

Mr. MacDonald writes: "Her first anxiety was that our home should be open. She had so often seen marriage make a difference in the lives of active workers—family happiness became a screen against the world, social duties absorbed precious moments—that she was determined to guard against. When she died, it was said in some newspapers that she founded a political salon. That is not what she did at all. She opened her home to her friends. . . . Thus the 'salon' came. Once every three weeks or so for some ten years our rooms were crowded with men and women busy in the service of Labour and Socialism. The shy recruit just arrived in London came to see those of whom he had heard so much; the stranger from the ends of the earth, black, yellow, or white in colour, came as a guest; meetings were fixed up, plots may have been hatched. Amidst her guests she moved, chatting, cheering introducing, for her wonderful memory for names and faces and her vigilant sympathy, made her a perfect hostess for a great crowd."

In regard to her children, to whom she was devoted, her ideal was that she should be their dearest friend. But there was also another aspect. "The world was a battle-field to her; her sons and daughters were to go out and take a sturdy part in the strife. For that the home was the nurture ground, and the mother the inspiring guardian. She hoped that when the time came for them to leave her fireside and depart on their own ways, they would stand manfully erect, honest-eyed and clean-souled to receive her farewell and her blessing."

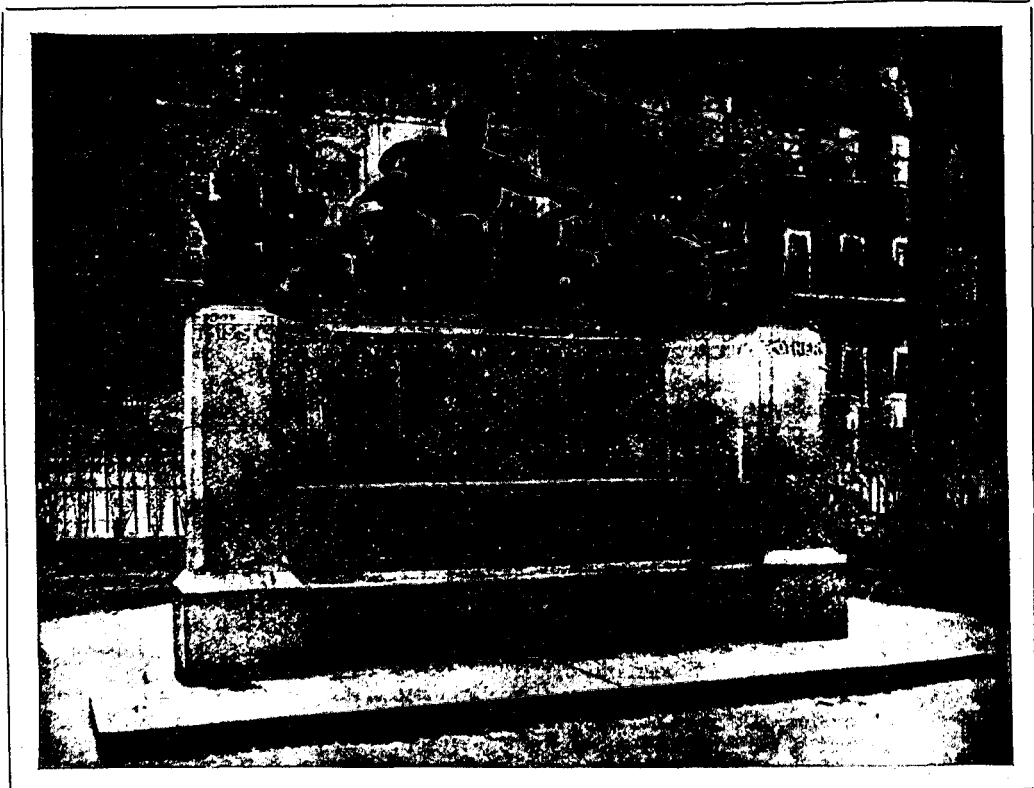
Whilst interested in all social plans and efforts, Socialism was the idea which inspired and guided Margaret MacDonald. She saw in it not only the economic organization of society

which she deemed to be necessary, but the love of the brethren which was involved in her love of God, the Father. "She knew that Socialism is more than an organized movement and a creed; it is a spirit and a tendency. It suffuses all things in this age. Its morality is the command of the heart uttered in persuasive firmness that the injustice done to one is the reproach heaped upon all; its economies is the imperative to which commercialism itself must respond; its politics is the path mapped out by Destiny for a state which uses communal consciousness as a protector of individual life and liberty."

Women's Suffrage, State Registration of Nurses (she was a Vice-President of the Society for the State Registration of Nurses and their struggle had all her sympathy). Registration of Midwives; indeed, any movement for the uplift of women, and their position in the body politic had her sympathetic support.

Like so many of the world's workers, Margaret MacDonald

had a great love of nature. Her husband writes:—"When the days lengthened, her heart and thoughts always turned towards her second home in the North (at Lossiemouth). There she knew the peace that she loved so much. The sea, the great expanse of sky, the lovely sand-hillocks, the moors, were very enticing to her. Away to the north across the Firth rose the pale blue hills of Sutherland and Ross; to the south lay the fertile farms of Morayshire sloping up through green wood and purple moorland into the blue top of the Grampians, with the ruined Palace of Spynie in the mid-distance; to the east swept the sea, bordered by a wide stretch of yellow sand bending away into the horizon with hills in the background, the whole stretching out in a peaceful beauty which has won for it the name of the "Bay of Naples," westwards were woods and farms up to the encompassing hills. In the autumn, when she was there most frequently, the beauty of the place was enhanced by the richest of sunsets in purple and red



MEMORIAL IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON.

and gold. There she thought of spending the evening of her days when her work was done, and she was waiting for the divine mercy of death. There she wanted to be buried, and there, in the churchyard where the first cathedral chapter in Morayshire was held, her ashes lie, almost shadowed in the early summer mornings by the weather-worn cross which marks the eastern wall of the old church."

The book is written with the skill of a man of letters, and with great restraint.

In its new form it should have a wide public. E.G.F.

THE ILLNESS OF SISTER CARTWRIGHT.

The many friends of Sister Cartwright will be glad to hear that Miss Metherell, Matron of the War Memorial Hospital, Alford, Lincs, reports some improvement in her condition. What also is good to know is that she is very happy and contented, and, if asked where she would like to be replies: "Just where I am now." We know well the devoted care which her old friend, Miss Metherell, gives to every one in her charge.

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