

girls, I might call them—at Layeux, but it is not only 15. For girls who are visited on an average by between twenty and twenty-five men every day, do not long retain any of the youth or attraction which will bring the men to them; hence soon their places have to be taken by other girls, and thus the State, the Government, and Army Authorities, whoever it is, becomes the procurer, for which in this and every civilised country an individual would be punished.

That kind of infamy is being perpetrated on behalf of the women of this country! To any woman who believes the sacrifice to be necessary, I would say that she herself should volunteer. We have heard about the infamy of a man who, for whatever reason, noble or ignoble, allows others to go out and fight and die in his place, because, we are told, it is a case of national necessity. This plea may be urged on behalf of regulated prostitution. The men who urge it should invite their wives and daughters to fill the places left vacant when the fifteen women are worn out. I use words that sere my heart, but such things should not go on without people understanding for whom and why they are done. Do not believe that it is the soldier who demands them. He—as you or I, if we had not a certain amount of knowledge—may be misled by what looks like plausible arguments, but if you once make a soldier understand what it is that he is demanding, or that is being demanded in his name, he will repudiate this system. A friend of mine of the Moral and Social Hygiene, has been speaking lately in India against this system, some part of which is still in existence, and she says that when she has addressed a big audience of soldiers and made them understand what the tolerated houses really mean to the women who live in them, they with one accord demand to be allowed to sign a petition to the commanding officers that the houses should be closed. She told them she only wanted them to sign their names as men, not to give their regimental numbers, because she did not want them to get into trouble; but the soldiers insisted on giving their regimental numbers, so that it might be seen from whom the protest came. It is so stupid to assume that human beings, whether men or women, are beasts; they are so infinitely better than we will allow

them to be. Amid all the horrors and agonies of war, and I associate myself with every word that has been said about temptation and the duty of having the profound sympathy for the tempted, whether men or women, in spite of all temptation, I believe that soldiers would refuse the alleged protection if they understood its cost. "You invent a project," said the late Professor Stuart, "by which you, the State, propose to set aside a certain number of women destined to be the slaves and the instruments of men's lust. You propose, by your system of examination, to keep them in good condition. Why? Because your whole conception is profoundly immoral and against Nature. You have no respect for the human body; you forget the soul within. You think only of making these women serve men. You acknowledge not the humanity, the life, and the individuality of these poor instruments. And you will fail because physically human nature refuses to lend itself to your plans." "It is not only an insult and an outrage against women, but it is an outrage upon men to assume that they want this sort of thing, to assume that they have no more respect for the worth and beauty of a human being than it suggests by this description of women as 'merchandise!'" I believe that we have only to get the facts before the public in order to have the thing swept away by a flood of indignation.—From "The Christian Commonwealth," March 6th, 1918.

The meeting at which Miss Maude Royden delivered this speech in the Laxton Hall, London, was organised by the Association for Moral and Social Hygiene, to protest against the establishment of a regulated house at Layeux-sur-Mer, for the use of the British soldiers. It was opened in the middle of the principal promenade shortly after the establishment of a convalescent camp near by, and in spite of the protests of the French inhabitants, who said: "If such a place is really needed for the British soldiers, let it be put in some obscure corner near their own camp." The following resolution was passed at this meeting:—"That this meeting expresses its shame and indignation at the attitude of the British military authorities in permitting the establishment of brothels for the use of British troops in France, as in Layeux-sur-Mer, where such a house-

was opened and is maintained in defiance of repeated protests by the town people. It calls upon the Government and the Military Authorities to put all recognised houses of debauchery out of bounds for British soldiers of all ranks. The resolution was moved by Dr. Helen Wilson, and seconded by Miss Maude Royden.

"AS LITTLE CHILDREN."

(Matt. 18:3.)

"I'm too tired to trust, and too tired to pray,"
Said one as the over-taxed strength gave way,
"The one conscious thought by my mind possessed
Is 'Oh, could I just drop ALL and rest';
But will God forgive me, do you suppose,
If I go to sleep as a baby goes,
Without even asking Him if I may,
Without even trying to trust or pray?"

Will God forgive you? Why think, dear heart!
While language to you was an unknown art,
Did a mother deny you needed rest,
Or refuse to pillow you on her breast?
Oh, no! but she cradled you in her arms,
And guarded your slumber against alarms.
And how quick was her mother love to see
The unconscious yearnings awake in thee.

When you've grown too weary to trust or pray,
When your over-wrought nature has given away:
Then just drop all! Give up and rest,
As you used to do on your mother's breast;
He knows all about it; the dear Lord knows;
So just go to sleep as a baby goes,
Without even asking Him if you may,
God knows when His child is too tired to pray.

He judges not wholly by uttered prayer!
He knows when the yearnings of love are there.
He knows you do pray. He knows you do trust,
And He knows the limit of poor, weak dust.
Oh! the wonderful sympathy of the Christ,
For His chosen ones in the midnight tryst,
When He bade them sleep on and take their rest,
While on Him the guilt of the whole world pressed,
You've given your life up to Him to keep;
Then just rest in Him and go to sleep!