

A MEMORABLE SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

"Whoso shall offend one of these little ones . . . it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

The cheerful fireside was more alluring than the street on that particular Sunday afternoon. The weather was depressing—a cold wind was blowing, a drizzling rain was falling, and there was a menace of snow in the air; nevertheless, the spirit of adventure was upon me, so, without stopping to contemplate the weather outside, or to glance at the tempting fire inside, I went out and boarded a 'bus going in a northerly direction. I easily found the address I sought. Two or three children, shivering with cold, stood in the sheltered doorway, waiting for the door to open, which would admit them into the "school." To while away the time, I examined the pictures displayed very conspicuously in the window—pictures of an inflammatory nature, inciting to sedition and the bitterest class hatred. Presently, the door was cautiously opened, and I followed the children along a narrow passage to a room at the end of it. A young woman with an unamiable expression of countenance was preparing for a class. "May I come in?" I said, cheerfully. "Ye-es," she replied, eyeing me suspiciously, "you may sit at the bottom of the room." Congratulating myself that I had succeeded in gaining an entrance into what I had been informed was "one of the worst" of the Communist Sunday Schools, I gladly took a seat on the appointed spot. Three other women sat near me; one of them tried unsuccessfully to draw from me my purpose in coming. I was at once attracted by two enlarged portraits of men, perhaps more talked about and more hated than any other two men in the present day—the famous, or rather infamous Lenin, and Karl Marx, his inspirer and evil genius; these were hung on the wall low enough for the children to observe them well. The lesson began with the singing of a "hymn" from the Red Sunday School hymn book, which contains no word of Christian teaching and principles; they are hymns of hate, bitter and intense, with appeals to sedition and revolution. Here is a specimen:—

"We the rebel children sing,
Perish every Court and King;
We've a world to save and win
For the Revolution.
Come, workers, sing a rebel song,
A song of love and hate;
Of love unto the lowly
And of hatred to the great."

The lesson was drawn from the "ten proletarian maxims." Every child is called a "comrade," and each one was called upon separately, to repeat some of them after the teacher, and this is what I heard:—(1) "*Thou shalt not be a patriot, for a patriot is an International blackleg.*" (2) "*Thou shalt teach revolution, for revolution means the abolition of the present political state, the end of*

Capitalism." (3) "*Thou shalt demand on behalf of your class the complete surrender of the capitalist class*" (note the grammatical error!). (4) "*Thou shalt wage the class war.*" Then came a blasphemous allusion. Every child was rewarded with a sweet, which the teacher herself put into the expectant mouth. Other revolutionary "hymns" followed.

Burning with indignation, I listened with as much patience as I could command, to this infamous corruption of the young. The lesson was over, my turn had come, I could keep silence no longer:—"I thought you said this was a Sunday School," I remarked. "It is a Sunday School." "Then why don't you teach the children about God?" "We don't teach them about God, we teach them Communism." "You are teaching them to hate their fellow creatures, what a dreadful thing to do." The woman, making no reply, disappeared into an inner room. This was my opportunity. "Children," I said, "there is a God in Heaven, and there is a Saviour who loves little children, and when He lived on earth, He called them to Him, and took them up in His arms and blessed them, because He loved them so, and He was displeased with those who tried to keep them from Him. You will never be happy if you don't try to love and serve God." The woman returned, reinforced by a man, and the two walked down the room, stood in front of me and stared, but said nothing. I pointed to the pictures of the two men (living and dead) who had caused such infinite harm in the world. "Why don't you hang a picture of the Saviour on the wall, Who loved little children, instead of that cruel monster Lenin and that atheist Karl Marx." And a few more things I said, to relieve my feelings, to these obedient disciples of Lenin. No reply. "You are not teaching these children, you are corrupting them," I said, as I left the room.

Twenty years ago the movement for corrupting the young was first started in Scotland, three years later it spread to England; there are now at least two hundred of these "Schools" in the Kingdom, about forty in London alone; and hapless children are taught the most hideous blasphemy, to deride and mock at kingship, sedition, treachery, and robbery. By this means many thousands of children are being deliberately prepared to overthrow our beloved country and bring—with a revolution—all the anarchy, misery, and ruin that has befallen Russia. The menace is so great that it is clearly the duty of every man and woman to do all they can, for our country's sake, as well as for the sake of posterity, to destroy this poison that is sapping its very life. District Nurses, and any other group of Social Service Nurses, may have more in their power than they suppose, to do good in this matter; let them remember that apathy and indifference to evil is *passive participation in it*. Trained Nurses are a loyal body of women. We love our country, and we love and respect our good King George, God bless him. My heart was heavy when I returned to my house on that memorable Sunday afternoon.

BEATRICE KENT.

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