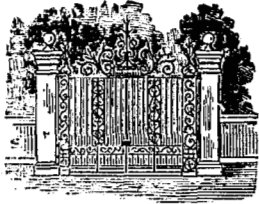


Outside the Gates.

THE CRY OF ISHMAEL AND HAGAR.



MADAM,—I have followed with much interest the letters under this heading, to which the most dramatic sketch by "Anne Belasyse," has given rise.

The physician's and the Nurse's arts are so knit up with moral and sociological problems, that one engaged in the practice of either is continually called upon to unravel—for one's own satisfaction at least—a good many human tangles.

Text-book medicine is only the alphabet of healing, as handbooks on Nursing are mere primers of the art.

To the moralist and statistician the fallen woman and the illegitimate child are but too often so much rubbish to be cast out on to the city dust-heaps. To the Nurse and doctor it is apparent that these unfortunates have bodies as sensitive to suffering, hearts as prone to pain, that they feel the pangs of cold and hunger as bitterly as do their moral betters.

The fallen woman of the stern moralist is a brazen-faced shameless creature, exulting in her sin, while the Nurse and doctor see her often enough as a miserable creature, cowed by the reprobation of her fellows, panic-stricken in the presence of the pain-ordeal before her, depressed and dumb at prospect of the rough road she and her imminent babe must travel so soon as they shall have left the friendly shelter of hospital.

And the baby, when it comes, clutches on, with the tenacious and pathetic faith of babies, to a friendly finger, and cries with a command for food as lusty and imperious as does any infant whose birth the Church has sanctioned.

These and other things are apt to temper the sternness of one's views, and to lead one to doubt the justice of the moralist who makes for dust-heaps.

Yet though Nature, in her large way, ignores a detail so trifling as the marriage ceremony, and puts milk for the child of shame into its fallen mother's breasts, we have fought the fight of evolution so toilsomely, and have raised our standard of purity in pain and self-denial so laboriously, that we are not without right on our side when we resent such lapses from that standard.

But cruelty is a vice as primitive as is the vice we condemn, and when we deal blows to the fallen, we fall to their level. Prevention

is always so much more progressive a line of treatment than is cure. If we women, the rich and unemployed among us more especially—for their time and energy is to spare—did more to brighten the lives and lift the loads of our burdened poorer sisters, there would be far fewer fallen women and submerged babes. The lives of poor working girls are so empty and so lonely, their minds undeveloped, their emotions more or less uncontrolled—instinctive forces that lead to their undoing.

There is no poor ignorant girl in the community who should not, did we but do our duty, have a friend—not a patron, but a friend—in some one of her more fortunate educated sisters. The gain would be to either. But who in these days of "class and mass" will organise such a "mixed society"?

I am, Madam,

Yours sincerely,

ARABELLA KENEALY.

WOMEN.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, on Tuesday opened and took the principal stall at the yearly sale of the Royal School of Art Needlework, Exhibition Road, South Kensington. The school was founded nearly a quarter of a century ago, the objects of the promoters being to restore the nearly lost art of ornamental needlework to its high place among decorative arts, and to provide suitable employment for gentlewomen who were obliged to earn their own livelihood. Hitherto the school has been entirely self-supporting, receiving no Government grant, and paying a yearly rent of £236 to the Commissioners of Science and Art. Princess Christian's stall, says the *Times*, had a large collection of artistic goods, one of the most noteworthy articles being a casket in the early sixteenth century style. On the whole, the needlework on sale was at least up to the average of recent exhibitions of the kind. In addition to the needlework there is a large variety of articles not specially connected with the purposes of the school—antique furniture, carving, engravings, pottery, and knick-knacks of every sort. The exhibition, which was crowded to excess on Tuesday, will be open until Friday evening.

The Council meetings of the Women's Liberal Federation, held on Tuesday and Wednesday at Westbourne Park Chapel, have proved an immense success. On the opening morning it was a most inspiring and encouraging sight to see the great building thronged with earnest, enthusiastic women, from north, south, east and west, all fired with the desire for progress, all earnest in spirit and with the courage of their convictions. The speeches were calm, strong and to the point, and all sounded the same note—the greatest good for the greatest number, and a spirit of broad humanity.

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