

THE COMING ORDER

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649552580

The Coming Order by Lucy Re-Bartlett

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

LUCY RE-BARTLETT

**THE
COMING ORDER**

THE COMING ORDER

THE COMING ORDER

BY

LUCY RE-BARTLETT

HONORARY MEMBER OF LA SOCIÉTÉ ITALIENNA DI SOCIOLOGIA; LA SOCIÉTÉ
DE LA SUISSE POUR LA RÉFORME PÉNITENTIAIRE; THE HOWARD
ASSOCIATION; AND THE PENAL REFORM LEAGUE

Univ. of
California

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA

1911

All rights reserved

7
021

NOTE

FOR the invaluable aid of criticism throughout the making of this book I am indebted to my dear friends, Miss Florence Drummond and Madame Katherine de Arkövy, and to my special friend and comrade—my husband.

L. R. B.

228543

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	ix
WOMAN	1
THE POSITION OF WOMAN	8
MATERNITY	16
DREAMS AS A SOCIAL FACTOR	24
PASSION AS A SPIRITUAL FORCE	33
SINCERITY IN SOCIAL LIFE	41
MARRIAGE: (1) THE PHYSICAL ASPECT	51
" (2) THE MENTAL ASPECT	65
" (3) THE SPIRITUAL ASPECT	76
INTEGRITY	85
OUR LAW OF BEING	95
THE COMING MAN	108

PREFACE

ONCE upon a time there was a terrible dragon which held a whole countryside in terror, for it devoured the men, and the women, and even the little children. And though many knights went against it, none could slay it. Instead it vanquished all of them, killing some outright, and sending others back to their villages wounded and with a terrible fear in their hearts. And this fear they spread among the others of their village, until all at length believed the dragon to be unconquerable.

Then a child came forward—a girl child. “I will go against the dragon,” she said.

The people laughed her to scorn.

“You—a child!” they said, “and a *girl* child!”

“Still, I will go,” said the little girl.

The people sought to dissuade her with ridicule and with serious counsel, but she was a free child, bound to nobody, and she would not be dissuaded. So at length they shrugged their shoulders. “Let her go if she will,” they said, and the child went.

She armed herself with no shield or sword, for in her heart was a conviction which she had not cared to tell the villagers. She believed that the power of the dragon was largely illusion, and that it was *fear* which had destroyed all the knights. Anyway, if the power were real, she knew that in her tiny hands no shield or sword could have any value—only if she were right, and the power were illusion, then she could slay the dragon as well as any knight.

She pondered much as she hastened on her way—pondered not only on the vanquished knights, but on the scores of men, and women, and children which the monster had devoured. “Yes, but they always lay down before him at once,” she reflected. “They were so sure he was invincible that their fear paralysed them. And the knights—they were afraid too, although they went forth in armour.” The little girl had had a chance to note these things, for many times the dragon had made descents upon her village.

Presently she reached a cave where the monster often dwelt, and he was there, and heard her coming, and rushed out, belching forth fire upon her as he advanced.

But the little girl stood firm and felt not even a sensation of fear, so great was that conviction in her heart. And sure enough, though the flames encircled her as the monster drew near, they did not scorch or hurt her in the least. She still stood upright, gazing at the creature intently but simply, as one might gaze upon a spectacle.

And the Beast, amazed at seeing her thus standing unaffected by his approach, stopped short.

Then it was the little girl who moved forward—forward until she was near enough to touch the monster and gaze into its face. And both she did, putting her hand upon the neck of the brute, and gazing deep into its eyes, while it stood petrified.

“Who are you that terrify human beings so?” she said. “They call you the greatest force in nature—they say you are invincible—and yet you stand thus before me.”

And indeed the Beast seemed to have lost all force as the child stood thus with her hand upon its neck, gazing into its eyes. More—it seemed to be shrinking visibly with every moment that her gaze continued.

And the child gazed on, and spoke on.

"It is as I thought," she said. "Your power lies only in men's fears—when any human being stands upright before you, as I stand, you have no power at all."

And the Beast shivered, and bowed down before her, for indeed he felt his power broken.

"I could kill you," said the child, "or go away and leave you, but if I did either, the villagers would never understand. They would think it was some strange accident, and they would still believe in your power, and even if you did not come to the village again, other dragons might arise some day to enslave them with the same fear. You must come with me to the village bound—there is no other way."

So the child bound the Beast with a little sash which she wore, and led it back to the village thus. And never once did it rebel, for that gaze which robbed it of power was upon it all the time.

Arrived at the village the people rushed forth in crowds to gaze at the curious pair. And almost they could not believe their eyes—that it was the child they saw, safely returned, and leading the dragon by a sash.

"*You see it was all illusion,*" said the little girl, "*and I could conquer where you could not, just because I saw.*"

Still for a time the villagers could not believe, or at least could not understand. But as the Beast continued to live bound within their village—bound simply by that little girl who gazed daily into its eyes and called its force "illusion"—slowly they came to trust.

And then a great force sprang up among the men and women of that village—they had learnt a life-giving truth—that no brute force, no brute force whatsoever, could stand against the human spirit when it rose. And strong in this new faith, one by one, they also dared ap-