industries of the country, wives had worked side by side with their husbands as partners or as servants. If there was a division it was one which made the wife more responsible for its defence. During those centuries, the workshop was also the home; a woman could take some part in her husband's craft without leaving her children, and she could herself manufacture most of the provisions they ate or the garments they wore. The produce of a woman's labours were more or less under her own hand. Though what is called by historians the Industrial Revolution is generally dated from about the time of Mary Wollstonecraft's birth, some of the economic changes that most affected the lives of women had taken place centuries before. They may be said to have begun when the serf's wife first took her little handful of corn to the Lord's mill instead of grinding it at home between two stones."

In later centuries, women lost their foothold both in industry and agriculture, and within the span of Mary Wollstonecraft's life the discoveries took place which revolutionised the clothing trade and the whole industrial life of Britain, and women entered upon a time of terrible hardship. "But the worst horror that meets us as we grope in the darkness of records of women in subjection is that some were so oppressed that the strongest of all natural feelings was deadened in them."

Mary Wollstonecraft realised that Education was the root of the matter. "She saw with great clearness that the education given to girls was based on a false conception of women's part in life, and that its result was to make that false conception partially true. . . . The nature of their education must, therefore, be determined by what men wanted from them. It was so determined; but, as men were themselves imperfect, variable, uncertain of their own desires, it changed continually and never reached any very high standard. There was only one opinion about women to which the majority of men remained constant, and that was that women were by nature, and should remain, dependent upon themselves. This opinion had been generally followed in the education of girls and innumerable generations of women had grown up with the vices as well as the virtues of slaves. They had become what men expected them to be, and, where the expectations of men were, as often happened, incompatible, they had conformed to what appeared to be the fundamental masculine belief and learned to be pleasing, useful, and, to outward seeming at least, rather helpless."

Thus Rousseau wrote in 1762: "The education of women should always be relative to men, to please, to be useful to us, to make us love and esteem them, to take care of us when grown up, to advise, to console us, to render our lives easy and agreeable; these are the duties of women at all times, and what they should be taught in their infancy."

Of the education of the children of the poor, opinions differed, but their educators, "like the mothers and teachers of upper class girls, had to consider what training would conduce to their pupils' success in life; the girls learned to read in order that they might be able to read their Bibles (in which it was generally believed that they could find not only religion, but some indication of how they should behave to their betters). They were not always taught to write; Dr. Watts, and at one moment, Hannah More, disapproved of writing for poor girls."

Although it is generally conceded that with Mary Wollstonecraft what is known as the "Woman's Movement" originated, down through the centuries there were many who kept it alive, in literature, in religion, in philanthropy, in industry, amongst women, and even amongst men. George Fox, for instance, of the Society of Friends, asked, "What, then, did the Virgin Mary mean when she said, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, my Spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour.' Was she speaking of that which did not exist?" He became quite incoherent with rage when some of the Friends obstructed the arrangements for women's meetings."

Mary Wollstonecraft "put forward at once a claim in which the whole subsequent course of the woman's movement was implied. Her book ("Vindication") contains the demand for an equal moral standard, for women's suffrage, for equal laws, for equal opportunities of work and payment, and, above all, for equal right of education. . . . All are comprehended in the emphatic and reiterated claim that the full humanity of women should be recognised. She pointed out in a way that had never been done before that this claim is the 'first principle' on which the whole demand for women's rights rests. It is for this reason that she has been rightly acclaimed as the earliest confessor of the women's movement."

The Women's Movement—the great tide that has flowed over the world in the last hundred years and is still rising, now on one shore and now on another, has been fed by many streams. That interest of women in their own sex and in what it can be and do, which we call "feminism," is only one of them. Another is the strong impulse of human nature to overleap the barriers that have been erected in its way and achieve the greatest human ends. In 1832 Florence Nightingale's work—the most glorious example of this—was still to come. She and the future George Eliot, the Brontës and Princess Victoria were all children; others who were to be counted as great women of the nineteenth century were still unborn; but their coming was near. They were destined to be leaders, and, as it were, prototypes of millions of ordinary women consciously or subconsciously determined to exercise their ordinary powers in freedom. M. B.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

"THE EVER EVER LAND."

Mrs. H. L. Paget writes in *The Times* on the death of Mrs. H. B. Irving:

I have waited for someone better qualified than I to write of the dear personality that has been withdrawn in the passing of Dolly Irving. Yet it is possible that others beside myself have hesitated to attempt a memory portrait of one who was as elusive as a fragrance.

I can see her now as a bride, standing with Harry Irving on the balcony of her brother-in-law's house in Tavistock Square—Trilby, the adored of the crowds who lined the streets and had overwhelmed the police and crowded out the church. And it was long before the interest and excitement died, for even when Lawrence, her son, was born "Trilby's babies"—in liquorice—were sold in our back streets. "Trilby's babies"—the words spoke a deeper truth than we knew at that time, for babies, babies, babies, especially poor babies, sick babies, and the sad little illegitimates, were the ruling passion of Dolly's life. That is why I have called her elusive. When you looked for her on the stage or in the drawing-room her soul had always escaped to the nursery.

So the loving heart wept bitter tears in one of our cities when she thought injustice had been done to her little beloveds and their mothers. And her whole soul thrilled when she was seeking a back-street family and a child told her to "go on till you come to the cleanest doorstep." But best of all I see her face, brimful as it was of love and life, as she stood at her window in Upper Woburn Place after the funeral of Sir Henry Irving. A wreath from the Berlin Conservatoire had come too late, all and everything had had to be already cleared from Westminster Abbey. A suggestion was made that it should be taken to St. Pancras