that burned.

The dear old tales of Genesis, the romance of the Patriarchs; full of humanity, of simplicity and daring in the telling, of a pellucid seriousness. The up-growing of Israel as a nation; the wonderful Three-man romance of dark-hearted Saul and the noble and gallant David and Jonathan. The non-attempt to smear over the typical Davidian faults.

The Psalms, and their rich and varied poetry and imagery; the Book of Job—here let us pause a little, for here is one of the world's most amazing poems. What is the answer to Job, when he cries out in despair at his misfortunes? Turn to Chapter 38 for one of the most wonderful messages ever sent by Poet to Man: Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind:

Who is this that darkeneth counsel?

Gird up thy loins like a man.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the Earth,

When the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

The Lord God disdains to answer any of Job's purely personal questions; the Universe is a wondrous Universe, fuller than man can tell of romance, poetry,

beauty, drama; let Job play his part in it and be thankful; let him be one in the Almighty harmony, and in his ears he shall hear again the Song that the morning stars sang, and the joy-shout of the Sons of God.

Turn we now to the romance of the Prophets, to the mysteries and the message of Isaiah and of his peers; that we also may "mount up with wings, as eagles."

Coming now to the New Testament, we arrive at once at the most wonderful of all romances, at the drama of dramas, the tale of which has thrilled the world ever since. Jesus of Nazareth; the supreme teaching and the supreme Sacrifice; the highest commandment, that we love one another; love is the fulfilment of the law. How simple it all is, yet how new!

No great teacher ever before put his lore into so small a compass; yet it is all-sufficing. Its very simplicity is baffling in its essentially gentle, forceful beauty. Into how small a page could be printed the vital utterances of the Master! And His life-story, into almost as simple a record. Yet all that a great story needs is there in abundance, all that a great soul feels is expressed.

A new drama begins in the "Acts of the Apostles." What this is and means is worth a moment's pause. Realise the intense situation of the opening chapters. These rugged disciples had been in daily communion with their noble Teacher; He had been more to them than a nursing mother to her babe. Now He was suddenly withdrawn from them, as it seemed; and this handful of bewildered men, looking at each other with strange, sad eyes, began to question, one with another, as to what they ought to do. What follows is the story of the building up of a Church; a moving story, full of incident and heroism; but does it not at once occur to anyone who reads his New Testament with simple, reverent heart and eager, open mind that the teaching of the Master is something infinitely more inspiring than the making of His Church? Whatever shape the second might take, it was the first that was of vital import; the Divine teaching was,

perforce, greater than the human attempt to organise it; the much-to-be-desired union of Christianity will be near when we all feel and admit that Christ in the Church, however wonderful, is less sublime than Christ in the heart.

Many epistles of varying interest to-day throw light on the drama unfolded in the "Acts"; and then comes a marvellous vision of the fight between good and evil, the stupendous Revelation with its grand series of pictures, vivid, catastrophic, yet infinitely tender and unflinchingly inspiring.

Behold the Book! open it where you will.

The Romance of Civics

If any teacher wants a chance of thoroughly enjoying himself—and teaching can be the most enjoyable as well as the worst-paid of professions—let him try the experiment of teaching Civics, with practical illustrations, to a class of keen and lively children.

I had a class of 18 merry girls and boys, aged 10 and 11. I made my own plans for a new experiment, without reference to anything that may or may not have been done before, and I had an absolutely free hand. I was determined to teach them, without devoting too much time, and yet without spoiling by over-haste, the practical meaning of "General Election" and "Trial by Jury."

Start away. The two candidates chosen were two boys. They were drilled a little in their parts out of school hours, to make things run. To give the children two issues that they could understand, one believed in Economy, the other in spending money as long as it was wisely spent. Voting papers as near to the real ones as possible were typed by me. Everything being ready, the actual lesson took a little over one hour only, and I doubt if the children will ever forget it.

Each of the candidates made speeches. Brief ones, be it noted. A little rowdy interruption was allowed, as being typical, though the principle was condemned. A polling-booth was prepared. Three dignified ancient inhabitants of the borough scrutinised the applicants for voting papers with marked dignity. Two friends

of the candidates did a little last-moment canvassing, or asked questions concerning the votes.

The Mayor counted the papers. It was imagined to be midnight, and a vast crowd assembled outside the Town Hall. The Mayor read the result. Cheering and booing; a speech (of a few words only) from each candidate; then the two rivals shook hands, admitting that each had fought the election like an English gentleman.

The boy who was elected was the least popular of the two boys, but he had made the better speech. The class took the matter very seriously, though at the same time very joyously, and agreed that he was by far the more suitable person to represent them in Parliament! The principles he advocated were very hazily stated, and whatever they were, they had practically nothing to do with the case. It was the fervid yet gentlemanly eloquence with which he begged for their votes, and his declared purpose of devoting himself to his work, that won him his proud position.

The trial by jury was an even more stirring event. I consulted the children as to what the crime should consist of, and nothing less than a poisoning case would suit their melodramatic little minds! So, lo and behold! two little girls of ten and eleven stood in the dock, their eyes blazing defiance, watched by two stern and sturdy boy-policemen. I was the judge; there was a barrister for and against; five witnesses, an usher and six jurymen, one of whom was chosen foreman.

Amid tense excitement, the prosecution put forward the awful charge of attempting to poison a dear old lady by putting arsenic in her tea. The object of the crime was to secure her money, said to be left to them in the dear old lady's will. The defence tried to put the blame on the cook. The witnesses were:—

The expert chemist who proved the poison to have been there;

The dear old lady;

The cook;

The chemist to whom the accused had come, ostensibly to buy rat-poison!

All these were examined and cross-examined with a brevity which was remarkable; the one witness for the defence was a young lady who had known the two all their lives and thought them the most innocent creatures imaginable.

The attitude of the accused was far from reassuring. Their pert defiance did not savour of virtue. The judge summed up, as briefly as the case in miniature demanded, taking care to say that black as the evidence might look, the accused must have the benefit of any doubt. The jury consulted a moment, then returned with a verdict of unexpected ingenuity; they brought in that both the prisoners were guilty, but that the elder one appeared from her attitude to have been the ring-leader, and deserved the greater punishment.

This verdict was, to me, one of the most interesting of all the happenings; it was entirely the children's own idea, and showed how real everything was to them.

The judge considered it his duty now (after having been strictly impartial before), to say that he agreed with the verdict, and to add a few words to the misguided creatures before him as to the dreadful nature of the crime that they only just failed to commit. At this point the witness for the defence developed violent partisan feelings, and asked what would happen if she called the judge a horrid old pig. When she was informed that she would, in that case, be sent to prison for a month for contempt of court, she answered that it was not fair, as of course the judge could call *her* a horrid old pig without any punishment whatever. An assurance that judges were far too dignified ever to use such language entirely failed to mollify her.

After this brief episode the judge proceeded to allot certain terms of imprisonment to the two unhappy criminals, apportioned as suggested by the foreman of the jury. The two stern policemen marched off the guilty pair, whose attitude was defiant to the last.

The Romance of History

That History is full of romance of an intensely real kind, is so obvious as

scarcely to need mentioning. Novelists and play-writers of all ages have gone to history for text and background, Shakespeare and Marlowe affording noble examples. It is but a step from the vivid character-drawing of Shakespeare to such a prose epic as Carlyle's "French Revolution"; while much of the work of Green has the same quality of constructive imagination. No dull chronicler of events, however accurate, can have the educative value of writers who force us to realise the play and counter-play of human thought, emotion, and action; who show us, so to speak, not merely that the tides move, but also the action of the moon and sun that pull the tides, and the effects of the coast-lines to which the tides flow.

In teaching history in schools, too much attention is often given to mere details which obscure, rather than help, the real issues, and make the stories of the nations resemble a number of articles put away in different compartments. Open the No. 1215 drawer, and we find Magna Charta, and recite its chief clauses. Such memory work is not a sane or useful teaching of history, and when I find in a Public School Exam. paper: "What event do you connect with 1215?" I realise that the person capable of asking that question in that way does not understand history as I hold it should be understood. Because Magna Charta does *not* in any proper or intelligent sense belong to 1215; it belongs to the genius of the British race; it was an inevitable sequel to 1066, to 1100, and to 1106 (if we are to speak in the language of dates), and it is to some extent accidental that it occurred in 1215 and not in 1200 or 1230. A person who brackets it off with 1215 does so because he finds it easier to make a small effort of memory than a larger effort of thought; and he should be found a position in a Government office.

Very few school histories make even a small effort to deal with those larger issues that are so valuable, and which can so readily be made to appeal to a child's keen sense of dramatic values. The Fletcher-Kipling history shows a very great advance in this respect, and

certain rather obvious faults are more than out-weighed by this and many other notable virtues.

Invaluable to the child is the well-weighed, pithy and yet dramatic presentation of the trend of every great movement, every epoch, summarising History as one great continuous story, in many chapters. Very important is it also to catch the distinctive note in each nation's life-story, its leading motive, or characteristic rhythm, difficult though this may be to express. So, lest I lose myself in too many words, let me endeavour to illustrate my meaning; and if you find my summary inadequate, you may at least learn something by my failure.

Of Britain, then, I would say:—An island, well-favoured geographically, good climate, good soil, and a variety of land conditions to develop a variety of intelligence; with more good natural harbours round its coast than are found round the whole of the great continent of Africa. Placed near enough to the older civilisation to learn of their wisdom. But this above all: In such a position that the most adventurous members of the most adventurous races were tempted, time after time to seek their fortune here, till the new island race was formed from the mixture, the race of adventure. Add to their love of adventure a love of freedom; and draw out that the discovery of America and of the larger world gave them their opportunity. Speak of their poets, idealists, scientists; of the varied skies that have given them the finest landscape artists in the world. Credit them in the main with a love of justice (born of the love of freedom), which has enabled them to keep the mighty Empire born of their adventures, and ask the children whether, without that grave fault of boasting, and with readiness to admit the qualities of other nations, they may not be proud to uphold the best traditions of their own island race.

Of this summary, every point should be illustrated in greater detail; but the main idea of it should continue, to give unity and clearness to the whole.

For the sake of contrast take Russia, the Empire of the world's largest plain.

Sooner or later, in the absence of military borders, one of the races of that immense plain would dominate nearly the whole of it. Which race should it be? Unfortunately for Russia, it was at first the Tartars. They left their mark of Asiatic cruelty behind them when at last the great, patient Slav race threw off the hated rule of the Golden Horde, but accepted in self-defence a hardly lesser tyranny from their own kings. So Russia struggles on, not recognised among the European powers until the furious energy of the truly great Peter forces the recognition. It has been given to few leaders to claim as truly as Peter can that it was he who made the empire; inexhaustible energy, much carelessness of his own comfort, indomitable will-power, all these Peter had; but—this is the tragedy of Russia—he founded his Empire on tyranny. And so the inevitable happens (make this point clear), and to-day, in 1919, Russia has to be re-made, this time on a more human plan.

One last example from Italy, a peninsula so framed that the beauty-loving

culture of the sunny south may be braced by the energy of the hills; stretching caressingly into the lovely Mediterranean, but with the evident weakness that the rich plains of the north could be invaded far more swiftly than the south could send up help. Thus for fourteen hundred years after the break-up of the Roman Empire, the north was cruelly bullied by Germany, and it is one of history's finest romances that the country did not lose her unity. For what was it that for fourteen hundred years kept Italy still Italy? *It was Italian Art, Italian Culture, Italian Poetry, Italian Science*, which kept the country one, and great, through every disaster. What is Shakespeare's attitude towards Italy, and what towards Germany? What towards the Country of Culture, and what towards the big bully of that country? And Italy is Italy to-day because she was the Italy of Michelangelo and of Dante, of Da Vinci and of Galileo, of Raphael, of Petrarch, of Titian, of Botticelli, of St Francis, and of a hundred other great men.

WILLIAM PLATT

BEAUTY

O Beauty : Thou for whom we mortals quest,
 Fill to the brim that sweet ecstatic cup
 From which my soul would drink ; ah ! let me sup
 My fill. In Thee alone my heart can rest.
 Weave now Thy magic spells, and manifest
 Thy power ineffable to my poor sight :
 Take Thou mine eyes, create in them the light ;
 And in my longing heart be Thou the Guest.
 Touch my rude nature with diviner love :
 Then from my lips shall noble words be sung,
 And flowers of loveliness adorn my tongue,
 My spirit gaze on Thee until it prove
 Thine own transcendent splendour : then on wing
 Of pure diaph'nous cloud due homage bring.

J. A. PALMER

LITTLE BIRD

By HIS OWNER

THE cage has been taken from the room, but the space it occupied pleads silently at all hours for its burden to be brought back. No wonder; for it was in years before the war that Little Bird came down from town and took possession of his new home. He combed each wing in turn with a claw, took a rapid bath, fluttered up to the topmost perch and sang his tiny song, a short ascending and descending phrase. A prisoner in a strange land he had the will to be happy and content. From tip of beak to end of tail feathers he was not much more than two inches long, his beak and eyes were red, his feathers reddish-brown and speckled. He lived on millet seed, and was known to the fancier who sold him as an Indian Sparrow, but to everybody in his new home as "Little Bird." In the summer the cage and the table supporting it were carried from his own corner to the sunniest window, and he would move about with great energy, crowding into every few minutes all the incidents of his daily life. Outside the house all manner of songsters would be busy, larks in the blue above, and, in the orchard, whitethroats and other summer visitors from overseas. Little Bird welcomed the singers; he would listen with head on one side and then shower his tiny cascade of notes as though to show that he too was a music maker.

When the long days were passing, when the harvest was gathered in and all the migrants, swallows and house-martins, cuckoos and warblers, had gone their ways, Little Bird knew trouble, though we lightened it as best we could. A tiny box of cottonwool offered him warmth at night, and the cage was closely covered up. But morning after morning in mid-winter we would find him crouching on the floor of the cage, cold and miserable; so that at last the fire was banked up by night and the table placed in the nearest corner that

the cage might be kept warm. Long sprays of millet were given him from time to time during the harsh months because he had a great fondness for them, and they helped him to forget the season. He would flutter on to the spray, eat vigorously, and give his song for thanks. In like fashion he would respond if the feeble wintry sun contrived to gild his cage for an hour or two about midday. He was always grateful; he would greet the lamp at night, and even complain when covered up. It became almost a daily ritual to put him on the desk in the sun, to go and hold brief conversation at odd hours, when, if he never replied save with a faint chirp, he looked very wise and friendly, and sympathetic.

Unfortunately, Time pursues the worst criminal and the most harmless bird with equal pace. In the forepart of the winter that has gone Little Bird aged suddenly. He breathed with difficulty, the perches grew too far apart for him, he tried to sing and the simple phrase became no more than a ghost of what it had been. We hoped for the magic healing of spring, looking vainly for a few glints of sunshine to assure Little Bird that the light had not left us for all time. I think he waited, first hopefully, then hopelessly, for the sun that never came, and at last as he lay in the hollow of my hand he turned on his side and, with one shiver, went his way.

* * *

Down in the cover, in the shade of larches that only yesterday lit the copse with rose-coloured plumes, Little Bird lies in a linen shroud on a bed of cottonwool in a tin box. Above his grave the daffodils will greet another spring and the songsters he loved will build their nests. Nor are we ashamed to send our thoughts to his unbroken rest, remembering with pleasure how it was once said of the sparrows: "not one of them is forgotten before God."

THE OPENING OF THE TABERNACLE

A STORY OF INTOLERANCE

By *ERNEST V. HAYES*

IT was just a chance remark of mine that induced my friend to tell his story. We were standing facing the chancel of Norwich Cathedral, and I happened to observe: "Doesn't this cathedral seem bare, somehow? So naked, that if the builders of this church could see it, they would blush for shame. There is something lacking here that a temple ought to have; that the builders of this temple intended it should have."

My friend turned to me with a wonderful light in his eyes.

"I think I know what you mean. I can never worship here. There is a little church where I worship, where I should like to take you. I think you would then understand what is lacking here."

We went. It was a little church in a back street. The odour of incense lingered, and before the altar a red lamp twinkled like a star. It was Easter Sunday: the font, the altar, the reading-desk, the pulpit, and the communion rails were hidden in fragrant blooms; a great candle, festooned with green ferns and white lilies, was set to the left of the holy place. There was a Crucifix and a painting of the Mother and Child.

We sat down in this hallowed atmosphere, and there my friend told a story that had been handed down as a family tradition.

"The scene of the story is Norwich Cathedral and this church," he began. "The time of it when Edward the Sixth died and Mary Tudor ascended the throne. Up to then my family had remained true to the sacred past, though in Edward's time they had been harried sorely."

Perhaps it was the familiar way in which my friend spoke of "my family," meaning thereby his ancestors of four

hundred years ago, that caused me first to lose all sense of time. But as he told his tale, I saw the cathedral we had lately left, only now much as I saw the little church in which we were sitting. I saw altars there, and shrines where votive lamps glimmered and candles flickered as they burned. I saw images, relics, holy emblems and sacred symbols everywhere, not furtively admitted, as if uncertain of their right to be there, but boldly, openly, clear witness to a faith that was sure of itself.

And more than all that, I saw what neither the cathedral nor even this church possessed: set on the centre of the altar I saw a great bronze and gold case, with a jewelled door that was locked, and enthroned on the top of the case I saw a golden Pyx, circled with gems, and in it something white—like a snowflake, and almost as fragile.

And shadowy figures kneeled to It as they passed and repassed, and censers poured out a cloud of misty perfume at Its feet.

"At the time I am speaking of, my family had been reduced to four members, at least that is all there is any trace of," went on my friend. "There was a widowed mother and her two sons—Edmund and Alfred. There was a girl, a very distant relative, who had been brought up by nuns, but was now in Norwich. Her name was Anne; she was fair to look upon, and the man who could pass her and not glance again must have taken a vow respecting his eyes. She was tall and slender as a willow and gracefully strong. She had hazel brown eyes and a laugh that thrilled you. That was Mistress Anne. Edmund had been intended for the priesthood, but at the religious re-

volution had been sent home, and told to keep quiet till better days came for the Catholic Party. Alfred was angry that he was the younger brother and that Edmund would inherit. And when the girl Anne came, with lips wet and coloured as a rosebud and eyes of soft brown, he grew to hate his brother cordially. For she whom every man would turn to look at would herself turn to look at Edmund when he passed her. Aye, and watch him out of sight, and sigh and smile when he had gone."

The lamps still shone redly where the golden Pyx stood, with the Heavenly Snowflake in its crystal heart; I could hear the voices of a dead generation chanting.

My friend told on:

"Mary had no sooner ascended the throne than the old worship was restored in Norwich Cathedral. But in some of the smaller churches it was not so easy. The Protestants there kept their strongholds, and only one by one could the commissioners of the Queen beat down the opposition and restore the Liturgy of the past. In one church that was particularly so. It was this very church we are sitting in now. The Calvinists would not even call it a church. They called it the Tabernacle of the Saints, and sometimes the Tabernacle in the Wilderness. During the whole of Mary's short reign it resisted, and for reasons not easy now to fathom, its resistance was successful until the last days of the queen's life."

It seemed to me that the church in which we sat had suddenly changed: it was bare and comfortless like a barn. There was a low table set in the middle of this room, and round it the figures of men, leaning on raised cushions. Was this the Tabernacle of which my friend spoke?

No, these men were not garbed in the doublet and hose of the sixteenth century; they were clad in the flowing garments of the East. On the table were flat cakes, speckled with broken brown blisters. Flagons of soft red wine, mingled with spices. Bowls of water, crystal clear. Dishes of bitter herbs, dishes of honey

and of olives. Strewn about were branches of trees and palms and flowers. In the midst a seven-branched candlestick, each candle in it lit. At each side, east and west, an urn containing olibanum, that flung its smoke in curling wreaths of mystic essence to the roof. What was this?

Twelve men were there, their faces filled with solemn awe; they spoke gently to each other, almost in whispers.

My friend was speaking:

"It was Edmund who grieved to see this church, once so holy, now so profaned, as he considered it. Here the sectaries used to gather, locking the door so that no one might disturb them. Unless you spit in the face of an Image, once believed to be miraculous, you could not enter. And what good Catholic could do that? But at last Edmund saw a way, and he told a priest how it might be done. The priests agreed it was a good idea, and they entrusted Edmund with all the details of the scheme, giving him money.

And still I saw that room, where suddenly the twelve men had sprung to their feet. One, the youngest of them all, a mere boy, went to the closed door, asking: "Who is there?" And a voice strong and musical: "It is I: be not afraid!" And the door was opened, and the MASTER entered, bowing to His Chosen and blessing them. And I still heard, as at a great distance, the Latin hymn: "O Salutaris Hostia! Quae caeli pandis ostium." Unconscious play on sacred words! Host and Victim for His Guests, because He gave Himself, not a gift merely. Pandis ostium. Panis caeli. Bread of Heaven. Heavenly Gates opened by a Celestial Host, in welcome to His Guests, whom having loved from the beginning, He loves unto the end.

And still my friend was saying:—

". . . giving him money that he might meet all necessary expenditure. Sunday came; only to a few had Edmund given details of his plan. In the evening, the sectaries held their meeting. Edmund had disguised himself as a woman, a woollen hood over his head

and partly over his face. As they got within the outer door, a man stood, with a blackened image of the Virgin Mother in his hands, and all who would pass inside must spit at it. It was wet with the saliva of hatred, and Edmund shuddered as he saw that holy thing, once so venerated, offered such insult. As he came to the image, he made as though to spit, but stopped and forced a sneeze instead. "Oh, you devil!" he said, looking at the image but meaning the man who held it. "May God blast all such evil things as thou!" And the man who waited with the image was satisfied and let him pass. Once more the doors were locked when all had entered; Edmund sat quite close to the door. Forty stalwarts waited outside, quietly, till Edmund should give the signal. The preacher had chosen for his text: "They shall put you out of the synagogues; yes, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service."

And in the room where the Master was with His Twelve, a wondrous thing was happening, more wondrous than the cleansing of the leper, the sight-giving to the blind and the spittle on the ears of the deaf. Because this was for all time, till sacraments end for the illuminated soul. He was taking the flat, unleavened cakes; He was raising His eyes to heaven. He was thanking God, while the olibanum smoked in the urns, and the candles flickered. Thanking only; not one word of appeal for what might have been, but thanks for what was and should be in God's good time. He was looking down the ages and noting the horror and the glory which should follow the words He was about to use. The fires of Smithfield; the autos-da-fé of Madrid; the gallows of Tyburn; the Judenhetze of his own countrymen in many lands. And still He said the words, because He was looking at this mingled greatness and infamy with the eyes of the spirit, and He knew that His words were good. With softly uttered words He blessed the biscuit in His hand, and broke it twice. And to the waiting twelve said. . . .

"What is the matter with you?" asked my friend.

I looked at him suddenly; I was in a church adorned for Easter, and distant, I saw a tiny scarlet spot of flame.

"Matter?" I echoed.

"Aren't you interested in my story?" he said, piqued. "You didn't seem to be listening."

"On the contrary. I heard every word. You were saying that the preacher had chosen for his text. . . ."

"You looked so strange," said my companion, mollified. "Well, as the preaching went on, Edmund coughed and sneezed and coughed, till the congregation began to fidget and the parson looked annoyed. 'Good man,' said Edmund to the doorkeeper, 'will you let me out for a while? I do but disturb these good people.' The doorkeeper was nothing loth and prepared to open the door, when Edmund noticed who sat behind him. The girl Anne, her eyes fixed on the preacher. His self-possession left him; his start and his exclamation given in his natural voice brought eyes upon him. A man jumped up and pulled the hood away—and lo! the head of a man! With an oath, the man who had revealed him struck him between the eyes so that he reeled and fell across where Anne sat. With a shriek she recognised him, and forgetful of all, put her body between him and his assailants. But the door had been already opened, and the men crouching outside were rushing in. The preacher was torn from his pulpit; hard blows were being exchanged and many arrests made. All the time Anne was defending her lover with her frail, beautiful body. One man struck her in the mouth so that the blood came. Others at once sprang to her assistance, as she swayed and groaned. The cry was: 'Spare the girl! She is a good Catholic! She is defending her man!' The doors were flung wide open, but men guarded the exit; there was no chance of escape; all were arrested and marched to prison with the exception of Anne. And because she had shielded Edmund with her body, they took her to be of the faithful, and

so let her be. A couple of priests and three women stayed in the Tabernacle to attend to the two of them, for they were both unconscious. Edmund revived first. He looked at the white set face of the girl. He looked at the open door of the tabernacle, swinging dismally on its broken hinges. He looked at the table set in the middle of the church, a table covered with a white cloth, on which were pieces of wheaten bread and a flagon of wine. He looked at the English Bible, open on the reading board of the pulpit. And he looked again at Anne, slowly recovering."

The church faded away, still with the immortal strain heard faintly: "Oh Saving Victim, opening wide, The Gates of Heaven to man below. Our foes press on from every side; Thine aid supply; Thy strength bestow!" There was the Upper Room at Jerusalem; the first Tabernacle of the Christian Faith. There was the Unleavened Bread, and the Master who gave it. He had the Chalice in His Hands; the Cup of spiced wine. "This is My Blood." For the Chalice of Benediction which the Redeemers of the Race share with Their Chosen is indeed Their very Life. The Cup of Bitterness They must drink alone, because when it is raised all the Chosen have fled. But though They drink of the Chalice of Benediction and the Cup of Bitterness, yet of the Vessel of Forgetfulness They will not drink. For the Cup of Bitterness is Intolerance, mingled by Ignorance and Hate, and that Cup the Master of Wisdom and of Love must drink to the dregs. For to refuse it, and to accept the Vessel of Forgetfulness, would be a spiritual admission of and surrender to the Spirit of Hate, and that admission and that surrender can never be made by a Master of Divine Love. And the Master, as He held the Chalice in His hands, saw all the torturings, all the burnings, all the miseries that those mystic words of His would cause. Saw Ridley at his stake praying that the slow fire might be kindled more fiercely to end his torment; saw Campion the Jesuit mounting the gallows at Tyburn, glad that his hours

of hideous agony were near their end. Saw Sir Thomas More and Latimer dying for the same Lord. And because to have explained His words, so that there could be no possibility of misunderstanding, would have been a surrender to the Spirit of Intolerance, which no Master of the Wisdom can ever make, He left the words just as they were. And I saw a man leave the sacred table and slink away. I saw the disciples look at each other, startled, suspicious, uneasy. I heard a Psalm sung hurriedly, and a whisper: "Let us make haste, lest he be gone to bring our enemies upon us." And saw the door of the first Tabernacle open again, and the Master pass out, blessing the hushed and silent world as He went.

And as the doors lay open and the Master stood looking down at the Garden where the Cup of Bitterness awaited Him, I saw a filthy dungeon. And in it were men and women, praying and singing, while gaolers mocked them and cursed them. "You that would pull down the churches and defile the Sacraments, look to yourselves! There shall be a bonfire lit, ere many days have passed. A taste of hell for ye, before ye go to hell forever!" And the preacher, white-faced and with quivering lips, praying: "Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power; help us, Oh Lord our God; for we rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go against the multitude." And the Master heard and answered: "If they have persecuted Me they will also persecute you. Let not your hearts be troubled; neither let them be afraid."

And my friend went on:—

"As the girl came to her senses, she saw Edmund standing there, watching her with eyes in which there was a new light. In a flash she remembered all that had happened. 'What have you done with my people?' she cried to one of the priests. 'Beware, your hour will not last for long!' 'Be silent thou,' said the priest angrily. 'If this man be thy lover, go with him quietly and hold thy peace.' She spurned the young man

as he came to her. 'Hush,' he whispered. 'They will send thee to prison.' 'I care not,' she answered. He caught her hands in his. 'For my sake, Anne.' She answered with words of anger but she did not withdraw her hand. 'You betray my people.' Tears came into the young man's eyes. 'I knew not you were—that you were here.' 'You must get them free again,' she whispered. 'I cannot. And if I could, I would not.' She pulled her hands away. 'I will have naught to do with you. Send me to prison also.' He fell back, his face aflame. He saw the defiled image as it lay in the doorway. He sprang to it and lifted it tenderly. The light of an intense faith filled his heart. He tore the white cloth off the communion table and wiped the image with it. Took water and washed away the spittle, then kissed the face and the feet of the Mother and the hands of the Little Child She held. Sprang to the pulpit, flung down the open Bible, placed the Statue there. 'See,' he cried. 'The Mother comes back again into Her own! Presently Her Son shall follow in the Mass.' They gathered round and kneeled. The Litany of Loretto was sung. . . ."

I heard it: I saw the Snowflake high enthroned amid the lights and flowers, and I heard the chant:

"Sancta Maria, Sancta Dei Genetrix, Sancta Virgo Virginum, ora pro nobis."

My friend continued:—

"The Bishop came, mitred, his crozier borne before him, blessing the people with his hand. He exorcised the evil spirits from the place; he sprinkled holy water right and left with reckless prodigality. He fumed the church with incense, while priests and people sang Miserere and the Litany of the Saints. He ordered the Bible to be publicly burnt outside the church. He cursed all heretics and schismatics from the pulpit, and pronounced that the next day at dawn he would celebrate the Mass once more. And Anne began to feel moved; the old faith and the new love she had for Edmund combined to cause her to waver. The next morning all was enthusiasm. The Mass began: the Bishop at the foot

of the Altar bowed to say the Confession of Sins, while priests and choristers sang Kyrie Eleison. Edmund knelt, his soul transfigured. Anne was beside him, weeping. Gloria in Excelsis rang out, while the bells danced merrily. Credo in Deum, while the people leaped to their feet. Soon, very soon now the Consecration would come, and Christ with it. The Bishop had bowed over the Elements; he was whispering, whispering. The people were prostrate; all was silent. Then a tiny bell rang thrice. Christ was there! He had come back! And the choir broke again into song: 'Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord!'"

Yes; the dungeon was still there before me; the preacher was comforting his flock, who huddled together. "Brethren, fear not them that can destroy the body; fear Him who can destroy the soul. Brothers, it seems as though Christ were standing here in our midst, and these eyes of mine can see Him. I see Him as He appeared in the Garden of Gethsemane, after He had eaten His Holy Supper with His disciples. He is praying in some of you now: 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me.' But presently He shall say in all of you: 'Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done.' Brethren, I was but a frail old man, but now I feel divine strength within me. I can face rack and stake for Him, because He can assuage the pain or make us able to bear it. He is saying to each of us: 'Now ye have sorrow; but I will see you again. And your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man shall take from you.'"

My companion still told his tale:

"Anne was whispering to Edmund: 'I will go back to the Church. I will make my penance next Sunday and be reconciled.' His face lit up. 'Oh, Anne, how happy you have made me!' Then his face clouded—how could he tell her? Besides, she might draw back if she knew, and not be reconciled to Holy Church. He would not tell her—now. Afterwards, perhaps."

I touched my friend on the arm.

"Before you go on with the story of Edmund and Anne, will you tell me what

became of the unfortunate people who were thrown into the dungeon?"

He hesitated.

"Well," he said, "of course ideas were very cruel and crude in those days. I suppose the people then would not have been at all impressed by our methods of justice."

I bowed my head; I knew what was coming.

"I would like to know, if your record tells you. Because, as a heretic myself, I would like to know what those early heretics wrought for us who live in peace and are hurt of no man."

"I regret to say that they were burned, except those who recanted. There is a special note in my record of the old pastor. They made a horrible example of him. He took an hour in the burning. . . ."

"No! Don't! For Heaven's sake.

. . ."

"While he was burning they celebrated Mass on an altar near by."

I shuddered and grew sick.

"The following Sunday Anne was reconciled to the Church. And wild in her heart rang the music of a woman lost in love: Edmund was hers at last! And then he told her. 'Anne, you must forgive me not telling you before. I am to be ordained a priest this very afternoon.' She stared at him. 'So you have lied to me, Edmund!' 'How, Anne? What is your meaning?' Though he knew, and she knew he knew. 'Do you mean you have come back just for me?' Pride answered him. 'Certainly not! Only I might have married your brother, had I known I was free.' A pang shot through him. 'You can marry him now. He will inherit everything.' 'Your possessions are not so valuable that a girl would take them into consideration when she chose her man,' she retorted angrily. He did not answer. There was a whispering, an excitement in the streets. It ran, this rumour, all along the city like a streak of lightning. 'The Queen is dying! 'Tis said she cannot live many hours longer!' And another cry: 'God bless and keep the Princess Elizabeth!' Anne looked at Edmund and her lips curled. 'Maybe

'twill not be long ere this church is turned into a tabernacle again,' she said. 'Maybe 'tis well you be ordained priest to-day, since next Sunday to make a priest may be a crime. Mayhap, 'tis well you have a chance to say a Mass to-morrow, since the next day Mass may be forbidden. Perchance if you be forced to break your vow of chastity in obedience to the new Queen's Law, you will find another bride!' He answered naught. Later that afternoon he was ordained."

But all that time I saw two things only. I saw the human bonfire lit on the waste ground before the Castle of Norwich, and amid the flames I saw the tortured faces of the men who burned there and the set faces of the men who burned them. For it was not a pleasant task these priests did, and they did not gloat over it. In the name of Religion they wrought their crime, who presently, under another Queen, would taste the horror they had dealt out to others. And I saw that these priests and monks were embodiments of the Priests and Pharisees of the days when Christianity was young; the same souls returned to human birth to work out another chapter of their terrible superstition. I saw first the tortured figure of the silver-haired pastor of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, burning and wringing his hands; then the tortured face of the Christ, twisting upon His Cross. And each time I saw the same priests, not jubilant, not mocking; simply armed with a sense of awful duty, a duty they must pay to their God of Superstition and Hate, let their human feelings be what they might. And another thing came to me—a fleeting flash—and then was gone. Those same priests were reincarnating in our midst to-day, still with Hate and the superstition born of Hate in their souls. Only Religion failed them; no longer might Her sacred Name be used for such outrages; but Science stood, newly born and easily swayed, to their grasp. And they were using Her name, no less sacred than the name of Religion, to cloak the evil that was in them. And the moans of tortured beasts, the crucifixion of Christ in the helpless, hapless animal, to whom man should be as a God and a Redeemer,

all this came to me. And the same set faces of the priests, now incarnate as vivisectors, doing their hateful work, without pleasure, against their better will.

But let my friend go on with his tale.

“Then the Queen died, and secret fear and suspicion ran through the Catholic ranks. Elizabeth came, and her first acts showed her temper. Like a magnetic thrill the message passed among the faithful: ‘The Church is again in danger. Remove from the churches all that invites profanation.’ But this church was now Edmund’s church; he was chief priest here. His faith was high. He would not remove the Sacrament; God could not allow heresy to triumph. Only he took one precaution. He held the key of the tabernacle wherein reposed the sacred elements, and this key he hung round his waist, next his skin. And sleeping always in the next room to him were ten stalwarts, ready to defend the Holy Sacrament, if necessary. But one night the blow fell. The plot had been laid carefully. And Anne was in it. She had volunteered to get the key of the tabernacle. The Festival of Corpus Christi came, a festival that now must be observed secretly and quietly. But in the church where Edmund was they carried out the time-honoured rites. Now there is a sad side to all religious enthusiasm; it has frequently been noticed to religion’s discredit, generally by those who yield to the same weaknesses without the piety. That is, that people who belong to what are called the emotional religions are often emotional in a more carnal sense as well. On this occasion this element was not missing. The Catholic stalwarts who had vowed to defend the Holy Place got gloriously drunk on mead and wine. Edmund, wrapt in supernatural bliss, knew nothing of this. But for Edmund there was a drugged cup. Anne prepared it, though Edmund knew not she was hiding in the kitchen, alluring his men to drink wine and forget their vow. And presently Edmund, reading his office, fell asleep, a drugged sleep from which there was not easy wakening. Then Anne, when all was quiet, crept up to Edmund’s room, and breathing with a

sob, she watched him ere she carried out her task. She watched him, and then, with a moan, she bent herself to her work. Trembling, she undid his priestly robe, his doublet, his shirt. Round his waist she found the key she sought, and then, with bowed head, she stumbled from the room. For awhile Edmund slept on, till the shouts of those who would outrage the tabernacle grew to a roar. Soon he himself and sprang to his feet. Soon he found that the key had been stolen from him. With a cry he ran to the next room; his stalwarts were laying about in their drunkenness. He shook them; swore at them. ‘By God’s wounds, ye fools! The heretics are in the church, rifling the tabernacle! Should the Body of Christ be outraged, I will have ye all excommunicated!’ Then he burst through from sacristy to church, and saw . . .

“Anne at the altar, unlocking the tabernacle, releasing the divine captive—for what? Her face was set and pale; her limbs were shaking. About her yelled a mob of ruffians, who sang, blasphemed, made ribald jokes. ‘Anne!’ he called, and choked upon the name. She turned and saw him, and swayed as though to fall. She clutched the altar to support herself, and looked with the eyes of one possessed at the howling mob. They, too, saw the priest, and shouted with glee. ‘Let him see what happens to his wafers!’ they cried. ‘Hold him and let him look on the destruction of idolatry!’ Four men held him there in the doorway. Images were broken, phials of consecrated oil flung in each other’s faces; spittle and refuse flung in the basins of holy water. But worst of all—the tabernacle! It was open; the crimson curtain on its golden rod was torn down and the sacred contents exposed to view. With shouts they emptied the ciboria on the floor, so that the tiny hosts were scattered everywhere. They jumped upon the wafers as they lay there, trampling them into mud and dust. They held up particles of the Sacrament in derision to the agonised priest. ‘Look, thou idolater, thou servant of the Scarlet Jezebel! This is thy God, as thou dost call it! You have crawled to it, kneeled to it, gazed on

it, sung to it, burned incense to it. See now if thy Bread-God can save Himself. You have called it the Creator, and a baker made it! Look at it now!' And they spat upon it, stuck it to the walls with pins, aye, and other things they did to it, not to be told. And the maddened priest impotently looked on, while his brain gathered fire and his soul was rent to shreds. Then he saw that one tiny host had rolled almost at his feet. One of his guards was about to kick it aside, when the look of utter anguish in the priest's face stayed him. Instead, he let the priest bend down and pick it up. Edmund hid it carefully near his heart, and the tears ran down his face. 'Look!' they cried tauntingly. 'He is weeping for his bread-god! His dough-Christ!' They swept round him, dancing and singing. They struck him in the face. The spirit of a healthy man surged up in him; he suddenly struck right and left and broke away from them. Away he ran, a yelling mob after him. They flung candlesticks after him; one struck him on the back of the head, and he felt the blood run down his spine. Their shouts grew hoarser at the sight of blood, but still he ran. Now Anne was fleet as a doe; for a woman she was remarkable at running. He suddenly heard her voice behind him. 'Dear Edmund, stop, for the good God's sake! I have something to tell thee!' He laughed like a maniac. Doubtless she had seen him pick up that one wafer and would outrage that also. 'Twas a woman's trick to get it. No; a thousand times no! But she touched, she caught his robe to stay him. Someone had flung a candlestick with a bad aim; it had fallen just at his feet. He raised it and struck at the girl with all his might, struck her on the forehead. With a groan she loosed hold of him and fell to the ground. On he sped. There was the river. In a second he had flung off his priestly robe and plunged into the cool green water, swimming with the strength of frenzy. The shouts and curses of the mob died away in a murmur and still he swam. Presently he dragged himself out of the water, and with strength failing him, crept into the wood.

As he went, he saw, dimly, a figure approaching him from the opposite direction. By the living God, a priest! He lay in his arms, panting, sobbing, groaning. To the old monk he told his story. The priest bent near to him. 'Brother, your heart is shuddering for the horror of what you saw. Can you bear a great joy?' Edmund looked at him eagerly. 'Mistress Anne was innocent!' said the priest. 'Innocent! I saw her open the tabernacle!' 'Yes, but she did that at my suggestion. She told me of the plot to profane the sanctuary. So we made a counter-plot. When Anne had got the key of the tabernacle I removed the Holy Sacrament. To deceive the mob, I placed there unconsecrated wafers.' The tears were raining down the dying face. 'Oh, God, how I thank Thee!' He drew out from near his heart the little silver case where the one wafer was reposing. 'Then this, too, is unconsecrated?' 'You saved this?' whispered the priest. 'Yea!' There on the grass the old priest laid it, extending his hands over it. Briefly he spoke: 'Through Christ our Lord, who in the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and blessed it, saying . . .' Then to Edmund, as he placed the host upon his tongue: 'May the Body of Christ preserve thy soul to life everlasting.' That was all. Those were the last words Edmund heard on this earth."

My friend paused for a moment.

"Later, Anne married Alfred, and Alfred became the parson of this very church. They had numerous children, and lived to a good old age."

There was silence. An old verger had come in and was busying himself arranging things for the evening service. In a little while the people would gather, and the altar would be lit, and the church perfumed with incense.

I spoke passionately:

"Can't you see that what we must fight unceasingly is the spirit of intolerance? Every time it raises its ugly face we must beat this devil down, all round us, but especially in our own hearts. We must fight it in a thousand insidious forms. In Religion sometimes, in Science, in Ethics,

in Politics, in outworn systems of morality. Consecrate our lives to this one great service, a bitter, unending, untiring fight against this evil spirit of superstition. No matter though intolerance would fain defend the things we love the most—and that often happens—still we must fight it. That the past may never come back—in any form.”

I saw the old verger staring at me, alarmed. Perhaps he thought I was a Kensit Preacher, protesting against Ritualism in this church. My friend and I rose.

“No doubt,” he said, “that to you this struggle for ceremony and form will seem futile and unworthy. You say to yourself: ‘What folly—this hideous fight over shadows!’”

I could not reply. I saw in the distance the Castle, under whose walls they had lit their human bonfires. I saw a Christ, whose bodily and sacramental life had brought not peace on earth, but a sword. I saw Him lifted high above all the hatred, the rancour and the strife, on a cross builded by intolerance and ignorance crossing each other, yet slowly, with remorseless love, and a passion taken from the very Heart of God, drawing all men unto Himself, even against their will. Shadows, my friend had said. Yea, shadows cast by the Soul herself, as she stands between the Light that streams upon her and this lower earth. Shadows that the Soul must watch, until her eyes be strong enough to gaze, undazzled, into the Light of Light Itself.

ERNEST VINCENT HAYES

FAITH

The brooding silence fills my soul with awe;
 Its phantom shapes oppress my mind with fear:
 Yet, sweetly calling, low and soft, I hear
 A Voice of welcome. Nor can I withdraw
 My fevered gaze from where, methinks, I saw
 The evils done, which now my soul do sear;
 The sorrows of my brother's, sister's tear;
 The disobedience to Love's sacred law.
 Yet further venture would my heart, in sure
 And certain faith in God's most holy love:
 His grace ineffable, most sweetly pure,
 So patient waiteth my investiture
 In robes of living splendour from above.
 Ah, Soul! canst thou the majesty endure?

J. A. PALMER

STATE BONUS

A REPLY TO CRITICISM

By *BERTRAM PICKARD*

I AM very glad to accede to the Editor's suggestion that I should answer, to the best of my ability, questions and criticisms put forward in the correspondence following my article "State Bonus—the Key to Reconstruction"; and may I say, at the outset, how gratifying it is to find so large a measure of sympathy, not only with the objects but also with the method of the State Bonus Scheme.

The Editor himself raised a possible criticism in the note which he so usefully added to the original article. He questioned whether an additional tax of 20 per cent. would be practicable in these days of heavy taxation, unless, through the abolition of war, funds previously used for armaments became available for Bonus purposes. Unhappily there seems little prospect of a very substantial reduction in armaments for some time to come, whilst the Social Problem urgently demands solution. Despite the heavy burden of taxation, I suggest that the Scheme is a practical proposition, for the following reasons. It must be borne in mind that, whilst the 20 per cent. contribution is apparently a tax, it is in reality not a tax but a pool: that is to say, the money is not absorbed in the manner of other taxation, but is redistributed amongst the whole people. To about 87 per cent. of the population, far from being a tax upon their resources, the State Bonus Scheme would bring a benefit, greater or less according to circumstances. There remain the 13 per cent. to whom the Scheme would mean a monetary loss. It is useless to deny that the rich are feeling the weight of existing taxation. There is no doubt at all that their standard of living is being considerably reduced. It is the inevitable result of an economic system which has made possible so great a gulf between rich and poor.

The vast majority of the people are in no position to pay, living, as they do, round about a minimum subsistence: obviously, then, the money must come from those who are capable of paying, even though at some sacrifice. Nor have we yet reached the limits of this necessary sacrifice. So long as there are men, women, and little children going short of the bare necessities of life, so long as it is possible for one individual to be exploited by another because of the fact or the fear of destitution, what right has anyone to superfluities, even though such superfluities have come by usage to appear necessities? As a matter of fact, the institution of the Scheme would probably only mean a temporary sacrifice even to the few. Increased efficiency due to a higher standard of living, together with increased goodwill due to the communistic principles of the Scheme, would rapidly make for an increased Production, which would be shared by all. Without goodwill, the future is black indeed: and goodwill may not be purchased these days without a frank recognition of existing injustice and a generous attempt to erect a better economic system upon a new and sure foundation.

Mr. A. B. Horsley, in his interesting letter, raises two important criticisms. He contends, in the first place, "that a vast class of semi-employed men will be created"; and, in the second place, that it is unjust to tax the single man to help provide for the married man's family. Let us consider these charges separately.

It is curious what a divergence of opinion there is about the Slacker. Some are emphatic that, given the bare necessities of life, a great many men will do little or no work. Others, equally capable of judging, assure us that money has surprisingly little to do with the matter. This merely goes to prove how difficult

it is to judge the causes which are responsible for malingering and idleness. For instance, Mr. Horsley cites the interesting case of the dockers, who worked increasingly short time as wages rose. He himself suggests that here is a proof that these men would do no work at all—or, at any rate, very little indeed—if the bare necessities of life were found for themselves and their families. But surely, in the light of the present universal demand for shorter hours, it may simply mean that these men valued increased leisure above increased comfort, it remaining to be proved whether they would carry such policy beyond all reasonable limits. Those who have studied the problem of the Unemployed and the Unemployable tell us that under the present system it is well-nigh impossible to distinguish the one from the other. Under-feeding alone is responsible for much of what passes superficially for idleness, whilst discontent with the present order of things is a still more potent factor. Until we have removed not only destitution but also the fear of it, we shall be in no position to judge who is the man so mean in mental and moral stature that he will only work for an animal subsistence. When we have discovered him—as we should do under Bonus conditions—then we shall be able to deal with him kindly but scientifically, for idleness is a disease, and not a normal condition.

I must confess I was surprised to find that Mr. Horsley combated the idea of a single man paying a contribution towards the upkeep of his neighbour's family, particularly as such contribution is virtually an insurance premium against the liability of future family responsibilities. This is no new principle, but merely the logical extension of a principle already in operation. Despite the rampant individualism of our present social system, we have yet preserved something of that communism which was characteristic of the life of the early Christians. The Poor Law itself, bad though it has been and is, has nevertheless kept alive the idea that we have a corporate responsibility for the life of each individual, however unworthy. Consider also the communism

inherent in such measures as the Old Age Pension Act and the Insurance Act; also in our free education, our free feeding of school children, and in our abatement off Income Tax because of family responsibilities. It is only another step to a guaranteed subsistence for all, and naturally the single man or woman, being in a financially superior position, will be called upon to pay quota in proportion to means. In principle, Communism is surely the path which we, as Christians, are called upon to tread: in practice we are rapidly discovering that to leave our children entirely dependent upon the ability or the wishfulness of the parent to earn a living is as dangerous as it is unreasonable.

Mr. Horsley suggests that we shall be little further until the general standard of living is raised. This is precisely what the Bonus Scheme aims to accomplish. Of course, the Bonus alone will not do it. Both religious and secular education must play an ever-increasing part. But at the present time Education is hopelessly hampered by the maldistribution of wealth, due—as I endeavoured to show in my first article—to the fact of economic dependence. Remove this obstacle by putting every individual in a position to make a fair bargain, and then at least there will be an opportunity for higher aspirations to expand—aspirations for a fuller and better life which we dare not deny are in every man, however dormant they may seem.

Two somewhat different queries are raised by "A Well Wisher." In the first place it is suggested that, upon the introduction of the Scheme, an attempt might be made to lower wages, thus nullifying the benefits; and secondly, it is asked why the Scheme is more possible of attainment than total Socialism.

Briefly, the answer to the first point, I think, is this: Wages are fixed by bargaining, individual and collective. The Bonus would confer upon the many that power—*i.e.*, the power to wait—which is to-day only possessed by the few. Obviously, those who have worked for "sweated" wages through fear of starvation will no longer do so. There must, therefore, be

a considerable advance in wages amongst unskilled workers, and obviously the wages paid to skilled workers must rise correspondingly.

The second point is best answered by quoting the experience of the State Bonus League. All kinds of individuals and associations have welcomed the Bonus Idea who would have fought—indeed, who are fighting—what seems to them Socialism. They recognise the moderation of the Bonus Scheme, and realise that it aims at legislation for the community rather than for any particular class. After all, the Scheme is only a courageous application of a principle already admitted—to some extent, at least—in our Poor Law system, *i.e.*, the prin-

ciple of the Right to Life. There is no one who believes that pre-War conditions will be re-established. Communism is a growing idea the world over, and whilst resisting immoderate attempts in that direction, there are few thinking men and women to-day who are not prepared to make experiments in limited Communism of some kind or other.

In conclusion, I would like to thank again the Editor and also the correspondents for the interest they have shown. May I hope that that interest will be continued and that they will make known the Bonus proposals as much as possible, so that public opinion may be stimulated to face these social and economic problems which so urgently demand solution?

BERTRAM PICKARD

TO STELLA

With an Astrological Book

ABOVE the city's roar and grime
Where evening crowns each
thoroughfare,
The mighty constellations climb
Once more across the upper air.

Out of your window you will look
Upon this hour with silence fraught,
And read within this modern book
The lore the ancient wisdom taught.

Forever, in their courses, fight
The Heavenly hosts for human fate,
And still earth's sorrow and delight
In Heaven first do congregate,

Even as Love yet rules the hours,
When shine on tenement and slum
The moon that marked the Trojan tow'rs,
The stars that set on Actium.

Deeper than superstition is
The thought that Transcendental Ways
Have mirrored other life in this
And set the limits of our days.

In blood and brain and heart's desire
The elemental forces sing—
The love that is the central Fire,
The life that is the wind of Spring.

Beyond the bounds of time and space
The Planetary Angels are,
But through your dreams will fall the
grace
Begotten of each guiding star;

Till Jupiter and Neptune fold
Eternal wings around your life,
And Sun and Moon and Saturn mould,
With Uranus, the strength for strife.

In the soft rainfall of the South
Will quietude from Venus come,
And with his far and fiery mouth
Will Mercury voice all things dumb;

And that great Angel men call Mars,
Who is the Warden of your fate,
Will garner joy from all the stars,
For you, within his crimson gate.

IRENE HAY

FROM A COUNTRY STUDY

Some Notes on Life and Letters

By S. L. BENSUSAN

I HAVE been impelled to believe that, by reason of some innate love of contrast, we appreciate best the war books we read in peace time and the tranquil idylls that come our way in seasons of universal stress and strife. While the intelligence is baffled by the daily accumulation of tragic happenings the book on war is apt to fall flat despite all those assurances to the contrary that criticism may supply. It may be, too, that in the piping times of peace—may we never know any others—we cannot appreciate to the full a work written in tranquillity for the quiet hour. Our pursuit of change is often more vigorous than we know, even after we have disciplined ourselves.

If these views are correct they will help to explain the attraction of extracts from Miss Sarah Macnaughtan's Diaries, edited by her niece, Mrs. Lionel Salmon, and published, under the title of "My War Experiences in Two Continents," by the house of Murray. It may be doubted whether these diaries were ever written for publication in the form now given to them, though as Miss Macnaughtan was a vigorous and busy writer, it is safe to assume that they would at least have provided the groundwork for some careful studies had she survived her hard experiences. In any case they are none the worse for being what they are and as they are, since they give us what the French call "la vraie vérité." Apparently all or most of the notes that compose the book were written on the spur of agitated moments in surroundings that made life uncertain and even the fortunes of the morrow a matter of doubt and concern. They are the expression of the mind of a shrewd and observant woman, full to the brim

of little prejudices and conventions, brave, unflinching, helpful and patriotic in the very best sense of the term. With her, duty seen was duty fulfilled, but she was no blind worker in the fields of war, nor would she accept the struggle as anything other than what it really was. There might be glamour for other people, she, at least, saw little or nothing of it, but if incompetence or stupidity did not pass her by she had an equally keen eye for heroism and devotion to high ideals. In her pages the criticism, even when it seems harsh, is far-sighted and helpful, and there can be no doubt that as long as she was allowed to perform her task she was of great assistance both as an active worker and as an organiser. She saw many of the tragedies of the times in their most poignant form, the happenings that do not find their way to a Press whose primary duty, whatever its nationality, is to keep up the temperature of war fever.

The Price of War

Miss Macnaughtan left London for Antwerp in September, 1914, and witnessed the retreat from that city with much indignation. "Belgium is in the hands of the enemy," she writes, "and we flee before him singing our own praises." For those of her own sex called in vulgar parlance "slackers" she had no liking and little patience, "Alas," she comments, "there are so many people who like raising a man's head and giving him soup, but who do not like cutting up vegetables." Here, in a few words, is a story of the early days of the war. "Such a nice boy died to-night. We brought him to the hospital from the station, and learned that he had lain for eight days wounded and

unattended. . . . Everything was done for him that could be done, but as I passed through one of the wards this evening the nurses were doing their last kindly duty. . . . No one knew who he was. He had a woman's portrait tattooed on the breast." Contrast that aspect of war with this one: "My own latest experience was with an American woman of awful vulgarity. I asked her if she was busy, like everyone else in this place, and she said, 'No, I was suffering from nervous breakdown, so I came out here. What is your war is my peace, and now I sleep like a baby.'"

The Growth of Hate—And Pity

War had a very detrimental effect upon the nerves of nurses and orderlies. "God help us; how nasty we all are," Miss Macnaughtan writes, and then a little later comes a real *cri du cœur*, "I am longing for beautiful things, music, flowers, fine thoughts." Later she talks of men and women quarrelling all the time in a certain hospital, and goes on to say that Love is quite at a discount, and she finds herself wondering if Hate can be infectious. Surely there she was on the verge of what would have been for her a discovery. It is certainly more than probable that Hate is infectious, and that it is only by the creation of its own definite atmosphere in all the centres of war that war can become quite the thing it is. In those very early days, officers have told me, it was almost impossible to stir men up to a state of hatred. They would kill if need be, spare when they might, and bear no ill-will. It was left for poison gas and the submarine campaign to make hatred universal and effective.

The condition of things as she saw it moves Miss Macnaughtan early in 1915 to a moment of passionate protest. "It is not right. This damage to human life is horrible. It is madness to slaughter these thousands of young people. Almost at last, in a rage, one feels inclined to cry out at the sheer imbecility of it. Why bring lives into the world and shove them out of it with jagged pieces of iron, and knives thrust through

their quivering flesh? The pain of it is all too much. I am sick with seeing suffering." And then another little episode. "One of our friends has been helping with stretcher work, removing civilians. He was carrying away a girl shot to pieces, and with her clothing in rags. He took her head and the young Belgian took her feet, and the Belgian looked round and said quietly, 'This is my fiancée.'"

For a certain type of woman war is something in the nature of a stimulus, one had almost written an aphrodisiac. Our author eyes this manifestation askance. "The craze for men baffles me. I see women, dead tired, perk up and begin to be sparkling as soon as a man appears, and when they are alone they just seem to sink back into apathy and fatigue. Why won't these mad creatures stop at home? They are the exception, but war seems to bring them out. It really is intolerable, and I hate it for women's sake, and for England's." When in the last days at Steenkerke she heard a nightingale singing in a wood near the ruined Cathedral, she appears to have come near to breaking down under the strain of the contrast between all the old-time memories it evoked and the horrors of the hour.

Disillusionment

Back in England after her work in Belgium, Miss Macnaughtan would have been well advised to take a long rest. But there was a chance of going to Russia, and it seemed too good to be missed, for she knew that the need of the wounded was urgent, though by this time any last lingering illusions about war had been torn away, and she saw the evil thing in all its nakedness. "A million more men are needed—thus the fools called men talk! But Youth looks up with haggard eyes, and Youth, grown old, learns that death alone is merciful." Her experiences in Russia must have given the final touch to Miss Macnaughtan's disillusionment, for she found, as was to be expected, that corruption was the rule of life, one to which there was no exception. She writes, "I know of

one hospital in Russia which has, I believe, cost England £100,000. The staff consists of nurses and doctors, dressers, etc., all fully paid, the expenses of those in charge of it are met out of the funds. They live in good hotels, and have 'entertaining allowances' for entertaining their friends, and yet one of them herself volunteered the information that the hospital is not required. The staff arrived weeks ago, but not the stores. . . . There is a fund for the relief of the Poles which is administered by Princess —. The ambulance car which the fund possesses is used by the Princess to take her to the theatre every night."

On her way to Persia Miss Macnaughtan stayed at Baku, of which she says that the stories one hears "would blister the pages of a diary." And later, she writes: "When a house of ill-fame is opened it is publicly blessed by the priests." Through all the mire, physical and moral, of the Near and Middle East she pursued her way in a brave but unsuccessful effort to help, and the result of hard labour and prolonged travel upon a frame enfeebled by incessant work in Belgium was disastrous. Miss Macnaughtan went as far as Teheran, whence she returned to England to die.

Retrospect

She is dead, but her book, I think, will live, because of its perfectly honest exposure and condemnation of war. The time has come when we may take stock of the facts, when the world at large may estimate the cost of these terrible incursions into the realm of destruction. I do not think that Miss Macnaughtan mentions the League of Nations anywhere in her pages, and yet taken as a whole the diary from which her book has been put together is one long passionate appeal to humanity to exercise its common sense, to form a League and cling to it. One gets a vivid hint of the truth in that picture of Russia, the mighty Power that sacrificed more of its citizens than any other, sending its rank and file by millions to their death while Princesses used the motor ambulances to take them to the theatre. In

other words, we see a minority scheming, tricking and sacrificing others, the youth of the world squandered in most horrible fashion upon the battlefields while those whose age, infirmity or privilege can keep them outside the arena of strife talk complacently of the "need for another million." It would seem as though all over the world the suffering was endured by the young while the incitements were provided by the middle-aged and elderly. Miss Macnaughtan played a brave part, and it seems more than ever admirable when we remember that she was not deceived, and that for her the horrors had little to mitigate them.

Mr. Zangwill's Return to Fiction

It is a relief to turn from the sombre though arresting pages of a war diary that seems to deliver its challenge to the "civilised" world, and to take up a book that breathes the pure serenity of rural England in the early days of Queen Victoria. Such a book is Mr. Zangwill's "Jinny the Carrier" (Heinemann), a study of the Essex country, apparently the estuary of the Blackwater river, in the year 1851. Essex is a county of which all too little is known, though it has shown signs in the past few years of coming into its kingdom. Wealthy London has mercifully held aloof from it, the long arid wastes of the East End come between the wind and its nobility. Consequently, while other Home Counties have become overgrown and bloated, prosperous to the extent of absurdity, plastered with the ornate and often ugly houses of the tasteless rich, Essex has gone far to preserve its Elizabethan aspect. Not only do the old houses remain, but the old customs, thoughts, superstitions. Time on its triumphant progress has been checked in Essex much as the invaders of the south-western corner of England were checked by the impassable bogs and marsh lands. It is a kindly land and a kindly people of which Mr. Zangwill writes, and he has contrived to give his agreeable fiction such a placid atmosphere that the seventy years stretching between us and

the date of the story seem to disappear, and we find ourselves living in thought and feeling among the simple, kindly souls he has drawn for us. Here are no high adventures; there is nothing more startling than a mild flood, no more soul-stirring happening than the misunderstandings between a lover and his lass, and yet how real it all is, how near to the uneventful life-story of the most of us. The master mind has called these figures into being, not only between the covers of the book but in the memory of the reader when the book is laid aside. They come to us out of the forgotten times, Jinny in her tilt cart with old Gaffer Quarles vigilant in the background, Will Flynt, the lad who has been across the Atlantic and carried his old-fashioned prejudices there and back, his parents, the old poacher, the various supporters of varying aspects of Nonconformity. All these are drawn with infinite love and skill, they are so completely in the picture that the cosmopolitan showman and his daughter, careful and elaborate studies, both are almost in the nature of intruders.

Simplicity in Fiction

There are writers who can give to their creations something of the living quality we associate with kinematograph. While they are passing before us they are living things, when they have gone we take no thought for their return. Others there are, a very small company, whose creations are often more real to us than the men and women who enter in some fashion into our lives, wearing a mask of convention and only too pleased to be like everybody else, wearing the same clothes, thinking the same thoughts, pursuing the same ends. From some remote village or villages in the fascinating country through which Essex moves towards Suffolk, Mr. Zangwill has extracted the very spirit of life and has given us happenings that have all the simplicity of the expected together with the power to interest and hold the reader. Latter-day fiction tends to be an affair of debauch and sensation, the average novelist writes at the top of his voice.

There must be highly-spiced ingredients in every story, bombs and revolvers for the cheaper type of mind, sex problems for the emotional and the satiated. As befits one who deals with the year of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, Mr. Zangwill scorns the baser uses to which fiction has descended. There is nothing sordid in Jinny's life nor in the lives of those around her. There is no suggestion of violence or sensation. There isn't a gun or a pistol from cover to cover, no commandments are violated. The reader of the fiction of the day may well be astonished, but if I am not mistaken he will end by placing Jinny upon the shelf which holds his best-loved books with a feeling that he has found some very simple and charming friends living very close to good Mother Earth, to whose tranquillising company he will return with the certainty of finding enjoyment.

Old-Time England

I have an idea, one I find it easier to express than to justify, that the old, serene England of Mrs. Gaskell and her contemporaries is not really lost. It exists still for those of us who will take the trouble to search. Mr. Zangwill is essentially a modern. He is in touch with all the latest aspects of artistic thought and form, but some wise instinct has guided him to a district in which there is no thought for what is modern because nobody cares about it. In an agricultural country where men and women live in perennial contact with the land, one year differs from another only as far as weather and the harvest are concerned. Generation succeeds to generation, each living the same life, indulging the same hopes, upholding some variant of the same Faith. It may be that in a little while, rural development, a telephone service and the re-settlement on the land of men who have fought through the Great War, will serve to alter the conditions so long prevailing. But there are happily still a few villages, particularly in Essex and East Anglia, that are hardly touched by the world lying around them, and will resist contact to the end. In such sur-

roundings one may glimpse to-day the men and women who figure in Mr. Zangwill's story. The real difficulty in finding them is less a matter of discovery than of recognition. There may be many a Will Flynt, many a Jinny and their friends and companions scattered about rural England and coming into contact with men from great cities who have both the will and the capacity to set their story down. Unfortunately the countryman is the soul of reticence, and the average townsman is so sure of himself that he is convinced that there is nothing lying beyond his ken. He will open an oyster if one is brought to his hand, but he will not try to pluck it from its bed on the chance that it may carry a pearl of great price. It is perhaps the gift of vision that marks the great achievement here, a vision that has seen through certain contemporaries and has translated them into the far-off season of happiness and content that is known as "once upon a time."

A Writer to be Reckoned With

The hazard of reading has carried me from Essex to Cornwall, from the all-pervading peace of "Jinny the Carrier" dwelling in an atmosphere fresh as that of the morning of the world, to the fierce, passionate tumult of "Wastralls," a striking novel by Mrs. C. A. Dawson-Scott (Heinemann). This author is one of the few who deserve to be better known. She has brought many gifts to the market-place, but only small audiences have recognised their worth, one of the most appreciative known to me being the author of "Jinny." The Cornish drama of a man's early love for land, his later passion for a girl, niece of his wife, and the resultant tragedy when he finds that he has lost both, is very finely told, perhaps, because it is keenly felt. Mrs. Dawson-Scott has analysed her chief characters pitilessly, so that we not only accept their actions, but seem to understand the underlying forces that account for them. The arrangement of the times in "Wastralls" shows a certain con-

structive weakness. Years are dismissed in a few pages, while twenty-four hours claim chapters to themselves, but this lack of balance is hardly felt until the book is laid aside, and it is a fault easily pardoned in the circumstances. Mrs. Dawson-Scott has a sense of drama. She has style and she understands the value of purely elemental passions; there are moments when she enters so deeply into the drama of her own creation that she rises to the heights in which only the greatest masters can remain. Hers is a virile book; it follows earlier works that, if sound judges are correct, are of more than ordinary quality. Much fiction that is not nearly as good has been acclaimed from the house-tops, but in these times of incessant production, that which is ephemeral and unworthy tends to crowd out the little that is enduring and good. There are not many writers who understand Cornwall; there are very few who can carry its glamour as far as the printed page. Then, again, there are not many readers who are prepared for those differences in type and temperament that result from historic causes, the centuries spent in a haven of rest behind Nature's treacherous defences, the haven in which the ancient Britons dwelt and still dwell in security. Their history has differed from that of the rest of England. They have developed along other lines, their coast and the opportunities it afforded them in the old days, helped to mould their character, to keep them a little apart from influences keenly felt elsewhere. Mrs. Dawson-Scott does not remind us of these truths in so many words, but all her story bears witness in its way to their force. "Wastralls" is a fascinating drama of the West Country—and it turns me with keener regard and greater pleasure to the quiet valley of the Blackwater and the circumambient villages that ring it round. Here, at least, life is redeemed from the great passions in their most dangerous form, here is relief from nearly all the problems that in horrid form perplex humanity.

S. L. BENSUSAN

THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT

NOTES FOR THE MONTH

By A. EMIL DAVIES, L.C.C.

THE conditions of peace are likely to have their effect upon the social movement throughout Europe. The leaders of parties and organisations aiming at social reform are not, as such, specially concerned with international affairs, and have their hands full enough with the furtherance of their own movements; this is, however, a very complex world, and things are so correlated that the social reformer, if he neglects the big international movements and politics is likely to become ineffective when he finds himself and his own little movement swept along in the rush of some all-embracing force. If there is to be a League of Nations—a real working institution, and not merely a name—its effects upon reforms generally throughout the world will be enormous. In the case of industries subject to foreign competition, any considerable reduction in working hours is liable to be neutralised or jeopardised if it is not accompanied by a similar reduction in the case of foreign competitors; this holds good of improvements other than reduced working hours, as, for example, the prohibition of the use of phosphorus in the manufacture of matches, and can only be achieved by international agreement. There is, however, a more immediate effect to be observed in connection with the publication of the peace terms, viz., the drawing together of the advanced sections in every country. Even where opinions differ as to the remote origins of the war, there are every few people, even among the most convinced pacifists, who were not indignant beyond measure at the terms imposed by an arrogant governing class in Germany upon the Russians at Brest-Litovsk, and they were universally condemned. Now, however, that, under the influence of the most

blatant elements in the community, it is found that many of the worst features of a German peace are being imposed by the Allies, the result has been for the Socialist, Labour and allied movements in the respective countries to draw together with a view to joint action not only now, but in the future. For it is with this peace, as with legislation; the manner in which it is administered is fully as important as the terms, and a few years hence, when it is anticipated Labour governments will be at the helm in France and the United Kingdom—and probably throughout Europe as a whole—it may be regarded as assured that international relationships will immediately become better, and that we shall have a peace of reconciliation instead of a war disguised as a peace.

* * *

An Outspoken Editor

Hard words have been said in these notes with regard to the Press; it is fitting, therefore, that a tribute should here be paid to Mr. J. L. Garvin, the editor of *The Observer*, who in that paper, on May 11, under the heading of "Peace and Dragon's Teeth," gave utterance to some truths that needed expressing. As many readers will not have seen his notes, it is perhaps worth giving the following extracts:

We were supposed to fight against militarism and to intend devising constructive and reconciling substitutes for it. The world now suggested to us is to be based on militarism and on nothing else for a long term of years. Marshal Foch and other soldiers regret that there is not to be more militarism. The Treaty is vitiated from end to end by mixing up right and inevitable justice with provisions applying mere Prussian principles in an anti-German sense. Thus you have a whole which depends entirely on the logic of force. Yet the actual force which alone could sustain it never will be available for the period contemplated. There is the con-

spicuous vice of this nominal settlement. It piles inordinate weight upon a floor which in any case—having in view the whole democratic tendency of our time—would be liable to collapse of itself. After the first £1,000,000,000 required from Germany, nothing in connection with the future of the indemnities will be sure. But vaguely the vanquished race is expected to keep working for others decade after decade. That is flatly against human nature, which in these matters has an odd habit of coming to its own despite all obstacles. Tribute running for years to more thousands of millions will be a permanent incitement to unrest, protest, conspiracy, to international agitation and intrigue.

The generation responsible for the war will pass away gradually, leaving much of the burthen on Germans now so young as to be practically as innocent of the original crime as babes unborn. How can the financial enslavement of the German race be maintained for thirty years except by a combined militarism with that of France in the forefront? How can all Germany left of the Rhine—a region amongst the dearest to the whole race—be held down under French domination for fifteen years, except by sheer militarism? How can the semi-annexed German population taken over, with the coal in the Saar Valley, be managed and mastered in these circumstances except by force?

* * *

A Boomerang Policy

Mr. Garvin rightly points out that these arrangements give every conceivable stimulus to the fraternising spread of international socialism, and that the statesmen of the four big Allied Powers, under the influence of the short-sighted forces, which will suffer most by gaining so much of their own desires, have acted in the worst possible way as regards the future of both nationalism and capitalism and have involuntarily done their best for the movements working against these forces.

I cannot refrain from giving one further extract :

If the Germans are wise they will sign, of course. But if they signed and sealed twenty times over, they, like any other race in their place, would determine to seize every such opportunity of mitigation or repudiation as the inevitable troubles and dissensions of the rest of the world are quite certain to provide. The root-vice of the whole Treaty is that it leaves the German race no real hope except in revenge—no matter how long the revenge may have to be deferred. It offers the hundred millions of the beaten races in Central Europe, including Magyars and Bulgars, no good inducement whatever to become willing members of a new peace-system. This latter aim was the

essential principle of real confidence and stability; but in the whole Treaty there is no glimmering perception of the constructive necessities of Europe as a whole.

The point with which we are most concerned here, however, is that while, in the ordinary course of events, it might have taken years before the dissensions between the different sections of the labour and socialist movements in each of the belligerent countries caused by the war, were healed, the terms of peace placed before the enemy have so completely revealed the cleft between the men who still hold the reins of power, and the mass of the people they govern, that it has welded together practically all the parties of the left, not only nationally, but internationally; this, of itself, should hasten the advent to power of these parties, and should accelerate very considerably the bringing about of such reforms as can only be done by international agreement.

* * *

Railway Fares

Coming to home affairs, there is one subject which, in addition to that of housing, referred to last month, is most exercising the minds of people, and that is the high cost of transport. The agitation against the continuance of the 50 per cent. increase in the price of passenger fares on the railways is growing fast, and while everyone must admit that the greatly enhanced cost of labour and materials must, to some extent, be reflected in the price charged for transport, it is manifestly unfair that thus far the whole of the increase has been put upon passengers. At the time the 50 per cent. increase was made, it was claimed that its object was not to secure a higher revenue, but to reduce the number of persons travelling, which was growing beyond the capacity of the railways during war-time, with their depleted staffs, locomotives and rolling-stock. Since then expenses have risen so largely that a case can be made out for an increase, but it should, at least, extend equally to goods rates, which have thus far not been increased at all; in fact, it is a moot point whether it would not be

to the public benefit to revert to the 1d. per mile for passenger fares, even if this did not fully cover expenses, and to make good the deficiency by augmenting goods rates. True, the community would still have to pay in the price it gave for the commodities it purchased, but the incidence of the burden would be different, and it has to be borne in mind that high passenger fares are a tax upon happiness. A State transport service run with the definite object of supplying the needs of the community to the greatest degree possible, and without regard to profit (but just paying its way with, perhaps, a small margin for contingencies) could easily do things of this sort and could contribute to the happiness and welfare of the nation.

It is to be hoped that Sir Eric Geddes will make the fullest use of the opportunities that are to be given to him, and that the great economies that can undoubtedly be effected by means of centralisation will not be directed to the old purpose of securing higher dividends for a small number of people.

* * *

London Traffic

London has its own special traffic problem, in addition to its share in the national burden. For some years now conditions in connection with London transit have been almost indescribably bad. On the underground railways and tubes it has frequently happened that able-bodied people have been unable to alight from the train at their destination, simply by reason of the flood of humanity blocking up the gangways and endeavouring to enter the carriage. Although no one accuses either the London County Council or the traffic combine, which controls practically all the other means of transport in London, of deliberately resorting to this over-crowding, it is obvious that it must pay the undertakings very well, and the manner in which fares are continually being raised is becoming serious. There is, however, a further aspect of the matter which is unpleasant, viz., the celerity and eagerness with which the reactionary majority in control of the

London County Council follows up the action of the traffic combine in also raising tramway fares. This has, moreover, been done in the most objectionable manner, some of the natural and best-known cross points of traffic, e.g., New Cross Gate, ceasing to be stages. There are cases in which journeys which formerly cost a halfpenny now cost two-pence. Few people are so foolish as to suggest that, in the face of increased wages, shorter working hours, and higher costs generally, fares should remain on the pre-war basis; but to admit that is one thing, and to acquiesce in any and every increase is another. People have to get to and from their work, the housing difficulty is becoming greater than ever, and in thousands of cases of poorly paid workers, recent bonuses on account of the increased cost of living have been swallowed up entirely by the increased cost of travelling to and from work. To many people, unfortunately, 1s. or 1s. 6d. more of expenditure per week is a very large sum. An interesting point, too, arises from the shorter working hours that are now being introduced in many industries. This means more shifts, and many workers now go to work during hours when workmen's tickets on the trams are not issued. The company-owned omnibuses do not, of course, issue workmen's tickets. By a highly evolved system of subsidiary companies, quite American in its interlocking directorships and relationships, the London traffic combine is able to "tuck away" large sums without having to divulge their total or to incense the public by large dividends for the time being, and the London County Council as the one great public authority controlling part of London's transport should safeguard the interests of the London public by acting as a barrier to the undue raising of fares by the traffic combine; instead of which, the reactionaries in power seize every pretext of raising their own fares, and do it in such fashion as to cause the maximum of inconvenience. The London public is, however, learning its lesson, and drawing the obvious moral.

A. EMIL DAVIES

HUMANITARIAN NOTES

By G. COLMORE

*"The plea of the humanitarian is a plea for widening the range of fellow-feeling."
—G. Bernard Shaw*

THESE is a wanton brutality which hurts for the sake of hurting, oppresses for the sake of oppression; there is a callousness which comes from ignorance and lack of thought; but the largest measure of cruelty in the world has its origin in fear. Fear is one of the aspects of the principle of destruction, hate, and not only "hath torment" in itself, but inflicts it: and hate in this aspect is very strong, for only when love is perfect can it cast out fear. This fear puts ugliness in the place of beauty, and where courage would face the world generously it hides itself behind mean action. It is the fear of other nations, the fear that envelopes itself in craft, secret treaties, and "preparedness," which brings about the horrors of war, and it is because the fear of disease has taken the place of the pursuit of health that the abuse known as vivisection is possible.

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The Coward's Call

IT is the coward in man which permits vivisection to continue their searching and researching into living bodies; it is to the coward in man that the appeal, in the flood of letters in the Press protesting against the Dogs Protection Bill, is made. "If we don't have dogs to experiment upon, such and such an illness may come upon you, such and such a disease may overtake you. Think of your safety, think of your possible suffering, and give us dogs!" Such is the gist of the letters with which medical scientists have greeted the attempt to take a step forward in humaneness: deep calling unto deep from the dark, selfish depths; the sentiment invoked and played upon is fear.

* * *

The Public's Point of View

IT shows a great advance in the perception of moral values, a great accession to the ranks of fear-free thinkers, that

a Bill to protect dogs from vivisection has received such widespread support. The protection of the weak because they are weak, the refusal to seek for advantage by means of suffering inflicted on creatures incapable of resisting it, these are the grounds on which public opinion has backed the supporters of the Bill, and has demonstrated that moral considerations have outweighed the promptings of physical fear. Such a demonstration proves not only a growth in moral perception, an increased sense of moral responsibility, but much clearer thinking than that which has hitherto governed the question of man's relations towards the animal world. For hitherto the moral issue has been subservient to the material; the possibility of material advantage has been *put in the place of* the moral issue; has, indeed, been accounted in itself a moral factor, and of so great a weight as to be decisive. The two questions, firstly: Is it right to perform experiments on living animals? and secondly: Are experiments on living animals useful or not to the human race? have been welded into one question, in which moral righteousness and material usefulness are treated as interchangeable terms. So that the arguments in favour of vivisection have been conducted on the assumption, and the public has been dominated by the assumption, that the morality of vivisection is determined by its utility, that, if it can be proved to be useful, it follows that it is right. For the first time the public mind—or such a considerable proportion of it as to form an important factor—has shown a disposition to disentangle the interwoven arguments, to separate right from utility, to regard them as not necessarily one element, but two possibly opposing elements in the problem of justifiability, and not only to distinguish the premises, but to

act on the conclusions which result from them.

* * *

The Muzzling Order

THE muzzling order is another appeal to fear, an appeal to which there is a large and unreasoning response. The public knows very little about rabies, nor, for the matter of that, do those who are presumed to be experts, since the disease is extremely rare in the British Isles, and ignorance coupled with fear is a combination that does not make for reason. The bugbear of hydrophobia is one which strikes the popular imagination, and the tendency to destroy dogs on the barest of suspicions is speedily evoked, a tendency stimulated and encouraged by warnings in the Press. Many are the dogs done to death at the instance of suspicion, and rare indeed are the cases in which suspicion is justified, for ignorance accepts as evidence of rabies symptoms which are not symptoms of that disease at all. Foaming at the mouth, for instance, is not, as is popularly supposed, a sign of rabies; it is a symptom which is associated with many other dog complaints, but never with this one, and the false conception on this point is typical of the ignorance and error which prevail in regard to the whole of the subject. There are many diseases which are often mistaken for rabies. Dr. Stockwell, a great authority in the matter, places in this category distemper, earache, canker, mastoid disease, gastritis, febrile diseases, throat and lung diseases, epilepsy, meningitis, and the whole class of nervous diseases to which dogs are subject.

* * *

The Tendency of the Order

IT is difficult even for an expert to be sure whether or no a dog is rabid, yet the ordinary policeman is empowered to decide the question, and the ordinary street urchin is urged by the suggestions of a lurid Press to make the decision for himself. And the decision tends to be adverse to the dog, for when fear is behind the eyes danger is before them; moreover, the tendency in boys to hunt and slay does not require much incite-

ment to call it into activity. Indeed, the muzzling order and all it stands for is likely to sweep from the minds of the young generation the ideas inculcated by humanitarian teaching.

* * *

The Dangers of Delusions

ANOTHER popular delusion is that everybody bitten by a rabid dog is certain to contract hydrophobia. As a matter of fact, deaths from hydrophobia among persons bitten by rabid dogs are very rare—not more than 15 per cent., though extremists put the number as high as 17 per cent. During this present scare upwards of 160 cases of rabies have been reported, and no case of hydrophobia has occurred. But what rabies has not done fear may bring about, and persons bitten by dogs not rabid may develop hydrophobia simply through dread of contracting it. Many dogs reported rabid are not rabid at all, as the difficulty of diagnosis causes it to be frequently false, and their bites, consequently, are innocuous, but suggestion, conveyed by warnings from without and apprehension from within, is fully capable of creating or what is quite as tragic in effect—simulating hydrophobia.

* * *

A Bogey and its Banishment

A REMARKABLE case in support of the above contention was given by the late Dr. Anna Kingsford in a lecture delivered by her at Hampstead in 1886.

Dr. Buisson, who introduced the famous vapour-bath treatment into France, was once summoned to the bedside of a patient said to be in an advanced stage of the malady. He found the unhappy man in bed, held down by his attendants, convulsed, foaming, unable to breathe without great difficulty, uttering sharp cries, and presenting all the aspects of one in the clutches of a horrible death. "When was he bitten?" asked the doctor. "Two days ago," answered an attendant. "Then," responded Buisson positively, "he has not got hydrophobia. Hydrophobia is never developed until seven days after the bite, at the earliest. It is not possible for him to have the disease." Then, addressing the patient, "Get up," said he authoritatively, "and go about your work. There is nothing the matter with you but your fright." The patient was staggered, and reassured. He rose and went to his work, cured of his terror.

The Pasteur Treatment

IS it fear? Is it the Pasteur treatment itself? Or is it a combination of both which is responsible for the fact that the establishment of a Pasteur Institute has invariably been followed by an increase in the mortality from hydrophobia? Fear may have something to do with it—the fear that would not be thought of were not the Institute there to suggest it, but there are facts which seem to imply that the treatment which bears the name of Pasteur is as apt to kill as to cure—if, indeed, the killing is not in excess of the curing. Dr. Hadwen, in the *Abolitionist* for May, states that he has in his possession a list of over 3,000 cases of death from hydrophobia in persons who have been inoculated against it at Pasteur Institutes. These cases, taken in conjunction with the cases which, without inoculation, have recovered, suggest that the humane policy is safer than the self-seeking one.

* * *

The Postman Rascol

THE case of the postman Rascol and his companion is a case in point. Rascol and another man were bitten by a dog suspected of being rabid. Rascol himself was so slightly bitten that the skin was not even broken: the bites inflicted on the other man were very severe. Rascol was compelled by the French postal authorities to go to the Pasteur Institute and to remain there under treatment; the other man, who was not under compulsion, refused to be treated by the Pasteur method. Rascol was in the Institute from March 9 till March 14, and twelve days later he went back to work. On April 12 severe symptoms set in, with pain, not where the bite—or rather the attempt at a bite—had been, but at the point of inoculation, and two days later he died of paralytic hydrophobia. The other man, who had been badly bitten, but had not been inoculated, remained perfectly well.

* * *

The Handling of Animals

AMONGST the many errors which prevail in connection with animals must be numbered the methods of handling

them. In the opinion of a leading veterinary surgeon, says a writer in the *Daily Mail*, many domestic pets are injured by the improper way in which they are handled. Rabbits, this writer says, should never be lifted by the ears, for tame rabbits, as they grow up, become very heavy, and it hurts them very much to lift them in this way. The right method is to take hold of the skin just behind the ears, and a rabbit lifted in this way does not kick and struggle, thus showing that it is comfortable. Guinea-pigs should be lifted in much the same way, but should be handled as little as possible, as they are very nervous. Tiny kittens may be lifted by the scruff of the neck, but not cats of any size. It is better "to put your hand under the fore part of the cat's body and allow the back legs to rest on the arm." It is cruel to pick up a fowl by its legs.

The correct manner is to seize the wings of the bird just behind the back. This is the way in which geese and even swans are safely held. In the case of swans it is important to stand well behind the bird out of the reach of the terrible beak. . . . Small cage birds like canaries should be enclosed in the hand from the back, care being taken that they are not gripped too tightly.

Such suffering as can be spared to animals by the proper handling of them should surely thus be spared, since humaneness in this direction interferes neither with fashion nor amusement nor vested interests nor gain of any kind. Selfishness is not called upon for sacrifice: a little knowledge, a little thought, a little care are all that is needed.

* * *

The Demands of the Community

ALL the more when humaneness is easy should it be sedulously practised, because the demands of civilised communities create many occasions on which its achievement is difficult. There are callings in which the exercise of humaneness is well-nigh impossible even for men by nature humane. Amongst these callings is that of the meat trade in its various branches, from the shipping and land transport to the actual slaughtering. In connection with reform in the slaughter-houses, some progress—referred to in the April Notes—has already been made, but

much remains to be done, at any rate in the British Isles, where the methods employed are unfavourably contrasted with those prevailing in other countries by Mr. S. M. Doddington in a pamphlet written in conjunction with the Council of Justice to Animals.

Compare our hopeless fifteenth-century methods of driving distracted animals all over a town to the wretched collection of white-washed "shacks" and pens—which pass for a cattle-market . . . to the beautiful covered market halls where there is everything in readiness. . . . Compare again the hopeless confusion that follows when, the market being over, we have to drive the animals back to the station and to the different private slaughter-houses scattered all over the town, to what goes on abroad where the animals pass straight from the market into the railway trucks, or if for slaughter into sumptuous lairages . . . from which they are fetched as desired into the great glazed brick and marble slaughtering halls in which properly qualified veterinary surgeons have full charge, with suitably appointed municipal officials in uniform who will see to it that both customers and beasts have fair play.

* * *

Humane Slaughtering and Education

THE R.S.P.C.A., the Humanitarian League, the Animal Defence Society, the Council of Justice to Animals, and other organisations have worked strenuously in the cause of slaughter-house reform, and ten years ago a very definite step in this direction was taken by the College of Agriculture in Edinburgh, when a course of technical instruction in the meat industry was instituted, Professor Loudon M. Douglas being appointed chief lecturer. In a letter to Mr. Cash, quoted by him in his address on the humane slaughtering movement in England, delivered at the International Anti-Vivisection and Animal Protection Congress, held in London in July, 1909, Professor Douglas states his opinion that humanity in slaughtering is a question entirely of education, and expresses his desire to inspire the lads who will eventually be masters with the idea that the interests of the trade are served by humane methods. Some of the meat purveyors, he said, had grasped this point, experience proving that meat products are rendered less liable to future taint by expeditious slaughtering.

The Best Methods

THE universal consensus of expert opinion is in favour of shooting as being the most humane method of slaughtering, and, when pistols are not used, recommends stunning before bleeding. An exhaustive experimental enquiry was held at Heidelberg in 1908, and 90 per cent. of the 489 Veterinary High School professors and slaughter-house veterinary doctors and directors from all over Central Europe who attended it summed up in favour of stunning before bleeding, but strongly recommended the shooting method. The lessening of suffering by stunning before blood is drawn was strongly emphasised in the Report of the Admiralty Commission issued in 1904. Professor Leighton, M.D., F.R.S.E., after experiments in the killing of animals at the Edinburgh Abattoir in 1913, sums up entirely in favour of shooting.

* * *

The Weapons

THE "Greener" pistol and the Royal Society's "Humane Killer" are both effective in dealing with large cattle. For sheep Mr. Cash recommends the "Behr" pistol, though he says he has found the "Greener" or "Langlez" pistol, loaded with small cartridges, very satisfactory. The "Behr" requires care in use and needs care to keep it in order, but, as Mr. Cash asks, "is it too much to ask such care from those whose business it is to act as executioners?"

* * *

A Sensible Suggestion

COMMON SENSE and compassion are constantly companions, while sentimentality, a spurious and misguided form of sentiment, is apt to frustrate rather than to further humane thought and action. An illustration of this is furnished by a letter from a soldier which appeared in the *Daily Mail* in connection with the discussion on the fate of the war horses. The soldier, Private Henry Hilton, of the A.S.C. Remounts, suggests that instead of money being spent on erecting a statue to the mules and horses who have "done their bit" in the war, any funds raised should be spent on making a national park

on the lines of the American Yellowstone National Park, though on a smaller scale, in which the worn and "cast" horses and mules should end their days in peace. He suggests also that the R.S.P.C.A. should act as trustees and caretakers of the park, and ends his letter thus:—

Having spent nearly two years with mules and horses in France, it makes my heart sore when I hear of officers and men buying their animals from the Government and afterwards shooting them. Surely there is no necessity for this if a humane nation will only act in time.

* * *

The Living and the Dead

PRIVATE HENRY HILTON is right; he would rather save life than pay a tribute to death; he belongs to the humanitarians and not to the sentimentalists. He argues from facts and desires to reduce suffering rather than to express regret. But sentimentality shrinks from facts, preferring to meander in generalities; it shuns the miseries of men, but takes solace in the raising of tombstones; it turns from the suffering of living animals, but easily deplors them when they are dead, and, in a statue erected to the slain four-footed servants of the war, while horses old, worn, and ill drag themselves overlaid through the streets, are sold abroad to save expense or slaughtered at home because there is no place for them, sentimentality would find supreme expression.

* * *

Sentiment and Sentimentality

WHAT is the difference between sentiment and sentimentality, and in what way are they related to or distinct from humanitarianism? Sentiment is emotion, but the word is generally used in connection with the finer emotions, the more tender and delicate: sentimentality is emotion exaggerated, perverted, and slipshod, and while sentiment impels to action, sentimentality expends itself in words—and tears. The fundamental difference between the two is that the one is selfish and the other unselfish. The humanitarian feels and faces the pain of the world and seeks to relieve it: the sentimentalist shrinks from that pain because of the suf-

fering and discomfort caused to himself by the knowledge of it, and is less conscious of the world's anguish than his own. The one labours, the other shirks; in other words, the one acknowledges the responsibilities of brotherhood and seeks to discharge them, while the other has not yet realised that brotherhood is a living truth. For the question in essence is a question of brotherhood; nothing less (it could not be more) than that; humanitarianism is brotherhood in its widest, and thus in its truest, sense. This strong, wide brotherhood knows no barrier of sex or creed, of class or nation, nor knows any that would partition off mankind from other living creatures; but to all beings, sentient and suffering, gives such help, and such intelligence in the helping, as love, fervent in will and tender in compassion, dictates. This is the true humanitarianism: it recognises that all beings are, in the words of St. Paul, members one of another, and that if one member suffers all the members suffer with it; and to the questions: "Can there be bliss when all that lives must suffer? Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?" it answers: "Bliss cannot be. I neither can nor may."

* * *

A Monument to Inhumanity

ANOTHER instance in which sentimentality is shown as distinct from, and not only distinct from but opposed to, humaneness is given in the *Abolitionist* for May, and is contained in a recent utterance by Sir William Osler. Here is the utterance, a very apotheosis of false reasoning, false sentiment, and false facts.

There should be a monument in every city to the ideal dog for the work which his kind has done in saving life by becoming the subject of experiment.

"By becoming the subject!" This is Sir William's rendering of a situation in which the dog has no choice and the vivisector no compunction. With an equal perversion of sense and sentiment might burglars raise a monument to the ideal citizen who has become a subject for burglaries, and murderers erect a memorial to the ideal victim who has become a subject for murder.

Ideals in India

THE ideals in India in regard to the treatment of dogs are very different from those of Sir William Osler. The *Abolitionist* for May gives a resolution passed at the third conference of the Bombay Humanitarian League. It runs as follows :—

That this Conference strongly protests against the present system of killing stray dogs, either healthy or diseased, generally by two methods,

viz. (1) lethal chamber, and (2) poisoning; and it is, therefore, of opinion that this practice should be discontinued and such dogs as may be caught by the police and municipal authorities for destruction should be handed over to the Pinjrapole authorities or the *Majahan* for giving the healthy dogs shelter and maintenance, and to the diseased the veterinary treatment, thus achieving the object of getting rid of stray dogs from towns and respecting the religious susceptibilities of different communities.

Mercy is more in point than a monument.

G. COLMORE

THE SPIRIT OF IMAGINATION AN ALLEGORY

AND the time came, when there grew up Aspiration in the minds of men. And the great Mother of all saw what now would be their need of guidance and of help. So she called together her trusted servants; many, from the highest even to the humblest, that they might lead and bless. And among them, one of the least of them, came the spirit of Imagination, Wonder, and Romance. But *she* doubted and said: "My work is not needed, O Mother; what can I do that will not well be done by Love and Faith and Effort?" And the great Mother said: "Thou art needed even as these are. Go forth and do thy part."

And Imagination wandered to and fro over the earth, and she saw the sons of men and how they worked and rested, fought and played. And she saw the weak, the aged, and the poor, and their need of care. And she spoke to the strong and told them how to be gentle in their strength and valour. And they dimly saw her meaning and called it chivalry.

She saw the poet as he sat, dreaming of all things under heaven and on earth, and gladly she whispered to him for she knew that he would understand. And as he heard his eyes grew radiant with bright visions, and he wrote words of beauty, wisdom, and song, until men's hearts grew light and they sang with him.

She gave the eyes of the seer to the

sculptor and the painter, so that they also saw wonder and beauty in all things and revealed them unto others. And to the healers she gave new vision, too, and they saw men so strong, so well, so beautiful, that their hands were strengthened to labour and to fight till sickness and disease should be overcome and vanish.

And in her presence the builder dreamed of fair cities wherein should dwell the happy sons of men, one day, and great temples wherein they all should worship.

And to the tired and weary worker came she, with message of hope for the future, when men should be as brothers, and all should be blessed with freedom, happiness, and full life. But he believed her not, and said: "Not so; you show us dreams of things that are not and never shall be in this sad world." And she said: "I show you things as they will be in this beautiful world, in the ages to come, when you have opened your hearts to belief and to love."

But with some, the spirit of Imagination and romance did always dwell—with the mother and the lover, revealing unto them alone the light of beauty and of good that shines from each dear thing.

And in the pure and innocent hearts of the children she abode all down the ages, telling them things glorious and wonderful beyond measure, things that all men shall remember and believe in some far-distant date.

M. A. NAYLOR

EDUCATIONAL NOTES

Continuation Schools

THE fear that, for all the Education Act of 1918 with its fine ideals, Continuation Schools will be left rocking in a quiet back-water of the river of education, is a fear which disturbs many an educationist throughout the country. "Are we to have Continuation Schools?" they ask, and there is none to answer them. It is urged that Labour should make a resolute attempt to ensure that the new Continuation Schools are run in the right spirit and on the right lines. On the face of it, there seems to be little use in having a child, tired by a day of work, set down to lessons when that work is over. Yet what is there to ensure that this method will not be attempted? The Act provides that lessons must not be held before 8 a.m. or after 7 p.m., but the actual hours are left for the Local Education Authorities to settle. It seems certain, that, with the exception of a comparatively negligible number, business enterprises will do all they can to prevent the young people being taken from them for lessons during the morning or the afternoon. The commercial instinct does not go hand-in-hand with a vital interest in the new ideals in education, as a general rule, and employers seem to be absolutely blind to the fact that the more educated an employee is the higher is the standard of work.

There is a fear, too, on the part of some, that Local Authorities may recognise what are termed "work schools," those conducted by private firms as giving suitable and efficient part-time instruction within the meaning of the Act. The fear is, perhaps, justifiable at the present time, for it would be a comparatively easy thing for unscrupulous employers to exploit "work schools."

But perhaps the most important consideration of all, and *the* one upon which the success of the Act depends for the most part, is the question of teachers. Where are the teachers for Continuation Schools to be had from? Where are they

to be trained? How are they to be trained? How are they to be paid? How much work is to be placed on their shoulders? The problem of salary is of very great importance. When will Education Authorities realise that if their burning desire is to get thoroughly good teachers, that desire can be obtained only through offering prospects to good teachers which will enable them not only to live in a self-respecting manner but to keep their brains and nerves unharassed and unstrained by that worry which is the most deadly of all, the worry of trying to make a mere pittance cover expenses out of all proportion to it? That teachers have for so long endured the disgraceful conditions in which they work, is but an example of their almost universal spirit of self-sacrifice and of their devotion to their calling; it is in no way an earnest that their treatment is satisfactory to them, and that they have nothing to complain of.

Another vital thing is the training of teachers for Continuation Schools. What are the Education Authorities doing towards their training? It is not true that elementary and secondary school teachers are as fitted for the work of Continuation Schools as they are for their own. Ordinary teachers simply would not be able to hold the types they will have to deal with in these schools; they have nothing in their experience to enable them to cope with young people entirely foreign to their knowledge. Teachers in Continuation Schools ought, above all things, to be free—free in outlook, free in judgment, free in spirit. They must be strong, they must be quick, they must be resourceful; they must be willing to try, and to fail, and to try again. They must study each pupil, not as a pupil, but as a human being, and when they find that certain methods fail with one, they must set about finding other methods which will succeed. It is an important point to remember that the young person of fourteen who has worked and

earned a certain amount of independence is very different from the child of fourteen who has never worked and has never stood upon his own feet in the world and found his level and his balance. Thousands of teachers whose ideals are those of the New will be needed, and for each one of these, training in the actual work they will have to do is essential. Where are these teachers, and where shall they be trained? We need special training colleges for them all over the country, if Continuation Schools are to succeed in the purpose for which they are to be established.

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The Significance of the Dreams of Older Children

THE subject of dreams and their significance is one which always has had, and always will have, an immense interest, generally purely curious, for everyone. They are explained in many ways, or rather, attempts are made at their explanation. One claims that we dream about what we really would wish to be or to do; another, that dreams are a throw-back to those misty days when man's mind first began to attempt the process of thought. Dr. C. W. Kimmins, in his lecture to the members of the Child-Study Society last month, did not put forward any explanation. He gathered together and compared the dreams of children between the ages of ten and fourteen or fifteen years, in elementary, secondary and industrial schools, following his interesting comparison with a selection of dreams in the words of the children who had experienced them.

A general summary of Dr. Kimmins' comparisons shows that the fulfilled wish dream is more common to children in elementary schools than it is to those attending secondary, while it is very frequent among children in industrial schools. In the selection of dreams read out by Dr. Kimmins it was pathetic to note the hunger for treats, such as a day in the country, or a visit to their homes, exemplified in the dreams of industrial schoolchildren. They gave the listener a vivid glimpse into the hearts of these

wistful little folk. It is also interesting to note that a marked characteristic of the dreams of these industrial children is the entire absence of any reference to harsh treatment. Another important point is, that of the dreams collected from industrial schoolboys many were of theft, in which the boy or his chum took the leading part, but among the dreams of girls there was not a single one of theft. Among twenty-three dreams of stealing was there only one reference to having done wrong; the others seemed to think it quite a natural thing to do.

Dreams of movement and of fear are more common among secondary than among either elementary or industrial schoolchildren. The ghost appears to have entirely departed. There is also a greater fear of animals shown by the dreams of secondary children. Dreams of death are not uncommon up to the age of eight, among elementary, and up to the age of fourteen, among secondary, children.

Dr. Kimmins showed how the dream may be of great value in the physical training of the child and also in his education. Through it, parents and teachers may find the balance of the child's mind as they may never find it in waking hours, for it is the royal road to the Unconscious and its powerful influences, and may be of the utmost value, especially in the case of neurotic and delicate children. The state of nutrition of the body is also indicated by the character of a dream. Dreams express the state of the mind of a child, unmodified by waking thoughts and habits, and thus it is possible to arrive at a true judgment of the state of the mind. In weighing the value of a child's dream, however, it must be remembered that children have great difficulty in separating the dream from the waking elements, and therefore should be encouraged to tell their dreams on first awaking. The powers of description, also, are naturally limited, and children *will* fill up gaps and reject as absurd, items which are contrary to their experience.

The good kind aunt is a characteristic of the dreams of children up to the age of

twelve years. At this age dreams are more common than among older or younger children, and also at this time is found a very curious blending of colours, instanced by the dream of a child whose headmistress was in the guise of a beautiful mauve horse with yellow eyes.

Girls who dream that they are flying always land successfully, while boys invariably crash. Jealousy is shown in the dreams of girls, not in those of boys. Girls suffering from influenza have very bad fear-dreams. Girls of fourteen and fifteen frequently dream of quarrelling with other girls.

Dr. Kimmins stated that he is engaged in the collection of the dreams of twins, and has found some extraordinary conditions among these; but he has not yet investigated sufficiently to make public the results of his study. Later on all his examinations of children's dreams will be published, and these ought to make interesting reading for parents and teachers.

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The Caldecott Community

THE Seventh Annual Report of the Caldecott Community is now issued. It is an interesting record of the growth of an interesting school. It will be remembered that some eighteen months ago the Caldecott Community moved to near Maidstone, and there carries on its work as a boarding-school for working-men's children. The number of children attending is now forty-two, and constant applications for admission are still being received.

During the past year the Community has been remade and enlarged; increased freedom in work has been given to the older children, schoolwork being still conducted on non-collective lines. Carpentering and weaving lessons have been inaugurated, and altogether great strides have been made in handicrafts. A Community Farm has been started, in the work of which the children take their share.

The dream of a Caldecott Chapel has been realised also during the past year, and is "a centre of beauty and worship

for the members of the house." The children themselves suggested the plans upon which the Chapel has been built up in a disused coach-house; each member of the Community tries to bring his spiritual life to the common religion of humanity.

The Report states that the attitude of the parents is most encouraging. They show a continued and growing interest, and in some cases increase of income has led to voluntary increase of payment.

* * *

An International Workers' Educational League

THE Workers' Educational Association, realising that the hope of permanently removing the causes of war is dependent on the cultivation by the people of all industrial nations of a "world mind," has instructed its Executive Committee to consider a scheme for linking up the W.E.A. with similar organisations throughout the world.

Each different branch of the Association will be approached with a view to securing its co-operation in a scheme of federation; information will be secured as to what is being done in other countries; and working-class and educational bodies abroad will also be communicated with.

The idea is, apparently, an attempt to make provision against a new growth of international mistrusts and misunderstandings, by causing "working-class and educational bodies in other countries" to realise thoroughly the dangers of organisation of such bodies for each country alone, and separately. The W.E.A. wish to impress upon these bodies the truth that international friendship means not the fostering of the growth of various democratic organisations in different countries, and the superficial linking up of each of these with the others, but the fostering of the growth of true international thought and help; of thought for, and work with, other countries, of growth together with other countries. It is a splendid ideal, it is an ideal not impossible of achievement; it is an ideal in entire accordance with the spirit and principles of the League of Nations.

The Study of Education in America

T EACHERS in the schools of the United States have long been the envy, to some extent, of teachers in this country. Their Education Authorities seem to have much more life than ours, and to be more willing to co-operate with teachers for the good of education generally. We are in possession of a short report of the appointment of a new committee (Committee on Materials of Instruction) for dealing with the development of methods of co-operative work in curricula. This body is a part of the National Society for the Study of Education in the U.S.A. As will be inferred from the name, the Committee is especially interested in getting material which is being used for instruction in community and in national life, and the National Society asks all members to supply, directly or indirectly, information on certain subjects, this information later to be published in year books of the Society or other appropriate channels.

It is realised that in many school systems there are valuable lesson materials which are not incorporated in text-books. There are, for instance, lessons in local geography, or lessons describing local industries. There are also special plans for supervised study, or for methods of correlating school subjects. There are critical revisions and modifications of text-books, and added sections from collateral or supplementary books. The National Society is convinced that, local or communal as these are, they may be adapted, nevertheless, to other regions, and may prove to be not only a stimulus to a general interest in the critical revision and enlargement of the materials of instruction, but also a stimulus to teachers who now accept text-books as they find them.

Already, some boards of education have consented to the release of specially well-qualified teachers for a fraction of their time in order that they may prepare reading lessons on, say, the history or natural resources of their districts. Is it possible to conceive of our own boards of education recognising that the creation of new material to be used in class-rooms is as

important as, not to say more important than, the strict holding of each class for its allotted time?

This year, the Committee on Materials of Instruction will gather : 1. Reports in detail on what is now being done in certain grades with references to the books and materials used. 2. Special reports on original work being done by individual teachers, in the form of full accounts of the lessons, with content and method. 3. Reports of plans for organising correlated courses for these certain grades.

One is tempted to outline in imagination the results of the appointment of this Committee. That it will mean the bold swing forward of education in the United States is a foregone conclusion. Our own system of education will be radically changed for the better through the application of the principles of the new Fisher Bill, but the mere fact that this innovation comes from a society of teachers in America, and not from Congress (though it has the sanction of the Education Authorities) is guarantee that the American scheme will forge ahead more quickly than our own.

* * *

The Theosophical Educational Association in America

T HEOSOPHISTS in the United States, realising that the time has come for the establishment of a complete system of training with Theosophical Ideals, have organised an Educational Association in America, and, as a preparatory step towards a University, are about to open Teachers College, Hollywood, Los Angeles. Plans have been formulated, a building has been rented, and the Association, under the very able guidance of Dr. Mary W. Burnett, is bending all its energies towards putting Teachers College on a working basis. Through it there will be a continuous stream of qualified Theosophical teachers, competent to educate the children of the New Age not alone through an intellectual curriculum, but also through a curriculum which provides for the personal religio-ethical character, and the social, emotional and physical energies of the child.

America knows, as we in this country know, that the neglect of potential character powers in individuals causes a nation, as a whole, to suffer. To ensure that these powers will be guided aright in the children, and that through this right guidance a type of citizens will be developed which shall be far in advance of the ordinary type of the present day, the Theosophical Educational Association in America is determined to take in hand immediately the training of special teachers.

It is interesting to read the brief outline of the studies to be undertaken at Teachers College: 1. The Philosophy of Life the Basis of Education. 2. Philosophy, Theory and Practice of Education. 3. Occult Sciences. 4. Health and Higher Therapeutics. 5. Law. 6. Social Organisation. 7. Courses for Men and Women, as advisers of boys and girls, men and women. 8. Vocations. 9. Recreational Leadership. 10. Astronomy and Astrology. 11. The Arts. 12. Round Table.

As a necessary adjunct to the College, the Francis St. Alban School has been brought from Santa Monica, and reopened at Hollywood. This was a Theosophical Home Boarding School under the care of Mrs. Alida de Leeuw before her departure for India.

We hear, too, that "The School of the Open Gate," organised by Mrs. Mary Gray, of Boston, and situated in a lovely nook of the Hollywood Hills, has grown to such proportions that a house has to be opened for resident children, who, in this peaceful, sun-warmed place, will forget the hurry and struggle of the city of Krotona nearby. The School of the Open Gate has been fortunate lately in drawing to its staff Miss Leah Press, who came from the right hand of Angelo Patri at his Public School 45 in the Bronx. New York educators tried to prevent Miss Press from leaving them, but she could not resist the little "Dream School" in the hills.

* * *

Education as Service in India

A MOST fascinating chart has just reached us from India, in which J.

Krishnamurti's book, *Education as Service*, is analysed. "Love" and "Sacrifice" are the words at the top of the paper. To left and right, under them, are "Reverence for the Child," and "Dedication to its growth," and under these again, "The true teacher exists to serve," "He fraternises with others and is progressive in his ideals." Then the words: "Growth of the would-be Citizen," heads two divisions, one of which deals with the would-be citizen "As an individual requiring as aids to his unfoldment": 1. Parents; 2. Teacher; 3. Home Influences; 4. Atmosphere of the Hostel and the School. Seven points are collected under this heading, and among these several are specially stressed, such as—"Respecting and loving him as an *ego* or *soul* clad in a young body," and "Surrounding him with love to stimulate the higher nature." These and other valuable words are addressed to Parents.

Under the heading of Teacher there are ten points, and the main one is, "The relation between him and his pupils down here should reflect the *higher relation between a Master and his Disciples.*"

Under the third heading the point particularly emphasised is, "Teaching them [children] to avoid in their lives the 'three great crimes'—(a) To give pain to another living being intentionally; (b) putting others to difficulty through thoughtlessness; (c) that man needs flesh for food and that hunting and killing animals is 'Sport.'"

Under the fourth heading is collected some of the most immensely important points: Medical Inspection; Abolition of Corporal Punishment, or wounding by acts and words; Abolition of the evil practice of expulsion with ignominy; Music and prayer at the beginning and end of school work; No boy to have a bad name in the school, which necessitates that "neither teachers nor boys are to indulge in gossip."

The other main division is, The Citizen "As a social unit," and the two sub-divisions are "Rightly conceived; in the light of his own evolution along his own lines," and "Wrongly conceived; as a chattel or a piece of property, or a means

of increasing the prosperity and reputation of the family by profession or marriage."

Under the former come seven points, some among which are: They [dull and so-called bad boys] must be slowly improved by greater patience and constant love; Abolition of prizes; Self-discipline; Patriotism without race hatred.

Under the latter come seven exceedingly pithy statements, such as: Elders frightening him into doing their wish; Surrounding him with bare walls and bad pictures; Checking his natural growth by constant interference . . . and destroying his convictions; Wrong methods of coercion. "The bug-bear of inspection and university examination is met by cramming and over-tuition, which stunt him intellectually, as also by the spirit of competition, which ruins him spiritually."

Seven other general points of great purport are also stressed. The chart is published by the League of Parents and Teachers, Adyar and Gwalior.

* * *

Notes from Australasia

FROM the columns of *Theosophy in Australasia* we gather that the Morven Garden School, Sydney, is flourishing. A special building for boys was on the eve of completion and the Rev. J. R. Kay, B.A., was to be in charge of it. He is a Theosophist with a good deal of teaching experience.

We wonder whether entirely separate buildings for boys and girls is regarded as true co-education. This means that it will be only in classes, games, etc., that boys and girls will combine, but not in their home-life. We should be glad to know whether this arrangement is the outcome of experience, and considered best all round for the pupils.

* * *

A Swiss Experimental School

MDLLE. HAEMMERLIN, a member of the International Fraternity in Education, started not so very long ago at Chexbres, near Vevey, a small school, the Ecole Nouvelle, the ideals of which are those new ideals of so much interest to us. The atmosphere with which Mdle.

Haemmerlin surrounds her little folk is one of harmony, of sunshine and of love; there are no rules, only desires; life is really lived and enjoyed, not merely endured. All classes, whenever it is possible, are carried on out-of-doors, and open-air occupations — gardening, hay-making, camping-out, etc.—form part of the curriculum. In winter the children have as recreations, lugging, skating, and ski-ing. They are happy children, and they are exceedingly busy children, full of a sense of their responsibility as young citizens, yet enjoying every moment of their free and interesting life. Each one has his or her own special duty in the working of the establishment, in the housekeeping, in the management. One child runs a little stationery department, keeping all accounts, buying all supplies, and selling to the school at a little profit. The sum thus made is devoted to the upkeep of holiday camps for the poor and invalid children of the large towns.

Each morning's study is preceded by a reading from some suitable book on moral, social or religious questions, after which comments, reflections, and impressions are exchanged. In the evenings, a book of high artistic or ethical value is read aloud to the children as they sit at handicraft- or needle-work. The actual school classes are arranged on an elastic scale, enabling the pupils to be grouped according to their capacity and their knowledge of the subject.

Practical use is made of the microscope, anatomy is taught by dissection, and natural history by observation of plant and insect life. Every now and again a visit is arranged to some factory or workshop, so that all the different branches of various productions are studied. In the teaching of languages, special regard is given to original texts as giving the best examples in each literature of its wealth and beauty.

There is no routine, so-called; instead, constant variety is the order, and surprises also are arranged for the children, so that they may be trained to act on emergency. Neither is there punishment or reward; the young people learn to work for the love of work, and in order

that they may help each other, and others. They seem to regard their studies as adventures; they meet everything in a spirit of friendliness and of enquiry; they are taught to admit failure, but never defeat or discouragement. It is said that the people resident in the district know the children who attend the Ecole Nouvelle by their alert, interested, happy faces, and by the free swing of their walk.

* * *

Review

A Dream of Youth, An Etonian's reply to *The Loom of Youth*. By Martin Browne. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

The influence of *The Loom of Youth* was very strongly felt for a time, and to some extent is still felt. We cannot think that this "reply" to it will have anything like the same influence. It is not so much a reply as another point of view about Public Schools, Eton in particular. Alec Waugh saw his school through his own temperament, Martin Browne sees his through his own temperament, and because those temperaments are so widely different the pictures they give us are also very unlike. In neither case can we be impressed with the records as being final, because we have to remember the immaturity of the recorders. Both are important delineations of how Public School life has affected two types of boys, and it is for us to compare and analyse the records, and draw deductions from them. Alec Waugh seems to be a more impersonal observer of the events through which he moved in school-life than Martin Browne, to whom everything has an intensely personal meaning. *The Dream of Youth* is not a story but an essay; it does not pretend to be other than that. Perhaps its most important part is that on "Religion." It is here that we have the author at his keenest, and he has many instructive and important things to say, expressed in that slightly pompous fashion which tends to spoil the literary value of his book. Two points strike us as worthy of full quotation: 1. "I would plead, too,

for a more broad-minded view of God. It does seem so intensely unreasonable to believe that God is a personal friend of a comparatively small portion of mankind, and is absolutely lost to the remainder of His human creation because they happen to regard Him from a different point of view. This is not to say we Christians have not the most perfect aspect of God in Christ, or that we have not the duty of spreading His Gospel. All I mean is, that boys would think much better of God if they realised that He does do all they will let Him for those other religions as well as for us." 2. ". . . We want rather a different view of God than that which, in my experience at any rate, prevails at school. We want a much more personal God . . . The Person we want . . . is the very human and faithful friend, who shares our life with us down to the very last detail. I like to think of God here at Eton as I think of my best school friend—only more so; as always ready to sympathise, whatever is going on, to help and advise, to listen to anything I want to say, and be human enough to understand."

In his appeal for more beauty in Education, Martin Browne sounds out a note to which we trust there will be a wide response. He points out that "beauty is closely connected with our moral standard"; and that "real beauty will show us that impurity is ugly." His cry for the world of youth which he is striving to interpret to us, is, "Let us have beauty!" We believe he has glimpsed the high secret of how beauty and morality go hand in hand. To his youthful wisdom and insight one must bow when he says: "Do not let us be afraid of physical beauty. We ought to see that man and woman are the most beautiful of all God's wonderful creations. It is the greatest moral help to feel the human body a sacred thing that must never be defamed."

Teachers will welcome this book for the evidence it brings of the worth of those things in education which are deepest and most abiding, but are not found in curricula.

THE WOMAN'S OBSERVATORY

By "FEMINA"

[A monthly record of matters connected with the rapidly growing part that women are playing in the public life of the world.]

NOTHING more eloquent of hope for the future of women has happened during the last few months (though they have been crowded with notable events in the world of womanhood) than the noble "Manifesto to German Women" recently issued by the French Section of the International Committee of Women for Permanent Peace, and printed in *L'Œuvre*. We quote from it at length, regarding it as a document of profound importance and significance to those who believe in Woman as the great reconciler—the appointed healer of the wounds of the world. It is pleasant to recall that Englishwomen have shown the same spirit by the gift, recently noted here, of a million rubber teats for German babies.

* * *

The document begins by quoting from the appeal of the German mothers against the blockade and the continued detention of prisoners of war, and proceeds: "We reply to you that we sympathise with your anguish. We suffer when we realise that we are still too scattered and too weak to help you. We can only add our voices to yours in proclaiming the sacred right of the destitute to be succoured and respected, whatever be their country. But we should blush, even in our impotence, if we had not sent our prayer for your children to the peace-maker who has come to reconcile men one with another. We sent the following appeal to President Wilson:

"We approach you in the name of a group of French women who have tried to preserve themselves from hatred during the war, so as to add our prayer to that of the women in the enemy countries who implore you to help their children. We know how our people have suffered in the

invaded territory, and it is in virtue of this knowledge that we ask your help for them. During the armistice period—after the long martyrdom of humanity—evil must no longer call to evil; it is time that the people ceased from torturing one another. We have faith in your lofty purpose. Open the prison doors to all captives of all armies. Divide the bread of the world equally with the hungry of all countries."

* * *

President Wilson's personal response to such an appeal (whatever may be the response of the Allied and Associated Powers) will be doubted by none who knows the width and warmth of his humanitarian ideals and sympathies, and the genuineness of his allegiance to the principles of the Christian religion. But what chiefly concerns us here is the portent for women—one full of hope for themselves and for the race—revealed by such an appeal, on behalf of technical "enemies," from women of an invaded and devastated land. The manifesto ends on a note as noble: "Across ruins and tears, let us work at the same sacred task: wrenching war from all souls, let us build for our children a single city of peace and love." It is the special duty of the women of all nations to unite in this spirit, and to this end. The new evangel of internationalism represented by the Fourteen Points will then prove to be no mirage or mockery, but a reality capable of fulfilling the best hopes of womanhood at its best.

* * *

The conversion of anti-Feminists revealed by the remarkable Second Reading Debate of the Women's Emancipation Bill was, in its way, no less noteworthy than that Bill itself. The measure pro-

vides, it will be remembered, for the removal of all remaining disabilities preventing a woman, by reason of sex or marriage, from holding "any civil or judicial office or place of profit or trust under his Majesty"; and, further, for the qualification of women who are peeresses in their own right to sit in the House of Lords. Even Sir John Rees, whose obstinate "anti" attitude of pre-war days many suffragists will remember, blessed the Bill; and the second reading, after eloquent and logical tributes to the soundness of the position taken up by its sponsors, was carried without a dissentient voice.

* * *

The claims of women put forward at Paris were most sympathetically heard and received, it is refreshing to note, by the Peace Commission charged with the duty of reporting on questions affecting international labour legislation. Delegates representing Great Britain, America, France, Italy, and Belgium urged the need of equality of treatment for men and women similarly employed; of a minimum wage adjusted, at least, approximately, to the cost of living; of the eight-hour day, prohibition of night-work for women and children, and protection of maternity. With the throwing open to women of all posts on the permanent secretariat of the League of Nations (and not less, it may be noted, of those connected with the Executive Council) another great triumph for the sex was scored. Still another came when President Wilson specially complimented the International Council of Women, representing Denmark, Serbia, and Rumania, in addition to the five nations above mentioned, on their conciseness of speech and business-like methods. How well the compliment was deserved may be gathered from the fact that eleven speakers managed to introduce subjects of profound importance to the women of all nations within 30 minutes! Would that these male delegates who have "held up the Peace" by an apparently interminable flow of "argy-bargy" had taken a leaf out of the women's book!

"Votes for Widows" is the curious form of suffrage which has crowned the Belgian women's 30 years' struggle for political recognition; a struggle particularly memorable, by the way, for its use of the "general strike" weapon in 1913. Widows of soldiers killed during the war, if not since re-married, get the vote at once; also the widowed mothers of soldiers killed in action, with the widows of civilians shot by the invaders. Women thrown into prison during the German occupation of Belgian territory are the only others at present enfranchised. In this connection it is interesting to recall that the three great leaders of the Suffrage movement in England were widows—Mrs. Fawcett, the veteran head of the "constitutional" organisations; Mrs. Pankhurst, chief of the militants; and Mrs. Despard, whose society, the Women's Freedom League, represented the *via media* between the two.

* * *

Women concerned in, or for, education awaited the result of the N.U.T. referendum on the burning question of "equal pay" with an interest almost painfully intense. This was declared, to the great delight of Feminists, as an overwhelming victory for those in favour of equality, the figures being as follows:

For equal pay (of men and women teachers of equal professional status)	35,004
Against	15,039
	<hr/>
Majority for equal pay	19,965
	<hr/>

* * *

Another referendum of special interest to women was that recently taken among its members by the Institution of Naval Architects. This resulted in the admission of women, "on equal terms with men," by a majority of 271. Reference was made to the "magnificent job" women joiners had lately made of their work on a destroyer, accepted, without demur, by the Admiralty. The ship, partly planned by Miss Emily Keary, one of the three new members admitted to the Institute, attained the record speed of 38.6 knots. Woman goes from glory to glory!

"FEMINA"

1

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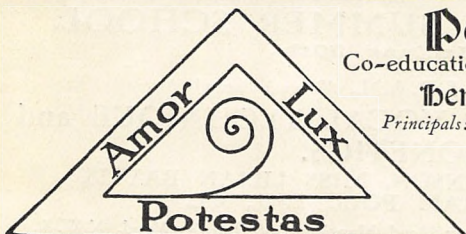
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