

RELICS OF BARBARISM

Every clergyman in the Church of England, and every person whose forthcoming marriage is announced in the daily newspapers, are destined to receive a manifesto against "the moral indignities to women contained in the Anglican marriage service." The manifesto is issued by the Spiritual Militancy League, which has been making its silent protest in several London churches against the neglect of women's claim to enfranchisement. Fifteen indignities are indicated in the manifesto, among them the bride's obligation to repeat the words "Obey and serve him"; the "giving" of the woman to be married, while the bridegroom is not likewise "given" to his bride; the wearing of the ring as a marriage symbol only by the woman; and a series of objections are urged against other parts of the marriage service giving a subtle precedence and pre-eminence to the bridegroom. We entirely concur with the objections made against any religious form which implies either moral or physical inferiority or dependence of women as compared with men. The League calls upon the Government to introduce a Bill for the removal of these humiliations on the ground that "in a thousand subtle and hidden, but potent and ever-active ways, the men-folk of England have been spiritually blinded, and are entrenched in a false and fatal sense of moral and intellectual superiority to women," and because the effect upon women is to "rob them of that self-confidence which is creative."—From "The Christian Commonwealth."



President Wilson has granted a cordial, sympathetic hearing to three delegations of Suffragists in less than three weeks. When a deputation of English Suffragists tries to see Premier Asquith, several thousand police are called out and most of the women are sent to jail. And yet people wonder why there is a "militant" movement over there!

"HOME"

"The World! The World is crying!
Hear its needs!

Home is a part of life—I am the whole!

Home is the cradle—shall a whole life stay

Cradled in comfort through the working day?

I, too, am Home—the Home of all high deeds—

The only Home to hold the human soul!

"Courage!—the front of conscious life!" it cried;

"Courage that dares to die and dares to live!

Why should you prate of safety? Is life meant

In ignominious safety to be spent?

Is Home best valued as a place to hide?

Come out, and give what you are here to give!

"Strength and Endurance! of high action born!"

And all that dream of Comfort shrank away,

Turning its fond, beguiling face aside:
So Selfishness and Luxury and Pride
Stood forth revealed, till I grew fierce
with scorn,

And burned to meet the dangers of the day.

"Duty? Aye, Duty! Duty! Mark the word!"

I turned to my old standard. It was rent

From hem to hem, and through the gaping place

I saw my undone duties to the race
Of man — neglected — spurned — how
had I heard

That word and never dreamed of what it meant!

"Duty! Unlimited—eternal—new!"

And I? My idol on a petty shrine
Fell as I turned, and Cowardice and Sloth

Fell too, unmasked, false Duty covering both—